



A Journallette of Prevenient Thought

Founded and Edited by Joseph A. Sadony

15c a copy

VALLEY OF THE PINES, MONTAGUE, MICHIGAN, MARCH, 1932

\$1.00 a year

ANNOUNCING The "VOICE OF TOMORROW"

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Alarm Clock Topics—
Today's Tribunal
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The Human Gospel.
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Aroma: — Soul of the Earth
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Can we "Prove" IMMORTALITY?
Modern Youth
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Page.
"I shall write some things for children
so that old men may understand."

A Future Magazine of Prevenient Thought

EDITORIAL POLICY

"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today"

The tragedy of the ages has been that the world's greatest, clear-seeing minds have all been "Ahead of the Times." They have all been deprived of independent, untrammelled voice in their own day and generation. Politics, commercialism, hypocrisy, tradition, bigotry, ignorance, have stilled their living voice, and extolled it—dead.

To give Voice to these Thinkers of and for Tomorrow, living or historic, this magazine has been founded: A Magazine of Prevenient Thought. On the one hand, Prevenient means "Anticipatory," on the other, "Preventive," with a background throughout of definite Foresight as well as Experience. On the one hand to prepare, - to plan, - to guide, - to build, - to plant the right kind of seeds; on the other, by prevenient understanding to "Prevent rather than Cure."

The past is dead. The future is ours to "think," thereby to make. History is worthless save as it contributes to Tomorrow through Today. The policy of the "Voice of Tomorrow" is forward-looking. Let us shape tomorrow's generation rather than patch up yesterday's mistake. Let us not blame Destiny for the Execution, but avoid being the father of Tomorrow's sin.

TODAY IS THE DAY

Never before has the world more needed a VOICE OF TOMORROW—a PREVENIENT Voice that is clear and unafraid, but which in past ages

Is Today an Exception?

It has been said that today is no exception, that varieties of inflated ignorance still contribute bricks to the wall that blocks man's progress. We believe that the world, as a whole, is on the verge of passing that point; that the War, followed by the recent Depression, has broken down that wall; that we no longer need to fight these things, for if we ignore them, they will starve to death. We believe that the time has come to Think and Build from an entirely new angle; to give voice to "Tomorrow" rather than "Yesterday." And we believe that the thinkers and builders of Tomorrow are in our midst, tempered by the test of Time, needing only a Voice, and a little encouragement, for us to hear them gladly. They are the survivors of both the War and the "Depression": the survival of the preveniently and intuitively fit.

Men of science and great practicability, as well as artists and dreamers; men that Do as well as Think, will gather together in the pages of this magazine to unite their efforts, their influence and their voices in the cause of unhampered universal progress and a new epoch of enlightenment for Mankind.

The "Official" Preview

THE VOICE OF TOMORROW is an international, independent Journal of practical, forward-looking synthetic Philosophy and Literature, advocating the non-sectarian union of Science and Religion, assisting in the promotion of universal understanding, and recognizing and investigating the little known possibilities and susceptibilities of the Human Mind. It seeks to capture fragments of Tomorrow's thought, philosophy and literature in all forms, as well as various phases of

The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent International
Journalette of Preventient Thought
Published Monthly by Joseph A. Sadony



(Printed in the U. S. A.)

Vo. I MARCH No. I

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By Joseph A. Sadony

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they nor the editors shall be responsible
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20 cents " Foreign " \$1.50

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Continued from page one

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"Prevenient Thought" to be thus set
before the public.

A Magazine of "BALANCE"

THE VOICE OF TOMORROW is
also a Magazine of Balance, un-
prejudiced save by the recognition
of mental Justice, Simplicity and
Moderation as the basic, creative
Law of Balance essential to the
Progress of Mankind.

Justice is exact, but she is not
vengeful. Her scepter is the Law
of Balance; her action to restore it
when destroyed. She imparts her
punishments in the same spirit as
her rewards. She is the Law of
Compensation. Moderation in all
things is the pathway to her heart.
It is in this spirit that the effort is
now being made to assist in restor-
ing mental balance to the world.

Midget Forerunner

THE VOICE OF TOMORROW will
make its appearance in the near fu-
ture. Meanwhile it is being launched
vicariously in The Whisper, issued
monthly until the advent of the
magazine itself, after which The
Whisper will be issued only to our
staff — associate editors — contrib-
utors and a limited number of stu-
dents, "registered readers" and
original subscribers, who are active
in "Giving Tomorrow a Voice To-
day."

—GIVE IT A THOUGHT—

You may receive a sinful body, but it
is your fault if virtue starves. You may
inherit a disfigured body, but it is your
fault if you do not beautify it by per-
sonality. We may not be able to ban-
ish the curses that flow in our blood, an
inheritance from our ancestors. But
we can bestow the blessings that may
flow in the blood of the younger gener-
ations.

A sincere prayer is but the echo of
God's voice. —oOo—

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prompt notice of change of address is
requested of all who are interested
in the Voice of Tomorrow.

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Let us give Tomorrow a Voice Today; one that
may anticipate intelligently, and help to prevent
rather than cure; one that is non-political, non-
commercial, non-sectarian; one that offers the only
permanent solution to individual, national or in-
ternational problems: PREVENIENT EDUCA-
TION — the lacking educational dimension.

Man has ever blocked his own progress by look-
ing backward, giving voice to Yesterday and the
whims and vicissitudes of Today, limiting his
advance into Tomorrow by his intellectual capac-
ity of the moment.

The world's outstanding achievements on all
planes have ever been made by men who have
discovered the secret of allowing Tomorrow to be
the Cause, rather than forcing it to be the Effect
of Today.

This is all that makes the great man or the
genius: reversing the polarity of motivation —
for the first time freely and confidently handing
over the reins of impulsive reflex systems to the
living spark of God at the base of their own
scull.

Never before in the history of Civilization has
there been greater need for Man to disentangle
himself from false prophets, for the blind to
cease following the blind, and to awaken the in-
tuition of their own soul in the realization that
evolution has raised their spine from the earth-
survival of brute strength, not merely to the sur-
vival of Intelligence, but beyond, (where mere
Intellect is helpless, as most of us have painfully
seen), in the SURVIVAL OF THE INTUITIVELY
FIT, who alone are qualified to be the fathers,
mothers and teachers of a new generation, in
whose minds Science and Religion will wed in a
manner to surpass our fondest dreams. But To-
morrow's harvest will not come unless we moisten
its seeds in the fertile drought of this hour.

The vast import and extent of our plans, the
great number to respond to this unusual roll-call,
necessitates a slightly longer period of incuba-
tion, in preparation for the magazine itself; but
we are launching at once in

THE WHISPER

Vancouver to The Voice

The Whisper will adjust itself to the response
in size and number of pages, as well as circula-
tion. Its improvement and material success de-
pends largely upon the cooperation of all of us
who believe in its message. We welcome sug-
gestions, and will be glad to do our part in pro-
ducing a publication that will be enjoyable as
well as beneficial and inspirational.

At the earliest opportunity we will utilize a
larger type throughout, for the sake of your
eyes.

We who are most active in this adventure do
not feel that it is "our" Journal, or that the
"Voice of Tomorrow" will be "our" magazine. It
is yours, who read this, for it is the forerunner
of a new era for mankind. Its active founders are
many, not one; so many, that it is impracticable
to list them as such. Each is as important as the
other; each has a message to deliver; each is a
finger of the same hand. The uniting hub of this
human, thinking wheel is a man who possessed
the vision to bring it about: Friendship with him

(Turn to page 8, column 2)

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

Why wait until you are sure a great man is dead
Before you chisel his name upon the granite slab?
Why not let him see it there.
He may, perhaps, give you a new masterpiece,
Or a broken picture of a hypocrite,
Thereby saving the coming generation useless labor from the former,
And wasteful correction by the latter.
It is easier to erase his name if unworthy
Than to bring him back to help us, if worthy.

The Drama of the Future

By Jessie Bonstelle

Founder of the Detroit Civic Theatre

If there is any business or art that should think of the future—it is the theatre.—Yet, it seems to think only of the immediate present. So often the Author seems to be dramatizing the daily paper, and in the last six or eight years, he seems to be getting his material from the sensational tabloids. The theatre has such an exceptional power, it can reach the hearts and minds of thousands that other arts cannot. This is the tremendous channel through which flows food for thought; inspiration, solace, joy, education, recreation, which is recreation,—or degradation. Because we are living drama in our everyday lives, we have a keener understanding of the drama of the theatre.

The theatre has waded through some terrible filth. It has seemingly gone to the depths. Something wonderfully good, fine and worth while must come out of this experience. Perhaps, a lot of false artificiality will have sloughed off in the mud and we'll emerge from this stronger, truer and finer in the future.

The theatre is really a reflection of the people,—of whom Oscar Wilde said, "We are all of us in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars." Some of us in the theatre have had to wipe the mud out of our eyes in order to see the stars at all, but with such a God-given gift as the theatre, we must keep looking at the stars, and keep our ideals high in order to be able to bring that wonderful magic into the every day lives of others. And show that magical beauty and truth to the young ones, so that they may carry on those ideals of Life and beauty, faith and courage, to a higher pinnacle in the future.

The Drama of the future, is our responsibility in what we serve to the youth of Today.

AT THE FULCRUM

A Personal Editorial

By

Joseph A. Sadony



This is a beginning. It is but the first shoot above the ground of a seed that was planted long ago. I hope that its growth will continue above the ground as it did in the unseen roots below: very slowly, but exceedingly sure. Then I will be certain that it is an Oak that will shade our children's children Tomorrow, rather than but a mushroom of Today.

It remains to give credit to those who did recognize the species of these roots of silent efforts, and who have asked, and who therefore are responsible, for this beginning of expression. They will be heard from later, from all quarters of the globe. There is much to say and do on all sides, but it cannot be said and done in an instant. I have studied Mankind for forty years, and have not yet begun to express what I have found; nor do I intend to say it all at once.

There is a fulcrum of life which most men have lost, because civilization destroys that balance and deprives man of that leverage of power which he most desires. It is Nature's gift to man, for it is her own law, and she places her son with one foot upon either side of that fulcrum, evenly balanced, so that even though he know it not, the fluctuations of life are to some extent responsive to his will. But if he lose that footing, he must find it again himself.

Men lose that footing, and then destroy the perfect equilibrium of their own children, pushing them from that plank of delicate adjustment and clearer vision before their feet are strong enough to root themselves.

From the heights to the depths man plunges, as a servant to a jumbled, tangled destiny, because he has lost that perfect balance in which his desire and will coincide with natural laws, and are therefore "free," master of his "Destiny," because incapable of desiring anything contrary to his constituents and possibilities.

There is at this fulcrum of life such perfect adjustment of physical, mental and emotional chemicals, that even the Imagination assumes a delicate equilibrium in a suspension that is responsive both to external concrete facts; existing natural laws; and the will, and other internal faculties of the human mind.

In this condition it is possible to "imagine" truthfully, and "Fancy" becomes but a mirror, either of reality, inherent possibilities, or prophecy.

There is no greater mystery to the matter than this, but it is a key that I will use to unlock much as time passes. It is a key we all possess. But the key-hole is at the fulcrum, and we sometimes fumble as drunken men, because we all have lost that perfect equilibrium of physical, mental or spiritual poise, control and dignity that entitles us to enter the chamber of knowl-

Unpremeditated Life



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Frances Boardman in a poignant sketch entitled "Unpremeditated Art," in the "Commonweal," relayed a glimpse of the well-spring of eternal genius in his account of the spontaneous and whole-hearted music rendered by an orchestra of forty-five poverty-stricken children in a Minnesota Iron Range town.

It is the unselfconscious that makes the greatest art and stirs the emotions of others. All art and life is the expression of an otherwise indefinable "Soul."

"Technique" in higher forms of self-consciousness obscures the soul as effectively as the self-consciousness of a total lack of it. Nothing so truly grips the heart-strings as spontaneity.

The truly great in Art has always been, and is, unpremeditated in its inception, and retains its full measure of freedom and "greatness" only in unpremeditated rendition. A great artist does not premeditate even his scheduled public appearances. A great soul in the form of critic or mere audience does not premeditate in his search for beauty. A philosopher says. "I do not seek pleasure I let it find me."

Out of the Unpremeditated come the great moments or Art, love and life. An unpremeditated life is not a purposeless one. It is an unself-conscious one in which individuality is enhanced by a degree of subservient translucence to greater forces, greater issues that overshadow mere human endeavors.

Sophistication in some of its modern phases is not a virtue; it is a vice. It is not clever, as seems to be supposed. It is as stupid as the ostrich putting his head in a hole in the sand to conceal his awkwardness. It is not productive of art nor beauty. It results only in self-deception and super-hypocrisy. It is, in fact, a mental deformity bred of an inferior superiority complex which uses absurd forms of psychic gymnastics in pathetic efforts to find the mental hole in the sand. It is an abortive instinct of self-respect-preservation to avoid the issue of virginity not by denial or affirmation, not by honesty or deception, but by attempted or imagined annihilation of the entire generic idea so that the issue will never be raised seriously.

Excessive sex seeks a sexless cloak; and because the spontaneous

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—GIVE IT A THOUGHT—

You may receive a sinful body, but it is your fault if virtue starves. You may inherit a disfigured body, but it is your fault if you do not beautify it by personality. We may not be able to banish the curses that flow in our blood, an inheritance from our ancestors. But we can bestow the blessings that may flow in the blood of the younger generations.

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There is a fulcrum of life which most men have lost, because civilization destroys that balance and deprives man of that leverage of power which he most desires. It is Nature's gift to man, for it is her own law, and she places her son with one foot upon either side of that fulcrum, evenly balanced, so that even though he know it not, the fluctuations of life are to some extent responsive to his will. But if he lose that footing, he must find it again himself.

Men lose that footing, and then destroy the perfect equilibrium of their own children, pushing them from that plank of delicate adjustment and clearer vision before their feet are strong enough to root themselves.

From the heights to the depths man plunges, as a servant to a jumbled, tangled destiny, because he has lost that perfect balance in which his desire and will coincide with natural laws, and are therefore "free," master of his "Destiny," because incapable of desiring anything contrary to his constituents and possibilities.

There is at this fulcrum of life such perfect adjustment of physical, mental and emotional chemicals, that even the Imagination assumes a delicate equilibrium in a suspension that is responsive both to external concrete facts; existing natural laws; and the will, and other internal faculties of the human mind.

In this condition it is possible to "imagine" truthfully, and "Fancy" becomes but a mirror, either of reality, inherent possibilities, or prophecy.

There is no greater mystery to the matter than this, but it is a key that I will use to unlock much as time passes. It is a key we all possess. But the key-hole is at the fulcrum, and we sometimes fumble as drunken men, because we all have lost that perfect equilibrium of physical, mental or spiritual poise, control and dignity that entitles us to enter the chamber of knowl-

Unpremeditated Life



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Frances Boardman in a poignant sketch entitled "Unpremeditated Art," in the "Commonweal," relayed a glimpse of the well-spring of eternal genius in his account of the spontaneous and whole-hearted music rendered by an orchestra of forty-five poverty-stricken children in a Minnesota Iron Range town.

It is the unselfconscious that makes the greatest art and stirs the emotions of others. All art and life is the expression of an otherwise indefinable "Soul."

"Technique" in higher forms of self-consciousness obscures the soul as effectively as the self-consciousness of a total lack of it. Nothing so truly grips the heart-strings as spontaneity.

The truly great in Art has always been, and is, unpremeditated in its inception, and retains its full measure of freedom and "greatness" only in unpremeditated rendition. A great artist does not premeditate even his scheduled public appearances. A great soul in the form of critic or mere audience does not premeditate in his search for beauty. A philosopher says, "I do not seek pleasure I let it find me."

Out of the Unpremeditated come the great moments of Art, love and life. An unpremeditated life is not a purposeless one. It is an unself-conscious one in which individuality is enhanced by a degree of subservient translucence to greater forces, greater issues that overshadow mere human endeavors.

Sophistication in some of its modern phases is not a virtue; it is a vice. It is not clever, as seems to be supposed. It is as stupid as the ostrich putting his head in a hole in the sand to conceal his awkwardness. It is not productive of art nor beauty. It results only in self-deception and super-hypocrisy. It is, in fact, a mental deformity bred of an inferior superiority complex which uses absurd forms of psychic gymnastics in pathetic efforts to find the mental hole in the sand. It is an abortive instinct of self-respect-preservation to avoid the issue of virginity not by denial or affirmation, not by honesty or deception, but by attempted or imagined annihilation of the entire generic idea so that the issue will never be raised seriously.

Excessive sex seeks a sexless cloak; and because the spontaneous

UNPREMEDITATED LIFE

charm of well-balanced virginity has been lost, the first losers sought to put that charming cloak out of fashion, causing those who still possessed it to hide it in shame, donning the appearance of a sophistication that was not natal and not quickly nor easily acquired.

Neither the beauty nor sacredness of love finds their feminine expression in girls of experienced modesty, but rather in the unpremeditated, unselfconscious actions of unsophisticated, pure-minded "children," no matter what their age, for such will never "grow up."

The "Apple" which deprived Adam and Eve of "paradise" was no more, nor less, than Premeditation, the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, the birth of Self-consciousness in creative acts or arts.

Simplicity and naturalness still respond to the eternal laws of the original triangle of "Truth, Goodness and Beauty." Creative laws do not change. The age-old and ageless criterion of great Art does not change. It is but man who oscillates upon his spiral pulse of progress, altering his opinions by the decade, yet leaving as a trail throughout the centuries that saving central gossamer thread of Unpremeditated Art, Love and Life.

FATE

The limb of a sweet apple tree is "fated" to bear sweet apples, but if you graft sour apples on it, so shall it be.

Fate has its limitations. Destiny its boundaries. What is to be, will be if the Author so demands, or His creation, (man), or allows it so to be.

A father or king who directs the army may execute, but his son may demand clemency and thwart "Fate": for without the son, Fate might have been fulfilled.

Fate has its limitations, Destiny its boundaries, so man may "will" over those things within his jurisdiction. The Creator of all has so destined that man has power to change things, harness or release: but only God can destroy—yet only by not creating. For what He creates He has no need to destroy.

Hence Fate is only Fate to be destined, that exists above the power of man. If a King demands the life of his subject, where is the Fate that demands that death, when the son may intercede and save the life? A sweet apple tree is destined, if left to Nature's law to bear sweet apples; but if man, its superior, grafts sour apples on its limbs, it is destined above and over its "Fate," to bear sour apples.

Thus it is with man, the emperor over all Nature, created by the author in his own likeness. If I prevent you from carrying a loaded gun, you will not kill. If Fate de-

edges and Wisdom, as Men.

There are undreamed of sensibilities and susceptibilities of the human mind, just as there have been undreamed of susceptibilities of delicate filaments in mechanical instruments, so that today by the proper electrical and mechanical adjustment we may transmit our voice on a beam of light, or bring music and voices into our homes by radio. So with the proper physical and mental adjustments may we bring beautiful thoughts of Knowledge and Wisdom to our minds—thoughts which are "in the air," even as the wireless "waves," which we do not see. Each of us may become a living, human "radio," broadcasting and receiving for the better understanding, the cooperation, welfare and happiness of all together and each individually.

It might be thought that such power could be used for evil. The power of this susceptibility is not available to evil. Power destroys itself and its channel, if not properly harnessed. If there is one inch of poor wire in a delicate electrical machine, it burns out, rendering the whole machine useless. We have fuses in our houses which prevent the house from burning down in the event of a short-circuit, because the fuse blows out first. There are fuses in man's brain which prevent him from "setting the world on fire," abusing the truth, or doing ought out of balance.

He who has found the Fulcrum of Life is incapable of doing wrong so long as he remains there. His desires are but reflections of the laws he should obey. Evil is but a deficiency, or an excess, a loss of balance, in the very loss of which disappears his ability to take advantage. He imagines falsely because unbalanced. Hate blows the fuse or burns out the tube of his human radio, and he walks to his own destruction, instead of obeying his intuition, which is the "voice of tomorrow," to safety and success.

There is no less a scientific necessity to the ethical admonitions of the sages of old, if they point the way to that Fulcrum or balance of life, than in the proper proportion of chemicals in the correct preparation of a formula, or in following the directions for the construction or adjustment of a delicate machine.

Of these things I shall try to tell you as I found them myself, in life and experience, for I have read them not. And you may do as I have done—try them for yourself.

Neither Science nor Religion have found the "Fulcrum," for if they had, they would be inseparably united, and there would not be many religions, but only one. It is at the fulcrum of life that body and soul meet, and therefore Science and Religion.

As for the many Religions, I perceive the use of them all, for the type minds whose ideals they fulfill. We are not all alike. But at the "fulcrum" we will all agree, for there we will all be receptive to the universal truth from a broader viewpoint. I have friends from all sects, all creeds. I would not convert any of them from one belief to another. I tell them all to be loyal to the Religion of their forefathers if that fills their spiritual needs; or if they have broken away, I tell them to choose what appeals to them most, after duly analyzing whether or not they were wise in breaking away from garments sufficient

mands that you carry one, and you aim it at a man, and I am stronger than you, I will prevent you from pulling the trigger, and Fate has been thwarted. But if you pull the trigger, and the bullet is on its way, then it is destined to destroy what it strikes. That is the life of Destiny, or Fate. Man may prevent by carrying a gun, or by not being within its range. But if he be negative, he falls in the hand of "Fate," the law of Action.

A PRAYER
FOR TOMORROW

Help us build an empire, Oh God,
Where justice reigns, where love
abides

And where happiness is the natural
heritage

Of each child born to man.

Where each one who labors and
loves

Is in love with his or her labor:

Where the reward is to be truly
useful,

And the desire to be morally clean;

Where reason and faith are balanced

And bring understanding and real-
ization of truth

And where, therefore, there shall be
free men and free women

Grown to realize their cosmic unity

In You through them and in them
through You.

Herman E. S. Chayes



—Give it a Thought—

The words of the Nazarene have
been amplified for two thousand
years by faith.

We could not hear radio broad-
casting were it not for amplifi-
cation.

The individuality of the impulse
sent can never die.

One grain of wheat in my hand
can be amplified by time and
care into millions of bushels.

Therefore see the potentiality in
the individuality that God cre-
ated in that grain of wheat.

Likewise with our thoughts and
deeds

Broadcasted for someone to am-
plify.

I Dreamed a Dream

I Dreamed a dream . . .

I was led to a Playroom of Science by a young boy on a certain Planet that is far beyond our own.

He showed to me a box two feet in length, in breadth, in height, explaining the while that it contained all that did my earth.

He pressed a button, whereupon it opened with a rush of air, of steam, of gas: — and I beheld a ball arising, whirling like a top — then another, and another, until soon the entire but miniature solar system arranged itself in ordered motion within the space of seven feet before my eyes.

The planets, in respective and proportionate paths, all revolved about a marble of Radium which, my young guide explained, was the Earth's solution of our earthly problems, as it gave life to all things in itself being the Earth God of creation, the body of the Soul, Activity, creating magnetism as well, thus inducing Electricity and all power of locomotion.

"Good conduct," susceptibility and conformity to the "Law" and force imposed, meant Success and Joy, my friend remarked: "Poor Conduct," failure and sorrow. A "short-circuit," "death." "Recorded Deeds" were records of our mental organism, depending upon our susceptibility to "Inspiration": receiving from the Radium by absorption, Activity, Endurance, and immunity from all disease and discord.

Questions filled my mind, but the boy did not respond.

"When you come again" he said, "you shall see the border-line of Individuality. This is but a plaything created by our fathers that we might study the one force which you call "God" . . ."

And then I awoke.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

—oOo—

We must beware when we meet a person we do not like at first sight.

He has built a wall about him so that we do not first penetrate to that which is worthwhile.

Every man's brain is loaded with dynamite.

How do you use yours—burn it slowly?

Or destroy rock just to see its force.

to their faith .

I do not advertise my own religion, nor seek converts to my belief, knowing that we will all meet on that lofty pinnacle of Thought which is the pin-point of Today that separates Life from Death, the future being Life, the past, Death, yet which still lives.

I am a "Christian," yes: because I believe the Nazarene whose personality had the strength to survive two thousand years, and spread throughout the world in the hearts of the most normal, wholesome and best-balanced people on the face of the earth, (a few fanatics notwithstanding), must have been a red-blooded, humble Man who lived his life upon that Fulcrum that man had lost; and who tried to lead and point the way back up that mountain of Thought, as no one else had so well done before, nor has done since, as a living example that God has given us the most wonderful Human Radio, but that we do crucify it every day within ourself, to destroy those uplifting thoughts which would lead us back to our inheritance.

I repeat: That Jesus of Nazareth, as no other, lived His life a pioneer upon that Fulcrum which we all have lost; and He did descend to the plains of men to point the way back up that mountain of Thought, where Man, in his fulfillment, poise and balance is worthy to accept his inheritance as a Son of God.



THE VOICE SCHOLASTIC

Reviewing and Previewing Education

The editors of this department welcome short communications from parents, teachers and educators who believe as we do that Tomorrow's bread of education needs leavening today with a new degree of practical inspiration to satisfy the prevalent hunger of the coming generation.

SCHOLARSHIP

Phi Beta Kappa, the college honor society founded in 1776 at the College of William and Mary in Virginia and now having chapters in one hundred and twenty-six American colleges and a living membership of over 63,000 published this January Volume I, No. I of a new quarterly magazine.

The key of Phi Beta Kappa is probably our chief American symbol of individual culture and interest in intellectual pursuits. The name of the new quarterly is striking — The American Scholar. In the first article John Erskine harks back to Emerson's notable address at Harvard College on August 31, 1837, on "The American Scholar."

The larger of the two editorials in this first issue is entitled "Phi Beta Kappa's Opportunity" and is taken from the Providence Journal of September, 11, 1931. The writer deprecates the narrow range of interests embodied in the recent annual convention of the National Council of the society. He deprecates further the fact that "two-

The Religion of the Future

The religion of the future must be practical and helpful. Creeds, forms of worship, and so-called doctrines, are becoming of less importance every year. Religion will express itself in life.

The church will be a ministering church. It will meet human need as it finds it. Sometimes this need may be physical or it may be spiritual. Sometimes the body needs help, sometimes the spirit.

The religion of beliefs will be supplanted by the religion of deeds. The cold, dark church buildings will be transformed into places glowing with the visible evidences of love and good-will. The churches will become the feeding, healing, comforting places for both body and soul. Their ministries will be as great and as important on week days as on Sundays.

When churches stand for these real values then they will have the large place which they will deserve in society. They will be the oases in the desert of life and the people will turn to them for refreshment and rest.

Johnston Myers

The Rev. Dr. Johnston Myers, who has spent a long and active life "Giving Tomorrow a Voice Today," as pastor of the Immanuel Baptist church, 2320 Michigan avenue, Chicago, is responsible for one of the largest and best-known bread-lines in the country, where thousands of unemployed have been fed, not only through the recent depression, but for many years.

Late last summer Dr. Johnston Myers launched a movement to bring surplus fruits, vegetable and grain from the nearby countryside to feed Chicago's hungry during the fall and winter.

He cited as his inspiration, the passage in Genesis which describes the Joseph of ancient Egypt opening his grain stores to feed all nations stricken with famine.

"Joseph was a statesman, a man of vision" explained Dr. Myers. "There were periodic famines in Egypt, perhaps corresponding to our periods of depression. Joseph believed that such a famine was near at hand and he filled the storehouses with grain in preparation for the days of want, when there would be no food.

"He had these central food supply stations to which the people could come in their hour of need. So perfect was his preparation that

even the countries round about came to purchase their food from Egypt. People who are hungry, become restless and dangerous; and Joseph saved his government and nation."

Dr. Myers, referring to the starting of the similar movement in Chicago on much simpler plans, declared:

"Food is fundamental to the life of a nation. America must feed her people this winter or our republican form of government will be in peril. And America can feed her people.

"We have never before had a more abundant supply of food in our country than we have today. We need some one with the spirit of a Joseph to bring this food to our people. It is not difficult or expensive to gather these food supplies at central places to which the people in need could come."

A "Prophet"

By E. H. Pasque

There was once a famous Doctor to whom patients came from wide and far. These patients had all consulted other physicians at home. In fact, had been under treatment by their own physicians for varying lengths of time. Through some incident they heard of the famous doctor—it was always on the recommendation of some one who had consulted him—for the Doctor could not and would not advertise his ability. This Doctor used very little laboratory analyses. He had not all the scientific equipment of modern hospitals. He would often read the ten page diagnostic reports, which the patients invariably brought with them, in a sort of a drowsy way and listen to their stories with the same attitude. He would nod an encouraging "Yes, Yes" through the further outpouring of their descriptions. He would be most disappointingly unceremonious. He would rarely ever make a thorough physical examination (which all patients expect), yet before he bid them goodbye, he would say "You have this or that," "I can do this or that for you" or "Nothing," and he was more often correct than his colleagues would like to admit.

That man was a prophet. He discerned his diagnoses, not so much from the scientific details in the lengthy typewritten epistles nor from the painstaking stories of the patients, as he would from the totality of that patient's general appearance and personality.

Such prophets do exist but civilization cannot acknowledge and simultaneously permit their existence or in other words, civilization can secretly admire and worship them, but openly it is more apt to denounce a prophet as an unscientific crack.

thirds of the delegates to the present convention are in active college work. Three-fifths of the governing body are similarly academic." These teachers continue to dominate the activities of the society keeping it forever immature by retaining emphasis on campus and classroom problems. Meanwhile "America needs, and never more than today, the associated activity of this group of its best minds. Phi Beta Kappa is ideally organized to afford a great body of trained thinkers in every field of human interest a platform and a nationwide hearing. Will it recognize and embrace its great national opportunity?"

This has kept close to the text of the editorial. Turning then to Emerson's address we find these: "Action is with the scholar subordinate but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Only so much do I know, as I have lived."

Do we not have in these words a suggestion of the reason why scholarship fails to receive its proper meed of respect? Phi Beta Kappa, itself, in college circles is not always highly regarded. What other is to be expected when the teachers have so much become specialists? One narrow realm of information is theirs. They tend to lose interest in other realms. They see students as vessels into which they must try to pour their special bit of information. They feel themselves indeed possessors of truth and not seekers after truth.

And yet there have been times in the world's history when wise men have realized that education is a process, that all true education is self-education, that the true teacher inspires and guides, that knowledge is useful as it becomes the basis or means for thought. For this scholastic halls as such may not be necessary. For worse, they may become a deadly contrivance in the way of education. We fear, the superior mind carried along in the formal methods of traditional schooling, too often falls far short of its wonderful possibilities. Somewhere at the same time another superior mind, unable to enter scholastic halls, and thrown rudely with natural curiosity into paths of labor and difficulty through need and challenge works his way into knowledge, thought and initiative.

Our schools have need to consider these principles. We may be attempting to train too many—at least in wrong directions. Only a few of those seeking an education in college halls may have capacity for leadership. All the more we face the need to make the best of the superior minds born into the community. The error we are pointing out is that scholarship as now too much regarded is merely possession of specific information. True scholarship is found in a person whose education, whether in school or afield is leading him into trial, into practical insight and sensible relations with his fellows. A fine philosophy of life leads such an individual into the great rewards which accompany fine service.

We hope in coming issues to touch more specifically on some of these principles which education, turned formal, is always prone to overlook. — Robert E. Laramy, Superintendent of schools, Altoona, Pa.

Who's Who

Among Preventive Thinkers

By "Preventive Thinkers" we refer directly to all those closely associated with us in this great adventure of the century—giving Tomorrow a Voice Today. In general the term includes many men and women, young and old, who are sufficiently "Ahead of the times" not only to comprehend, but to enter into the spirit of these efforts and assist in the unusual task.

Some of these have not yet found us, nor we them, but many are on our staff as associate editors, contributing editors, correspondents, foreign representatives, contributors and "registered readers."

The full staff will be announced in succeeding issues of The Whisper, and each issue will contain some account of the many preventive men and women whose splendid cooperation is making the Voice, and The Whisper possible.

The Voice of Tomorrow and its founder have many good friends and co-workers, but the heads of a few rise higher, and their lofty vision and deep insight will contribute much to the timbre and resonance of both the "Whisper" and the "Voice." In the front ranks of these we find Edwards Davis. Mr. Davis, whose varied experience has produced both a finished actor and a forceful, inspiring speaker, is primarily a writer and clubman. He is the author of "The Unmasking," "All Rivers Meet at Sea," "The Kingdom of Destiny," and "The Peace Cry." He was the president of the "Green Room Club" in New York for three years, president of the National Vaudeville Artists, and Founder-President of The Two Thirty-three Club of Hollywood, for three years. At the present time he is President of "The Peter Pan Woodland Club," with a membership of ten thousand. In addition to writing plays and miscellaneous material, the active life of Mr. Davis has been strung upon an unbroken sturdy thread of creative literature. He is the author of works that seem hardly to belong to the present generation. In the midst of the Turmoil of the Day, his soul stands ever, so it seems, upon that terrestrial zenith, where the Sunset weds with Sunrise to bridge the Night, and where a hallowed Yesterday woos a chaste Tomorrow in symphonies of thought.

Dr. Herman E. S. Chayes, of New York, one of our associate editors, possesses one of the most "preventive" brains that we know. His far-



seeing and penetrating thought will contribute much to the Voice of Tomorrow as time passes. Dr. Chayes is a Russian by birth and parentage, an Austrian by education, an American by adoption and a citizen of the world by choice. From the age of twelve and one-half years, he was obliged to work to support himself and those who depended upon him. In 1893 he apprenticed himself to a dentist, working his way through both dental and medical schools, becoming an independent practitioner of dentistry in 1902. Since then he has done more for the advancement of dentistry than any man that we know. He is the author of several books and papers on the subject, the originator of many new methods, and the inventor of many accessories to the profession. For thirteen years Dr. Chayes has been seeking to find a substitute for gold to be used in the human mouth. He has recently succeeded in discovering an alloy which can safely take the place of the yellow metal in the filling and crowning and replacement of teeth. This last discovery has not yet been brought to the general public attention. Dr. Chayes is primarily concerned with the elimination of the waste of the yellow metal and in the fact if a suitable substitute were found for it in jewelry and the arts as well as dentistry, that the liberation of it would create the possibility of an additional four billion, four hundred million dollars worth of business annually, and would thus make possible the employment of a great many people.

Dr. Chayes has been a student of economics for many years, and his survey of present conditions and remedial future steps will be given to our readers as time passes.

The Present Need of the World

In a letter recently received from Dr. Chayes, he writes, "I have watched the periodically returning business depressions with concern and have given the causes of them deep attention. It has become evident to me that the mere fact that these depressions recur at regular intervals and with increased intensity is proof sufficient that whatever remedies have been so far applied are only palliative and ephemeral, and that there is something fundamentally wrong in the entire industrial and economic structure of the world, for which the fundamental remedy must be found and applied, and that while nature has steadily gone on from chaos to order, human relationship has steadily been going on from order to chaos; and that the first essential toward the bringing about of a fundamental change



The Whisper

—By Steven Nastfogel

AFTER THE ARMAGEDDON

PRE-ECHOES OF THE WORKS OF EDWARDS DAVIS

*You that have grasped at glow-worms in the
dust*

And missed supreme possession of the sun . . .

*Until we better know the obscured truth,
Our minds are measured by our purposes,
And half our destinies are shaped in dreams.*

*A thread of molten ray by Vulcan wrought,
Which being followed without will reveals
Clairvoyant vision of all things to come.*

*True reverence drapes beauty as a rose
And hides it from the stare of insolence.*

*Our destinies are shaped by moods unguessed,
As gossamers that quake on quiet airs.*

*All cosmic knowledge comes of wisdom stored
In minds made luminous by suffering.*

*They only are victorious
Who plight their wills to His, the deathless
One,
Love's source, exhaustless, and the infinite
Circumference of Life.*

In Memoriam

JULE POWER DAVIS

Beloved wife of Edwards Davis, who
has passed into Eternal Life as our
first issue goes to press

rests with the capturing of the imagination of the heads of the press all over the world, and the enlisting of them in the task of creating what would virtually be a free world university as represented by the newspapers which are after all the average man's college, and which alone have the power and the opportunity to mould and sustain public mental processes in any direction.

"The great need of the world at the present time is a comprehensive survey made by competent people of the resources and adaptabilities of the various parts of the globe and its people to the end that it might be determined what the various nations are best fitted for to produce with the least expenditure of physical effort, and realization of the fact that a proper cooperation on the part of all nations, industrially, economically and socially is the grave need of the moment. It is imperative that the nations of the world wake up to the fact that competition is the death of trade and cooperation the only means by which nations can continue to exist in friendly relations with one another and security of livelihood."

The Drama

Jessie Bonstelle, who speaks for the future of the Drama in this issue, is also a member of our staff. Miss Bonstelle, is founder of the Detroit Civic Theater. More will be told of her achievements and ideals for the drama, in succeeding issues.

Associate and Contributing Editors

Ernest H. Pasque, superintendent of a Detroit hospital, author of "The Electrochemical Factor in Neurology," "Why Die at a Hundred," etc., is also the author of an unpublished manuscript, HOMO SAPIENS, selections from which will appear in these pages.

Other members of our staff from whom you will hear, are Frank R. Adams, (author and playwright); Malcolm Shaw MacLean, Ph.D. (Professor of English, University of Wisconsin, assistant director of the University Extension Division, Milwaukee, Wisconsin), Otto Ernest Rayburn, editor of Arcadian Magazine, founder and first president of the Society of Hillcrofters, organized to preserve the Beauty and Lore of the Ozarks of Missouri); Emalyn M. Hendricks, (who lives in Menton, France, and who will represent the Voice in that country); Henry W. Beyers (vice president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co.) who will speak of the general outlook of the railroad and transportation situation.

Dr. Albert J. Caldwell, whose

fine ideals we very much admire, will speak of "America: Her Education and Religion."

Dr. Caldwell is chairman, committee on Americanism, Hanson Post No. 54, American Legion, Amarillo, Texas. When we asked him what we might tell about him, he replied, "You may say that the harvest depends more largely upon the seed and the soil than it does upon the sower, that the author of this article is only a plain, blunt soldier, fighting against the battle of life, seeking to do the little good he may, and like the animalculae that builded the coral reefs he is content to pass on unwept, unhonored and unsung, comforted by creative and accumulative thought."

Another co-worker in our group of Preventive Thinkers is Charles S. Strong, the young man who attracted nation-wide attention in 1918 when at the age of 12, he wrote a "Boys History of the World War."

In the varied experience of an adventurous life he has been on the staff of the New York Globe, editor of a paper in Queens County, New York, correspondent to the International Boy Scout Jamboree at Copenhagen, where he organized the Scandinavian American News Bureau with representatives in nine continental countries, and correspondents in sixty parts of the world, directing the organization from 1925-1931. In 1927 he was called upon as consultant by Rear Admiral A. P. Niblack of the International Hydrographic Bureau of the League of Nations. In 1928 he covered most of the countries of the world when he developed and published the Hydroaerographic Chart to co-ordinate ship lane lighthouses, river channel lighthouses, and air beacons, to prevent accidents from misinterpretation of light signals. In the winter of 1928-1929 he explored the Scandinavian peninsula, leading an expedition across northern Finland and Norway, and the Arctic islands in mid-winter. In 1929 Mr. Strong entered Soviet Russia and gathered much interesting material included in his works "The Spectre of Masuria" and "The Commissar of the Caucasus." In 1930 he led a group in exploring parts of the Canadian Northwest by aeroplane, flew over the Yukon and Alaska, and accomplished much in the way of aerial photography.

Mr. Strong is the author of several texts used in the college classes of the country in Germanic literature, and has published in the Scandinavian Studies and notes, "Henrik Ibsen, The Man Who Wholly Willed the Things He Willed," "Trondhjem, Its Cathedral and

Happier Days

The reflections of
B. Ogden Chisolm

Former International Prison
Commissioner

Being a true optimist, Mr. Chisolm tells us that he sees the sun breaking through that dark rift of clouds. He holds the view that at least once a year friends should exchange greetings. So he submitted the following thoughts on his holiday card "for our criticism." It is an exceedingly difficult thing to criticize the truth, so we pass them on to you.

Scatterings

To make the man, we must not only have faith in the fitness of the things we see, but belief in things unseen. Belief in what the soul feels — the thing untouched by man — is a treasure of priceless value.

Youth is gay and teems with the spring of life. It has blood that dances with a thousand songs of mirth.

Youth walks onward into the land of joy — it laughs and prattles aloud — it skips like a hare and it loosens the leash that binds us to prosaic things.

Consider how many of our troubles would pass into thin air if we but learned to THINK.

We have a head for that purpose; but with some it would appear as if the head were missing.

The Whisper

(Continued from page 2)

is uniting the preventive thinkers of the world. He is not their spokesman, but his personality, his little family, the material paradise he has hewn from the face of the earth by labor, and which is now known the world over as the "Valley of the Pines," has furnished a fitting background and a rock foundation to a living monument of elevated friendship in the interests of the progress of mankind. It has required many years to complete the extensive groundwork for the publication of "A Magazine of Preventive Thought."

This groundwork enters its final stages in conjunction with the publication of The Whisper, Vancouverian to the Voice, a Journallette of Preventive Thought, in which many throughout the world will cooperate in paving the way for the "Voice of Tomorrow," the magazine-to-be.

The length of its period of incubation in "The Whisper" depends entirely upon the subscriptions of "preventive thinkers" themselves for this Vancouverian is not a public broadcast, nor will it ever be. It will remain a Journallette devoted to the development and maintenance of unity "behind the scenes," among the leaders who are and will be responsible for giving Tomorrow a Voice To-

(Turn to page 13, Col. 3)

Its Fishing Industry," "Hans Christian Andersenland." His material concerning the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen was collected and preserved in permanent form by the University Library of the Royal Frederick University in Oslo, Norway.

Art Staff

We have an exceptionally fine Art Staff, whose talents will be given a wide expression in the forth-coming magazine.

The effective head-piece on our opening page was designed by Mabel Rollins Harris, portrait artist of Boston, whose work, appearing in the coming magazine will further express the "Voice of Tomorrow" through artistic symbolism.

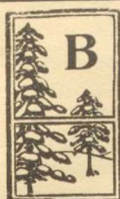
Steven Nastfogel, (who has executed the drawing symbolic of "Preventive Whispers," to be found on another page of this number) is an artist of keen insight and ability as well as versatility. His work has been exhibited at the Detroit Civic Theater and elsewhere. Mr. Nastfogel, as well as a few other artists to be announced later, will also assist in making as fine a magazine as our circulation will permit. They will also give the spirit of the Art of Tomorrow a voice today in an art department which we sincerely hope will be one of the most interesting features of the magazine.

Joseph Sadony, Jr., a photographer of exceptional talent, has some photographic surprises for children, which will appeal to adults as well.

The pine-tree "wood-cut" panel in this issue was originated by Grace Bliss Stewart, who is a contributing editor of our future Juvenile section. She was born in Kansas, but has ranged the world over from Europe, Africa, India, China and Japan to our own Philippines and Hawaiian Islands, which gives her Jungle books and tales of foreign lands for children that intimate flavor only obtainable by familiarity with these countries.

Faithfulness to truth, humor and a touch of the whimsical are gathered together in her books, "In and Out of the Jungle," "Jumping Into the Jungle," and "The Good Fairy." For the past fifteen years Grace Stewart has lived in New York City, where she has taken her place in the world of painting also. She exhibits with The North Shore Arts Association, Women Painters and Sculptors, National Arts Club, and Pen and Brush. But her books and her juvenile audience are nearest to her heart always.

Reginald Pole, Poet, Musician, Dramatist, producer of Shakespeare-Ibsen plays in New York and abroad, has played the part of the Christ in California's Passion Play. Mr. Pole will be heard from after his recovery from a serious operation which we hope will relieve him from illness that has caused him much suffering.



BETWEEN THE LINES



A Department for Book Previews

If you did not hear of Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni "yesterday," you will have the pleasure of knowing her through the Voice of Tomorrow, in the future, and through The Whisper, today.

We have found in Mrs. Marinoni a human pulse of the four-dimensional qualities which, alone, are able to impart significance to prevent literature: the art of writing "between the lines," of which there is much to say as time passes.

Mrs. Marinoni dips the very human cup of her alert brain into the surging underground current of Life with the semi-conscious realization that verbal expression in some manner is apt to destroy either by dissipation or change of form.

It is this realization which causes a true artist to seek "granite" in which to crystalize his dreams, else his hands touch nothing at all. As a sculptor of words, Mrs. Marinoni seems to sense that future art of making willing prisoners of human, mortal thoughts by throwing out the anchor of a few words, leaving the rest unsaid, which hover there, with sometimes ironic, sometimes touched-with-pity, but always human fingers, searching for the vernier of other brains to deliver all that will never be said.

This is an art of Tomorrow, not for lack of artists today, but for lack of constitutional equilibrium in an age vibrant with "static" which blinds the human susceptibility to subtleties which endow all forms of art with the telepathic and prevent dimensions.

The Poet-Laureate of Arkansas

Mrs. Marinoni is the author of several books of poems, among which are "Behind the Mask," and "Red Kites and Wooden Crosses." In addition she has been a prolific contributor to current periodicals.

A recent book of hers, "North of Laughter," is in our hands for review. (Oglethorpe University Press, Oglethorpe University, Georgia). It is dedicated to "my one glorious achievement, my son."

The usual vocabulary of praise is utilized by many reviewers in commenting upon her work, but we call attention to a new type of book review that will need to be developed to keep abreast of the growing importance of those portions of a book untouched by ink. There are many writers who will shrink at this, having no cloak to cover the nakedness of their soul. But those who are able to Give Tomorrow a

THE STUDIO ETERNAL

A Department Devoted to the
Cultivation of Preventency
in Art --- and Life

It was not long after we first announced our intentions of having an art department in the Voice of Tomorrow, that we began to receive interested queries from artists north, east, south and west. On the strength of the interest displayed we are planting the seed of this future art department in The Whisper. From the viewpoint of many Art is the index finger of the hand of "Prevenient Thought."

One thing is certain, that all great souls are Artists, in one form or another, whether the medium of expression be oils, clay, music, words, or the chemical elements of the earth; for true Art is the expression of the Soul, and it is impossible for great Souls to refrain from expressing themselves. The fate of their brain would be that of the sealed tea-kettle, were it not for the outlet which we call "Art."

The matter of promiscuous outlets, and loosely harnessed energies is to be considered in its relation to enduring art.

We want all our artist friends to feel as part of a large family. We want them to know each other, to see and read about what has been done, to be inspired by a new outlook. We are gathering together not the self-appointed, but the preventent, predestined leaders and teachers of Tomorrow, who reveal themselves by their own reaction to the Idea, not by our judgment in pointing them out. A large percentage of these are artists, in one form or another. In each field we find well qualified spokesmen.

More than one artist has expressed the hope that we will recapture the spirit of the original "International Studio" magazine. Maria von Vrooman of Washington remarks that many artists found it so inspiring that they could hardly wait for the next issue to appear. We have said that our Art Department will be what our many artist friends help to make it. But as a guiding editorial spirit to steer it into preventent channels, we have pondered on the fate of the International Studio magazine, and a few things seem clear. The moment it departed from the intimate, forward-looking, "impending" atmosphere of creative possibility, it lost its fascination for many artists; it became a magazine "for Collectors and Connoisseurs"; it became the voice of yesterday, devoid of preventent charm.

Looking back through the art magazines of ten, twenty and thirty years ago, we find a distinctly preventent touch. Selecting at random "Brush and Pencil," April, 1902: "America to be the World's Art Center," in which Frederick Macmonnies writes, "Paris is the best — one might say the only — place to study art at present, but a time may come when America will itself be an 'art center' to which Europeans will

Voice Today possess garments of character and vitality, which become crystalline, and fit them well.

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni is the wife of A. Marinoni, author of "ITALY, Yesterday and Today,"

Of herself, Mrs. Marinoni writes, "I have no nationality. I belong to Mankind. Italy bore me, America was my sister." She is very much alive to Life in its real sense. She has been a speaker, organizer, club woman, traveler, war worker, writer, lecturer, poet, but finds pride only in the fact that she is a Mother. She is big enough to encompass the domestic facts of life with a career in the art of hewing lyric and epigrammatic vignettes from the highways and byways of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

We despair of finding many ears for the "unsaid" today, so we quote from "North of Laughter" without reference to our thesis.

M. B.

FOR A FIRST NIGHT IN HEAVEN

You see, dear Lord, Miss Sally never married.
And though she rocked many a babe to sleep,
They were merely loaned, they were not hers
To look upon with mother pride and keep.

She nursed new babies fully fifty years—
She loved them when they smiled and when they cried.
I know tonight she'll miss her little ones,
For just one hour ago Miss Sally died.

She was my friend, and sensing how she feels,
I thought I'd write a note to tell you this;

So if you see her weeping you will know
She wants a little one to soothe and kiss

On her first night in Heaven, please,
dear Lord,
Give her a tiny one to rock to sleep—
She'd rather have it than a golden harp.
She'll understand it's not her own to keep.

By ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI
LITERARY DIGEST, Sept, 1931

THE PLACID ONES

Have mercy, Lord, upon the placid ones,
Who sit with folded hands in their church pew
And satisfied, contented with their lot,
Sing loud from hymn books others wrote to you.

R. Z. M.

RIVERS DETOUR TO THE SEA

I have seen poverty which was beautiful
And wealth which was horrible.
Red leaves beaten back to earth,
Dust crowning a tree top.

Give me a penny for my thoughts—
And you will be as poor as I.
Or I as rich as you.
And we shall go on our ways dragging our feet

Wondering about tomorrow.
For whether rich in thought
Or rich in purse,
We shall not be spared the Earth and the Dust and the Questioning.

By ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI
"NORTH OF LAUGHTER"

The Human Radio

BY

Joseph A. Sadony

(The following article is one of a series, under the same title, which has been running for the past year in The Whitehall Forum, Whitehall, Michigan. The underlying theme of all these articles has been the susceptibility of the human mind as a "human radio.")

The Great American Hunch

For many years I have pleaded with my friends not to neglect their "Hunches." Some have taken me seriously, others have not. We all have had Hunches. I have assumed that everybody would know what I meant. However, I have looked up the word, which in its colloquial sense is not in every dictionary.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (Third edition of the Merriam Series) defines HUNCH in the usual way as a hump or protuberance, but goes further than some of the other dictionaries in acknowledging the existence of a significance (colloquial or slang), as a strong intuitive impression that certain things will happen. Its use is indicated as evolving from the gambler's superstition that it brings luck to touch the hunch of a hunchback.

This is not the sense in which most of us use the word today. It would be more in keeping with our meaning to hunt for its significance in the "hump or protuberance," in the sense that a "hunch" might be considered a sudden hump or protuberance from some unseen area of consciousness into the objective mind or surface consciousness, much as if a hand or other object underneath our bed pressed up through a thin mattress, to attract our attention to its existence, with similar vagueness of form, but decidedness of occurrence.

This Infant Omniscience

I have always proclaimed true Hunches to be not only psychologically and scientifically sound, but the embryonic manifestations of the crowning fruits of the human organism, the synthetic and deductive evolution of Intelligence from subjective Knowledge into Intuition of the subconscious.

Thus far our only knowledge of this Infant Omniscience has been personal, as it has been to any practical extent scientifically and publicly undemonstratable and unrecognized. It is an observable rather than an experimental phenomenon, for it cannot be made to perform at will in its extreme infancy, any more

flock for study and 'atmosphere'.

"Twenty years ago Rome held the place Paris does today. When the time is ripe for it, undoubtedly a national school of art will be established, and then it will not take long to make this the world's art center, for there is larger opportunity here than in any of the old countries. France already has her old chateaux, with their old carvings, paintings, sculptures, and tapestries, and can give little encouragement to the men today. America has hers to get, and with her growing love of the fine arts will eventually attract all the best workers.

"I do not believe in forcing these things. They must be a matter of growth, and when the national life is ready for it, the national art will come — and it will stay. There is no hurry."

Quoting from an address made at the Chicago Architectural Club, 1901, by Frank Lloyd Wright, "As we work along our various ways, there takes shape within us, in some sort, an ideal — something we are to become — some work to be done. This, I think, is denied to very few, and we begin really to live only when the thrill of this ideality moves us in what we will to accomplish."

Quoting from "The New Movement in Art from a Philosophical Standpoint," by Theo. LeFitz Simons: "According to Hegel, the great German philosopher, there are three movements of the historical pendulum; for example, we have an age of materialism followed by an age whose sole interest is in psychical phenomena; this followed by an age which extracts the truth from both of these opposite hypotheses, the golden mean. Thus, in art, we have the classical spirit for the thesis, the modern art movement, its antithesis and we may confidently expect and hope for an age which shall select the bold, fresh spirit of the modern movement and infuse it into the proportion of classical art, which shall be the great synthesis of the artistic future. Thus the extravagant and apparently insane movement of the Futurist and Cubist will be of the greatest value in reviving art, putting red blood into art again."

As with life, the revolutionary age equips a future synthetic sanity with the new alphabet of a new tongue, and the tools to carve new shapes to fit the day. Just as the advent of speed has freed the mind of modern Youth from environmental adhesiveness, so does the so-called revolutionary in Art and other fields prepare the public mind for the transition to a freed consideration of universal truths.

Once back to a pivotally free equilibrium again, the intoxication of the personal reaction worn off, the universe will be surveyed not from a fixed reference frame of circumstances or technical prejudice, but from an unbiased condition susceptible to otherwise unintelligible and incomprehensible truths of RELATIONSHIPS, which make up the whole of life, and the theme-song for a coming new era of Art the seeds of which exist here and there today, and for which at present we have no better term than Synthetic Relativism.

There is always the thrill of prophetic undercurrents in an expression of appreciation for work that has truly inspired the writer. The International Studio magazine owed much of its fascination to this type of appreciation, and to the spirit expressed in such phrases as these: "Friends of

than can a child who knows not our language, nor we his nature.

The most we can do is to be alert to its unexpected movements, and thus study the laws under which it operates, and to which it responds. After all, in a matter of a life-time, patience is not only a virtue, but a necessity, and vastly worthwhile considering that a child is father to the man, and thus the lowly hunch is father to a prophet who is also a philosopher; or in other words, a Seer.

Hunches Scientifically Sound

It is only recently that the Hunch has been considered seriously by scientists. Professor R. A. Baker, of the College of the City of New York, and Dr. Washington Platt of Syracuse, New York, have been conducting an investigation of Hunches by means of a questionnaire which has been answered by 200 scientists, and made public by the American Chemical Society of which Prof. Baker is the secretary.

Following are some of the newspaper captions resulting in recent months: "200 Scientists Reveal Hunch as Tool of Genius." "Hunch Hailed as Highbrow." "Scientists find germs of ideas come to them from 'Nowhere' at oddest moments." "Science put its O. K. today on the humble Hunch as a tool of genius and revealed how 200 scientists use it to cash in on discoveries. They told how they win by carrying it a step further than ordinary."

"Science Investigates Hunches." "How the Subconscious Mind which never sleeps, keeps working on problems and suddenly presents the solution at most inopportune moments." "Hunches of danger which turn out to be true." "Training the mind to let the Subconscious help more."

It would seem that in the average colloquial use of the term, "Hunch," it by no means signifies merely a "strong intuitive impression that a certain thing is going to happen," as defined. We hear it used with equal frequency that one has had a Hunch that John did such and such, (past); that he is doing so, (present); that a bolt is loose somewhere on the car, (inanimate).

In fact there are many kinds of Hunches, but familiarity has blinded most people to their significance and to their destiny if allowed to develop into full-fledged and clear-cut Intuitions, thence to a clear-seeing vision. We are apt to discard some of our Hunches as whims or silly notions, until one day we are faced with disaster or failure after consciously disobeying them.

Saves Life Unconsciously

Then we say "Oh, if I had only followed my own little hunch, I would be all right." But when

things go smoothly, it may save our lives a dozen times a day and we will never know the difference: for to obey it perfectly is so to synchronize our actions with its manifestation, that there is no internal discord or resistance to call attention to itself. Our Hunch clothes itself instantly inaction and we do not differentiate it from a mere desire or intention to do what we do in obeying it. We are aware of a Hunch as a Hunch only when we resist it, or are headed in the wrong direction, and the mental or physical "muscle-stress" against a Hunch that is trying to check us, or trying to lead us on, calls our attention to the existence of that form of guidance.

Instinctive Self-Preservation

The complication is simplified for a well-balanced every-day life and it is not necessary always to analyze whether each particular hunch is a justified, instinctive echo of a past fear, an apprehensive susceptibility to present dangers, or an intuitive preparation for future success or happiness—so long as we have eliminated gross Superstition, and have demonstrated to ourselves that it can be largely relied upon in a normal life, and that it is well to follow it when thus properly trained and harnessed; for when untrammelled, and therefore honest, it operates under a law of instinctive self-preservation, (the instinctive hunch)—thus in hand with Caution—and therefore no harm can come from following its dictates, even though uncertain: whereas to fail to do so might, and often does, result in disappointment and regrets.

The First Clicks

This is the only demonstration profitable, however: the individual demonstration by long experience to one's self. By nature a Hunch is "personal," and with many "private" in the sense that one might resent its exposure as a cause of thought and opinion, or productive of motives to action. Analysis or exposure often dissipates one's confidence, as does the tongue in speaking of intentions, rob the will of power to carry them out.

A Hunch in one sense is like the first clicks of the telegraph instrument used in the first experiments in wireless telegraphy, before the antenna was perfected, or the receiving instrument in perfect tune; also before a definite code of communication had been established, and long before the completed evolution of the perfect Human Radio which nevertheless did have its beginning in the humble HUNCH, which is therefore not only a popular and understandable, but the most logical point of departure in a study of the greater susceptibilities of the Human Mind.

art or of artists — they too are born, not made; without them no artist works for long . . . " And "If a sincere artist is poor it is because the mentality of the people among whom he lives is poorer still!"

Picking up the International Studio magazine of September, 1920, we find W. H. deB Nelson speaking of David Edstrom, sculptor, who "has a double aim — to be a maker of things beautiful and at the same time a seer. In other words plastic beauty ought, in his opinion, to be a vehicle for the artist's prophetic visions."

Such a viewpoint stimulates an interest in Art not only among artists, but in the public mind, which would respond readily to a pronounced renaissance of Art upon a new plane, if it could be made to feel that Artists were truly prophets, not merely mimics, mirrors, advertising psychologists or makers of pretty crazy-quilts. There is a dominant undertone to the forthcoming revival in Art, and we feel that we have captured the spirit of this, and will therefore release it through the art department of the "Voice of Tomorrow."

We are friendly to the voice of art-expression in all its phases, but especially encourage the seeds of that future spirit of Art which will draw the eyes and soul of every man, woman and child, peering, seeking, hungering for that graphic union of Truth, Goodness and Beauty which will awaken their own understanding, as the sun does a flower, motivating their daily tasks by the thrill of prophetic undercurrents aroused in their own veins. For this they hunger, for lack of this they starve — not for the confusion and mystery of individual complexes.

Yesterday's virtue is ever Tomorrow's sin, else "Progress" is a farce. It has been considered a virtue in art to express one's self, one's soul. This followed the period of Nature-painting, A reproductive, "photographic" style of art with variations of artistic exaggeration or omission of details. Many, the artists who thought they were expressing their soul, when they were but expressing "themselves."

The great Artist of Tomorrow will be a prophet, a Seer, and he will be transparent, a lens to the universal language of spiritual symbol. He will be master of the simplicities and mysteries of spiritual relativity, elevating and sensitizing the intuition of the public mind. He will be one of the strongest fingers of the hand of Preventive Education, which will then grasp the tiller of Destiny for the Human Race.



It is well enough to be satisfied
with your lot,
But don't let it starve the new
shoots of Tomorrow
Which you fail to see today.

TO WRITERS

The purpose of THE WHISPER, the "Midget Voice," is to herald the advent of the "Voice of Tomorrow"; to unite the leaders, thinkers and writers of the world, who are best fitted to help "Give Tomorrow a Voice Today"; and to prepare for and increase the initial circulation of the forthcoming magazine, the purpose of which is to generate and provoke Preventive Thought in the minds of the many men and women who have heretofore been influenced to a greater degree by the voice of Yesterday, than by the "Voice of Tomorrow," but who will recognize and eagerly respond to a preventive menu if made available.

It will be to the advantage of many writers to put their shoulders back of the wheels that will pave the way for a new type of material which they may themselves then assist in producing to meet a new wide spreading demand.

The more subscribers we are able to secure for The Whisper, preparing them for "The Voice," the more certain our success, and thereby that of the writers who are able to demonstrate their preventiveness.

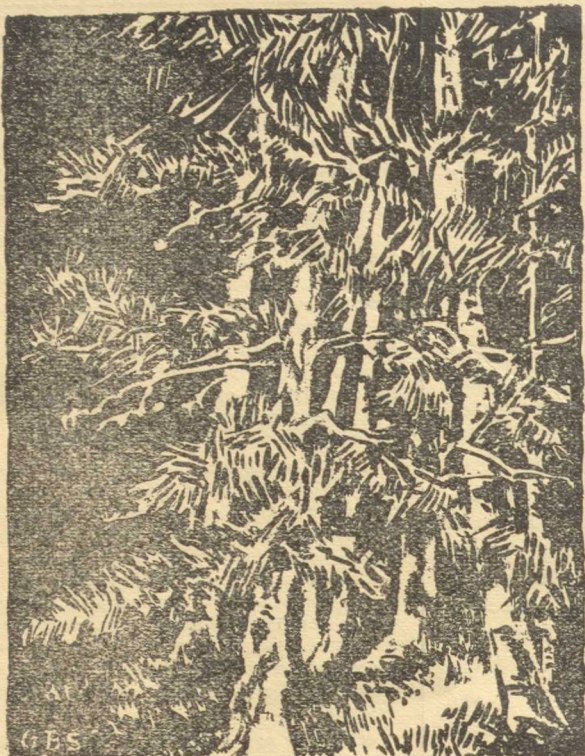
While we are not able to pay for material meanwhile, for The Whisper, we will be glad to examine manuscript with a certain amount of personal attention in the hopes of finding a few new writers willing to prepare themselves for a new style of preventively motivated writing which we believe will be in wide demand "Tomorrow."

The policy of The Whisper is essentially the same as that of the forthcoming "Voice of Tomorrow" save that its abbreviated format necessitates shorter articles, and occasional adaptation to its cloak of a "miniature newspaper."

THE VOICE OF TOMORROW will be an open, international avenue into print for unusually sound material of the types indicated by our policy.

We plan payment upon publication in conformance with our "Budget," but wish to call attention to the fact that material not commissioned, whatever its form, must be short and full of the distilled and powerful blood of a sturdy life, to ring our bell. We are not looking for the pseudo-scientific nor the merely fanciful, but for a straight-from-the-heart-and-shoulder Preview of all that matters most.

We shall be particularly glad to hear from, and work with, deep-rooted thinkers, whether or not they are successful commercially as writers, young or old, known or unknown, who are intuitive enough to get the wave-length of our vitality and efforts. We shall also be glad to cooperate with actual and potential leaders in all fields who comprehend the underlying trend of our policy and recognize its import. Further announcement will be made later, and more detailed information will be mailed upon request to those enclosing a two-cent stamp while expressing their interest. We shall



SERENITY

By Baxter Auville



Education is the Sum of Human Experience

Arthur Schopenhauer has written a short essay on noise in which he says, "A great intellect sinks to the level of an ordinary one as soon as it is interrupted or disturbed. . ."

This statement seems worthy of very careful consideration. We all know that when the mind is composed we are able to attend to any matter requiring thought much more effectively than when there is a confusion of ideas before our mental vision. Hence we should at frequent intervals seek quietude.

Those of us who thoughtlessly introduce extraneous ideas to the attention of another mind already engaged with a task, should try to appreciate the ill it is likely to work: to put ourselves, as it were, in the place of the other fellow. Then it would be easy to refrain from offering irrelevant matters for the consideration of one who is otherwise occupied.



be glad to hear from writers who may feel that they are capable of assisting in the unique task of seriously "Giving Tomorrow a Voice Today."

EDITORIAL REQUIREMENTS

In response to the many inquiries received, we state our future requirements for the "Voice of Tomorrow" as follows. Our requirements for "The Whisper" differ only in quantity and in length, as well as the fact that we are not paying for material used in this "Midget Voice," other than by subscriptions, extra copies, and personal attention to unearth new talent and make it known to the world.

SHORT STORIES: Short short; and up to 3,000 words, if the spirit of our policy is fully captured.

SERIAL STORIES: Supplied for 1932.

VERSE: We are looking for "Prevenient Poetry," with a touch of forward-looking or prophetic "fire" that is hard to find coupled with the sense of practical power which crystalizes visions into achievements. Where possible, avoid the use of the word "Tomorrow," rather put it "between the lines."

ESSAYS: The shorter and more powerful the better. Not over 3,000 words. Would prefer three stimulating titles, 1,000 each, or less.

FEATURE ARTICLES: Yes, if short, and concerning "Tomorrow." Things scientific discoveries, human beings "ahead of the times." Illustrations considered if possessing the touch of photographic or illustrative art which we believe will mark even the fact-pictures of tomorrow.

PHOTOGRAPHS: Yes, if something our own photographers have not, or cannot produce. The Art of "Painting with Light."

MOST FREQUENT NEED: Short, vital articles, with commanding, hopeful titles, and considerable power of generalizing thought, using past and present only as pigments and momentum to project the reader into hopes and visions of Tomorrow; not purely idealistic, but containing the practical undercurrent of what can and should be done or not done about it today. Prevent rather than cure. Shape Tomorrow's generation instead of patching up Yesterday's mistakes.

SPECIAL MATERIAL REQUIRED: As an Independent, International PREVIEW we need serious, inspiring forecasts from all viewpoints, and from every field of human endeavor, whether or not they fully agree with our own. This department of THE VOICE OF TOMORROW contains brevities for the man who runs. Variety. Synthesis rather than analysis. We are amassing the future outlook of everything, be it literature, art, music, science, religion, crime or babyhood; but we

stipulate constructive rather than destructive methods of presenting it.

There is less competition among writers in so far as the art of writing "between the lines" is concerned. It is easy to say a thing; but to convey it without saying it—that is the thing! That is 90% of "Tomorrow's" literature, whatever its form. 10%, the words on paper. A writer of words, writes with his brain. Tomorrow's writer will write with his soul, to awaken other souls: but his visions will be harnessed by logic and reason, imbued with a practicability that will "normalize" all art, and remove from genius the stain of the "fanatic" and "madman."

MISCELLANEOUS and GENERAL: We plan to cover every field and unearth new ones, from the "Prevenient" angle. We are wide open to new forms, experiments, ideas, save those of mental abnormalities. We shall sift the genuinely "prevenient thought" by review and digest from contemporary or past periodicals, papers, books and unpublished manuscripts. We are planning a "Prevenient Anthology."

JUVENILE: Prevenient education masked in whimsy, adventure and novelty of treatment. "I shall write some things for children, so that old men may understand." One department, a "Midget Newspaper":—"Treasure Island News,"—dated "Tomorrow."

HUMOR: What will the world laugh at Tomorrow? Subscriptions to the VOICE OF TOMORROW and other prizes will be offered for winning contributions accepted.

DRAMATIC: Legitimate stage, Talkies, Movies, Radio. Short sketches or one-act plays illustrating the future possibilities of these mediums of expression.

ART: Preliminary correspondence necessary.

Managing Editor.

WRITER-GRAMS

What a real Writer expresses is very little compared to what goes on within him.

The most successful, and the greatest, writers

Are those who tell their experiences well; The greater the experience, the greater the writer.

We have too many writers, well read But not well experienced, Who but pass on the dreams of another To confuse the next generation, And waste so much time in proving facts That prove themselves.

Do not despise the primer of man, his first conception of a God. Even though it be but a wooden or stone image, it is the inner soul whispering of its divinity. Should there be no expression at all, then you would know that his living spring had dried up, where there is nothing to avoid.

ALARM CLOCK TOPICS

MIKE'S MIDGET MAGAZINE

Now and then by Mike
When not by others.

(Short communications invited, addressed to "Mike" in care of this paper. They will be used according to merit, fitness and space: whether or not we agree with them. Mike is on a bare-hunt for the naked truth. He is willing to be convinced, but does not necessarily agree with everything he publishes. He is willing to hear both sides, and to let others hear them. Unused communications will be returned only if self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. No payment is made at present. Special offers and prizes will be announced later.)

DO YOU KNOW—Why we cannot be sure that the thoughts that we think are our own?

Why Puzzles and Problems Hypnotize Men?

How we begin to die the moment we are born, and death itself is the only thing that ends that process and gives us a chance to live?

Why "THOU SHALT NOT COVET" is the only commandment necessary to intelligence, and covers all of the other nine?

DO YOU KNOW—Why lack of proper and periodic seclusion builds a barrier that obstructs the evolution of Man-kind?

Why it is that the more one studies, the less he knows?

Why one man need only WILL a thing to carry it out and be successful, while another is unable to succeed no matter how he tries and everything goes against him?

Why there is still an UNKNOWN FORCE in Nature And Why Science has been unable to designate it?

WATCH ALARM CLOCK TOPICS

DO YOU KNOW—Why every successful business man is in reality a PROPHET, and owes his success almost entirely to having followed his HUNCHES?

Why it is that men who are subject to anger, selfishness or arrogance are also subject to "accident" and disease; While those who are kindly, humble and generous avoid accidents and are seldom seriously ill?

Why many men are mentally amorphous, and have no right to marry because they have the female principle in their ideals?

WATCH ALARM CLOCK TOPICS

DO YOU KNOW—Why the Wheels of Past Civilizations have failed to roll themselves to our present Understanding?

Why self-pity is the Greatest Curse of MANKIND?

How Nature produces a succession of PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS, and the man who fails in life is the man who does not take advantage of them.

That there is no such thing as "CHANCE"?

That there has never been an Accident since the world began?

That the cure for vice or evil is not to fight it—but to forget it?

That many become HEROES by falling asleep mentally, physically or morally?

WATCH ALARM CLOCK TOPICS

MOVING THE WORLD WITH A MOUNTAIN

(Experiment with Medallion reveals why and how the present North Pole was once the Equator.)

Archimedes said: "Give me a lever and a place to stand, and I will move the world."

Here is a new one: "Give me a mountain in the right place and I'll give you some more elephants on ice."

(To be continued)

NICE SNAKES FOR TOMORROW

In Theodore Roosevelt's "Through the Brazilian Wilderness" (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914), he tells us of the "Instituto Serumtherapico," near Sao Paulo, designed for the study of the effects of the venom of poisonous Brazilian snakes.

They know it is useless to go out and fight the poisonous snakes, so they breed a harmless snake, a friend to man: a "virtue," as it were, that eats the poison snakes practically "alive," as its preferred article of diet.

This seems to be the only logical procedure, whether it be literal snakes, or subtler human fangs. Let us breed that which destroys the "evil," without our giving it the sustaining honor of further consideration. This is just another of the myriad phases of "Prevenient Thought."

It is not as good advertising to stage a fight between two elephants, as a

FIGHT BETWEEN AN ELEPHANT AND A HORDE OF RATS

As Journalists we recognize the old lesson of what makes news-value.

Have you ever realized these points of concentration which lead to results or extreme good or ill?

The mystery of anything creates interest and thought. Thought demands a solution. A solution demands reason. Reason demands time, making that mystery a part of us by its recording.

Eternity and Religion will ever be mysterious, unexplained to the mind as it is to be, because of their Eternal things. It is ever thus. The riddle of the ages holds man to new discoveries, as it should be, awakening hope and faith unto fruition.

It appears as if our mind's soul once knew all. Hence our faculty of curiosity was born, as an explorer seeking an unknown loss by its curious apprehension to comprehend possibilities forgotten.

Show a man an impossible possibility, and his attention is rivetted. Let two elephants fight to death in India, and no one seems half as much interested as if it were an elephant and horde of rats in a death struggle. A plot of a story may be nothing, but the subtle suggestion will be strengthened according to the reader's experience.

White sugar may not look attractive, but color it and wrap it up in silver, and it appears ten-fold more sweet. Dress a beautiful woman in rags, a homely one in satin, and see what garbishment and clothes will do.

The philosopher advertises his wisdom

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The Whisper

(Continued from Page 8)

day in a more "popular" international magazine of Prevenient Thought.

Your subscription and those of your friends will hasten the appearance of this vital magazine on a public scale, helping to pave the highroad leading to the saner, simpler, more hopeful phases of human life and purpose for which, if there still be life in the human breast, man hungers.

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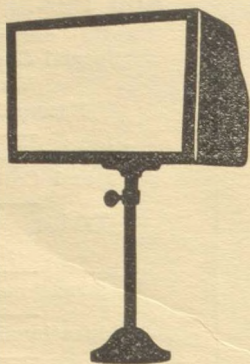
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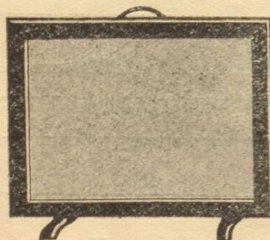
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MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

by stoical dignity; the fool by a loose, senseless tongue; a maiden by her blushes and bashfulness; the beast by its lack of mercy, sympathy and consideration.

One man can tell a short story long, and get a continuous laugh. Another may shorten a long story and be ridiculed for it. It is how long you hold back the climax for the curiosity of the listener who is trapped to hear it. If the speaker can introduce subtleties, mistakes that correct themselves, he has planted seeds in the mind of the listener or reader, and they grow as his property of attention. Good advertising, isn't it?

A musician has a motive, the face of his song, but this is not enough. He adds tenor, bass and variations, like a rose with a few sprays of ferns to contrast his beautiful rose with commonplace virtue—framing his rose to protect its beauty by contrast. A beautiful girl will look more beautiful in the presence of a homely girl. If plain blossoms possess a fragrance of personality, however, they may exceed the beauty of an odorless rose.

TODAY'S TRIBUNAL

*Thus they spake; now are they right or wrong.
Or do we sing aright the echoed song.*

"A greater injury cannot be offered to innocent chastity than unjust suspicion."—Massinger.

"How can a pure woman be insulted when she knows no insult? If she were insulted, the insult would be but a lie, hence not truth; and what is not truth can be no insult, for what is said cannot exist. One is apt to feel insulted when a fact is expressed that he represses. He represents the possibility of its being discovered."—Sadony.

Three questions have been proposed for consideration in Today's Tribunal. We pass them on, with an invitation to express the varying views that will undoubtedly be held. We have some answers now in our files. A digest of the concensus of opinion will be given in future issues, as to these and other questions. The best short articles will be printed.

1. Can Immortality be Proven?
2. Is Selfishness a Vice or a Virtue?
3. Would it be well to make Prohibition a definite issue in the 1932 campaign?

ALL THE WORLD REALLY NEEDS

is good leaders from among each community, and then honest, believable discipline to create kindness, respect and loyalty. Then there can be no war. Even though power destroys itself, it will but transfer its energy according to how it is harnessed.

AND NOW?

By Laurel Barnes

Do you remember the edict King Perozes, the Courageous, issued from the court of the New Persian Empire at Ctesiphon or Al Modian, when his kingdom and civilization suffered a deadly seven years' drought; when their streams—even the Tigris and Oxus rivers—turned to bleached cakes of baked earth; when their wells dried, all the wild animals and even the birds died and the empire turned into a wilderness oven, with pitiless sun for fire?

King Perozes decreed that for every poor man who died of starvation, a rich man would be put to death.

Did the best brains and fullest pockets of his kingdom yield diligently and thoughtfully to meet the demand of their king?

To save their precious locations, they did!

It is recorded that only one man so died.

That happened in 413.

This is 1932.

King Perozes faced the terrible, omnipresent danger of being cruelly murdered, along with his innocent children, by his subjects if they did not approve of his decree. And that was almost, you might say, the customary end of kings in those days. However, he won, that time, for his family, his people his Empire and his civilization. None of the rich men with a hand clutching their pocket books used their daggers on him, either, even if any of them wanted to.

Perhaps he made even the dumb ones realize the terrific importance of those most tragic sufferers—the thousands of hungry, poorly-clad, uncertain ones with thin bodies and thin-faced, hunger-minded children, helplessly caught in that dust and hunger-scoured country, yet through whom his Empire and civilization would stand or fall in days to come.

That same needy, neglected class may do the writing on today's walls if we haven't the courage to help them when they are hungry and half-clothed. When today's uncertain, thin, little-child legs finally take over today's civilization, what have we a right to expect more than we have given them?

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

When you willingly give up a friend you once loved,
Be sure it is not yourself who has weakened under that sacred name of friendship.

For a New Year and a New Era

(The following is a new year's letter to our friends. You will know when you read it, if it is addressed to you).

Dear Friend:

Because we recognize in you the virtues of present leadership, as well as those permanent surviving qualities which contribute to and flourish in Tomorrow, we are inviting you to become more closely associated with us by joining our ever-increasing group of "Prevenient Thinkers."

It is understood that this in no way involves you financially. There are no obligations, no responsibilities, no duties that you do not decree yourself. Nor is there monetary or other inducement offered to you.

We invite you to stand with us, in name and thought, in a non-political non-commercial, non-sectarian, constructive effort to influence Tomorrow's harvest by intelligent "gardening" with the mental seeds of Today.

We are not an "organization," and we do not plan to organize. The fruitful efforts of many years on the part of Joseph Sadony, the founder and editor of the forthcoming magazine, has resulted in a unique and unified understanding with leaders and active workers in all fields throughout the world, a potential "organization" that is not, and should not be "organized." It is merely a tacit unity resulting from the concerted thought of men of all races and creeds, seeking the same human enlightenment and goal.

Truth has already named her servants by taking root in their hearts at birth. This is but the roll-call whatever their station, whatever their name or creed. And they respond. If they do not respond, it is because the touch of the Magnet attracts only those who are made of tempered Steel.

We are not a "fraternity." We possess no other name than MEN, who seek to respond to eternal laws beyond the pale of "vows" and man-made walls: the survival of the Intuitively Fit.

You are invited to declare yourself as one of the Men or Women who desire to help "Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."

Sincerely and Preveniently Yours,
VOICE OF TOMORROW

The Editors,

—Give It A Thought—

Why harbor thoughts that are apt to hurt tomorrow for yesterday's mistakes?

Forget; and remember only today's seed.

Tomorrow's crop, to become your daily bread of harmony.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

When you have your off day, do as the snail, clam, and groundhog —

Hole in, and keep off the highway, while others have their day,

Or you may lose not only your house and clam-shell,

But the only thing you can call your own:

Self-respect and perseverance.

Do not forget that you may find weeds in the human garden of luxury, that are necessities.

Safety Education

MOVIE TEACHES SAFETY IN RURAL SCHOOLS

Muskegon County, Michigan, Makes
Own Picture for Use in Educational Work

This is the heading of a story in the January "Public Safety," the voice of the National Safety Council.

When W. J. Berichon, county traffic officer, despaired of seriously impressing rural school children by means of safety talks he conceived the idea of using moving pictures. When he looked for a suitable film, however, there was none to be had. Mrs. Nellie B. Chisholm, county school commissioner, suggested taking the matter to the Valley of the Pines; Joseph Sadony, Jr. possessing a complete equipment.

So the Sadonys donated their services to reduce the cost to the county, and produced a moving picture, designed to promote safety by visual education.

The picture consists of 500 feet of 16 mm. film, (requiring 20 to 25 minutes to exhibit). It is entitled "Safety Education," revealing the wrong and proper way to walk on the highway, alight from cars, leave the school grounds, ride a bicycle to and from school, etc.

Inquiries having been received from officials of other counties, insurance companies, automobile clubs, etc., Mr. Berichon and the Sadony brothers announce that arrangements are being made to duplicate the film, so that it will be available to those interested in owning a copy.

Inquiries addressed in care of the Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, will be answered by Joseph Sadony, Jr.

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What Readers Say About

ARCADIAN MAGAZINE

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"It fills a niche in the literary world that no other magazine can approach." A. C. Chapman, Hollister, Mo.

"The Arcadian editor has an admiration for Thoreau similar to that Robert W. Service held for Kipling and has achieved a similar manner of interpretation of his patron saint without loss of his own personal point of view." P. A. Price, Winona, Mo.

"I am most favorably impressed with Arcadian Magazine. It is full of green fields and running brooks." Jessie Allen-Siple, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Your magazine is a gem of typographical art and literary excellence." Thomas Daniel, Garber, Mo.

"The Arcadian has a distinctive personality and seems to actually breathe of the great outdoors and nature." S. L. Ault, Norwood, Ohio.

"The Arcadian has the delightful fragrance of God's cathedral—far from the stuffy smell of civilization." R. Lee Sharpe, Carrollton, Ga.

"Congratulations on Arcadian Magazine. It has a good piney flavor." William Lyon Phelps, Grindstone City, Mich.

These and hundreds of other comments received by the editor of ARCADIAN MAGAZINE give the reason for the magazine's rapid rise in popularity. It has personality—that something that holds its readers.

ARCADIAN MAGAZINE is published promptly on the first day of each month. It is an international folklore journal in which the legends, customs and lore of earth are penned and pictured. No dry bones of thought in the ARCADIAN. 48 or more colorful pages monthly.

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