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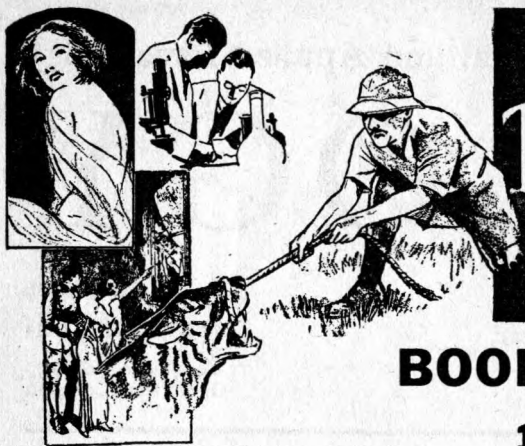
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VOL. XX, No. 5

Walter Whiteley Hubbard, Editor,

FEBRUARY, 1934

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THIS ISSUE

Ida Tarbell, whose pithy, stirring comments on "What Would Lincoln Do?" appear in this issue, has sometimes been referred to—always admiringly, however—as the "original muck-raker." . . . Courageously and brilliantly, some years ago, she unearthed and analyzed a number of entrenched powers and forces and gave the American people information and side lights that ever since have marked her as one of the most powerful writers, along particular lines, that this country has known.

Another excellent article by the gland expert, Dr. Herman H. Rubin . . . a splendid psychological discussion is "Extravert or Introvert?" by Dilworth Lupton . . . a clever little article expressing many of the things about salesmanship that you have thought, but did not, perhaps, know others experienced is, "May I Help You, Sir?"

With the "Parade of Religions," Dr. William Charles O'Donnell, after many requests from our readers, returns to PSYCHOLOGY . . . "Shell-Shocked!—In Peace" . . . analytical, food for thought. . . You'll smile at "A Man Keeps House" . . . Edgar White Burrill, well known founder of Literary Vespers in one of his inspirational articles, "You and Your Universe."

NEXT MONTH

"People Make the World." A practicing psychologist discusses the reason for, and import of certain trends of thought . . . analyzes hidden motives . . . cures for them.

In an intriguing form, a well known author presents startling facts that the National Divorce Reform League, psychologists and legal authorities have gathered . . . more phases of the divorce evil than you would dream exist.

Hereward Carrington, Director of the American Psychical Institute and Marie Sweet Carrington, have collaborated in, "Positive Thought—Its Practical Application."

Dr. E. A. Boreth in, "What Is Intuition?" explains many things you may have wondered about. . . . Another Elberta Wilson article. . . . "Voice of Experience" . . . Concluding part of the "Parade of Religions."

Latest reports of psychological activities over the country in "Psychology in Review" . . . Human interest articles . . . stories. . .

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"I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS"

*A Story for Men and Women
who are dissatisfied with themselves*

THIS is the story of a gamble—at 2c risk—which paid me a profit at \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two weeks ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of \$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a millstone



around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

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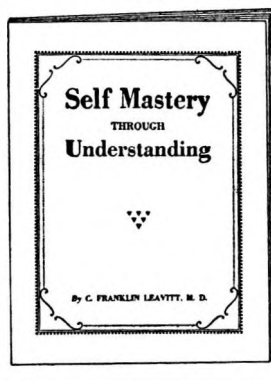
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For twenty-five years Psychological Consultant, teacher, author of several books, and contributor to magazines on the subjects of **RIGHT THINKING and LIVING**, Physical Culture, Dietetics, etc.

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, Over-sensitiveness, Over-anxiety, 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**. Development 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.

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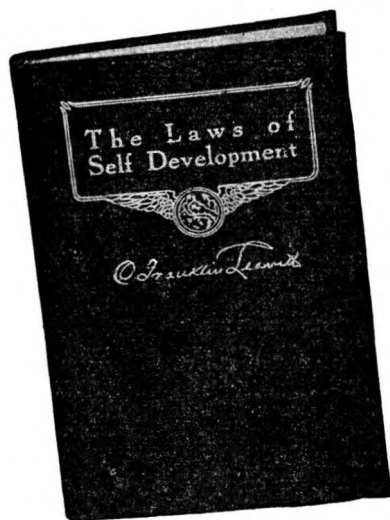
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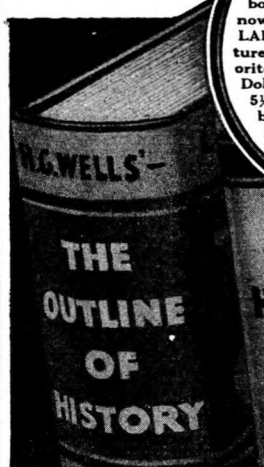
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Jones: "That's just it."

* * *

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"But you've got no car."

"Oh yesh, offisher, I have; my car is in the parkin' plashe I'm lookin' for."

* * *

Precaution

Smith was called to the 'phone. "Are you going down our road this morning in your car?" inquired a feminine voice. "No," answered the astonished Smith. "But why do you ask?" "Oh, that's all right!" came in relieved tones over the wire. "I only wanted to know if it was safe to send my little girl around the corner on an errand."—*Exchange*.

* * *

Showed Promise

Small Boy (to father): "The world is round, isn't it?"

Father: "It is."

Boy: "Then if I wanted to go east I could get there by going west, couldn't I?"

Father: "Yes, and when you grow up you will be a taxicab driver."—*Spark Plug*.

Cooperation

Visitor—I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute?

Editor—With pleasure. Come around at the end of the day with an ambulance and I'll have enough to fill it.

* * *

Something Else Again

Landlady: "So, Mr. Newboard has found something fresh to complain about this morning."

Maid: "No, mum, it's the eggs."—*Boston Transcript*.

* * *

Fair Enough

Doctor: "I can do nothing for your complaint. It is hereditary."

Patient: "Then send the bill to my father."—*Fishing Gazette*.

* * *

Literal

"And would you like some nice horse-radish, madam?" asked the shopkeeper.

"I think not," replied the young wife. "You see, we keep a car."—*Exchange*.

* * *

Consolation

On the last day of school prizes were distributed. When one boy returned home his mother was entertaining callers. "Well, my boy," said one of the callers, "did you get a prize?"

"No," replied the boy, "but I got horrible mention."

* * *

Pedestrian

"Motoring is surely a great thing. I used to be fat and sluggish before the motoring craze, but now I'm spry and energetic."

"I didn't know you motored."

"I don't. I dodge."

* * *

A Bargain

Jones was taking his holiday motoring about the country.

The car had cost him \$150. Slowly and painfully it had breasted the hills, reaching the top of each ascent just when it seemed that the rickety engine would give out altogether. Every time the solitary brake was applied there were weird shrieks of protest from some part of the mechanism, and altogether Jones was fed-up with his "bargain."

Presently he came to a gate where tolls were collected.

"Two dollars for the car, sir," said the gate-keeper.

Jones looked up with a pathetic smile of relief.

"Sold," he exclaimed, thankfully.

Opinion

Dinner was being served in the London boarding house in which an American was lodged. The proprietress, bringing in a dish of soup for the American, remarked, "It looks like rain."

"Yes, it does," replied the American, "but it smells a little like soup."

* * *

Fixed Expense

Husband: "Another new hat! Aren't you playing with our budget?"

Wife: "Why, no, dear. You know we made a liberal allowance for overhead expenses."—*Exchange*.

* * *

Mistaken

Diner: "Waiter, didn't you hear me say 'Well done'?"

Waiter (ignoring pale pink steak): "Yes, sir; thank you very much, sir. It's seldom we get any thanks, sir."—*Fishing Gazette*.

* * *

Free Service

He (awkward dancer): "It was nice of you to give me this dance."

She (sweetly): "Not at all—this is a charity ball."—*Exchange*.

* * *

Wrong Attitude

Hubby—Don't bring me any more bills. I simply can't face them.

Wifey—But, dear, I don't want you to face them. I want you to foot them.

* * *

Try It

Scout Master—Now, suppose you found yourself suddenly in flames, what would you do?

Scout—Keep cool, sir.

* * *

Righto

"If I cut a beefsteak in two," asked the teacher, "then cut the halves in two, what do I get?"

"Quarters," answered the boy.

"Good. And then again?"

"Eighths."

"Correct. Again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Exactly. And then?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"And once more?"

"Hamburger!" cried the little boy, impatiently.

LONG NEEDED INVENTION SWEEPS COUNTRY

A BUSINESS IN THE PIONEER STAGE, AS NEW AS AIR CONDITIONING, PAYING PROFITS COMPARABLE TO PROFITS MADE IN EARLY DAYS OF RADIO AND AUTOMOBILES

INSTALLATIONS FROM \$7.50 TO \$150.00 AND UP ON WHICH SALESMAN MAKES \$5.00 TO \$116.70 AND UP.

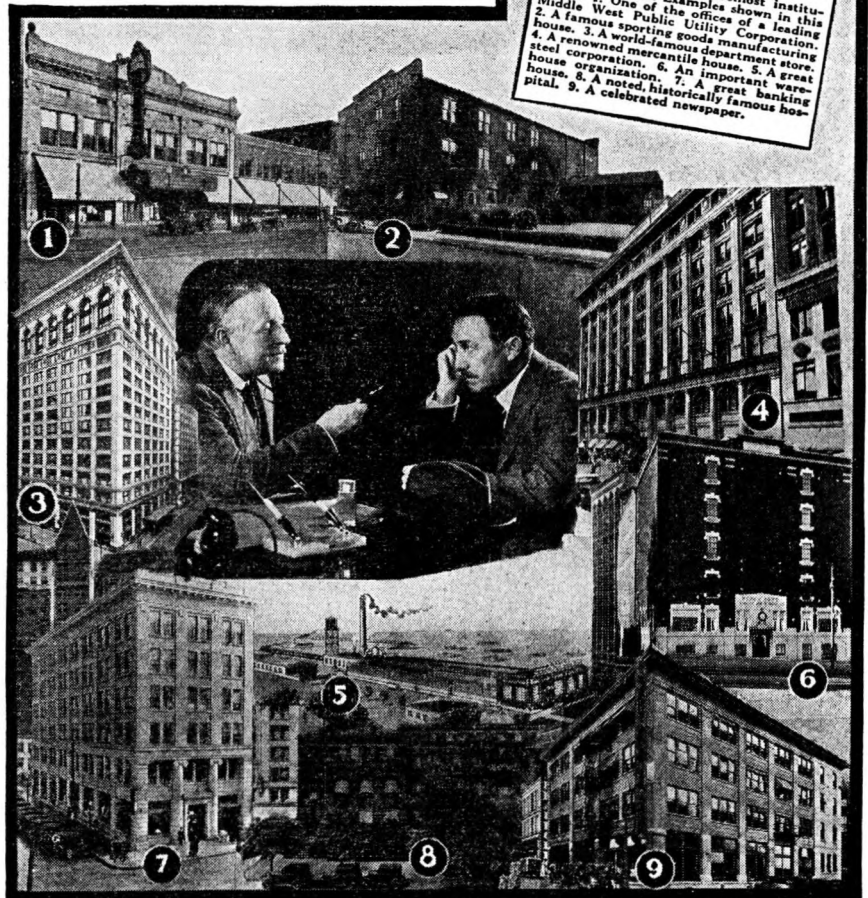
This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day. To such men we say, "This is no doubt one of the most attractive money making inventions that has ever come to your attention." To those who ask, "Is it some clever new gadget?", we say, emphatically, "NO! This is no knick-knack, no trick filing idea—no new kind of adding machine—not a check protector." Instead, it is an invention needed by the smallest business man as well as the largest corporation and it has already saved thousands for the business firms which have adopted it. AND, in so doing, IT HAS PAID THOUSANDS TO THE SALESMEN WHO HAD THE GOOD LUCK TO BE THE FIRST TO SEE OUR NEWSPAPER HELP WANTED ADVERTISEMENTS! Think of it! One of these first men has already made over 1,000 sales—each of these sales paying a profit of \$5 to \$60—truly a fortune in profits on the 1,000 sales! Another's record shows \$151.71 clear in 3 days! Still another's orders give him a profit of \$4,920 in three months! Now we know this is a great success—and now we are out to cover the entire country. Men wanted everywhere. Any man, young or mature, who grasps this opportunity, may duplicate this success. The annual business should run into millions. Roughly, only 1,000 exclusive territories will be available. Any of these should be worth \$3,000 a year, and many \$15,000 to \$20,000. We feel it will be worth while for every man who realizes the importance of this opportunity to telegraph, or rush by fastest mail, the coupon for our proposition.

Saves Thousands of Dollars for Offices, Stores, Factories

What is this remarkable invention? You have to see what it is, read all about it, what it has accomplished, to believe it is possible. This astounding record of accomplishment is reported and verified over the signatures of many of America's finest and most distinguished business houses. Large firms are not the only beneficiaries—small organizations are enjoying exceptional dividends, too. Sanders Ridgeway of Kansas invests \$88.60, saves \$4,707.00 between April 5th and June 29th. Fox Ice and Coal Co., Wisconsin, saves \$3,564.00. Baltimore Sporting Goods Co. saves \$1,600.00 on \$45 installation. L. S. Warner Merc. Co., Texas, saves over \$1,000 on \$15 installation. With these and scores of similar results to display, our representatives interest business men, from the very smallest to the very largest. No one can dispute the proof in the photo-copies of actual letters which our men show.

Installed on Free Trial—Sells Itself—Saves Enough to Pay for Itself Before Salesman Returns

Many claim a product that "sells itself," but few actually enable the salesman to make such an offer. We actually enable you to make installations at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the installation is in and working. This does away with the need for high pressure selling—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get money before customer is really convinced. You simply tell what you offer, show proof of success in every line of business and every section of the country. Then install our invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation has actually produced cash money that is there and available to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time! You then call back, collect your money. Think of it! Out of every \$75 business you do, nearly \$60 is your own profit! The very smallest you make is \$5.00 on a \$7.50 installation! Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They are getting the attention of the largest firms in the country, and selling to the smallest businesses by the thousands. Business is GOOD, in this line, in small town or big city alike! It's on the boom now. Get in while the business is young!



RECORD SALES
made to leading firms, foremost institutions in America. Examples shown in this photo: 1. One of the offices of a leading Middle West Public Utility Corporation. 2. A famous sporting goods manufacturing house. 3. A world-famous department store. 4. A renowned mercantile house. 5. A great steel corporation. 6. An important warehouse organization. 7. A great banking house. 8. A noted, historically famous hospital. 9. A celebrated newspaper.

Each Installation Leads to Automatic Repeat Sales

No need to go elsewhere, once you have sold every good prospect in town. You may stay where you are and build up a permanent substantial business. Every pleased customer needs "refill" supplies constantly. You make exactly the same commission on these big repeat orders as you do on the original sale. Washington Sanitarium and Hospital already used more than ten installations of the large size so far." H. C. Heath writes, "We have only 13,000 population and I have already sold 76 installations, many of which repeated, and the above order makes 128 units for yours truly." Practically every time you establish a new customer, you increase your permanent income from repeat business. This enables you, on exclusive contract, to build an established, permanent route of customers which can be sold like any other established business.

A Business of National Importance

As well as selling thousands of installations to small merchants, professional men, etc., we number either the parent companies or branches, or dealers, etc., of many world-famed concerns among our customers: Cities Service Oil Co., Great Lakes Fisheries, Inc., National Majestic Radio, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Damascus Steel Products, Public Utilities Consolidated Corporation, Union Gas Corp., Yawman and Erbe Mfg. Co. (world's foremost office equipment firm), Coca-Cola Bottling Co., National Radio, Timken Silent Automatic Co., Central States Petroleum, United Aluminum Corporation, Street Railways Advertising Co., Great American Life Underwriters, National Paper Co., and scores of others nationally known. Universities, newspapers, doctors, etc., buy substantial installations and heavy repeat orders.

Your Customer Takes No Risk

Customer gets signed certificate guaranteeing cash profit on his investment. Very few business men are so foolish as to turn down a proposition guaranteed to pay a profit, with proof from leading concerns that it does pay. Returns protected by surety bonded national organization.

No Canvassing No Supersalesmanship

We equip you completely, give you the tried and successful selling methods of one of the fastest staffs of high-grade executive-type salesmen in the country. This has made top-notchers out of recruits, made them thousands of dollars. It is a golden opportunity for every man who knows that the fine art of high grade selling pays thousands where ordinary methods pay hundreds.

Communicate with Us at Once

If you have not already heard of this invention being sold in your territory, lose no time but get in touch with us immediately. This specialty is as important a business opportunity today as the typewriter, adding machine, and the dictaphone were in their early days. Men who can take the measure of an opportunity will see this instantly. If you can show us you are the right man for exclusive franchise in your territory, your success is assured. Write or wire at once. If writing, use the coupon below for convenience. No obligation. Full information will be sent to you at once.

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres.
Dept. 4023B, Mobile, Ala.

SALESMEN NEEDED EVERY WHERE

YOU RISK NO MONEY

In trying out this business. You have the opportunity to see for yourself before making a final decision. Complete Training furnished. Every man with us today started at scratch, many coming out of clerking jobs, many out of small businesses, some out of large concerns. We teach you every angle of the business. We hand you the biggest money-making business of its kind in the country. Can't possibly tell you all in the limited space available here. Mail the coupon now for full information—nothing to risk, everything to gain.

RUSH FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres., Dept. 4023B, Mobile, Ala.
Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

Name.....
Street or Route.....
Box No.....
City.....
State.....



*Since the
woodchuck's
gone to sleep*

Winter's Waning

OH, they say it's growing colder every
day,
That the winter's growing bolder every
day;
Since the woodchuck's gone to sleep
In his cavern dark and deep,
There'll be six weeks more of snowing,
Of breezing and blowing every day.

But the day's a little longer every day,
And the sun's a little stronger every
day;
If we're patient for a while,
We shall see the summer smile,
And the buds will soon be showing,
For they're growing, growing, every
day.

—Author Unknown.

The Power of Thought

by G. ARTHUR GAYER, Ph.D.

THE importance of thoughts, words and actions for determining character, personality and destiny, cannot be overestimated.

It may safely be said that beyond and above our most daring calculations is the potency of thought.

It is more real than the Rocky Mountains, and more powerful than the Falls of Niagara.

The keenest and wisest men of the present age claim that the power of thought—if rightly directed and properly sustained—sets in motion all the laws of the universe toward the attainment of that which man has most highly resolved for himself.

...
All the achievements of men, whether large or small, are the results of thought. The highest possibilities of human life, whether mental, physical, spiritual, social or financial, depend entirely upon the kind and quality of our leading and recurrent thoughts.

Thought is the power back of everything in the history and lives of men.

The engineer who built the Washington Bridge, first built it out of thought. The architect who planned and directed the construction of the Empire State Building, saw the building complete in every detail before the first pick was struck into the ground to break the foundation.

IT was by thinking that the phonograph, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the electric light, the radio, and all other great and small inventions came into existence.

The reason why the names of Edison, Marconi, Pasteur, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Schwab, Ford, and many others, mean what they do to us, is because these men acquired the art of constructive and creative thinking.

We often laugh at people who build "castles in the air," and yet never was there a structure reared, from a dog-house to a mansion, or from a cat-boat to a battle-ship, which was not first created out of that delicate texture of the mind we call the imagination.

The men who harnessed the tremendous power of Niagara and changed it into electric light, moving

machinery and flying cars, saw the whole vast system in all its completeness, long before its mighty force was converted to man's use.

It was the inspired thought working and expressing itself through the minds of men that produce the necessities, commodities and conveniences of the present day. The achievements of the greatest and the humblest men, in every line of human activity, were possible only through the faithful application of human thought.

In spite of the fact that applied psychology has emphasized this truth for over a quarter of a century, there still are millions of people who pay little or no attention to its great importance.

...
Truly, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The tendency of every good or evil thought is to multiply itself and finally to become translated into actions and results. Whatever may be the nature of our habitual thought, the subconscious forces will do their level best to help us to put it over. They have no other choice.

Persistent wrong thinking not only affects every organ and function of our body, but writes itself into the personality and face.

Having studied nervous and mental disorders for nearly fifty years, it is easy for me to recognize these conditions by certain facial and other characteristics.

There are the narrow, watchful eyes; the nervous, twitching mouth; the wrinkled, lowered brow; the restless, jerky movements of the hands and feet; the timid, anxious voice—all of which betray mental and subconscious conditions which are apt to do no end of damage to the body and brain.

It is indeed astonishing how big a part the mind plays in our physical state of being. For instance, when some severe illness comes, its effects upon us have much to do with

whether our mental and subconscious attitude is one of confidence or fear. In the latter case it may actually mean the difference between life and death.

(Continued on page 62)



What Would Lincoln Do?

Ida Tarbell Compares Roosevelt

Interview by GRACE M. KEEFFE

TURN back the pages of history seventy years, and you'll find these great United States of ours battling their way through a crisis, which, like that of the present, was one of the major conflicts of the ages.

"Abraham Lincoln was confronted with problems similar in many respects to those which Franklin D. Roosevelt now has to solve."

Then, as now, the core of the problem was a matter of human welfare. In the 1860's people were asking:

Are white men to be the masters of black men?

Today, they query: Are the rich to be the masters of the poor? Is the machine to be the driver of man?

Then, as now, the country was torn in two by its problems. The South stood divided against the North, as today gold-dollar capitalism is making its final stand against the rising tide of socialized democracy.

And then, as now, there stood at the helm of our government, a brave, courageous man of vision, strength and character, who saw beneath the economic and political problems of the surface the far more fundamental problem of humanity, whose greatest concern was the welfare of the people as a whole rather than the interests of a privileged few.

ABRAMHAM Lincoln was confronted with problems similar in many respects to those which Franklin Roosevelt now has to solve.

"What would Lincoln think of developments since that memorable March of 1933? Would he nod his head in favor of the New Deal?"

If he were alive today, would he approve of President Roosevelt's direct approach, his disregard of tradition, his ready acceptance of the new?

What would Lincoln think of the rapid developments in our government since that memorable fourth of March of 1933? Would he nod his head in favor of the New Deal?

To Ida Tarbell, the woman who perhaps knows more about Lincoln than any one else—to the woman whose understanding of his plans and his dreams is scarcely surpassed by any other living person—I went for an answer to these questions.

Some thirty-five years ago, a young writer on McClure's Magazine—Miss Tarbell—was assigned a story on the boyhood of Lincoln. Her heart and soul went into it, for before the final installment was printed, its success was so marked she was asked to continue—to finish the whole story of his life.

That meant months of intensive work, weeks of traveling about in quest of au-

"If Lincoln were alive today, would he approve of President Roosevelt's directness, disregard of tradition, ready acceptance of the new?"

thentic information, countless hours of careful study and analysis.

All this, Miss Tarbell gave, but when her specific task was done, she did not lose her interest in Lincoln. In fact, at no time, has she ever put aside her study of the man, and even today, she declares, she continually is running across new material concerning him.

It was interesting to find that the foremost biographer of Lincoln embodies a number of the traits for which he was noted. Physically, she is a tall, statuesque individual, with a kindly smile, deeply sympathetic eyes, and an abundance of vitality.

Like Lincoln, she combines a deep sense of humor with a serious outlook on life. And like him, again, she has an almost limitless capacity for being interested in people, singly or in the mass.

It is this interest in others, undoubtedly, that led Miss Tarbell into the field of biography. And it is her capacity for work that

lies behind her extraordinary achievement in that field. Work is likewise, I should say, the secret of her amazing youthfulness. For today, at seventy-six, she resembles a well-preserved woman in her fifties. And her energy is unabating.

"THE habit of work and the joy of work, I learned them early," Miss Tarbell told me. "And I should say that they are the most valuable things anyone can learn, aside from the fundamentals of right and truth and honor."

There is nothing shallow or superficial about Miss Tarbell's achievement. For it is based on broad and intensive reading and study. She is, in truth, an object lesson in the importance of acquiring knowledge.

"No one," she says, "can hope to accomplish big things in his work without knowledge. And the more you know, of course, the better is your chance of winning in your particular field."

Miss Tarbell lives in a quaint, old house near Gramercy Park in New York City. Her study is lined to the ceiling with books. And behind a long, low divan stand rows of filing cabinets, all very neatly arranged. There surely is "atmosphere" here. Books about Lincoln are scattered here and there about the room on little tables, and a picture of him looks down upon the scene from above the large, old-fashioned fire-place.

"WHAT would Lincoln do today?" Miss Tarbell repeated my question, with a little laugh.

"Perhaps it's a little foolish to wonder what Lincoln would do if he were alive today," she answered. "The important thing for us is to know what he *did* do in a similar situation."

"In the first place, no matter what question

confronted him, he drove it down to the moral basis. His ultimate concern in all he did was a deep sense of justice. What is right? Was it best for the greatest number?

"Mr. Lincoln was not an opportunist in quest of political gain. The people came before politics with him. And he did not hesitate about taking into his council all of the best talent of the time, regardless of party lines. He never felt that he was capable of solving problems alone.

"He always gave the greatest kind of consideration to the facts in the case. And he arrived at his conclusions after long thought and careful consideration of what would be best for the public as a whole.

"He never allowed himself to be sidetracked by minor issues. He went to the core of the problem. He centered his attention on the essentials. He prayed for guidance in his work. And he relied on the ablest men for council.

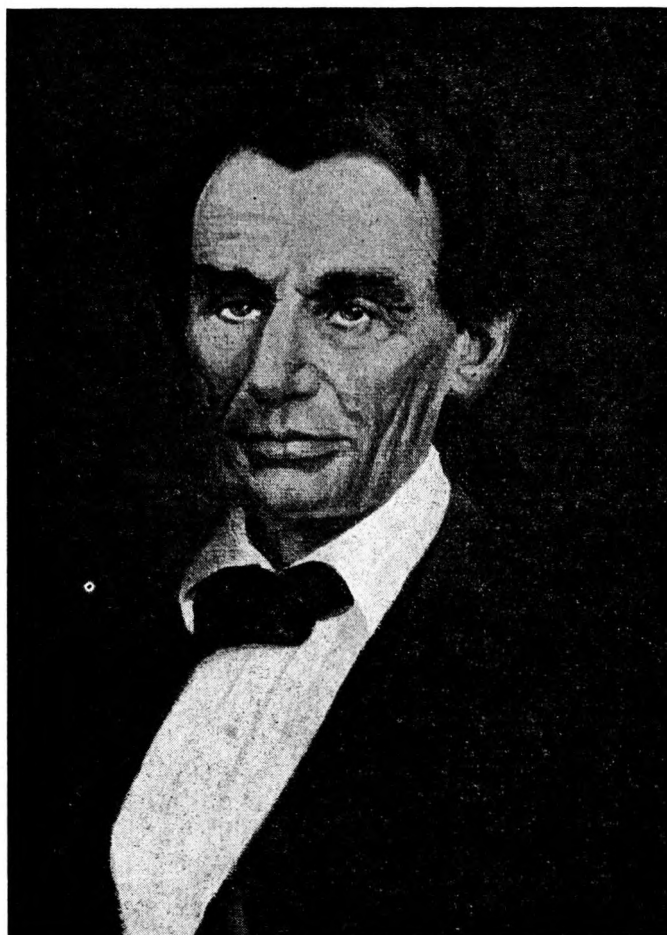
"HIS mind was his workshop. His memory was indexed and cross-indexed with tangled human causes. He needed no office, no pen, no ink, no paper. His chief labor was carried out in thought.

"The problems of history repeat themselves," Miss Tarbell continued. "But it is

unfortunate that people on the whole learn very little.

"They get themselves into the same old mess time and time again simply because they do not know what to do.

"We could have no better example of how to make use of historic precedent than we have in President Roosevelt. He is a student of men's operations. He likes people. He has a fine intellectual broadness that opens his mind to all ideas. He is able (*Continued on page 59*)



"May I Help You, Sir?"

The Complaint of a Salesman

by CHARLES MITCHELL DODGE

"I'D LIKE to trade there, but the clerk is so grouchy—."

How many times have you heard this said?

Much has been written and mentioned anent the snooty attitude of clerks: the holier-than-thou air of the sales-person who waits upon the transient trade: the general toploftiness of the vendors behind the country's counters.



Now, I've been a sales clerk. In fact I still am. Over the past twenty years I have clerked in a tobacco store, a motorcycle store, a wealthy man's club, a book and stationery store, haberdasheries, radio shop, department stores, and finally a store of my own. During this time I've had occasion to serve many hundreds of people of all types, shapes, sizes and dispositions. And folks as a whole are likable, withal.

There are, of course, plenty of clerks whose high and mighty attitude or disdainful and curt manner is annoying. Annoying to a point where one thinks in terms of a vermin exterminator. Near our home is a chain grocery store where good food is sold at more than reasonable prices—but my wife doesn't trade there. She cannot seem to locate even one clerk in the place who shows the mildest interest in her needs. And when she does get waited on there, she gets the reaction that the clerk has done her a personal favor, at the cost of some suffering to himself.

There are sales people whose whole bearing suggests the suspicion that you must be there to waste their time, or that you're not capable of considering the particular item you are trying to buy. I've seen 'em myself, and so have you.

But there is another aspect of the question. For ever such an excrescence there is a couple—a Mr. and Mrs. Customer who inspire the clerk with much the same sentiment. The clerk is wrong, or is treated as

though he were wrong, before he starts.

This type of customer has all the advantage. Where you don't like the clerk you can always walk out on him and never bother yourself with seeing him again, if you don't want to. But when you yourself are the clerk, you have to "take it" and like it.

I refer to the peculiar psychology of a certain type of purchaser. He does not know it himself, of course, but getting below his overbearing surface to analyze reasons for his being so, we find that in a way it is not so much his fault, after all. In his own small sphere, among his circle of acquaintances, he is not so heavy. People who suffer from an inferiority complex derive a certain pleasurable thrill when confronted with a chance to command service.

Psychologists tell us that we all strive to conceal a predominant trait of which we're inwardly ashamed, by an excessive display of the opposite trait. Thus your braggart, who blusters and blows over the dangers incident to rousing his anger, has actually a yellow streak as wide as the Mississippi River. The prize fighter is ever the last to respond to a quarrel—indiscreet though the quarreller may be. The bigger the executive, the easier he is to talk with—while a floor-walker may act as though he carried the world's cares on his mind. Have you noticed it?

So with our Mr. and Mrs. Customer. In their own little circle they are not, as the saying has it, so hot. They would not only keep up with the Joneses if they could, but go them several better, for merely the joy of flaunting the world's buyable, material things; thereby attaining to a niche beyond their mental or spiritual reach. Wherefore their disagreeable manner toward the poor devil of a clerk is not so unfathomable.

Is the customer always right? Not at all. He is quite often decidedly, utterly and undeniably in the wrong. And the tenets of good salesmanship, I believe, are measured by the ability of the seller to correct the purchaser and set him (Continued on page 65)

Extravert or Introvert?

In Which Group Are You?

by **DILWORTH LUPTON**

DR. SIGMUND FREUD, an Austrian physician, in collaboration with Dr. J. Brewer, published in 1915 a book dealing with the treatment of hysteria.

This publication marked the beginning of the psycho-analytic movement. For a number of years the work of Dr. Freud aroused but little interest. It was brought to the attention of American psychologists by Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, when he invited Dr. Freud and his Swiss disciple, C. G. Jung, to lecture there in 1909.

Since then, in spite of some disdain shown it by the orthodox school of psychologists, the theory of psycho-analysis has spread rapidly and won many distinguished apologists.

Several years later, Jung broke with his master and established a new school which lays much less stress on sex than does Freud. Jung emphasizes synthesis rather than analysis. Furthermore he has a far greater interest than Freud in the ethical and idealistic side of psychiatry.

PROBABLY Jung's chief contribution to psychological theory is his classification of human temperaments into two distinct groups—extraverts (also spelled extroverts) and introverts. Extraverts tend to give little place in their lives to meditating on their own thought processes and become engrossed rather in outward interests. Introverts, on the other hand, are prone to live in the realm of their own thoughts, imaginings, dreams.

Among our friends and acquaintances all of us, of course, discover people who clearly represent one extreme or the other. Perhaps we ourselves belong distinctively to the extraverted or introverted type. You and I may be "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" in our own minds; we may be impractical, visionary. Or perhaps we may be extraverts, spending but little time in the realm of ideas; doers rather than thinkers; "actives" rather than contemplatives. Or we may be (and this is the more likely) blends of both types, sometimes tending—especially in

times of trouble or grief—to be bent back upon our inner selves as it were; yet at other times living a vigorous, vital, outgoing sort of existence.

The ideal personality, of course, is a balance between the introverted and extraverted types.

The great men and women of history—the artists, poets, inventors, geniuses, leaders in all faiths—have been dreamers as well as doers, "actives" as well as contemplatives,—in a word "spiritually minded men and women of the world."

Education, therefore, consists at least in part in developing both our inner and outer lives, so as to become neither extraverts nor introverts but what someone has wisely called *ambiverts*,—people who are equally at home in the realm of their own thoughts or the world of men and events.

II

THE whole tendency of our time, especially in America, is toward extraversion rather than introversion. Our idolatry of the machine; our making a fetish of efficiency and of production; our obsession with things and material success,—all these tend to divert our attention away from our inner selves. This is quite clearly seen in the present insolvency of business leadership.

We find ourselves in a land of vast wheat fields and thousands of coal mines; yet people are starving and freezing. With the exception of a handful of business leaders, the average executive seems utterly baffled by this anomalous and tragic situation. It is quite possible that this inability to meet and master an unforeseen and complicated set of circumstances is due to the fact that the average business man has been so engrossed in doing things that he has not taken the opportunity to develop his power of creative thinking.

The time has come for all of us to turn our attention again to the meaning and importance of the "world within," to balance the pressure toward undue extraversion with the conscious training of our own inner selves.

It is said that when Harry Emerson Fos-



The trend of modern living is symbolized in the extravert

dick was a young and rather obscure minister in Montclair, New Jersey, he rented an office in a down town building. He refused to install a telephone; indeed, hardly a soul except his wife knew the exact location of his retreat. Here he isolated himself from the outer world, pored over his books, conjured up his thoughts, dreamed his dreams, wrote his sermons. Probably the power of his preaching today is due in large measure to those hours when he shut himself off from the madding crowd.

If you and I wish to circumvent today's tendencies toward extreme extraversion, we too must find times and places for isolating ourselves from the world that is all too much for us. Such isolation may be found in the quiet of our own rooms, out in the woods or fields, or while we walk some unfrequented city street.

We mortals insist on feeding these bodies of ours thrice every day. What of our souls? What nutriment do we provide for them? Dr. Osler, the great Canadian physician, once advised a group of students to keep at their bedsides books of inspiration, and to feed their inner selves daily and at regular times with the ideas which the saints, seers,

and poets of the ages have bequeathed to us. Have you such a "library of the spirit?"

III

LAST summer in Paris it was my privilege to meet and hear Abbe Dimnet, author of *The Art of Thinking*, a book which for months was an American best seller. Abbe Dimnet has all the marks of a wholesome balance between introversion and extraversion. He is a scholar, a student, a contemplative and yet a man of affairs.

Abbe Dimnet suggests that we need not only exterior solitude and isolation, but *interior solitude*; that we should retreat on occasions not only from the world of men and of things, but from the world of our own distracting thoughts. What he means, of course, is that we must

engage in the business of cultivating our power of attention and concentration.

The difficulty is (Arnold Bennett somewhere uses a like illustration) that our minds behave like a bad little boy sent on an errand to the grocery store. After a few blocks he looks up an alley and discovers some of his friends playing marbles so he must needs put off the grocery business for a few minutes until he tries his luck. On the way home a fire diverts his attention for a half hour while his mother waits. So with our minds. We send them on errands, but soon they are diverted by matters as inconsequential as marbles and fires. But we can train them to obey us—and we must train them if we are to cultivate the world within.

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Years ago some Hindu scholars visited Harvard University. They were particularly desirous of meeting the great psychologist, William James. In conversing with him one of the visitors said, "I do not see how it is possible for you to live as you do without a single minute in your day given to tranquility and medita- (Continued on page 61)

Life Crashed!

Then I Had to Make It Over

by DUNBAR SAYRE

The editors consider this one of the most touching little human documents ever to come to this office. It is the true story of an unusual person, who, when life said, "Halt! Stand and Deliver!" answered by readjusting all former ideas and ambitions.

It is heartening to know that this author is now making real progress in the literary field and is producing work that is winning acclaim.

SUCH a gorgeous October day. We motored through the Adirondacks, flamboyant as a Sigmund Freud drama of fire. Bright red sumacs; yellow maples; rust-brown oaks. The last thing I remember was turning to my companion, saying, "Even Nevada's Calico Mountains with their jutting rocks set in by a drunken ceramic artist, are not so lush as these. I shall drink in, absorb and inhale great blobs of this pageant of color . . . enough to last me the rest of my life."

Crash. Splintering glass. Darkness. Oblivion. No sense of the passing of time. My legs were dead and divorced from my body. Slowly, I moved a hand to my head, and both were as heavy as their weight in iron. Only my lips were free of swathing bandages.

"She's come to, doctor!" a voice exclaimed.

"What happened? Where am I? Anne . . . is she . . . is she . . . ?"

"She means Mrs. Hathaway? Shall we tell her?"

IN SPITE of my almost total eclipse in this wedding-cake dome of bandages, I heard the whispered words. Anne, my friend, my co-enjoyer of beauty, would never drink in another sunset. My head whirled. It hurt, terribly. Once more coma enveloped me. When I awoke, the person who bent over me smelled of fresh snow. Still too languid to open my eyes, my lips moved with tremendous effort. "I must get out of here," I whispered. "I'm going to Portland for a pre-view of a new private collection. . . ."

"Surely. There, now. In a few days. Just rest now, and don't try to think. You're in

the Glenridge Hospital. You've been ill for a long time, and your legs will play tricks with you until you gradually get used to them. Shall I comb your hair? I've sent for Dr. Graham. . . ."

Hair? Hair? I had forgotten I had hair. The comb was ever so gently drawn through my curls, fortunately short. The bandages must be gone.

"What do I look like, nurse? A map of the Balkan States?"

"Absolutely NOT. You haven't formed a single keloid; not a scar. Shall I bring you a mirror? Your hair, your lovely hair. . . . I always did adore white hair with a young face. Here, open your eyes."

I raised a limpid hand in protest. I could not endure the sight of that shock-whitened hair. Hours, days, maybe weeks later, it came over me like the tingle of a cold shower that people continued to move about me in the dead of night. "Why all this activity in the dark?"

"It's morning and the sun is shining just for you."

"Don't joke. You know it's midnight."

"Call Dr. Graham!" my nurse ordered tersely. Footsteps scurried.

"Why move that warm thing before my face?" I could feel its heat, first on one side, then on the other.

"Just my pocket-flash." Nurse replied.

"Nonsense. A flash-light must be lighted to be hot."

"Oh, there you are, doctor." Nurse moved from me. A door closed softly.

I WAS alone; alone in the dark. . . . I must have dozed a long time. . . . A faint stirring, a door opening.

In the pitchy blackness, a hand sought mine. "This is Dr. Graham. How do you feel this bright morning?"

"Will you and the nurse never quit fooling about the sunlight and . . ."

"Do you feel strong enough to be moved?"

"I've always been a Samson for strength . . . even though I haven't the hair for it. That reminds me, nurse. Snap on a light. I can bear a mirror now."

"The mirror can wait. I want to take you to the fluoroscope . . ."

"Oh, I know . . . a fluoroscope is what shows up one's hidden safety pins."

A FORTNIGHT later, when I left Glenridge Hospital, I had realized for thirteen days that I was blind. Blind, at twenty-five! Blind. With my love of and appreciation for art, in painting, sculpture, architecture or nature. I who had so loved color and the nuances of light and shade! Blind!

A trip to Baltimore was advised, to see that greatest of all opthalmic diagnosticians, Dr. Wilmer. The *big* Dr. Wilmer, who granted interviews only with the President of the United States, but who had kindly consented to take *my* case, due to a long-standing friendship between him and Dr. Graham, who choked as I departed and said "I hope to God I'm wrong."

A PROLONGED session. Tests made, hot lights, from every conceivable angle. A telescopic instrument which I could hear folding and unfolding. Then the verdict . . . both retinas torn loose at the base. "If you can ever distinguish light from darkness, I shall be only too happy to operate. As it is, I can do nothing."

"Dr. Wilmer, tell me one thing. Do I look blind? I mean, are my eyes disfigured?"

"Dear lady, they are as clear and bright as a child's. Why . . . ?"

"Because, now I need never ask for sympathy; never trade on my handicap; never act blind, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean." Dr. Wilmer's nervous fingers pressed my icy ones. "Come to me any time, any time," he said.

AT a loose end in the world I could no longer see, except with that inner eye which is the

"bliss of solitude"! How much less terrible to have given up my sight after twenty-five years of color absorption, than to have been born blind! Please do not think of me as Pollyanna, the Glad Girl. Bitterness flooded my soul. I raged. I stood at my hotel window and considered raising the sash . . . outrageous fortune had shot me with the cruellest arrow in his quiver. For days and nights, all alike to me, I paced the measured distance of that hotel sitting room. Twenty from door to window, twenty back again. "God, I will pack and take a train. . . ." Rupert Brooke flashed into my consciousness. Thank God for a retentive memory.

In my pacing, I recited aloud poems as they came to me, from Goëthe to Edna St. Vincent Millay. Why not be orderly? I began with Chaucer. . . . "Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote, the droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote . . ." This was terrible, maddening. Why had I learned by halves? Fragments of Spenser; bits of Pope. In chronological order came Milton. I cried like a baby when I found I could repeat, verbatim, the entire sonnet to his blindness. "Doth God exact day labor, light denied?" I had a notion God did. I could not "stand and wait."

Both Dr. Graham and Dr. Wilmer had stressed complete rest. But idleness was something of which I had had as little traffic as a deaf-mute at Grand Opera.

What could I capitalize? What assets had I left? There was that girl who used so persistently to telephone me for appointments for a photographic sitting. Such enthusiasm . . . such a cheery person. She could disturb my afternoon siesta or bring me dripping from my bath and MAKE me like it!

MY INTERVIEW with the manager of the Capitol City's largest studio took place in my hotel suite, and my only stipulation was that I be allowed to work (*Continued on page 48*)

The Inner Man

By ARTHUR E. WINCHESTER

There is within this embryo self
A larger man than I am now;
A man not pledged to gain and pelf,
With kindlier eye and nobler brow.
One who responds to kindlier thought,
Imbued with cosmic light;
A man ambition has not bought,
Who intuitively knows the right.

Responsive to the higher mind,
With spirit strong and true;
And faith in potential human-kind
And the good that he can do,
There is in every man, this man
Of nobler parts and clearer sight
Who sees the whole and not the clan,
Which leads him on to greater height.

Men I Wouldn't Marry

A Modern Woman Talks

by HERSELF

I DIVORCED my husband when I discovered that he would rather do the housekeeping and cooking than get a job and fill the role of a husband to me.

John had a definitely feminine make-up despite his six feet of brawn and masculine good looks. I did not realize this until we had been married two years. At this time he lost his job. To tide things over I found employment.

Instead of looking for another job, John stayed at home and did the housekeeping and cooking—pretending that the next day he would look for work. But the next day and the next came and John continued to wait upon me as if I wore the trousers of the family.

A year passed and though he held a job for a few weeks at a time it became apparent that he would rather stay at home and let me do the bread-winning for the two of us.

Then I realized that I was far too assertive a woman to make a good wife for him. He needed a more feminine, helpless type of woman for a wife. Someone who would lean upon him and provide the impetus for him to go back to work.

SHORTLY after my divorce I met Terry, a handsome chap with a very likable personality. He was a salesman for a large firm and well-paid. He gave me quite a rush, taking me to many night-clubs and theatres, and sending me flowers and small gifts.

I was warmly attracted to him, and his attention, coming as it did after the gloomy period I had known with John, was delightful. But in a short time I realized that Terry had an inflated ego and that he would be quite as much of a trial to live with as John had been in a different way.

Terry was over-meticulous about his clothes and belongings. He over-tipped waiters and bell-boys wherever he went, become noisily abusive if anyone jostled him in an elevator, and nearly always had an

argument about the service with the management of any place where we dined. Everyone was in the wrong except Terry. He regarded his salesmen as dumbbells and slackers and his superiors as lunatics who would shortly become bankrupt.

Terry was the only son of a mother who adored him. It became clear to me that any woman who married Terry would have to pay for all his mother's failures as a mother; that he would be a petty tyrant to live with—and would have to be flattered every hour of the day.



EVERY woman meets a man like Arthur sometime. He held a minor executive post in a prominent architectural firm and actually did most of the work for which his superiors received the credit. He was shy with women and slow to assert himself. We came to know each other very gradually, the more I saw of him the more I admired and respected him.

Arthur was surprisingly well educated, and when we came to know each other well, he talked fluently, even brilliantly. I was startled to discover what a different person he could be when he dropped the colorless mask he wore. He simply lacked the confidence to express himself naturally.

He became very much in love with me, but did not propose. As time went on it became clear that he really wanted me to do so. He disliked making decisions of any kind. When we went out in the evening, he wanted me to select the place we should go, what we should eat, and where we should go afterwards. When we parted he always asked me to call him the next day. In every matter he shoved the burden of decision upon me.

To a different type of woman this might seem quite pleasant. But I wanted a husband, not a devoted slave. I knew if I married him I would have to practically live his life for him—which was just what he wanted me to do. Arthur had a serious inferiority complex (Continued on page 63)

Afraid of Shadows?

by WALTER WHITELEY HUBBARD

ARE YOU AFRAID of your shadow?

That may sound like a strangely blunt question, but the shadows which affect our lives every day are generally our own; ours in the sense that a shadow is nothing more than an absence of light which assumes the shape of the body intercepting that light upon another body or surface.

On St. Swithin's Day, during the month of February, thousands of newspapers will publish pictures, both photographs and cartoons, of the groundhog who has come out of his underground hole to see if the sun is shining. The legend says that if Mr. Groundhog sees his shadow he will become frightened and scamper back for shelter, and that we shall then have forty more days of rain and bad weather.

We have been likened, again and again, to "a hundred million guinea pigs," and in view of that comparison, we would not go far afield to liken many of our fellow men and women, and possibly ourselves, to a hundred million groundhogs.

Are YOU afraid of your shadow?

Or do the shadows which precede coming events strike terror to your heart? Have you a fear of meeting events and people, face to face?

Can you look upon a shadow as an intangible, worthless and formless something which has no permanent geometrical length, width or volume? Or is it a huge, black something which rises at the wrong moment to strike fear into your soul and throw you off your mental and spiritual balance for the time being.

If shadows are anything more sinister to you than a fleeting manifestation of your own solidity of form, then it is time you took account of yourself and did an about face. (Shadows will vanish or change shape with the rapidity of lightning, the speed of a light ray.

Have you ever found yourself groping your way down a semi-darkened hallway with naught but a dim oil lamp or flickering candle in your hands? If you have, possibly you have set the light on the floor immediately behind you as you came to a blank wall, and you have noticed at that moment how huge and how menacing *your own* shadow can be.

The mere angle of light has contrived a distortion and a magic lantern-like enlargement

which is threateningly grotesque—your own shadow!

On the other hand, have you ever walked up the road and faced a rising or a setting sun, its salmon gold rays illuminating your face, and found that the shadows are stringing out into thin, wispy shreds far behind you?

Face the light always, and you need never face the shadows.

In October, 1932, PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE dared to predict that a new administration would succeed the one then in Washington, and the following month a new President was swept into office on a tidal wave of votes greater than ever counted before for one man in the history of the United States.

During the past year a new psychology has taken possession of the people of this nation, a new determination, a new will. It is the willingness to follow a leader, not blindly, but trustingly and ever facing the light. And, praises be, we still appear to be willing to carry on with this line of thought until the new day dawns.

The shadows have been with us, like the poor, during all this period, but we have been too busy facing the light, hunting for a solution to our own individual problems and to those of our country. We have been too occupied in getting back to work and accomplishing tasks too long neglected to worry about the quality or quantity of the shadows which danced in the offing.

There have been shadows, but neither you nor I have had time to give any serious attention to them. Let me name a few, such as poverty and nation-wide starvation, Communism and "the Red Menace," Wall Street reprisals, threats of European and Asiatic wars, warnings of a spiritual breakdown and a wave of moral decadence, and others too numerous to enumerate here.

None of which amounted to the proverbial hill of beans!

What is true of our national attitude has been, and will be, more or less reflected, as the months and years come and go, in our own individual lives. We shall gather new courage and garner fresh hopes in our unwillingness to take the shadows seriously.

We shall not be groundhogs!

The Parade of Religions

Demonstrating a Common Religious Factor

by **WILLIAM CHARLES O'DONNELL, Ph.D.**

A BRIEF glance at world conditions will suffice to accentuate the pressing need for reconstruction in the realm of organized religion. Under the similitude of "The Parade of Religions" we may come to some better comprehension of what kind of a world this is that calls for a Fellowship of the Ultimate Religion.

According to the Secretariat of the League of Nations the population of the earth is something over 2,000,000,000. The reported membership of religious organizations is over 92% of the entire population.

Not to over-emphasize the value of statistics it is apparent that of all human problems subject to analysis and appraisal, the one of most

We all belong to the same crew cast up by the cosmic sea upon this island planet.

profound and universal interest, the one of highest importance to the largest number of people and the problem most vitally interrelated to other problems is the problem of religion.

Broadly observed, the condition of the world in respect to religion at the present time is chaotic and confused. In the better day to come the advocates of a religious concept of life will make their appeal to reason and common sense. They will square their teachings with the progress of science and will judge theology and ecclesiasticism as they appear in the true perspective of history.

The problem of religion is humanity's problem, the problem of all men. We must first sense the fact of our common heritage, with approximately two billion creatures facing the same enigmas of origin, purpose and destiny. Any just appraisal of life's higher values must be based on a true understanding of the universal aptitude. We must come to think of ourselves not primarily as American, English, French, Italian, German, Russian, Indian, Chinese or Japanese, nor yet exclusively as Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Hindu, or Confucianist. We are all members of this one spiritually endowed human family. We all

The cosmic pattern can be worked out only through harmonization of our varied interests.

belong to the same crew cast up by the cosmic sea upon this island planet, with common perils to face and common responsibilities to meet. The cosmic pattern can be worked out only through the harmonization of our varied interests. A vivid sense of world-oneness is prerequisite to religious reconstruction no less than to economic restoration and political stability.

The spirit of pageantry may be conjured to project a parade representing the world's religious alignments, a parade demonstrating the common religious factor in the human equation.

For the scene of the spectacle it would seem inevitable that choice be made of the world's parade route preeminent, that street of glamorous memories, New York's famous Fifth Avenue. Let us time the marching so as to permit the passing of a given point at the calculated rate of ten thousand paraders per hour. At this rate and with continuous marching day and night through all the seasons of the year, the serried columns will be passing in review for the better part of a quarter of a century. **THE PARADE OF RELIGIONS.** . . . History has never produced a pageant comparable to the conjured spec-

A sense of world-oneness is prerequisite to religious reconstruction no less than to economic restoration.

tacle with its relentless rhythms of swinging lines. Babies born in America when the parade is getting under way will be old enough to vote before the plodding hosts have passed. In that time five Presidential Elections will have transpired. Religion is no trifling pastime, no puny toy for nursery amusement. Religion is the greatest fact in the evolution of man, the most momentous reality in the life of the world today. (Continued on page 47)

Personalities

Beth Brown, Novelist-Shan-Kar, Dancer

by "G. M. K."

NEW worlds to order!

Just imagine what a lucrative business would come to the man who could truthfully hang out a shingle with those words emblazoned on it.

I can see the line of wrecked humanity that would crowd around his door—young men and women who had failed to get a hold on life, older souls whose hold had weakened, whose feet had stumbled, whose backs had broken under the burden of endless struggle.

Men and women whose tiny worlds had burst like a balloon at the first sharp prick of a pin. People so completely absorbed in their own little sphere that they had lost all thought of the larger, more inclusive realms beyond and grown unhappy in their solitude.

This picture came to me the other afternoon as I sat listening to a remarkable young woman, Beth Brown, the petite but brilliant young novelist, whose life has been a never-ending journey from one busy world to another.

I had heard so much about Beth Brown, her vivid personality, her inexhaustible store of energy, her doll-like beauty. But somehow it was hard to put those

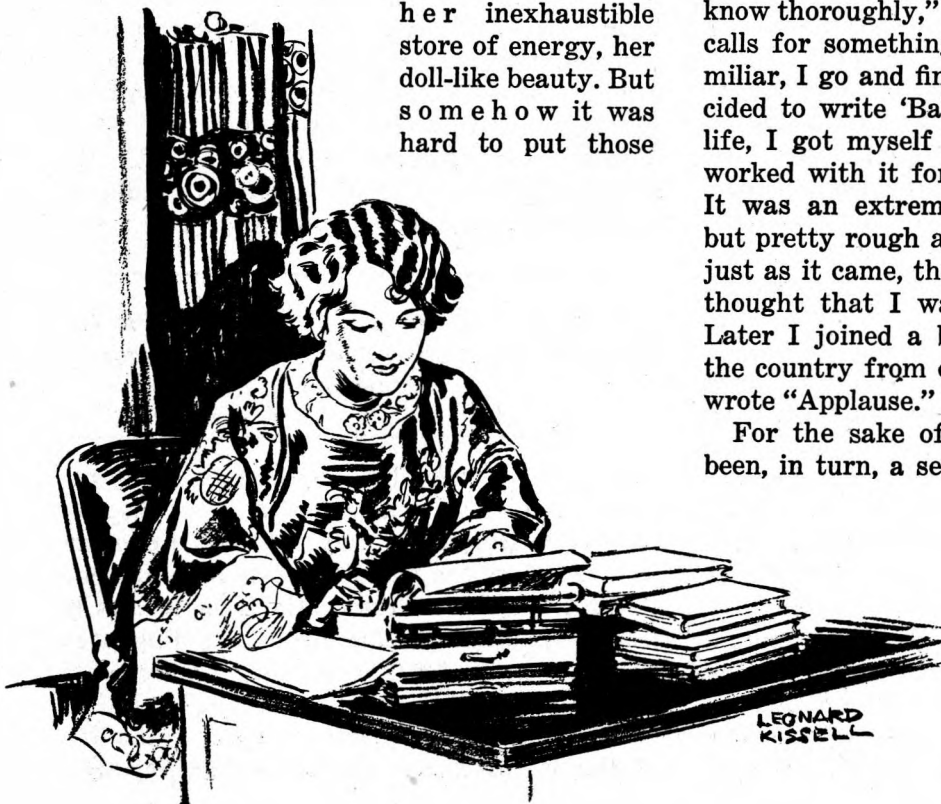
things together to spell success and fame and fortune. The sharp contrasts in her life and character had always fascinated me, yet somehow I couldn't quite shape a picture of the personality I was going to contact that day.

Miss Brown, I found, is tiny—barely five feet tall. But her great, brown eyes reveal a spiritual bigness that completely belies her physical self. Those eyes were deepened by the rich brown of the velvet gown she wore. Her lovely shining hair seemed to melt into the general mellowness of the red and gold of her large studio that looked out upon the crimson sunset beyond the Hudson.

If you are one of those discontented individuals who envy the cat with its nine lives, you would simply turn green all over after listening to Miss Brown's rich and varied experiences. For she is one author who refuses to write about anything with which she is not entirely familiar. And the only way to know, she believes, is to go out and live. Today, with some ten books to her credit, she has lived the lives of a dozen ordinary individuals.

"I wouldn't write about anything I didn't know thoroughly," she told me, "so if my novel calls for something with which I am not familiar, I go and find out about it. When I decided to write 'Ballyhoo,' a story of carnival life, I got myself a job with a carnival and worked with it for a whole year beforehand. It was an extremely interesting experience, but pretty rough at times. I took everything just as it came, though, and the entire troupe thought that I was just another show girl. Later I joined a burlesque show and toured the country from one end to another before I wrote 'Applause.'"

For the sake of her art, Miss Brown has been, in turn, a servant girl in shoddy brown jersey, washing the dirty faces of orphan children. A doughnut maker, whose presence silenced the oaths of laboring men and tramps gulping sinkers and coffee in a



Beth Brown

Illustrated by Leonard Kissell

sandwich wagon. A hat-check girl whose outstretched hand often received a squeeze as well as a coin. A trouping dancer, hungry and weary and cold, bringing to lonely villages of the hinterland a bit of the glamor and dazzle that we call Broadway.

Her latest venture into the unknown has been rubbing shoulders with the men and women of the "jungle"—those homeless souls whose tragedy is no fault of their own. And at present she is busy on a novel in which she plans to bring out the maddening results of our materialistic civilization, the tragedy of the depression.

"The spiritual world is like a giant switch-board," Miss Brown told me. "It's up to the individual to plug in and get the *right connection*."

"You know your emotions when you call up some one near and dear to you—the warmth of feeling that floods in over the wire as you listen to the familiar voice at the other end of the line.

"Well, *life's* like that. When you've found your place in this great, busy world, you enjoy the same feeling that you experience when you plug in and get a friendly answer in return.

"But when you *haven't* found yourself, it's like getting the wrong number. You know how it is when sometimes you call for a friend of yours and a gruff voice snaps "wrong number" at you and bangs the receiver in your ear. You feel abashed and ill at ease when that happens—just as though you were suddenly all alone in the world and thoroughly out of place."

"Today people are jumbled around like humpty dumpty toys. They want to do things, to work, to earn money. And things want people to do something to them—to work, to consume, to buy, to build. But the bridges are down between. And that is why we are floundering. Up to now society has been committing a crime to mankind.

"If we want to rise above the present confusion and discontent, people will have to find themselves, first as individuals, then, as little groups, and gradually work out into larger groups until we reach the shore of happiness and prosperity—something of the process we witness when ripples finally touch the bank of a brook after a stone has disturbed the water.

"For several years individuals have been going through such terrible mental agony within themselves that today they are feeling quite played out—almost useless.

"But no one can afford to lie down and wait for what may happen. We have to pull ourselves together, forget our tragedies, and learn



Shan-Kar

to think positively about ourselves and others.

"If the 'down-and-outer' of today expresses need and vital interest, there is no doubt that he will have an answer. Because people receive according to their capacity to receive. That is why some individuals are richer mentally than others.

"Every one should have at least one friend and one hobby," Miss Brown said. And she emphasized importance of the hobby. "Because your hobby, that is, your interest in life, may lead you into other worlds when you may have lost something or somebody dear to you.

"A hobby, no matter what it is, helps to tie us to the larger pattern of life, so that, even though tragedy should sweep over us, we can pick up the threads and weave a new design of larger compass. No matter what happens, if we are thus prepared, we shall not be lonely or defenseless. Our worlds, then, will be fortified against any disaster. We shall, in short, be able to have 'new worlds to order'."

"DIVINITY!"

"Yes, that is the keynote of our art."

Shan-Kar, the beautiful Hindu master of the dance, stopped short as he spoke those words. And from the wells that are his deep black eyes I seemed to sense (*Continued on page 56*)

The Thyroid Gland—

It Exerts Powerful Influence

by HERMAN H. RUBIN, M. D.

THE thyroid is situated at the base of the neck, where it straddles the windpipe. When, due to abnormal systemic toxicity, through failure of the ovaries or other glands to contribute their share in overcoming toxic conditions—the thyroid becomes swollen, it presents the familiar picture of Goiter.

It is partly because of this fact that the thyroid is aptly called the keystone of the "endocrine arch." Prone, on the slightest provocation, to jump a cog and throw the entire organic machinery out of physiological balance.

"sleeping on the job" are simply thyroid-starved.

It is now realized that many unfortunates have been hanged or electrocuted because a defective thyroid has unnormalized them, while numerous cases now adjudged hopelessly insane may be the victims of a cruel joke that nature had played in withholding from them a sufficiency of this marvelous stabilizing agent. Jurists are beginning to recognize these facts and it is to be hoped that in the near future they may remand more of these cases to the care of medical, and psychological experts, who will remedy

Many a "lazy" boy or girl; many an inattentive student; many a man or woman accused of "sleeping on the job" is simply thyroid-starved.

Its profound effect on metabolism; on the growth and development, both mental and physical; on the complex chemical processes by means of which body waste is eliminated, is now quite generally recognized. The thyroid "hormone", because of its power to convert toxic substances into relatively harmless material, has also a remarkable influence on the ability of the body to resist disease.

Minor thyroid defects are among the most common of all disorders. They complicate children's troubles, perhaps more frequent than any other single cause except conditions induced by infection. In the adult they ramify through a host of disorders that concern the gynecologist and the neurologist. The skin specialist meets their effects in manifold ways; for the texture and healthy condition of the skin, hair and nails are dependent, to an extraordinary degree, upon proper thyroid secretion. In dental pathology when the teeth are soft and structureless, or there is rapid decay, the cause frequently lies in defective thyroid functioning.

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Subjects of thyroid deficiency are "born tired." Many "lazy" boys or girls, inattentive students, men or women accused of

by surgery, medicine, psychological treatment, the defects that are now punished by disgrace and imprisonment and death.

WHEN THE THYROID IS UNDERACTIVE

WHEN the thyroid is underactive, and when this underactivity occurs during childhood, dwarfism or cretinism may result. The bones are small and short, the nails grow slowly and are lusterless and brittle. The teeth are poorly developed. The enamel and dentine are soft.

The Cretin is a pitiful caricature of a human being. In marked cases, thick protruding tongue, heavy scaly skin and lowered intelligence are characteristic. These individuals are known among the laity as "dwarf-idiot." Yet, when recognized early, a regulated dose of thyroid extract produces a most miraculous transformation of their appearance and mentality.

They lose the vacant, vacuous stare, the drooling, idiotic aspect, and become once more practically normal human beings. In fact, many cases with pronounced physical, mental and psychical degeneration have been brought back to a state of normality through proper glandular treatment.

During puberty, hypo-thyroid youngsters—those deficient in (Continued on page 60)

Shell-Shocked!—

In Peace

by HARPER BROWN

What can the individual do toward healing the injuries he may have received during the world depression? What does Psychology say is "The way back"?

ARE you shell-shocked—in peace?

This is an affliction that lingers in private lives after prosperity returns. Psychologists are trying to find "the way back."

Having been confronted with abnormal situations for so long a time, people find it difficult to be "themselves" again.

In most cases, abnormal behavior crept on so gradually that the individuals were unaware of any change. It so happens that a whole Pandora's box of human sufferings and ills have their beginnings in insecurity. The late depression threatened man's security—in many cases took it completely away.

People have felt insecure for so long that it will take more than a day for most persons to rid themselves of all the symptoms of depression-madness. Some few people may be able to free themselves in a short while, others will take longer and a few may go on indefinitely feeling frustrated, depressed, inadequate. What can be done?

Psychologists agree that the first step toward conquering the evil effects of the depression on the private life of an individual lies in that person's being able to recognize symptoms of depression-madness that may be cropping up in his own life and in the lives of his associates.

When a person has his morale lowered and this is kept up over a long period of time, he naturally begins to change in his attitudes and behavior. The whole country's morale was lowered by the depression and was kept at a low ebb for so long that many many individuals have changed. The problem now is for the individual to free himself of any queer attitudes or habits of thought that may have crept up unconsciously during the time of lowered morale.

"SHELL-SHOCKED" men and women are to be found everywhere, shell-shocked not in war but in world-depression, and they are exhibiting some of the identical symptoms

displayed by shell-shocked soldiers long after the war ended. These symptoms are not consciously manufactured, yet represent in varying degrees, attempts to escape from intolerable situations.

Psychologists tell us that moodiness of any sort, recurring cases of "the blues," periods of hopelessness-without-cause may all be hangovers from the depression. Much of this will pass away.

Suspiciousness is not a normal state in man. Sane men all recognize the importance of good-will. But this thought-habit may become so firmly imbedded in men's behavior in times of economic stress that with the coming of prosperity when the danger is over, deep-rooted habits of suspiciousness may stubbornly persist. The same is true of the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, psychologists tell us, and closely linked with this is the desire-for-sympathy attitude carried to extremes. Victims of this craving may do very irrational things to evoke sympathy. It is more or less difficult for an individual to rid himself of this, but it is possible once he recognizes the tendency at work in his life.

MEN and women, weakened in morale, may find themselves given to indecision, to feeling incapable of making any firm decision, and even regretting any decision they finally may make. Such people should realize that this is perfectly normal and expected in cases of weakened morale. One general rule can be followed: go ahead and make decisions quickly for a while at least, remembering always that *any* decision is better than *no* decision. Indecision has a decidedly weakening effect on the nervous system.

The inability to relax may lead people to deny that they are fatigued, may lead them to extremes of activities further injuring their already depleted supply of nervous energy. It is well to watch this swing of the pendulum, to find new ways of genuine relaxation, and to set aside a sufficient part of each day for rest.

Some individuals confronted with the awfulness of real situations, try to escape the pain by express- (Continued on page 52)

"Voice of Experience"

-in Council

with One of the Editors

"WE'VE started something," I remarked to the "Voice of Experience" as I stepped into his office the other day.

It is an unusual office, by the way. The soft beauty of Oriental rugs, the gleam of rare pottery, paintings, books—many of them gifts from persons whom the "Voice of Experience" has helped—

It is here, in comparatively quiet moments, that this man, so widely known for his coast to coast broadcasts, and the recipient of letters from all parts of this country and Canada, sits and meditates.

I closed the door. "We've started something," I repeated.

He looked up. For all his wide knowledge, his background of technical training, his experience in many fields, sometimes the boy in this man, the eternal spirit of youth, shines through. It was so now. The serious lines of his face broke, his gray eyes smiled.

"I mean," I explained "that so many letters are coming into Psychology requesting me to intercede for your opinion, that I have difficulty in knowing which to bring. However, one that came this morning may strike a more or less general problem.

"The writer is very evidently a substantial business man. He says that he feels deeply humiliated that a person of his supposed intelligence and experience should be whirled into confusion, tossed on gales of unfamiliar emotions, with his very career in danger."

"Middle aged?" asked the "Voice of Experience," his face serious again, his eyes quiet, somber.

"Yes, in the middle forties. His are not business troubles. In spite of chaotic economic conditions of the past several years, he has kept his business going at a fair pace. He is married, no children, but until the last year he's been as happy, he says, "as ordinary human beings are supposed to be."

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"There's a woman in the case—oh yes, little more than a girl—but this man refuses to think his tossed about feelings, his misery, his general confusion, can be laid at the door of his acquaintance with her. He says:

"I'm only mentioning this young woman because I'm anxious to withhold nothing that might help you to help me. I was conscious of this extreme unrest, dissatisfaction, in-harmony, quite sometime before I met Margaret. She seemed such an understanding young person that perhaps I felt that she could help me, but I'm getting more unsettled and confused all the time.

"My wife knows, of course, that I'm not myself. She is suspicious, quite critical, and is adding greatly to my troubled condition. I still love her, I guess, but association with her is daily becoming more painful. If I put it briefly, I will say that everything I formerly enjoyed, really treasured, now seems uninteresting, comparatively worthless and useless, and I see myself coming squarely against a blank wall.

"I feel like a fool to be asking for advice, but a desperate man—such as I surely am—is not going to mince words. I'm heading for oblivion of some kind. Help me if you can."

"THAT man is suffering from several ailments," remarked the "Voice of Experience."

"To begin with, he has forgotten that men in their forties, or a little past middle age, undergo a change almost as decided as the climacteric experienced in middle life by the opposite sex.

"At that time, men often are assailed by a restlessness, amounting to extreme discomfort, and because they do not realize what is the matter with them, they let this get on their nerves, and the trouble mounts.

"This man, I have no doubt, has had this very experience and if he will realize that this is true, the knowledge will help him to get a grip on himself."

"Would you say that this man is tired of his wife, is repressed by her, is not domestically inclined and should free himself?" I asked. "You know that a great many men, under like circumstances, come to some such conclusion."

"It is my opinion," answered the "Voice of Experience," "that taking such radical

steps would not solve this man's problem. The cause is within himself."

"Would you say that this man, then, can hope to recover his old self and enjoy the things that formerly gave him pleasure?"

The "Voice of Experience" nodded an emphatic affirmative.

"**WHAT** plan would you say he should pursue? I see in one of your pamphlets that you lay stress on the diet of the middle aged man, and on exercise. You speak of special kinds of baths and deep breathing. I should judge, as you go into detail about them, that you think these things highly important."

"I do. As I have before remarked, just as the power and speed of an automobile depends not upon externals but upon what kind of motor there is under the hood, so do the health and vitality of such a man as we are discussing depend upon the intelligent care he gives his body, thereby feeding a goodly quantity of needed chemicals into the blood-stream."

"But," I interrupted, "you are intimating that this man's troubles lie largely in the physical—possibly in the effect of a change that is taking place throughout his system. Evidently this has never occurred to him. And what about the young lady?"

"I do not believe she is a serious factor in this man's case. He turned to her because he was confused, unsettled, and was blindly seeking some relief, a change of thought. Taking the man's past, his age, the general tone of his letter into consideration, I have no doubt that when he understands what is the matter with him and takes means to right himself, things will straighten out."

"**T**HE other letter is from a woman," I remarked. "She asks: 'Can people go crazy from jealousy? That is what I fear is happening to me.'"

"I am sure that jealousy—frenzied, unreasoning, unrestrained, is a frequent cause of the unbalancing of the human mind," the "Voice of Experience" answered.

"Jealousy is predicated on the shifting sands of doubt and fear. It can lead to tragic conditions. It is ever a sign of weakness."

"This woman says," I went on, "that she has a wonderful husband, and re-

marks that the fact is part of the trouble, because other people admire and seek him. His work brings him into contact with both men and women and she is jealous of both. When she knows positively that he is with men alone, she is miserable because she is afraid that these men friends may encourage or help him to have women friends."

"Right there," remarked the "Voice of Experience," "this woman proves, what is always true, that jealousy is a most dangerous enemy, not only of love and marriage and the home, but the rank enemy of society in general."

"While it is true that having won love, a person must be prepared to guard and hold that love, yet jealousy fails to find the right weapons with which to make a plausible effort in this direction."

"What you say bears out what this woman relates," I observed. "She tells of having her husband change his office force, employing a man stenographer, for instance, yet she says she is utterly miserable in her jealousy. She feels that he has women friends, but has no proof other than her own uneasy feelings. Her husband declares she is utterly unjustified in her suspicions."

"She says she is unhappy even when she accompanies him to a theatre or to the movies; that she watches his face to see his reaction to the faces or figures of the women on the screen or the stage. He knows this and is impatient and cross about it. She also says she often lies awake nights—sometimes for hours—watching his face and wondering if in his sleep he may give her some clue to something unworthy that he may be doing."

"This last fact would prove what I often have contended," the "Voice of Experience" mused—"that is, that jealousy often makes a person hate the one he or she claims to love. Such 'love' can drive the one who is jealous to tragic measures—witness the number of murders that can be laid to jealousy. Has such 'love' as that anything to do with real love? Absolutely not."

"This woman says she cannot stand the pressure of this jealous torture indefinitely," I remarked, "and she (Continued on page 57)



The "Voice of Experience" at the "mike" in one of his coast to coast broadcasts

In the Psychologist's Office

Discussion of Actual Cases

by CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGISTS

MR. X., thirty years old, married, and with two children, when not drinking, seemed an entirely normal person. His marital relations were satisfactory, he was a devoted father, and earned an adequate salary.

His trouble dated back to his childhood. During that time, his parents quarreled constantly and the boy continually was torn between two great emotions: a fear of his father whose reactions toward the mother were rather brutal; and a desire to help and protect his mother.

Finally, the mother left the father, taking the boy with her. In a short time she married again. A new and difficult situation for the boy. He felt ill at ease with his stepfather and soon the idea grew that this stepfather resented his presence in the home. The final blow came when a new baby appeared on the scene. He withdrew more and more into his shell with a terrible feeling of loneliness and not being wanted.

These feelings showed in quarrelsome, aggressive manner with his playmates. Soon they avoided him. This increased his negative imagery of neglect and persecution. False pride would not let him show his burning need for love, appreciation, and protection.

AS THE years went by, each added insult from life increased the heavy burden he was carrying, and to find a temporary relief from this devastating state of mind he indulged in periodical drunks. The oblivion brought on by drinking, drowned for a short time the inner conflicts which seemed to be swamping him, but drinking, like many neurotic manifestations are only temporary escape mechanisms, and eventually the underlying problem must be faced.

Eventually an understanding of the lingering parental influence studied in the light of his adult experience; plus a draining off of the painful emotions from childhood and a willingness to let go of his past, soon brought relief and courage to this young man. The

intervals between his indulgence in excessive drinking gradually increased until he no longer felt the urge to deaden his sensibilities. He is now normal, happy, and adjusted to society.

Dr. D. N. Cone.

WHEN little Tom entered school he was four; surly, unruly, untamed. His heritage was mixed and clouded. The mother came from the better middle-class. She loved the child; really desired his happiness. But as housewife and wage-earner she had little time for him. He was the target and instrument of his father's sadistic satisfactions. The father made a practice of returning home in the middle of the night, waking and dressing the boy, and taking him out to share his debauches.

I observed Tom for four successive days—three to five hours a day. I did not inhibit his activity, and occupied a retired position, apparently busy with a book.

The first day Tom was incessantly active. While he literally rampaged about the room, his violence was definitely selective, and had three particular objectives.

First, the bed. He got upon the bed and kicked and beat the mattress with his hands and feet. It was significant that no other piece of furniture was attacked.

His second major interest was the fireplace, in which an open coal fire was burning. He visited this nearly as often as he did the bed, and despite the blaze, attempted to look up the opening of the flue.

The third point of his continuous circuit was the window. His repeated approaches were not apparently based on any definite focus of outside interest, but on the window as an opening.

He kicked my shins and pummelled me with his fists.

His response to an understanding attitude determined my decision to enter him in the school. His objects of attack provided the key (Continued on page 60)

A Man Keeps House

-and He Makes Discoveries

by HAROLD KATHMAN

Is this man right? Do most housekeepers find their jobs arduous because they haven't acquired the right slant on their work? Well-l-l, mebbe, mebbe. However, the editors at no time assume responsibility for an author's opinions.

I DIDN'T apply for this housekeeping job. I walked into it just as the average bride does. In our case I was the one who stayed home, because my writing endeavors kept me there. My wife had a position downtown. Our combined incomes were barely enough to cover expenses.

For seven months I did the family washing. I was glad when we could afford to send most of it to a laundry. The weekly wash is one phase of housework I do not like, although it helped a little when I pursued operations in the open. As for marketing, cooking, washing dishes, and other house-husbandly tasks, they are part of my job and I make them as interesting as I can.

I like my job because I am my own boss. The house and the meals are exactly what I make them. My hand and brain must make the most of what we have. Our happiness and health depend on the result. There is a thrill of accomplishment in seeing my wife come into a clean home after office hours, and eating heartily of a meal that I've prepared. I have no reason to moan, "I slave all day, and what do I get? I spend hours fixing a meal, and it is eaten in twenty minutes."

Certainly, housework has a habit of not lasting long, but we forget that the effect of our duties makes our lives and our partners' lives worth living. There are few jobs that have such a direct effect on the contentment and love of human beings. A man or woman who likes to come home, has the home-maker to thank for that snug feeling.

The women I know, and those I mingle with every day in the stores, don't enjoy their jobs

as housekeepers as much as I do. True, I have no babies or a grouchy husband to make my nerves ragged, and I've only been on the job a year. The problems at home, make all the more reason why house-wives should find enjoyment in their work. Some do, but many look as if they are bored to distraction. They should wake up and see what is around them.

There is no job without routine. The most glamorous careers from movie-starring to air-mail-piloting are filled with certain things to be done over and over again. The regular chores in keeping house cannot be escaped, but they can be done with the minimum of effort and quickly, if one studies the motions and eliminates the unnecessary. I've caught myself wandering aimlessly around, wasting steps and time, doing everyday tasks. Hunting for misplaced utensils and articles . . . forgetting to buy this and that. These seem trifles, but they stretch the time devoted to household duties all out of proportion.

I don't consider marketing or cooking routine. They are separate worlds with new ideas to experiment with. The human element is important, too, for the trades-people make my visits an adventure.

There's Jake the butcher. A tough-looking person with a little shop under the Second Avenue "El." He bellows as he talks in competition with the roar of the trains above. I found him poring over Ridpath's "History of the World" one day, and commented on it. Now, every time I go into his shop he yells to me what he has just read. I am getting the history of the world rehashed in Second Avenue English—and each installment is a gem.

Sad-eyed Heinrich, the grocery-man, collects Colonial chests of drawers and wardrobes. "Mac" the proprietor of the junk shop, sailed before the mast in windjammers before he took up junking. Pete, the hairy-armed Italian shoe-repairman, pounds his hammer and sings operatic airs. Some day, he will quit shoe-repairing and be a great singer, he says.

Tony, the vegetable man, is my particular friend. He likes to cook, too. We trade recipes like two old women (Continued on page 49)



"Observations"

by FAITH LEWIS

"VERILY, I say unto you, all power cometh from within." This is a practical working principle of life.

In tropical lands, when vegetation is burned up and water-courses are dry, ants keep their immense hills continually moist with wet steamy heat. Scientists, mystified over this, carefully investigated an ant hill. The resourceful insects had sunk a cunningly devised shaft, sixty-five feet long, down to a perennial spring which no drought ever reached. At night the industrious ant population brought up enough precious water to preserve their little fields of fungus crops.

Deep in the soul of man is a perennial spring of power. No experience of life can deplete its waters. Despite heartaches, grief, disappointment, we can "carry on" if we tap this great source of inner strength! It cannot be tapped all at once—*only a day at a time!* Enough to enable us to bravely say: "There is no defeat! Tomorrow I sing victory's song!"

THE chronic pessimist stages a fade-out at the least suggestion to plunge into the optimist's world. Listen to him:

"There goes Dick with his Optimist button! 'Be An Optimist Too!' Rot! *I'm not blind to facts!*" But he is! The dictionary defines a fact as something "manifestly real." *The sunshine of life is just as "manifestly real" as the rain!*

Two women have duplicate rooms. Each has an avenue window and a court window. The pessimist sees nothing but "the horrid court window." The optimist says: "See my wonderful view of the river! Fascinating avenue traffic! Flowers in my court window make me forget that I'm shut in on that side!"

The pessimist concentrates on the dark "facts" of life. The optimist analyzes and utilizes the pessimist's "facts" as means of inner development but concentrates on life "*sunny side up!*"

LIFE has a plan for each of us—a plan unlike that for any other individual.

Every western ranch has its *snubbing post*, placed firmly in the ground in the center of a

large corral. To this snubbing post the wild young horse is tied with a strong rope. Energetic, determined, unbroken, he fiercely "butts" his head against the post, tackles it in every way he knows. Finally he is exhausted. And then he is ready to be ridden, or driven; the work for which he is intended.

Life wisely places snubbing posts before us when through lack of thoughtful planning, or because of deflecting circumstances, we veer from our destined course. Only when we *realize* that we have failed do we pause to consider *why*. Then we may wisely plan a constructive method of procedure.

Disappointment, disillusion, betrayal, pain, failure, grief—all are but snubbing posts which life utilizes in preparing us for the places we are intended to fill.

QUESTIONED about a playmate, a little friend of mine replied: "Oh, *she's* in my *forgettery!*" The child reasoned that if she had a memory for pleasant things she would provide a "forgettery" for things and persons she disliked.

Let's emulate the child! Here are some things for our "forgettery":

1. The fears of tomorrow. Emerson translates from the French: "Some of your griefs you have cured, and the sharpest you still have survived but what torments of pain you endured from evils that never arrived!"
2. The proclivity for staring into the past, squinting with one eye at our failures.
3. Past successes. We are greater than any expression we have yet given the world.
4. The silly bugaboo of *what others think*. Our *inner self* should dictate *our* actions. What the other fellow does is *his* business, not ours.

Let's examine every experience, carefully note its lessons, then *leave it in our forgettery*—and forge on ahead!

WE WERE waiting for our train to the city. A mud-colored, nondescript dog lazily crept from under a box, yawned, stretched, gave us an indifferent once-over, adjusted his fly swatter between his rear means of motivation and snail-paced down a country road.

My philosopher (Continued on page 54)

Sticking Around Fifty

Why Grow Older?

by JOHN RANDOLPH HORNADAY

FIFTY years is a good, round age; an age when the individual should be at the top physically and mentally, and for this reason it is a good place to stop.

I tried the experiment and find that it works in a highly satisfactory manner.

Recently upon observing the tenth anniversary of my fiftieth birthday, I decided to have a thorough physical check to ascertain what had happened during the decade that I had been sticking around fifty.

After going through all the motions in which the modern physicians indulge in sizing up the human body, the doctor said: "You have the heart and circulatory system of a man of twenty-five and are as sound as the American dollar was even before the foreigner opened war upon it."

The optometrist, after exhausting his bag of tricks, said: "Your present glasses seem to cover the situation nicely. Your eyes are unusually strong and have perfect balance, the balance of a man under thirty."

NOW, I don't know what balance means as applied to the eyes, but I do know what it means to have a heart that is hitting on all cylinders and a circulatory system that still is pliant, and that appears to me to be sufficient reward for keeping the toes on the fifty-year mark instead of following the time-honored custom of moving on to fifty-one, fifty-two and so on until the very weight of the years causes the knees to sag and the heart to miss when tackling a grade.

As a matter of course, it is possible that conditions would be exactly the same had I not decided to call off the birthdays after attaining fifty, but I doubt it. Mental tonic is even more important than physical tonics, and there is something peculiarly satisfying in being fifty—no more, no less. It is a peak from which a fine vista unfolds, and why leave it? One has behind all the experiences that have gone to clarify the mental approach to the problems of life and has before a vista that is peculiarly attractive if

one has resolved to maintain the fifty-year outlook.

I have shown that my body is as sound as when I planted my feet at the fifty-year mark and refused to go on, and the sum of labor that I perform from day to day persuades me that my mental activity is at par with my physical state.

Professionally, I am an editorial writer and I do my stint six days a week, serving three daily newspapers. I read the daily grist of news almost in its entirety, in addition to such magazines and books as interest me. My daily average of reading is perhaps equal to the contents of an ordinary volume, say the size of a popular novel.

Eight hours a day is put in at actual work and only rarely does the mental machinery fail

to respond as promptly as in the eager days of youth.

IN brief, I believe it has paid me handsomely to stick around fifty and I plan to keep it up. Just the other day an insurance man offered to "bet" a hundred thousand dollars I would live twenty years more, but that doesn't interest me. Years are not what count, I have discovered. It is how one feels, and the way to feel right is to dismiss the years and "stick around fifty."

"Oh," some one may observe, "that guy who has been sticking around fifty for the past decade and who has the heart of a man of twenty-five, has gotten wise to some special physical exercise or special diet that is keeping him in such form."

But that is not so. I have never taken any special exercise or adopted any special diet.

As a matter of fact, I have never believed in going through physical motions just for the sake of the motions. I have an idea that there is just about enough exercise for the average man in the average duties of life and that, unless there is some special reason, it is just as well not to put any unnecessary strain upon the body after middle life.

Not a great while ago I happened to call



at a New York office that was on the eleventh floor—and the elevators were out of commission, had been for several hours. It was walk or miss the call, and I walked up those eleven flights without the slightest ill effects, but I took it easy. And I do nothing of the kind unless the occasion requires. I don't run for a car if another is to come along within a reasonable time. In brief, I exert myself strenuously if absolutely necessary, but not otherwise.

An engine may be capable of doing eighty miles an hour but it is a foolish person who attempts to keep it buzzing along like that all the time. Energy, like money, should be used with wisdom and not wasted prodigally even though there may appear to be an inexhaustible supply.

My heart has done a good job throughout the years and still does its daily stint without a protest. I think too much of it to abuse it. Besides, I am sure it will continue to behave beautifully much longer if I continue to let it operate without any undue strain. So, I do not play golf or tennis, or polo, nor do I indulge in mechanical contrivances designed to keep the muscles pliant. I walk moderately, fish now and then and play an occasional game of bridge or chess. That's all, and I think the heart feels it is enough. At any rate, it continues to pulsate sweetly.

As to diet, I haven't any rule except to avoid that known to be difficult of assimilation. I never leave the table hungry, but it doesn't take a great deal to satisfy me. A light breakfast, a light lunch and a full dinner, with as much fish and fowl during the week as roasts, steak or chops. I do not eat as much as a pound of meat a week, not

because I am afraid of it, or it troubles me, but because that is all I wish. I like variety and eat whatever I wish; even sweets provided they are not of the "goosey" type, all running with syrups.

I do not use alcoholic stimulants. Excessive use of stimulants of any kind are injurious, and I try to minimize the evil in so far as I am concerned. Tobacco is my chief vice, but even there I try to be reasonable—three or four cigars a day, with occasional puffs at the pipe between times.

So it must be clear that the excellent physical condition that I have been able to maintain while sticking around fifty is due neither to diet nor to physical exercise, nor to any preconceived program, but rather to the fact that I am resolutely standing-pat at the half-century mark, refusing positively to grow old.

And time, after all, is a mere figure of speech, meaning one thing at one place, something quite different somewhere else. A year, as time is reckoned here, consists of 365 days and some odd hours, being the period required for the earth to make a complete circuit about the sun. Thus a year is a round trip along the earth's orbit.

Accepting this standard, a year for a trip around the sun, then there are earths in our system upon which a year is a matter of weeks, as with the Mercury, while with others it is a matter of generations, as the Neptune and Pluto.

Thus a person who had ridden Mercury for fifty years, would be less than thirty, as men here reckon time, while one who sailed with Neptune about the sun for fifty round trips would be older (*Continued on page 65*)

I Fear Not Life

by AVIS TURNER FRENCH

*I do not fear what life may bring to me;
I fear what life may bring to life.
For I am chained by heritage
And fear and indolence . . .
Have I the strength to rise?*

*I fear not life, but fear my self in life;
Much learning can not hide me from myself or God.
I am embittered by my failures and my tears.
Yet even as I sorrow,
A something in my heart still cries for joy . . .*

*For I am one of a multitude.
Their hopes, their longings and their sins are mine.
Nothing they could do would make me turn in scorn;
Their fight is my fight.*

*And because I have compassion for all humankind,
I long to loose the chains that bind me,
And help others to be free.*

*My fear is not of life, but of myself.
God, make me worthy of the trust of living.*

Forgotten Influences

Are You Grappling With a Past?

by C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M. D.

DO YOU realize that we travel about in an ocean of thought which constantly is having an influence on us?

Our lives are strongly moulded through the power of suggestion. In the early stages of life our parents influence us until we have attained fully developed reasoning power. From then on, we are responsible for what we are. The influences with which we are surrounded in childhood mould us only to the extent of forming habits and tendencies.

To those who feel their training was faulty let me say: don't use this as a lame excuse for not changing your lives. We are not "fate-driven," but to a great extent "masters of our own destinies."

What you will be a year from today will represent the character of your thoughts and influences that you surround yourself with today and tomorrow. Little by little we build up strength of character, faith, the power of concentration, control, tolerance, thoughtfulness, personality, success and happiness; or through drifting and not recognizing our powers we complicate our lives and tend to become most miserable and weak.

Nature does not say to one child—you are to be showered with life's richest gifts, and to another, you are to be tortured and unhappy. No matter what your environment is or may have been in the past, I assure you that I can show you another who in spite of just the same environment has been able to rise above it and make a real success of life.

TOO many try to console themselves with the thought that they are not responsible for their actual mental state. They say, "I have inherited this and therefore cannot be expected to live a perfectly sane and normal life." Except where one is born mentally deficient, this is a false viewpoint. You may have inherited sensitiveness, emotion, a tendency toward nervousness; possibly even some desire for such things as drink, etc., but these are only tendencies and merely mean that if you were to drift you perhaps would gradually slip into undesirable states through your having such tendencies.

A sensitive, emotional inheritance, with a

tendency toward nervousness can prove fertile soil for the growth of many annoying and very trying disorders. But if you will analyze this inheritance you will find that you have a very real blessing provided you use this power in a creative and constructive way. Like most powers, it is constructive or destructive according to the understanding you possess and the training and disciplining you give yourself.

It is *your viewpoint* that makes you happy or miserable; successful or a failure; and to a great extent, strong and well, or weak. And this viewpoint has been created through suggestions you have permitted to enter from without.

A man comes to me who has limited his life for years through the conviction that his heart is weak and may fail at any moment. He experiences some palpitation, due either to nervous indigestion or an upset emotional life, and this, with the suggestion he received in the beginning, fully convinces him that he is the victim of an organic heart disease and his beliefs are extremely difficult to eradicate.

Sensitive, emotional people are the active, going, successful people of life when they have this power under their command. But such a nature is an impressionable one and can easily accept suggestions which will mean years of suffering, if he does not understand his nature and toughen himself to a point where he is not the ready and willing victim of suggestion. This sensitiveness, this emotion, this tendency toward nervousness is very real power if understood, directed wisely.

WE are literally traveling through an ocean of thought. Thought is a force, a vibration, a power. It is not ended when the thought is completed, but it surrounds us with its atmosphere, perhaps its vibration, for sometime to come. You think a depressing thought. That thought through its vibratory action reaches every nook and corner of your being. And its influence could be felt for years afterward. A wrong thought is like a thrown (Continued on page 59)

Psychology in Review

Here and There in New Idea Fields

by **MARIAN MONTAGUE**

THE WRITING FEVER!
THE writing fever has got us!

More than a million Americans are pushing their pens in quest of fame and fortune. Not quite so many, however, are turning their words into gold.

For the great American public has not as yet become fully book conscious. Though some 10,000 new books are published every year, the average American is content with two new volumes on his shelf per annum.

These are a few of the very pungent facts that I gleaned from an interesting little book, "The Psychology of Writing Success," a symposium on this writing fever, edited by J. George Frederick. Mr. Frederick does a fair share of the writing himself, and there are chapters by Floyd Dell, Dr. A. A. Brill, Thyra Samter Winslow, Mary Austin and Thomas H. Uzzell, all well known authors in their own right.

What is the secret of the writer's urge?

Dissatisfaction and discontent we are told.

"As far back as the dimmest tracing of his record goes," Mr. Frederick says, "down to the present day, the writer seems to have been the product of pain and maladjustment—a person set apart from other men.

"The two great drives that have always animated all writers are self-dramatization and fantasy; and the desire to secure through symbolism and representation the praise and rewards which were not possible for them through direct action."

"The contented man," according to Dr. Sigmund Freud, "does not dream." And dreams are the fountain-spring of all our great works of art—poetry, drama, fiction.

Success in writing, as in other lines of endeavor, comes slowly, Mr. Frederick tells us.

"Booth Tarkington and Joseph Hergesheimer waited more than a dozen years before they clicked at all. Sinclair Lewis wrote many obscure novels before his entry into the hall of fame. A certain degree of 'failure' is fine fer-

tilizer for the growth of good writing talent."

Besides being a source of livelihood and pleasure, writing may also be a psychological cure. If you haven't a sympathetic friend to whom you can pour out your troubles, just sit down and pour them out on paper. You'll feel better after you've done this, even though you "just know the editor won't bother to look over your manuscript."

There's just one bone I have to pick with Mr. Frederick.

"Extremely few women writers," he says, "are married, or if married, are emotionally normal or adjusted to sex."

I believe that a list of the leading women writers of today would prove that, with few exceptions, they all are married, and quite happily, too. The two striking exceptions are Willa Cather and Ida M. Tarbell. But put along side of them Pearl Buck, Julia Peterkin, Virginia Woolf, Rebeca West, etc. I think the women win, Mr. Frederick!

KEY TO SUCCESS

"**M**AN is really the master of his destiny," says J. C. Roberts. He is the author of a very helpful little book that can be the "key to success" for every ambitious man and woman.

"Regardless of birth, environment, education or position, every individual can achieve his aims and desires and make a complete and satisfying success of life."

But to use your energy and ability to the best advantage, you must have a plan—a definite outline of procedure.

"Your ultimate success," Mr. Roberts continues, "doesn't depend so much upon the powers with which you may have been endowed, as upon the use you make of those powers.

"Ambition does not become effective until it has been organized. It needs direction, discipline, training, unity of action. It is not until you focus all your energies on what you want to do that you bring success within your reach.

"Back of every successful accomplishment, personal or otherwise, you will find a well thought out and carefully executed plan.

"Acquiring the habit of planning is probably



more important at the beginning than the value of the plan itself. Be sure to make your plan flexible. A plan is good only as long as it helps you toward your goal. When a plan, as originally devised, threatens to block your progress, then it is time to discard it for something else."

In planning for your success, you must give thought to what the author calls the "ten principles of personal achievement." These are: Mental Attitude, Investigation, Direction, Planning, Adequate Knowledge, Mental Capacity, Economy of Time and Effort, Application, the Will to Win and Personal Salesmanship."

You must learn to sell yourself, to make people believe in you, in your ability, in your will to win. And this you can do only if you yourself are confident.

"Man begins to achieve," Mr. Roberts says, "when he begins to believe."

You must believe in yourself, in your ability, in your value. And, instead of waiting for some one else to find your golden qualities, you must set about making your own opportunity.

"The world belongs to the dissatisfied," say the Turks. And the world will belong to you, if you push ahead and make your own dreams come true!

BOUDOIR NEWS

THE history of society is reflected in the boudoir.

And with nothing but milady's lingerie to lead him, Robert Cortes Holliday has picked his way through the darkness of the ages to bring us one of the most delightfully entertaining books of the year: *Unmentionables—From Fig Leaves to Scanties*.

It is the first complete story of the development of women's underwear and it presents a revealing picture of the intimate relations that exist between costume, customs and morals.

"Women's underwear," says Mr. Holliday, seems to have been tied up with nearly everything in the world. It has been connected with transportation, bathing, plumbing, even with wars.

"After wars women have almost invariably discarded some of their intimate apparel. It happened following the French Revolution. During the Directoire, the ladies were proud when they could pull their entire wardrobe through a ring and find that it weighed less than eight ounces. After the World War, skirts climbed high to reveal bare, painted knees.

"Why," Mr. Holliday continues, "women's underwear gave the first real impetus to the feminist movement. Before 1876 it had been

made at home, just like bread. When it was sold across the counter, a new world began."

To permit the blushing ladies to buy their elaborate nightgowns, chemises and petticoats in department stores, the great idea was evolved of substituting sales women for male clerks. And so the business woman made her bow to a man-run world.



Silk stockings even now are a comparative rarity, Mr. Holliday reveals.

Henry VIII rejoiced in a pair before the middle of the sixteenth century; and his daughter Elizabeth was devoted to them. But it was not until 1915 that they became the vogue for all classes. And then it was in America alone. Even today in Europe and Asia, silk stockings grace the legs of only the wealthy few.

In the dear old Victorian age, what we now call scanties were the badge of the chorines and ladies of the demi-monde. And, before the Empress Eugenie set the fashion, few respectable women would think of putting them on.

Tastes in modesty, Mr. Holliday points out, differ from age to age, and from land to land. A Moslem woman, surprised at her bath, will cover her face, a Chinese woman her feet.

In short, modesty seems to be derived largely from the use of clothes.

"A well known author and magazine editor," Mr. Holliday relates, "says that when he was of tender years his mother used to cut out all pictures of underwear from magazines so the children would not see them. This was probably about thirty years ago. At that time the underwear business was in some respects like prize fighting. It went on largely by stealth rather than by ballyhoo."

Today, however, it's in the open. And mothers couldn't keep their little ones from seeing pictures of scanties even if they tried. Undoubtedly it's better so. For the children, free from puritan thoughts about feminine lingerie, can hardly be harmed at the sight of it.

"WILLING" THE WEIGHT

AND a word for the over-plump miss.

Don't worry, if you continue to put on pounds even after starving yourself. Psychology has found a way to help you.

Professors E. F. Patten and S. A. Switzer of Miami University are using hypnotism to regulate the diet so that a girl may attain and keep a figure slim enough to be fashionable.

And here's the way they work it.

If a girl wants to (*Continued on page 57*)

Your Voice

What Does It Reveal?

by O. G. VAN CAMPEN

WE FORM impressions whenever we hear others speak. If you heard me speak and did not see me, you automatically would form an estimate of my background or my character.

And it is natural that we should form estimates of people from their speaking voices, and be guided by those impressions. The larynx is very sensitive. The nerves and muscles controlling the voice respond to almost every state of mind, feeling and health.

Our very moods and attitudes are reflected in the voice. And, therefore, voices tell many things if you listen closely. Does *your* voice express the quality of thought and feeling that you really want others to know? Does your voice betray you, revealing little confidential traits and attitudes that you're trying to hide from even yourself?

.

If you've never tried to develop your voice, if you've never tried to control its pitch, your voice is not your best friend.

Talking, unless we go at it deliberately, is quite an automatic performance. We began to talk in babyhood. Now we talk automatically—almost unconsciously. As we passed from babyhood to adult life, we picked up many bad voice habits. It is so easy to imitate other people's voices. In fact, we do it whether we want to or not. Yet the human voice is the most important medium in personal relationships, both social and in business.

I am almost persuaded to tell you that more depends upon how you say a thing than what you say. An old colored servant in a Southern home once said: "One word from ol' Mrs. will freeze me right in the middle of July; and when young Missie speaks to me, I gets warm all over, in the middle of January."

We should make it our business to develop at least moderately good speaking voices. It is our duty to ourselves to take as much care with our voices as we do with our dress or our diet.

The very foundation of a good speaking voice is self-understanding, self-knowledge. And self-knowledge must lead to not only self-control, but rather self-direction. We must learn to direct our thinking and determine which ideas shall rule our lives. We must ascertain the kind of thinking that makes us really happy, and eliminate all ideas that tend to cause internal conflicts and emotional upheaval.

We live too much like automatons. We continually sink into ruts and grooves of behavior. Habit governs us, rather than deliberate choice and intelligent self-direction. Many men and women have taken up voice training in a sort of mechanical drill fashion. When they remembered to put into practice past training, their voices were improved. Most of the time, however, they would fall back into former habits of feeling and behavior, resulting in the old raucous, unpleasant tones.

IT IS possible to thoroughly enjoy a saxophone when it is properly accompanied by an orchestra. As a solo instrument, however, the peculiar slurring tones with their oddly varied pitch are not quite so appealing. A person with an unpleasant voice, when talking in a crowd, does not disturb us seriously; but throaty, thin, or scratchy tones when heard alone are extremely annoying.

It is difficult to appreciate even a compliment, when it is paid in unpleasant, unhappy tones. The daintiest coiffeur and the most careful toilette are all in vain if the speaking voice repels.

It is impossible to maintain a happy disposition with a tense, irritating, unhappy voice,—your own nerves and emotions are seriously affected and put out of tune by its disagreeable tones.

People who speak in monotones, or those whose voices vary in range but two or three notes, may be regarded as people with single value minds—minds in which all ideas are of equal importance. People who talk on a single note do not wear well as friends. They soon become a bore. (Continued on page 55)

Right About Face!

Isn't There Always a Way?

by HELEN DOUGHERTY

WHEN Jess Hayden lost her job as commercial artist she didn't worry. On the contrary, she and Neil, her husband, threw a party to celebrate her temporary freedom.

Six months later Neil was let out of the architect's office where he had hoped some day to become a partner.

The black, silver and scarlet apartment which had made such a stunning background for Jess's vivid beauty had to be given up. They moved into a "one-room" with kitchen privileges.

"Well, honey, we used to say that all we asked of the gods was a tiny room where we could be together the rest of our lives," remarked Neil. "Here we are—so let's be happy, anyway."

Happy! Jess shivered with terror at the first really adverse experience in her pampered life. She poured her fear over Neil, who caught something of her panic and who already drooped with a sense of inferiority because he could not make a home for his wife.

They became irritable, critical. Between complaining they settled into a sort of mute despair.

Jess adored Neil. It broke her heart to see him grow shabby of clothes—and shabby in spirit. Jess suffered torture every time Neil left the house. Their former sweet companionship was gone. They avoided each other's eyes. They were defeated!

Defeated? Jess sat one morning, half heartedly writing letters to prospective employers, but her heart was not in the words. She knew that they carried no conviction. The letters sang defeat, disbelief in herself, in Neil, in everything. She brushed them aside and decided she would take a walk.

Beautiful day. Bright, sunny, hopeful kind of day. She wondered how life could carry such incongruities. The sun shone brilliantly, yet light and life and beauty were all part of what was grinding her and Neil

into nothingness. Her brimming eyes caught the glory of the towering silver-touched buildings—the most astounding sight in the world. Buildings such as Neil dreamed of designing some day. A brilliant ribbon of blue sky ran over her head between the masses of brick and stone. The windows dazzled with gay colors.

"I'm afraid," she whispered. "There's so little we can do about it—nothing in fact."

A little withered old lady sitting on a church step offered her tiny old-fashioned bouquets to passers-by—

"There's nothing we can do about it—"

A man called to her to see "the glory of the heavens" through his telescope—

"There's nothing—" Jess kept repeating to herself,

and then suddenly she reversed, "Oh yes, there is, there is," she declared almost aloud, "There's beauty, and while there's beauty in the world, there's hope—and love—and Neil."

She walked swiftly on suddenly aware of how miserably she was failing Neil. His part was harder than hers. She let him go forth each day to wander about alone, dreading to return with his "bad news."

They had done nothing with their leisure time except to grow apart. Fool! Fool! Jess's stormy eyes flashed with self-contempt as she hastened along the street. They'd turn this old city inside out—but they'd do it together. A glimmer of an idea began to sprout in Jess's mind.

Her sapphire engagement ring, her sole remaining treasure went that day to buy both her and Neil a stout pair of shoes—sturdy but good-looking. There were other needed additions to their wardrobe which she purchased in a whirlwind shopping tour. A hat for Neil! Neil always talked of "a good hat and (Continued on page 52)



Her heart was not in her words

You and Your Universe

Both Bear the Imprint of Infinity

by **EDGAR WHITE BURRILL**

AS the coin of the realm bears upon it the stamp of the government which alone gives it value, so man bears upon himself the imprint of infinity. His real validity lies not in his bodily senses and his limitations of space and time, but in his immortal soul and his eternal life.

By a sublimation of Einstein's theory of relativity, we find infinity is the fact for us as well as for the rest of the universe, and not the lacks and limitations of this finite veil of illusion.

Eternity alone is real, time is unreal. Existence to have validity must be measured in terms of immortality, not of mortality.

Man, indeed, has forever, part of which is the here and now. There is no ending to his consciousness; lo! also, there is no beginning. We partake now of the future as well as of the past, living simultaneously in all the centuries that have been and will be. Not alone by books and recorded experience either, but in the very fabric of our being; by imagination and anticipation, by racial memories and by fore-gleams of that which shall be. And of the glories yet to come, we are now a part, just as surely as we are the fruition of all that has been before.

In us flower ages that have gone; in us are sown centuries still to be. As we are the culmination of the ages that have gone, so are we the potent destiny of all that shall come after. We are the focal point of past and future. We distinguish between then and now, between there and here; but when we shall know as we are known, we shall find that they are one and the same to Infinite Intelligence, of which we are a part.

Just as it takes less and less time to travel from one point on the earth to another, so we approach even now the time when the transfer from there to here and from here to there may be made almost instantaneously. The radio does it for us already in time; television does it in a sense, in space.

Thence we see that there and here, then and now, begin to lose their fixed rigidity so far as this earth is concerned, and no man yet knoweth what the next step in this unfoldment shall be; but we do know that in the universe of Spirit, which alone has permanence and reality, time and space are recognized as illusions, each dependent upon the other, but both unreal as we conceive them now.

By scientific definition of matter today, we know that solid things are mostly empty space, with tiny specks of electricity whirling about, as far apart as the stars are proportionately; and matter thus loses its texture of reality, becoming a fluidic force, to be moulded ever nearer the heart's desire. And time ceases to be a fixity also, becoming only the interval that this little planet alone takes to turn once on its axis or revolve once around its sun.

BUT such days and years, with their accompanying divisions of hours, minutes, and seconds, exist nowhere else in the universe—for nowhere else does such a planet as ours turn or revolve in these intervals. They all move at different rates of speed. Only in man's consciousness does time exist, and only us does it affect while earth-bound.

Such a realization initiates us into the brotherhood of divinity. The mind of man dimly apprehends this fact today, as old barriers fall, old beliefs and securities of matter fade. The trend of today is towards a larger unity, towards a greater inclusion in our measurements of what is real and what is temporal. This age of power has enlarged our grasp of eternal verities, and will make at last for peace.

The gospel of giving replaces that of getting, the moment we see that in eternity we shall share all things and need steal or hoard none, for God gives us all things, and there is universal abundance.

Man has forever, part of which is the here and now. There is no ending to his consciousness. Lo! Also, there is no beginning.

This thing we have called space and time and matter has deceived most of us for a long time. We have been brought up to believe that the material universe was the only *real* thing there was. We could see it, handle it, move about in it, find ourselves limited in our activity in every way by it. We measured it with a yardstick and a clock. We had calendars and time-tables, and we moved slowly here and there, we carefully discriminated between now and then. But airplane motors and radio television speeded us up amazingly; we found for ourselves seven-league boots.

Then came Einstein, and he showed us that no two yardsticks and no two clocks are ever the same, because you can't stay long enough in the same place, or at the same moment to do your measuring. The whole universe is on the move.

There is no fixed point on which you can stand to measure from, or to count time on. The whole space-time concept is an inadequate human way of chasing shadows. The whole veil of fleshly perceptions, with their five inaccurate senses, is but as smudged glass through which we see darkly.

Long ago this was established by the poets and philosophers, the prophets and the seers. Einstein has just made it unanimous, that's all. Only for the wilfully blind is the universe a riddle, for at last science and religion are saying practically the same thing. This has turned much of the world upside down.

The old order changeth, giving place to new. Christianity is coming into its own. Truth has at last prevailed. Wordsworth and Emerson and Browning knew it. Jesus and Enoch, Elijah and Lazarus had no need to hear the formulas of the scientists. They already knew. Confucius and Buddha, Plato and Asoka had also proclaimed it.

Even primitive peoples measured space by time rather than by distance. They had sensed the fallacy of any accurate method on this plane. It was the time it took to go places that counted, not the number of miles. So they reckoned in days'-journeys. Even with us, it is more and more minutes that count, not miles. In our great-grandfather's time, Europe was months away; but for our fathers, it was only ten days. Now it is a matter of hours.

The radio-engineer does it in fractions of a second, on waves that travel 186,000 miles a second. Time no longer separates us from any place on earth. How far away is anywhere? That depends how long it takes

you to get there. And your consciousness can take you anywhere instantly. Time itself has ceased to matter very much.

And what about star-light? The star you see may be no longer shining. It may have been blotted out ages before we were born. The light we see is not the light of our time at all. It is the light from a remote and unrecorded past, before Abraham was, before Adam.

The light you see in that far fixed star is the light of a hundred thousand years ago, which has been traveling 186,000 miles a second ever since to get to you tonight. When you see it, where are you? Are you in the Now or in the Then? Are you really Here or are you for a moment There? It is the actual light of a remote age before man lived upon the earth that you behold. Your consciousness has contacted something incredibly old. The star may be gone, but you are looking at it now. You are back there with it as you gaze!



And other starlight comes from stars at different distances, no two the same. Some stars are a million light-years away; some are ten million. But you are seeing these various starlights from varying ages all at the same time. You are existing in a thousand past times at once! Thus time becomes an evanescent, incalculable thing the moment you step out into God's great universe, away from our little earth-bound conceptions of space and time. Time is different everywhere else. There are no years and days except to us. Our sense of duration depends upon our concept of matter as durable. Time is a phenomenon of matter alone. It is the fourth dimension, of which length, breadth, and thickness are the other three; for unless a thing exists in time as well as in space, it does not exist for us at all. No thing can be instantaneous.

The moment we rise into the realm of thought and spiritual values, these time dimensions and space limitations cease to apply. Matter becomes the mist it really is instead of being solid. We pierce its veil. Even when we have reduced all ponderable things to electricity, we have not yet reached the ultimate. For electricity in its elementary form is invisible.

In the scientific realm, we know that the air about us is perpetually vibrating to the sound of innumerable orchestras and voices. We know that just as our radio selects one of these and brings it within our hearing, so a more powerful instrument could select the dim vibrations of *(Continued on page 50)*

Why Did I Stutter?

Part III

Later Experiences and Cure

by CONRAD F. WEDBERG

THE heat of excitement at a football game when we are calling to our team to "hold that line" or the solemn word of consolation to a friend who is in sorrow, is the outward expression in speech of the underlying emotion within.

The consummation of an emotion when speech is desired, will be a clear thought and a distinct word image. If an emotion is inhibited or comes into conflict with another emotion at this instant, particularly if the child is just learning the use of words and sentences, the confusion of thoughts will not form a clear word image. The vocalization organs will hesitate and fumble around until a clear word image is formed in the mind.

This stumbling, hesitant manner of speech probably occurs in every child while learning to talk and write. The thought disturbance is not severe the manifestation in speech is hardly noticeable and is not brought into conscious attention. If the next attempt to use the word upon which the child faltered is successful, a clear word impression is made and no further trouble is encountered.

The child develops speech in a normal manner until it becomes automatic and subconsciously controlled. In the child who becomes a stutterer the development of speech never becomes automatic. Emotional conflicts of the past, buried in the subconscious mind, keep continually recurring.

In the United States, there are over 1,000,000 stammerers, or persons with speech defects—more than the combined total of all deaf, blind and insane.

Stumbling, hesitant speech occurs more frequently and the child becomes conscious of his faulty manner of talking.

Speech becomes a nucleus around which cluster the past emotional conflicts each time that speech is attempted. Comment and criticism on the part of parent and teacher bring it more forcibly into consciousness

until the child develops a fear of talking. A subconscious inhibition arises, a feeling of insecurity and hesitation is associated with speaking, and repeated failures become a fixed idea and a habit.

Memories of faltering speech are stored away in the subconscious mind. The mere thought of self-expression brings into con-

The mental attitude requisite for cure is one that is healing to many ills, a state of receptivity, the acquiring of which, Mr. Wedberg explains in detail.

sciousness the fear "I can't." This feeling of inability grows with repeated failures until the child harbors a dread of talking. A feeling of inferiority and inadequacy becomes associated with everything the child attempts to do. From personal experience I can testify that the mind does not think clearly, nervousness develops, the child gets very self-conscious and introspective. He begins to worry as his stuttering gets worse and he is forever conscious of his talking.

The basic difference then, between normal speech and stuttering is that one is a subconscious function and the other a conscious effort. Once normal speech is established it is relegated to the subconscious mind, like walking or riding a bicycle.

Stuttering is constantly kept in the conscious mind. Before the thoughts reach the motor control for speech they are disrupted by the past memories, fears and word pictures of stuttering that have been stored away with every failure in the past. Certain words that begin with a difficult consonant make such a deep impression that it becomes practically impossible to say them. I cannot remember saying the words "water" and "butter" once without stuttering. I always avoided these words if it were in any way possible. If I had to say them I was always at a nervous tension and fairly trembling with the fear of humiliating failure.

The secret of transforming stuttering into normal speech, is (Continued on page 47)

Your Job and You—

Vocational Problems Discussed*

by CORDELIA MAKARIUS

ALTHOUGH this column is devoted strictly to vocational problems, occasional letters come in asking for help in the field of the more personal problems and I feel that they deserve intelligent and thoughtful consideration.

I refer particularly to the young man or young woman who finds himself in a strange city and with no means of getting acquainted with nice boys and girls of his own age.

Believe me, this is a real problem and it has a close bearing on the happiness and spirits of the stranger. It is hard to keep up one's morale when there is no friendly hand to clasp and no cheering word of encouragement from a worth-while friend.

Because all of us need this companionship and because it has a direct bearing on our business psychology, I feel a few helpful suggestions are not out of place in this department. All of us know that our work suffers if we are unhappy or blue or lonesome. And the suggestions I make to Mr. R. apply to others in the same situation. He writes:

"I am a young man of twenty-eight, five feet nine inches tall, an electrical engineer by profession. I am alone and I feel that I could do much better work if I had some good woman's inspiration and assistance.

"In spite of a long and tedious search for such a person, I have not been able to solve my problem and I would like you to tell me how to meet someone of these qualifications.

"I do not drink or smoke and I am thoroughly reliable and trustworthy. I do not see why I should be left out in the 'cold' while other young men have more dates than they can keep.

"Since I am a stranger in this city I have had difficulty in establishing the necessary social connections."

My advice to this young man or to others finding themselves in similar positions is, first of all, to find a Psychology Club if you have one in your city. Your local newspaper or telephone directory will tell you how to locate a club of this type.

If there is no such club, why not join the young people's society of whatever church you may be interested in? This will also enable you to meet girls of the right type. I might suggest that you also join some social club.

Membership in a hiking club is another way to interesting friendships with nice young interesting people.

If you have a hobby, or are interested in some particular subject, I would suggest that you join an evening class. In this way you would meet both men and girls with interests similar to yours.

I HAVE an interesting letter from a young chap who wants to be a cartoonist. He says:

"I am a boy of seventeen, just starting my junior year in high school. I am taking a normal training course. It is my ambition to be a comic strip artist and cartoonist.

"I have had the desire to draw ever since I was in the second grade. But I never do so unless I feel the urge or have to make cartoons for the school paper.

Because so many people tell me that cartooning as a profession is not worth while and there is no chance in a million to sell my drawings to a syndicate, I feel discouraged and am seeking your advice."

I want to tell you, as I would tell any boy with ambition: Do not give up your dreams. Work hard to develop your ideas and nothing can keep you from the success you covet.

All successful people, no matter what profession they pursue, attain success through dreaming and then translating those dreams into tangible results through action.

So, first of all, if you want to be a good cartoonist, draw every day in order to improve your technique. Take courses in art and do everything you can to become proficient in that line.

Cartooning, like every other profession, is hard to break into— (Continued on page 66)

* If you wish a personal reply to a vocational problem, write Miss Makarius, care of Psychology Magazine, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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—"***

WEALTH
I AM quite rich in friends,
But money . . . I have none.
Gold one quickly spends!
And lavish wealth offends,
But though my cash is gone,
I am quite rich in friends!

Flozari Rockwood.

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER
"ALL Aboard!" Frantically I rushed
through the gate, waving my hand to the conductor. Oh! Would he see me, and wait?—
He did see me, and waited!

What a heartache and misfortune he saved me!

Many times we do not understand the cause of our brother's tardiness and neglect. Although he may have plenty and we be in dire need, he still may feel the need of our kindness.

Are we not to be our brother's helper in this world? Let's be ready with that help. Just a bit of real friendliness may give him renewed courage to push on through his troubles with a stronger will.

Our willingness to help our brother wins for us a reward of satisfaction and happiness.

Ethelyn A. Daniel.

LOOK UP!
"OH, will you look at my shoes!" she wailed. "Do you think I ever can get that red dirt off? I wish I hadn't come up here! I am a fright!"

She was standing on a beautiful mountain, thousands of feet above the busy world. On every side was spread a glorious panorama. But she was seeing only a pair of stained shoes on her feet. And she thought others would be offended, too!

I wonder how many, today, are doing just that and thereby missing the very object of life itself. All about us great events are transpiring; marvelous beauty unfolding, new days dawning, days replete with golden chances to do things.

The fields are fair, stages are clear and the iron is sizzling hot! Are you ready, wait-

ing? Or are your eyes on your own shoes? Look up! See what you can see! Life is a grand experience for all who have a far vision.
Ethel Lawrence.

AN AFFIRMATION
I CALL to me the things I need,
From out the boundless depth of space.
I bring them forth by power of thought,
In perfect ways and under grace.

I bar from me all thoughts of care,
Of lack, or want, of grief or pain.
I know that naught but good comes forth,
To those who make no other claim.

I hold the faith that all I seek
Of wealth and power, of joy and love,
Will come to me in perfect ways,
Like showers of manna from above.

Rona Elizabeth Workman.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT
THE hour was late, the ferry waiting-room crowded with a laughing, chattering crowd. The theatre crowd, as they are termed: well-dressed men and women who usually take the late ferry crossing the bay from the city of San Francisco to Oakland Mole.

I was standing near a group watching with interest the various faces about me. Thinking how sad are the eyes of many people. And yet they laugh, brave souls that they are.

"Don't criticise, darling!" I heard a pleasant masculine voice exclaim. "Criticism exposes one's lack of understanding."

"Our philosopher is about to spout again," some one near me drolled.

"Well it's true," answered the first voice. "We all dislike a brag, I know. But the truth of the matter is, a brag is usually a person suffering from the inferiority complex."

Every one laughed, good-naturedly, skeptical.

"You see," the man explained, "the brag must continually shout the praise of his own virtues in order to convince himself that he is all he desires to be. I know that because, as much as I hate bragging, I do the same thing when I'm excited or (Continued on page 58)

"Human Nature is O. K."

A Restaurant Man's Conviction Wins

by GRACE NAISMITH

WHEN the bank moratorium hit Denver that day of early March last year, it took Albert A. McVittie, Denver's "human interest" restaurant owner less than an hour to click into action for the immediate rescue of his friends and customers.

By noon, on that Saturday, there were posters in all the windows of his four restaurants assuring his customers that they would be taken care of, if short of ready cash.

Nearly 1,500 people made use of his generous offer to eat despite the fact that their purses were flat with uncashable pay checks.

Were questions asked regarding their integrity, or their wish or ability to pay later? No! One and all, friend or stranger, McVittie welcomed them.

"There in his own pocket or his own bill fold," explained McVittie, when I, intrigued on learning of his unusual display of faith in human nature, queried. "There, the unpaid check becomes a constant reminder of his obligation. Some day he will have money enough to pay it."

"But won't you get stung?" I asked. "By professional moochers?"

"Perhaps," he admitted, "but by very, very few; you see, I was hungry once myself and know how it is."

"Tell me about it."

That was a phase of McVittie's history about which I had not heard. Along with every other Denverite, I had known of him as the genial, generous restaurateur, the prospering owner of a group of restaurants catering to the great middle class. Their support, when the depression was at its lowest depth in the winter of 1932-33 warranted his opening a new \$27,000 restaurant.

And I had known him as a director of the National Restaurant Association and vice-president of the Rocky Mountain Stewards Association.

But of his own struggle to get ahead—

"Sure I'll tell you about it. Let's find us a quiet corner."

"I wasn't always interested in restaurants—except to eat in," he began. "I was an actor."

I might have known it! His appearance, his disposition, his sensational advertising schemes.

Everything about him, spats, famous striped shirts, striped trousers and double-breasted gray vest, his diamond ring as big as any quarter, his dapper, debonair manner as he presided over his customers' arrival like a master of ceremonies on an opening night—all proclaimed the actor.

"I was with a stock company which stranded at Grand Island, Nebraska," he was saying. "That was before actors had organized to come to the rescue of penniless show people."

"I worked my way to Denver, Denver being the next logical show town where I might hope to get another job."

"Broke, I couldn't eat. I walked past the Grand Central Cafe. There was a sign in the window—*waitress wanted*. I went in, picked up the sign, gave it to the manager."

"I'm no waitress," I said, "but I'm sure powerful hungry."

"I got the job—\$1 a day and meals. I've been feeding people ever since. Twenty-five years."

"In six months I borrowed money and bought the place and started into business on a small scale. Short orders, mostly. The first thing I knew I had six of them—pretty fair restaurants."

"Time went on—then I woke up one morning—broke. I had lost all my restaurants except an interest in the first little joint I got my start in. I felt like a rank failure. My hair turned white. I ran away. I left my wife."

"I meant to stay away, honestly, but I came back, almost sneaking, just to see her. She coaxed me down to the little place for breakfast, sentimentally, I guess. It was unbelievably run down. I turned to my wife, shamefaced."

"It does look pretty bad, doesn't it?" she admitted.

"But it could be fixed up," I said, almost indignantly. (Continued on page 62)

"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.

Our Tender Acts

I hate to think of all our tender acts
In terms of stern and calculated facts.
I grant the rectitude of probing mind,
But better still
Are emotions that fill
Us with joy when we know not why
we're kind.

Clarence Rottman.

* * *

I Love the Rain

I love the rain that falls again upon
the world tonight
Like all the tears of all the years in
sprays of crystal white.
The hush of night, the sigh of rain:
Blue-black, starless sky—
Broken notes of a lost refrain in the
wind that passes by.
Mist of silver glist'ning clear around a
street-lamp's glow—

Void above as vast as love; reflections
down below.

I love the moan in monotone of rain in
steady streams

I see the hosts of mystic ghosts of half-
forgotten dreams.

I love the rain that comes again to kiss
the world tonight

It makes me blue but fills me, too, with
all the old delight.

Ada Rives,
Loew's State Theatre,
New Orleans, La.

* * *

What Things Are Great?

To live a life so fair and square each
day

That you need not apologize and say
To your own soul when facing it at
night,

"I hope that action could be counted
right—"

To help a comrade in an hour of need,
Nor make him feel beholden for the
deed,

But that the doing was a joyful thing,
A privilege that made your heart to
sing—

To lead a little child along the way
And turn his eyes toward God's blue
skies each day,
To plant one noble impulse in his
heart

That in life's tasks may help him bear
his part—

To take the trouble of your darkest
hour

And wrestle with it till pain turns to
power,

To walk serenely toward life's evening
shade,

To see Death come, and meet it un-
afraid—

These things, which any common man
may do

If he possess love, patience—honor,
too,

Although they bring no badge of rank
or state—

These things are great.

Blanch Songer Andrews,
2220 Routt Ave.,
Pueblo, Colorado.

* * *

The Golden Rule

"I do something for you—someday
some one will do something for me."

With these words he turned aside my
offer of remuneration for a welcome
favor.

Crudely, perhaps, he expressed a
sound philosophy.

"Do unto others as you would have
others do unto you."

And some day, some way, our favors
are returned.

Often we fail to recognize our re-
ward.

And sometimes the greatest reward
we can receive is the deep satisfaction
gained from having performed a kind-
ness.

Bernard W. Lohbauer,
700 Forest Ave.,
Elgin, Illinois.

* * *

Weak and Strong

"How the ocean rolls around me!

Mercy, what a dreadful night.

Angry billows, stop your howling—

Lord, could I but die outright.

This suspense is more than killing!"

(Strong and fiercer each wave grows!)

"Lord, forgive, my life was lacking

But I end it!" (Splash he goes!)

"How the ocean rolls around me.

Lord, this is a stormy night!

Angry billows, why you howling?

You can't fill me with your fright!

This experience is thrilling—

Peaceful waters—what a bore!

Ha, a light upon an island—

Roll on waves, wash me ashore!"

Lola Beall Graham,
Route 4, No. 292, Santa Cruz, Cal.

* * *

Life, a Merry Strife

Oh, this would be an empty life,

Were we here free of trial and strife!

So why complain with fret and fear,
When allowed to live a life so dear?

And when a set-back troubles you,
"Tomorrow I'll have mastered you!"

If life were all successful song,
It wouldn't be worth an hour long.

Ups and downs break monotony,
Make life a worth-while thing to be.

If life tortures—like an Indian laugh;
Show your disdain it's cruellest gaff!

A sense of humor 'll win the day,
And sorrows will become quite gay!

Oh, life you are a merry strife;
Were you not this you'd not be life!

And when old death is at your door,
Just laugh and say "I love you more."

"Do please come in, but close the door!"
"I've had much life and need no more."

Mark Thrice.

* * *

Taking Stock of Ourselves

The day dreamer! Unless he puts
his dreams into action, he represents
"faith without works."

He seeks advice from scholarly peo-
ple, reads instructive books, and mag-
azines; pictures himself a success along
some line, but doesn't do much about it
to bring results! Then wonders why
he fails.

We need to take stock of ourselves
often. Need to prove ourselves to see
if we are really putting our dreams
into action.

We need mentally, to place by our
side a pair of clippers, to prune off
negative thoughts, that creep in un-
awares.

Mrs. D. D. Knight,
616 Commercial Ave., Coleman, Tex.

* * *

Make Believe

I make believe 'tis summer

While the leaves are on the ground

I hear a faint sweet music

Caused by some rustling sound.

I tread o'er silver snow,

And wander by the brooks.

I dream of many things

One never finds in books.

From the music of a choir

Methinks an angel sings—

It makes me think of precious stones,

And the colors of butterfly wings.

I make believe the crystal beads

Clinging to the pane

Are iridescent rosaries,

But they're only drops of rain.

Marguerite Whitney,
8 King Edward Court, Jacksonville,
Fla.

(Continued from page 23)

To get relaxed in mind and body I would find a quiet place, sit comfortably and relax every part of the body; closing my eyes I would think of the quietest place I had ever known, which happened to be a sand bank in the

desert. I imagined myself there, all alone, not even a lizard around, stars above, not a breath of air stirring. I would start counting slowly, using more than a normal amount of breath, keeping my jaws and mouth muscles perfectly loose and relaxed, breathing out the words with exaggerated lip movement. I repeated poetry, listening to my voice and feeling the loose, easy manner in which the throat and mouth muscles were forming the words. I thrilled when I came to the old bugaboo words and passed over them as lightly as the easiest ones.

In spite of the fact that I had always been able to talk when alone, I felt entirely different about it when I was relaxed and talking in this free and easy manner. I did not feel the tenseness that always overcame me when I contemplated talking. I practiced diligently every day in short periods, in the present of my wife when possible, constantly listening to the voice and its freedom, repeating the hardest words I had known, until I felt a pleasure and assurance in my ability to talk. I practiced suggestion of poise, control, calmness and confidence at all times.

The following five rules which I put into practice will be of benefit to every person reading this article: dress slowly, eat slowly, walk slowly, talk slowly and don't worry! Considerable energy is wasted every day by people who insist that they must break these rules, for no good reason whatever.

It was rather difficult for me to apply this feeling of calmness and poise in the beginning to all daily requirements of speech, but every practice period made its indelible impression in the subconscious mind until in approximately six weeks I was complete master of myself. I did nothing to

William A. Engle Says:

False pride is a fool's vanity.

He is lucky who does not believe in luck.

The man who loses his temper is better off without it.

Worth of character is the value carved into the building of it.

He who slanders the absent, disgraces the present.

Though a long life with effort be marked with failure, the glory of effort still remains.

Though the material part of man must decay, his spiritual part, being God-like, cannot die.

my stuttering. It went to the winds. I simply replaced it with a new way, the right way of talking, automatically, subconsciously.

Although freedom from the bondage of impeded speech was the paramount objective of my psychological readjustment, this proved to be but a hurdle in the pathway to a real acquaintanceship with my inner self. By opening the gateway to the subconscious and psychic domain I found hidden in reserve the powers of vision and spiritual guidance, waiting to be released, free to influence my personality with thoughts of happiness, confidence and ambition.

From these secret springs I have rehabilitated my mind with courage and power and faith in myself. Fears, worry and nervousness have vanished and my physical condition is much improved. I have a new appreciation of

the opportunities and the purposes of life. My family finds me more in tune with the ideals of a cheerful home life.

Dr. Makuen has aptly said that "the time to cure stuttering is before it begins." Psychological adjustment is much easier than psychological readjustment. Parents can create for the child an ideal environment from which constructive subconscious impressions will be made. Do not expect or insist upon adult behavior from your child, robbing it of pleasant childhood experiences and natural development. Teachers, by being patient, sympathetic, calm and gentle in speech, can create an atmosphere of familiarity and harmony in the school room, suggesting poise and control in the children.

Society must provide for the child who has become a victim of nervous speech affliction, with competent instruction that will prevent the chronic continuance of such tendencies.

The improvement of speech as a part of public instruction is as important as any phase of proper child training. The revelations of psychological research since the world war, in relation to stuttering as included with other neuroses, should inspire immediate promotion of this phase of instructional responsibility.

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Life Crashed

(Continued from page 20)

at home, as soon as I could acquire one. To this day he does not know he hired and continued to employ for three years a sightless woman. I advertised for a companion. Then for an apartment. The newly installed dial system had me stumped, also the packet of slips sent me from the studio, bearing hundreds of names, addresses and telephone numbers, annotated with faithfully recorded previous sittings or refusals.

I paid Gracie three times my studio wage, but she proved valuable, though I had asked her only one question when she came to me. "Have you a sense of humor?" "Indubitably," was her laughing response.

Almost hourly I telephoned the studio

the reports of my successful labor. The appointment book must be kept up to date. "When you see a star on a slip, that means money. Try for a home sitting," the manager explained to me. Before very long, I had one artist exclusively to keep my appointments. He was a busy man. When the manager discovered I spoke French and Spanish, I was assigned to cover all visiting dignitaries from the Romance countries. The idea was to get them to sit by means of the publicity gag and then sell them finished pictures from the negatives or proofs.

After a recently made appointment for a photographic sitting with a visiting monarch, hitherto recalcitrant, but gracious enough to me to state that if

she liked the proofs, she would buy pictures, the manager had not taken kindly to my refusal to see Her Majesty personally, when the plastic surgeons of our retouching department had finished carpentering her proofs.

"Gracie," I announced, "I'm wasting my time telephoning to life. Why not portray it with my fingers? I know the touch system on a single-shift machine. With your help, I shall give these voices clothing and faces and action. That sleepy deb I woke this morning. . . . I shall present her with a dozen jealous escorts, a beret of scarlet, twenty colored glass bracelets, and send her to the Tacky Ball as Kiki. She had just the husky voice for it. That rude Admiral's wife, I shall endow with

triple chins, as many redundant diaphragms and garb her by Tent & Awning Makers, Inc. Murder her, why not? Her Hawaiian houseboy hates her. There's a motive. She must have snubbed a lot of Junior officers' wives . . . thank heaven for a verdant imagination, Gracie. Where do we go from here?"

We went from there to a little western Pennsylvania village. The intimate mountains are all about me. The broad Ohio soothes me to sleep at night, with its souging and slow winnowings. And if the day is no lighter than the night which precedes it, at least each one brings new interests, new contacts, new ideas.

A LIMITED life, you will say. A narrow existence; hedged and curtailed years ahead of me. Not at all.

UNITY

of government is a main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our tranquility at home, our peace abroad, of our safety, our prosperity, of that very liberty which we so highly prize.

—George Washington.

With my mountains enfolding me and my river at my feet, I scratch this itches scribendi; and if the editorial answer is merely a printed rejection slip, I feel no rebuff, for I cannot read it. If the reply contains a check made out to Dunbar Sayre, Gracie makes an



inverted pin-prick where it is to be endorsed. I shall never know the rapture of seeing my name in print over an article, skit or story, and by the same token, shall never quarrel with an editor over the illustrator he has selected.

Two trips back to Baltimore have convinced me that my other four senses must serve me more fully to supplement the one I have irrevocably lost. If I sound resigned, please read no further. Resignation I hate, as I do sympathy. I am grateful, yes, grateful that I am not caning chairs nor weaving rugs, or sitting with folded hands and a sweet expression on my face. God may be in His Heaven, but all is NOT right with the world. I may wear out, but I'll never rust out . . . not while I have my recollections, my auditory and olfactory nerves intact, and ten fingers to pound a single-shift typewriter.

A Man Keeps House

(Continued from page 31)

over the back fence. He told me to put a clove of garlic in a certain kind of broccoli, and cook it like asparagus. I did, with some misgivings about the garlic, but it was delicious, and different. He tells me how Italians do this and do that, with the enthusiasm of an artist. He makes violent motions, illustrating the washing, the cutting, and serving of his "veg-e-tables." He brings me some of his wine-vinegar and tells me how to use it. Tony makes my stop for greens a pleasure.

These people give an added richness to the business of buying and selling. I look forward to my shopping trips.

I also look forward to preparing meals. Planning balanced foods, interesting color-combinations, and methods of serving as I shop. I allow myself free run of imagination and admiration as I cook.

Did you ever notice that each disk of carrot has a star in its heart, different from any other carrot, and a circle of orange around it? Can you match the luscious purple of a beet, or duplicate the stained-glass-window pattern of its pulp? Have you ever looked twice at the delicate structure of a lettuce leaf, or a slice of tomato, or the whorled maze of a cabbage-head? These natural wonders are present in every food. Many of us do not see the obvious.

Please, don't get the idea that I dance about in my kitchen breathing "Oh's" and "Ah's," or delivering lectures to myself. I like to use my imagination while I work—it helps speed the task.

While I wash spinach, I wonder what kind of a man raised it. Then, as I see the Florida or New Jersey sand

going down the drain, I wonder if it will find its way into the East River, out to the ocean, and back to the state from which it came. Or, if it will stick in the pipe and stay there until this dilapidated bee-hive of a house is torn down. I wash spinach about twice a week, and I haven't run out of stories yet. I try not to think of my troubles or of writing. Yet, I can thank my cooking for giving me many good ideas.

Some days, my mind goes on long jaunts. Taking a cup of sugar and putting it in a mixture is enough to send my thoughts down the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, across the South Seas to some god-forsaken island in the Philippines. I see a rusted freighter, livid with heat, swinging thousands of sacks of sugar into her stifling holds. Brown-skinned natives laboring under the tropic sun almost naked, covered with the sticky grains that have sifted through the sacks. I see that freighter in mid-Pacific plunging through a gale, a man clinging to the foremast struggling to repair a light, like a fly on a giant pendulum swinging far over the water-mountains on each side of the ship. . . .

And, some days, I am a perfect blank. I may be disgusted or just lazy, and go through the motions around the stove without thinking. Then, I have found consolation in handling familiar objects, pots, pans, vegetables. The same feeling one gets when patting a friendly dog's head.

I wish I could keep an iron-bound schedule. Many of us plead, that keeping "to the minute" grows monotonous. I believed that, at first. I was afraid of making this job a drudgery. So, I'd

act on impulse. If I had an urge to clean, I'd clean. If I didn't, it could wait until the next day. I discovered, that the longer I kept to this arrangement, the less I accomplished.

Now, I keep a very peculiar schedule, but one that I seldom deviate from. Our home looks better, I spend less time on housework, and it has helped my writing.

My wife leaves the house at 8:30 a. m. I used to "fiddle" after she left. You know, doing a little bit here, and doing a little bit there. Well, for the past months, I've scooped up the breakfast dishes and started washing them immediately, whether I felt like it or not. This starts the day right. I'm working and I'm working fast. The rest of the day goes by schedule, with my writing from 9:30 to 4. Time out for lunch of course, and bed making and several other household tasks. Then I go shopping. I allow an hour for that. Back to the house then and while things are cooking on the stove, I straighten out the room in which I work, or give the kitchen floor a hasty mopping.

Cooking for two is more of a money problem than a labor problem, and I almost always have dinner ready by the time the wife steps in the door. After dinner, my wife and I have a couple of hours to spend talking. Then I go back to my writing. She is interested in sculpturing and reading, and most evenings we are busy and quite contented. Saturday afternoon we both pitch in and give the house a good once-over.

The peculiar part of my schedule lies in my writing periods. Frequently my brain gets twisted into knots, and

I cannot go on. Immediately I leave my typewriter, grab a broom or a mop, and begin doing some household task that I have on the list of "unfinished business."

The evenings are broken up more often than any other part of my arrangement. And I am glad they are. If the spirit moves us, my wife and I take walks, go exploring nearby neighborhoods, take in some free entertainment, go visiting, or entertain a few friends.

Once a week, we have dinner at one of our friends' home, in order to keep our budget straight. For I must confess, I have a tough time keeping food expenses down to our budget allowance.

For health and economy sake, our diet is mainly of vegetables and fruits. I read the papers to find what is being shipped into the New York market in greatest quantities, and plan my meal accordingly. Bargains pop up now and then, changing my plans. But on the whole, I find, that if I know

what to look for, I save time and money.

This is not a sermonette, although I've made discoveries about housework and housekeeping. Perhaps though, I'd better admit that the reason I'm such a swell housekeeper (oh yes, I admit I'm *that*) is that I've such a wonderful little partner to keep house for.

One of these days—if circumstances don't jerk me out of this job—I'm going to cook meals for her that positively will go down into history!

You and Your Universe

(Continued from page 41)

yesterday's music, or last week's, which has not yet ceased to be.

Vibrations, though fading, set up waves which are never quite lost. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Christ's Sermon on the Mount are still resounding, even in our physical atmosphere. With a more delicate television, we could perceive the speakers as well as hear their words.

If we could travel faster than light to some remote planet, and look back at earth with a powerful enough telescope, we could outwit time completely and watch again the past ages of this planet, as we now watch from earth the light that happened on stars a million years ago. That past still would vividly exist for us, as ancient starlight does tonight. What becomes of our distinctions of past and present then? Eternity is the fact.

The rocket plane which is talked of, would chase time backward around our own planet, faster than it can turn towards the future. For we make time at the rate of only a thousand miles an hour, the rate of earth's rotation. The rocket plane can go faster than that.

Emerson saw the dilemma of our belief in time and space limitation. He believed in the infinity of the individual because he saw us as part of the unity of the universe. He knew the spiritual nature of the real universe, with thought as the eternal creator.

"The reason," he said, "why the world lacks unity and lies broken and in heaps is because man is disconnected with himself. . . . We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our eye. The account in Genesis agrees: God created the universe perfect: 'behold, it is very good.'" Only man has seen it all awry, has set bounds to his infinity, and become pre-occupied with his body as if it were himself.

The reality of our infinity has been

glimpsed also by William Blake:

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower,
To hold eternity in the hand
And infinity in an hour."

That is to live indeed. Tennyson, too, saw a flower in the crannied wall as a key to the immensities of both God and man, if we could but understand what it really was—a manifestation of the allness of God. Best of all, Wordsworth set forth the doctrine of our immortality in his *Intimations Ode*. He argued that if we live eternally in the hereafter, we must have lived eternally also heretofore. If there is no end in the future, there has been no beginning in the past.

That is what eternity means. Eternity is the true measure of duration, just as infinity is the true measure of space, and immortality of life. We are born into this world from an eternity that always was and will be, so that our birth is a temporary forgetting of our immortality, a momentary sleep. As children we remember for a time our spiritual home, until adults tarnish the recollection with the contagion of the world's slow stain. But those gleams of eternity never quite fade out.



*Attacking is the
secret. Dare and the
world always yields; or,
if it beats you some-
times, dare it again
and it will succumb.*

—Thackeray

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—

He sees it in his joy; . . ."

Through the ages poet and prophet have voiced the belief that this earthly life is but a dream from which we wake. Browning again and again affirms that this existence is not the great reality. He bids us in growth of soul to rise up—

"From the gift looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the River,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity . . ."

In "A Grammarian's Funeral" he asks:

What's Time? leave Now for dogs and apes!

Man has Forever.

But the complete affirmation of man's immortality comes in "Abt Vogler":

"There shall never be one lost good!

What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

When we make ourselves magnets for good, we insulate ourselves from evil, and only good sticks to us. The relativity of righteousness eliminates evil just as eternity displaces time, infinity makes the finite disappear, and the immortal blots out mortality.

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:—"Delores" writes:

I am nearing the "cross-roads" that many women have traveled. I will soon be thirty-five years old, have been married nearly fourteen years to a good man in many ways. He was one of many children who were denied the things that are dear to childhood. These memories of early deprivation so impressed him that he does not wish a child of his own unless he can give it the things denied him.

I realize that a woman my age runs a far greater risk than a younger woman in having a child, but how empty is a woman's life without a baby, or a home. Would you advise my having a child under my circumstances? I know that if I ever intend to have one I cannot wait longer. I wonder if it is fair to the child to bring it into the world; as poor as we are, and at our age.

My husband is thirty-eight years old. I am an orphan, and when I think of getting old without any children, I wonder if life is worth living. If I do not have a child I wish to take some kind of business course—could you suggest something that would be profitable? Please help me work out my problem.

ANSWER:

Your husband must be rather selfish. If he took a normal view of life he would wish a child and would work hard to make it possible.

You are not too old to have a child. Today there is far less risk at your age than there was some years ago. An operative procedure, when necessary, removes most of the danger. It is just a matter of being sure one is in good hands at such a time. But if your husband will not accept his obligations and work hard to provide for a family it would not be advisable to have a child.

I realize that most women possess a strong "mother instinct" and feel life incomplete without this experience. But

I am sure that with thought you will be able to develop some strong interest to take the place of this loss. Yes, a business career that you were deeply interested in would be a fine substitute. It would be difficult for me to direct you along such lines without knowing you personally.

First strive to find something you believe you would love to do. Then make an analysis and find whether you are well-fitted to make a success of it. You may have to consider a number of things before you arrive at a solution.

Your desire and ambition are strong and this is the first step toward success. Don't sit around and waste time trying to be SURE whether you are in JUST the right field. Get into something, even though you later find it is not just what you are best suited to. Then, through experience, you can make the necessary adjustments.

QUESTION:—A. H. writes:

I am not quite twenty, am only five feet in height and 100 pounds in weight. How can I add to my height? I have exercised and indulged in sports. I am usually jolly, but very pensive, and have even contemplated suicide when alone.

ANSWER:

It is not likely that you will add materially to your height at your age. You are assuming the wrong attitude toward this matter of height. Do you realize that the average man rather likes a short woman? Increase your weight about ten pounds, and then, if you will just have a better opinion of yourself I feel sure you will get along fine. We cannot change inheritance, and some are short, others tall naturally.

Turn your attention to other things in life, forget yourself more, show a

real interest in others. Then you will have a host of friends and be happy. There is an old saying that "expensive things come in small packages." Feel that way about yourself. It is your opinion of yourself that will make life happy or miserable; a failure or a success.

QUESTION:—M. B. writes:

What is the secret of holding friends? I make friends very quickly, am quite in demand for a few months, then we break off. I am beginning to feel that there is no use of my trying to develop friendships. I love to be among young people, but I seem to be in danger of becoming a recluse. At first I am very independent, and I suppose that makes others seek me. For several months I have been most depressed and have been my real self only occasionally. I am twenty-one, of average looks, and can ascend to great heights when I forget myself.

ANSWER:

The last line in your letter is a big part of my reply. Strive to FORGET YOURSELF—don't assume too independent an attitude, but "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." It is evident that you fail to hold friends because in time you take things too much for granted and do not give out enough. To retain friends we must give as well as receive. We must be thoughtful, kind, considerate, give the other "fellow" a break, and constantly say nice things that please our friends. We need not carry this to the point of permitting them to take advantage of our good nature, but we must be as interested in our friends as we expect them to be in us—and show it! You are evidently too self-conscious and at times assume attitudes that do not represent your real self. Just be natural.

Shell-Shocked!

(Continued from page 27)

ing false feelings. They begin by treating serious matters lightly, even getting in the habit of laughing and jesting about the most sacred incidents of their lives and of their associates. This form of personal dishonesty and flippancy spreads like wildfire during times of economic depression.

UNACCOUNTABLE acts, spend-thrift sprees, extravagances of all kinds—these too are evidences, and these may be expected for a time while prosperity is on the way back. Such behavior simply indicates sudden flights from reality made possible by having a little money, maybe for the first time in years. But if, on the other hand, a more or less conventional person has turned freakish during the depression, fallen for some queer new cult perhaps, or even got into the habit of inflicting pain on others or on himself—then that person has been showing definite signs of depression-madness. He should immediately take stock of his decline and “about face.”

Society has need only for the emotionally matured. When a person fails to progress, degeneration of a sort may set in.

There is evidence that the depression has caused excessive drinking in many homes that formerly had no place for alcohol. Drinking is an age-old device for escaping from reality. With the coming back of prosperity and its accompanying security, intelligent drinkers will realize *why* they drank “like fish” and will right their habits in this regard.

In like manner, frustration and insecurity, fear and worry have driven many Americans to gambling and to libidinous occupations. Not having been given to either before, many in their saner moments are alarmed by their acts. If these people will stop to realize that financial insecurity and not natural depravity may have been at the bottom of it all, they will be relieved to find with the coming back of prosperity that their lowered morales will be raised automatically, their injured egos cured, and that they will be able to get much more permanent gratification from saner pleasures.

Suicide of course has been the final flight from reality, and with the coming of prosperity, depression-suicides will be few and far between. One thing can be said, however, for the benefit of those individuals to whom prosperity may be slow in coming. If suicide does begin to seem preferable, by all means pick out some “safe” person and tell him all about it. It is a psychological fact that people lose the urge to carry out a performance by stating it aloud. Whenever any particular kind of tendency is expressed, then that tendency is partially drained out.

AND this brings up the question of other sensible escapes from the painful side of reality. If an individual has not evaded the issue, if he understands that insecurity and lowered morale may “get” him if he doesn’t watch out, then he is more capable of being master of his fate because he

knows what is happening to him.

Work for health’s sake, even when remuneration is either absent or small, has always been a tonic for weakened and jaded nerves. “Get ready for a job” clubs are growing up over the country. No one set of rules can be offered that will fit all cases. It is necessary, however, for everyone to try to develop a point of view that will see him through.

“Learn something further, something new” is not a bad general rule to follow in reaching this point of view. A reasonably definite task set for each day will do the trick. Every step into a neurosis destroys courage, every step out into the normal increases courage. Everything new an individual learns increases his self-regard and gives him courage. This, then, is the first step toward personal restoration.

Loss and resulting shock tend to destroy man’s belief in his capacity for living up to his self-appointed standards, but it is also true from the standpoint of understanding and controlling the processes of maladjustment that if living wrongly causes trouble, that living rightly may remedy it.

If an individual realizes that many things that don’t bring in money are more important than most things that do, he has learned a second big lesson in personal recovery. Sports, hobbies, games, artistic activities, dancing, athletics, swimming, singing—everyone is familiar with these tonics and more. Americans do well in turning to these sensible escapes in nation-wide recovery.

Right About Face!

(Continued from page 39)

good shoes.” They made the gentleman!

Neil brightened visibly under Jess’s exuberant plans, to turn the city inside out and see what it is made of.

At first they had no more of a plan than this, to study their city, learn everything that could be learned about it, “socially, economically, architecturally, politically,” and, added Jess, “esthetically and spiritually.”

Day after day, rain or shine, they sauntered forth and explored. They discovered many free things to enjoy, lectures, movies, as well as the marvelous contents of the museums, libraries and public buildings.

It was the great buildings, however, that he studied from basement to highest tower. He felt that he was learning more about architecture than he had in a year’s office work.

Jess snatched at her sketch-book one

day to capture the black-banged, delighted group of Japanese children. From that she went on and filled her book with foreign babies. It was amusing to see how many she discovered. Serious, doll-like Chinese infants, sloe-eyed Italians with gold ear-rings, Syrians, Gypsies, numerous laughing adorable babies.

“Gracious, Neil, I’m full of fresh ideas,” Jess broke out one day.

“So am I,” answered Neil quietly. And it was Neil who first crystalized his idea.

He had caught the look of dissatisfaction on the faces of some intelligent strangers in the city who were inspecting the latest big building. Their guide had answered some questions, briefly, barrenly. Neil, on the edge of the group, had casually contributed a supplementary scrap of data. In a minute he found himself being carried along

to act as instructor. These people really wished to know something about what they were seeing.

When they returned to their mid-western home they wished, not only to be able to say they had seen the biggest building in the world, they also wanted to know interesting details about it, about its construction, its history and romance.

Almost at once Neil had worked out a job for himself. Within a week he was being regularly engaged to act as guide. Not the ordinary leader of char-a-banc tourists, but an alert intelligent companion to strangers who were interested in seeing and understanding all about the city. By clever advertising and by making contacts with the right sources Neil soon found himself called upon steadily to accompany visiting teachers, students, foreigners on diplomatic missions, who

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Men who "know it all" are not invited to read this page

THIS PAGE is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment.

It is a personal message to the man who realizes that the whole business picture has radically changed in the last few years, and that there is an entirely new set of rules to be mastered. He feels that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.

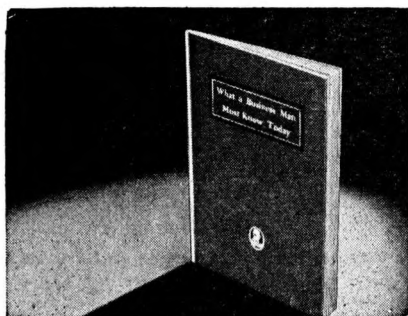
We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "What a Business Man Must Know Today," and it will be sent without obligation. It contains the Announcement of the Institute's new Course and Service for men who want to become independent in the next five years. Among the contributors to the Course are:

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The little book pictured above should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It explains some of the changes which are taking place in the business world today. It tells how you can equip yourself to take your place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power. It contains the condensed results of 25 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially. The coupon at the right will bring it to your desk. Send for your copy today.

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wished to know more about the city than they could learn by themselves.

His success was almost instantaneous. The financial returns gratifying, "but," Neil said over and over, "it is doing me more good than just the earning of money. I've learned a tremendous lot about my own profession."

One day he sought out one of the best architectural firms in the city and laid before its principals some ideas which had occurred to him in his intensive study of the city's buildings.

"I know they are excellent ideas," Neil told the head of the firm. "I know you are not taking on men now, but you will before long. I'd like to work out my plans with you if you approve them."

Sometime after this, that firm of architects began the biggest building project since 1929. Neil's ideas, sensational almost, were yet exactly the thing needed to start a long-considered plan for city development.

Jess's book of babies of all nations—her little sketches caught and fastened to some of her old discarded commercial drawings suddenly blossomed into the best of advertising copy.

A famous baby product wanted pictorial appeal to sell its goods. An advertising concern found that Jess's babies could do it.

Today, in subway train, in car and bus and on a thousand billboards, you see tumbling gurgling babies of every nationality, chuckling over the delights of Blank's Baby Product.

That's all! It would be difficult to convince Jess or Neil Hayden that you can not turn and twist any old condition into something vital and positive by getting at it right.

Observations

(Continued from page 32)

friend smiled. "If that dog were in Manhattan he would be involved in the evolutionary game of development. Life now is to him just naps, eats, an occasional rabbit chase. But in the city he would be mentally and physically active, solving his canine problems. Locating and protecting his bill of fare and keeping his hide intact would sharpen his perceptions. In a month he would develop more courage and endurance than he will know in a lifetime here. Environment can change the whole course of a life—even a dog's life!"

"And so—what?" I encouraged.

"So . . . avoid ease as you would the plague! If you wish to live and extract all the marrow of life, search for the difficult, the so-called impossible! Material comfort, leisure and

security alone, do not constitute an ideal worthy of human struggle. Just enough of these to enable us to be efficient. No more. . . ."

THE innumerable disturbances and complications of our lives originate in failure to discriminate between the essential and non-essential.

Once I found it difficult to live in eight rooms! I was sure I needed a few more! And then I changed my mode of living. Traveling for several years under conditions often necessitating "living in two suit cases," I had to readjust my standard of values. And I was much happier narrowing my wants down to the absolutely essential!

Today the world is being turned inside out, upside down. We shall never return to "normal," for the old "normal" is now quite passé. Progress is toward recognition of the essential—and elimination of all else.

Most of us have a long way to go before reaching the *absolutely essential* program! If we have shelter, food, clothes, our material needs are supplied. We should consider it a privilege to assist others in having the same.

And—if we wish LUXURY—"the highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery."

Your Voice

(Continued from page 38)

There are a great many people whose enunciation is clear enough, and whose pronunciation is quite accurate, yet they are unpleasant to listen to. Their voices have no more warmth or natural expression than the voice of a parrot. When they talk they give you the impression of shallow individuals,—people without enthusiasm or the capacity to appreciate the deeper emotional experiences of life, and in most cases—harsh though it may seem to make the statement—this impression is the truth.

Most people are incapable of realizing how their own voices sound to others. They have ears, yet they do not hear. It is as important that we see through our ears as clearly as we see with our eyes. An individual's failure to develop the ear, inevitably results in serious flaws in his cultural development.

We must become voice-conscious. Learn to realize the importance of the tones of the speaking voice in personal relationships. Our voices can aid us to develop personal magnetism, emotional control, pleasing personality, and poise.

We must cast off the slavery of automatic living; break the chains of rutted



MAGNETIC HEALING

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If you are a physician would you like to become more efficient in your work?

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 undorsed by science.

National Scientist Indorses Magnetism

Do you know the Literary Digest of July 28rd of 1932 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 few minutes.

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

I have known of these radiations for 25 years and used them in office and sanitarium practice and found they produced results where all other systems had failed. 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.

Literary Digest's Second Article

In the Literary Digest of May the 20th of 1932 appears another article concerning several national scientists, who no longer question the existence of these human radiations, but are now devoting their study to determine the ORIGIN OF THESE RADIATIONS we call Magnetism.

Amazing Power of Magnetism

The amazing power and effectiveness of Magnetism is seen best in the treatments of cases of infection, inflammation of any part of the body. Its quickness and effectiveness is al-

most unbelievable in cases of tonsillitis, sore throats, inflamed eyes, abscessed teeth or ears, gall bladder troubles, asthma, inflammation of the female organs, prostate gland, all children's ailments, bowel troubles, fevers of all kinds, blood poisoning, ptomaine poisoning, bruises and wounds of all kinds.

It is the quickness of magnetism to produce relief that has won its place in the hearts of its users.

Home Remedy

We are not urging you to study some insignificant system but one of the greatest laws ever given to man for his personal use and health.

Parents can treat their children and then in turn treat each other with the greatest degree of success.

Mrs. B. writes:—Since studying your course on Magnetic Healing we have not spent one dollar for drugs or doctors in the last two years. Where we were always calling a doctor several times monthly our children are now well and remain so. All due to our knowledge and use of magnetism.

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.

Church Clinic

Rev. H. of N. Y. writes that he has maintained a clinic now for two years and that he had secured 90% cures. Also that the work had grown till he was now treating 45 to 50 each week. He concluded his letter by saying "Our great success during the entire life of our clinic I attribute to the secret of healing obtained from your course of instructions."

A Connecticut pastor writes, describing his success with our system in his church work in treating many ailments such as toothache, earache, stomach troubles, and many other ailments. Among them he tells of overcoming a case of paralysis, liver troubles and concluded by saying that he had always found the results to be as taught in our course.

Drugless Physicians Testify

A Chiropractor writes: I have doubled my volume of work and increased my results 100%.

Another chiropractor writes: I have practiced all other systems for 20 years and now find I can secure better results with your system than all others combined.

Another Chiropractor writes: I have a large practice and have put your system to a most rigid test. The results were marvelous. Your work is a revelation. It has certainly opened my eyes. It no doubt furnishes the basis of all drugless healing.

A Naturopath writes: Your Course is wonderful. I am able to produce results that are declared to be almost miracles.

An insurance agent writes, stating that his wife was suffering from high blood pressure, stroke of paralysis and sleeping sickness. The M. D.'s declared there was no hope. I said nothing and applied your treatments and now she is well on the road to a complete recovery. They now say with your system saw anything like it and cannot understand how it happened. There is no doubt in my mind as to how it was brought about. Your system receives all the credit.

Valuable Book Written

I have written a small booklet on the subject Magnetism, Its Origin, History and Use. Any one not acquainted with this great law will find it a revelation, giving you some astonishing facts concerning the treatment of many diseases. This book has started many on the road to health and success. It will teach you how to treat twelve (12) different ailments.

Many report marvelous success in applying these instructions. They are on acute diseases and those that are difficult for any of the other systems to successfully treat with any degree of certainty.

The knowledge of how to treat these twelve diseases will enable you to treat many other ailments successfully. We have on file in our office many testimonies showing the wonderful things they have accomplished since sending for this book.

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

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 not do, even though I had three years in a nationally known drugless college at a cost of \$5,000.00.

What is the value of this character of knowledge?

Let me send it to you for

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GLORIOUS HEALTH



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but well in 3 weeks

An amazing story, but true. In 1915, 110 of the crew of the "Ship of Death" were given up to die. Then a newspaperman familiar with Bio Chemistry found the trouble and within 3 weeks all had recovered. Bio Chemistry has been known to science for years but its tremendous possibilities for health have only recently been realized. Here is a method which thousands are using to find new vitality and new energies, in every respect, without the use of harmful drugs and medicines.

Bio Chemistry is a study of that well-known principle, "Give the body the necessary vitamins and those important 16 mineral elements of which it is normally composed and health is almost sure to result." All of these elements are now combined in assimilable form in a marvelous new preparation called Vitalin.

VITALIN - - not a medicine

Vitalin is a Biochemic food supplement in highly concentrated form and contains those important mineral elements and vitamins essential for the proper nourishment and functioning of the system. It helps purify and enrich the blood stream, thereby aiding every vital process of the body, bringing improved digestion, assimilation and elimination. It will be found of greatest value in bringing back health and preventing disease.

Guarantee Without any equivocation, Vitalin is guaranteed to be absolutely free from harmful drugs of any kind. It may be taken in any quantity—at any time—by young or old—and should be classed as a true food tonic. If you are not as well as you would like to be, send for a box of Vitalin today.

Send No Money

A full 30 days' treatment is being offered at the low introductory price of only \$2.00, which however, need not be sent with the order. Send your name and address only upon the coupon below and a full 30 days' treatment will be mailed to you. Pay the postman only \$2.00 upon delivery. There is nothing more to pay. No postage or charges of any kind. If you send now we will include free a 32-page book on Bio Chemistry, explaining in detail the amazing accomplishment of this new science, including the story of "The Ship of Death."



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behavior, and come out into the sunlight of intelligent, well-directed thinking. We must make our behavior deliberate; learn to use our creative power so that we actually build for ourselves a personality that will make our lives happy.

We must learn to assume the right attitudes towards life, and neighbors and friends with whom we must get along. We must remove the cataracts of smug self-complacency and self-satisfaction, which prevent us from seeing our faults and weaknesses. Then we shall discover our real abilities and possibilities.

Learn to express through your voice the real inner thing that you are proud to own as yourself. Tear up the weeds of wrong living habits, and give your voice a chance to grow.

Personalities

(Continued from page 25)

divinity emerging—like the spirituality he weaves into his art.

"There is something divine in every man, in every thing," Shan-Kar continued philosophically. "And every act should be a searching after this supreme divinity in order to attain inner illumination and union with the eternal.

"In our art, therefore, we overlook nothing—nothing human, nothing sacred. We deal with frail human loves as well as with the mighty passions of the gods. And, if you listen to Hindu music, you will hear the rhythm of the simplest every-day emotions set down beside the grandeur of the most sublime."

Shan-Kar was already winning his laurels as a painter, under the direction of the famous English artist, Sir William Rothenstein, when Anna Pavlowa discovered his talent for the dance and appropriated him for a Hindu program she was working on.

That was back in 1923.

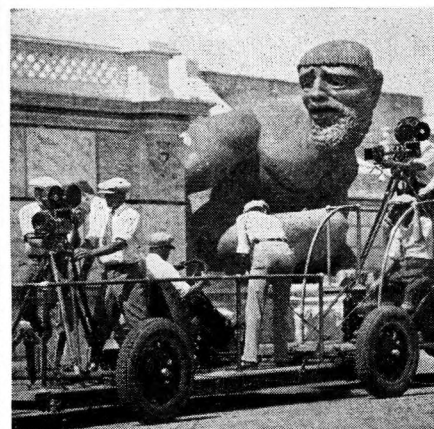
Sir William, dreading the loss of his favorite pupil, complained to the young artist's father:

"Pavlowa is about to take away from me one of my most promising pupils in Indian painting. Please persuade Mme. Pavlowa not to do this."

The father delivered the message to Pavlowa, but her answer was determined:

"Please go and tell my friend," she said, "that Shan-Kar is a born dancer. He is endowed with one of the finest and most perfect dance bodies I have ever seen in men in any country. God never gives such rhythmic bodies to painters and sculptors. They do not need such bodies."

And so Shan-Kar set out to revive old India's feeling for the dance, which



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in times gone by was an expression of the Hindu religion.

Even today, in the Hindu temples, the dance is cultivated by Brahman girls as a part of the religious ceremonies.

"When I was coming to America on this trip," Shan-Kar told me, "I tried very hard to get one of the temple dancers to accompany my troupe. She might have consented, perhaps, if I had been willing to bring her father and her mother and her uncles and her aunts and her brothers and sisters and a bottle of water from the Ganges."

Psychology in Review

(Continued from page 37)

lose some weight, she is put into a hypnotic trance during which they suggest that she stop eating starchy foods. When she regains consciousness, she finds that such foods just naturally become distasteful to her and she refuses to eat them.

She thinks that she is following her likes, but she is really accepting the dictates of her subconscious, that part of her mind which received the professors' orders when she was in the trance.

Hypnotism has been used by the same professors to overcome self-consciousness and cause people to give up the smoking habit.

Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 29)

adds the information that her husband, who is much better educated than she, is constantly improving and developing because of his work and his contacts. She says that this gives her the feeling that he is slipping away and that she cannot stand it—it is that which she feels is driving her out of her mind."

"How short sighted such a jealousy-consumed individual is," the "Voice of Experience" commented. "This woman quite loses sight of the fact that many persons are absolutely driven to do the things of which they have been accused—and which repeatedly have been suggested to them. Unless this woman takes firm hold of herself and pulls away from these miserable fears and suspicions, she will undoubtedly, as she fears, lose the love of her husband. Too, she may drive him to the very things she fears for him.

"Jealousy is ever a sign of weakness and is an undeniable admission that one is too weak to hold the object of affection.

"However, this woman can right-about-face, conquer her feelings and preserve her home and her reason. If, instead of coddling this jealousy by

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dwelling on it, she will give her time and thought to making herself attractive and lovable, she likely will win her husband back—if he is unfaithful and if her actions have caused him to tire of her.

"But this woman must conquer herself. What she has to do cannot be done by interested or anxious friends. She will have to decide if she is deeply enough in earnest to take a stand against the 'green-eyed monster.' She is at a critical point, as she realizes. But if she cares to make the effort, she can conquer her miserable failing, gain peace of mind once more, and again be secure in her happiness.

"If she finds it impossible to get

hold of herself without outside assistance, by all means suggest to her that if she wishes to keep her home and her sanity, she visit a good psychiatrist. If she is unable to afford a private consultation, she can visit a mental Hygiene Clinic."

Pamphlets dealing with the subjects, "The Eternal Triangle," "The Man Past Forty," and "Jealousy"—all of which throw light on problems discussed in the above article—very kindly have been offered the Editorial Staff by the "Voice of Experience" and will be sent to any interested person who makes a request for one or all of them.

Fragments of Life

(Continued from page 44)

off guard. And all my life I've had to combat the lack of self-confidence. Have struggled with that sense of inferiority so destructive to success and happiness."

"And so for that reason we must be more patient with you, and not criticize. Is that it?" The voice behind that remark was slightly mocking.

"Understanding what's in a man's heart takes away the desire to criticize him, darling," came the reply.

"You win!" Some one shouted above the sudden din, for the iron gates leading to the ferry, clanged open just then and the crowd moved swiftly forward.

Nella Mae Esty.

THE HARDER—THE BETTER

"OF course, I'd like to have that—but it's as hard as nails to get." How often have you heard this said before? I have heard it in New York

subways, in Chicago restaurants, in Alabama hotels—whined by all sorts of people, from all walks of life.

It is an old truth that the best things in life are the most difficult. The greatest pleasure is acquired in surmounting huge difficulties.

The real zest in life is lost when everything is sugared and served with a silver spoon.

Recently, a son of a wealthy banker told me that the banking business has no lure for him, because, as he admitted quite frankly, "It's just a matter of time before I mount the ladder and step into dad's shoes. But I'd like to be," he added, grinning boyishly, "an actor." A short time later, I was amazed to hear that he had left the bank and departed for Hollywood to seek his wreaths of glory.

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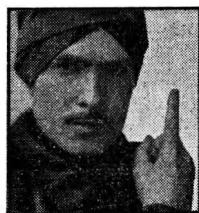
Many of his friends say he is mad. They cannot understand his sudden rushing off to Hollywood on what they term a wild goose-chase, throwing away a prosperous and lucrative future for something which isn't here or there—a mad dream!

These friends know nothing of strivings, of fiery ambitions, of fighting with the odds against you; and know nothing of the real joy in life—accomplishing the so-called impossible . . . achievement! Selecting those fruits which you really like—and tasting them!

Maurice Turet.

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the great universal mind for their existence, that every mind is part of this universal mind, and if you learn to use this universal energy it can almost overnight bring you everything you want without physical effort. He 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. He convinces the reader that this secret key is so simple to understand and to apply that it is amazing that no one has found it before.

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SUCCESS does not so much
depend upon external help as
self-reliance.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Forgotten Influences

(Continued from page 35)

boomerang—it returns and hits you.

You are conscious many times of the thought vibration of others. The sensitive feel another's atmosphere keenly. I have had sick people tell me that when a certain person would come into their rooms he seemed to produce the effect of a cloud; another would bring the sunshine.

You read in the paper about someone's committing suicide or having gone insane; and you, in your impressionable state will begin to dwell on the possibility of that happening to you. Sensitive people, until they have themselves well in hand, should try to read rather light, uplifting literature, in place of heavy, serious reading. Keep away from over-seriousness and you will avoid trouble. The sensitive have a tendency toward over-seriousness, and that is one of the chief reasons why sensitive people are more susceptible to trouble.

We are constantly surrounded by a thought atmosphere, either our own or others. But don't be misled into the misconception that through this you are more or less "fate-driven," for you are not. We have the power to build about us a wall of thought that unwholesome thoughts and vibrations of others cannot penetrate. Only when we become negative to these forces can they harm us. Fear invites them and we become receptive to their depressing influences. Positive thought shuts the door against them. Over-interest in inferior things puts us on a plane with them.

Depressing influences have *only* the power that *we* give to them. Things hurt us only to the extent that we let them in. Therefore, most of the troubles of life are due to our wrong mental attitude.

The average person fails to realize that what we put into our minds, the foods we eat and the contacts we have

with others, actually spell what we are and what we will be. The various forms of fear breed depression; thoughts of failure are more than likely to establish failure.

A hopeful, fearless, optimistic attitude, with *faith in the future*, will mean a bigger and better life, just as surely as the planting of wheat in the farmer's field will reap wheat. Many are over-anxious and expect results too quickly. It is well to assume an attitude of expectancy, but one must be reasonable in so doing.

If you are over-serious, strive to turn your mind into lighter channels.

Love and faith are the two finest and most constructive elements in life. Love begets love. Strive to develop it in your life. Be thoughtful, kind, tolerant, considerate. In this way you will gradually pull your thoughts away from self and be bigger in consequence.

Remember in trying to create this new thought-life within yourself that the results are going to come through a form of discipline, training, practice and exercise. We can develop *only* through *use*. You are not going to think yourself into a different state without swinging into strong *action* as well. Thought is but the plan or blueprint, while action is the contractor which materializes those thoughts.

If after earnestly trying and not accomplishing much, don't become in any way hopeless. Your case may be rather complicated and call for the assistance of one who does understand such conditions better than you do. It is not an expression of weakness to feel in need of outside help, and it is usually a very wise move to procure it. The fires get to burning low in one who has for long been under the influences of weakening forces, and it frequently requires a "spark" from another soul to set them burning brightly.

What Would Lincoln Do?

(Continued from page 15)

to pick and choose. He keeps his mind so clear that he can weigh and evaluate. And, like Lincoln, he decides thoughtfully, without bigotry. Like Lincoln, too, I believe, Mr. Roosevelt is a deeply religious man who makes his decisions prayerfully. He also welcomes intelligent opposition. And desires the honest conviction of good and thoughtful men who are authorities in their respective fields, regardless of whether or not they happen to agree with him.

"There is little cause for worry

about the present leaning to the left," Miss Tarbell went on. "For many years now, in fact, almost since the beginning of the republic, we have been heading in the direction of a socialized democracy. That is what Mr. Roosevelt has in mind when he speaks of 'a more abundant life' for everyone. He is eager to establish spiritual and social and material means for people to obtain the greatest happiness and satisfaction out of life.

"In a more leisurely society, the individual will find himself. I do not be-

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If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never* will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned 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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lieve in all this talk about planned leisure. Provide plenty of schools, parks, and clean, wholesome amusements. And let the individual pick and choose for himself."

I brought up the question of the "spiritual vacuum" that so many people are lamenting today.

"It doesn't exist," Miss Tarbell said emphatically. "People don't stand up under hardship as the American people

have done during the last five years unless they have a high degree of spirituality. The people of this country have displayed a kind of patience, courage and stick-to-itiveness that is heroic. They couldn't do that unless they possessed, deep in their hearts, a strong religious feeling.

"On the whole, they have demonstrated the same characteristics that they prize in Abraham Lincoln."

In the Psychologist's Office

(Continued from page 30)

to an analysis of his conflict.

His violence toward the bed was due to an identification with his mother. He felt her fear and abhorrence of her marriage conditions, which she had not translated into open resistance. His curiosity in the chimney flue was of sex origin; an attempt to discover by parallel the facts of the mother-father relationship. The visits to the window were symbolic of his mother's unrealized and ambivalent flight-wishes.

him at a table, he seized his knife, and rushed past several other children to attack a boy at the table's head.

Instantly the seven children at Tom's table arose, took away the knife, and pummelled him back into his seat. He felt the pressure of social opinion, sat down, and quietly ate his dinner.

His particular choice of attack here was due to a place identification with the father, and again expressed the mother-defense, father-antagonism.

In less than a week Tom was not entirely civilized, but an environment free from the parental sources of conflict, the social pressure of his own age group, understanding and love, had brought him a long way on the road to happy adjustment.

Today he is nearly seven, and it would be very difficult to differentiate him from any normal, happy child.

Dr. Ellaine Elmore.

The Thyroid Gland

(Continued from page 26)

normal thyroid functioning—are mentally dull, stupid and slow in action. They are inattentive, stubborn, often vicious, and are commonly classed as morons and mental defectives.

It is hardly necessary here to emphasize the possible regenerative results of proper reconstructive treatment. Thousands of these individuals, by a combination of medical and psychological treatment, might be saved from a life time of criminality or degeneracy.

During adult life, marked cases of thyroid deficiency are known as myxedema. These cases present a characteristic appearance of the face, being practically devoid of all lines of expression. The skin is thick and dry, the color sallow and there is a good deal of puffiness under the eye-lids. The hair is dry and lusterless, the eyes dull and expressionless. The mentality is lowered and the reactions are slow and retarded.

There are numerous gradations of deficient thyroid activity, ranging from

the mildest form of the so-called "border-line" case to the severest type of myxedema just described.

WHEN THE THYROID IS OVERACTIVE

WHEN the thyroid is overactive we have an entirely different picture. The individual is very lively, talkative and brilliant. The face appears keen, alert and even apprehensive. The skin is moist, warm and flushed. The hair is full of lustre and grows luxuriantly. Marked cases present the typical exophthalmic goiter with bulging eyes and neck, restlessness, tremor, heart-palpitation and insomnia. If neglected, these cases may terminate fatally. Again there are gradations of overactive thyroid, which, while apparently mild may become serious through the slightest emotional disturbance. The thyroid is the emotional "shock-absorber" and when not well balanced an additional mental shock may disturb the entire mechanism.

The thyroid is called upon to per-

form extra service during puberty, pregnancy and menopause (change of life). In fact, at no time during a woman's life does she require more careful and conscientious medical and psychological treatment than during these crucial periods.

The thyroid is also closely correlated with the ovaries, as evidenced by the fact that it will become temporarily enlarged during menstruation. Therefore, in many cases ovarian dysfunction may bring about a thyroid disturbance and vice versa.

THYROID—PSYCHOLOGY

The thyroid gland is now generally admitted, by those familiar with the ductless glands and their functions, to

exert a more potent influence over the psyche than any other gland in the endocrine chain.

While the sex glands determine the gender of the individual and to a very considerable extent his or her general physiological and physical status, it is the thyroid which most definitely characterizes his or her psychical status.

This gland may be really considered as the gland of greatest psychological significance, for it influences the very chemistry of the soul and controls to an amazing degree the ever changing tides of human emotion. Its hormones render the individual responsive to normal, mental and physical stimuli. Their proper balance brings about normal behavior and a happy and healthful state of being.

Extravert or Introvert?

(Continued from page 18)

tion. It is an invariable part of our Hindu life to retire at least a half an hour daily into silence . . . to meditate on eternal things. Every Hindu child is trained to do this from a very early age."

We Occidentals can instruct Orientals in the draining of swamps, the building of railways, in mechanically tilling, seeding and harvesting, and a thousand other arts which our inventive genius has brought into being, but the Oriental is our master in the art of meditation. He knows far better than we what the psalmist meant when he admonished, "Commune with thine own heart on thy bed and be still."

We imagine religion to be a carefully wrought out system of doctrines or an elaborate code of morals. Essentially religion is neither; it is rather the art of becoming increasingly aware of spiritual realities and the reality of our own inner nature.)

IV

ALL good things in life, even prayer and meditation, entail certain hazards.

No one can question the value of cultivating the "world within" and thereby saving oneself from the superficiality which is the lot of those who live wholly in the world of things and events. But there is always the danger of centering our thoughts and interests exclusively in self; the peril of becoming introspective, mere dreamers and brooders; the peril of creating for ourselves a fantastic world divorced from reality. We must balance our times of conscious introversion with periods of extraversion when we pursue interests that are objective and outside the realm of our own thoughts rather than subjective. I know a charming lady of eighty.

Temperamentally she is an introvert; she spends much of her time in the exquisite world of ideas and ideals she has created within her own mind. But she has learned also the art of extraverting herself through the cultivation of an *unappeasable* thirst for knowledge. Her bedroom table is piled high with books, many of them quite modern. And her chief complaint is that she never has sufficient time to read them all! A writer suggests that our search for knowledge is the sublimation of the "hunting instinct." Certain psychologists might raise objections to this theory, but at all events "hunting truth," like hunting coyotes or panthers, tends to turn our thoughts outside ourselves, to balance introversion with extraversion.

Work offers another method of extraverting ourselves.

You go into the workshop of the psychopathic ward in one of our hospitals. Here you find patients engaged in basket-weaving, wood-carving, cabinet-making, sewing, and a hundred other useful arts. Your guide explains, "What you see here we call occupational therapy. Most of our patients are extreme introverts, but the simple work of these shops directs their psychic streams outward, and often results in marked relief."

Heartache and vexing personal problems usually bring pathological introversion in their wake. A sovereign cure is to throw oneself into some form of creative activity.

V

PLAY offers still another means of extraversion.

Not long ago I saw some Italian boys and girls exhibit their folk dances before a group of rather sophisticated Americans. I watched the faces of the spectators as the dancing pro-

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Psychology—February, 1934

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ceeded. In a few minutes the look of sophistication disappeared and in its place came spontaneous pleasure and delight. Before long every one of these "hard boiled" Americans forgot himself. It was an excellent example of the extraverting effect of play even though it be a vicarious sort for which one buys a ticket. Vicarious play is better than none at all, but how much more wholesome if one should become a participant.

I read an account recently of Edison's "play life," a phase that many of his biographers seem to overlook. We think of Edison as a miracle man at work incessantly, 16 hours a day, week in and week out, year in and year out. But he had learned, too, of the extravertive power of play. He could idle by the hour; he knew the joy of

fishing and the joy of utterly foolish, playful conversation.

A prominent psychologist tells us that there are three great trunk-lines of emotion—fear, anger, love. The first two—fear and anger—tend to drive us in on ourselves, to make us extreme introverts. The powerful extraverting emotion is love.

Love tends to carry us out of ourselves. It is psychologically true, therefore, that love is the greatest thing in the world, and that is why Christianity—centered in love has a deep-rooted universal appeal. Christianity is at once contemplative and active, inward-tending and outward-tending, bringing about an equilibrium between extraversion and introversion, thus creating mental health, stability and happiness.

Human Nature is OK

(Continued from page 45)

"It's got my name on the window. . ."

McVittie smiled at me. "That's all. I had known some measure of success in my field. And I had bitter failure. But I came back. Look." He pointed proudly at the immaculate waitresses, the shimmering glassware, the polished silver, the endless stream of people that poured in the door.

"I resolved," he went on, "to serve good food at the lowest possible prices to the common people, that great middle class, simple folk—like you and me. And if they didn't have cash enough to eat, I'd trust 'em. They'd pay—some time. I resolved to think less of myself and my own money-making and to think more of the other person."

This time, McVittie put himself into his business—unreservedly. He appealed to human nature—the desire for beauty and dreams and romance inherent in the heart of man, whether he be a bookkeeper, a messenger boy or a clerk.

Listen to the "color" in the description of strawberry short cake on one of his menus: "Red, ripe, juicy berries grown way down the valley along the banks of the Mississippi under clear azure skies. Ripened naturally by the

mild, golden, southern sunshine. Still laden with fresh dew. Crushed to a subtle sweetness the vermilion berries are then nested in a flaky circle of delectability that fairly melts away."

Believe it or not, the customer reads the fluent descriptions! While he is waiting for his order, alone, it detracts his mind from himself, his problems; or with a companion, he shares McVittie's humor, his warm-hearted enthusiasm, so originally expressed. No other restaurant owner would dare use McVittie's methods. They are a part of his own personality. They have brought him a million and a half customers in a year. So completely has he projected his genial self into the business, that, even though the customers smile at his lavish expressions, they smile with him, not at him.

His interest in the simple folk and the "under-dog" has won him good will, which has meant material compensation in remarkable patronage.

But the real joy of living comes to him when a man stops—and many of them do—at the cashier's desk to pay his check and says, unashamed, "I was in your 'hand out' line, Mack, but today I've got a job and I'm paying for my grub. Thanks."

The Power of Thought

(Continued from page 13)

We see from what has already been said that thoughts are both creative and destructive. We find that they are not only "things," but creators and destroyers of things. We may therefore call them the attorneys who either defend or prosecute us; the juries who either find us innocent or guilty; the

judges who either free us or condemn us.

Let us remember in this connection, that the more positive the thought, the stronger the brain action. The stronger the brain-action, the deeper the emotion. The deeper the emotion, the more powerful the subconscious opera-

tion. The more powerful the subconscious operation, the greater the effect on the conscious mind and body.

MAN'S subconscious realm is so definitely controlled by his basic thoughts, that wrong in one means wrong in the other. There is no escape.

The first thing to do, then, before we can form a safe and profitable partnership between our immediate and deeper self, is to cultivate the habit of sane and reasonable thinking, not only now and then, but all the time.

Such thinking will restore the sick brain and consume the rubbish in the subconscious. As soon as this debris is removed, we are ready to plant in the very heart of our being the mental seed that makes for a better and larger life.

It may take some time to get proper control of our thought forces, but if we keep at it, our ability to do so will acquire momentum at a rapid rate, and will move with constantly increasing power.

However unsatisfactory our condi-

tion, thought can change it for the better. By change of thought many a sick man has become well. By change of thought many a human failure has become an unqualified success.

Every man has the power to choose and entertain his own thoughts.

Thought being the deciding factor of his weal or woe, man may become the captain of his soul and the master of his fate!

What all of us should do each day is to devote a little original thought to self-analysis, self-appraisal and self-improvement. For this is the one and only test of higher achievement in all our affairs and in our entire life.

To give at least fifteen minutes a day to concentrated right thinking about ourselves and our affairs, and to conjoin that length of time with the required hours of commensurate effort in our chosen work or calling.

When such thought and effort go hand in hand, they form an unconquerable combination, and literally compel the enlistment of all our powers. The returns *must* come in greater returns of health, strength, ability, and efficiency.

Men I Wouldn't Marry

(Continued from page 21)

and was unlikely to out-grow it. He was forty and settled in his ways.

BOB

I MET Bob at a party one evening. He was a vivacious, likeable youngster of twenty-two, just out of college, and confident that the world would be his in a short time. He fell in love with me and wanted to marry me right away, announcing that I was the only woman in the world for him.

His proposal was tempting. I liked everything about him. But I was six years older than he, and I felt at least twenty years older, emotionally. A small voice warned me that he was looking for a mother, not a wife, and was quite unaware of the fact.

Bob had been raised by two maiden aunts and had never known a mother. He had been coddled and protected by them to such a degree that he had failed to mature emotionally. He was searching for the mother he had never known. I let him come to see me occasionally, and gradually brought him around to realizing this of his own accord. It was the only kind, sensible thing to do.

HAROLD

SHORTLY afterwards, I met Harold, a promoter and agent for many out of town concerns in the Metropolitan district. Harold had at least a dozen professions and dabbled a little in each.

He was a delightful dinner companion. He was always in the liveliest of humors and on all occasions he had just discovered the most wonderful device in the world and was about to make a million dollars. In the meanwhile he lived in a hall bedroom and economized on small necessities.

Harold was not a real four-flusher. He genuinely believed that the new device, whatever it happened to be, would bring him the million. He would wax enthusiastic about it for hours, working himself up to a pitch of elation and excitement that was quite infectious. When he had any money he spent all of it at once, in one grand splurge.

Just as he became hysterically enthusiastic about new inventions, so he became distressingly intense in his feelings towards me. I was the "most wonderful woman in the world" and "he would die" if I didn't marry him at once. I refused him and he didn't die.

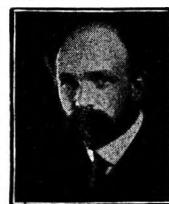
He moped for a day or so, threatened to commit suicide, and finally went on a drinking bout for two weeks and then forgot all about it.

The truth of the matter was that Harold could not face reality. He lived in a rosy world of his own. Everything that happened to him became tinged with the golden glow of the things he day-dreamed about. If he met a man who was moderately well

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off he would tell you he had met a millionaire. If he was offered a forty dollar a week job in a firm he would announce with a flourish that he had been offered the vice-presidency of the firm. When he met me I became endowed in his mind with all the virtues of Greta Garbo, Mrs. Vincent Astor and Madame Du Barry all in one. He was sincere enough, but he did not realize that he was duping himself unaware. He simply couldn't face the prosaic facts of everyday living.

I believe that a woman must respect and trust the man she is going to marry. I believe she must feel satisfied that he is shoving ahead in his work, eager to make strides in it, and has his eyes on a bigger job further ahead. She wants to look up to him unreservedly, regard him as her superior intellectually, socially and financially. She wants to feel that he will dominate and govern their life together—and without being a petty tyrant or a bombastic four-flusher.

I believe it is impossible for a woman to find happiness with a man who is weaker than herself. At best it will be a make-shift. Do my sister women agree with me?

Sticking Around Fifty

(Continued from page 34)

than Methuselah, gauged by the same standard.

So time is a relative thing; something to be accepted seriously, as most persons do accept it, or something to be regarded lightly, as one considers the atmosphere. I regard it lightly. It is not time that matters but physical and mental well being, and I foster these by forgetting time.

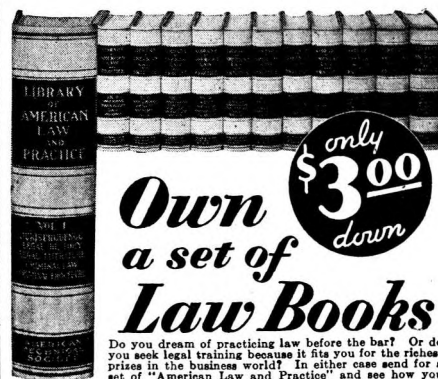
I like this idea of being fifty and am going to continue the practice of sticking about. Moreover, I commend it to others who wish to get the maximum out of life. It is old enough for anybody and young enough to provide the interests that tend to make life worth living.

May I Help You, Sir?

(Continued from page 16)

aright—and do it so he'll like—in fact, appreciate it. Volumes have been written, yes libraries, upon the psychology of good salesmanship; a great deal of which I think you will agree with me can be summed up in the two words "intelligent enthusiasm."

But this is not a treatise on salesmanship. Nor is it a diatribe intended to parallel the "public be damned" sentiment. Not even a Hymn of Hate. The world as a whole predominates



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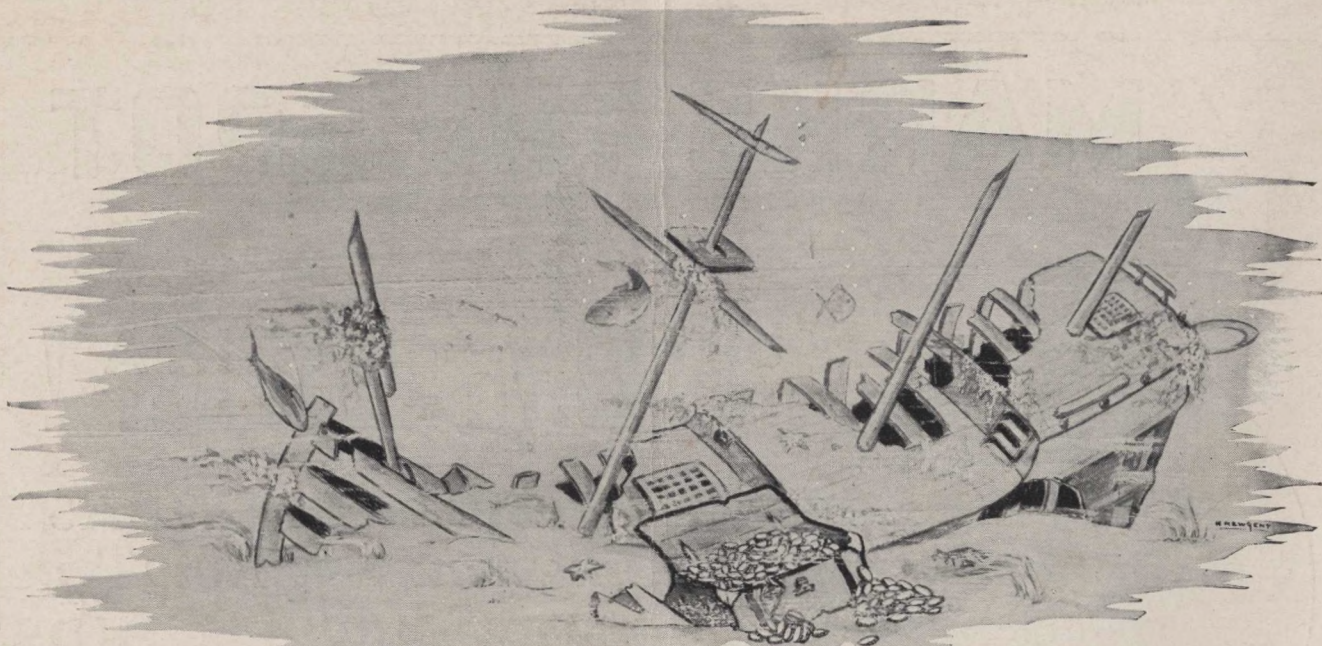
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