

"The VOICE of." EXPERIENCE

The contents of this book are based on the questions most frequently asked by the more than two millions of people who have submitted their problems to the "Voice of Experience" in response to his radio broadcasts.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE man known as the "Voice of Experience" has been on the lecture platform for seventeen years, during which time more than 4,000,000 Americans have paid admission to hear him (probably a world's record). He holds box office records for any single attraction in many of the metropolitan cities of America.

He has debated with such men as William Jennings Bryan, Judge Ben Lindsay and many others. Arthur Brisbane devoted half of his column to the debate held between the "Voice of Experience" and Judge Lindsay in Orchestra Hall in Chicago. Will Rogers devoted his whole column to this debate. Many other syndicated articles have been written about his unusual research work and his extraordinary radio record.

He is now presented seven times a week, coast to coast, over the Columbia network, and he averages several thousands of letters a day in response to these broadcasts.

A nationally known minister said of the "Voice of Experience": "If husbands and wives would profit by his teachings, divorce would almost disappear."

Bernarr MacFadden, in a signed editorial published on April 17th, 1929, said in part: "No one should be without the knowledge which this man so interestingly imparts. No one can question his sincerity or his background. He appeals to me as one of the ablest scientists in this field that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting."

A great modern physician, who has delivered more than 6,000 babies into the

(continued on back flap)

world, after hearing eleven lectures by the "Voice of Experience," said: "I am absolutely sincere when I say that nowhere have I seen any human being whom I believe knows half of what this man does about the problems of love, sex and marriage."

The head of a great southern hospital writes as follows: "Your presentation of the problems of husbands and wives is the clearest, cleanest and most convincing that I have ever come across."

The pastor of one of the largest churches in America said of the visit of the "Voice of Experience" to his city: "Never has a greater educational treat been given to the people of our city than that afforded by your brilliant, frank and intimate discussion of the problems of sex and marriage."

The head of a great military school commented as follows: "Some of my captains have told me that they would not take a fortune for the information you gave us regarding boy hygiene."

The vice-president and medical director of one of the large insurance companies said: "The 'Voice of Experience' approaches the delicate subjects he handles in a clean way and with rare discretion."

A leading divorce judge, who had tried upwards of 30,000 cases of divorce, said: "Your preventive education against the necessity for separation and divorce should be made available to every home in the country."

More than forty managers of radio stations scattered throughout the country have subscribed to the following statement: "His broadcasts have broken all fan mail records for our station."

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**"The VOICE of
EXPERIENCE"**



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To the more than two million men and women, boys and girls, who have honored me with their confidence by submitting their personal problems to me, this book is humbly dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

THIS little volume has been many, many years in the making. It represents twenty-five years of consummate study on my part in the field of human emotions. I have had for my laboratory human beings in every phase and strata of life.

I have had as my intimate associates the leading judges, doctors, attorneys and clergymen of the country, and yet I have slept many nights with human derelicts. I count as my friends many women whose names are listed in "Who's Who" and in the "Social Register"; but I spent several years as a social service worker studying and analyzing the women of the underworld. I have been the invited guest in many mansions; but I have slept many nights in detention homes and reform schools, studying problem boys and problem girls.

More than 250,000 people have answered a questionnaire for me containing thirty intimate questions about married life, giving me an insight into the causes and possible methods of overcoming marital inharmony and juvenile delinquency.

I have sat on the bench with over a hundred judges trying contested cases of divorce, have gone into the judicial chambers and discussed at length with thou-

sands of these prospective divorcees the true causes leading up to their marital differences which seemed to necessitate their finding some exit from an onerous marital tie.

In the eight years that I have been broadcasting in different parts of the country, using more than fifty different studios for my question-and-answer periods, I have received over two million letters pouring out to me every conceivable problem to which human kind could possibly be heir. I have received five signed confessions of murder.

It requires just as much effort to broadcast over one station as over a national network, and, after breaking fan mail records on more than forty of these stations, in a conference with my attorney and manager, Mr. Elmer A. Rogers, it was decided that if I ever expected to give my work a national scope, it would be necessary for me to establish myself on a metropolitan New York station. To this end I opened a series of sustaining programs on WOR in New York City in July, 1932. In just nine months I was transferred to the basic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, extending as far west as Kansas City. Thirteen weeks later my work was expanded to include a coast-to-coast network seven times per week. My mail is now averaging over 3,000 letters per day.

Because I have for a long time realized how many would necessarily be disappointed who wrote me asking for advice due to the limited amount of time allotted to

me on the air for answering this mass of correspondence, I chose from my files (which are carefully catalogued), those subjects about which the greatest number of people are concerned, and, as an additional service in connection with my broadcasts, offered in pamphlet form these monographs which I had written. I started with ten and kept adding to this number until now there are more than a hundred of these brochures, of which more than 5,000,000 have been distributed.

In response to an ever-increasing demand that these pamphlets be put in bound form, I am offering for the first time, through the Dodd, Mead Publishing Co., this book, which contains the replies to fifty of the most frequently asked questions submitted to me during my years of broadcasting.

To those millions who have done me the honor to listen regularly to my program, and particularly to those men and women, boys and girls who have submitted their marital and courtship snarls to me for unsnarling, I am indebted both for the contents of the book and the incentive for writing it.

I sincerely hope that it will serve the purpose for which it is intended.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	xiii
I	LIVE DANGEROUSLY!	1
II	ARE YOU EMOTIONALLY GROWN UP?	9
III	SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES	16
IV	ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS?	24
V	ARE YOU VAIN?	31
VI	DON'T BE INTOLERANT!	38
VII	REMORSE AND GUILT	45
VIII	FALSE HUMILITY	52
IX	ARE YOU UGLY OR GOOD-LOOKING?	59
X	THE STORY YOUR CLOTHES TELL	66
XI	WHAT IS LOVE?	73
XII	FALLING IN LOVE	78
XIII	MAKING THE MOST OF ADVERSITY	85
XIV	PLEASURE AS A GOAL IN LIFE	92
XV	ON HAVING "CRUSHES"	99
XVI	HAVE YOU BEEN JILTED?	106
XVII	DO'S AND DON'TS OF COURTSHIP	113
XVIII	PERSONALITY AND CHARM	120
XIX	HOW TO ACQUIRE MAGNETISM	127
XX	IS JEALOUSY A SIGN OF LOVE?	134
XXI	THE WAY TO A MAN'S "HEART"	140
XXII	WINNING A WOMAN'S LOVE	148
XXIII	THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES	157
XXIV	THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN	164
XXV	HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND	172

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVI	HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE	179
XXVII	TEN RULES FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE	186
XXVIII	YOUR FAMILY—ASSET OR LIABILITY?	193
XXIX	HOW TO AVOID ARGUMENTS	200
XXX	NAGGING	207
XXXI	THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE	213
XXXII	MENTAL CRUELTY	221
XXXIII	GOSSIP	228
XXXIV	WHY WORRY?	235
XXXV	"MOTHER, WHERE DID I COME FROM?"	242
XXXVI	DISCIPLINING YOUR CHILD	254
XXXVII	GET A HOBBY	264
XXXVIII	THE NUDIST FAD	271
XXXIX	DUAL PERSONALITY	278
XL	INNER CONFLICTS	286
XLI	ON THE USES OF SOLITUDE	294
XLII	HAVE YOU A TEMPER?	301
XLIII	NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	309
XLIV	MONEY: IS IT POWER?	317
XLV	TRAINING THE MEMORY	324
XLVI	TRAINING THE WILL	331
XLVII	INDECISION AND PROCRASTINATION	338
XLVIII	ON BEING TOO AMBITIOUS	345
XLIX	HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY	352
L	DON'T BE A QUITTER	360

INTRODUCTION

BY W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.

Author of "How to be Happy Though Human"; "Nervous Breakdown: Its Cause and Cure," Etc.

It has been my rare privilege to know personally the man and the mind behind the "Voice of Experience." In our many discussions of the problems of human nature I have been deeply impressed with the profundity of his insight into human nature and his technical mastery of the vast psychological knowledge that is required in solving the problems that pour in to him from a vast unseen audience. Few men could, with complete honesty, assume his radio name: "Voice of Experience"; but if wealth of experience in the highways and byways of human conduct is any criterion, this man has the full right to his title. Fewer men are gifted with the unique combination of experience, sympathy, understanding, resourcefulness and spontaneity which are his. And last, but surely not least, the remarkable voice that bespeaks all his qualifications as a humanitarian and a scholar, entitles him to his full pseudonym, "Voice of Experience."

It is, therefore, a very real pleasure to add my words of commendation and recommendation to this little volume which the "Voice of Experience" has prepared

for the thousands and thousands of listeners whom he has not been able to answer personally over the radio. I have read the manuscript carefully and critically and find that the discussions and the advice which you will read in these pages are not only scientifically sound but eminently practical. In the welter of popular literature on psychology which comes from the presses, soundness is all too often sacrificed for brevity, common sense all too often smothered for the sake of box office appeal. The "Voice of Experience" has kept clear of these pitfalls. His is the gift of getting the gist of modern psychological knowledge into words which the layman can understand, without sacrificing the two essential qualities of common sense and clarity. Just as on the air he knows how to resolve the knottiest problems into their simplest and most essential components, so on the printed page he has followed through logically and reduced the difficult psychological problems which he treats in these pages to their quintessentials.

It is a well-known fact that the problems of mental hygiene are the most vital problems which beset modern men and women in this machine age. The popularity and appeal of the psychological talks which the "Voice of Experience" has conducted over the air indicate more clearly than any medical statistics how important and how widespread the problems of human adjustment have become in the last decade. Were there not a great need there would never have been so significant a response. The "Voice of Experience" has met the challenge of these psychological problems with a full

sense of the great human responsibility involved. He has met the challenge on the air, and accepted the responsibility with both sympathy and decorum, with both insight and practical common sense. With the publication of this book he accepts the challenge of the printed page. It is my hope that this volume will help his many listeners to obtain a record of his wisdom to which they can readily refer in time of trouble or in the hour of meditation. To those who know his voice the printed page will be a pleasurable memento of pleasant hours of invisible contact. To those who meet the man first on the printed page, this volume will, I hope, become a stimulus to seek out his broadcasts and to make the acquaintance, over the ether, of a true friend and counsellor in the "Voice of Experience."

CHAPTER I

LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

THE average human being is more dead than alive. I mean that seriously. When I see what human beings can do with their faculties, what magnificent compensations they can make for their defects, I am convinced that most of us are just living corpses walking through life with eyes that do not see, ears that do not hear, voices that are silent, and powers that are going completely to waste. We pride ourselves on our civilization and our culture, but very few of us are doing anything about making that civilization any better, or extending any farther than it has been extended by the pioneer minds in the past the culture that was wrested from nature by our ancestors.

The reason for this is not hard to find. People are living corpses because they are afraid to live—afraid to live dangerously. We are surrounded by taboos, by constricting superstitions, by inhibiting beliefs and traditions which keep us from understanding our fellowmen and the world we live in. And the tragedy of it all is that the waste is so unnecessary, so futile, so hopeless. We are all afraid of being afraid. The dangers we avoid are all in our minds. Now and then, a Columbus of the human spirit stands the egg upon the table, and the millions shout and murmur in admiration, and

exclaim, "How easy! Why didn't I think of that myself?" And the sad reason is that they were afraid to think, afraid to act, afraid to live dangerously.

You have all read about life in savage communities. The savage has his totems and his taboos. His totems he worships, although he never questions why. He will not kill his totem animal or eat his totem fruit for fear of injuring his patron deity. And for much the same reason, he will not do certain things for fear of offending his patron deity. He will not wash in a certain stream; he will not make love on a certain day; he will not fish in a certain pond. Often it would be much simpler to wash in that stream, make love on that day, or fish in that certain pond. Ask the savage why he does not do these simple things, and he will show all the evidences of great fear, and whisper, "Taboo!", "Forbidden!" He does not question the origin of this taboo. He acts and lives by tradition, whose roots are so far in the past that their real purpose is completely forgotten.

Bring the savage to New York, or any other city in the United States, and he will be just as astounded by our taboos and traditional prohibitions as we are amused by his. The philosopher, Nietzsche, long ago recognized the fact that human beings kept themselves from being happy by slavishly adhering to outworn taboos. He coined the phrase, "Live dangerously!" And happy the man or woman who takes that motto to heart! The history of human stupidity is the history of fears and taboos whose origins are lost in the dim mists of

antiquity, and whose purposes, whatever they may have been at one time, are completely invalid today.

Let us trace the history of some of these taboos. For centuries people have believed that women were inferior to men, a belief for which there is not the least shred of evidence. Given equal opportunities for training, women can equal men in anything that men do, whether in sports, in science, in government or in the arts. And yet, psychologists tell us that a great deal of the unhappiness in the world today is due to the fact that half of the human race is considered inferior, and often treated as inferior by the other half. Think what this does to human relations. The allegedly inferior women are all fighting to prove that they are just as good as men, while the men are attempting just as hard to prove their alleged superiority. This leads to conflict and competition, instead of love and cooperation, between the sexes. It leads to unhappiness in love, to exploitation of one sex by the other, to divorce and adultery, to broken homes and to broken marriages and neurotic children. Nothing but a silly and superstitious taboo! If you are a man, live dangerously! Be one of the emancipated few who is self-confident enough to want to cooperate with women, not to domineer them. If you are a woman, live dangerously! Be one of the women who is not afraid to be a woman because she believes being a woman is a form of inferiority.

Think of the taboos that we have in education. For untold centuries, we have been taught to believe that one had to be talented in order to learn certain things.

Charlemagne was the greatest emperor of France during the Middle Ages. Yet his biographer wrote that it was a shame that such a great man was born without the talent for learning how to read and write. Since the days of an obscure Swiss schoolmaster, named Pestalozzi, who devised a system of teaching reading and writing, everyone has suddenly gained the talent to read and write.

The same taboo used to be believed about musical ability, until Deutsch, a German musician, who was also a good psychologist, devised a system of teaching everyone to be musical and even to compose music. It is a taboo, a superstition, a groundless tradition, that you have to *inherit* some special talent or genius to be gifted in the arts. Live dangerously! Act as if it were possible for you to learn any art or any craft that you were interested in. You will see that success waits for you, if you work at it hard enough. Most of the geniuses of history owed their genius to the fact that they got up half an hour earlier and quit half an hour later than their competitors. You, too, can develop a talent. What is more, you are only half alive, if you do not do so!

Consider the taboos in the sphere of work. "I'm not fitted for that job!" I hear people saying all the time. What they mean is, "I'm too lazy to tackle that problem," or, "I'm too timid to assume that new responsibility," or, "I would not risk my unstable self-esteem in that job because I might fail!" There's one thing certain in life, and that is that you cannot learn to be an aviator sitting in an armchair, or to be a swimmer prac-

tising the piano. The successes of life have been men and women who were not afraid to make mistakes. If you are afraid of failure, you are equipped for only one thing, and that is to be some sort of a human oyster hiding in your little shell. If you do not expose yourself to danger, you will always be afraid, and remain a failure.

Just imagine what would happen if you put your hands in your pockets, and said, "I cannot move my hands." Suppose you were able to keep your hands in your pockets for a year, and let other people feed you and dress you, and do your work for you. After a year of this kind of self-injury, the muscles of your arms would atrophy from disuse. The premise with which you started out would have *become true*. You really could not take your hands out of your pockets. This is the same kind of logic that our timid friends use. They say, "I can't do that;" make no effort to try, because they would rather hide behind the taboo of incapability; and then, when someone forces them to make a trial, and they fail, they say, almost with pride, "You see, I told you so! I can't do that." Live dangerously! Take a chance! Try the thing that other people think impossible. That is the way Galileo discovered that the earth moves around the sun. That is the way that Columbus discovered America. That is the way Einstein was able to bring the facts of gravitation and electricity into one mathematical formula. It *can* be done!

Consider social taboos. Why should you sit silently in a train when the person next to you has an interest-

ing human story to tell you? Live dangerously! Make a new friend. Establish a new human contact. Forget that your mother told you not to talk to strange men and women when you were a little child. That's a silly taboo. If you act as if all men were your enemies, the result will justify your acts. But live dangerously! *Assume* that all men are your friends. You may be cheated by some weak brother, now and then. But that one experience will not outweigh the good friends that you will have made. Take a chance; try to make a new social contact every day so that you can learn to widen your social horizons. You need it if you are a human being.

The world is made up of people who are living partial lives because of the fact that some ignorant person told them they could not do this or that during their childhood. How often I hear someone say, "Ah, if I had only known in my youth, I would have practiced the piano!" Well, what's keeping you from taking lessons today? It's not too late, no matter what you want to learn. I know a man who started to study Greek when he was seventy. Why defer what you want to do? Take a chance. Live dangerously!

No matter what the taboo, its origin lies in the two springs of human unhappiness—ignorance and fear. Take a mental inventory of your life. Are you just plodding along in a rut? Are you doing what you are doing because you *like* it, and *want* to do it, or because someone told you you could do this? Have you really stopped to consider whether you could better your

lot? What are you afraid of? Ninety-nine percent of the things you have feared, have never happened. Take a chance! Live dangerously!

Now, my friends, do not mistake what I mean by "taking a chance." I certainly do not mean that you should drive your car carelessly through traffic and endanger the lives of other motorists and pedestrians. I do not mean that you should try to swim across the English Channel after three lessons in a swimming pool. I do not mean that you should go up to the President of the United States and demand the portfolio of the Secretary of State just after you have graduated from college. These are examples of foolhardiness. When I say live dangerously, I mean live dangerously for your fellow men. I mean expand your horizons. I mean study, learn, act, do, strive, even suffer for a socially worthy cause. Get out of the shell of your egoism, and become a contributing member of society.

Take a chance! Begin a creative hobby, even though you will never be a Rembrandt or a Rodin or a Beethoven or a Shakespeare. Travel, even though you have to see the world from a third class port hole. It's better than stagnating at home. Get married! The assets far outweigh the liabilities, if you are a responsible person. Ask for a raise in salary, if you think you really deserve it! Change your job and study, if you think study will ultimately increase your value to society. Go to a new series of lectures. Knowledge cannot hurt you. Take up a new sport! You don't have to be a Tilden or a Sarazen to enjoy tennis or golf. Write that novel or

play that has been in your mind. Learn to cook, to drive an automobile, to dance, to fly a plane, to speak French, to use a typewriter, to run a government. Everything is possible to the man or woman who lives dangerously. Take a chance! You cannot possibly find happiness hiding yourself in a cellar. Expose yourself to risk and danger. Life without zest and thrill is only a living death. Don't stagnate simply because you are afraid of taboos. Take a chance! Live dangerously!

CHAPTER II

ARE YOU EMOTIONALLY GROWN UP?

EVERY person has three ages. We have a chronological age measured in time, years, months and days. We have an intellectual age measured in the amount of knowledge we have as determined by intelligence tests of various kinds. These tests are designed to establish our I.Q., or intelligence quotient. The I.Q. is the ratio between our mental age and the average accomplishments of other people in our same chronological age group. But the third and perhaps the most important age we have, is our emotional age. No adequate tests have ever been designed to establish the E.Q., the emotional quotient, or the degree of emotional maturity which we possess. And yet this E.Q. is the one thing that enables a person to be completely happy and well-adjusted in this life.

You have all seen children, often children of the slums, who were wise and resourceful for their age. Their actual knowledge may have been small; but, in their ability to take care of themselves, make a living, avoid danger, and get a thrill out of living, they showed a relatively great maturity for their years. And you have also seen college professors who were very learned, but completely incapable of taking care of their bills, their obligations, their relationships to their families

or servants. Despite their great knowledge, their E.Q. was very low. Their emotional development had not kept pace with their intellectual growth.

Much of the unhappiness that exists in the world is due to a failure of the emotions to grow up. Let us say that a man has never learned how to focus his love on his fellow men, as a mature person should do. His mental age is high, because he has gone to college; but, so far as his emotions are concerned, he is still in the state of a little boy who hates his father because his father compels him to wash his hands, put his books away, and say, "Thank you!" to strangers who offer him a present. He projects this hate for his father to all people in authority. He cannot cooperate with anyone, and any legal inhibitions hurt his vanity.

Just because this man's emotions have not grown up, he uses his knowledge for unsocial ends, and becomes a racketeer. The government is a father-substitute, and he hates all officers of the law because he sees in them the image of his cruel father. His emotions have not grown up.

Let us take another case. I know a young woman who acts as if she were a misunderstood princess. Nothing is good enough for her. She expects everyone to serve her, and be rewarded for their pains solely by having the privilege of being a sort of lady-in-waiting to Her Highness. She goes through the world with her nose turned up at the sorrows and difficulties of other people. She has no sympathies and no interests, ex-

cept in being pampered and petted and in receiving the limelight. This lady is suffering from an immaturity of her emotional attitudes. She has never really grown up, because she still holds the attitude that she enjoyed when, as a little girl, an adoring mother and father tortured themselves to gratify her every whim and desire. Is she happy being an unrecognized princess? No, indeed! Because this little misunderstood princess does not cooperate with anyone, and she is in constant terror lest someone is going to "call her bluff," and compel her to soil her dainty princess hands with honest toil.

What are the signs of emotional maturity, and what are the symptoms of emotions that have not grown up? Emotional maturity expresses itself in every sphere of human activity and thought. In the first place, the emotionally mature person has rid himself of the dependency of childhood. He stands on his own feet, thinks for himself, believes in himself and acts without false conceit or false modesty. The emotionally mature person has a sense of humor and a sense of self-esteem without feeling self-important. He is courageous in meeting obstacles, without being foolhardy. He is not afraid of making mistakes, and he has foresworn all attempts at being perfect. He does not live according to the law of "all or none," because emotional maturity expresses itself in the knowledge that everything is relative.

In the social sphere, the emotionally mature individual is an altruist. He knows that human happiness can be gained only when one is devoting his energies to the interests of his fellow men. He does not label

people, but tries to understand them. He is sympathetic because he, himself, has suffered; helpful because he himself has been helped; tolerant because he knows intolerance breeds hate and unhappiness. He is courteous at all times, does not fawn to superiors or brow-beat those who occupy a relatively inferior social position. And his goal is the establishment of a real brotherhood of man.

If you are emotionally mature in the realm of work, you enjoy your work because you know that it is your privilege to contribute to society. You have a hobby or hobbies, because you are aware of your own needs for creative outlets. You are objective in your attitude. That means you do your work for the sake of that work rather than for the sake of what you get out of the work for yourself. You are considerate of your employees, and loyal to your employers. Naturally, you are honest because honesty bespeaks emotional maturity in your social relations. The emotionally mature individual will jump to assume a job that offers a greater responsibility, and "passing the buck" is an unknown experience to him.

In the realm of love and sex, emotional maturity is characterized by control and objectivity in attitude. No man who is emotionally mature wants to lean on his sweetheart or wife, as he leaned on his mother, nor does he want to lord it over her, as if she were a helpless child. No woman who is emotionally mature wants to "adore" her husband as if he were a god, nor to "mother" him as if he were a helpless infant. Emo-

tional maturity in love is expressed in a clear-eyed companionship between the sexes. In this relation, there is a sharing of responsibility as well as a sharing of pleasures, a mutual altruism and respect, a reciprocal division of work and obligation, an elastic give-and-take. The emotionally mature person is never swept off his feet by his passions, because in the minute that we become the slaves of our emotions, we return to childhood. Emotional maturity in the love relation means that we master our emotions, and make them work *for* us and not against us.

The emotionally infantile person lets his passions run away with him, and then uses his mind to repair the damage. The emotionally mature individual lets his mind save his passions. In emotionally mature individuals, there is never any great conflict between desire and reason, but desire fortifies reason. Most of the love stories that you read or see in the movies are the love stories of the struggles and tragedies of emotionally immature individuals who are enslaved by their animal passions, their lust for dependency or for petting. It is impossible for an emotionally mature person to have a broken heart. A broken heart is just as much a sign of a mental derangement as a phobia or a complex. It is a sign that you have lost your sense of values.

The emotionally mature man or woman who becomes a parent recognizes that the child is not his, in the sense that his pocketbook or his armchair or his automobile belongs to him. Parents who are emotionally mature recognize the fact that the child has been loaned to

them by society, so to speak, because they are the best qualified to nurture and develop the child. Naturally, such emotionally mature parents neither hate and neglect, nor pamper and spoil their children. They are mindful of their responsibilities to the child and to society, and their goal in educating the child is to develop their child's courage, his social independence, and his social adjustment. In other words, the emotionally mature parent realizes that his first duty to his child is to make that child emotionally mature. It is better to have your parents give you emotional maturity than to leave millions of dollars in their will!

If you are emotionally mature, you are not interested in being first, best, most successful, most honored, most wealthy or most sought after. These are the goals of children who feel their inferiority complexes gnawing at them. If you are emotionally mature, you are a fighting optimist, or a fighting pessimist, trying to make the world a better place to live in, despite the obstacles that are put in your way by ignorance, stupidity, fear and emotional infantilism. To be emotionally mature means to be so busy that you have no time for useless introspection. You cannot have the blues when you are emotionally grown-up. You are too busy to be very pessimistic. Only people who have nothing to contribute to life run around telling you about the futility of life. No emotionally mature person ever had the desire to take his own life, because living is much too thrilling to those who are emotionally grown-up. If you are emotionally mature, you have not put all your

eggs in one basket, and when adversity or sorrow comes to you, you are prepared to meet it. The emotionally mature person is resourceful and spontaneous. When the wolf comes to the door, the emotionally mature person usually presents himself with a nice fur coat.

Are you emotionally mature? Check the characteristics of emotional maturity which I have outlined in the barest skeleton form with your own activity. Does the shoe fit? If it does, then this chapter is going to give you a nice sense of being on the right path. Does the shoe pinch? Then sit down and make a mental inventory of all the things that you lack in maturity. Take a piece of paper and a pencil, and make out a five-year plan of emotional growth. Read books on mental hygiene that will explain the origins of your emotional immaturity and show you how you can overcome these faults. Take a chance on doing things that lead to maturity, no matter how risky they seem at first. You, too, can grow up emotionally. You are mistaken, if you think that emotional maturity is hard to attain. It's by far the easiest way to live. That's why we call it normal. And it's the only way you can be happy and human at the same time.

And remember this: if you cannot solve the problems of your own emotional infantilism, there are doctors, and books, and teachers who can show you how to improve your condition. Emotional maturity can be developed. Emotional immaturity is not a crime. You are not responsible for not having grown up, but you are responsible for your own unhappiness, if you do not do something about it right away!

CHAPTER III

SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES

HAPPY is the man who has found his right work! He awakens refreshed from a night of good sleep and approaches the coming day with a light heart, because every hour that he works brings him satisfaction. He is not looking for perfection because the normal human being knows that perfection is unattainable. But he does feel that every day's work brings him closer to his goal. He recognizes that his labors are useful to his fellow men and for this reason he has no fear of losing his job. Besides, he knows that every hour he works builds up his self-esteem and makes him more willing to tackle new, and greater, responsibilities. The man or woman who has found a meaning for his or her life in work has built up an insurance trust fund against mental disease and social dereliction that cannot be bought for all the gold in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank.

But when we look around at our neighbors we find that not all of them are happy in their work. Some of them believe in the old Biblical idea that work is the curse and the punishment that God visited on Adam and Eve for transgressing His laws. Some of them believe that work should be done by slaves or mechanical robots. They regard all work as a nuisance and their

sole object in working is to make enough money to be able to buy pleasure for themselves as quickly as they can. Others are slaves of an economic system which hardly enables them to be more than wage slaves, and therefore they find very little happiness in their labors.

Still others are unhappy because they see no future in their work and get no spiritual satisfaction from it, despite the fact that they are very efficient at the jobs that they hold. Still others who are very unhappy are the large numbers of neurotics whose full-time profession is the business of setting up alibis for themselves. They are busy proving that they are too busy to work, and of all the drudgery and slavery in the world the worst slavery is the slavery of neurosis. And finally, there are some individuals who are actually willing and anxious to work, but feel themselves unhappy in their present situations because they get no psychological satisfaction from their work. All these classes are square pegs in round holes. All of them are unhappy. All of them are in danger of getting a nervous breakdown unless they can solve their work problem in a way that brings them satisfaction, security and a sense of social approval.

The square pegs in the round holes of the working world can be divided into three classes. The first class comprises the victims of our technological civilization. Men and women who want to work but cannot find the job for which they have been trained, men and women who are the unfortunate victims of grasping and greedy employers, who are just inside the law forbidding

slavery. Others in this group have occupations and professions which have become obsolete because the world has moved faster than they have.

The second group of square pegs are those who are unhappy in their work because they do not want to work at all. These individuals are often adults who were badly spoiled and pampered in their childhood, or adults who were wrapped in cotton wool by their adoring and over-solicitous mothers while they were young. As a result of these bad emotional influences, the men and women who fit into this class of unhappy workers have never really been prepared to assume any responsibilities. They have become so accustomed to having their adoring parents work for them and gratify their every whim and wish, that they consider as something of an insult to their pride the demands of a grown-up society that wants them to contribute in the form of useful work.

It is obvious that if you have the attitude that you are being insulted if someone asks you to do something for a living, you are not going to enjoy any job except the job of being a spoiled child, and so far as I know there are no such jobs available today.

Another variation of this bad psychological attitude toward work originates in the fact that men and women who were compelled to work as children, or who were constantly nagged, or treated with a great show of authority, or brow-beaten, or ridiculed when they were young, can never work for anyone else. They may be

happy if they are their own bosses, but the minute they are asked to cooperate or collaborate with someone else, their psychological hair stands up straight on their backs and they refuse. These people who have been fighting against authority since they were children, either by being passively resistant, stubborn, lazy or intractable, seldom feel happy in any job. Although they seem to be square pegs in the round holes of work, it is really their underlying psychological attitude toward life that is at fault. Their unhappiness is not due to the wrong job, but to a false attitude toward work, which is an entirely different matter.

The third type of work-misfits comprises all the men and women who are really in the wrong kind of work. These are people who must be sharply divided from the foregoing classes. They are people who basically *want* to work, people who do their present jobs well, who are respected and honored in their professions, but do not get the proper joy and satisfaction from their efforts. What are the psychological determinants of a good job or the "right" profession? Here is a good test. Would you continue in your present job if you had a million dollars and good health, and were certain that all your loved ones were adequately taken care of? Would you choose your work as your hobby? If you would, you are in the "right" job or profession.

Most of the square pegs in the round holes of business and the professions are misfits because they are not basically adjusted to the necessity of working. Only a person who is grown up in mind and in emotion can

really enjoy his work, because responsibility is a pleasure and a joy only to a person who is sure of himself. But not a few men and women are in the wrong job because the job itself does not fit into their pattern of growth.

Every human being has a lingering sense of inferiority that makes him strive for growth, for superiority and for security. This sense of inferiority has a number of causes, and in order properly to compensate for our sense of weakness we must compensate for it in all the spheres of life, social relations, love and work. Work is the arena in which the inferiority feeling is best overcome, because we spend more time working than we do in friendly conversation or in making love.

The inferiority feeling is especially liable to be based upon some organic inferiority of our bodies. We need not always be aware of what these inferiorities are, to feel the urge to compensate for them. Thus, a famous writer whose bad eye prevented him from seeing well, even as a child, wrote in his diary that when he was but thirteen years old he could *imagine* things better than he could actually *see* them. Mozart, the great composer, must have felt the need for overcoming a minor defect in his ears, to get up into a dark and cold attic, at the age of four, in order to play the piano. Whistler, the painter and etcher, was color blind, but he began drawing when only a young child. A great sculptor began as a left-handed child who was always confused by the differences between left and right, and ended by compensating for his perplexity by making magnificent

planes in marble and bronze, using not only his left hand but also his weaker right hand, to make his statues.

Some of the sources of the inferiority complex lie not in organic defects but in mistaken training. If you have been spoiled, you may not want to work at all, but the best work for you is some form of social service which will give you the limelight or win the affection of great numbers of people for you. If you have been a hated and under-privileged child, your most successful compensation will lie in doing to others what you wished had been done to you when you were a child. I cannot go into all the varied roots of the inferiority complex in this pamphlet, nor can I possibly tell you all the right compensations for your particular difficulties. But I can give you a scheme that will help you to find yourself.

In the first place, every man's and every woman's work must be socially useful. There is no sense in having an occupation which is a compensation for your inferiority complex, if that compensation is going to put you into conflict with society. The fleet-fingered magician and the light-fingered pickpocket may both be compensating for a clumsy left hand, and may both succeed equally well, as far as compensation is concerned, but the magician brings pleasure and entertainment and the pickpocket brings sorrow and loss. The compensation must be useful.

The second point in getting a job is to see that it offers a compensation for some aspect of your inferiority

complex. You must look back to your childhood and see whether you did not play games that indicated particularly what sort of work you would like to do. What were your first ambitions as a child? They will give you an index of your pattern of growth. Ask yourself what you really would like to do—and if it is a useful work, do it! Do it no matter what sacrifices it entails in time, in money, in study, in planning. No man can be happy doing the wrong job.

The third point is to get a hobby. I know just as well as you do that not everyone in the world can get the job that is psychologically the right job. In times like these a man is lucky to have any kind of work in order to keep body and soul together. Any work is honorable, if it is socially acceptable and useful. But if you have to hold a job that means no more to you than a bread ticket, *do that job as well as you can, and get your psychological compensation in your hobby.* If you do this you will see how much easier your unpleasant job is.

The fourth point is to pick your job yourself. You have to work at it, and *you* are going to gain any happiness that is to be derived from *your* work. At the same time, *you* are going to take all the liabilities that are involved in your work. Don't let your parents or your friends pick your job for you. If you cannot make a choice of a job, or if no job suits you, the trouble lies not in work, and not in the job, but in your attitude toward work, and I should urge you to consult a good psychiatrist right away and find out why you so stub-

bornly resist the common-sense logic of work. A man or woman who does not want to do some work is mentally sick. He or she is looking at the world through foggy spectacles. But you must make your choice of a job yourself!

There is a useful compensation for every form of the inferiority feeling. There is a creative activity, a soul-satisfying hobby open to every man who works only to earn his bread. Most of the people who cannot find the "right" job, the square pegs in the round holes, are unhappy because they really do not want to work. They need mental help rather than vocational guidance. There is a "right" job for everyone who has a burning desire to work. Such people *make* their job the right job, and supplement their job with a good hobby. The right job for the unemployed person is study for the next higher job. Most of the tragedies of work are not due to the fact that there are not enough "right" jobs, but not enough workers who are psychologically "right" for work.

CHAPTER IV

ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS?

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS is not a disease. The sufferer from self-consciousness will tell you that he blushes when he has to speak to a stranger, that severe palpitation of the heart seizes him, that his words refuse to come, that his knees shake, and perspiration stands out in beads on his forehead. His symptoms are many and various, and all of them so painful that he would rather remain at home suffering the pangs of loneliness than to expose himself to a crowd of people at a party or social gathering and suffer the agonies of self-consciousness, and still self-consciousness is not a disease, because it is a symptom of fear. To cure self-consciousness, therefore, we must first understand what that fear is based upon, and then remove it by education and encouragement.

Let us examine the nature of fear. Fear is the emotion that we experience when we are confronted with a situation of danger. Perhaps fear is the first and most characteristic emotion that human beings ever experience. We can watch fear in a young child who is frightened by a loud sound or an unfamiliar object. The baby's face changes, and he screams with terror. If we could look inside of him, we would be able to detect great changes in his stomach, in his heart, in his arteries and veins, and his other vital organs. Grown

men and women are not so easily frightened by strange noises. It requires greater dangers to make them react with terror. But the bodily changes that occur as a result of fear in a grown-up person are almost identical with those that happen in a baby. When it comes to great danger, fear makes babies of us all.

Human beings are so weak that they cannot live alone. Because of this fact, mankind has developed society and a social civilization to bolster the weakness of the individual. Society exists to protect the individual from the consequences of his own incompetence. Society begins with the family, takes in the clan, the tribe, the nation, the race and, finally, the whole of humanity. No human being can be safe unless he belongs to some social group. In the case of our primitive forefathers, separation from the group and the clan hearth-fire was the most dangerous experience that any individual could have. Separation meant death at the fangs and claws of some great sabre-toothed tiger or long-fanged wolf.

Nature, in her providence, gave man an excellent device to insure his getting back to his hearth-fire, if he accidentally became separated from his fellow men. This device is fear. Fear mobilizes man's powers. When we are afraid, two little glands near our kidneys, called the adrenal glands, secrete a substance into the blood. This substance is called adrenalin, and it enables us to burn up very quickly all the sugar stored in our muscles. That is why a man who is afraid of an angry bull can vault a fence, which would be completely

beyond his powers, if he were not motivated by fear.

But fear has other symptoms which, in dim, by-gone days, were of use to help the isolated human in re-establishing his contact. These symptoms are associated with the activities of the vegetative nervous system, that part of our body which keeps our vital organs functioning correctly. The vegetative nervous system is entirely beyond our conscious control, and the symptoms of its activity vary with every human being. Thus it happens that when one person is afraid, his fear shows itself by palpitation of his heart, whereas his neighbor, who has been exposed to the same danger, manifests his fear by a sense of contraction in the region of the stomach. A third person may blush violently, a fourth may have a lump in his throat or a sensation of choking, another may experience an irresistible desire to void his bladder or bowels. Fear usually strikes us in our weakest organs, and these organs broadcast the whole individual's terror.

Few people understand that these various symptoms of fear, referred as they are to various organs of the body, are, in reality, not sickness, but danger signals. If, therefore, you blush when you come into the presence of a room full of people, or when you meet a person whom you consider superior, your blushing, far from being a sign of weakness or inferiority, demonstrates that you are reacting in a healthy fashion to a situation of fear and danger. It is as if nature were telling you that you have been on the wrong track and that danger lies ahead. You ought not, therefore, be concerned

with the symptoms of fear—these are natural enough. But you ought to take stock of your mental attitudes toward people. It is your social isolation that is at fault, not your body which is simply broadcasting the fact that you are unprepared for a social situation.

If you are self-conscious, you can test the truth of this very easily by locking yourself in the bathroom and talking to your own image in the mirror. You see that you are not in the least self-conscious, and you show none of the unpleasant symptoms of fear. This means that there is nothing wrong with your body, but that you have not developed your social relations to the point where you feel at ease in the presence of your fellow men.

The reason you do not feel at ease with your fellow men or members of the opposite sex is that you have developed an inferiority feeling. This is due to the fact that you have either been very sick in your youth, or that you were neglected or pampered as a child. The physically weak child feels that he is constantly handicapped by his weakness. The neglected or hated child feels that he is a little enemy alien in a hostile world. The pampered or spoiled child looks for the same type of spoiling in the world outside that he has had at the hands of his parents. He is usually disappointed and thus comes to the same conclusion that the neglected child reaches: I am not in the right place. This world is not for me. If I want to be happy, I have to stay by myself.

Promptly after such a conclusion is reached in his conscious mind, the self-conscious individual proceeds to isolate himself from all normal contacts and social tests. This only adds to his sense of aloneness, and thereby aggravates his sensitivity to fear. A vicious circle is begun. Ignorance of the fact that a human being can only be happy and secure when he is well adjusted to his fellow men leads him to isolate himself from society. Isolation from society is a crime against evolution and the common sense logic of nature. As a result of the isolation, fear appears on the scene. Fear is nature's warning signal, telling the isolated individual to get back into his group. In other words, self-consciousness and all its symptoms are misinterpreted by the shy, timid, socially maladjusted man or woman who suffers agonies in the presence of other people. Instead of coming closer to his fellow human beings, he runs away as quickly as possible.

These facts teach us psychologically that self-consciousness is nothing more than a form of egoism, bolstered by ignorance. From a practical point of view, the vicious circle of ignorance, egoism, isolation, fear, self-consciousness must be broken. It can be broken in only one way: the conscious process of facing the music and the conscious process of getting back into a good relationship with one's fellow human beings.

We know what you are going to say. You insist that you would like to get back among people, but your terrible blushing, or stuttering, or discomfort of some kind, prevents you from doing so. A very famous psy-

chologist once said: "Feelings are not arguments!" You have to act as if your feelings were of no importance. No one can change your physical constitution. No one can give you a pill against blushing, or sweating, or choking, or palpitation of the heart when you are among people. But it is easy to overcome your fear. You must train yourself, little by little, to expose yourself to social situations and to carry on no matter how miserable you feel.

It is well to remember that no one else can tell that your hair is standing on end, or that your palms are sweating! These are purely subjective symptoms: that is, they affect only you. No one knows anything about it. The first thing that you must learn is that a great many of the people that you are afraid of are just as much afraid of you. You cannot tell it, but they are shivering in their boots because they fear you will not approve of them, or that you will find out how little they think of themselves. When you get into a social gathering, you immediately think that all eyes are on you. This is a mistake. You exaggerate your own importance. Everyone is probably thinking about his own person.

Now for some practical advice. The first thing you must do is to learn how to make cold contacts with people. Go up to the policeman, the clerk in the drug store, any stranger on the street, and ask him the time, or the direction to some well-known point. Do this just for practice. Then get yourself a stock of good humorous stories. Always have a good story to tell.

It breaks the ice, and it immediately lets everyone know that you are interested in *them*. Be kind to older people, children, animals. Go out of your way to pat a dog, to help a child across the street, to carry a bundle for an old person. Look for opportunities to be useful. Call up a sick friend. Visit another in the hospital. Find out whether you cannot do some reading to the blind, or help someone to find a job.

The more useful you make yourself to people, the more you will lose your self-consciousness. People are not interested in your looks, your learning, your social position, your religion, your political affiliations. They *are* interested in what you have to offer them. Every human being has an inferiority feeling. If you make it your business to put everyone else at their ease, to smile and to encourage, to be helpful and generous and sympathetic, you will be a social success. You need never fear then that you will be self-conscious. Get into the social swim. Join a club. Associate yourself with some political party. Get into some definite form of charity. Begin at home with the elevator man, with the stenographer, with your friends. And remember this: you do not have to be a brilliant conversationalist to make a social *hit*. The most important social asset is a pair of good ears. Learn to be a good listener. It is the first step in overcoming self-consciousness.

CHAPTER V

ARE YOU VAIN?

VANITY is the oldest of all human vices. Poets and prophets have preached against it since time immemorial, and yet vanity persists despite all the sermonizing that has been done. This paradox of human life, the realization that a human trait is full of danger, at the same time that it is well-nigh universal in extent, has not been understood until modern psychiatry gave us the key to its meaning.

The fact that it is almost impossible to find a person who is not vain about something, just as it is almost impossible to find a person who has not a hidden feeling of inferiority lingering somewhere in his unconscious mind leads us to believe that there may be some hidden connection between these two almost universal phenomena. And investigation shows us that we are right, and that *vanity is nothing more than a false compensation for our inferiority complexes*. The reason that the prophets have been inveighing against vanity and that the putting down of vanity is part of the religious and ethical code of almost all civilized people, is that vanity is one of those traits that has the most disastrous effects not only on the vain individual but on his neighbors.

Human beings, as we have so often said, are weak by nature. Human beings are constantly in a state of siege.

Nature belabors them with sickness, disaster and death. We are surrounded by enormous forces that we can neither understand nor tame. Our lives are at the mercy of some busy little bacillus and our fortunes equally at the mercy of some playful little hurricane out for a holiday. Have you ever witnessed two children having an argument? Both feel weak and each wants to gain an advantage over his playmate. Johnny taunts Jackie for being red-headed. He is vain of his own sleek black hair, sees its social advantage and tries to lift himself above Johnny by announcing his physical or social superiority. Jackie is touched in his most tender point. His inferiority feeling has been insulted and exaggerated. He must re-establish his "face." He must prove his equality or his superiority. There are no Marquis of Queensberry rules in this struggle for prestige, and he seeks eagerly to find Johnny's weak point. He retorts, "I may be a red-head, but so is my father, and he drives a Cadillac, and your father only has a Ford!" The result is that Johnny and Jackie are enemies. Their normal social relations have been broken by vanity. And, as is usually the case, they are vain and proud about things for which they are really not responsible.

And that's the story of vanity throughout the ages. White men are vain about their white skin and consider themselves superior to colored races all over the world. Men are proud of being men and consider themselves superior to women. Strong men display their muscles and their vanity with the same gesture. Americans con-

sider themselves superior to Germans. Germans look down on Poles. Poles pride themselves on their superiority over Hungarians. Hungarians feel they are superior to Mongolians, and Mongolians are vain because their ancestors conquered the Chinese. Finally, the Chinese are vain because of their old civilization and consider themselves far superior to Americans with their worship of machines and money. The vicious circle of vanity is complete. It is not without reason that the poet wrote, "Vanity, Vanity, all is Vanity."

The forms of vanity are as infinite as the sands of the sea. Human beings are vain of their physical beauty, of their race, of the color of their eyes, of the shape of their noses, of their complexions. Vanity knows no place and no standards. In Turkey, women are vain of their fat; in New York, women are vain because they are slim. It is an old story that men are vain of their possessions. The Samoan chieftain prides himself on the number of his cowrie shells and the American business man is proud of the fact that he owns more shares of T. X. & Q. stock than his neighbor. But no matter what its form, it's the same old vanity.

There is no excuse for vanity, although each generation attempts to excuse its own vanities. The intellectual snob is in better fashion today than the genealogical snob of yesterday, but snobbery is always a neurosis. If, without any real effort on your own part, you have been given a chance to go to college and to expose yourself to civilizing influences, you are as little responsible for your college degree as the lady (who

prides herself on the fact that one far distant ancestor came to America on one of the early boats in preference to being put in prison in England) is responsible for her ancestry. The children of Vanity are Strife, Bigotry, Intolerance, Hate, Unhappiness, Nervous Break-down and Insanity. Is Vanity worth its price?

There might be some excuse for vanity if it could be maintained. "Pride goeth before a fall!" The Russian nobility of Czarist days was impregnable in its Vanity. It traced its ancestry to mythological heroes and lorded it over a cowering peasantry. The nobles thought nothing could shake them. Their vanity led them to impudence and persecution, and today these proud noblemen are washing dishes in filthy cafés in Constantinople. The recent depression has demonstrated all too tragically that vanity based on the power of money is very fleeting. A woman of my acquaintance, who was inordinately vain of her beauty, fell the victim of a little streptococcus. Doctors saved her life but she wears scars that will never allow her to be vain again. A prize-fighter, who was just as vain about his strength, fell the victim of a banana peel. He slipped, injured his spine, and now he can never fight again. No form of vanity is safe.

Human vanity leads to a variety of tragedies. The vain person must be constantly on guard lest someone puncture the inflated balloon of his ego. He cannot enjoy life because he is constantly defending his vanity. The woman whose snobbery gives her an inner security is prevented by this snobbery from having social con-

tacts with other women of less important genealogical backgrounds, who nevertheless are much more interesting than her own friends. The vain mother who keeps her child a beautiful little doll for the sake of "showing her off" is repaid by having that child grow up to be a helpless neurotic. Vanity is an offensive, not a defensive trait. Vanity is never satisfied with the statement of superiority—the vain person not only sticks a knife into the back of the person with an inferiority feeling, but turns that knife around. The natural result is that the vain person is surrounded by enemies, and instead of enjoying his social relationships, he is continually at war with his fellow men. It is a mistake to believe that women are more vain than men. The forms of vanity vary traditionally with the sexes. But vanity is a human trait, not a sexual characteristic.

The tragedies of competition and conflict resulting from expressions of vanity are bad enough. The worst results are those that end in the life of the vain person. It is rare that a vain person is able to maintain his vanity throughout his life. Sooner or later, he gets into such conflict with his neighbors, with common sense, with his business associates, his wife, his children, or even with nature which brooks no vanity in old age, that he cannot maintain his sense of self-esteem. You see, vanity is a false prop for our self-esteem. It is a false solution of the problems of the inferiority complex. And while we can fool ourselves a great part of the time and our neighbors some of the time, we cannot fool nature very long. Vanity is an insult against na-

ture, and nature will brook no insults.

It is for this reason that we so often find vain people suffering from nervous breakdowns. Their nervous breakdowns have nothing to do with their nerves. They are declarations of spiritual bankruptcy. When the vain person cannot keep up the show of his inflated ego, he simply folds up and steals away. This process of folding up, leaving the wreckage to your neighbors and relatives to administer, and taking refuge in the asylum of sickness, is called "nervous breakdown" in common parlance. It is the bankruptcy of vanity.

Vanity is universal and vanity is ineradicable. We might as well admit this if prophets, doctors and religious leaders have not even dented its surface after centuries of moral bombardment. As long as human beings feel inferior, they are going to try to *appear* superior in order to save their faces and make life more tolerable. Can anything be done to remove the sting from vanity? Can it be turned to any good use? Can the tragic consequences of vanity be avoided? Modern psychology answers "Yes!"

The problem of vanity is not one of destroying it root and stock. This is where the preachers of the past have failed, for to destroy vanity would be equivalent to destroying the human race. The last human being would probably be vain about his survival, and gloat over his dead neighbors in solitary and tragic glory. Being vain about your beauty gets you nothing and gives nothing to humanity, but if you capitalize on your

beautiful face and help in the reclamation of criminal adolescents, you are doing something for which humanity will pardon your vanity. If you are proud of your money, there is no excuse for you, but if you put that money to work, making this world a safer or a more beautiful place to live in, your vanity is excusable.

Vanity must be turned into socially useful channels. No one would chide an Edison, an Einstein or a Pasteur for being vain. They could point with reasonable pride to their accomplishments for their fellow men. The beautiful thing about vanity is that it can be so easily diverted into socially useful channels and once it is diverted, it seems to lose its unpleasant characteristics. We might well excuse the great benefactors of humanity for being vain because they turn out to be so modest about their accomplishments! Something happens when the urge to compensate for one's inferiorities is diverted into socially useful channels. The nature of objective work is such that it cures where preachments and sermons have always failed. Modern psychology has not removed vanity from the human make-up. But it has shown vanity up and driven it to cover. And it has extended a helpful hand to those who would realize the glories of being human in preference to the cultivation of make-believe superiorities that lead to tragedy and self-destruction. Vanity is not yet dead—but it can be cured!

CHAPTER VI

DON'T BE INTOLERANT!

INTOLERANCE is a synonym for ignorance. It is ignorance with a punch behind it, ignorance in the hands of a brutal mob. One could not count the tragedies nor paint the horrors that this single trait has brought into the world. But it is not our purpose to indict character traits as if they were criminals, and then act as judge, jury and hangman after having pronounced the verdict. There is a wonderful old French proverb that says, "To understand all things is to pardon them all." And I want to help you to understand this trait of intolerance by looking at it with the eyes of modern psychology.

Psychology teaches us that every character trait has a cause and a purpose. Often we can discover the purpose of a certain form of human conduct by observing its effects. The actor may not be consciously aware of the effects of his actions, but he is aware of them unconsciously. So let us observe some instances of intolerance and seek to determine their common origins and purposes. Let's begin in the home. Little Mary has just spilled some soup on her new dress. She is ashamed of her clumsiness and has been punished sufficiently by the accident itself. But Mother is intolerant of social errors. Mother is vain and wants little Mary to be an example of her good training, especially when

company is present. Mary is scolded and sent away from the table, disgraced before her elders. Mother can hardly contain her wrath and any impartial observer could tell that her emotional reaction to Mary's accident is greater than is warranted by the fact that her dress will have to be changed and sent to the laundry. Mother, however, has salved her conscience, and Mary has been properly humiliated.

Let us take another example. John is traveling in France. He stops at a little country inn and asks for accommodations. He is shown to a scrupulously clean room, but the inn-keeper regrets that there is no running water and no private bath. John curses the French for being a backward race, for being dirty, mean and uncivilized. John proudly boasts to the inn-keeper that in his country *every* hotel has a bath in every room, and that running hot and cold water is not a luxury for which one pays extra, but a necessity. Needless to say, John is not entirely right in his statements. But what has happened is that the poor inn-keeper who wanted to please his guest is mortified, and John has established a spurious sort of superiority.

Let us take still another example. Mrs. X is at a tea. A young woman is asked to play the piano for the amusement of the guests. After the recital, Mrs. Y asks Mrs. X how she liked the recital. Mrs. X answers, "Oh, the girl plays the piano well enough, but, my dear, did you see the terrible dress she was wearing?" In Mrs. X's mind, the pianiste has been definitely humbled and Mrs. X, because of her greater funds and her ability

to buy her gowns in more expensive shops, has been definitely elevated into a sort of sartorial aristocracy.

All three of these examples show clearly that intolerance is based on the following corner-stones:—1. ignorance; 2. a feeling of inferiority; 3. a lack of social sympathy; 4. the establishment of a spurious and subjective sense of superiority at someone's else expense.

It is a well-known fact that the more ignorant a person is, the more intolerant he is. The savage is ignorant of modern machinery and will not tolerate it. He degrades it moreover by calling it black magic. Anyone who has traveled far and sympathetically observed the customs of the countries in which he has traveled, will be struck by the fact that those customs are very appropriate to their users. The intelligent individual travels to broaden his horizons, to increase his sympathies, and to understand the varieties of human conduct. The ignorant person travels in his oyster-shell. He does not learn from travel, nor does he learn anything from being exposed to a new environment. He simply compares the new environment to his old oyster-shell, and wherever there is any difference, he is quick to condemn that difference.

The savage and the child are alike in that they are quick to destroy the thing which they do not understand. When the Goths sacked Rome they destroyed the famous libraries because they could not read. The neurotic, that is, the individual who has never completely compensated for his inferiority complex, is

equally quick to condemn and destroy anything which he does not comprehend. After all there are only two ways to approach something new. One, and by far the most common way, is to label it quickly, and thus dispose of it. When the Pan-American airways first made airports in the high Andes, the ignorant natives called the first airplane they saw a thunder-bird. That satisfied them, but the label did not help them to understand aviation.

The second way to approach something new is to understand it, study it, learn its laws, and, if it is a living thing, try to identify yourself with it. This is the grown-up way, the way of science, the way of tolerance. The intolerant person, being ignorant, is certain that the ways to which he is accustomed are the best ways and the only right ways. He is quick to label, to deprecate and to destroy. He is so lacking in inner security that any new thing threatens his smug sense of satisfaction with things the way they are. He is afraid that he is going to be jolted out of his equanimity. And so he attempts to label, to establish his superiority, and to destroy the new thing, the new idea, the new person, before he is compared with it in a fashion unfavorable to his own shaky sense of self-esteem.

It is a truism of modern psychology that every living person desires security and superiority. The person who feels sure of himself attempts to broaden his horizons to the greatest possible extent so that his security will be based on a good perspective. He wants to take in as much as he can, because the more he knows, the

more secure he will be, and the more he can understand, the more useful he can be to his fellow men—and, therefore, the more superior.

But children and neurotics never feel quite secure. Their vision is very limited and they must quickly assure themselves of their superiority as soon as any new idea, person or thing comes along their paths. That is why children and savages and neurotics are so cruel. That is why children and neurotics have rigid standards and judgments. That is why neurotics fashion a definite code of values for themselves which are absolute and unchangeable. Such a code is the quickest and surest way of establishing superiority. To the child, white and black are opposites. To the mature person who understands color, white and black are simply degrees of lighting. To the child and to the neurotic, right and wrong are opposites. To the normal mature persons, right and wrong are relative matters. The normal individual knows that what is right in New York is wrong in Hong Kong, and what is wrong today may be right tomorrow, just as what was a sin yesterday has often become a virtue today. The mature individual realizes that a grown-up world is made up of approximations and relativities. To the child and the neurotic, both gnawed by an uncompensated feeling of inferiority, there are only absolutes behind which one can hide.

The more mature, the more secure, the more socially adjusted an individual is, the less differences in race, color, creed, beliefs, ideas, nationality, size, dress, cus-

tom or habit impress him. He tests the ideas and the customs of all strangers according to the yardstick of social usefulness. If a thing brings happiness and use to its users, then it is good and should be comprehended. If it does not, it may be dismissed simply as a hangover from a bygone age. The more childlike, the less secure and the less socially adjusted an individual is, the more he is impressed with differences in race, color and creed. An ignorant little boy prides himself on belonging to the Tenth Street gang and believes that all the boys in the Ninth Street gang or the Eleventh Street gang are natural enemies and born imps of Satan. His beliefs are shared, of course, by all the other ignorant little boys in the Ninth and Eleventh Street gangs who reciprocate his sentiments heartily and are willing to back up their beliefs with stones and soda bottles in pitched battles.

Nations are often like individuals. Some of them are old and mature. They have been through victory and through defeat and they have assumed a philosophically tolerant attitude toward their neighbors. The United States is the typical example of the "little boy" nation, and our citizens are known all over the world for their intolerance, their vaunted and boasted superiority, their quickness to condemn everything new and different. For the most part, it is the American who has the least to boast about in his private accomplishments who most loudly acclaim the superiority of all things American. We raise our heroes and make idols of them in a minute, and we forget them sooner and

crucify them more quickly than any other nation. In this we are like little boys who will sacrifice their lives for a toy on Wednesday, only to throw it on the ash-heap on Thursday.

Sad as the effects of intolerance are on those who suffer its darts, my real reason for writing this chapter is to call attention to the evil results of intolerance on the person who is so short-sighted as to be intolerant. Intolerance is like a cancer. It seems to grow at the expense of all decent and normal tendencies. It eats up the natural juices. The intolerant person cannot enjoy the glories of a good laugh. He is likely to spoil his own digestion. He is always suspicious and always on guard. Because he cannot understand others, he is constantly at warfare with his environment. And even worms may turn. The intolerant individual makes so many enemies by his lack of understanding that when he gets in trouble, and he usually does sooner or later, he has no allies to help him. The more you understand, the more tolerant you are. The more you tolerate others, the more quickly they are likely to help you. The sooner you stop making artificial distinctions between your ideas and your qualities and the ideas and qualities of your neighbors, the sooner you are going to reach the only true peace of mind, the peace that comes with understanding.

CHAPTER VII

REMORSE AND GUILT

THERE are a great many people who go about the world burdened by a sense of guilt. You can tell them by their furtive gestures, their social isolation, their lack of social cooperation. Their guilty conscience will not let them rest. They want to confess all the time, and if you come in contact with such a person you will be struck by the fact that they are less interested in doing something about their guilt than they are in confessing that they are guilty. This desire to confess is the clue to their sickness, for an over-developed sense of guilt, an over-developed conscience, is in reality a symptom of mental aberration.

Remorse is very much like the sense of guilt. Remorse is the cheapest sentiment in the world. Psychologically it is a "racket" which the remorseful person not only palms off on his neighbors but on himself. So much unhappiness is caused by the sense of guilt and by psychologically conditioned remorse, that I feel we ought to discuss these conditions with the hope that I can free these unfortunate sufferers from their self-imposed burdens.

We can approach the problem best from the psychological point of view that seeks for the *purpose* in every human trait of character and every human action.

Just as dreams, and our little forgettings of our friends' telephone numbers, or our wife's birthday, are never accidents but part of an unconscious plan of life, so remorse or a sense of guilt must have a purpose. But before we can discuss the purpose we must learn something about their causes too.

We do not come into this world, as the poet Wordsworth would have it, "trailing clouds of glory." Every human infant is the inheritor of some fifty million years of evolution. The things that we inherit are our bodies and our reflexes and our ability to use our hands and our brains. But we also inherit a great many animal characteristics from our ancient forbears. You must remember that man is but a very recent arrival on the earth, when we measure time in geological epochs. Long before there was any man, long before there were even any squirrel-like mammals, life existed on the face of the earth. And we are the inheritors of this life force, this whole pageant of evolution.

Now when we are born we have a number of very unpleasant traits and capabilities. We are absolutely selfish. We take everything we can get, and sometimes we actually bite the hand that feeds us. The human baby is a little parasite, and is interested not at all in anyone else but in himself. He wants to be quiet, to be warm, to be fed, and he doesn't much care how he attains these desirable ends. But fortunately, or unfortunately, for the baby, he has been born into a human community. If he wants to live and continue to go through his life's pattern, he has got to make certain

concessions to the facts of social life. Society after all exists for the individual, but the individual must bridle some of his nasty primitive impulses if he wants to participate in the enjoyment of the advantages of living in a social group.

This means that every little baby has to be domesticated. The human baby is not better in this respect than a puppy that must be house-broken. Far from being a little angel, a human baby is a dirty and unregenerate little imp that screams when he is not fed, demands constant help and attention, and has absolutely no inborn notions of personal cleanliness or social graces. In order to become an adequate human being he must be socially "house-broken," taught to be independent, taught to be altruistic enough to talk, taught to wash his hands and face and to use modern plumbing. As he grows a little older he very definitely has to be taught the difference between "mine" and "thine."

This process of domestication is not difficult when the child's parents are psychologically normal. Normal parents do not take the child's shortcomings in the social and moral sphere too seriously, and in a friendly and constructive way they demonstrate to the child that being friendly and clean and considerate are really the best ways to be happy. These are the parents who make it their business to give their child so much self-confidence that he will not be ashamed of his own body, his own natural functions, and will not seek to appropriate other people's property because he feels secure in

the possession of that most priceless thing: a sense of self-esteem.

But all parents are not perfect. Some of them have been only partly domesticated themselves, and they are constantly afraid that they are going to break out in some unrestrained, unsocial behavior. These parents project their own inner anxiety to their children, and proceed to domesticate them not by love and example, but by the rod, by punishment and by threats of dire vengeance if not in this life, in the next. In their neurotic anxiety to make angels of their children they nag and they beat and they punish them, and they exact implicit and dog-like obedience of their children. And the result? The result is that they accomplish the exact opposite of what they intended. Usually their children become hopeless rebels who can never be won over to any kind of cooperative venture because they are constantly afraid of a repetition of their parents' nagging and authority. People say such children are "born" rebels and "born" fighters, but this is far from the truth. They have been *made* rebels by parental mistakes.

Sometimes these neurotic parents succeed in their purpose. The result is really much worse than when they fail. You can take a rebel and direct his energy into some useful channel. But you cannot do that with a model child. Yes, you have seen them all over. Men and women who will never do anything on their own initiative. Men and women who can only fill menial jobs devoid of all responsibility. Men and women who "fall" for slick charlatans and salesmen of "gold bricks."

Men and women who cringe when anyone says, "Boo!" to them. Timid souls, whose psychology has been so well understood by that master of caricature, H. T. Webster, the artist who draws Mr. Milquetoast, the "timid soul."

Moralizing and authoritarian parents make their children unduly sensitive to their shortcomings. Everyone in the world makes mistakes. When a normal person makes a mistake, he attempts to rectify it, and if he cannot make full restitution, he goes on about his work certain that he has done the best he could do. A man cannot do more than his best. But not so the child of super-ethical, super-moral, super-authoritarian parents. When such a person makes a mistake he spends the rest of his days in hopeless remorse. I happen to have two friends who both unwittingly and accidentally ran down a child while driving their automobiles. Both were guiltless in the eyes of the law, because in both cases the child ran out from behind a parked car directly into the line of the oncoming machine that hit them. My friend Mr. A. is a normal man. He lifted the injured child into his car, rushed it to a hospital and did everything that he could do to save the child's life. He felt very sad about the accident. He tried to analyze the accident, and realized that the reason that the child ran out was that it had no playground to play in, and therefore had to use the congested streets. He immediately bought a piece of ground in the neighborhood, tore down an old ramshackle house, and had a playground built, and equipped with apparatus and a

director whose salary he paid. He could not entirely afford such an expenditure, but he thought it worth while. His was a normal reaction.

My friend B. also ran down a child. He also took the child to the hospital. The child did not die, but from that day friend B. refused to ride in an automobile. He walked around telling his friends that he was *almost* a murderer. He could not sleep. He quit his business. He became melancholy with remorse and guilt. He refused to be kind to his own children because they reminded him of the child he had hurt. Finally, he had to be removed to a sanitarium for the mentally deranged. There he spent his entire days and nights bewailing his guilt.

Now the child he hurt was certainly not benefited by Mr. B.'s remorse or sense of guilt. His family, his children, his business all suffered. His friends had a constant job on their hands to console him, but he remained inconsolable. He had simply used his remorse and his sense of guilt *to evade the reality* of his normal obligations. He had proved his super-ethical nature, to be sure, but nothing of any social value came of his activities.

And this brings us to our point. If you feel remorse or a sense of guilt, talk it over with some normal and sympathetic individual. If you can talk to a psychiatrist who understands the psychology of such problems, so much the better, but at any rate find someone who has both feet on the ground. If you can make some socially

valuable restitution, do so. If you can make your remorse take the form of making someone else happy, let that be the expression of your real sorrow. If you feel guilty or remorseful for something that either did not actually happen, or is so insignificant as to be of no interest to anyone, *forget about your guilt!* You are suffering from a moral hangover, which is of no earthly value to anyone. Far from being evidence of your moral superiority, it is an index of your selfishness and egoism.

Just as every dream carries with it an unconscious moral, so every guilt complex is like a parable with an unconscious and unprinted motto. The man who heaps ashes on his head, wears sackcloth, weeps bitterly and complains to all his neighbors about his moral shortcomings, is really saying, "See what a terrible person I am! See how degraded! *How can you expect anything of a moral leper like me?*" It's that last sentence that gives us the psychological clue. A guilt complex is a coward's way of being superior. Remorse for remorse's sake is an evasion of responsibility under the camouflage of weakness. If you have really committed a crime against society, go to the proper authorities, confess, and take it on the chin like a man. If you feel just guilty for psychological reasons, go to a psychiatrist and let him help you to find your moral equilibrium. The *admission* of guilt or remorse is no excuse for egoism or social isolation or irresponsibility. You will never be happy until you do something socially constructive about it!

CHAPTER VIII

FALSE HUMILITY

TRUE humility is one of the most charming of human traits. This is the humility of the understanding man who knows his place in the vast and beautiful scheme of nature and does his best to fill that place gracefully and decorously. His humility is quiet and unassuming. He admits that his feeble brain is incapable of solving all the problems of the world, but he insists that he will use what brains he has to work those problems as long and as courageously as he can. He does not boast of his accomplishments, because he knows that these are insignificant in comparison with the great heritages of the past. This constructive humility is so beautiful that it is one of the goals of every religious teaching, and is part of every modern religious system of ethics.

But pride and ambition are much stronger impulses in the human breast than humility. Humility, true humility that is, is the product of philosophical calm and psychological maturity. It is a very rare thing. Because it is such a precious jewel, there are a great many counterfeits of it, and these counterfeit humilities cause a great deal of trouble in the world. We want to examine them psychologically and find out what they mean and how they can be understood.

Even the old Romans understood that "nobody loves

a martyr." They were unconscious psychologists, and tried to destroy these unpleasant people, but in the end the martyrs won out. Of course, the early Christian martyrs are not to be compared with the modern martyrs that we see in everyday life, any more than we can compare the martyrs of science, those men, like Noguchi, who gave up their lives so that humanity might be saved some dread disease, with the martyrs of the kitchen sink and drawing room. These everyday martyrs contribute nothing to the welfare of humanity. Theirs is a false humility which few people but trained psychiatrists can understand.

One of the best ways to understand the martyr complex and the false humility that goes with it is to recall an anecdote that is told of Socrates, the great Greek philosopher. Socrates taught the young men at the Academy the glories of humility. He understood how easily we human beings attempt to puff ourselves up falsely by putting on airs and by compensating for our inferiorities by a camouflaged superiority, and he condemned the practice of the intolerant students of his school who showed off their rich togas before the poorer students. Now he had a young student in his group who was a very wealthy boy and this youth wanted to make a great showing before his old teacher. So from the Greek equivalent of a soap-box he began to harangue the crowds in the market place of Athens. In his public harangues this young man always wore a moth-eaten and disreputable toga which was torn in many places. One day, Socrates happened to pass by

while this student was talking. Socrates interrupted the speech and shaking a warning finger at his disciple, said, "Young man, your vanity peeps out of every hole in your disreputable toga!"

Another great psychologist and probably the most civilized American of his time, Benjamin Franklin, also wanted to become humble because his Quaker friends had chided him about his arrogance and aggressiveness. Franklin tried hard to overcome his pride and succeeded admirably, as he said, in attaining the *semblance* of humility, but despaired of ever gaining the reality. "Because," he said, "even if I had achieved humility, I should probably be proud of having overcome my pride!"

And this leads us to an important psychological point. Humility is often nothing more than a masked and camouflaged pride. Such spurious and false humility is even worse than conceit because conceit is an honest admission of egoism, but false humility puts itself out as a virtue, when in reality it is a vice. False humility leads to voluntary martyrdom and martyrdom, however desirable it may have been in days gone by, is a disesteemed virtue today. Psychiatrists and psychologists tell us that false humility and martyrdom are expressions of the psychological complex called masochism. A masochist is a person who apparently enjoys degradation, humiliation, the infliction of pain and calumny on himself, and often when no one can be found to inflict pain on the masochist, he will torture and punish himself.

But, you will say, we have learned from these articles that everyone is striving for superiority and security, and how can anyone be superior by being humble or martyred or masochistic. There, my friends, lies the psychological trick of false humility. False humility, paradoxically, is a form of the superiority complex. Let us see how this works.

Suppose in childhood, like many other young people, you were guilty of conduct of which you were thoroughly ashamed. These other people have grown out of their childish habits, have fallen in love, have married, assumed the responsibilities of married life and parenthood, and completely forgotten about their childish habits. Not you. You keep worrying about your bad habits and martyring yourself because of them. You will not go out among people because you consider yourself unworthy of human company. Even though no one else knows your secret, you know it and consider yourself a moral leper. Someone calls on you and asks you to help in a charitable drive. You refuse because you consider yourself unworthy to help in a noble cause. No amount of pleading will move you from your determination.

Your false humility is nothing but a camouflage for your complete lack of social cooperation. You could have done a great deal of good by helping in this charitable drive, but you preferred to sit alone, nursing your humility in solitude. All the time you consider yourself very superior because you refrained from soiling a good cause by your ignoble presence. But is this

really humility? Isn't it rather vanity and egoism and uncooperativeness and a superiority complex? Has anyone been helped by your humility? If not, it is not a true humility, because true humility is designed to put people at their ease, to make life easier for your neighbors.

Very often I see isolated and lonely individuals who are asked to join in the social activities of their groups. "I'm not good enough to play bridge in your set," they say. Or, "I'm so unattractive that I will just be a drawback at your party." What are they really doing? They are giving everyone else the job of encouraging, forcing, pampering, coddling and coaxing them to do the ordinary everyday things. Do you see how such falsely humble individuals manage to get the center of the stage and give everyone else a job? This is an example of the masked superiority that lies at the bottom of the *profession* of humility.

No one is really so humble that he cannot help. But the social martyr hides his cowardice behind his humility. "How can you expect a worm like me to cooperate with you?" he asks with crocodile tears in his eyes. In this way, the martyr, who is usually a self-appointed martyr, avoids the normal responsibilities of everyday life. Just as the false pride of the individual with a superiority complex enables him to say, "I'm too proud to soil my hands in such common work!" so the false humility of the individual with a martyr complex says, "Look at me! I'm a miserable nobody. Don't ask me to do anything!"

False humility usually entails the profession of helplessness, a helplessness that very definitely shifts the burden of everyday tasks to someone else. Sometimes the false humility is hardly masked at all, as for instance in the cases where men or women wash their hands a hundred times a day. The implication is that they are very clean and are especially anxious not to soil anything or to be soiled. But actually, in social conditions and under ordinary living situations, the overly-meticulous, overly-clean individual is saying to his family and his friends, "You see, I am the only really clean person in this house. All of you wash your hands only ten times a day, but I wash my hands a hundred times a day!" Here it is a case of pride not peeping out of the holes of a torn toga, but glistening in every soap suds.

Occasionally the false humility of the martyr is vaguely understood by the people in his environment as an actual attack on their integrity. In such cases it is not at all uncommon that they proceed to retaliate, and punish the poor martyr more severely than he has bargained for. The martyr always expects to be taken with a grain of salt, to be helped, to be coaxed, to be admired. But when he is punished for his malicious superiority, the martyr comes into his own. "You see," he says, pointing to his wounds and injuries, either mental or physical, "no one cares for me. I am a poor innocent victim of the unthinking cruelty of my fellows. Pity me!"

Let us sum up: false humility is always an unsocial vice, never a virtue. It is not the expression of a sense

of inferiority, which it is supposed to be by the martyr, but a camouflaged attack on the martyr's neighbors. The individual who makes a profession of false modesty is anxious to prove that he is unique, different, holier-than-thou. He contributes nothing, and expects to be coaxed and wheedled into doing the most ordinary things that everyday social cooperation demands. If his humility is not noticed, he remains in solitary isolation, feeding himself with thoughts of his superiority. If he is confronted with his obligations, he welches under the excuse that no one as humble and inferior as he, could be expected to contribute anything. If he is taken at his word and really persecuted, he feels justified in his belief that this is a hard world, and not for him. Whatever else a martyr may be, he is not really humble; for true humility comes from a sense of strength and accomplishment; never, like false humility, from a sense of un-compensated inferiority.

If you can work yourself out of your false humility, Godspeed to you. Come out from behind your mask and try to be like ordinary folks, no better and no worse. If you cannot do this, consult a reputable psychiatrist or mental hygiene clinic. There are better ways of winning social esteem than being a martyr.

CHAPTER IX

ARE YOU UGLY OR GOOD-LOOKING?

IN our civilization ugliness is considered a curse, beauty a blessing. The beautiful Helen of Troy is supposed to have changed the course of history because her beauty was so irresistible a magnet. Civilizations have fallen because men have fought for beautiful women, and heads have rolled off on the executioner's block because some reckless man did not sufficiently honor a high lady's charms, or accidentally spoke his true mind about her ugly features. The beauty of woman has been the theme of countless songs, poems, and dramas. The beauty of Adonis, according to Greek mythology, was responsible for his death. Shakespeare has given a moving and dramatic picture of the psychology of an ugly man in "King Richard III." Cyrano de Bergerac became the hero of one of the greatest plays of all time because he had so long and ugly a nose.

Ugliness and beauty play a much greater rôle in our lives than we admit. It is extremely difficult for a young woman, no matter how well equipped she may be, to obtain a responsible position if she is positively ugly. On the other hand many a beautiful young woman who gets the preference at first sight because of her physical charm, causes considerable loss to her employers because they have mistaken a pretty face for

ability, or have believed that the two are synonymous. Styles in beauty change with the climate and the age. What was beautiful in 1900 will be ugly in 1950, and vice versa. What is considered a ravishing beauty in Turkey is a wallflower in New York. There are no standards for beauty, and there never will be.

But the problem of physical ugliness and beauty is a very personal problem, a problem that begins in early childhood, and goes through life. The ugliness that is a disadvantage to a woman, may be an advantage to a man in a civilization that believes men should be wise and women beautiful. Likewise the beauty that would have been an asset to any girl, may stand in the way of the career of a man or lead him into some psychological side-show. The child who is ugly in childhood, and is criticized or neglected because of a lack of physical beauty may become very handsome in adult life, but the stings and scars of early neglect may still be present. Such individuals often use their mature beauty to some cruel end, making victims of the opposite sex in a futile revenge for the wrongs endured in early childhood.

The opposite situation is also full of interesting psychological consequences. A child that is very beautiful, and is petted and pampered during childhood for this quality, may, on growing up, be a very plain individual. Such a woman then feels that she has been neglected, that her friends or even her parents have deserted her cause. She is embittered and unhappy because she is accustomed to all manner of compliments for her

beauty, and, feeling that applause and love are her God-given right, has done nothing to insure the maintenance of this approval for the remainder of her life. Some of the most bitter tragedies that I have ever seen have been in the lives of men and women in whom the gift of physical beauty has been misused during youth for private and personal ends, only to turn into complete panic and breakdown, when through causes beyond the control of the individual, beauty has faded, and applause melted away.

Psychiatrists who have occasion to see the results of beauty and ugliness in their stark outlines have written that of the two, ugliness and beauty, beauty often is the more dangerous possession. True, neither ugliness nor beauty can, in and of themselves, determine character or personality. Nothing is more beautiful than a beautiful character in a beautiful body, nothing more distressing than the combination of ugliness in body and ugliness in spirit. But there is no law that says all beautiful men and women shall be beautiful in spirit as well, nor that all ugly or deformed men and women shall have crooked characters and distorted spirits.

We react to beauty and to ugliness, in ourselves, very much according to the reactions of our environment. Minor deviations from the accepted norms of beauty may be more dangerous than very great ugliness. In our civilization any deviation at all from the accepted norm may be the cause of a great deal of pleasant or unpleasant comment. Our mature reactions to our own physical constitutions are largely the products of our

early childhood experiences. I want to give you some examples to show you how these attitudes are psychologically determined.

Suppose we take the case of a little girl. She is very beautiful. On every occasion her adoring mother trots out little Mary for the approval and applause of friends, relatives, and neighbors. When little Mary goes out on the street she is not dressed like a little girl, but like a little doll. This flatters her mother's vanity. Passers-by, struck with her physical beauty, and her doll-like appearance, stop her on the street, stroke her hair, and say, "What an adorable child!" "How beautiful you are!" "What lovely eyes!"

Little Mary has an inferiority complex like every other little girl that was ever born. She realizes at a very early date that her physical charm is an asset. She can enslave the big grown-ups and make them her servants by simply acting pert and coy and "cute." With this realization a fatal and tragic pattern of life is laid down. She becomes a little coquette. Her physical beauty becomes a conscious asset. Whenever she gets into a tight place, as at school, when she has to take a test, she will rely on "vamping" the teacher. Presently she will add crocodile tears to her technique of life. Having been accustomed to getting presents just for being beautiful, little Mary will never grow up to the realization that the real rewards of life are not handed out in return for looking pretty. But Mary will go on learning all the arts of seduction and "sex appeal" for the purpose of getting her ends. She will have a great

many successes, and she will overlook and misinterpret her failures. And then one fine day Mary will stand face to face with one of the great challenges of life—and will fail. Because beauty is a very capricious instrument with a very small marginal utility. And so Mary will have a nervous breakdown, or will go insane, or at best live a very tragic life, because the one thing on which she based her sense of self-esteem had failed her.

In the case of ugliness, similar psychological crimes are committed on children by their parents and by unthinking friends. A child is born into the world, not blessed with an excess of physical beauty. People call him "the runt," "brat," "funny-face," "snub-nose" or some other unpleasant epithet. This child sees other children carrying off the prizes of love and affection simply because they are better-looking. He feels he is in the wrong place, and that everyone's hand is raised against him. No one wants to listen to what he says because he is ugly. A few years of being ridiculed and made fun of, and this ugly little boy is going to find himself in the position of King Richard III, whom Shakespeare portrayed with such insight. "All right," he is going to say, "if you call me a toad, I'm going to be a toad, and as horrid a toad as I can be!" The Italian criminologist, Lombroso, once expounded a theory that all criminals were born with certain signs of a born criminal. Lombroso was a good observer but a poor psychologist. The fact that so many criminals are ugly is not evidence of the fact that criminals are born

with stigmata, but is a sign that, if you are born with physical abnormalities, if you are ugly, it is very easy for you to become a criminal, because the good-looking, normal society in which you are supposed to win significance, doesn't give you a chance. People, especially ignorant people, look at your face, and not at your acts.

Of course not all ugly people turn out to be criminals. Far from it. The point we want to make so strongly in this article is that neither physical beauty nor physical ugliness can compel you to either be a spoiled and pampered darling or a bitter, misanthropic criminal. We have shown how such results can happen, when the individual who is either beautiful or ugly allows the environment to determine what he is going to be. But in the last analysis, it is up to you, whether beautiful or ugly, to make something out of yourself.

To sum up: If you have been blessed with physical beauty, remember that beauty will get you over certain moments, but it will not help you at the critical situations of life, and it will not help you to fill your intervals. Beauty is a terrible mistress. At first you have beauty—but if you become her slave, there is no slavery worse than the slavery to beauty. And eventually, sad as it may appear to you, beauty will fade. It is dangerous to let your self-esteem rest entirely upon your good appearance. What you can accomplish will be made more effective if you have it. It is easier to work with a beautiful individual than with one who is not. This means that your function in life is to be cooperative. It will always be easier for you to influence people to

some good end. You must use your beauty to the only end that will bring you lasting and final satisfaction: the end of social usefulness. And to this end you must fortify your beauty with something more solid and more lasting.

If you are ugly you are not lost. You have advantages which may be inestimable if you use them. You will not waste as much of your time looking for the approval of stupid people. What we all want is esteem, the approval of our fellow men. The beautiful person gets this easily—and loses it as easily when someone more beautiful comes along. You have the opportunity of getting this approval in a more lasting form. You must develop your usefulness to the community. When a man is struggling in the water, he does not look at the beauty or the ugliness of the man on board who is throwing him a life-saver. He is interested only in what that man is doing for him. Be the man with the life-saver. For the gratitude of those you have helped is of greater comfort and of more lasting value than all the beauty prizes that have ever been given. Like beauty, ugliness can be either asset or liability—as you make it.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY YOUR CLOTHES TELL

CLOTHES and fashions form a fascinating chapter in the history of human ingenuity and the history of human stupidity. Originally a clever invention to cover man's unprotected body, clothes have become, in a great many modern instances, the be-all and end-all of existence. In the beginning clothes served to compensate for the actual inferiority of our bodies. Today they pander to our inferiority—and superiority—complexes. The history of clothes and costume and fashion is really the history of human civilization.

Almost no one, nowadays, wears clothes solely for protection. There are fashions in clothes for every conceivable purpose. Even Arctic explorers, aviators, soldiers—people from whom one would expect a maximum of utility—have fashions in their garments. The Australian bushman, whose vocabulary is limited to some fifty words, is as interested in his costume as he is in his dinner. There is a definite magic about clothes. Clothes are definitely the indicators of character and personality. A careful psychological analysis of a man's or a woman's wardrobe would give us almost as much knowledge of his or her basic personality as a lengthy psychoanalytic consultation.

What is the basic psychology of clothes? It is this:

when we get beyond the minimum required by protection and decency, clothes are a definite social activity. We say as much to our neighbors by our clothes as we do by our words. Sometimes more, because we can study the personality of an individual by his clothes, even though he does not utter a word.

Clothes indicate our reaction to the people about us. It must be obvious that a man or woman who dresses neatly and cleanly is interested in his fellow men and women. A hobo in tattered rags indicates his lack of social cooperation exactly as much in his clothes as in his dislike of honest work. A beggar plays upon the social feeling of his neighbors: he consciously makes himself look ragged and impoverished so as to arouse the pity and charity of those upon whom he is a parasite. A too great interest in clothes indicates that the individual who is always worrying about his dress is not sure of himself. We can imagine that Beau Brummell and Beau Nash had terrific inferiority complexes. Why would they place so much value on their *covering* if they were not uncertain about their *essential* worth?

Polonius' advice to Laertes, in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," is full of the soundest psychology. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy; but not too costly!" says the older Polonius. A man or a woman should dress the part. To overdress, as to underdress, is bad manners. An overdressed individual makes everyone in his vicinity uncomfortable. Many people overdress because they are spoiled children who demand the center of the stage. They want the limelight no matter how fantastic

and bizarre the costume they choose may be. It does not matter to them whether they are praised or criticized. The limelight is all they are interested in. On the other hand we can presume a certain basic misanthropy in individuals who come to a formal party in sports clothes. They indicate their basic egoism and disinterestedness by putting their own comfort first, their own private logic above the common sense of the situation.

I am sure that you know people who have on the wrong clothes all the time. They enter the parlor in overalls and the kitchen in full evening dress. You may be certain that these are the people who always say the wrong thing, the tactless, unsocial individuals who are more interested in their own superiority, or uniqueness, than they are in the happiness of others in their vicinity. I am sure that you know other people whose sole means of expression is their clothes. Many a time a beautiful dress is the camouflage with which a stupid woman covers her stupidity. By contrast, there is no excuse for being badly dressed in these days. Fashion services abound, sales-people are trained to show only the most becoming clothes because a badly dressed customer is of no advantage to a shop, despite the fact that a sale has been made. And the type of woman who is at odds with the world in general, you may be sure, is at odds with fashions.

We no longer have gladiatorial combats in which we can express our basic animal spirits—but in the battle of fashions we have a very close counterpart. The

days of the pioneer are over. We can no longer impress our neighbors by clearing a forest or by building a boat. We use our clothes as the index of our self-esteem. Every garment is a code, a sort of psychological radiogram, that announces to all the world what we think of ourselves. And among American woman especially, fashions in clothes are the arena in which we satisfy not only our artistic desires for expression, but also our combative and aggressive instincts. The lobby of any New York theatre, during intermission on a first night, is a tacitly recognized arena in which conflicts of prestige are quietly fought out under the critical eyes of the combatants.

One of the cheapest and most convenient methods of overcoming an inferiority complex is to dress well. But the manufacturers and designers of clothes know only too well that the average inferiority complex is not going to be cured so easily. Therefore they change the fashions with the winds, always discovering some significantly different feature which will make last year's dress look out of date, and thus give its wearer an additional inferiority complex. Queen Mary of England has worn the same type of hat for years—but she is a Queen, and her social superiority cannot be questioned. All the men with aggravated inferiority complexes follow the fashions set by the Prince of Wales, as if, by wearing the same cut of waistcoat or trousers, they can indicate their "all rightness."

The relation of fashions to the dominance of the sexes is an interesting chapter in history. I wonder how

many of you know that during the days when the queens of Egypt held all the power, as a matriarchal country in which women were dominant and men subordinate, the queens did not change the design of their simple tunics for four centuries, while the men changed with the seasons? The evidence for this fact is engraved in the solid granite of Egyptian tombs.

There is no doubt that in our times women use clothes as their most powerful weapons in gaining their love objects. During the War when women really came into their own because of the great economic upheaval that enabled them to compete with men, they wore extremely short dresses that allowed a maximum of independence and freedom of motion. As soon as the war was over, and the men returned to dominate, the fashions changed, and women went back a century in their fashions, as if to indicate that they really did not want to be emancipated at all.

In the days of chivalry, when knighthood was in flower, women were worshipped from afar, it is true, but at first hand they were treated as so many slaves. You will find if you look at the history of costume, that the less independence women have had, the more complicated their costumes have been. In the days of the magnificent Louis XIV of France, the ponderous head-dresses and complicated costumes of the wealthy court ladies reduced them to the status of mere dolls. The peasant women, however, who did their share of the work of the day, dressed almost like men, in the simplest dresses.

It is a sad commentary on the lack of self-esteem displayed by the average woman, that she is a veritable slave of fashion. Certain artistic laws determine whether a dress, or hat or shoes or ornament, is esthetically fitting. But many women, finding a style of costume that fits their physique and face, will gladly discard it in order to be "in style" with an atrocious creation that is out of harmony with their personalities. Thus there are women who divulge their hidden lack of self-confidence by wearing the clothes of adolescent children. Old women who are afraid of age believe they can delude their neighbors into thinking them young by dressing like their daughters at college, while very young children believe they can really make a grown-up appearance by simply putting on their mother's clothes.

In this way a certain magic has grown up about clothes. People are forever denying themselves the enjoyments of life because they are afraid that they are not fashionably garbed for whatever adventure they wish to experience.

This brings us to certain laws about clothes, and certain counsel that we can give about their psychology.

1. Dress as well as you can without making dress an end in life. Clothes do not make the man. But a man with a good idea can get that idea across better if his dress is unobtrusive. The same applies to women.
2. You cannot hide an inferiority complex by clothes. The more unobtrusive a dress or a suit, the better it is.

The greatest compliment to a person is that he should be so well dressed that no one knows what he wore.

3. Being well dressed is an art. Find out the style of hat or suit or dress or shoes that best becomes your personality and your physique, and stick to modifications of them, despite changes in fashion.

4. Do not be afraid to be original in your dress, if your dress suits your purpose. Try to express your social interestedness in the neatness and cleanness of your clothes, but do not let your clothes be more than an emissary of your true personality. I mean by this that you should dress the part. People take you at your own face value. If you overdress, you will certainly be found out. If you dress poorly you may not get to first base.

5. Being well dressed is a part of being civilized. Making clothes an end in themselves is a sign of a deranged and neurotic personality, a symptom of a wasted life and a profound inferiority complex.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT IS LOVE?

OF all living creatures, we civilized human beings are the most complex. We live and express ourselves on three distinctive planes: The physical—through which we express ourselves by means of the five senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell; the mental—on which we experience thought and its expression through the means of conversation; the spiritual—which, although permeating the other two, is the infinite or incarnal nature that belonged to us before birth, and will subsist after death. The physical and mental parts of us are carnal and temporal; the spiritual is everlasting.

When the physical side of man is awakened by the presence of an attractive member of the opposite sex; when the effeminacy of a woman is awakened by the proximity of a magnetic male, passion is expressing itself, not love.

But passion is always selfish, awakening in its expressor a selfish desire for the one who awakened it. Passion is not only selfish but unreasonable, based on the primal, physical urge of man, the procreative function. When completely aroused, it forgets self-respect; it sets at naught respectability; it heeds no law, God-given or man-made! *Unless it is dominated by love!*

The fires of passion, uncontrolled by love, will make a man endanger his good name, forget his family, deny his religious training for the mere gratification, in a moment of sensuality, of its insatiable desire for fulfillment.

As and when expressed in a woman, it closes the door of her responsibility to her fireside. She forgets those traits demanded of wifehood and motherhood, when this amorous side of her being is aroused by a paramour! And we call this love! Analyze yourself. Analyze anyone in a cool, calculating, scientific manner when passion is being expressed, and see wherein we have erred in shrouding this physical propensity with pure, undefiled garments, and naming it love!

Remember this: Passion never has been and never will be expressed on the spiritual plane of life. It must remain where it has always been: a burning, consuming desire of a purely physical character.

But what of love? Is love physical? Has it anything in common with physical desire or methods of expression? And the answer is "absolutely no!"

Just as passion is the physical means of expressing a magnetic attraction between the sexes on the physical plane, so love is that vehicle through which our spiritual nature expresses itself to others. Passion confines itself to individual expression toward one of the opposite sex. Love speaks a universal language! Love knows no age, no race, no clan, no sex, no condition. And therein lies the deified expression of God through man, pro-

vided that we attain that spiritual evolution which allows us to express this emotion unalloyed.

Passion demands all it can get, and promises as little in return as possible. Love gives to the uttermost, and asks nothing in return save only a reciprocal response. To confuse passion with love is to fail to understand the difference between an expression of a purely physical nature and an absolutely spiritual condition.

Because we live on all three planes, every normal individual is endowed with a capacity for expression, not only of a physical passion and of spiritual love, but of mental harmony too. And much of the mental inharmony exhibited between individuals is directly attributable to the fact that the physical expression of passion has been mistaken for the spiritual attribute—love.

Just as passion is the call of the physical nature for its mate, so love is the outpouring of the soul for its companion. As there are kinds and degrees of passion, so there are varying kinds and degrees of love. Naturally, in this treatise, dealing with marriage, we shall confine ourselves to that type of love which exists between those of opposite sexes before and after marriage.

Love, the kind that will presuppose permanency and mutual responsibility in marriage, must include real fondness, true affection, mutual devotion, tender attachment and last, but not least, a charitable desire for the welfare of its mate.

All love is sacrificial; it abnegates self in the interests of others. Particularly is this true of "Married Love."

When a man and woman really love each other, the happiness, the comforts, the health, the success of each is of prime consideration to the other. Where mutual love exists, mutual trust and faith must exist, because no true lover will belie a trust with his or her mate. Passion, being temporal, physical, and changeable, engenders doubt; love, being eternal, spiritual, and invariable, espouses faith.

The love just defined is the "ideal" or perfect love; and while many of us are idealists in theory, very few of us are able to express our idealism in practice; hence few there are who are capable of ideal love. If we were, we would be gods in our own rights. Being human, and subject to the frailties and misconceptions of a carnal mind, many of us mistake the unreal for the real. Let me illustrate:

Our physical bodies are endowed with five senses: sight, smell, taste, touch and hearing. The impressions which reach our brain come through one or more of these senses and make us conscious of the presence of everything that goes to make up our environment.

We consider real those things which we can actually contact through one of these senses. Because we can taste a peach, smell a rose, see a beautiful painting, hear a harmonious chord, these things not only are vested with reality, but they leave pleasing impressions on our memory.

In the same way, because we can feel the pleasure of an aroused passion, because it magnetically draws us to

the one who arouses it, and because it stamps itself indelibly on our memory and fires our imagination, we forget that it is solely a physical sensation; and, without logical reason, we classify it as love.

But love is not physical. Love is not tangible. Love is not something which can be felt. We experience love as an all-pervading condition which guides us, and guards us, and lifts us, but does not reach us through any physical medium. Love is the essence of the soul, and, when present in any man or woman in sufficient strength, as it expresses itself toward its object, will pale into insignificance the physical passion which has been mistaken for it, as the sun renders pitifully weak the strong arc-lights that shone so brightly during the blackness of the night.

Passion is a necessary part of our physical nature, and, because it manifests itself with such compelling force, we have all of us, with very few exceptions, made it a paramount issue in our lives. Nor do I mean to imply that it should be absent or repressed; but, because love, when newborn, matures very slowly, passion, by virtue of its rapid growth, oftentimes takes command of the young couple, and, instead of remaining subservient to love, it enthrones itself in love's stead and, as a reigning monarch, makes willing subjects of its proselytes.

For a marriage to be mutually happy and permanent, love must reign supreme and passion remain its obedient servant.

CHAPTER XII

FALLING IN LOVE

PERHAPS the most popular indoor and outdoor sport in America is "falling in love." Many men and women spend a great part of their lives waiting to fall in love, and just as many others spend a great part of their lives regretting their actions after falling in love. So much mischief is done by popular articles and superstitions on this subject, so much drivel is written in novels about the young people who "fall in love and live happily ever after," that I feel it is absolutely necessary to write a chapter on the psychology of this process that everyone talks about, and so very, very few people understand.

You all know the picture of the boy who has fallen in love. I do not care how old or how young he is: he always acts the same way. He seems to lose all his good sense, moons about with an image of his beloved constantly before him. He dreams about her, he thinks about her when he should be doing his work or going about his studies. He loses his appetite, becomes excited, and sometimes even vituperative when anyone questions the real value of his beloved and all too often he loses his common sense.

The same thing holds true of the young woman in love. She begins to build castles in the air, dreaming

of her wedding, her cottage in the country, her children, her success as a wife—while she lets the breakfast coffee boil over or fails to do her stenography or lessons. Her beloved is the most perfect swain in the world. She becomes quite blind to the fact that he has no job, that his aunt is in the insane asylum, that his heredity is bad, and that he picks his teeth after dinner. Something magical and mystical has happened to her that colors all her thinking and all her activities. She—and what I say about her holds equally true for the boy who has fallen in love—walks about as if in a trance, and she hates anyone who brings the realities and hard facts of life to her attention, to the disturbance of her dreams and day dreams.

For ages and ages poets and doctors have said that people in love were partly crazy, and you have only to deal with a person actively in love to know that they are not entirely wrong. I should not say that a person in love was crazy, but he certainly acts as if he were intoxicated with some mysterious drug that confuses the senses and disturbs the orderly functions of the personality.

Just what happens psychologically when we fall in love? Some people believe that a chemical process takes place when we meet our affinity, and that there is just one person who can evoke this response of “falling in love” from us, and that, therefore, we have to wait until this mysterious thing happens to us before we can really love. Others believe that some kind of electrical magnetism passes between two persons, and that this electri-

cal exchange is the necessary premise of falling in love. Both these theories have no foundation in fact, and while they explain what happens, there is no basis in believing them true. For there are very good psychological reasons for falling in love, which trained psychiatrists can usually discover, and which any intelligent observer can test himself.

In order to explain the process of falling in love I must first take you on a little psychological journey to your own early childhood. As I have stated so many times in my writings, we begin life with a terrific handicap of smallness and weakness. We are dwarfs inhabiting the land of giants. We feel inferior, and we try to hide our inferiority or to compensate for it by training. As we grow, we have a variety of experiences, some of which are positive and some of which are negative. We discover that by crying we can obtain the sympathy of our mothers and fathers—that is a positive experience, although not always a good one. We burn our hands on a hot stove—that is a negative experience, although a very valuable one. Among these experiences are personal contacts and relations to people which stick deep in our unconscious.

Suppose you had three dark-haired brothers and one light-haired brother, and the three dark-haired brothers were very unkind to you, while the light-haired brother always took your part. These experiences may have occurred to you before the age of six, long before you could think out the relationships for yourself. But deep in your unconscious mind is a fixation, in which

light-haired people are associated with peace and happiness. Without knowing what you are doing, from this time on, you will be suspicious of all dark men, and expect happiness and love and security from the light-haired ones. You go through life with the unconscious image of a slight, blue-eyed, fair-haired man, with whom you associate your own happiness. Naturally, this need not be a brother who gives you the unconscious image. It may be your father, a servant, a doctor, a cousin, a teacher, or some stranger who gave you a bag of peanuts at the circus, and naturally, this same situation may occur to a boy as to a girl. The main point is that there should have been a very pleasant experience with a human being of the opposite sex. We call such a person the "contact" person of early childhood, and as we grow older, we may completely forget the *actual* contact person, but some characteristic, whether a physical characteristic such as the color of hair, or the color of eyes, or a mannerism, such as a way of laughing or smiling or folding the hands, or a profession, or definite situation, such as sickness, remains as a *symbol* of the "contact" person, deep in the unconscious mind. But this symbol is surcharged and loaded with psychological dynamite. If the symbol returns, the mysterious button is pressed in our unconscious, and a terrific charge of emotional dynamite is set off through our whole personality.

You can imagine that engineers were going to blow off the side of a mountain and had the dynamite all placed in various spots and connected by electric fuses

to a master control. This master control is a photo-electric cell which is manufactured so that when the word "love" is uttered, the electrical current goes out to all the thousands of charges planted in the mountain, and blows off the side. That is just about what happens when we suddenly "fall in love." Somewhere, somehow, the magical word has been said, and the magical word in your case is a *symbol* of some type of individual with whom you experienced happy things in the dim far-off past of your childhood. And remember, you do not have to be able to remember just what those experiences were, because in ninety-nine out of a hundred times, they happened long before you were really aware that you were a person at all. But once you recall the symbol you have been unconsciously looking for as a love-object and find it in a person, it is as if you said the magic word. Nothing can stop the electric current from going out to all the dynamite charges throughout your whole personality. You are helpless—you have "fallen in love!"

Now let us take for example the fact that blue eyes are the magical unconscious symbol which sets off the emotional dynamite in your personality. The reason for the blue eyes symbol is the fact that your foster mother, who rescued you out of an orphan home, or your older brother, who always fought your battles for you, had blue eyes. Now you are a young man of twenty-one or a young woman of the same age: sensitive to the same magical symbol. Both of you meet a person of the opposite sex who possesses the magical blue eyes,

and both of you fall in love. You, the young man, are studying to be a doctor, and the girl you have just met is a soda clerk in the drugstore where you eat. And you, the young girl, are a stenographer, and the man with the blue eyes you have just met, is your employer, who is married and has two children. In both of these cases it is tragic for you to become involved with the particular person who has the magic key to your emotional life.

The fallacy of falling in love is, that in so many cases, the symbol of happiness, and the bearer of that symbol are not the same! Just because away back in your childhood you had a particularly satisfying experience with a blue-eyed young man, does not mean that *every* blue-eyed young man is to make you happy. And if you fall in love and marry someone, just because some marvellous mysterious *feeling of happiness* has come over you in the presence of a certain person, you may awaken some morning and find that the person you married as a symbol of happiness is in reality quite another person, with ideas and goals and characteristics quite foreign to those you desired.

When this happens (and, my friends, it happens so many times every day that I cannot count the instances), you are not likely to say that *you* made a mistake in judgment. You are going to begin criticizing and trying to reform the individual of flesh and blood that you married, because you fell in love with an ideal shadow or image of a similar person. You try to make the *actual* person you married conform to *your* ideal of what he

should be. Naturally, he is going to resent this reforming process, because he believed that you loved him for what he really was, not for what you thought he might be, or because he resembled someone he has never seen, and you have probably forgotten!

And so the fight begins and lasts long into the nights and years of the people who believe that falling in love is the surest, and the only, test of the person one should marry! Falling in love is a very pleasant madness, and if you happen to fall in love with a mature person, a mate who will put his shoulder to the wheel with you and cooperate in the big job that is marriage, then good for you! Being in love is a tremendous stimulant to cooperation. But beware that you are not just in love, and that falling in love, you have not checked all your common sense and critical faculties at the gate along with your rubbers and umbrella! For falling in love, as it is usually practiced, is the worst possible preparation for marriage and successful love life after marriage that I know! Falling in love comes under the head of delusions, and as such is just as dangerous as delusions of grandeur or other forms of mental disease. Most of the people who find themselves forever falling in and out of love would do well to consult a psychiatrist and find out what is wrong with their unconscious patterns of life. Choose your mate—and this is my final advice on the subject—by using the best possible judgment you can muster, and if you must, “fall in love” with him afterwards!

CHAPTER XIII

MAKING THE MOST OF ADVERSITY

WE Americans pride ourselves on our good sportsmanship. What does this mean? It means that we are not interested solely in winning our games. We want a good opponent and we enjoy a good battle, keen competition, courage and sportsmanship in our opponent. We lose gracefully when we are beaten, and we try to win gracefully, not exulting too much in the defeat of our competitor. But above all, we are not afraid to risk our reputation in the fight, and we are justly proud of the title "a good sport," or the title of "a good loser."

Now, there are a great many people who can cheerfully lose a golf match or a set of tennis or a baseball game, people who consider themselves "good sports" on the athletic field, who cannot take defeat anywhere else. It is as if these people used athletics for the sole purpose of keeping themselves from finding out what bad sports they are in life. They cannot take defeat or adversity. They are fair-weather friends. They cannot lose gracefully when more than a poker game is at stake. But it is obvious that if a man or woman cannot be a good sport in their daily contact and conduct with their fellow men, they are not good sports at all. You cannot judge a man's character until you test it. And the best possible test is adversity.

Contrary to common belief, adversity, hard times, "hard luck," "bad breaks," misfortune, the loss of prestige, or comfort, or a job are not the greatest misfortunes in life. The only real tragedy is the inability to meet the wolf at the door and come back with a fur coat!

My thesis in this chapter is that hard luck and adversity are assets. But before I can apply this thesis to your own case, I want to take a little excursion into the history of the human race and show you just what rôle adversity has played in the history of human civilization.

To begin with, the human being is the least capable organism that inhabits the earth. He is hairless, weak, sensitive, subject to thousands of diseases, easily disturbed by minor variations of temperature and barometric pressure, easily poisoned by the wrong foods, and very quick to die. This was man's original adversity. Added to his weakness, man changed his method of locomotion from four-footed walking to two-footed walking. Because of this, his backbone, which should have been the roof-tree from which his internal organs were hung, had to become a single column of support, thereby making man subject to a great many diseases that his ape-like ancestors never dreamed of having.

But what did nature do to help him to live? Nature compensated man for his weakness by giving him the most marvellous brain, and the ability to live not only on land, but also to swim in the water and fly through the air. No animal that lives is capable of so varied a

life as man. No other animal can adjust itself to so many different kinds of environment. Men can live in the depths of mines and on the tops of mountains. And all because the initial disadvantage of having to walk upright was compensated for by the development of the two free hands and the brain that enabled them to be put to such good use.

It was hard luck for human beings that they were born with weak eyes—eyes that could not in the remotest degree compete with the eyes of an eagle or hawk. But what did man do when stimulated by this bad break? He invented the eyeglass to help him see correctly, the telescope that enabled him to watch the movements of the farthest stars, the microscope and the ultramicroscope that enabled him to see things so small that their existence was undreamed of. And this knowledge, gained originally as a compensation for bad eyes, has enormously enriched human life.

Then man comes into the world with very inferior ears. A cat has much better ears than a man. But what did man do to help himself out of this bad break? He invented the glorious realm of music which is unknown to other animals. He invented the phonograph and the telegraph and the radio as compensations. And those of you who have heard my voice and my counsel over the air are unwittingly the benefactors of primitive man's struggle to hear his enemies with the weak organs that nature gave him.

No man is as strong as a gorilla. But what gorilla can

invent and operate a steam shovel, a power-dredge, a locomotive, a turbine or a dynamo? By means of his inventions of the lever and the wheel and the fulcrum and the pulley and a few other simple mechanical and electrical principles, man, the weakest of all living things, has become the strongest animal on the earth.

The adversity of nakedness and hairlessness was compensated for by the invention of clothes. The poor digestive systems that we have inherited were compensated for by cooking. Our loneliness, and our need of the help of other human beings became the basis of speech, and speech in turn became the basis of literature and news and history and the written word which enables us to go on from the last rung of the ladder which our predecessors reached. Our sense of smell is dull compared with that of other animals, yet we are the animals who make the most aromatic perfumes for our enjoyment. Our sensitivity to heat and cold was compensated for by our learning to build. The wasps and the ants build complicated structures, but can the most complicated hive compare with the Empire State Building? All in all, man has not suffered because of adversity. Adversity is the one thing that is responsible for our development beyond the animal. We pray for good fortune, for an easy time, for good luck. What we ought to pray for is adversity.

Every human being goes through the development of his whole race in a miniature sort of way. We all go through the early period of trial and error. The troubles we experienced in learning to walk and to talk

and to eat and to sleep alone are all forgotten, and all we have to remember them by are definite techniques that stand us in good stead every day of our lives. Adversity is the best teacher of character, just as necessity is the mother of invention.

Now our civilization has become so complicated, and we have made so much progress toward common safety, that we sometimes forget how much we owe to adversity. The strength and the character of our pioneer forefathers were due entirely to the fact that they developed a classical resourcefulness in dealing with the terrors of the uncrossed plains and the dangers of the uncut forests. But we are resting on their laurels. A great many parents who have been through difficulties in their youth seem to have only one goal with regard to their children: they want their children to enjoy life, and to avoid the hardships they have suffered. These parents are well-meaning, but misguided. They forget that their own rugged characters are the result of their meeting and conquest of adversity and hardship. They rob their children of their most precious birthright—the chance to develop their characters in the conflict with the hard knocks of life. And the only college that is qualified to teach character is the University of Hard Knocks.

We are a race of spoiled children. We want everything served up to us ready made. We want our food predigested, our news condensed in tabloid form, our music canned, our homes furnished, our mates chosen for us by some silly romantic formula. And then when

we really meet adversity—we are unprepared. We act like sheep that have been frightened by a wolf. We stampede. We check our brains and our critical faculties, and become a group of panicky children. We cry for help, for magical intercession. And the adversity that we are so frightened of is really our best friend.

And you, my friend, who are reading this chapter, are probably in the same class. You are depressed because you have lost a job, or some money, or a beloved one, or an opportunity that you coveted, or because you have been stricken with illness. Well, what of it? You've been spending your time complaining about your misfortune, cursing the gods for your ill-luck, and doing very little about it. Put your shoulder to the wheel. Make a mental inventory of just what assets remain, and find out what you can do about them. Above all, don't be a quitter! Don't whine and expect George to do something about it. It's up to you. Your race—and you ought to be proud to be numbered as a member of a race that has never let adversity wipe it out—has made the most of adversity, as this simple outline has shown you. You, too, can do the same thing.

If you are out of a job, you can study for the next higher one. You can read all the great works of literature that you have neglected. You can get a hobby and turn it into gold, if you have a mind to. You can find someone who is worse off than you, and in bringing him some cheer, make your own position so much the better. Don't cry about adversity. Adversity is your friend. Adversity is the golden opportunity that you have been

looking for all these days.

A friend of mine, who was a very busy doctor, was once hurt in an automobile accident. He was compelled to remain six months in the hospital with his legs in a Balkan frame, being stretched to regain their former shape. Did he quit? No. He studied and studied despite his pain and his uncomfortable position, and in the end, when he was discharged from the hospital, he had done a piece of research which made him famous. Don't cry about bad breaks. Capitalize them. Make adversity work for you. It's your best friend!

CHAPTER XIV

PLEASURE AS A GOAL IN LIFE

IF you were to ask the first hundred people you met on the street what they wanted and expected of life, a good many more than half of them would tell you, in one way or another, that their goal in life was pleasure. The pursuit of pleasure is the full-time occupation of a vast multitude of human beings. Millions of men and women work for no other reason than to get money and to turn that money into enjoyment, amusement, pleasure in some form or another, as quickly as they can. They will slave for days for the price of a few hours of what they call joy. Their happiness consists in having "a good time." Their life is the pursuit of one good time after another.

Is pleasure, in itself, a goal of life? Is it an adequate goal? Does the pursuit of pleasure for pleasure's sake really bring pleasure to the seeker? After the pleasure is gained, what? How many pleasures can a man or woman enjoy in a lifetime? Are there other things in life more satisfying than pleasure? Does pleasure become a drug on the market after one has enough pleasure? Is there a saturation point for pleasure, beyond which it turns to pain and boredom? These are questions which we must examine psychologically before we embark on a career of pleasure-for-pleasure's-sake.

Ours is not an easy world to get along in. We begin as weak and helpless children, and fate, our parents and teachers, and finally the obstacles and problems of life, seem to conspire to make our way difficult and arduous. It is natural that under such circumstances, pleasure and the enjoyment of life should assume a very important rôle. And I, for one, am a great advocate of proper relaxation and recreation. I believe that all work and no play makes Jack and Jill both very dull and uninteresting people, and eventually, very ineffectual workers. Recreation and pleasure are necessary to the full life.

But there are a great many people who are not satisfied with recreation and pleasure as *accessories* of life. For them pleasure is the end and goal of life, and the pursuit of pleasure the only valid occupation. They cannot understand how people can work and enjoy it. They cannot understand why people should voluntarily assume obligations and responsibilities. They do not fathom the psychology of the man or woman who devotes a lifetime to some vital social cause, to some important piece of research, or to some artistic or creative task that requires years of preparation and years and years of arduous application and assiduous perseverance.

The Greeks had a word for them. They called them "hedonists," after the Greek word "hedone," which means pleasure. The Greeks were among the first people who formulated a philosophy of pleasure for pleasure's sake, but thousands of years ago the Greeks dis-

covered that the pleasure principle was not enough, either as a goal of life, or as a motivating principle. And modern psychology has proved that the Greeks were correct in rejecting the life of pure pleasure.

In the first place pleasure as a goal in life is a very uncertain goal. The number of amusements and pleasures which are open to men and women are definitely limited. There are the pleasures of the table and the pleasures of drink. There are the pleasures of sport and the pleasures of gambling. There are the pleasures of the senses as expressed in the enjoyment of the arts, and the pleasures of the spirit as expressed in religion and mysticism. There are the pleasures of sex, of travel, of amusement. But most of the men and women who make pleasure a goal in life are not willing to make the investment in pleasure that is necessary to really enjoy the arts, to really enjoy sports, to really enjoy travel, to really enjoy the adventures of the spirit. They limit themselves to the pleasures which they can enjoy passively, because these people consider any work or preparation a nuisance and annoyance.

The pleasures that one can passively enjoy are tremendously limited. And because of their limitation, they are apt to be cursed with a monotonous sameness. If one attends the vaudeville or the movies, for instance, every night for a period of a few years, one becomes heartily sick of vaudeville or movies even though an inveterate theatre-goer. If one attends night clubs night after night the ridiculous and deadly sameness of the surroundings and the amusements begin to pall. If one

seeks the pleasures of the table or of drink as an end in life, sooner or later the body itself rebels, and dyspepsia and cirrhosis of the liver put an end to one's joys. There is, in a word, a very definite saturation point for pleasure and amusement. And where pleasure ends, boredom and despair enter in.

Imagine the plight of the poor pleasure-seeker when he finds the horizon of his pleasures creeping in on him! Imagine his frantic efforts to have just one more good time, and his despair when both body and soul rebel! Psychologists and psychiatrists, who have traced the life histories of men and women who have made pleasure their goal, are unanimous in saying that these hedonists begin with very simple pleasures. They go off on a trip, they get a little drunk, they make a little love, they go to a night club. Saturation is soon reached. They become restless and anxious. They seek for more unusual pleasures. They begin to gamble, to drink heavily, to indulge in perverted pleasures. Again saturation is reached. They try to return to the old simple pleasures, but these have lost their thrill. Their faces become lined. They look hungry and anxious and dissipated. The normal enjoyments of life lose their attraction, and they cry for more and more savage and perverted pleasures. This process is inevitably accompanied by a sinking of their social levels. Finally they find themselves among the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. And then the gate closes slowly. There are no more pleasures left. At this point suicide or insanity are the only ways out.

Pleasure-seekers start out in life as spoiled children, unprepared for the serious work of the world. They are forever seeking the lost paradise of a pampered childhood. They believe that the world owes them the good time they were accustomed to having in their youth. And like true, spoiled children they refuse to consider the proposition that they do something to earn their enjoyment.

In essence, every human being who pursues pleasure for its own sake is a discouraged and disheartened human being. They feel, these frantic hedonists, that at any moment the bitter responsibilities of being grown-up will descend upon them in all their fury. They hope to stave off the unhappy day when they will have to enter into the world as cooperative members. Pleasure is always a highly personal affair. The hedonist does not know how to share because he is always afraid that what little pleasure he has is going to be taken from him. He cannot relent one moment. He is a slave of his goal. Pleasure does not really please him. He seeks pleasure as if it were a life-saving machine, and with every dose that he takes, his medicine becomes less and less effective. Naturally enough, his medicine falls short of curing him.

If you seek pleasure as a goal in life you indict yourself as a person who has no self-confidence and no self-esteem. If you had self-confidence and self-esteem you would devote yourself to the work of the world, and keep pleasure in its proper perspective. You would enjoy your recreation, but your recreation would have but

one purpose: to help you do your work more effectively. You would realize that you are not the pampered darling of the world. You would understand that only by service and cooperation in the work of your world would you prepare yourself to merit and to enjoy the rewards and honors of the esteem of your fellow-men.

Pleasure-hunters make one other tragic mistake. They think pleasure is a thing that can be acquired by hunting it and catching it. Pleasure, happiness, health, respect, honor, freedom are not things in themselves. They are attributes of a style of life. If you work hard, pleasure is the attribute of your accomplishment, and amusement and enjoyment are the attributes that accompany the *change* from work to enjoyment and back again. If you live according to the best hygienic principles you are apt to be healthy, but you cannot pursue health as an end itself. The same applies to happiness, power, freedom and other characteristics of the good life. As soon as you make a goal out of these attributes, you destroy not only the goal you are seeking, but yourself. This is old wisdom and is to be found in the ancient and holy writings of all religions and all peoples.

To sum up: pleasure can never be an effective goal of life, because it is a quality of the good life rather than an end in itself. When you seek pleasure as an end, you find that the available pleasures are very limited. The real pleasures of life come only to those who participate actively in living. Seeking pleasure as a goal in life is in effect running away from life itself. The process of pleasure-hunting eventually ends in boredom. Bore-

dom is followed by despair, and despair ends in the morgues or the insane asylum. The only adequate goal of life is the goal of *living the good life*. This means active participation and active cooperation in the problems of work, of social adjustment, of sexual adjustment and of the utilization of one's leisure time. There is no greater pleasure in life than the pleasure that comes from the realization that one has solved these four great human problems to the best of his ability.

CHAPTER XV

ON HAVING "CRUSHES"

EVERY boy and girl goes through a certain stage in adolescence during which it is fashionable to have "crushes." These "crushes" are often laughed at by the boy's older brothers, or the girl's older sisters and parents. The more the opposition to the crush grows, the harder the crush becomes. The girl who has a crush becomes a little saint suffering a martyrdom in her family for her devotion to an older girl, a teacher, an actress, an aviatrix, or some famous woman in the public eye. The boy who has a crush on an older boy, a camp counsellor, a teacher, a football or baseball star, or some famous general or aviator, is just as willing to silently bear the jibes of his family. His loyalty to his crush is unshaken by criticism.

Parents often have very false attitudes toward the child with a crush. Either they laugh at the devotion openly, or they frown on the attachment and attempt to break it up. The reason for frowning on a crush is usually that the person on whom the child is having a crush does not measure up to the parents' standards. Sometimes parents laugh at the child because his "mooning" about his crush appears ludicrous to them. Sometimes the parents are afraid that the crush will develop into something more serious. They are afraid

that the child puts too much into his love and devotion to the crush, losing all sense of values and perspective. And occasionally these crushes take on a more serious aspect and seem to absorb the child's entire life, and the parents are afraid that a dangerous degree of attachment is developing between the boy and his hero or the girl and her heroine.

I cannot too strongly condemn the attitude of the parents who either ridicule their children for having crushes, or the attitude of parents who brutally attempt to "break up" the crush by removing the child from all contact with the person to whom it is attached, because both of these attitudes arise out of ignorance on the part of parents of just what is going on in the child's emotional life when he is having a crush. Crushes should neither be laughed out of court, nor should they be broken up *before* some normal substitute for them is provided, and any parent who cannot substitute a healthy attachment for a crush had best leave it alone.

What is the psychology of the crush? It is very simple. We begin life as little weaklings, surrounded by an adult world that seems much better prepared for the problems of existence than we are. We develop an inferiority complex because everyone else in the world is so superior to us. There are so many things that we cannot do! There are so many things we cannot say! There are so many laws that we must obey even though we do not understand them! We are like helpless little dwarfs in a land populated by giants.

As we grow older we gain power and strength and understanding. Our confidence becomes greater and we develop the hope that some day we, too, shall be big and strong and wise. And with this realization we seek some kind of a model from which to shape our growth. The greater our inferiority complex, the higher the ideal of our attainment. And, naturally, the nearest person in power to the boy is his father. The male parent represents his ideal in life, his first crush. And in the case of a girl, just as naturally her own mother is the first crush.

But as we grow older and begin going to school, and seeing other fathers and mothers and other grownups, we begin comparing our fathers and mothers with these outside persons, sometimes to the disadvantage of our own parents. If, for instance, my father should be a lazy drunkard and my school teacher a neat, athletic, hard-working and handsome young man, the father-ideal is quickly changed into a teacher-ideal, and all the love that would normally be lavished on my father is spent in the devotion to the teacher. If my father is a person who is undemonstrative and gives me no approval, and the teacher, besides being a more personable ideal to model myself on, is in addition friendly and kind and gives me his approval, I will be even more smitten with him and will enter into a sort of substitute father-son relation with him. And the more opposition and criticism I meet at home, the more I will cling for consolation to my crush. And this parents do not understand when they laugh at a crush or attempt to break

it up. Often the child has chosen correctly, and the ideal exemplified by the crush is a much better ideal than his mother or father. Parents sometimes feel hurt in their vanity because they vaguely understand what the crush means. They recognize the fact that the chosen ideal is better than the family ideal, and they resent the comparison.

The case is exactly similar with girls. If the mother is a frowsy, nagging, criticizing, slovenly person, and the aunt or teacher or social worker that the child meets is kindly, well dressed, optimistic, the child will substitute the teacher or aunt for her mother, and devote her love-energy entirely to this ideal of womanhood. The little girl is stimulated to learn a great many new things because she wants to win the approval of the ideal. She fashions her clothes after her ideal's as much as possible, and assumes her mannerisms and ways of doing things. The teacher or social worker becomes a pattern for growth, just as in the case of the boy the camp counsellor or teacher or athlete represents a goal to be achieved which not only lays down the pattern for future development, but actually stimulates improvement in the boy who is modelling his career according to that of the ideal.

These ideals, whether male or female, are extremely important in the psychological development of the child. To interfere with them is to break an important evolutionary chain in the child's growth. It confuses the child and discourages him and leaves him hopeless. In a normal child, as growth develops, these ideals

change. They may begin with the father or older brother, and extend to the prevailing baseball or football hero of the day. Then, later, a teacher or college professor becomes the model, and finally, perhaps, some outstanding public citizen or scientist sets the pace for further growth. In the little girl similar changes take place. It may be some far away movie actress who is the first crush. Then a teacher. Finally a neighbor whose motherliness and kindness gives an approachable ideal with which the little girl finally identifies herself.

Even grownups have such ideals and identify themselves because the need of identification is so strong in the human breast that the custom prevails even among savages. In the case of the primitive savage, the crush takes the form of the worship of some totem animal which seems to the savage to have the qualities and characteristics that he wants to acquire. Thus the American Indians, in subscribing to the Wolf totem or the Bear totem or the Eagle totem, go through exactly the same psychological process as the boy who identifies himself with Lindbergh or Babe Ruth; or the little girl who wants to be Ethel Barrymore or Greta Garbo.

Now and then the boy or the girl who has a crush gets terribly involved emotionally, and does all manner of silly things to win the approval of the person on whom they have a crush. Boys have run away from home to watch some circus or rodeo performer on whom they had a crush. Girls have stood out in the street for hours to catch a glimpse of an actress as she

left the stage door. Children have denied themselves their lunch money in order to buy photographs of some idol. And occasionally, where the idol is some near person, such as a teacher, they have gone so far as to annoy the idol with their attentions.

Parents, seeing only the foolishness of these antics of adolescence, take stern measures to suppress them, with the result that the crush is only intensified. It is at this point that the damage in the crush relationship often occurs. The idol becomes everything. Members of the opposite sex do not exist. Nothing can stir the child, whether boy or girl, from his devotion. True, girls are far more likely to develop these exaggerated crushes than boys, because they are more inclined to be emotional, and are afforded fewer outlets for their energies than boys. They live a quieter life, and perhaps a more deeply emotional one. They are afraid of boys because the boys they know are uncouth and unfriendly. And this intensifies the direction of their love for their crushes.

We see thus that the crush is not the laughing matter that it appears to be on first sight. In the first place it is an important step in development. The crush may be an almost necessary form of stimulation to further growth. If factors at home are unpleasant, or the crush relation so satisfactory that the child seeks no further, then it may become a potentially dangerous thing. But in any case it should be understood, not criticized or ridiculed.

Parents whose children are experiencing crushes will do well to follow these precepts:

1. Do not interfere with a crush unless you can give the child a better one. Never ridicule it. Never attempt to forcibly break it up.

2. Give the child plenty of opportunity to come in contact with healthy-minded and successful adults of the same sex.

3. Do not mistake the adolescent foolishness of the crush for real foolishness. This is a phase of development, and the less you interfere with it the sooner it will pass.

4. If you feel that the crush is developing into a really dangerous relationship, or you think that the attachment is too close and interferes with the child's other activities, consult a psychiatrist for expert guidance. An impersonal third party can always handle these matters better than an emotionally involved parent.

CHAPTER XVI

HAVE YOU BEEN JILTED?

PROBABLY every grown man and woman has at some time had the experience of being rejected by someone he or she loved dearly. Some of us have these experiences when we are very young, and, finding that we lived very happily after the first shock of rejection and dejection, have continued on our way none the worse for our experience. When we grew up we found someone who shared our affection and love, and made him (or her, as the case may be,) into sweetheart, wife, or husband, and the shock and chagrin of the first broken love affair is forgotten in the enjoyment of mature love. That, my friends, is the normal way of life.

But there are a great many men and women who have some such rejection—and never get over it. They go through life mourning the loss of the only true love they ever experienced. They lose their sense of perspective and also the sense of their own self-esteem. Some of these people lose their common sense to such an extent that they commit suicide. In a pamphlet of mine on suicide I have shown how this solution solves no real problems. Others, not brave enough to take the drastic measure of suicide, go through life as if they were half dead. Nothing matters to them, nothing can stir them into activity or interest in the rest of the

world. They act as if the only really important thing in the world had been lost to them for all time.

In my time I have seen thousands of young men and women tragically unhappy because they had been turned down by a fickle sweetheart or rejected by a sweetheart who did not share their own sense of personal values. I have seen thousands of young people ruin their lives because they had committed some utterly silly move out of spite or, as the phrase goes, "on the rebound" from a broken love affair. I have seen too many deplorable and preventable suicides caused by ignorance of what to do when your sweetheart turns you down. And I am writing this chapter as a practical guide to those who are going through this experience.

To begin with let us examine the facts: The world is made up of millions of men and women so constructed anatomically and psychologically that most of them could love and marry most of the others, and with a little good humor and courage, make fairly successful marriages out of their ventures. If we married by lottery, never seeing our prospective mate until we matched numbers, the chances are that there would be no more unhappy marriages than there are today.

What does this mean? It means very simply that marriages and love affairs are not made in heaven. It is an utter fallacy to believe that just *one* man or just *one* woman can make you happy. If this were true, and the one woman whom I felt destined to be my bride turned

me down, I would commit suicide too—but *it is not the truth*. A man may love his wife and cherish her, but it is quite possible that he could have met any one of twenty other women, loved her, married her, and be just as happy as he is today. Proof of this lies in the fact that widows and widowers who have been supremely happy in a first marriage, are often just as happy in a second marriage with mates of entirely different types and personalities. Proof of this lies also in the fact that many a young man and woman who has been "heart-broken" about being jilted, sometimes to the point of having a nervous breakdown, has gone about falling in love with someone else, when the first pangs have worn off, and made a very successful go of the second adventure.

Now I am a strong believer in the worthwhileness of picking a mate who is sincere and hard to get, and making oneself attractive to such a person. I believe that selecting this person is a tremendous stimulus to growth and personality development. But I do not consider it worth-while to pick as one's sweetheart a man or woman who is *absolutely essential* to one's happiness. Of course, you understand, I have no illusions about there ever being such a person who is *absolutely indispensable* to anyone's happiness. But you may *believe* that such a person exists, and choose him or her as the object of your love. If, then, this indispensable person happens to have other ideas and goals than yours, and refuses to return your love, you are in a very serious predicament. You have set up a condition of happiness without which

you say you cannot exist, and the person you consider indispensable refuses to play your game according to your rules. There is only one thing left to do in such circumstances—and that is to have a nervous breakdown and admit your complete mental bankruptcy to face facts as they are.

Make it a rule, therefore, never to fall in love with anyone who seems utterly necessary to your happiness. Real happiness could not exist in the married life of two people where one felt that the other was indispensable. You would always be the slave of the indispensable partner. If he or she were kind you would prosper, and if he or she were unkind, you would have no recourse but to suffer. And happiness in love, as I have written elsewhere, cannot exist except between two people who are *both* standing on their *own* feet, and cooperating in the task of marriage.

The next thing you must do is to get the notion out of your head that such a person as a really indispensable, unique, one-time-in-a-million personality actually exists. Pick your sweetheart according to the rules I have laid down in the chapters, "How to Choose a Wife" and "How to Choose a Husband" and you cannot go far wrong. Cleave to your choice and learn to cooperate with your sweetheart, and very likely you will not be turned down. But, if such a thing happens (and sometimes it does happen for reasons that we neither like to face nor know how to control), then you must examine the circumstances of the break, and instead of going into a decline, make capital out of your experience.

By far the greatest cause of broken love affairs, jilting, and similar experiences is the fact that we are a race of spoiled children. One of the basic laws of the spoiled child, a law laid down by neurotic parents in the first years of the spoiled child's life, is the psychologically false law that, "Because I love you, you must do as I say!" It is on the basis of this law that the spoiled child, whether five or fifty, whether male or female, chooses his or her sweetheart. Often enough, this sweetheart has other interests and loves, and sometimes is neither willing to be chosen nor even aware that a choice has been made. The sweetheart is then pestered by the spoiled child who is unwilling to take any human being as he actually is, and is made the object of demands, criticisms, reforms, entreaties, cajolery and the like, all according to the spoiled child's formula: I love you, therefore, you must do as I demand, and woe to you if you do not!

Love, as you all know, can only go on when there is a sharing of responsibilities and pleasures. No sweetheart can possibly stand the strain of this kind of treatment, and sooner or later the chosen sweetheart is going to look elsewhere for love. What happens now? The spoiled child who has been acting like a little tyrant, trying to make over his sweetheart to suit his own patterns and ideals, is jilted. He or she is disconsolate. The world looks black. Nothing has any interest. If the sweetheart does not accept the love on the terms that it is offered, the spoiled child immediately thinks that no one in the world loves him, and not being loved

is a state too terrible to imagine or to contemplate. All is lost!

If your sweetheart has turned you down, the first thing you must do is to attempt to understand why this happened. Did you pick someone beyond your actual worth? Did you intrude your love into the life of someone who had other goals and desires than yours? Is there something in you that is unpleasant, neurotic, undesirable, uncooperative? Has your sweetheart turned you down in self-defense, because you demanded too much of her or of him? Have you simply sailed into another human being demanding complete mental slavery as the price of your love? Have you chosen a mate simply to compensate for your own shortcomings? Have you expected your sweetheart to do what you are too lazy or too cowardly to do for yourself? Have you picked someone so high above you that you knew, in advance, you would be jilted? These are all questions you must answer, as you must answer the basic question in all matters of love: how much am I cooperating in the task of love? Am I asking my sweetheart to do all the work while I get all the pleasure?

The second thing you must do, if your sweetheart turns you down, is to find another one. It is very important, however, that you do not choose the first person who comes along "on the rebound." Whatever you do, do not choose a second sweetheart out of spite for the first who has turned you down. Let yourself have a little time to think the matter over, and the best cure for a jilting is hard work. Many a great work has been

stimulated by a loss of a loved one. Do not, immediately after being jilted, seek out one new sweetheart. Give yourself a chance to mingle with new groups of people, and choose several new friends. Do not make a sweetheart out of the first person you see, the first person who seems to be sympathetic to your loss. Beware of making the same mistakes again.

Consoled by the fact that no sweetheart is indispensable, stimulated by your loss and rejection to find new ways to happiness in work and friendship, motivated by a desire to search your own soul and your own conduct for the causes of your difficulties, build up a new circle of friends, and plunge yourself into your work and into your hobbies. Make this a testing period. Get rid of the slag of your own character; study human nature from the best books you can find; make yourself a better and a worthier lover; seek higher, not lower; keep your head and remember that tears only cloud your vision and self-castigation and remorse take up a great deal of energy that could better be directed toward some useful end. Begin again, better prepared for the task of love. And act as if you were lucky. If your sweetheart had not turned you down you would have had to pay dearly for your unpreparedness when you could have ill afforded to do so—after marriage. Being jilted is not necessarily a tragedy. Turn it into a personality asset by making it the springboard to future happiness.

CHAPTER XVII

DO'S AND DON'TS OF COURTSHIP

I OFFER herewith what, in my opinion, are some of the more important factors, during courtship, in determining the reasonable expectancy of happiness after marriage. I list them for convenience under "Don'ts and Do's."

DON'TS

FIRST. Do not get serious with your first boy friend or girl friend. Before seeking or accepting the steady company of one of the opposite sex to the exclusion of all others, it is wise to establish a basis of comparison by placing yourself in the company of different individuals. This does not involve promiscuity.

SECOND. Do not take it for granted that, because of one common meeting ground which attracts you to an individual, you can expect happiness and success with that party. Many a boy dances divinely, sweeps a girl off her feet; they finally waltz up to the altar and get married. Only after the marriage ceremony is performed does the girl realize that the boy's chief accomplishment (sometimes, his only accomplishment) is his dancing. While dancing is a pleasurable diversion, we cannot dance through life, and some of our best dancers make the poorest and most incompetent husbands.

A girl may be as beautiful as a cameo, and a fine, honorable young man is attracted to that beauty, and only finds (after the girl has become his wife) that the beauty is but skin-deep, and ofttimes covers a character which has little to commend it.

It takes more than just one or two common interests or ideals to establish a basis for a happy marriage.

THIRD. Do not mistake hero or heroine worship for love. Many a girl marries a man much older than herself because of his maturity, his wide travel, his interesting stories of his experiences, etc. Other girls become infatuated with gridiron heroes, men in uniforms, and glamorous boys, with no thought save their popularity.

In the same way, young boys are attracted to older girls because of their popularity, experience and more studied artfulness, not realizing what a great barrier to happiness a few years difference in age often proves itself to be.

FOURTH. Do not mistake physical attraction for genuine love. Passion, while it is a compelling force, is a purely physical feeling, and, although accepted by the great majority as a sign of love, has nothing to do with love. Physical attraction alone is by no means sufficient to warrant the promise of a happy marriage.

FIFTH. Do not continue a courtship with one who "gets on your nerves" continually, and is constantly quarreling, or causes you to become quarrelsome. If

there is not considerable harmony in courtship between the girl and the boy, there will be practically nothing but discord after they become husband and wife. It is fun for sweethearts to "make up" after a quarrel. Not so easy though, after marriage!

SIXTH. Do not get serious with one who is extremely jealous, and do not be jealous yourself. Demand the right, during courtship, to friends of both sexes. Recognize the right of the other party to their friends too. If a boy and girl are jealous of each other during the days of courtship, marriage will make the home a prison for one or both of them.

SEVENTH. Do not expect marriage to reform a lover. If a boy or girl is guilty of drinking, gambling or any other vice before marriage, and promises after marriage to reform, that promise will not be kept one time in a thousand. Let them prove they mean business by giving up the vice before marriage. But do not expect the marriage ceremony to convert them.

EIGHTH. Do not rush into a spite engagement. Many a girl has a serious quarrel with her fiancé, and, human enough to want to hurt him, gets herself engaged to someone in whom she is not materially interested, just to "get even." Then she considers herself "game" enough to go through with it. Boys have been guilty of the same indiscretion in order to show the girl friend that she is not "the only pebble on the beach." Just remember—spite marriages never succeed.

NINTH. Do not rush into marriage. On the other

hand, do not prolong an engagement indefinitely over a period of years. Both conditions are fraught with danger.

TENTH. Do not confess past indiscretions nor demand a confession from your prospective mate. Neither of you is marrying the past. If both are physically and mentally ready for marriage, the past should remain buried.

ELEVENTH. Do not expect courtship by mail to insure a happy marriage. Personal acquaintanceship should always precede a marriage ceremony.

TWELFTH. Do not make the mistake of idealizing your sweetheart. He or she is human, just as you are. No one is perfect.

THIRTEENTH. Do not allow yourself to become serious with one of a decidedly different religious faith. If you are ultra-religious, it is also unwise to expect happiness with one who is atheistic in his or her views. While there are exceptions, this rule is a wise one to follow.

FOURTEENTH. Do not marry one who differs greatly from you as to race. Miscegenation is almost always unwise.

FIFTEENTH. Do not accept an engagement as a license for intimacies held sacred to wedlock. *Most* of the young men who make demands on their fiancées prior to legal protection, for one reason or another, put off the date of marriage, and finally break the engagement

entirely. The more a girl gives before marriage, the less likely is marriage to occur. This is one of the surest rules that could be offered.

SIXTEENTH. Do not commercialize marriage, for, if you do, you will find that you have made a poor bargain.

These are a few of the "don'ts" which, if followed, will help to insure both happiness and success after the marriage is consummated. Now let us consider briefly a few "do's."

DO'S

FIRST. Always choose your friends of the opposite sex most carefully, because from that group of friends will be chosen one as a life-long companion. "Love at first sight" is referred to quite frequently, but marriage based on this kind of attraction seldom succeeds. The wiser you are in the choice of your friends and your associates, the more worthwhile companion will you be able to select.

SECOND. Analyze yourself. Catalog your physical, your mental and your spiritual ideals. Know yourself perfectly, your likes and dislikes, your ambitions and your aversions. Then analyze just as carefully each individual to whom you are seriously attracted. Make sure that on all planes of life (the physical, the mental and the spiritual), there is a considerable degree of expectancy of compatibility due to many common interests and common ideals.

THIRD. Be natural at all times. Too many boys and girls do not reveal their true selves in their days of courtship. Many find after marriage that the one they had been courting had been constantly masquerading. By being natural yourself, you will draw out the natural qualities in your companion.

FOURTH. Remember that marriage is a serious partnership and demands considerable forethought if it is to succeed. It is neither all giving nor all taking. It cannot be expected to run smoothly at all times. One must be prepared to give as well as to take. Yes—and to forgive as well as to be forgiven.

FIFTH. Keep your feet on the ground and your head clear. Otherwise your heart may run away with you.

SIXTH. Acquire from your parents or your doctor or from authentic books as complete an education of the physical side of marriage as you possibly can before the ceremony takes place. I cannot begin to tell you how important sex education is to insure compatibility and harmony in marriage.

SEVENTH. Demand a certificate of physical and mental fitness for marriage of your prospective mate. Offer in return the same courtesy yourself. If this rule was made mandatory by federal statute, millions of dollars would be saved the government in caring for misfits both mental and physical; thousands of women would avoid the necessity of serious operations, and the percentage of abnormal children born every year would decrease amazingly. Upon those who have nothing to

fear, this rule cannot possibly work a hardship. It will act as a safeguard against unions with individuals who, innocently or ignorantly, are unfit for marriage. It certainly is most important.

EIGHTH. Plan for permanency before you take the step. It is most unwise to rely on the possibility of divorce in case the marriage should fail, and to enter the sacred institution of marriage with the idea of giving it a trial, and, if it doesn't succeed, call it "quits." Permanency depends largely on the start. Be sure that you start right.

CHAPTER XVIII

PERSONALITY AND CHARM

EVERYONE in the world wants to have a good personality. All kinds of books have been written about personality but most of them have been very unsatisfactory because they were written by romantic laymen who seldom knew what they were talking about. Personality is an essential to happiness and success. So many of my friends have written to me asking how they can cultivate their personalities, and attain personal magnetism, or "it" as personality is sometimes called, that I have gone to a great deal of trouble, called in many experts, done a vast amount of research, in order to give you science's latest word on personality and what it really is.

Before I define personality for you I want to dispel some common misconceptions about personality. Some people believe that we are born with personalities. When these people grow up and find that they have unpleasant personalities, or are failures in life, they like to say, "I just didn't inherit a good personality from my parents!" Others say, "What can you expect from me? My mother had no personality, and I inherited her lack of charm!" Nothing could be farther from the truth. Personalities are not born. They are made. Each human being makes his own personality. Of

course our heredity plays a rôle in our personalities, but have you ever stopped to think that some of the most marvelous personalities in the history of the world have been those of men and women who started with the severest handicaps? Heredity plays a rôle in the production of personality. But environment plays a much greater rôle. And every man, woman or child who can read and understand this chapter has the ability to cultivate a pleasing, magnetic, successful personality.

Another misconception about personality is that there are good and bad personalities. Every individual has a personality. That personality is the best possible personality he can have under the circumstances. *Personality is the set of tools which we use to gain our individual goals.* Each personality is exquisitely appropriate to its goal. This is a new and scientific conception of personality which enables us to understand just why people behave the way they do. Let me give you a few examples to prove this point.

Let's begin with John Smith. John was the youngest of three brothers. All his life he had two capable pace-makers ahead of him. He had to get up early if he wanted to compete with his brothers. He felt inferior because he was always the smallest in the family. While Johnny was still a very small boy, his goal in life was formed. That goal was to get ahead, and to get ahead quickly. Now John Smith has developed just the right kind of personality for his goal. He is a go-getter. He is up early in the morning, rushes to work, gulps his lunch, drives his car like a maniac, and can out-talk any

salesman in his company. His eyes are always open to any short-cut to wealth and power. John Smith has no interest in art or music or golf. Why should he? He cannot understand how these would help him attain his goal. He concentrates on business because business seems to offer him the best chance of getting on top.

Then there is Mary Jones. Mary was an only child, and a petted and pampered one. In her family the sun rose and set with her little doings. Her whims were always catered to, her least wish fulfilled by her doting parents. Mary's childhood goal was to bask in the lime-light, to be the center of attention all the time. What kind of a personality did she develop to this end? Now that you know her goal in life you can almost fill in all her personality traits. You just know that she likes to have other people assume her responsibilities. She wants to be a princess and will not soil her hands. You know that she spends hours fixing herself up to look pretty, because making an impression on people is the most important work that she does. You know that she cannot find the "right" man because she is in love with a far-off princely ideal of a man who doesn't really exist.

Now you understand what I mean when I say that character and personality are a set of tools appropriate to the goal that they were designed to attain. You wouldn't try to dig a ditch with a fountain pen, would you? You wouldn't attempt to carve a steak with a lawn-mower, would you? If your goal in life were to be the center of attention you wouldn't cultivate humility, modesty, timidity, or refuse to use lipstick and

rouge, would you? If you wanted to get even with society for some real or fancied wrong that you experienced in childhood, and your goal in life were to punish society for those wrongs, you would hardly cultivate an amiable disposition, a sense of humor, honesty, sincerity, charity and sympathy for people, would you?

But what of the bad personalities, the crooks, the racketeers, murderers, fobs, hoboes, malicious gossips, whining cowards—the human parasites all around us? How can we understand them? I think you have already guessed the point that I want to make. *It isn't the personalities that are bad, but the unconscious, unknown goals which people are pursuing that distort their personalities.* A lazy man is a man who wants to avoid a test of his own worth. Is there any better way of avoiding such a test than by making yourself lazy, and saying to yourself, "I could easily have done that job, but I was just born lazy!"

Now all human beings really have the same goal in life. Every one of us wants security, happiness, peace, and a sense of worth-whileness. Why is there such a variety of personalities then? The reason lies in the fact that our ideas of power, security and happiness are developed when we are so young that we cannot understand our own goals. The small child wants to be big because he feels inferior in being small, and he doesn't know that nature will take care of his puny physique in good time. This small boy seizes on the nearest thing that looks powerful and safe to him, and aims at that for his goal. He wants to be a policeman. The small

boy doesn't realize how many things there are in the world more powerful than the policeman on the corner. His pattern is set, unless someone comes and explains his false goals to him and shows him better goals of life.

And there you have guessed it again before I could write it down. All bad personalities are bad because they are aimed at the wrong goals. And if you want to have a fine personality you must consciously go about getting the right goal for your life. And all the wrong goals, the goals that make men and women choose character traits that their fellow men dislike, are goals that are based on an inferiority complex. And that means, in very simple language, that all bad personalities are based on fear and ignorance.

Human beings are all very weak. We cannot live alone. The only thing that keeps us alive in the world is the fact that living in groups and communities, we can pool our powers and so protect ourselves. The most civilized community is the safest one to live in. An individual is only as safe and as happy as the group in which he lives. All the things that make life worth living—love, honor, respect, approval, comfort, health, protection, art, culture, religion, sport—are products of social life. It follows that no human being can be happy—and that means the same thing as saying that no human being can have a good personality—unless his goal in life is to find satisfaction in making his little world a better place to live in. The perfect personality, if we can speak of such a thing, is the personality of the human being who has wholeheartedly devoted his life

to his fellow men's happiness, and found happiness in being useful.

Of course we cannot forget that every man, woman, and child goes through a certain period of development. We all begin as egoistic little animals, little parasites on our parents. We have ambitions, wills, desires, and goals of our own. We want satisfaction of those ambitions. And all too often we forget that we cannot satisfy our own desires and ambitions and leave our fellow pilgrims out of the reckoning. In our youth we strive for power. When we grow up we ought to have gained that power, and ought to strive to share it as widely as possible. But some people retain their childhood fears and ignorances, and act like little children even though their bodies are full grown. Their goal is the false goal of remaining little children. And so they develop the childish personalities that we so often see in grown-up men and women.

Sit right down now and make a mental inventory of your own personality. Is your goal in life a purely personal one that contributes nothing to the society that has protected, educated, and nurtured you? If your goal in life is just to have a million dollars, just to be loved by everyone because of your pretty face, just to have power over people, just to avoid all the responsibilities of being grown-up, just to have as much pleasure as you can get, your goal is false, and you possess, therefore, a bad personality. And do you know why bad personalities are really bad? Because they do not bring you happiness. It is a law of nature that human beings

must live in groups. It is also a law of nature that you can be most happy if you are most human. In order to be a good human being, in order to have a fine character and personality, that personality must be aimed at making the world a better place to live in. And it is up to you to make yours a good personality. All you need is this basic knowledge of human nature, and the courage to act on it.

And now let me suggest that you read the next chapter on, "How To Acquire Magnetism." It offers you ten effective rules for obtaining a good personality and is priceless, if you put it to practical use.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW TO ACQUIRE MAGNETISM

Do you know the first questions people ask a psychologist? They may ask about love, and they may ask about money, but sooner or later everyone who consults a psychologist asks, "How can I acquire personality?" or "How can I get personal magnetism?" If it is a young man, he sometimes puts the question in the form of, "How can I develop a forceful, pleasing personality?" If it is a young woman, she will say, "How can I develop my sex appeal, my 'It'?" All this amounts to the same thing. Everyone feels a vital need of making a good impression on his fellow men and women. And the fact that people ask these questions indicates that they are on the right track. The desire to improve one's personality is the first sign of successful living.

In the preceding chapter on personality, I explained to you that personality and character were the tools we acquired during life as a means of attaining our life's goal. I showed you how everyone's personality is appropriate to the goal he wants to reach. And I explained to you that in modern psychology there were no bad or good personalities, but only bad or good goals. And the good, the true goals of human endeavor, I pointed out, were the goals of self-mastery and service to one's fellows. It follows that your quest for a mag-

netic personality, for a sense of goodness and vitality, is really nothing more than the quest for the good life. And, therefore, this chapter on how to acquire personal magnetism is just a little essay on how to live a complete and wholesome life.

In order to acquire personal magnetism, you must say "Yes!" to life. That means that you must assume the obligations that go with your age, your training and position. No deserter from the battlefield of life can have a good personality. What we call character and personality are the qualifications and characteristics of good soldiers, good losers, good sports, men and women blessed with a sense of humor. It stands to reason that a magnetic personality cannot be developed by an egoist, by a pessimist or by a hermit. The magnetic and forceful personality is the tool-kit of character traits that leads to altruism, optimism, and to social connectedness. The battlefield of life has four sectors. We call them society, work, sex, and leisure. If you are running away from any of these problems and responsibilities you cannot possibly develop a glowing and vibrant personality.

Now I want to give you some very practical hints on the technique of approaching a normal and satisfying goal of life.

1. Cultivate a healthy body. I do not mean, by this, that you become a faddist about health. Everything in moderation. Eat, drink, work, play, sleep and love, but all in moderation. Adequate exercise, fresh air,

sunlight, good elimination, help to develop that glow of goodness that characterizes the healthy personality. Learn one outdoor and one indoor sport well enough to enjoy it and to help your friends to enjoy your company.

2. Cultivate your mind. No ignorant man or woman ever had a magnetic personality. You do not need to have a college degree, but you do have to know what is going on about you in the world. Know at least one subject well, and keep your interest in at least two other subjects alive. Knowing a second language beside your mother tongue makes you just twice as interesting and twice as open to new ideas. Keep an open mind, and learn something new each year. Keep in touch with the great minds of the past by reading something of the good literature of the classical writers, and read at least as much in the writings of contemporary thinkers. Don't let your mind ossify with tradition or let it go to pieces following every new fad and fancy.

3. Cultivate your fellow men. Remember that the proper study of mankind is man. A hermit, a misanthropist, a snob, a social-climber, a criminal, can never have a magnetic personality. Their goals are anti-social goals. Learn to like people and learn to be like people. Don't pass judgments, but try to understand why people act as they do. Be helpful. Focus your life's work in some activity which will contribute to the welfare of your community. Assume the full responsibilities of your citizenship. Do not gossip and do not malign your neighbors. Sympathize with the afflicted, aid the poor,

educate the ignorant, fight for the under-privileged, encourage the weak and guide the perplexed. Be courteous always, avoid useless arguments, and don't always try to have the last word. Truth is relative. Belong to at least one club or association. Cultivate an interest in some great human cause and work for it. No man or woman, whose goal in life is the pursuit of money, personal fame, power, love, or pleasure, can have a magnetic personality. The magnetic personality is a product of deep and sincere human contacts and interests.

4. Cultivate an interest in the arts and sciences. Music is the greatest republic in the world. To know and appreciate music is to know and appreciate human beings. Cultivate an interest in books, poetry, drama, history and philosophy. Cultivate a religion and philosophy of life, and it matters very little whether your religions be one of the formally recognized sects or a private and personal relation to God. Dance if you can; sing if you can. Know something of modern psychology, the great liberating science of the new world, and keep abreast of the magnificent new discoveries in medicine and the other sciences. Know what your fellow men are doing to make this a better world to live in. You may not be able to create in the arts and sciences, but you must learn to appreciate and to understand these things if you want a magnetic personality.

5. Work as hard as you can to make an adequate living for yourself. The amount of money a man makes does not determine his personality; but not to be able to do something that someone else is willing to pay

for is usually a sign of some vital failure in your strategy of life. If possible, get into work that you love. Try to get into the kind of work that you would do if you had a million dollars and didn't have to work. But work. And if you are temporarily unemployed, through causes beyond your control, study for the next higher position. Work is one of the best evidences of a strong social feeling, and without social feeling, personality must be a negative quantity.

6. Be a good lover. Love humanity and love your neighbor, love your countrymen and love your family; but above all, focus your love on one human being of the opposite sex. Love children, but do not smother them with love. Love is the key to personality. Without love we would all be animals. But love must be mature.

Love is a much misused and misunderstood word. Do not worship and adore another human being. By placing him on a pedestal you prepare for his downfall. Reserve adoration for God. Do not mistake pity for love. Pity those who have suffered blighting misfortune, and try to help them. But do not marry a man or woman out of pity. It is a form of emotional prostitution. Love someone who is nearly your equal. The more love you give, the more you have. Love is the only thing that disobeys all the laws of physics. The deeper and the more intense your love, the more you are filled with love. Beware mistaking animal infatuation for love. And here is a test of love: never say you love a person until you can say, and think, and feel with

that person as "we." Where true love is, there can be no room for jealousy, for envy, for competition, for prestige, for ridicule, for humiliation. Love equals teamwork plus sex. You have to be a good social human being before you can love. You cannot be an egoist and be a lover at the same time. When you have grown beyond self-love and beyond possessive love and come to true love, to mature love, then and then only should you become a parent. And love need not end with the family. It may be distributed to animals, to nature, to great causes, to noble professions. But the true test of a personality is the depth and quality of its love. With love comes the glow of health, the radiant goodness of a happy life. Cultivate love!

7. Cultivate your leisure time. Get a hobby. Get several hobbies. Plan during your maturity to take care of your old age. Learn to get along with yourself. The man or woman with the magnetic personality has cultivated the habit of amusing himself in his spare time either by study or by some creative hobby or interest. The more hobbies you have, the more people you will be coming in contact with, and the greater your circle of friends. The two gifts in the possession of the man or woman with the radiant personality are: the art of getting along with people, and that of getting along with oneself.

8. Learn to face obstacles and to take defeat. Character and personality are the result of meeting difficulties "on your own." You cannot be a leaner, a parasite, a fair weather sport, and expect to have a glowing

personality. Get used to taking a good trimming. The man who has never been defeated or thwarted or frustrated in his life has never tried anything worthwhile. Be a Stoic, and if you want a personality that the world will admire, learn to take it on the chin.

9. Live in the present. The past is dead. It cannot hurt you. The future never comes. No one can predict it. Your job is to make the best of the present. The people with the personalities you envy are too busy living in the now to be wasting their time moaning about the past or worrying about the future.

10. Cultivate a sense of humor. I don't mean learn to laugh at your neighbors' jokes. Learn to laugh at yourself, at your fears, your little ambitions, your petty worries. Personality, without a sense of humor, is like a steak without salt.

And now you have ten rules for the cultivation of a magnetic personality. I have done my part and have told you how to get it. The rest is up to you, and I give you courage and the will to carry on!

CHAPTER XX

IS JEALOUSY A SIGN OF LOVE?

JUST what is Jealousy, anyway? Do you know?

Before sitting down to write this chapter, I picked up a dictionary to see what Mr. Webster thought about jealousy, and I found, among many others, the following definitions:

1. Envy;
2. Resentment toward, or fear of, a rival;
3. Insistence on exclusive affection;
4. Suspicious watchfulness.

In other words, according to Mr. Webster, jealousy is composed of the following attributes:

Envy, resentment, fear, selfishness and suspicion.

Remember, now, all of these qualities are attributed to the one who is jealous, not to the object of the jealousy. But you ask anybody who is chronically jealous the following questions: "Do you admire anyone who envies another?" "Would you call resentment a virtue?" "Would you say that fear is a sign of strength?" "Do you think that selfishness is a commendable trait?" "Do you regard suspicion, especially if it is ungrounded, as a nice companion to live with?" Invariably your answer to every one of these questions will be, "No." But

all of these, and many other evil attributes, even including thievery, lying and murder, are very often the children of jealousy. In fact, I know of no more dangerous enemy of love, marriage, home, society and politics, than JEALOUSY. And yet, how many of us must plead guilty, at least upon occasion, of being jealous?

In the first place, jealousy is a sign of weakness. It shows one's admission that he or she is not strong enough to hold the object of their affections against rivals. Oh, I grant you that many of us are weak and unable to hold an affection once won, but this is an age of ruthless competition in which "the survival of the fittest" is one of the rules of the game, and one must be prepared when love is once won to exercise every artifice and every virtue to hold that love; *but jealousy is neither an art nor a virtue.*

You show me a single instance in all your experience where jealousy exhibited by one party toward another made the party who was jealous more happy or the party to whom the jealousy was shown more affectionate toward the jealous one. Everyone admires strength and poise, and that assurance that goes not with egotism but with self-assurance, while no one looks up to a weakling. We pity the one who is weak and often have tolerance for him, but weakness does not draw out the strong forces of love.

Let's turn for just a moment to the same dictionary already referred to, and turn over a few pages to the word LOVE, and we find the following five definitions:

1. Fondness;
2. True affection;
3. Passionate devotion;
4. Tender attachment;
5. A charitable desire for the welfare of its object.

Now, compare these five definitions of LOVE with the four definitions of JEALOUSY, and see if you can find anything in common. Then, how can jealousy be a sign of love? And yet, in almost every instance, one says, "I am jealous because I love." But if the one who is jealous will examine himself or herself at the time he or she is jealous, it will be found that jealousy almost makes you hate the one whom you profess to love. Isn't that true? In my personal experience, I have seen with my own eyes the object of jealousy killed on three occasions, and in each instance unwarrantedly by persons who afterwards demonstrated what they thought was real love when they found the object of this love dead. Strange, human emotions, aren't they?

Briefly then, because in a short chapter such as this, only a few high spots can be touched: Jealousy is the child of envy and fear, and the grandchild of selfishness and suspicion.

In the chapter on "What is Love?" I attempted to show that love is sacrificial; while passion, or physical attraction, is selfish, and that ninety per cent of what we term today as love, is not love at all, but one of its many imitations. Hence jealousy, instead of being an outgrowth of love, is an illegitimate, which many have tried to make love adopt.

But, you will ask, should not one be jealous when a husband, wife or lover is unfaithful? And, I reply by saying that, in the majority of cases, jealousy preceded that unfaithfulness. For many a person is driven to do the things of which he or she has been unjustly suspected. Trace back in your case the first time you were jealous of your loved one, and you will realize that it was not when he or she had proven unfaithful, but with the first minor attention shown to any other member of your sex. In other words, it riled you to see even a civil attitude shown by your lover to anyone else. Instead of saying *unfaithfulness causes jealousy*, it would be more correct to say that *jealousy incites unfaithfulness*.

A seer once said that ninety per cent of the suspicion that we direct towards others is caused by the knowledge of what we would do, if we were in their places. Putting it another way, when we suspicion someone of doing something unfaithful, it probably means that we, ourselves, have felt the flair to do the very same thing, and possibly public opinion, or the fear of being caught, rather than our own self-righteousness, have prevented us.

Jealousy involves lack of faith, and DOUBT; and while LOVE is built on FAITH, JEALOUSY is founded on DOUBT; and just as doubt kills faith, so jealousy kills love. And, not only the love of the one who is jealous, but also the love of the one toward whom jealousy is shown.

If you could see the thousands of letters that comprise

my files and read the human tragedies that have been caused by this monster, jealousy, you would realize how necessary it is that you eliminate jealousy from your nature. How can it be done? Stop being envious; don't resent your loved one having other friends; have others yourself; don't try to dominate every thought and action of the loved one; get rid of that fear of being able to hold their affection, and thus avoid appearing weak in their eyes; banish selfishness; be charitable for the happiness of those you love; put doubt behind you and cultivate faith instead; get rid of the thought that others are after your husband, your wife, or your sweetheart, and make yourself so attractive and so lovable that competition will be shut out. After following these suggestions for a while, no matter what others may do, *see what has become of your jealousy.*

Righteous indignation is justified, and it is only natural for one to feel hurt when confidences are broken; but jealousy will never right a wrong, nor increase the love or respect of the one toward whom it is shown. If you will sit down and analyze this trait of your neighbor, you always call it a "green-eyed monster"; but as applied to yourself you will cuddle it and coddle it, and even take it into "Dreamland" with you, and then wonder why you are unhappy. Try forgetting it a while, even though you feel it, don't show it, and see if the results do not justify a most bitter fight.

I hope this little brief against jealousy will aid you in conquering yourself. But this cannot be vicariously done. No one else can help you to conquer your jeal-

ousy. Catering to it, either on your part or the object of your jealousy, will only add fuel to the flames. It will not diminish this characteristic. It takes time; it requires patience; it necessitates exercise of will power—your will, not someone's else. And I can only wish for you that success which, I know, has come to the many of my friends who have religiously set their minds toward ridding themselves of this insidious enemy.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WAY TO A MAN'S "HEART"

IN one of my recent evening broadcasts, I had occasion to reply to the following letter:

"DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:

"I am still unmarried at thirty-one, and have about given up hopes. I have had very few men friends but have simply been unable to bring any of them to the point of proposal.

"When my mother berated me for my seeming inability to interest a suitor in me, she told me emphatically that evidently my methods were wrong, and reminded me of the fact that 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.'

"Willing to try anything rather than face spinsterhood, I started in feeding my boy friend. I have tempted his appetite with everything from pickles to plum pudding—have stuffed him so full he could hardly get up from the table, but I am still unmarried.

"One of two things is sure: either my mother is right in her opinion that the stomach is the proper avenue of approach to the man's heart, and my boy friend is a freak, or else mother is wrong and I am

on a detour. Will appreciate your telling me which is which.

"MISS QUANDARY."

Many of my readers will recall my reply to this young lady, which, in part, was as follows:

"There is no question in the world but what a man loves to eat, and for that reason is in much better humor after a good meal than when he is ravenous. This being true, without question a man is in a far better frame of mind when his stomach has been filled with delectable foods than when he has been compelled to grab a hot dog sandwich, or something equally as unprepossessing. In my opinion, however, filling a man's stomach does not augur the winning of his heart. That is, provided of course that the seat of love were in the heart, which, as we have shown in our chapter dealing with 'Love,' is not true."

Let us analyze man for a few moments and, through a better understanding of him, probably arrive at a better avenue of winning his affections.

In the first place, man does not express love as woman does. Whereas the female of the human species revels in the expression of love for its object, and lives that love, to man, love is a thing apart. To put it bluntly, by the very nature of his being, man is largely in love with himself, and uses the object of his affections to appease that emotion.

I wonder if I make myself clear? From a time long antedating marriage, man has been a selfish character revolving around three primal instincts: self-preservation, propagation, possession.

They say that women are vain. The vanity of the female cannot in any measure compare with the vanity of the male, either in the animal kingdom or among humans, and I defy anyone to successfully dispute this statement. I grant you that women are vain, are susceptible to flattery, but as compared to the braggadocio, the pride, the vanity of man, the effusions and susceptibilities of women pale into insignificance.

Take any average man, and you will not have to converse with him very long to find that he is his own best press agent, whether that man is fifty or fifteen. In this age of acute competition, no boy, no man, likes to feel that another is more capable than he. Let a group of men gather together and start a discussion upon any subject. If one of them describes a feat of his own in the world of athletics, of hunting, of fishing, be it what it may, the first story told is the weakest, each succeeding one, whether truthful or not, must outdo those that have preceded. Study the faces of this group. Watch each one as in silence he listens to another, and everyone save the speaker is bored to tears, but not so with the speaker. As each in turn breaks the silence for himself, the moment he starts talking, the bored expression leaves his face and enters that of the one that has just become silent. You say this is far fetched? Then I have been studying faces and riding Pullmans for a

quarter of a century for nothing.

If in a group of men, a man is best satisfied when he is discussing his own exploits, why would it not pay women to capitalize on this weakness? Isn't that feasible? Let's see whether it is or not.

Let's take John, for example (any John, it doesn't make any difference which): John is in love with Mary and has gone to call upon her. He is greeted at the front door, and invited to come in; is offered a cozy chair and Mary takes her seat, not too far away. This particular Mary understands Johns, her own and others, and she doesn't wait very long to ask him to tell her all about John. It takes no further encouragement than just the mere question to get him started. As he begins to unfold his ambitions, his present conquests, his achievements, his superiority over his associates, Mary begins to lean forward in her chair, hungrily, avidly drinking in every word that he says; and, as her facial expression takes on astonishment, amazement, unrepressed adulation, wonderment, at the marvelous accomplishments of the man to whom she is listening, these feelings, real or assumed, are made to register on her face. Her mouth begins to open just a trifle as though the better to drink in the honey phrases that he is pouring into her ears. Words of love? No! Braggadocian expressions about himself.

Under the encouragement of her interest, John waxes bolder and bolder in his eloquent eulogy of himself. Mary's mouth opens a little wider, her eyes become

exophthalmic, and then with an occasional, "Ah!" or "Oh!", and by the inflexion of her voice, she seems to indicate that she is sitting at the feet of one of the world's great heroes, perhaps unrecognized by others, but certainly appreciated by her.

Of course, John is liable to run down or run out of something true to say. At this particular point, Mary just interrupts enough to offer him a breathing spell or to give his imagination a fresh start, and once more she turns the crank with another well-directed question, and Mr. Phonograph starts on another record.

Perhaps John has come for the explicit purpose of spending the evening in spooning, but he has found something even more interesting, and without his realizing it, the time for his departure arrives and Mary has only had to offer perhaps a couple of good-night kisses. And John starts on his way home.

If you could hide behind a convenient tree about a half a block from Mary's home and watch John walk by, you would observe an interesting spectacle. He is reminiscing now on the things that he has been talking about to Mary. His shoulders are thrown back, his chest is up, there is a strain on the top chest button, even though he may be a tubercular; his hat is on at a rakish angle; his arms are swinging, and his stride is that which would naturally suggest the strains of "Behold, The Conquering Hero Comes."

John arrives home, and hastens to his bedroom, and before he has taken time to remove his topcoat and hat,

you will find him in front of his mirror. John wants to see the marvelous object that he has been talking about all evening and so he feasts his eyes on his reflected image. After he has satiated himself with his own reflection for a few moments, John says to himself, "By George, that was an interesting kid I was with tonight!" Interesting? She hadn't opened her mouth except to ask him questions about himself. But come, do you get my point?—THAT IS THE REASON SHE WAS INTERESTING!

Had John spent the evening telling the same things to his fellows, he would have had a bored audience. They would have known he was lying, and would have been quick to tell him so; but Mary, with a sympathetic pair of ears and a keen little mind, has given John a chance to unload on her what his male associates would not accept. She may feel a little worse for the wear, but lo, how much better John feels!

A continuation on Mary's part of these same tactics, and before poor John knows what it is all about, he is out shopping for an engagement ring, which finally finds its place on Mary's third finger. And if Mary continues to use discretion, eventually she finds her way to the altar.

But lots of Marys, after they have gotten married, make a fatal mistake. John comes down one fine morning in a particularly exuberant mood and starts unloading a lot of stuff that he has on his chest. Mary has not slept so very well and she is not in a humor to listen

to a lot of abracadabra. So, just as John begins to get well-going, Mary, forgetful of the tactics she used to win John in the first place, and tired of listening to his self-exploitation, looks him square in the eye and says, "John, you're a liar by the clock and you know it." And then the fat's in the fire!

The moment a man finds out that his tales are unappreciated, his prevarications unbelieved, that moment he loses interest to a large degree in the one who has found him out. Does this mean that John stops telling stories? When you close a valve on the boiler over a fire the steam stops evidencing itself. Does that mean that there is no more steam? John, like the boiler, must have a safety valve; so if not the wife's ears, there are plenty of others. And many a little girl, or older woman, in the office, at work, in the store, or elsewhere, has offered a sympathetic pair of ears to one of these "much misunderstood husbands." And we wonder how triangles get started!

I wish that space permitted a complete explanation of the reasons for my belief that the avenue to man's affection is through his interest in himself, his accomplishments and his ambitions: I wish I had time to trace the history of wooing and being wooed as far back as history gives facts. If this were possible, I would not need to substantiate what I have tried to typify in Mary and John. I can only make this suggestion to the unmarried and married woman alike: where you can point out to me one man who is an exception to this rule, I can present to you a thousand to prove the rule. I grant

you that there are some men who are hard to get going: some phonographs are hard to wind up: some phonographs even won't run at all; but this does not argue that, with a little tinkering, when once wound, they won't play you a tune.

The trouble with the modern girl, who is being courted, is that she has accepted in this expressive age so many of the petty vices of her masculine consort, that she has developed loquaciousness, too. Instead of the shy, reticent, retiring, clinging-vine that her mother was, when she was being courted, too many of the modern girls go in for slapstick, turn their tongue loose on both ends, and cannot understand why the boy-friend dates another girl next time.

I am not arguing that a girl should be deaf and dumb. It might pay to act dumbfounded, but to act "dumb," never.

Seriously, any average girl will make an appeal to any average man if she shows a sincere interest in his well being, in his past experiences, in his future possibilities. And that girl is wise who accepts man for what he really is, not for what she would like him to be, and using the accumulated knowledge of generations of her forbears, appeals to the selfish side of the man in her conquest of his affections.

If you are able to read between the lines, there is much wisdom contained in what may seem to be frivolous passages in this little chapter. Think it over. Test it out. You will find I am right!

CHAPTER XXII

WINNING A WOMAN'S LOVE

By the very nature of her sex, woman is endowed with two distinct types of love, and the average woman is never satisfied until she has expressed herself fully in both phases of her love-life.

Everyone is familiar with these two types of love: the one which has been the theme of thousands of poets and bards, "Mother Love," the other, that of sweetheart and wife. Of these two, the longer-lived is the first. It is born with the baby girl, and expresses itself in her adoration for her dolls long before the conception of the second phase of her love-life takes place.

At, or about, the age of puberty, with the normal birth of the sex glands, the first realization of this other love is experienced in the so-called "puppy loves" so prevalent in school days. This form of love is, of course, followed by the full-bloomed expression of the female for her natural mate of the opposite sex.

With the birth, however, of this new affection, mother love does not die, but it does become latent or dormant. The little girl of ten or twelve is, many times, capable of evidencing a motherhood for her dolls that is comparable to the love of a real mother for her own flesh

and blood. But, shortly after this period in life, this same little girl lays her doll aside, and the maternal instinct seems to hibernate until such a time as she becomes fully grown and, in due season, after marriage, accepts the real epic of motherhood.

The interim between the first maternal expression and the second, in the average girl, constitutes the age we call the "Teen Age" which, if the girl is still unmarried, will carry well into the early twenties. A peculiar metamorphosis takes place during this time, which is not directly accounted for in the birth of the sex glands and the capacity for the so-called passionate type of love. That change brings into existence what, for want of a better term, might be called hero-worship. During this plastic period, the girl is very impressionable and the deeds of prowess, the accomplishments, the unusual activities, the worldly knowledge, the wide experience, the mature judgment, the poise, the material wealth, the fame, popularity or noble blood of a member of the opposite sex—any of these will appeal strongly to the average girl in this period of life.

One has only to go to a football game and listen to the high school or college girls as they fairly effervesce over their particular gridiron hero. In the sorority, in the girls' dorm., in the tea rooms, anywhere that girls congregate, any man who is observant and will keep his ears open, should learn a lesson that would be of advantage to him; and that lesson is a simple one: If you would make an appeal to a girl during this period of life, first make a mark among the boys of your own age.

When a girl buys a hat or a gown, if she can possibly afford it, she wants not just a hat, but a chapeau; not a mere dress, but a "creation." In other words, she does not want something that is common and that every other girl can duplicate.

A good sample of this is of quite recent date—the case of the "Eugenie" hat. When it first came out, the most exclusive and best dressed women on Fifth Avenue were sporting the Eugenie hat. Within less than a week, all the better-dressed girls were going in for Eugenie hats. But why continue? You know the story—within a very few weeks, you couldn't give a Eugenie hat to any woman in any walk of life. In fact, I recall a cartoon which I saw on the screen where they tried to put one of these atrocities on an old mare, and she refused to be seen in public with it!

The point I am trying to illustrate is this: The average woman does not like the commonplace. Therefore, realizing this characteristic, that man is wise who, in order to make his appeal, arms himself for an attack on three fronts: First, he must appeal to the normal sweet-heart love; second, he must understand how to awaken the embryonic mother-love; and third, he must conjure up some means by which to prove interesting in the satisfaction of the girl's demand for something that is different.

A great many of our boys have unconsciously stumbled on to this third necessity, or have studiously figured it out, with the result that a great many of our youths,

with nothing whatsoever to recommend them to the girl friend (except, perchance, the fact that they do belong to the opposite sex), utterly devoid of any seriously worth-while accomplishments which would make them stand out above their fellows, have used a fertile imagination to good effect. By this, I do not mean to subscribe to a program wherein the boy would be commended for the size of the lies he is able to tell. But, on the other hand, I would not too readily condemn a boy for what some term egotism, or a superiority complex, when the boy goes a-courting. The girls have almost made it necessary for a boy, in order to attract their attention, at least, to "stretch the blanket" just a little in his endeavor to make himself stand out in "her" eyes, and to overshadow possible competitors for her hand.

If I were a boy, and courting an average modern girl, if I lacked education, athletic prowess, wealth, popularity and everything else that goes with these attributes, I would certainly find something, no matter on what level or what plane, which I could do just a little better than Tom, Dick and Harry. And I would build a romance around that accomplishment to the point that I would not only equip myself to become effusive over it with real pride in achievement, but I would make sure that opportunity afforded itself for me to prove my superiority over competitors.

If you think that I am dealing in something far-fetched, then you do not know human nature, and you

certainly do not know girls.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the same girl that wants for her beau a man who is outstanding in the field of athletics or other sports, will want that same fellow to be able to write her poetry that fairly drips with mushiness. Now, poets are born, not made. But this demand upon the part of young girls has made many a would-be poet whose rhymes have never been seen by any eyes save "hers." And, because the majority of boys could not even make two lines rhyme with each other, much less follow a definite meter, in order to appease this craving in the girl, many a boy has "stolen" a poem. (And gotten away with it.) I even plead guilty to this offense myself, but I did not get away with it.

Way back (so many years ago, I hate to try to calculate), I fell in love with the prettiest red-head you ever saw. One thing that attracted her to me, was my athletic ability. But it did not take her long to show me that she had a "yen" for poetry, too. I was musical at that time, but not poetic. So I did just what lots of other boys have done. I dug up a good one, and forgot to sign the right name at the bottom of it. And I will never forget that poem; it ended like this:

"The love in my heart is as strong as the hills,
And as deep as the fathomless sea;
Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills
The soul of Summer with glee.

" 'Tis faithful and fair as the light of the stars
That beam in the boundless blue;

Not a selfish note its radiance mars—
And, Sweetheart, it's all for you!"

And how she fell for that poem! But about two weeks after I was complimenting myself upon my borrowed poetry, a young, bowlegged cowpuncher that could ride almost anything that you could saddle, wrote her exactly the same poem. She brought the poem to me which he had presented to her, and, looking me squarely in the eye, asked if I were the composer of the poem. I never was a good liar; so I have not tried prevarication very often. And, in this instance, my face gave me away before I said anything. So, gullible "kid" that she was, because I did not write it, she took it for granted that the other fellow did. And I lost my red-headed girl to a bowlegged cowpuncher. My advice to any boy, if he is going to send his girl a poem, is not to plagiarize, but if he must send a poem written by another, let him go to the library and dig up one that is several hundred years old. (They wrote good poems in those days, too.) I just hope that too many of you boys don't pick out the same library; that's all.

Seriously, poetry is an expression of emotion on a very high plane, and I happen to know that it is a very effective thing, under a Southern moon on a beautiful surf-washed beach, to recite sentimental lyrics to the girl friend. I think, too, that, instead of appropriating the poem as your own, it is not only safer, but it is equally effective to avoid plagiarism, and give the credit where credit is due. Again, there is safety in using old poems because the writer will have already passed out

of the field of competition.

In addition to the girl's admiration of physical fitness and her adoration of sentimentalism, she loves to be told that she is loved. The average boy thinks the girl is showing her love through the medium of her kisses and, as he terms it, making him a privileged character. On the other hand, no matter how many physical approaches the boy may make toward the girl in his passionate appeal for reciprocal expression, none of these physical manifestations of so-called love appeal to the girl like the spoken word. She wants to be told that, at least in his eyes, she is beautiful; that, to him, she is charming and *not only just charming*, but *more charming* than any other girl he has ever met. That boy is foolish who attempts to court his girl friend with comparatives. Nothing short of superlatives will suffice!

And now for a word about the embryonic mother-love which, although dormant as far as actual expression is concerned, is a very strong factor in her subconscious emotional life. Many a boy has unwittingly lost ground with his sweetheart because of his brusqueness and lack of patience with children, particularly with babies. I cannot tell you how many times I have received letters from girls, telling me about their prospective husbands in which they have confessed that one of the things that attracted them and enlisted their admiration, was the fact that the boy seemed so fond of children. Particularly is this true if the girl has younger brothers and sisters. Whether the girl stops to reason it out or not, subconsciously, she seems to real-

ize that the boy who is bored to tears and, perhaps, vexed to the point of expletives because of the interference with his plans by young children, if he were to become a father, he could not be relied upon, to any great extent, to look after a little one of his own during the wee small hours of the night, if it happened to have colic or the croup. And, in this regard, the girl who does take account of this characteristic, if it is manifested by her sweetheart, is wise; whereas the boy who exhibits such a trait need not wonder if, for some unaccountable reason, the girl's interest in him terminates.

To summarize the above briefly, suggestion is offered that there are three avenues of approach to the girl's affection. Any one of these may prove effective in the winning of the girl, but will not suffice to hold a love once won. Therefore, that boy who would become eligible for a worthy girl's affection, will triple his chances of success if, instead of confining himself to one point of approach, he will perfect himself in all three. You will notice that I have said "perfect." For, to pretend to possess the necessary traits of character that would presage success in these three avenues, without actually acquiring them, is like putting on a mask to attend a masquerade ball. At some point in the program, the mask will be removed.

Let that young swain take heed. Successful winning of a girl for a bride does not guarantee successfully holding her as a wife. It takes the same type of affection, the same traits and characteristics, the same daily

approaches to hold a woman's love that it took initially to win that love. If, therefore, a boy is determined to win a bride, let him go one step further and catalog all of the artifices which he used in the winning; and, after the bride is won, refer constantly to this record as a guide for action in the holding of the love once won. And for that swain, the word "Reno" will always remain just the name of a Western city. See if I am not right!

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

MAN was made for woman and woman was made for man. Any examination of the physiology, the anatomy, and the psychology of the male and the female points directly to the fact that the two sexes that make up mankind were designed to complement each other. There can be no question that a division of labor was part of the grand strategy of nature. Women are better suited for childbirth and child education; men better suited for supplying the male element, for hard physical labor. No man who lives entirely without the love and the companionship of a woman after physiological maturity, can be a complete man. No woman who denies her womanhood and lives without the love and companionship of a male is a complete woman. Man was made for woman and woman was made for man, each complementing and fulfilling the other.

One look around you in modern civilization, however, will suffice to show you that this natural law is not at all maintained in modern life. There are men who live without women, women who live without men. Some men expect women to do all the work; some women expect to be parasites and let man assume all the responsibilities. Instead of complementation and cooperation, we find the world involved in a terrific

battle between the sexes; a war for prestige and power and domination. The result of this war between the sexes has the most important influence on the daily lives of every man, woman and child. Not to understand this war between the sexes, and to comport yourself correctly in it, is as dangerous as going into battle without a plan, a map, and the necessary arms to protect yourself.

Among the lower animals we find that sexual cooperation is the rule. Both male and female are moved by some vague biological urge to fulfill their functions, to procreate their species, and thus carry out the scheme of God and Nature. Among human beings, however, we find quite a different state of affairs. Let us trace the origins of this war of the sexes as far back as history allows. Because there must be some good reason why in certain human communities we find that women are the dominant sex; that women run their communities and have the last word to say in the matters of religion, home, state and economics; whereas, in other communities, quite the opposite is the case, and men are in complete control of the state, law, education, religion and economics and treat their women as if they were no more than slaves.

Historians have proved one very important principle. In all primitive communities that depend upon agriculture for their means of support and livelihood, women are the dominant sex. The reason for this is that all the community fields are worked in common, and all the food is shared together. A community that depends on

agriculture for its livelihood is naturally dedicated to the worship of fertility. Primitive savages did not understand the process of impregnation and conception as we do. They saw that the women gave birth to the children of the community. They saw that the women were the bearers of the principle of fertility. It was only logical, according to savage thought, that the women should assume a relatively dominant rôle in the community.

Such primitive agricultural communities were called matriarchal. This is to say, the females were the dominant sex. They ran the business, had the last word to say in public affairs, told the warriors when to go out and make war, gave their names to their children, and the like. Among the great matriarchal nations of the past, Egypt and Sparta stand out as the highest examples. The American Indians also had a matriarchal form of government; and, although the American Indian squaw did most of the work in the community, she also had the last word in the tribal councils.

Somewhere in the dim past this changed, and the change occurred at about the time that men learned how to domesticate horses, cattle, camels, sheep and goats. This domestication process was primarily part of the man's work, and as the men came into power, because they were the masters of the new source of food supply, they changed the old matriarchy, or rule of the mothers, to the newer form of patriarchy, or rule of the fathers. Both the ancient Hebrew and the Christian religion are strongly patriarchal religions, and the

difficulties of the ancient Hebrews with their neighbors were largely due to quarrels with the people about them who still believed in a matriarchal form of agricultural community, tribes who worshipped female goddesses of fertility and offered sacrifices in order to assure the success of their crops.

And with patriarchy came the suppression of women to a type of second class citizenship. The men of those times were extremely jealous of their new found rights, and at the same time, extremely afraid that these rights would be taken from them. And for this reason they made woman's lot a very miserable one.

The change from matriarchy to patriarchy must not have been very easy. We have no historical records of this change, but we can judge from the persecutions that women underwent, that the men of those times were very anxious to guarantee the patriarchy. Instead of a mother giving her name to her children, the father now gave his name. Instead of a boy bringing his new wife a dowry, women were treated as chattels, and traded for domestic animals, and when they married they had to be given a dowry by their parents. In the matriarchal times older women married younger boys. Now this was changed. Chastity and virginity were never considered important in the matriarchy, but in the patriarchy a father had to know that his wife had never lived with another man; and, therefore, he insisted on her complete chastity before marriage. Positions of trust and honor, which had been held by women in matriarchal communities, were opened now only to

men. You can well imagine what a terrific upheaval this must have meant.

For centuries and centuries, now, women have been treated as inferior by men who were brought up in the patriarchal tradition. If a woman rose out of her inferiority despite the difficulties placed in her way, the men persecuted her as a witch. Their logic was this: a woman is an inferior and second rate man. If a woman becomes superior she can do so only with the connivance of the devil. Therefore, get the devil out of her, and if you happen to kill the woman in the process, there isn't much lost. Millions of fine women have been sacrificed in the past on the altar of this stupid tradition. Men have alleged that they were the superior sex, and have prevented women from showing their true worth by placing so many obstacles in their path that a true development was impossible. And so the old fallacy lived on, and each generation made it seem more true.

In recent times women have awakened to the fact that their so-called inferiority was simply the result of a lack of opportunity, and to the facts of our economic structure. Then began a gradual process known as the emancipation of women which is still going on today. But there were three factors that helped women tremendously in their emancipation. And all three begin with M. The first M of emancipation was the Machine. Because with the introduction of steam, and the beginning of the machine age, women came into their own again, economically. A woman could do just as much

work on a complicated machine as a man, even though she might not be able to tame a horse or camel as well as a man. She could buy as much food with her money as her male neighbor at the workbench. And so she demanded to be treated as an equal, not as a slave.

The second M was the microscope. The microscope taught men facts of life. It taught us that in the production of a new born babe, the male and the female elements were exactly equal. This laid the ghost of the inferiority of women from a scientific angle, once and for all time. And the third great M of emancipation is Mental Hygiene, or the modern science of psychiatry which traced the struggle of the sexes back to its lair in the dark past of history, and showed how ruinous this struggle for domination and prestige has been throughout the ages. Of course this process of emancipation is not entirely finished. It goes on all the time, with the males attempting to retain their alleged privileges, and the women trying just as hard to batter down the old traditions, and make themselves free and equal.

Of course, you can imagine how heated this war between the sexes is. The arena is all around you, in business offices, in law courts, in commerce and finance, in every marriage, and in every school. There are still things that we do not allow little girls to do because they are "only girls." There are still single standard rights that we allow men, but do not allow women, because it is so hard to kill the old traditions of masculine dominance. There are still positions in the government of the United States which are not open to

women, although across the water in Russia those same positions are very capably filled by women.

Naturally enough, there are men who will not play the game of life unless they are certain that they occupy the dominant position, just as there are women who refuse to play this same game unless they are treated as irresponsible dolls. Other men feel that we are on the eve of another matriarchy, and refuse to get into the fight; while a great many modern women are attempting to be as much like men (at least externally), as possible, because they refuse to belong to an allegedly inferior sex. You will find all varieties of conduct in this war of the sexes that you find in any war; heroes and cowards on both sides of the battle lines.

But modern science has definitely proved one point: Happiness in the relationship between the sexes is only possible if they respect and honor each other as worthy partners, not as bitter enemies. Love and hate do not mix any more than water and oil. If you want love and happiness, therefore, get out of the battle and cry "Comrade!" to women, if you are a man, and "Comrade!" to men if you are a woman. Because only in the most profound cooperation between the sexes can happiness be gained. Neither men nor women are superior. They are different. Each must carry his share of the load, and each must respect the other.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN

Ask the average man on the street, or the average woman, whether men are basically superior to women, whether men have accomplished more in the history of the world than women have; whether men have better characters as a whole, and fewer vices than women; and both will unhesitatingly answer in favor of the men. The idea that woman is a kind of second rate man is so deeply ingrained in the popular mind that it will require thousands of years, probably, to eradicate it completely. And yet during the last two hundred years there has been a very definite movement on foot throughout the entire civilized world to give women their just human rights. This movement, the emancipation of women, is one of the most fascinating chapters in human history.

To really understand the principles that are involved you must go back with me to the very dawn of history, and you must take a look at the conditions that we find among other animals besides man. In nature, almost without exception, the female is stronger, more courageous, more intelligent than the male. Among certain insects the female eats her mate immediately after his fertilizing function has been performed. Any big game hunter will tell you that a lioness is more savage

and more deadly than the so-called king of the animals. Wherever we look among animals we find that the male is something of a show-piece, but that the business of carrying on the species is pretty much the function of the female.

Among savage people the world over the same principle of the dominance of the female holds. The American Indian, for instance, was governed by his squaws. The big chief with the eagle feathers in his hunting headdress appeals to our sense of the romantic, but if the oldest squaw refused to give her consent to a war party, the big chief sat quietly in front of his tepee and smoked. In all these primitive communities, whether they be in America or in the South Sea Islands, the life of the community revolved about the women. The mothers were the dominant sex. In large sections of the globe today women are still the dominant sex.

Most of these primitive communities, in which the organization of society follows natural lines, are agricultural in character. The result of the harvesting, which is usually done entirely by the more responsible women, is gathered into a community house and shared by all members of the community in common. If there is a war, the men have to go out and fight. If there is any hunting or fishing to be done, the men and the boys usually do it. But the real business of living is performed by the women who do most of the hard work, and have most of the say in the disposition of the life of the primitive community. Such simple, primitive communities are run on the principle of matriarchy;

that is, the rule of the mothers.

It is hard for us to realize just how different a matriarchy is from our own civilization which is so definitely patriarchal; that is, ruled by the fathers. In the matriarchy women have all the strong virtues, and men have the vices of laziness and gossip.

A child takes his name from his mother's family, clan or totem; and if he is naughty, he is not given a spanking by his blood father, but by his mother's brother, who, being related to his mother, has more power and influence in her family. Older women marry younger men. Men have to bring a dowry into the marriage. A father can be divorced without much ado if he does not behave himself properly. Women have several husbands legally. Any property that is held is inherited through the mother, not the father. Women are the high priestesses of the religion. The principle of fertility is worshipped, and of course the mothers have the first right of kinship with the fertile earth.

You must remember that to many savage people the nature of childbirth is not clearly comprehended and the rôle of the father is, therefore, only vaguely understood. Where these people do understand the nature of conception and childbirth, the father is looked at merely as a necessary appendage of the female household.

Somewhere in the course of history this principle of the matriarchy, or rule of the mothers, was changed to patriarchy, or the rule of the fathers. It must have been

at a time when written records were practically unknown, because we have little or no evidence of the actual change. But we do know approximately how it all happened. It was like this: primitive people progressed from agriculture to herding. Instead of getting their wealth and their food supply every year from the fertile earth, they began to tame cattle, goats, camels, sheep and horses. In this work of domestication men gained the upper hand. When there was a war, the men would go out and raid the enemy's flocks, and come back with a year's food supply. Thus they became the masters of the communities' food supply; and therein lies the secret of the change from matriarchy to the rule of the fathers, or patriarchy.

Once the man gained the power by becoming provider of the food supply, that changed all the whole matriarchal customs and he became master of the community. These old patriarchs must have been very much afraid that matters would reverse themselves and that the women would return to a superior position, for they evidenced such a fear by the drastic and stern laws they enacted for the suppression of all women. Wherever a patriarchy comes into being, women become virtual slaves. In the predominating patriarchal countries of the world, Arabia, Japan, Latin European countries, and India, women are virtually chattels. Even in our own country, where the patriarchal principle has been under fire for many years, women are unable to sit on the bench of the Supreme Court, and cannot be elected to the Presidency of the United States. This is

nothing more than a hang-over from the dark days when men took the saddle from the womenfolk by inventing the institution of private property.

So strongly has the patriarchal idea taken hold in Western countries that women have virtually been dormant for the last six thousand years. It stands to reason that if you take one sex, stamp it as inferior, give it no opportunity of proving its worth in open competition, make slaves of its members, and prevent their education, and torture and kill them as witches if by accident they show any signs of development, that sex is not going to be able to do itself justice.

It stands to reason that a woman who is despised from the day of her birth simply because of her sex, who is compelled to do menial work, who is denied social privileges, education, even the right to work, is not going to write any beautiful poems or construct any magnificent buildings. She is inferior because she has been made inferior by man-made laws; and man-made laws govern her conduct. She is hemmed in on all sides by an impregnable wall of prejudices.

Of course women have rebelled during the ages against these man-made conventions, but it did them very little good. And then came the discovery of the steam engine by James Watt. And the machine has been the real emancipator of women of today because the machine served to lessen the difference between men and women. The machine removed the premium on brute strength. With the advent of the machine

man's greed offered the final emancipation of women. Women laborers were much cheaper than men, so they were put to work in the mills and factories and paid a miserable pittance for their labors.

But men had committed a terrible mistake so far as future domination is concerned, because the more complicated the machine, the more easily women were able to run it. The whole world became industrialized. We introduced the machine age, and the machine set woman free because it returned to her the ability to earn her own living.

Following the advent of the machine, other inventions have come along that have helped women out of the slough in which they had been engulfed for sixty centuries of slavery. The microscope was invented, and with the microscope came the knowledge that when the child is born both father and mother contribute exactly the same amount to the little individual. Thus the microscope forever laid the ghost of women's inferiority. Finally came the science of psychology and mental hygiene whose researches have proved that you cannot have a happy society in which one sex is master and the other sex is slave. However, these things are still secondary to the basic fact that the machine was in reality the great emancipator of womankind. A woman who can earn her daily bread, no matter under what difficult circumstances, has gained the power to determine her own life. She has become the equal of man economically. She is no longer compelled to sit at home and

wait on the pleasure of her lord and master. She is free.

The complete emancipation of woman has not yet been accomplished. It is obvious from modern scientific researches that the ideal of a human community is not the old matriarchal plan in which men were only necessary appendages to the ruling mothers, nor yet the patriarchal ideal in which women were no better than goats or horses; but the modern ideal of a cooperative commonwealth in which men and women share equally, and according to their physical constitution, in the work of the world. In such a community there can be no restriction of activities, simply on the grounds of sex. Every position must be open equally to men and to women, the only restrictions being those of proper responsibility and preparation. In modern Russia this idea has been realized more than anywhere else in the world, but the complete emancipation of woman, and the construction of a new world of social and sexual cooperation is still a long way off.

This is one cause for which every human being should and must work. Every woman must be a champion of her sex. Every woman must work to break down the barriers that have kept her own kind from coming into their own. Every woman who contents herself with saying that men really are more clever and more powerful, and that women were only meant to be beautiful dolls is a traitor to her sex. She winks at the enslavement of women simply because she does not want to assume the responsibility demanded by a

change. And in this process men must also be champions, because the cost of attempting to be a member of a dominant sex is out of all proportion to the gains to be derived therefrom. No one can be happy unless there is a true spirit of cooperation between the sexes. The emancipation of women, therefore, is a job for good strong he-men, as well as brave and far-sighted women.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND

EVERY woman who is a real woman wants a husband. From the time she puts up her hair and lengthens her dresses, she comes in contact with possible contenders for her heart and hand. Girls are primed from the time they are very young for the magical experience of marriage. Elders are forever telling them that when they get their man, and enter marriage, their troubles will all cease to be.

A goodly proportion of girls from whom I have so many thousands of letters act as if marriage were the goal and end of their careers. Some of these girls who look upon marriage as something of a personal salvation, choose their husbands on the most ridiculous grounds that a human being could imagine. Will you believe me when I tell you that I have seen a young woman marry a man because she liked the kind of neckties he wore, only to discover after marriage, that he had a wife and two children in another State? Will you believe me when I tell you that I have letters from girls who have married cripples, gangsters, even degenerates, in order to spite someone who would not marry them? You have all seen girls who married the man of their mother's choice—to their own undoing. You have seen girls, who, in fear of not being married

soon enough, go off and marry the next door neighbor or the first travelling salesman they meet, only to rue the day of their choice. It is obvious to any thinking person that so serious a contract as marriage cannot be sealed and signed on such flimsy grounds as these.

By far, the greatest number of tragedies that occur in marriage can be laid at the door of the process of "falling in love," and marrying during the temporary intoxication in this state. I have devoted an entire chapter to this subject because it is so important. Here I want only to give you my conclusions: "falling in love" is the least certain of all the reasons for choosing a husband. In France, and some other European countries where marriages are often arranged for two young people by their parents, with very little consultation of the desires and wishes of the contracting parties, the average of successful marriages is at least as good as in our country where the magic of "falling in love" is considered the only certain method of knowing whether two people will live happily ever after.

The point I want to make is that marriage is no picnic at best. It is a job for two grown-up people to solve by mutual cooperation. Cooperation means the ability to give as well as to take, to make concessions and to take compromises, and to have a sense of humor after it is all over. Very submissive women make a failure of marriage just as very dominating women fail in this cooperative venture. The same holds true of men. It is unreasonable to think that a man, who gets fired from his job time after time because he cannot get

along with people, is going to get along with a wife through all the difficulties of intimate living together. It is equally unreasonable to think that a man who is a failure in his social and business life is going to make a success of his marriage. Once an alibi artist, always an alibi artist.

I do not want you to think that I believe love is not an important, nay, an essential ingredient of a happy marriage. What I do want to say is that love, while it is a very elastic thing, that can be stretched to almost unbelievable lengths, cannot stretch over basic defects in character. Two young people who love each other with a deep and mature love can forgive each other a great many failings and defects, but there is no love which can change a basically ingrowing, egoistic, selfish, mean, cruel, isolated, cowardly man into a loving, cooperative, unselfish, sympathetic husband, no matter how well that man dresses, no matter how fine his family is, and no matter how much money he has in the bank.

Most women marry for a sense of security as much as for love. They are apt to look at superficial signs of security in the man they choose for a husband. Do not be deceived by a fine motor car, a big bank account, a membership in some expensive club, splurging champagne parties, big spending, flashy clothes or flashy gifts. These are very poor indicators of character. Marriage is not a week-end houseparty. It is a long haul over rough roads. The only real security that is valid for such a long haul is the security of a well-rounded char-

acter. A man who is every inch a human being, who is growing, developing, improving himself; a man who knows people and loves them; a man who is responsible, sympathetic, cooperative, and above all emotionally grown up, no matter how poor he is in worldly goods, is a better risk as a husband than a flashy spender who dances well and drinks with grace, but is basically cruel and weak.

I urge you, therefore, to subject the man who asks you for your hand to the following tests, and unless he can pass reasonably in most of these tests, it is better to wait—and marry someone who can.

1. Does he like people? Can he mingle with superiors as well as inferiors? Has he some social, civic, political interests? Has he ever been a member of a club? Does he share your friends? Would you like to invite his friends to your home? Does he agree with you on the question of the entertainment of people? Do his tastes in society coincide with yours? Are you happy with him in the company of others, or are you ashamed of his manners or way of speaking? Does he have objectionable mannerisms that would cause social friction?

2. Is he emotionally free of his family? Is he a "Mama's boy," and is his Mama going to interfere with you in your married life? Does he love his sister more than he loves you? Will he cleave to you or to his family in an emergency? Are his loyalties sharply your loyalties? Is his family acceptable to you, and to your

family, and if not, how much will you be expected to accept his relatives as your friends? Is he emotionally grown up? Is he a cry baby? Has he ever had to fight any battles on his own? Is he a bragger, a boaster? Is he a lamb in his office and a tyrant at home? Does he expect you to be a mother, maid, nurse, lover, wife and secretary all rolled into one? Is he dependable in small things, responsible in large matters? Does he fly off the handle and does he drink when he is down on his luck?

3. How is his physical health? Has he had a social disease, and if so, has his doctor pronounced him cured? Is there a history of constitutional disease in his family? Are his relatives all neurotics or are they sane common-sense people? Has he ever had a nervous break-down? Is he physically attractive to you? Does his presence thrill you?

4. Is he working, and does he like his work? Is he liked by his associates? Has he made any progress in his chosen work, or is he a plugger who passes the buck when new responsibilities appear? Are you interested in his work, or are you ashamed of his occupation? Is he trying to better himself? What are his money habits? Is he going to let you take a hand in the marital finances, or are you going to have to beg him for an allowance? Is he reasonably insured against accident and death? Has he enough of a margin to make marriage more than a fool gamble? What is his attitude to your working? Does it coincide with yours? Would he be willing to let you work if you wanted to?

5. What does he do with his leisure? Does he have the same intellectual and sports interests you do? Is he going to leave you a golf widow a year after marriage? Do you like the same amusements? Can you play at anything together? Does he object to your independent use of your leisure? Does he object to your developing your mind or body in some activity which business prevents him from sharing in? Has he a hobby or is business his whole life?

6. What is his attitude toward sexual relations and your motherhood? Does he know the facts of life, or is he an immature person who has learned about life from books and maiden aunts? Do you agree on the question of marital fidelity? Is he sexually mature or is he the victim of every pretty face and pretty ankle that he sees? Have his other women friends been of your own class? Does he think women are inferior to men? Does he expect you to be an adoring wife, and cheer him on, despite his failures and his faults, or can he take objective criticism from a woman? Does he share your feelings about children?

7. Does he share your ideas of religion? Does he agree with you about the possible religious education of your children? Is he the type of man who is so in love with his own sex that he is going to hate you if you have girl children? Are his parents going to interfere in your own religious attitudes, and in your education of your children? Are your political or social views unalterably opposed? Will he allow you to vote as your conscience dictates?

8. What is his mental health? Is he suffering from an obvious inferiority or superiority complex? Is he a fussy old maid at heart? Is he jealous, envious, indecisive, procrastinating, a doubting Thomas, a spineless individual? Do you respect his mental processes, his intelligence, his education, or are you going to have to make excuses for him for the rest of your life? Is he obsessed with any unreasonable fears? Is he a physical coward? Does he take too much care of his health, his diet, his clothes, his animal comforts? Is he clean about his person? Do his clothes meet with your approval? Is he bad-tempered? Does he sulk? Does he drink when he does not get what he wants? Is he sympathetic, kind, friendly, humorous, cordial, sincere, honest with himself to the degree that you think necessary?

Test your prospective husband on these scales. Test yourself on these scales, too, and find out whether you are ready for marriage yourself. And if you, and your prospective husband, both pass muster, then, my friend, I urge you to fall in love very quickly, marry, and cherish your husband as the most precious possession in the world for he will be a real man's man . . . and an excellent husband!

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE

SOME time in the life of every normal man there appears the important problem of choosing a wife. And long before this problem actually appears that prospective husband is looking over the field for the not impossible she who is to be his mate for life. It requires no great imagination to know that this choice of a mate is one of the most single decisions that any man must make in his life.

And yet, when we look at most men and see how they approach this problem, we find they go about it like small children, confusing the issues involved, making their choices for bad psychological reasons, and then, when they are forced to meet the reality of their poor choices, blaming the girl for their own misadventures. I feel, therefore, that, while I can never hope to determine your actual choice of a wife, at least I can give you an inkling of the method you should follow in choosing your life's mate.

Before I go into the actual choice of a wife, let me tell you the way a vast majority of men choose their wives. Most men begin by "falling in love," and I have written an entire chapter on this form of temporary insanity and its psychological causes and effects. "Falling in love" with a woman means that you allow

your emotions and your wishes to rule and dominate you, while you temporarily suppress any good judgment that you have. "Falling in love" used to be considered the only "sure fire" method of choosing a life's partner, and while I am always very happy to see young people or old people "falling in love," it is my opinion that it should not come as a premise of marriage but as a result of a maturely made choice. You can allow your emotions to guide you, but you must *use your head* in following the signal that your unconscious mind has given you.

And what do men fall in love with? They fall in love with beautiful faces, with pretty hair, with a trim figure, with the clothes a girl wears, with her money, with her family's social background, with her education, with her ability to mix cocktails, with her ability to dance, with her popularity in a certain set, with the color of her eyes or the size of her feet. Now, if you were choosing a model for a show window, many of these factors would be extremely valuable in making your decision. If you were choosing a partner for a week-end in the country, many of these factors would determine your choice. But in choosing a woman to share your fortunes with you, to be the mother of your children, to fight through adversity by your side, and to enjoy old age with you, surely these are not the proper qualifications.

I hope the day will soon come when men and women both will be taught something of the art of love and the technique of marriage in the schools which they

will attend, and that no one will be allowed to grow to physical maturity without knowing something of the method of choosing a life's companion. As it is, this fundamental education is left to the movies, the novels, and the cheap magazines, and it is small wonder to me that there are so many unhappy marriages, so many broken homes, so many tragic divorces. I believe that marriage should be made harder and harder to get into, and easier to get out of when it does not work. And I believe that some day we are going to have clinics all over the country which will advise young people in their choice, not with the purpose of making their decisions for them, but with the purpose of helping them to avoid tragic mistakes.

It stands to reason in choosing a mate for life that you cannot make this choice on the grounds of your temporary intoxication with the beauty of her skin or the facility of her fox-trotting. In five, ten, fifteen years a great many changes may occur in your situation, and none of these factors is going to have much bearing on your happiness.

What you really want to know about your future wife is: How will she meet critical problems? Is she a good sport when things are not going well? How good a manager is she in life's affairs? How great is her ability to cooperate with a man? How much is she tied up with her family and her past relations to her mother and father, and how much is she an independent person, capable of meeting new situations on her own? How good is her health, and what are her chances for mother-

hood? What is her education, and what is her attitude toward the use of leisure time? How many things can she join with you in doing? What's her rate of personality development? Does she believe that marriage is the end of a girl's career, or does she believe that it is the beginning of a bigger life in harness with the man she loves?

What is her attitude toward sex and sex relations? Is she a prude, and will she look at the normal relations of marriage as something nasty and smutty, or is she grown up enough to know that this department of marriage is an important factor in marital happiness? Does she want children? Is she marrying only because social convention makes marriage desirable, or because she really wants to marry and share the responsibilities of a home? Can she earn a living for herself if some unforeseen necessity compels her to do so? What would her attitude be toward supporting you by her work if you were out of a job and she had one? How is her physical health? Is she used to playing sick, or is she a person who takes chances within reason? Is she socially adjusted? Does she like people, or is she inclined to be self-conscious, timid, shy and retiring? Does she like sports and physical activities as much as you do?

What are her interests in music, literature, amusements, politics? Do they coincide with yours, or are they so diametrically opposed that they make trouble between you? Are her friends the type of friends you would like to make yours?

These are the questions which must be answered if you choose a wife wisely and well. To be sure, love is an irrational thing. You may fall in love with a woman who has but few of these characteristics, and sometimes—rarely I might add—love alone will bridge the differences in personality. But it is just as easy to fall in love with a girl who would make you a good wife.

Too many young men think of marriage as a lark. Some believe that it is no more than a golden opportunity for sexual relations, in which the chances of disaster or disease are markedly lessened. These people have a lesson to learn. Marriage is a task for two grown-up people. It implies the sharing of responsibilities as well as the mutual enjoyment of pleasures. It means concessions and compromises with romantic ideals. It means hard work in a world that is working harder than ever before. And it means, above all, a chance to exhibit a sportsmanlike attitude toward another person. If you cannot cooperate do not marry at all. And if you marry, marry someone who can share and cooperate with you. Otherwise you are doomed to failure.

To sum up: choose a wife who can qualify on the following points:

1. A girl who is in reasonably good health, and has a reasonably good physical heredity. A pre-marital physical examination by a competent physician is a very desirable method of determining this point.

2. A girl who shares your ideas about having a family, and, if possible, a girl who knows at least the simple "facts of life" and understands what is expected of a wife and a mother.

3. A girl who is free of emotional attachments to her parents or relatives to the extent that she can live away from her family, and focus her entire emotional interest on her husband and children.

4. A girl who likes people and knows how to deal with them. Never marry a girl who has no other friend but you and your family. If possible find a girl who is interested in the social, civic, and political problems of her community.

5. A girl who either has a job, or is preparing to do something to make herself useful to society. No woman can make a perfect wife if she has no other profession than just being a woman in these times.

6. A girl who knows how to spend her leisure time to advantage, preferably a girl who has similar hobbies and interests to your own. A married couple ought to have at least one source of amusement and relaxation which they can enjoy together.

7. A girl who is not afraid of taking chances in life. Courage and common sense and a sense of humor are the three most important requisites of a socially co-operative character. Don't marry a girl whose goal in life is just to get married, unless you, too, want to remain a stagnant pond all your life.

8. A girl who is not afraid to love or to be loved. A girl who has loved and made mistakes is a better risk as a partner for life than a girl who has never loved at all, although there are exceptions to this rule. And get a girl who neither wants to submit all the time, nor a girl who wants to dominate all the time. Both submission and domination lead to friction.

And when you find a girl who qualifies on most of these points, fall down on your knees and thank your Maker for having brought you a wonderful partner. Fall in love with her, marry her, and cherish her as you would the most precious jewel. And I wish you happiness!

CHAPTER XXVII

TEN RULES FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE

FOREWORD: So many have attempted to lay down definite rules of conduct for perpetuation of happiness in marriage and for the preservation of the sanctity of the American home, that this chapter may seem non-essential to the average individual. Let me ask, however, that before prejudging, you jot down what you consider the ten most important rules for making marriage a success; compare them with the ten that we are offering; and then judge for yourself the applicability of the following maxims:

I. AUTHENTIC SEX-INFORMATION BEFORE MARRIAGE

Do you know that there is not another institution in the world based on the gross ignorance which marriage is? America spends millions of dollars (yes, billions) to train her young people for a "life of business," and scarcely a dime to prepare them for the "business of life."

We teach girls to become housekeepers, cooks and seamstresses; but this does not make wives out of them. Our boys are taught trades and professions which guarantee their becoming good providers; but there is a marked difference between a mere provider and a true

husband. Each time the marriage vow is consummated, a new experiment is performed in the field of sex, without rules, without regulations.

Authentic information should be available to all girls (who are prospective brides) regarding every phase of normal expression of their emotional nature in the marital relationships. Prospective husbands should be taught before marriage the radical difference in the emotional life of the woman from that of the man, and should be compelled to study authentic information on the emotional side of married life.

I cannot lay too much stress upon what I consider the first essential toward happiness and harmony on the physical plane of marriage, viz., a thorough training prior to marriage in the ethics of marital expression.

II. EXAMINATIONS FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL FITNESS FOR MARRIAGE

The thousands of broken homes; the tens of thousands of unfortunates that fill our feeble-minded institutions; the great army of boys and girls in America today handicapped for life because either father or mother was unfit for wedlock—all bear mute testimony to the need for physical and mental examinations prior to marriage.

Just try to get into the Army and Navy without examination! The Government realizes how essential

mental and physical fitness are in our soldiery. Should we be more apprehensive about the custodians of our peace than we are of the progenitors of future Americans? A girl has a right to know that a man to whom she is offering her life and the fatherhood of her children is qualified on the mental and physical planes to accept this responsibility. The reverse is also true, for the prospective husband should demand that the woman who is to become his mate and the mother of his children, is equally fit on these two planes.

Remember, were this made a Federal statute, those who are able to qualify would have nothing to fear; those who cannot qualify should not be licensed to reproduce their kind. This might sound hard on the individual, but it is certainly necessary in the best interest of society.

III. MARRY FOR LOVE

Marriages for convenience, for preferment, for titles, for wealth, for fame almost invariably end in disaster. For that matter, marriages consummated solely because of physical attraction are equally unsuccessful and short-lived. Many questions besides real love should enter into this important decision. I suggest careful study of the chapters on "How to Choose a Husband" and "How to Choose a Wife."

IV. MARRY WITHIN YOUR OWN RANGE AS TO AGE AND STATION

The greater difference in age, the greater chance, other things being equal, for unsuccessful marriage. The boy should be a few years older than the girl biologically; but "few" doesn't mean twenty or thirty. Pick up your newspaper or magazine and read how many marriages fail in the first two years, or less, where a girl or boy has married someone far above or beneath them, either socially or financially. Of course, there are a few exceptions to this rule, but they are few indeed.

V. KEEP YOUR OWN INDIVIDUALITY AFTER MARRIAGE AND ALLOW YOUR MATE TO DO THE SAME

Marriage does not imply ownership and, whenever either party attempts to dominate, both the contracting parties suffer. I believe the husband and wife should have separate purses, no matter how small or large they may be, in order to feel that neither has lost individuality. I believe a husband and wife should sleep in separate beds. Space does not permit me to explain scientifically the harm done to one or both parties in a few years' time where this bit of advice goes unheeded. Suffice it to say that the stronger individual, during the hours of sleep, diminishes the vitality of the weaker. For that matter, growing children should not sleep with either parent, but should have separate beds of their own, if the health of the children is of any conse-

quence to the parents. I am not trying to sell twin beds, or single beds. I am not in the furniture business. I am simply offering authentic advice.

VI. RESPECT YOUR IN-LAWS AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE

No house is big enough for a family of newly-weds and any of their in-laws, and, no matter how friendly they may be, their motives are misjudged, and almost inevitably friction develops, with the result that one of the big factors in keeping the divorce courts busy is the in-law situation. No matter how small the home, the apartment, or the room may be, live by yourselves.

VII. BE TOLERANT—NOT JEALOUS

No husband should expect his wife to give up her friends of either sex. No wife has a right to deny her husband his friends, both men and women. That couple is happiest where husband and wife make each other's friends mutual friends and, devoid of petty jealousies, realize the impossibility of one man being everything to one woman, and vice-versa. Never become either an innocent or willful victim of jealousy; it never pays.

VIII. KEEP THE CIRCLE SQUARE AND AVOID TRIANGLES

The circle of marriage is represented by the band which is worn by the wife and, oftentimes, by both. The husband and wife should have friends and as many

of them as possible, but only friends. Intimacies are dangerous at all times, and should be avoided. Have many good friends, but no privileged characters.

IX. GET A HOBBY

Too many marriages go on the rocks just because neither the husband nor the wife have hobbies. The husband works all day at his business, and the wife works at home, and neither of them interest themselves in some activity that will keep alive that youthful spark which prevents monotony. Each one knows best what kind of a hobby will be most applicable to him and his purse; but do not forget, hobbies have saved many homes.

X. RAISE A FAMILY

I did not say a "Rooseveltian" family, but at least every home should have children, where children are possible. There is no greater link in the world to bind the love of husband and wife more closely together than babies in the home. Not too many babies, and not too rapid succession of babies, but many a hovel has been made home-like because of childish prattle, and many a palace has been made a prison because of the absolute absence of little tots. Remember, although they may seem a burden, YOU would not be reading this had not some couple been willing to accept the responsibility of parenthood. You owe it to them, to society, and to your Maker, at least to reproduce

your kind. It would take reams of paper to fully cover this tenth maxim, for, in my opinion, it is one of the most important of all.

I grant you that there are other important rules which should be observed, but to confine one's self to ten automatically eliminates a number of the less important ones. In my opinion, the ten listed herein are of primary importance. I believe those who have spent many years in marriage will bear me out in this statement.

CHAPTER XXVIII

YOUR FAMILY—ASSET OR LIABILITY?

PEOPLE are pretty well divided into two classes; those that cling to their families and find all their joy and interest in their family circles, and those who run from their families, and find all their interests outside of the circle of their immediate relatives. People are further divided into those whose families are assets to them, and those whose families are liabilities. By this I do not mean petty social snobbery. I mean that there are families which are responsible for the fact that you are well adjusted and happy in your life, and families which are responsible for exactly the opposite. To which camp do you belong? And why are families sometimes liabilities? And how can one turn his family into an asset?

In order to understand the family we have to make a little excursion into zoology and biology. We must find out what purpose the family has in the grand strategy of Nature. On investigation we find that the stronger the animal, and the quicker it matures, the shorter the family life and the looser the family relation is. A gorilla, for instance, being a very strong and capable animal, lives most of his life quite alone. The mating period is short, and as soon as little gorillas are able to shift for themselves, they are left to their

own devices, although the mother gorilla is extremely solicitous about their welfare while they are young. All through Nature the family exists for but one reason: the adequate preparation of the young for independent existence.

Now let us look at human beings. For one thing we find out that the human baby is the weakest creature in the world. The second thing we learn is that he is dependent on his parents for the longest period, relatively, of any animal. And the third thing we learn is that it takes a human child longer to be adequately prepared for life than it does any other animal. Because of these three facts we find that the human family is different from the families of all other animals. The human family is practically permanent.

One of the purposes of Nature seems to be the development of a good general average for any given species. In order to accomplish her end, Nature prevents inbreeding by quickly separating parents from young, and brothers and sisters of the same family from each other. A mixed and healthy stock develops as a result. Only when human beings artificially breed animals do we get very great variations in a species. All wild dogs, for instance, look very much like their ancestral types. They are all wolves, with minor variations. When human beings breed dogs they get all kinds of wide variations from huge Irish elkhounds to tiny Mexican hairless dogs. In the human family, because of its great permanence, and because of the closeness of the family connections, inbreeding is much

more likely to occur than among animals.

For this reason all human communities have laws against inbreeding. Unconsciously human beings have recognized this law of Nature. But unfortunately psychological inbreeding, one of the greatest liabilities of family life, is not so well recognized and is the cause of much of the unhappiness of modern life.

Just as inbreeding is bad for the physical health of a race, so psychological inbreeding is bad for the mental health of all members of a family. All too often, in our modern life, with its tendency to keep people at home, parents forget, or are completely ignorant of the fact that the first purpose of the family is to prepare the children for a life *outside* the family. I am sure you know many families that live in virtual isolation. Families that do nothing but foster the idea that everyone outside the family is under suspicion of being a criminal or misanthropist. We are taught that our mothers and our fathers are the finest people in the world, and that no one in the world can come up to our own flesh and blood.

The test of a family, from a social and psychological point of view is: does it prepare the children for outside life, or does it keep them at home as isolated, timid, socially maladjusted hearthstone-huggers? Parents are usually the worst offenders, if the family remains a liability. Children cannot be expected to understand the wider purposes of Nature. They cannot see to it that a friendly and cordial atmosphere of social coopera-

tion exists in the family. They cannot, at least in the beginning of life, extend the family's horizons. But the parents infect their children with their own social attitudes. If the parents have no friends, the children find their only social activity in the family. If the parents are misanthropic, the children catch their parents' social bigotry, and extend it in their relations with their own fellow playmates and schoolmates.

All our social, occupational, and sexual attitudes are derived originally from our experiences in our family. Our emotional patterns are the reflection of our family life. If there are parents who are not cooperative in the home life, the children seldom learn to be cooperative outside the home. If the family is uninterested in the arts, the children acquire blind spots to artistic appreciation. If the emotional ties between mother and son or father and daughter are too strong, there is little likelihood that such a son or such a daughter will be happy in marriage. If the father mistreats the mother, the daughters will be afraid of marriage. If the mother dominates the father, the sons will be afraid to be dominated, and will become woman-haters.

One of the things that most parents do not understand is that in the period of adolescence, boys and girls both must make their preparations to extend their interests outside the family. Sometimes these children take mistaken methods of establishing their independence. They are suppressed by their parents, and the damage is done. They may remain obedient children, but they will be afraid of authority all their lives.

Similarly, boys and girls in adolescence must establish their interest in the opposite sex. The first inklings of this interest on the children's part is often sternly suppressed by the parents, with the result that the children remain unhappy and unprepared in their adult sexual relations. It is not at all unusual for psychiatrists to see cases of children who were "model" children at home, children who were always "good to their parents" developing severe mental diseases or even insanity simply because they were completely incapable of facing any realities but the realities of family life.

So-called "bad" children, on the other hand, often turn out to be the best citizens. These children protest against the confinements and restraints of too close family life, and break away. Sometimes they "break their parents' hearts," but not infrequently they come home years afterward, loaded with honors. They unconsciously understood that they had to get out of the family to be human beings.

All our social relations are based on the primitive fact of mother love which is the very first social relationship that exists. But just as the family destroys itself by physical or psychological inbreeding, so mother love, when it becomes an end in itself, is a psychological crime. The purpose of the family is to prepare the young for life outside the family. The purpose of mother love is to prepare the child to love his fellow men. Unless your family and your relation to your parents accomplish these ends, your family is a liability.

In families that are psychological liabilities the parents often criticize their children for being ungrateful and for lacking the proper respect for their parents. This type of parental conduct is criminal. Love, respect, honor, appreciation are qualities that are not guaranteed by one's position in life. The fact that you are a parent does not, in itself, entitle you to love, honor or respect. These must be earned from children, just as they must be earned from strangers. The fact that you are a wife or a husband, legally, likewise does not entitle you to love. To compel children to love and respect their parents is to make the family a liability. Where love and respect are earned, where the family life is wholesome, where child and parent are harmoniously active in making the whole world a better place to live in, there family life is an asset.

If you are a parent remember that your duty to your children includes something more than feeding and clothing them. Your duty in the first place is to prepare them to live by themselves outside the family. Maintaining a family is not a life work—it is only part of your work. While you are raising your family you ought to be getting some hobbies and interests that will make *you* independent of your children when they have gone out to make their own families. You must give the child every possible opportunity to feel that he is a wanted citizen of the world. You must culture his awareness, you must extend his horizons, you must teach him that his first duty is to his fellow men, not to his family. In this way you will merit his love and

his respect and his honor. You cannot possess children: they belong to themselves, and you must recognize this vital fact of life. Help them, encourage them, train them—yes. But train them to be happy, not to be a convenience to you.

If you are a child try to evaluate what your parents are doing for you. If they have made mistakes, give them the benefit of the doubt, but avoid being entangled in those mistakes. It may mean a wrench, a little heart-ache, but you may not sacrifice your entire life to feed the neurotic ideas of your parents. Your first duty is to your community. Your parents will not die of a broken heart if you leave them to fulfill your biological purpose. You cannot remain a child forever. Help your parents to realize your needs. Help them to understand your purpose. But be true to your own destiny, and carve out your sphere of influence, your little world of interests and services, for yourself. And in this way prepare to make the family you will found a social asset!

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW TO AVOID ARGUMENTS

MUCH of the unhappiness of the world is caused by useless arguments. It is not the evil deeds that human beings commit against each other that break hearts and homes, but the evil, sharp, stinging words that occur in heated arguments that make up the dark places of life. A murder is a horrible thing, but it is clean and swift compared to the slow and terrible disintegration of the human spirit that can result from many arguments.

What is an argument? An argument differs from a discussion in just one respect. In a discussion the emotional tone is quiet. Two people state their points of view, and one or the other may modify his former beliefs because of the force of the other's arguments. There is no question of prestige, of being right, of having the last word, of proving the other fellow a fool. An argument is an attempt to make someone feel inferior. It occurs usually in a high emotional temperature. It is accompanied not by logical reasons and clear thinking, but by savage emotionalism. Two people can have a discussion, and as a result both of them may change their opinions, and both emerge from the discussion refreshed and bettered by the exchange of human views. Not so in an argument. Both members

of an argument emerge defeated and depressed. The winner has beaten down a fellow human being, and his conscience must hurt him. He has perpetrated a social cheat. The defeated is discouraged because he has been browbeaten by an unfair bludgeon. Argument knows no victors—it knows only the broken and the defeated.

Why do people argue? Arguments are almost universally based upon the existence of an inferiority complex. Because people argue for only one reason—to win. In a discussion we are dealing with objective facts, truth. In an argument it is only the victory that counts. We should say the apparent victory, because no one ever wins an argument. Let us take Mrs. Smith and her husband, Mr. Smith, as the horrible example. Mrs. Smith is dissatisfied with marriage because she is a spoiled child, and Mr. Smith is not treating her in the manner to which she would like to become accustomed. Mr. Smith is a bully. He believes women should be seen and not heard, and he wants his wife to be his obedient slave. There is a conflict of purposes and goals. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been married for ten years, and they have had at least two major arguments every day. They refuse to separate because unconsciously each one of them believes that finally the victory will be his. Mrs. Smith hopes to change Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith has inwardly vowed that he will “break” Mrs. Smith. And, therefore, they seize every opportunity to win their point. No matter what the opportunity is, Mr. and Mrs. Smith are always on the

opposite side of the fence. Each has an inferiority complex. Each one, therefore, has to beat down his opponent to make a point that will bolster his own failing self-esteem. Each one will use fair means and foul—and they are usually *unfair* in an argument—to get that fleeting moment of self-satisfaction that comes from downing an opponent. But, as you have already guessed, an argument won is a coward's victory. No one has ever benefited from an argument. We argue to establish a sense of superiority in ourselves, but it is an unreal superiority without value and without meaning.

Only people with a gnawing sense of inferiority argue. A superior person recognizes that all opinions are relative. He listens to his fellow-men. If he does not agree, he states his reasons for disagreeing quietly and objectively. He does not feel that an opinion unlike his own immediately puts him down as a fool. He does not feel humiliated when someone else is right, because his goal is to learn as much as possible. The person who argues feels insecure. Therefore, his opinions must be absolutely right. To prove him wrong is to topple the unstable equilibrium of his personality. That's why people who argue do so with savagery. There are no sporting rules, no sportsmanship in an argument. An argument is always to the death. An argument is always as blind and useless as a cock-fight. It never matters who wins. Both are wrong.

Naturally, arguments have a bad effect on our spirits and on our bodies. In the conflict of will and emotion

that goes on in the miniature life-and-death battle for the last word, the nerves, the digestion, the heart, the elimination suffer insults. But the most horrible effect of the argument is on the human relations that are involved. Because no cooperation is possible where arguments occur. And without social cooperation, civilization must cease. Look into the history books and examine the causes of most great wars. They have been just wholesale arguments over trivial matters between nations. Nations can argue just as foolishly as individuals. And the cause of international peace suffers because nations have inferiority complexes, hair-trigger sensitivities that are too easily insulted and injured.

Can arguments be avoided? Decidedly yes. Arguments are not only unnecessary, they are socially criminal. There is always a better way. Now and then a perfectly peaceful and normal person is belligerently assaulted by an argumentative soul whose inferiority complex cries for some kind of satisfaction. Any argument will do for such a belligerent nature. You are the victim. The belligerent soul hits you in the face, figuratively, with a proposition which you know is false. If you agree, you would appear a fool. You are lured into the argument. The words fly. The emotions become hotter. You sweat and you flush and your heart pounds harder. And presently your own honor and self-respect are so far involved that you can do nothing but see it through. And of course you are defeated, because the belligerent soul has a better technique of psychological brow-beating than you have.

People who argue want to play God. They want to appear omniscient. You can avoid arguments with such people by the very simple device of making them feel that you agree with them. Treat them with respect and reverence, no matter how silly or ridiculous their proposition may be. Tell them that you agree with everything they say. Let them feel that you revere their great insight and knowledge. Show appreciation of their great mental perspicacity. And then as soon as ever you can, get out of the room, and avoid them in the future. Do not be afraid of overdoing this act. A man who argues has no sense of humor or proportion. He is out to win. The course of bravery in any argument is quiet discretion. There is but one way to win an argument, and that is to avoid it. And the only way to avoid an argument, when someone else has started it, is to concede the victory and the last word to the aggressor, from the very beginning. It's the only way to save your heart and your digestion!

It is not only possible to avoid arguments when other people start them. It is possible to fully avoid situations that make men and women with a belligerent inferiority complex from starting arguments. And it is done in this way.

There are a whole group of words in the English language which are fighting words. These are the words of finality. When you utter a word like "Never!" it is a fighting word for anyone with an inferiority complex. Such a person wants to have a chance to have his say. If you say "Never!" you leave him no loophole. His

unstable self-esteem is put in jeopardy. He has to fight to rescue his toppling self-esteem. He counters with "Always!"—and the argument is on. And from such arguments there is no escape.

If you want to lead a peaceful life, with plenty of time for useful and productive work, play, love, friendship, and recreation, avoid all words of finality. Words of finality make people feel inferior. It ill beseems a mere human being to utter such words anyway. Modern science teaches us that everything is relatively relative. Finality belongs to God, and it is best not to presume upon His prerogatives. If not for scientific reasons, then at least out of respect for the Creator, we should avoid using such words as "Absolutely!", "Never!", "Always!", "Without Exception!" and the like. Instead say, "Under the circumstances it seems to me that . . ." or "In my opinion this appears to be true . . ." or "So far as I am able to judge this matter I believe . . ." and the like.

Now suppose that someone comes to you and very belligerently states that cows lay eggs. You know very well that cows do not lay eggs. The man is misinformed, but he is belligerent. Suppose that it really made some difference whether cows did or did not lay eggs, and it was important for you to make your point, and at the same time avoid a useless argument. You might say, "I do not doubt that in the vast majority of cases cows do lay eggs, but in my experience this little Jersey cow we are speaking about seems to be an exception to your rule. At least I have never seen her lay any eggs." By

putting your proposition in this way you open the way to a discussion and avoid an argument. Your belligerent opponent does not feel his vanity crushed because you have salved it by telling him that he is right in the majority of cases. At the same time you have delicately put over the truth of your proposition. In other cases of this kind you may neatly side-step the argument by agreeing mutually on some authority, and letting the authority carry the burden of disproving your opponent. And, if the worst comes to the worst, let your belligerent opponent have his way.

Truth has a strange way about it. Truth does not need belligerent defenders. If your opponent states a thing that is, in your opinion, untrue, let nature, fate, or circumstances prove him wrong. You do not necessarily have to be the one that teaches him his lesson. And you avoid arguments in this way, keep your friends, and gain the respect of everyone who comes in contact with you. Remember these things about arguments. There are no victors in an argument, and no victory. There are no final last words. Everything is relative, and nothing is so important that you have to raise your emotional temperature in arguing about it. Let the other fellow play God while you keep cool.

CHAPTER XXX

NAGGING!

If you care to turn to Webster's unabridged dictionary, you will not only find a number of very uncomplimentary definitions for "nagging," but you will find that this word comes from the old Anglo-Saxon term "gnagan" which means "to gnaw."

Have you ever sat and watched a squirrel, a rat or any other rodent sitting well-braced and, with its sharp incisors, cutting away at a piece of wood or some obstruction through which it desired to open up a vent? If you have, and can visualize right now what you saw, you will see how apt the derivation of this word really is. For, just as the rodent, by its constant scraping and cutting with its sharp teeth, gnaws at an object until it finally wears it through, so the human nagger metaphorically gnaws at its victim until the patience of its object is worn completely through.

I care not how many virtues are vested in a man or woman, if he or she has formed the habit of constantly nagging those who are near and dear, all their virtues can be set at naught. If by chance you happen to have a husband or wife who nags, I am sure that you will need no encouragement to induce you to say "Amen."

But isn't it strange that even the most habitual nagger

will not admit, even to himself or herself, the fact that he is guilty of nagging? On the other hand, he may nag from morning till night (yes, and long after the lights have been turned out, too), and although unable to see the slightest bit of guilt in himself, he can detect the least semblance of nagging when it is someone else who is guilty. He expresses himself in no uncertain terms in his condemnation of anyone else who is even mildly guilty of this practice; but when you accuse him, he is highly indignant, and assumes an air of Innocence personified.

But that is human nature. We are all more or less guilty of finding fault with others, be those faults ever so slight; but how few of us are able to unbiasedly analyze ourselves, and recognize for what they really are the sins of omission and commission of which we are all guilty!

And nagging is so uncalled-for! What would you think, for example, of a wife who vowed that she loved her husband more than life itself, and yet finding a small, ugly sore in the corner of his eye, instead of offering a soothing treatment in order to help to heal the sore, every time she got near him, she would take keen delight in picking and clawing at that sore with her finger nails? If, perchance, she forgot the sore for a few days, and then suddenly caught sight of the spot and found it almost healed, she would redouble her efforts at digging until the wound, now nearly healed, became more inflamed than ever? I repeat, what would you think of that wife? Would you call her digging

an act of kindness? Could you construe her constant efforts to keep that wound open as a loving gesture? Certainly not! You would be tempted to class her as unbalanced. You might even call her crazy.

Suppose that a wife, hearing the cry of her babe in its crib in the blackness of the night, in her eagerness to reach the child, should fall over a footstool or some other misplaced object in the dark, and suffer a fractured arm. What would you think of her husband if, during the painful days of convalescence, each time that the knitting of the bones was almost complete, he should deliberately use his strength to re-break the partially knitted fracture just in order to see his wife compelled to live over again the initial accident and its aftermath? If you were a woman, would you live with such a husband? Not if you had any spirit of your own! By no stretch of the imagination could anyone justify a sadistic trait like this in any husband.

And yet nagging is no less painful to the person against whom it is directed than would be the actions of physical violence just mentioned. In fact, many of us can bear physical wounds much more easily than those of a less tangible character.

Have you ever had your "feelings" hurt? Then certainly you know how actual the pain can be. A blow to one's pride, a shock to one's sense of justice, an accusation of unfaithfulness directed against one who has been fidelity itself, to be called a liar when one prides himself that his word is as good as his bond—can produce a

mental anguish incomparable with mere physical pain. But even these mental pains are usually capable of healing, if really given an opportunity to heal. But it would take either a saint or one so calloused as to be impervious to feeling, to be able to endure the constant reiteration of accusations once made.

Even though the original accusation was justified and the guilty one justly deserves to be condemned, the average husband and wife are willing to take their "whipping," and to ask for forgiveness with the expectancy of being forgiven. But to be constantly reminded of a misstep once made and, week in, week out, to be nagged and nagged over the same mistake, almost invariably drives the accused one to a point of repetition. It certainly will not help in any case in making the guilty one feel kindly toward the accuser, or desirous of rectifying the error.

Don't misunderstand me, when, in the wife's judgment, a husband has been at fault, or vice versa, be the mistake small or great, it is the prerogative of the other to call attention to the mistake and to help to rectify it. That classifies as "constructive helpfulness." But because of that one mistake, for the husband or wife to continually jibe and scold and nag, is neither constructive nor helpful.

Deliver me from a chronic nagger! They never let anything die. Months, yes, even years, after the thing has occurred, the offense is dug up, and the nagger seems to take keen delight in seeing the torture that

they are inflicting by reopening a wound long since healed.

And we wonder why so many husbands had rather spend their time elsewhere than at home! Yes, we also are puzzled when wife breathes a sigh of relief when hubby leaves for his work. Naturally, there are many other causes for this unnatural attitude, but, in my belief, nagging is more times the cause than you can possibly realize.

Referring once more to the simile of the sore eye. If you had such an affliction and your mate, with one hand thrown affectionately over your shoulder, used the other hand to further mutilate that sore, how long would you sit quietly and allow such a procedure? Unless you were paralyzed, you would move out of the reach of those fingers. Now—some people's tongues are sharper than their finger nails, and cut deeper into one's feelings than finger nails can possibly pierce one's flesh. The only way to give the eye a chance to heal is to keep completely out of reach of the finger nails. The only way to avoid accepting the taunts of a nagger is simply, with their initial outburst, to put on your hat and walk out. If, when you return, they are still in a nagging mood, right about face and out again. They may fret and fume while you are gone, but, at least, it will give them a chance to get the venom out of their system. And they cannot possibly nag when the object of their nagging is out of earshot. This may sound like pretty drastic action, and may seem unduly harsh on the nagger. But remember, nagging is not only harm-

ful to its object, but ruins the disposition of the nagger as well.

Let me offer a choice bit of advice to you husbands and wives: If your mate has done something that has caused you anguish, thrash it out once and for all at the time of the occurrence and get it over as quickly as possible; then forget it. Bury it; then let it stay buried. Most any broad-minded man or woman can accept, in the spirit of love and affection, mild reproach and correction from the other mate, but it takes an angel or a weakling to stand for constant nagging.

If you would keep the love of your mate, and true marriage cannot exist without love, criticize when criticism is justified, but do not "rub it in."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

THERE is hardly a married couple in America that has not been compelled to face a triangle situation, actual or potential, at some time or other. Some of the most unhappy marriages and some of the greatest personal tragedies have developed out of the fact that a wife or husband, faced with the problem of a third party, has played the cards wrongly, and, by the use of the wrong psychological approach, permanently broken up a home which could have weathered the storm if the injured party in the triangle had known what to do, kept his, or her head, and followed a policy of watchful waiting.

There are a great many people in the world who have very hard and fast notions about the triangle situation. Most husbands, finding that their wives were emotionally involved with other men, would think first of the divorce court, revenge, or at least separation. Most wives are of the same notion: as soon as "another woman" comes on the scene, their first impulse is to see a lawyer, arrange for alimony, and get a divorce. I may be criticized for my attitude by a number of die-hards, but it is my honest opinion that there are a great many factors and situations which are not legally recognized and which are much more reasonable grounds for divorce than the existence of a triangle

And it is my advice, both to husbands and to wives, when they first discover the triangle situation in their marriage, to try all other means first, before having recourse to the courts of law.

My reason for saying this is that the triangle situation, when it occurs, is not always the certain sign of inborn cussedness and malice on the part of the erring partner. It may have a variety of psychological reasons and explanations, and these must be understood and taken into account before drastic measures are taken.

Marriage is a cooperative venture, the product of which, when the marriage is carried out by two people who are emotionally grown up, is a great measure of love, respect, and affection for both parties. In our complicated modern world, many factors militate against successful marriage. The terrific pace of our machine age, the fact that so many of us are spoiled in childhood, and, therefore, not really grown up emotionally; the fact that we have a considerable amount of leisure on our hands, and the fact that there are a great many people who look to sex as a means of proving their superiority, are all likely to confuse issues in marriage.

Two young people get married with the best intentions of making a "go" of it. They are deeply in love, but, having fallen in love with an ideal, they discover before very long that they are not married to an ideal partner. If they are grown up they make the best of this situation, and they attempt to develop side by side,

so that what began as a misadventure will grow into a lovely cooperative concern. But usually they are not grown up, and finding that the partner does not measure up to pre-marital expectations, they begin to look for someone else of the opposite sex in whom to confide their disillusion. This contact person often shows superficial signs of sympathy and understanding, and before long a triangle situation occurs, in which the fancifully wronged husband or the misunderstood wife seeks and finds consolation in an outside party.

Sometimes this relationship is discovered by the misunderstood partner's husband or wife while it is still in the platonic stage. If the husband or wife resents the growth of the influence of an outsider, becomes jealous, tries to break up the relationship, the natural effect is to heighten the misunderstood wife's—or the wronged husband's—interest in the sympathetic third party. It becomes a part of his self-pride to continue, and he uses the fact of his wife's interference as so much more evidence to prove his point, that he has made a mistake and married the wrong party. It is easy to see how either a husband or wife can mistake the meaning of such a triangle situation, and in doing the wrong thing about it, bring that to pass which he or she suspected in the beginning.

Then, too, in our modern world, where both husbands and wives work outside the home, and come into contact with a variety of people of the opposite sex who may be closely linked to them by the ties of business or professional association, friendships on a purely

occupation-interest basis are likely to spring up, and occasionally these friendships ripen into more intimate relationships.

A further reason for triangles to occur lies in the fact that a great many women still believe that marriage is an end to life. During the time that this type of woman is being courted by her prospective husband she makes a great show of activity and interest in his work, but as soon as she has him safely yoked in a legal contract of marriage, she considers the matter closed, rests on her oars, and lets her husband do all the work of keeping the marriage alive. Of course it is not at all rare for the husband, in such a case, to find a triangle partner to share his interests and his ambitions with him, and it is the wife's own fault that her husband has strayed, although legally, she may be completely in the right in suing for a divorce.

A thousand psychological and physiological factors are responsible for a wife or a husband seeking happiness in a third party. You may put it down as a law that, just as water runs downhill, a husband or a wife who leaves the bed and board of a marriage partner and seeks consolation, sympathy, interest and pleasure elsewhere, is finding that "elsewhere" more desirable than his or her own home. What I say about these triangle situations applies equally to the husbands and to the wives.

I cannot, here, within the short compass of this chapter, go into the thousands of psychological situations

which cause a husband or wife to "hop the fence" and find love with another partner. Sometimes it is revenge for some fancied slight; sometimes it is to show a sense of power or conquest; sometimes it is to overcome the boredom of a stupid partner's lack of conversation; sometimes it is to escape from a wife's bad cooking or a husband's unpleasant personal habits. There are literally thousands of such causes, and when they come into *your* life they are quite sufficient to make you look elsewhere, no matter how much you would decry your neighbor doing the same thing for a cause which, to you, seems invalid. The point I want to make and emphasize as strongly as I possibly can is this: every partner in a marriage usually gets just what he deserves. That is, if your husband or wife is looking elsewhere for love, you are not contributing enough, and his or her reaction is the direct consequence of your own deficiencies.

Now, I know very well that there are exceptions to this rule. There are husbands and wives so neurotic that not even an angel could get along with them in marriage. I know that there are sometimes external circumstances that throw people into contact and cause them to have temporary relations which are in no manner of fashion reflections of deficiencies on the part of their partners. I know also that a monogamous marriage is an ideal which strong, emotionally mature people strive for—and that there are a great many immature individuals who can never make the grade. But by and large, my rule holds in a great majority of cases.

The following suggestions for the conduct of the situation are based on the fact that both partners have a considerable investment of love and mutuality to begin with, and that the continuation of the marriage is desirable from many points of view. It is obvious that triangle situations which occur in marriages of financial convenience, marriages of spite, marriages of force, and marriages between individuals of greatly differing ages do not come under the usual classifications, and are more properly the subject of technical psychiatric investigation than the usual triangle affair is.

To begin with, then, if you suspect that your husband or wife is involved emotionally with another person, act as if it were your fault, and the erring husband or wife were doing the natural thing in seeking love elsewhere than at your side. I cannot tell you how important this initial point of view is, for the moment that you begin to blame, to criticize, to revenge yourself, or to call in the neighbors, relatives or lawyers, you lose your head and all reason, and prevent yourself from seeing the case in its true proportions.

2. Contrast or compare yourself with the individual with whom the triangle is occurring, and find out what qualities he or she has that you lack. If these be admirable qualities, attempt to cultivate them in yourself. At least try as hard as you can to learn what your partner sees in the third party.

3. Don't talk about your problem with relatives or friends. If the occasion arises, talk it over very calmly

with your husband or wife. Do not criticize but try to understand, and get a reason for the triangle's existence. Put yourself in the position of the defective party, and find out how you could improve yourself.

4. Attempt to determine whether the interest in the third party is a purely temporary adventure or a semi-permanent or permanent arrangement. If you have reason to believe that it is temporary, *keep quiet about it*, and devote all your energies to proving yourself a more attractive mate. If you believe that it is permanent, have a heart to heart talk with your partner, and determine a common course of conduct: either divorce, separation, the maintenance of two establishments, or the death of the triangle affair.

5. Above all do not become emotional or hysterical about it. This has happened to millions of couples before it happened to you, and many of them have worked out of it without any permanent scars. If you keep your head, you will be able to work it out, too. Keep your relatives out of the picture. And if you must tell someone about it, tell your minister, priest, rabbi, doctor, or oldest friend. Keep cool and carry on!

6. If, after all attempts on your part to remedy the situation have failed, the situation remains intolerable, attempt to arrange a consultation with a reputable psychiatrist at which both of you can have your say, air your troubles, and find some reasonable solution from an impartial, trained, sympathetic third party.

7. If all these methods fail and divorce is the only

solution—do not hang your dirty family linen in the front pages of the press, etc. The man or the woman who throws mud is bound to become bespattered. There may seem to be some consolation in broadcasting these sins of a philandering mate; that satisfaction is small compensation for the stigma which will become attached in the public mind with not only the one who is guilty but with the aggrieved party as well.

CHAPTER XXXII

MENTAL CRUELTY

IN some States of the United States, mental cruelty is given as a basis of divorce, and many people believe that mental cruelty is confined to marital relations, especially to the marital relations of those people who are wealthy enough to be able to afford a Reno divorce. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mental cruelty is a daily occurrence, and its forms are so varied that only a practiced psychiatrist can trace them all. I want to give you some of the examples of common mental cruelty, their psychological explanation, and a way to avoid them.

In the middle ages men were more cruel to one another than they are today. More cruel physically, I mean. It was nothing to torture with red hot irons a person who disagreed about the rites of a religion or about a piece of property or a service. Those unhappy days have fortunately passed, but in their stead we have the exquisite little mental tortures which we inflict on our loved-ones and our neighbors, often unwittingly, every day. And mental cruelty is in many respects worse than physical cruelty. A man who is being tortured physically has some periods of relief. If he is tortured too much, nature comes to his aid and brings him the peace of coma or death. His agony is usually short-

lived. But mental cruelty cannot be escaped so easily, and in many instances it is practiced over long periods of time.

What is mental cruelty? I think I can give you a clue to it when I explain to you that every human being, at some time or another in his life, has experienced a sense of incompleteness or inferiority. Some people go through their whole lives feeling unprepared for life. We say they have an inferiority complex. Naturally, this sense of being inferior is an intolerable condition. And so every human being wants to be superior, wants to hide his short-comings, wants to compensate for his defects, wants to become secure, wants to have a sense of superiority in something. And because everyone has such a sense of inferiority, there often occurs a conflict of wills and purposes between two individuals who are both sick with an inferiority complex. Hence, in some of these cases, one, being a slightly better judge of human nature, uses the inferiority complex of the other to bolster his own self-esteem.

Now you know that there is not a human being so miserable that he does not believe that there is someone else in the world who is more miserable and more unworthy than himself. If a man really believed that he was the worst little worm in the world, he could not go on living. But if he is a great coward, if he has no real self-confidence, if he has no ability to compensate for his defects in some useful fashion, he is going to try to be superior in a useless sort of way. He is going to try to make someone feel inferior to himself, and establish a

false assurance of superiority at another's expense, rather than try to develop in himself some real and tangible superiority. That is the basis of mental cruelty which can be defined as the attempt on the part of one person with an inferiority to take advantage of another person with an inferiority complex for the purpose of establishing a false sense of superiority in himself.

As you may imagine, we can find the finest instances of mental cruelty among children. All children have a marked sense of inferiority in relation to all adults, and as they have not developed any sense of sportsmanship, they take the most cruel advantage of one another. All the silly prejudices of the elders are exhibited in the conduct of children. For instance, Protestant children will make fun of Catholic children; and Gentile children will establish their superiority over Jewish children by taunting them about their religion. Healthy children make fun of sick or crippled children or adults; rich children make fun of the poor; intelligent children sometimes ridicule the less talented; yet all in the hopes of establishing a sense of superiority and thus easing and compensating for their own sense of weakness toward their parents. Thus it is that the children who come from very strict homes are often the cruelest in their relations with their playmates, just as the cruelest of adults are always the men and women who were strictly suppressed in their childhood.

And now you have already guessed one thing about mental cruelty. It is one form of being infantile, of not being grown-up. Because in a grown-up world, in

which we recognize our own limitations in some respects, we become, or should become, more tolerant of the defects of our neighbors in other respects. Good sportsmanship in life is one of the surest signs of mental maturity. And vice-versa; anyone who is mentally cruel, who attempts to make another person feel inferior, indicates as surely as if he were branded, that he has not yet grown up, and that a sense of inferiority is still gnawing at his entrails.

One unpardonable form of mental cruelty is the cruelty of parents toward their children. A great many parents are completely unprepared for the responsibilities of parenthood. As their children grow up beyond their immediate authority, they feel their parental sense of inferiority growing apace. And so they try to put their children "in their place." They do this by referring to the child's ugliness, stupidity, clumsiness, inability to carry out orders, uncleanliness, uncouthness or awkwardness. Naturally, the poor child becomes either hopelessly timid or aggressively rebellious. After years of such mental cruelty the parents wonder why their children are not grateful to them, or why they do not love them. You cannot imagine how many letters I receive on this subject, and wherever I find that parents have lost the respect, the love, the admiration of their children, I am quite certain that in the majority of cases, those very parents have contributed an investment of mental cruelty for which they are getting undesirable dividends.

Another inexcusable form of mental cruelty is the

cruelty that expresses itself in the browbeating and ordering around of people who are temporarily in a menial position. All really grown-up people recognize the fact that they are servants; servants of humanity. They treat those who shine their shoes, or wait on them at table, or do their housework, or run their errands, as equals in the great human-play we call life. I have never seen a really great man or woman who was not the soul of courtesy to conductors, elevator boys, stenographers, servants, janitors, and the like. Whenever you hear a man bawl out a waiter in a restaurant, or humiliate a porter or servant, you may be certain that he is still a little boy who hasn't grown up mentally. His mental cruelty is the badge of his own inferiority complex.

Another inexcusable form of mental cruelty—and of course all mental cruelty is inexcusable—is the snobbery of riches. False intellectual superiority is still another form of mental cruelty, because the really superior intellect always respects the lesser intellect and attempts to understand the causes for its failure to develop. Religious bigotry, pride of race, pride of family, pride of beauty, pride of health are all forms of mental cruelty, especially when they express themselves in the humiliation of other fellow-human creatures whose ancestors did not come over on the *Mayflower*, whose faces are not so pretty, whose limbs are not so strong. As you may imagine, most forms of mental cruelty are based on purely artificial values. The perpetrators of mental cruelty never base their actions on real superiority, be-

cause real superiority needs no fanfare of trumpets, no blaring publicity, no humiliation of those who are in an inferior position, to establish its claims. And that accounts for the frequency of mental cruelty between the sexes. And here men are the worst offenders. In another chapter on: "The Battle of the Sexes," I have explained the origins of the conflicts between men and women. Here I need only recall that men and women are neither superior nor inferior to one another. They must cooperate. And any woman who humiliates a man, or any man who humiliates a woman, simply because of his or her sex, is practicing an extreme and inexcusable form of mental cruelty.

The mental cruelties that occur in marriage and in the relations between men and women are usually the result of the fear that one will not be able to make a great enough impression. The husband who ridicules his wife's bridge-playing, the wife who ridicules her husband's inability to cook or to dress the baby, the husband who humiliates his wife publicly, or the wife who nags her husband or attempts to reform him . . . all express their own inferiority feelings in their cruelty to their mates. Carried out over long periods of time, this type of mental cruelty is more intolerable than a cancer which can be cut out, even though it hurts. And to my mind such mental cruelty, representing as it does a basic inability to cooperate, is a complete and full ground for divorce.

If you are the victim of the mental cruelty of another individual, let him know that you understand the

basis of his actions if you cannot escape them. Do not be a worm. Do not be afraid of your tormentor, because he or she is a bully, taking advantage of a false position. You need only prick the bubble of his or her egoism once and you will completely deflate the offender. If you, in turn, are the bad actor who vents his mental cruelty in any form on some unwilling and unwitting victim, take stock of yourself. Ask yourself whether you cannot find some more useful and productive method of establishing your self-esteem. Find out ways and means of growing up. Read some good books on the cure of an inferiority complex. Because if you practice mental cruelty on wife, on child, on servant, on anyone, you are just a big, overgrown bully, afraid of growing up and accepting the responsibilities of being an adult.

CHAPTER XXXIII

GOSSIP

THE old Romans had a god named Janus. Janus was always pictured with two faces, one looking toward the past, and one looking toward the future. We have named our month January because it says good-bye to the old year and greets the new. When we examine certain human traits we find that they, too, have a Janus-like quality. And one of the best examples of this two-faced quality is gossip.

Do you know what the word gossip meant originally in the Old English language? It comes from the old word god-sib, meaning godmother or godfather. We can imagine that the christening of a new born child in old England was the occasion for feasting and merry-making. The godfather or godmother gave a big party for the young stranger who had joined the fellowship of mankind. His chances of making a success were discussed. It was a family gathering where all the relatives discussed their plans—and people. And so the word gossip, way back in the old fifteen hundreds, came to mean “idle chatter.” And they say that Satan always finds work for tongues to do, and today the word gossip not only implies idle chatter, but malicious idle chatter.

Now I want to tell you something about speech that you may not have thought about before. Speech is the

greatest and most important bond between human beings. Speech arose out of the necessities which we weak human beings have had to face. We are so weak that we must communicate our pain or fear to our fellow men so that we can gain their sympathy and help. That brings us to one face of gossip. People feel lonely. They need communication with their friends. Talk, idle chatter, sympathy, interest, communication, help them to establish a society, a group of human beings bound together by common ideas and feelings. So that gossip, on its good side, its forward-looking side, represents a very valuable form of human communication. It may be the first step to friendship. We gossip about the weather, about business, about the standing of the baseball teams, about politics. Most of this talk does not teach us very much. We are not really in need of that information. We gossip because we are human, and because we want to pass the time pleasantly, and feel our sympathy for someone else. And so we must admit that gossip has a human and valuable side, which is worth cultivating.

But gossip also has a bad side. You know every human being starts out in life with a feeling of weakness and incompleteness. This inferiority feeling is an intolerable thing if it continues. Every man, woman, and child spends his life trying to get rid of his childhood sense of inferiority. We are all trying to be superior in some way or another. Now there are just two ways to be superior. The normal way is to train ourselves in some business, profession or art which will enable us to

do some service to our fellow men. When we serve, we feel secure, we feel superior. The second way to achieve superiority is what we call a neurotic way. That is, we strive not for real superiority, but for the appearance of superiority. And one of the easiest ways to *appear* superior is to make other people *look* inferior by comparison. And gossip is an ideal way to achieve a false semblance of superiority.

People who train for a real superiority are usually too busy to listen to gossip or to spend their time in idle chatter. But there are a great many inferior people in the world, who have been so discouraged that they cannot achieve real superiority. They do not even make the attempt to keep busy. They are forced to resort to such things as sarcasm, ridicule, or gossip to make themselves seem superior to their neighbors. And let me put it down as a psychological law at this time: a gossip and the person who listens to the gossip are both suffering from an inferiority complex.

I say a gossip and the person who listens or repeats the gossip have the inferiority complex for one important reason. It takes three people to make a perfect piece of gossip. It takes a teller, a listener, and a goat—the goat being the poor person who is being gossiped about. Now for the gossip to be good gossip, the teller and the listener must both feel themselves superior to the poor goat. Let me give you an example. Mrs. Smith rushes over to Mrs. Jones all out of breath. She just has to tell her something very important. She always prefaces her remarks with the statement, "Far be it from me to

gossip, or anything like that, but . . .” And then the juicy morsel comes out. Mrs. Smith has just discovered that Mrs. X down the block was born out of wedlock. Both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones draw themselves up to their full height, whistle quietly through their drawn lips, and, putting their arms around each other’s waists, join in a pact of fancied superiority. “Can you beat that!” says Mrs. Jones. “And she had the audacity to invite my Mary to go to her son’s party!”

One of the characteristics of malicious gossip is that it never asks for the facts, never investigates, never doubts, never displays any skepticism. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are both very unstable specimens of humanity. They contribute little outside their immediate kitchens, to humanity. Both are weak, jealous, envious, and insincere. Both of them are suffering from a full-blown inferiority complex, but they are too stupid to know that they have one, and too stupid to do anything about curing themselves of it. Therefore, they do not question the validity of the facts. They gobble up the gossip because, for a fleeting moment, they feel superior to poor Mrs. X.

Gossip would not be bad if it stayed at first base. But once Mrs. Smith has told Mrs. Jones, both these ladies can hardly wait until they can spread the good news to Mrs. Rosenblatt and Mrs. O’Connor. It is an axiom of daily life that bad news spreads faster than good news. In three hours, Mrs. X, whose ancestry goes back to six generations of New England fishermen in a pure unbroken line, has become an outcast. The damage has

been done. Mrs. X is broken-hearted because all her friends are snubbing her. And the fact that Mrs. Jones later discovers (having made a mistake) that it wasn't Mrs. X who classified as an illegitimate, but Mrs. Z, doesn't make the least bit of difference. To all intent and purposes, Mrs. X might just as well consider herself, her husband, and her children outcasts for the rest of their lives.

What a lovely world this would be if human beings had enough self-esteem and self-confidence not to have to resort to gossip in order to make themselves feel safe and superior! You can almost judge a man's success by his willingness to talk about the personal affairs of his friends or to listen to other people's gossip about them. And do you know where the real fault lies? It lies not so much with the gossip as with the listener! The gossip is a weakling, struggling out of an inferiority complex by attempting to humiliate his fellow men. But the cure of gossip can come directly from the listener.

If someone comes to you with a juicy bit of gossip, confides some bit of scandal to you, you can stop the matter very quickly if you really have a mind to do so. You can say to Mrs. Jones, when she tells you that Mrs. Y is having a love affair with the policeman on the beat, "Why, isn't that interesting? I had heard that *you* were having an affair with him, but I refused to believe it or to tell anyone about it!" This may be a drastic cure, but I have found that it works admirably. If you want to be less drastic, you can simply say that

you are not interested in hearsay evidence, and that unless Mrs. Y came and told you about it herself, you would not be concerned. Or, in another instance, you can tell the gossipy Mrs. Jones or Mr. Smith—and by the way, there are just as many men who gossip as women—“What a terrible inferiority complex you must have to tell such stories and make yourself appear worthwhile!” There are not many gossips who can withstand that attack. And here are a few rules to follow about gossip.

1. Never gossip. It unmasks your inferiority complex.
2. Never say about another individual what you would not like to see printed about yourself on the front page of your morning paper.
3. Never listen to gossip. It makes you as guilty as the gossiper.
4. If someone comes to you with gossip, it is your duty to stop it at the source by putting the gossiper in his proper place.
5. Don't consider yourself Mr. or Mrs. “Fixit.” If you accidentally learn of someone's mistakes or misdeeds, you are not called upon to be detective, judge, jury and hangman all at once. Let nature and the law take their due course. Mind your own business, and rectify your own mistakes first.
6. If you cannot say something good about a fellow man, say nothing. Never criticize, ridicule, or pass judgment on a fellow human being, if you

can help it. If you cannot help your tendency to gossip, become a writer, a novelist, or a dramatist, and tell the whole world. In this way you can turn the bad face of gossip into its good face.

7. Mind your own business. The noblest human beings are so busy making this world a better place to live in that they have time neither to gossip nor to listen to gossip.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHY WORRY?

WORRY is the worst habit in the world. It is the destroyer of happiness, the enemy of good sound sleep, the ruin of digestions, and the killer of hope and courage. If all the people in the world who are professional worriers were suddenly to give up their bad habits the whole world would as suddenly become a better place to live in. How can I say this, you ask? Because worry is not only a disease of the personality of the one who worries. It is a contagious disease that attacks everyone in the worrying person's environment.

What is worry? Psychologically it can be defined as the tendency to be anxious about things that are unlikely to happen. Like anxiety, worry is based on the fear of things which are not fearful. It represents a kind of private fear that is not shared by other human beings. If a tiger got out of his cage and came prowling into your living room, bared his fangs, began snarling and growling, you would have every right to be afraid. Fear in such circumstances is a helpful thing because the mechanism of fear in the body sets certain hormones, or chemical messengers, going through your blood. These hormones touch every part of the body and help you to fight or run better than if you were not afraid.

A phobia is a psychological fear of something that

is not innately harmful or dangerous. You are justified in being afraid of a tiger, but if you are mortally afraid of a moth, which is a harmless creature much smaller than yourself, we say you are suffering from a phobia. A phobia is an exaggerated and unnatural fear that is not shared by your neighbors. Now worry is both a fear and a phobia, and it has one other quality that distinguishes it from both. Worry lasts. Fears and phobias are usually brief and transitory, but worry goes on for long periods of time.

Worry is the fear that something untoward is going to happen. As you can imagine, brave, courageous people, who are used to facing the obstacles and difficulties of life, are not inclined to worry. The normal man or woman meets his problems as they come. The worrier not only does not meet his problems as they arise, but he is so busy worrying that he is completely unprepared for the very difficulties that he is afraid are going to happen, when they do happen. And this distinguishes a real and justified fear from worrying. Fear, that is fear of a really fearful object or circumstance, helps you to meet it and face it. Worry does just the opposite. It prevents you from meeting your problem in a matter of fact way.

I wanted to bring up these subtle differences between fear and worry because they give us the clue to what worry really is. Modern psychology has taught us that every human trait has a purpose. We do not fear, or love, or dream, or hate, or worry but what that fear, love, dreaming, hating or worrying accomplishes some-

thing. And modern psychology has also taught us that every human being is constantly occupied with the problem of making his existence safer. Now how can we reconcile worry and the human striving for safety and security?

Let us examine a few cases of worrying and see just what happens to the people that are involved. We'll begin with mother. She worries every time Junior stays out after nine o'clock at night. She believes herself to be a very good woman and a careful mother. She will tell you that the reason she worries is that she wants no harm to befall her darling boy. She wants him to grow up to be a fine, healthy, and effective man. But what does she really accomplish?

In the first place she spoils her digestion, her sleep, her elimination, her muscular tonus. She is constantly cramped with fear in body and mind. Just imagine putting yourself in a constant state of complete bodily cramping for a few hours, with your arteries, your intestines, your sweat glands, your muscles all being cramped at the same time. The first thing that mother accomplishes is to make herself more irritable, more emotionally unstable, more prone to disease or accident. The prolonged tension of worry is certainly no physician's prescription for health.

But she not only affects her own health. She is doing something to Junior at the same time. She is preventing him from having the normal adventures and difficulties and experiences that will give him character

and personality. Character and personality are the products of the conquest of obstacles. You cannot have a fine character if you never take a chance, if you never meet trouble. Character is one of those virtues that you cannot get by sitting in a lounge and reading books about character. You have to go out and make it for yourself. So mother, by worrying, keeps Junior at home, keeps him tied to her apron strings, keeps him from having the normal experiences of an adolescent boy. And it is a psychological crime against his manhood. But she not only injures her own health, and spoils Junior's chances for developing his character. She sets up currents of discord and tension with other members of her family who do not agree with her great solicitude. She certainly makes it difficult for Junior to get along "with the boys" who call him "sissy" and "Mama's boy" and generally make his life miserable. But poor Junior is a slave to his mother's worry.

I have consulted some very famous psychiatrists and they all agree that worry is a subtle form of tyranny. On the surface it seems as though the persons who were doing the worrying were very good-hearted. They seem very sensitive to dangers. They want their loved ones to be free from noxious influences or experiences. But actually they are preventing these individuals from being themselves. They are trying to play God, and that is one of the commonest and the most vicious indoor sports that we have. Because when one person tries to play God, you may be very certain that someone else is suffering a curtailment of their personal liberty.

Just watch people who worry. You will see that they are constantly giving everyone else in their environment a job. It is as if they were saying: "You act just the way I want to, or I'll worry!" And that is a threat that is not to be taken lightly.

You have all seen the horrible scenes that are enacted between a professional worrier and his or her victim. The victim of the unwanted and undesirable solicitude does cross the tracks, does stay out at night, does go off alone on a canoe trip, or does get married according to the way he sees his problem. Then he comes home to tell the worrying member of the family about it. He isn't dead, he isn't hurt, he isn't one whit the worse off for his independent adventure. But look at the worrier! Her eyes are tear-stained, lines of care are furrowed on her cheeks, she hasn't slept or eaten or rested for one minute. The poor worrier is much worse off than the person who has gone off on his own. She presents such a sad sight that the poor victim is compelled to promise never, never again to go off and put the worrier in such a terrible predicament. And, my friends, this looks like love. It has the outward appearances of love, but psychologically seen it is nothing but vanity, and cowardice, and hate, and domineering, and the desire to meddle in other people's business and run their lives for them. I cannot condemn the habit too severely. The fact that the worrier does not know what damage he or she is doing is no excuse for committing this psychological crime.

Do not think for one moment that worrying is con-

fined to women, just because I have cited this instance of the worrying mother. I have seen husbands who worried about their wives; fathers who worried about their daughters or sons: children who worried about their parents; grandparents who worried about their grandchildren; and I have even seen servants that worried about their employers to such an extent that the poor employers were hamstrung in their activities because they did not want to offend their old servants.

So we can conclude that worry is an unreasonable fear which is used as an instrument of domination over someone we are supposed to love. But that is not the only indictment on the head of the person who worries. The worrier is getting a false sense of virtue and nobility at the same time. Suppose your son goes off to drive an automobile. He knows how to drive the automobile, and everyone agrees that he is perfectly capable of driving it safely and surely to its destination. You alone worry. Don't you see that by comparison with everyone else you appear as an exceptionally kindly and considerate person? Don't you see that you are making a saint out of yourself—at the cost of making everyone else appear very unsympathetic and careless and indifferent to your son's welfare? That's only one of the phantom and unreal superiorities that the worrier gets for his pains. And I can assure you that people would not worry as much as they do if they did not get something out of it. I know of no better way to enslave the body and soul of another person than to worry about him constantly.

But how about the people who worry about themselves? If you have followed the psychology of this little essay you will be able to guess the answer. The person who worries about himself is doing one of two things, or both of them together. Some people worry about themselves, and imagine the worst things that can befall them in order to taste a little defeat in advance, and thereby, in a species of magical bargaining, hope to prevent Fate from dealing them a greater defeat later. But more commonly, the person who worries about himself is just a spoiled and dependent child who has never grown up. What his worry means is really this: "Don't you see what straits I am in? Come and help me. I cannot do it by myself!"

Ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent of the things that people worry about never happen. Worry is the worst of all bad habits. It spoils the health of the worrier, and domineers and enslaves the person who is affected by it. Don't worry if you want to be happy and healthy. Don't worry if you don't want to lose the love and respect of the person you are worrying about. Don't worry if you are really a cooperative human being. It doesn't pay.

CHAPTER XXXV

"MOTHER, WHERE DID I COME FROM?"

CAN you, by any chance, remember mother's or father's reply to your first inquiry about how you came into this world? Were you told that you were left on the doorstep? That the doctor brought you in his saddle bags? That mother found you; or that the stork flew over your house and dropped you down through the chimney? Or were you told to run along and play; that you weren't old enough to know things like that; or else put off with some other evasive answer? Were you satisfied with that kind of a reply? Of course not! No more than if you had asked mother for bread and jam, and she had offered you something indigestible in its place.

May I sketch briefly for you what I consider to be a logical reply to any child's question (if the child is tender in years) when, with every confidence in the world, it comes to mother or daddy and says:

"Mother, Daddy, where did I come from? What does it mean to be born?"

I would not force this issue by opening the subject to a child of mine, were I blessed with a child, but I would (from the earliest babyhood) create in that child the desire to bring every question to me by attempting

in a way that the child would understand, to offer as much information, correct information, mind you, put in childish language as I felt the little one was capable of understanding. And, lest you misjudge the child, let me say in its behalf, that its capabilities for understanding the story of life at the ages of four, five or six are far greater than 95% of parents realize.

Just imagine then that you are a church mouse in a corner of my den, and a little boy of mine has just come to me after having seen a tiny baby, and been made quizzical by some remark dropped by a careless or mischievous individual.

"Hello, Son! So daddy's boy has begun to do some thinking, eh? Well, bless your heart, daddy's glad to know that. Yes, and he's mighty glad that, when his boy wants to know things, particularly about himself, that he comes to daddy to find out. Daddy thought he was busy here at his desk because he's got lots to do, but remember this, son, daddy is never too busy to answer any serious question, big or little, that you bring to him. Here, pile up on daddy's lap, and let's just talk this thing over. You asked daddy just now: where did you come from, and did you once look like that little baby. And daddy is glad to tell you about yourself now that you are a big enough little man to know.

"You see, lots of boys and girls that you have been playing with, think that they know heaps about life, when what they think they know is wrong, because they've been telling each other, and passing the word

along which would be all right, if they knew the truth. But the trouble is, they don't. But they like to make out like they do. So, before daddy begins to tell you how you came into this world, let me ask you something. Will you make daddy a promise, if he will make you one, too? (And, knowing boys like I do, I can hear the answer now—'Sure, Daddy, what is it?') Well, you promise daddy that, whenever something puzzles you, or you hear something you don't understand, instead of asking questions from other boys and girls that might give you a wrong answer, you will just come to daddy, even if he is busy, and say, 'Daddy, what about this? or what makes that? or what causes the other thing?' And daddy will promise you right here and now that he will always tell you the truth and take the time to explain to you as best he can the answer to any question you bring him. Is that a go? (And, of course, you know what the answer would be.)

"You see, Laddie Boy, everything has to begin. Nothing just happens, you know. You remember the little seeds that you and I planted out in the garden and the fence we built around them so as to keep the chickens out? Well, those are not seeds now, are they? Look out the window. You see those plants there, and how they have grown? And don't you remember there was nothing but flat soil there a few weeks ago after you and I patted it down on top of the seed that we planted? But the sunshine and the rain have made those seeds grow. And after a little while, you are going to see some flowers on those plants. Now, every one of those

plants had a mother and a father, just like every boy and girl, just like the kittens and the dogs and the cows and the pigs. That's God's big plan so that, as plants get old and get ready to die, there will be other plants to come along to take their place. Don't you remember just last week 'Queen' died? But you've got 'Prince' and 'Fluff,' a boy doggie and a girl dog. And 'Queen' was their mother, you know. Well, they had a father too.

"You remind daddy when those flowers get in full bloom, and I will take you out there and show you that, in each plant, before the little seeds are formed, there is a father part and a mother part. And both the father and the mother have to give something of themselves before any little seed can be formed.

"On the father part, there is a yellowish, pretty substance that is called 'pollen'; on the mother part, is a sticky substance so that, when the wind blows, it shakes this pollen from the father, and makes it drop down on the sticky part furnished by the mother. And there's a shell formed around this so as to protect the part that father and the part that mother gave, and these two little elements fuse together or become one and, then, when the flower begins to die another wind comes along and shakes those little pods loose and they fall to the ground, and they will stay there all winter. Then in the spring, when the sunshine comes and the April showers fall, although the mother plant and the father plant are both dead, that little seed will wake up one day and shoot its little sprouts up out of the ground, and

another new plant is born.

"That is the way the trees grow too. The little acorns that you play with, the pecans and the walnuts—they were all formed from father and mother trees. So, when you put them in the ground, they will grow, because any seed, in order to mature and develop, must be protected from the elements like the frost and snow and ice. And old Mother Earth does that!

"Now, the animals are a little different. But all the animals, even the fishes, have papas and mamas too. Do you remember that salmon we had for dinner last night, how pink and wonderful it was? Well, do you know where the salmon came from? That was a Chinook Salmon and it came from out of the big Pacific Ocean. But salmon don't have any pollen like flowers do. However, before there can be any little salmon, there must be a part of the mother and a part of the father salmon that must join together just like I told you about the seed of the plant and the tree. And although the salmon don't know why they do what they do, Nature (wonderful, wise old Nature) once each year puts a little bug in mother salmon's ear that says, 'Mother Salmon, you would not be here if your mother had not laid some eggs, and now it is time for you to lay eggs so there will be some more little salmon just like you.' So mother salmon commences to swim up the river to what is called the spawning bed where she was born, and she swims over where it is real shallow in a nice protected spot, and there commences laying a whole lot of little eggs. Then Mother Nature goes to father salmon, and she

says, 'Look here, Old Man, you've been swimming around and having lots of fun but, don't forget, somebody had to do a little work so you could have that fun, and you owe Nature a duty. I just told mother salmon that she's got to swim up the river and find a nice protected spot and lay some eggs. But those eggs won't hatch into little salmon unless you go up there and do your part by fertilizing those eggs.

"So mother salmon fights her way up against the current until she finds a spot way up the river where it is quiet and there she builds her nest. (Of course, it is a water nest, because fish must have water.) Father salmon goes along too and, in a nice little shallow pool, where mother has so tenderly laid the eggs, he carefully fertilizes them. And, before you know it, that whole part of the river is just alive with a lot of new little salmon all ready to enjoy life for themselves. And that's how the fish come into the world.

"Do you see that robin redbreast out there? Do you know what he is doing? See him flying away with that worm? Why didn't he eat it? Oh, he's going to feed his babies. His babies? I thought they were the mother robin's babies.

"Sure, that's right. Father robin must help the mother to feed the babies in the nest. But how did those babies get there? Yes, that's right, they came from eggs. But where did the eggs come from? Sure, mother laid them. You remember I told you that, in the flower the mother part of the plant had a sticky sub-

stance and a shell formed around it after the father part had fertilized the inside of what became the seed. Well, Son, in the spring when you see all the birds billing and cooing and flying around each other in the trees, they are on their honeymoon. They have been married, and Old Nature knows that the birds are not made like salmon and other fishes. They don't lay their eggs out on the water somewhere. So Nature tells father bird how to fertilize the egg even before the shell is formed. And what joy and happiness the birds have during this mating season! Nature (wise old Nature) tells the mother bird and the father bird that little eggs must be gotten ready so that mother can lay them, but she can't just lay them on the ground out where they might get stepped on. What's that, Son? Why, surely; that's the reason they have nests. Remember the nest that daddy showed you in the cherry tree, and how wonderfully it was made to keep out the wind and to protect it from the rain? Sure, when the nest is built, mother lays her eggs—pretty pink ones or blue ones or spotted or speckled ones, but always such smooth little oblong things—but you don't see mother running away and leaving the eggs! Have you forgotten how Old Biddy pecked at you when you tried to get her off the nest out in the chicken yard? That's right, she was setting. And she's just like the other birds that fly; she's got to keep those little eggs warm and protected because, if they got cold, they would not hatch, and there would not be any little chicks or little birds. That is why father robin and other father birds help mother by getting food for her while she stays on the eggs to hatch them.

Then, in a few days or a few weeks, the seed just inside of the egg has grown just like the little plant grows underneath the soil until, one day, it pushes its little head right through and you see little green leaves where the seed was planted; so the little birds and little chickens grow inside the egg, the feathers are formed, the eyes and legs and wings and, one day, the little birds get strong enough so that they strike their bills against the shell and pop it goes, and they begin to stretch their wings, and the shell breaks, and out comes little birdie or little chickie. And when they are all hatched, mother chick is proud as can be to take them out and feed them; and mother robin joins daddy in hunting for worms to feed little throats that are always peeping and squawking in the nest. And that's how the birds and chickies get here.

"But you see, Son, the birdies are higher animals than the fish are, just as the fish are higher than the plants, like trees and flowers. Well, you, my boy, belong to what is called the human species. And that's the highest and finest thing that God has yet created. The birdies and chickies are more valuable than the fishes, and God has to have a better plan to protect the little ones so that they will be sure to arrive safely. But God has saved the finest plan of all for bringing little boys and little girls into the world, because don't you know the Bible tells us that we are made in His image and in His likeness and, of course, He would want the very best protection for His very own little ones.

"Just as the birdies in the spring get married and

have honeymoons and, just as God or Nature whispers to the mother and father bird that each one must contribute his part toward forming little cells or seeds from which other baby fowls can grow, so God says to man and woman, when they get married and become husband and wife, that it is selfish for them just to enjoy life and not have any children of their own. So Nature whispers in the wife's ear and hubby's ear and tells them that it is time for them to both contribute their part toward making another little life. And when the seed has been formed, from which the boy and the girl must, some day, grow, God does not want to take chances in putting that seed out in a nest somewhere because those seeds are too valuable. You know that there are boys that will rob bird's nests of the eggs, and of course no little birdies can hatch. Well, there are bad boys as well as good ones, and bad men as well as good ones, and God does not want to take chances with His own sons and daughters.

"So, He thought of a better plan than to make a nest outside somewhere. So, what do you think? God made that nest, not outside, but right inside of mother's body. No, it isn't in her stomach. You see she's got to put the food there. Then there's the liver and the spleen and the heart and the lungs, and each one of these organs has a special duty to do, and none of them try to do the other's duty. You don't eat with your lungs, do you? And you don't breathe with your stomach. Sure not! Each organ in the body performs its own function or duty. Now this little nest in mother's body lies idle

most of the time, until God whispers and mother and father answer the call and the little egg is formed (usually, just one egg at a time; sometimes two; that's when twins are born). Of course, there was just one egg when you started on your journey that brought you as a little tiny babe to mother and daddy.

"Almost a year it took from the little seed with which you started for you to grow and grow before you were finally ready to enter into the world. And all this time, mother had to deny herself many things; she had to change her eating, because she had to eat for you too. You see, things mother could eat would not be the kind of food that would make strong bones and muscles and pretty eyes and teeth for sonny boy. Yes, and as you kept growing larger and larger in this nest right under mother's heart, mother had to deny herself many pleasures and watch everything carefully so as not to jar you and hurt you. And then one day, Nature told mother (as she tells the mother animals) that it was time for you to be born. So we called the doctor because he knows all about such things, and he came and helped mother to protect you in your little journey from the nest to mother's arms. And how happy mother was! And how happy daddy was, too, when the doctor finally said, 'Congratulations! It's a fine bouncing boy!'

"What's that, Son? You are a part of your mother? Why, certainly! And a part of your daddy too. So when you are naughty to mother or naughty to daddy and feel like disobeying, you just stop and think that both mother and daddy sacrificed lots so that you could

be their son; and they are mighty proud of you, and they want you to be proud of them. You say now that you know how you came and what it meant to mother and daddy that it makes you love mother and daddy all the more?—well, Son, I am glad to hear you say that. And just remember that one of the ways in which you can prove that you love mother and daddy is that you will always make them your chums and pals. So when others try to tell you things that are wrong, or when they talk about the wonderful and sacred way that you got into the world, if they begin to make fun of these things, or if they talk bad talk, you just shut your ears. But, if they start saying things that you don't understand, instead of waiting for them to give you their side of the story, you come to daddy and get the real truth instead. Don't you think that's best? Certainly it is.

“Well, now that you know how you got here, let me put a little bug in your ear! Suppose you pile down off daddy's lap, and sneak into the other room where mother is sewing, and tell her you want to whisper something to her. Climb up on her lap and nestle up close to her heart—it's the same heart you slept mighty close to for long, long months—and then you just say, ‘Mother, daddy just told me all about where I came from and how I was born, and oh, Mumsie, I want to thank you and just want to kiss you for what you did for me because daddy just showed me that I not only belong to you both, but I am a part of you both.’ You just go and tell mother that in your own words and see what mother says.”

And, Ladies and Gentlemen, friends of mine, I cannot tell you with what joy and fullness of heart any little boy will race to show a new-born affection for his mother! I leave it to you to decide whether or not this plan of dealing with the child's problem, "Where did I come from?", is better than to brusquely reply—"The Stork brought you!"

CHAPTER XXXVI

DISCIPLINING YOUR CHILD

To the average parent, the word "discipline" implies whipping or some other form of bodily punishment.

While whipping may prove to be a constructive form of discipline in the case of some children, nevertheless, in others, any form of bodily punishment would prove neither constructive nor disciplinary. And the latter class far outweighs the former.

There is no question but that a program of discipline is essential in every well-organized home. But how few parents there are who have made a study of the individual child and are able to apply that form of punishment, when punishment is necessary, which the temperament of the child and the circumstances warrant! You will notice I say, "when punishment is necessary." May I ask you, when you whip your child, is this form of punishment administered by appointment, hours after the child has been detected in some misdemeanor? Or is the punishment dealt out immediately following the disobedience or other malfasant act? And some will say, "What difference does it make just so long as the child is punished?" But I say that it makes all the difference in the world. Let me give you an illustration or two:

Mother is all dressed to go downtown; she has spent an hour or more on her toilet and at last is ready for the street. She has only a few moments to make her appointment with a neighbor-lady to go shopping. Daughter, age four, has been pasting cut-outs in her scrap-book with white-flour paste. Seeing mother about to leave and, forgetful that her little hands are completely covered with white paste, daughter makes a run and a dive to bid mother good-bye, and leaves the imprint of ten little fingers on mother's dark street gown. Immediately mother makes the discovery—do I have to tell you what happens? Mother may be in a terrible hurry, but she will take time out to grab her little daughter, turn her across her knee, and administer what mother terms a punishment. Before we analyze this situation, let us look at another:

Father receives a call from the principal of the school, stating that son is being sent home and, in order for the boy to be reinstated, it will be necessary for father to go to the school with the boy. Father receives this call two hours before time to leave for home. And those two hours are practically wasted because he is in no humor to work, and signing off fifteen minutes early, he fairly dives into his hat and coat and rushes home. Scarcely taking time to doff his coat and hat upon his arrival, he begins to call the boy by name and, if the boy does not appear immediately, the whole household is aroused by his frantic demands for the boy. The moment that the son appears, the father "bawls him out" and then "beats him up," to use the parlance of

the modern boy. And father calls this discipline.

In neither of these instances is the whipping a part of a disciplinary program. It is something entirely separate and apart from their interest in the welfare of the child. Let me explain: when mother found that her dress (so meticulously prepared for the street) was ruined by the paste from daughter's hands, mother whipped the daughter. Why? Because of a streak of vengeance in the mother. Mother was delayed; mother was put to extra work in having to hastily change her gown for another probably less pretentious. If the act of the child had been malicious, then certainly a form of punishment would have been indicated. But, if you only knew how many children are whipped not once, but many times, for misdirected actions which the parent misconstrues as meanness or disobedience, you would realize that I am not taking the child's part, but merely pleading for justice when I draw up a set of rules with which I close this chapter.

The father who fairly rushed home in order to get his hands on the boy who was making it necessary for dad to go to the school to get his son reinstated, in punishing that boy, did not administer a constructive program of discipline. And the boy is usually keen enough to recognize, even better than the father does, the motive back of that whipping. Father's pride is wounded; father's day is disrupted; father had to accompany the boy to school, and become the cynosure of the eyes of the neighborhood children because of his own son. Granted that the son may be guilty of some gross mis-

demeanor; granted, too, that the son deserves a severe punishment to teach him a well-deserved lesson, the kind of whipping the average parent deals out does not make for a better understanding on the part of the boy regarding his duty to organized society; nor does it lend itself toward a better understanding, a closer feeling between the father and the son, both of which are necessary in any justifiable system of punishment.

Nor is whipping the only form of punishment resorted to by parents, which is harmful or destructive to the character of the child involved. No form of punishment is adequate unless it serves the purpose for which it is intended—and that purpose is to teach and to train.

In the light of this statement, let us consider a few of the more prevalent forms of punishment dealt out by average parents to average children.

By far the most popular and, in my estimation, the most nefarious is that of whipping the child on its buttocks. The moment that even a mild whipping with a flat or switch-like instrument is administered on this section of the child's body, there is a great rush of blood to the parts involved. Without going into the scientific explanation, let me simply say that a large amount of emotional abnormality, so prevalent among adults, had its first impetus in whippings administered on this part of the body by a well-meaning parent.

Some children cannot be appealed to on the mental or emotional plane and some form of physical punishment seems the only efficacious form of discipline. In

that case, confine the whipping to the calves of the legs or to the upper back and shoulders, and let the midsection of the body alone. I cannot tell you how important this advice is, if you are interested in the sex-normalcy of your child later on.

A second form of punishment resorted to by so many parents, is the boxing of the child's ears and the slapping of its jaws and face. I need only to refer you to your doctor, and he will be able to tell you, in a very few moments, the several dangers involved in this form of punishment.

Need I bring to your attention the wide-spread practice of "tongue lashing" in which the parent becomes breathless from the vitriolic tirade directed against the child, delivered at the top of the mother's or father's voice? Almost every one of my readers have in their neighborhood one or more parents who resort to this "Top Sergeant" method. It does not take long for the child's mind to become calloused to anything that the mother or father may say and, before very long, this type of a program makes a nagger out of the father or mother, and the only purpose it serves, is to allow the offended parents to vent their spleen. It offers no constructive element whatsoever (unless, during these times of depression, the free show it affords the neighbors can be considered constructive).

Have any of my readers ever had to go without a meal as punishment for some sin of omission or commission? Did the missing of that meal have the desired effect, or

just the opposite? I admit that, if a child at the table misbehaves in the presence of company, or, for that matter, at any time, to the point where dismissal of the offender is in the best interest of all concerned, it is wise to demand that the guilty one retire. But this need not necessarily involve making the offender go undernourished. Even in a case of this kind, there is a right and a wrong way to handle the situation.

Some parents try ridicule and sarcasm with the same inevitable results that await those who rely upon "tongue lashing." The child is almost certain, sooner or later, to become calloused or, if ultra-sensitive, to become the victim of an inferiority complex.

In my opinion, one of the most barbaric methods of punishment that a mother or father could possibly administer to a son or daughter, whom they claim to love, is to fasten the child in a dark room or closet, and pay no heed to the screams of the child or to the things the child claims to see and to feel and which mother and father consider "vain imaginings." Space does not permit me to dilate on this bald statement. Suffice it to say that many of my readers can remember how actual, how real were the so-called fancied ogres encountered in a dark room while confined there for punishment. There is no question that it is punishment—severe punishment—I might say the severest, to the sensitive boy or girl. "But," you may say, "there is nothing in the dark closet that could possibly harm the child!" And, if this is your attitude, I can only say, I pity you as well as the child.

I could go on indefinitely enumerating harmful and illogical methods of punishment foisted on a helpless group of juveniles by ignorant, albeit well-meaning parents. I think, however, these will suffice. Let me offer then, before I close, a few constructive suggestions:

FIRST. Never administer punishment while you, yourself, are angry.

SECOND. Make the child see that you wish to be just, and let that justice be tempered with mercy. Make a definite appointment with the child hours, if possible, after the offence when you have had a chance to cool down, and the child has had opportunity to think over the act of misdemeanor. Precede any form of punishment with a sane discussion; and no child is too young for this form of treatment. Even though they are still babes and cannot understand everything you say, the quiet, cool analysis of the child's problem and the even-tempered administering of a just punishment will always have a healthy effect. The exact opposite of this is true when the child is forced to believe, by the actions of the parent, that there is a tinge of vengeance in the administering of the punishment.

THIRD. If physical violence is the only effective method, avoid vulnerable and erogenous areas, as has already been suggested.

FOURTH. If compelled to correct in public, do so with a quiet dignity rather than blatant or bombastic verbiage. Whenever possible, be alone with the child. It is better, usually, for a mother or a father to correct

alone, rather than in the presence of the other. And this does not mean that father leaves mother to do all the disciplining. On the other hand, mother is most unwise to threaten the children during the day with what "dad will do when he gets home." This either incites fear of the father, in the event that he follows the wishes of the mother, or, in the case where the father is unwilling to carry out mother's dictates, it gives an entirely wrong impression in the minds of the children as to co-ordination and harmony between mother and father.

FIFTH. When either parent finds it necessary to administer punishment, let the other parent keep "hands off" and assume a neutral attitude at all times. In too many cases, the child who is punished by one parent will rush to the other for sympathy—and get it! This is harmful to the child as well as to both parents whenever it occurs.

SIXTH. Do not administer punishment in the form of an enforced fast, and expect to attain constructive results. Deny the luxuries at the table, if you please, but not the necessities of life.

SEVENTH. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Do not enforce idleness on a child to punish it. Put it to work at something, preferably something the child does not like, but should learn to do. Even though it discommodes you, see that the job is done—and well done! Make the youngster work until he or she is tired—good and tired. They will then be ready for a good

meal or, if late in the evening, for a good sleep, both of which will do them good.

EIGHTH. Every parent knows the likes and dislikes of the child. Subtract from its pleasures for a definite period of time, compatible with the offense of which the child is guilty. Then be sure to stick to it. Children, like adults, are creatures of passion. They love what's pleasing, and dislike being denied pleasurable occupations and associations. Deprivation, if it does not interfere with health and normalcy, is a constructive form of punishment. There is justice in it, too.

NINTH. Keep your promises. Never threaten that, if a definite rule is broken, definite punishment will be meted out, unless you expect to keep that threat. In the heat of your anger, do not promise dire punishment at a deferred date and then, after cooling off, proceed to forget about it. Just remember, the child does not forget and not only considers that he has "gotten off easily," but he classifies mother or father as a "four-flusher" or falsifier.

TENTH. Remember at all times that your child is the product of its heritage from you and your mate, plus the environment which you have thrown around it. For this reason, many a child is more to be pitied than scorned; more sinned against than sinning. At least weigh the circumstances well before taking a hasty action. Too many whippings are given on impulses; too few in meting out justice in the interest of the welfare of the offender.

I know that some mothers and fathers who have reached this point, will say, "I have tried everything, and nothing works." Well, maybe nothing worked with you when you were children; and, again, the law of heritage is at work. Punishment as a means of discipline must be individualized, after serious study on the part of the parent with ever in mind a program of constructive character building for the child. I hope this little chapter will cause many of you readers to exchange negative and destructive systems for those that are positive and constructive.

CHAPTER XXXVII

GET A HOBBY

You are living in the machine age. Day by day, you are inheriting the legacies of two groups of scientists whose work is changing the form and content of our civilization, and that means the form and content of your own personal life. These two groups of scientists whose legacies you inherit, whether you wish it or not, are the doctors and the engineers. The last hundred years of medical research and the last hundred years of technical invention have completely altered modern life.

If you had been born a contemporary of George Washington, the likelihood that you would live to be sixty years old, would have been very slim. Of course, there were people who lived to a ripe old age in Revolutionary days, but hundreds and thousands of babies died in the first five years of their lives, simply because their mothers did not know how to feed them. Diphtheria vaccination was unknown, and the children of rich and poor died of this dread disease by the thousands. How different all this is today! Your life expectancy has been immeasurably enhanced. A baby born in 1933 not only has a better chance to live, but it has a much better chance to reach a ripe old age, and to be healthy throughout its life, if its parents avail

themselves of adequate medical knowledge during its infancy, and if the child uses a little common sense during its adult life. In other words, every one of you who is reading this chapter is the inheritor of the countless benefits which we owe directly to the self-sacrificing researches of the medical profession.

And then there are the engineers. Do you realize that the average housewife of today, if she uses the usual labor-saving devices in her home, is the mistress of mechanical slaves equivalent to forty human slaves in the days of George Washington? And do you know that she has many benefits that the good ladies of George Washington's epoch never dreamed about? It does not matter whether that group of engineers who called themselves technocrats was actually correct in its calculations or not. The results of the findings of these engineers are relatively sound. The work of the world could be done neatly and efficiently, if every mature man and woman between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five worked at productive labor from three to six hours a day.

The engineers by inventing labor-saving devices of every imaginable sort, have actually made our days much longer. That is to say, they have increased everyone's leisure time. The doctors have given us many more days in which to live. You can calculate the effect for yourself. You are the inheritor of hundreds of thousands of extra minutes of life. Think of it! No longer a slave of drudgery and hard labor. As medicine and engineering progress, and they haven't stopped for

a minute, you become more and more the lord and master of leisure, and the less of a slave to the bitter job of keeping body and soul together by increasing labor. In a sense, we are getting back to the conditions of the Golden Age of Greece. In those far off times, only slaves worked. Today, machines have replaced the slaves. The result, however, is the same: more and more people are faced with the problem of what to do with their spare time.

Do you know where our word school comes from? It is derived from the Greek word "schole" which means leisure or spare time. The Greeks, you see, had a word for it, and they solved their spare time problem by founding academies and schools to keep their citizens from being bored to death. They did not know much about scientific psychology, but those early Greeks of the Golden Age had a great deal of common sense. They put their spare time to good use, and because they accomplished so much in the arts and sciences, we call their time the Golden Age of Greece.

This is where modern psychology steps in to help you. Psychiatrists have seen for some time that one of the chief problems of modern life is to teach people what to do with their time. Idle hands are employed by Satan in the sweatshops of mischief. Idle minds get into mischief even more quickly than idle hands. If we finish our work in a few hours, and have no focus for our vital energies, we must perforce direct them toward ourselves. Our bodies, while they are working at some useful task, work so smoothly that we are not aware of

them. Remove the useful task, and your mind will begin to preoccupy itself with the tensions within your body. You will make your own body the focus of your vital activities. And the result is that you will end by making a profession of sickness and ill-health. Doctors call this form of idle mischief hypochondria.

The same is true of mind. Put the mind to work, and it creates science, art, engineering, the useful objects and the beautiful decorations of life. Take that task from the mind, and the mind turns in on itself. It gives itself unhealthy thoughts, sick thoughts. Doctors call these activities of the mind at mischief: neuroses, hallucinations, illusions and delusions. The idle mind is a mind at mischief. And the mischief of the mind fills more than half of all the hospital beds in the United States with mentally sick men, women and children.

Every human being inherits a precious gift. It is his creative power. Some people are fortunate and put that creative power to work in their daily occupations. There are some happy human beings who would continue at their jobs, even if someone gave them a million dollars and all the comforts and securities they could wish for themselves and their dear ones. But most people living in this industrial age are just working for their salaries. And they spend their salaries keeping body and soul together, and providing food and clothes for their children. Life does not mean much to them because they are not using their creative powers to the limit. The first type of person makes a hobby of his work. The second type, and it includes the vast ma-

majority of grown-up people, needs a hobby to make life interesting.

Psychologists say, "Get a hobby!" Doctors tell their patients, "Get a hobby!" Common sense says, "Get a hobby!" If your daily work does not satisfy your creative urge, get a hobby so that you may feel that you are a human being. If your daily work saps your energy and worries you, get a hobby to relax. Active relaxation and recreation are just as important as the passive relaxation we call sleep. You cannot live by work alone. If you do not play, you lose something very important in life. There is no excuse for being a slave now-a-days. If you expect to reach a ripe old age, get a hobby so that your last years in life, for which you have worked so hard, will not be boring to you. Why live and have leisure, if you cannot make that leisure interesting? Why spend your hard-earned life's savings paying for room and board in sanitarium, when a hobby is the best, the cheapest and the surest way of insuring yourself against the boredom and discouragement of old age, which so frequently precedes nervous breakdown?

What hobby? *Any hobby!* Hobbies are as numerous and as varied as human faces. If you really make up your mind to get a hobby, there will not be much trouble finding the right one. And you need not be afraid of having several. A chemist of my acquaintance makes a hobby of breeding tropical fish, collecting phonograph records, playing the piano, writing detective stories, being the secretary of an important club, and writing psychological analyses of criminal cases.

A busy physician of my acquaintance spends his spare time lecturing, writing books, translating Latin poetry into English verse, skiing in winter, making movies of his travels, designing modern furniture and interiors, playing the piano and doing sculpture. And this man's actual working day is never less than twelve hours! The more you actually have to do, the more it seems you can do in the way of hobbies.

Naturally, some hobbies suit some people better than others. If you are physically incapacitated, some intellectual hobby is going to be better for you than a hobby that requires active physical exertion. If you are poor, you cannot well make a hobby of collecting precious stones or fifteenth century books. If you are bound to an exacting business, collecting stamps or raising tropical fish in your sitting room will be more appropriate for you to indulge in than jungle explorations or mountain climbing. If you live on the twentieth floor of a New York apartment, you may have to forego your desire to raise chickens or mushrooms, and confine yourself to training a Scotch terrier. It is wise to choose your hobbies with three ends in view: first, that you will find fun in doing your hobby *by yourself*; second, that it will be in the nature of a compensation, either for a physical defect or for a defect in your education or training; and finally, that it will not be easily finished, and grow in interest as you get older.

If you were poor and underprivileged as a child, you will find social service, club work with children, or the like, excellent hobbies. The greatest hobby in the world is study. It's smart to study. Open the encyclo-

paedia to any page of any volume, and you will find a new subject to study. Read any metropolitan newspaper, and you will find some great human problem like world peace, narcotic reform, the abolition of child labor, better transportation, city planning, better government, or disarmament, which you can make into a life hobby. Helping your fellow men is one of the most charming and satisfying of all hobbies. Hobbies that demand creative work like literature, music, art, drama or the dance, are excellent hobbies, because there is no end to them. Mechanical inventions, taking care of your radio or your automobile, are splendid hobbies. Just as there is no end to art, there is no end to science.

If you cannot choose a hobby, make a hobby of investigating other people's hobbies. Ask the elevator man, the street car conductor, the stenographer, or the policeman on the corner what their hobbies are. Most people make the mistake of choosing hobbies that are not designed to fill up time creatively, but to kill time, to waste time. Games like solitaire are not good hobbies from a psychological point of view, because they accomplish nothing.

Day-dreaming is a common hobby, but it leads nowhere. Gossip is a vicious hobby. The world is so full of wonderful things that there is no excuse for lacking an interesting and creative and constructive hobby. Get a hobby now! Insure yourself against dying of boredom; keep your good spirits and a good digestion; fashion yourself a retreat from the noise and bustle of business; prevent unhappiness and melancholia. Get a hobby!

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE NUDIST FAD

A GREAT hue and cry has been raised in recent years about nudism, and so many letters have come to me asking my opinion about this cult that I have decided to devote an entire chapter to it. Nudism is the practice of going naked in public. Nudist colonies are isolated clubs where social and athletic exercises are performed by young and old of both sexes in the open air and in the sun. Many of the nudist groups and colonies also continue their exercises during the winter in gymnasiums where there may be fresh air, but certainly no direct sunlight. The philosophy underlying nudism, according to the nudists, is that clothes mask our real selves, make us unhealthy in mind and body, and detract from the full enjoyment of life. The nudists claim that athletic exercises in the nude will wipe out all self-consciousness and mental distress, improve the physical health and vigor of the participants, make them less self-conscious about sex and sexual differences, and generally improve their spiritual and physical well-being.

I have long advocated the benefits of sun and air on the naked body, and I have for years been a champion of sexual enlightenment. For years, too, I have encouraged more normal attitudes about sex, and have

helped thousands to find a sane philosophy of love. But in my opinion nudism not only does not accomplish what it sets out to do, but does accomplish the exact opposite of its supposed goal. In order to understand this we must go into the history of nudism and examine its origins and aims.

Nudism as a cult and philosophy of life, not as a natural occasional occurrence, is an importation from post-war Germany. During the terrific depression that followed the war in Germany, and in some of the European countries, thousands of people found themselves cut off from their normal business and professional pursuits. Everything and everybody was confused by the new values that had come out of the war. Nobody knew just what was going to happen, nor where things were going. Under such conditions the human mind gets into mischief very easily. Neurotic elements leap to the fore with all kinds of hysterically phantastic ideas for the quick-fire regeneration of mankind.

Some bright young neurotic seized upon nudism as an idea. If we are depressed as a people, if moral and ethical values are falling all about us, if our physical health has been impaired by years of privation, let us, thought this bright young man, get back to Nature with a capital N, bask in the sun, exercise our bodies and restore our mental and physical balance. This sounds very good in theory, but extremely dubious in practice. Normal, everyday people, many of them actuated by the highest social motives, others actuated by Puritanism, rebelled against the ideas of nudism. Nudism,

they said, would break down the natural dignities of the family, the home, and society. Nudism would lead to sexual orgies such as were witnessed in the decadent period of Roman history. Nudism would undermine public morals.

The more these good people tried to suppress nudism, the more the nudists wrote about their cult, and the more they felt they were martyrs to a humanitarian cause. Books and articles and magazines devoted to nudism flooded the market. Nudism, as a religion, went from country to country. Nudist colonies were formed and publicized by high-pressure publicity agents. People paid for the privilege of being free to go naked in groups, and, as usual, the original nudists made a nice pile of money out of their bright ideas.

What is the status of nudism today? It is just one of the many post-war rackets that have overwhelmed the country. Like any other neurosis, it is a psychological side-show designed to divert our attention from more pressing issues. Even if nudism accomplished what it sets out to do, the price of nudism would be too high. Nudism is limited by our climate to a very short period of the year. During the summer time when nudist colonies are permitted to flourish by the weatherman, the high pressure publicity agents of the nudist groups do their utmost to whip up enthusiasm for a movement which has met with the most lukewarm reception from normal people. During the winter this interest must be maintained by clubs and gymnasium groups quite artificially, as the physical benefits of sunlight and

fresh air are limited by wintry skies and cold winds that even the hardest nudists will not brave.

Nudism cannot possibly fulfill its purpose because it is psychologically unsound. From a purely physical point of view, there can be no possible benefit from sunlight and exercise in the nude that cannot equally well be obtained by men and women dressed in trunks or bathing suits. The advocates of nudism do not say this, but it is quite obvious to any thinking person that the chief asset of nudism is the opportunity of displaying one's own body and viewing those of the opposite sex. What type of individual does this practice entice into the nudist camps? And my reply is, for the most part the exhibitionist and the "Peeping Tom," both of whom are neurotics.

Would nudism help a timid neurotic who was afraid of sex? My guess is that it would only serve to intimidate him, perhaps disgust him for all time with the opposite sex. If the nudists limited their membership to Apollos and Dianas, young gods and beautiful goddesses, there might be a conceivable esthetic benefit derived from their activities. But as is well known, the nudists usually attract the very persons who would most benefit by the kindly camouflage of clothes. The few individuals who are beautiful to look at in the nude are apt to be very self-conscious of their beauty. They are, in all likelihood, spoiled and pampered children who have never gotten over the stage of self-admiration, which the psychologists call narcissism, after Narcissus. Narcissus was a Greek youth who fell passionately in

love with his own image, and when it was reflected in a pool of water, Narcissus pined away for it, fell into the pool and was drowned.

Nature in the raw is seldom beautiful, and the great majority of human beings find it advantageous to use the social camouflage of clothes to help it over the difficulties that nature has set in its way. The utter ridiculousness of the nudist philosophy can be tested at once by imagining for one moment that all the people in the world walked about, just for one hour, in their birthday clothes. The effect on human relations would be absolutely catastrophic!

Our civilization is too sexy as it is. Sex is screamed at us from the movies, from the magazines, from the novels, from the newspapers. The nudists assure us that their camps are purely platonic and athletic; that sex is entirely sublimated, but facts by no means bear out this contention.

The nudist groups offer splendid opportunities for the meeting of homosexuals of both sexes. The only men and women who could carry on the nudist program without being sexually interested in each other would be the homosexual men and women who were interested sexually in members of their own sex. Homosexuals are notoriously infantile in their sexuality, and notoriously exhibitionistic. Younger men and women who would enter a nudist group for the purpose, presumably, of enjoying life in nature in the nude, would come in contact with the insidious influences of these

homosexual men and women, many of whom are all too willing to make converts to their neurotic causes. There are already too many dangers of this kind existent in our large cities, without having them accentuated by movements such as the nudist cult.

We can sum up the whole indictment of the nudist movement by saying it is a form of post-war hysteria, in which a return to infantile sexuality is dignified into a noble (?) cause. Skillfully propagandized to lure those who are tired of the rigors of the machine age by tooting its motto of "back to nature!" it accomplishes no good end. A neurosis, even when practiced in the sunlight and fresh air, amid beautiful sylvan scenes and with the fanatic fervor of cultism, is, nevertheless, still a neurosis!

Instead of fostering healthy sexual attitudes, nudism does the very reverse in glorifying an infantile sexuality. It is neurotic because it diverts attention from the great problems of social cooperation which face the world today, and focusses attention on the egoistic development of physical beauty and athletic prowess. It gives the neurotic who is a failure in life a chance to show off and feel superior to other neurotics who believe that if they expose their ugly bodies long enough they will cease to make them feel inferior. It gives fertile soil to the growth of homosexuality, a curse of modern civilization, and victimizes those timid souls who believe that in exposing their bodies to the gaze of their neighbors they will gain in self-confidence and

self-esteem.

I think nudism, practiced in private by husband and wife or even young parents and young children, or by individuals, may have some conceivable benefits. Practiced as it is to a fanfare of trumpets and under the false propaganda of self-expression and self-development, by mixed groups of all ages, it is either a neurotic farce or a pernicious and unjustifiable sexual perversion.

CHAPTER XXXIX

DUAL PERSONALITY

EVER since Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his memorable story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, laymen have been interested in the problem of dual personalities. Scientists have given this puzzling psychological phenomenon a great deal of attention, and an American psychologist, Dr. Morton Prince, is responsible for much of our present knowledge of the strange people who are first one person and then another. But it remained for Dr. Alfred Adler, the Viennese psychiatrist, to teach us the truth. No doubt you, too, have come across men and women who were one person in the morning, and another person at night; one person at home, and another person in the office; one person in the Spring and another person in the Fall. Perhaps it has happened to you and you have been puzzled by your own behavior, by your own lightning changes of mood and emotion.

A person with a dual personality is a difficult person to deal with under the best of circumstances, and the problem of how to handle such a person has occupied the minds of poets and dramatists long before there was any formal psychology in the world. You who remember your mythology will recall how Hercules had to fight with Proteus, the old man of the sea, and how Proteus was forever changing himself from one shape

to another. Of course Proteus was only a symbol for the changes of an individual with multiple personalities, a symbol of the whole human race. From the beginning of time people have spoken about their "good self" and their "bad self," their "good angel" and their "evil demon," and explained their dual personalities by the belief that first one and then the other of these mysterious angels or demons gained the upper hand and caused them to act as they did.

Civilized people no longer believe in demons, but people with dual personalities do continue to occur. How can we explain them, and what can we do with them? Modern psychology has given us the clue.

To begin with, the very worst cases of dual personality occur in a form of insanity known as dementia præcox. Scientifically, this disease is called schizophrenia, which is the Greek word for a split soul. People who suffer from dementia præcox show this "splitting of the personality" to a very high degree. They often feel that they are two people, usually a bad, irresponsible, unreliable, incorrigible, sexually unrestrained self, and their so-called "normal," everyday personality. Sometimes one personality gains the upper hand, and for a time the individual may appear, on the surface, quite normal. But the "good" personality keeps the upper hand at a terrific cost. It must completely suppress the powerful primitive "bad" personality, and while the suppression is going on, the "bad" personality is gaining power and energy in the depths of the unconscious. Finally it breaks out, overwhelms the censorship of the normal

personality and holds sway. When this occurs the individual is called "insane," and must be committed to a hospital where he can neither harm himself nor others.

A split personality, therefore, may be the sign of a very dangerous mental disease, and no man or woman who has the experience of feeling that he is in reality two persons, should tarry long on his way to see a good psychiatrist, who is the only kind of a physician qualified to help him integrate the two personalities into one wholesome personality.

On the other hand, there is a whole host of men and women who seem to have dual personalities without an actual splitting of the personality being present. These are the people we all know, the man who is a tyrant at home and a lamb in the office; the woman who is an angel at the sewing circle and a vixen in the boudoir; the child who is a model child at home and a little devil at school. The variety of such cases is almost unlimited. How many people do you know who are two different personalities, a pleasant one in the evening, and a sour, cranky person before breakfast? How many do you know who are resolute and self-satisfied at the family hearth, and cringing cowards in a strange crowd? How many do you know who cheat in business, but are honorable sportsmen at golf or cards? How many do you know who are hail-fellows-well-met with "the gang," but quiet, demure, self-conscious adolescents as soon as a few women appear on the scene?

These are the more unusual and the more common

cases of dual personality. And here psychology helps us again to understand a puzzling human phenomenon. All modern psychology teaches that there is but one soul in a single body, and that every personality moves toward a single unconscious goal of security and harmony and wholeness. How can we align the facts we observe with the theories of psychology? It is really not nearly as complicated as it might seem at first glance.

Let's begin with the little child who is an angel at home and a little devil in school. There's a clear case of dual personality. Mother and father cannot find anything to criticize in Junior's conduct in the home, but Junior's teachers claim that he is cruel, mean, sneaky, thieving, lazy, uncooperative, inattentive, a mischievous trouble-maker and spoil-sport. The moment he enters school his whole character changes.

The psychological explanation of this dual personality is not hard to find when we remember that every human being is seeking for some kind of superiority. It is obvious that the same technique of gaining superiority will not fit every possible situation. We become masters of choosing the right way to superiority early in childhood. Our little boy attains superiority at home by being good. If he is good and well behaved he can twist his little family around his thumb and make his will and his desire their will and their desire. All he has to do is to keep the center of the stage—his idea of superiority—by behaving himself.

At school the situation is different. The teacher cannot possibly single him out. There are forty other children, all approximately as well behaved as our little Johnny is at home. He cannot hold the center of the stage by being good. But if he gets up in the middle of another child's recitation and makes funny faces, spoils the atmosphere of the classroom, and creates a disturbance, the teacher *has* to pay attention to him. He wins his goal of superiority just the same as he does at home—but with a new method suited to his new environment.

Another example of what seems at first dual personality is to be found in the stock broker who plays the stock market. When the stocks go up, he buys on margin, and plays "bull," while when the stocks go down, he sells "short" and plays "bear." This is seemingly a paradox, but when you remember that his goal is to make money for himself, you can easily see why he has to have this rapid change of personality to attain his ends.

So also with the individual who is a hero in his family and a coward in his social relations at large. In his family circle he has learned the art of making an impression, but on the outside he is afraid to risk his personality in some decisive test—and he prefers to lie low and be unnoticed. Again, it is the single goal of security that he seeks.

The woman who nags at home, criticizes her relatives, scolds her children and browbeats her servants,

but is a paragon of social humility at her club, is another example of the same striving for superiority. At home she has established her right to superiority, and she makes no efforts to conceal her domineering tactics, whereas at her club, where she wants to gain superiority in the eyes of her fellow-members by appearing as a paragon of womanly virtues, she sacrifices an immediate advantage and gains her ends by sweetness and light.

There is an old French proverb that says that the extremes touch each other. There is a great deal of psychological truth in that proverb. It is for this reason that love and hate, seemingly diametrically opposed emotions, may in reality be one and the same thing; that honesty and dishonesty, that frankness and hypocrisy, conservatism and radicalism may have the same psychological meaning. You have all seen the person who stands up for labor in a group of bankers and capitalists, while in a group of coal miners or truck drivers he is the champion of capitalism. This dual personality could only exist if the most important thing in this individual's life were the desire to be unique and different. All neurotics want to be different, and as environments and situations differ, they will display the most unbelievable duality of personality in their attempt to indicate their uniqueness.

To be sure, a perfectly normal personality does not show the traits of a dual personality. The normal personality is so objective that it does not need these psychological tricks of dualism to attain its ends. A perfectly friendly, hard-working, normally sexed man or

woman is so likely to be finding complete satisfaction in his work, and so much social approval from all groups, that he need not play the chameleon in order to get some hidden unconscious motive satisfied. He is sure of himself, and responsible for his attitudes, and once he is convinced that he is on the right track of personality development, he will not go out of his way to change his method.

And that brings us to the last point. A dual personality is always a more or less irresponsible personality. You can see how this would develop from dualism. The more the two personalities are distinct, the less reliable an individual is. In one situation he can always say that his "bad" self is to blame, whereas in another it is the "good" self that is acting. Sooner or later people realize that they can never tell which self is going to be dominant, and they quickly lose their confidence in that individual. You wouldn't entrust an important and responsible task to anyone on whom you could not depend for a certain amount of "continuous goodness." The man or woman with the dual personality counts on this very suspicion on the part of the world in general. Dual personality is an unconscious trick to avoid personal responsibility, or an equally unconscious trick to establish a spurious superiority at the cost of someone else.

If you are a dual personality, make up your mind that this splitting of responsibility is a very dangerous course that leads to mental disintegration. Take a mental inventory of yourself. Learn to be like normal

people, and develop your sense of superiority by seeking responsibilities instead of hiding yourself behind the mask of irresponsibility that the dual personality represents.

CHAPTER XL

INNER CONFLICTS

EACH human being has in himself three selves. The first is his animal-self, the part of him that is the product of billions of years of evolution. This animal-self is very strong, and it has two very powerful goals to accomplish: self-preservation and race-preservation. Nature has given us two profoundly important motives to help us attain the goals of the animal-self. They are hunger and love. The animal-self, the inherited-self, obeys the law of the jungle. It fights and scratches, it maims and mauls, if left to itself. According to modern science, we do not come into the world little angels trailing clouds of glory. We are just little animals, selfish, egoistic, parasitic, out for all we can get for ourselves.

The second self is the social-self. If the animal-self were left to itself, human beings could not live long because they would destroy each other. Therefore, the little animal-self with which we come into the world has to be domesticated in order that the human race continues in an orderly fashion. The little animal-self knows nothing of mercy, of love, of cooperation, not to speak of cleanliness, speech, sympathy and charity. Each one of us goes through a process of childhood education during which the animal-self is licked into some sem-

blance of cooperation and adjustment. The product of this domestication is the social-self.

The third self is the individual-self. This self is the product of the mind and the soul. Each one of us experiences life in a different way, and each one of us has his own specific idea of what security and happiness is. And each one of us develops an individual technique of acquiring that happiness, an individual personality and character. Our character and our personality are the tool-kit which we use to attain our personal purpose.

The normal and happy human being is the one in whom these three personalities or selves are integrated toward a common purpose. Such a man or woman is one who does not deny the fact that he had certain animal characteristics. He knows he must eat and he must mate. He modifies these primitive urges, however, to conform with the social standards of the group in which he lives. He does not steal his neighbor's food nor his wife, and he works in such a way that he obtains his personal satisfaction and social approval by his daily conduct.

As you know, there are few fully integrated, completely normal individuals. Some of us have not been completely domesticated, and, therefore, are inclined to be uncooperative. We want to eat and to "love" (and of course I am using these two animal activities solely as examples) when we want to, and just as we want to. We refuse to conform or to adjust ourselves

to the laws and regulations of our group. Sometimes this leads us into various forms of crime, because crime is just such an inner conflict. Crime represents a conflict between the animal-self and the social-self, with the animal-self coming out on top.

Then there are individuals who have been so well domesticated that the animal-self is no longer given a chance to express itself, far less to dominate the personality. People who have been brought up very strictly, or according to rigid religious or ethical codes, often experience tremendous conflicts within themselves. They want to live out their animal, their biological natures, but their training has been so severe that they are afraid of the consequences. First, they are torn to one side, and then they oscillate rapidly to the other, with the result that they are completely unfit for life, and are often locked up in institutions because they cannot find a golden mean between the appetites of their animal-self and the dictates of their education, their social-self.

Finally, there is a type of conflict within the human breast which is due entirely to the individual self's inability to adjust itself to reality. For example, a young woman has a very great inferiority complex. She feels that she is a veritable worm. To compensate herself for this sense of uselessness, she wants to be a saint. She sets up certain standards of being saintly which are out of harmony not only with her animal-self, but also with her social-self. She is too good to be true. Here is a bitter battle between desires and needs. She is,

after all, just a human being. She wants to be an angel, and she cannot quite make the grade. The result is conflict in herself.

Inner conflicts, conflicts which occur between the various selves, do not always express themselves as conflicts only. They are converted, so to speak, into hysterical symptoms. For instance, a young woman has a very strong self-expanding instinct, a part of the self-preservative instinct, and thus a part of the deep animal-self. She has been very well domesticated, and she knows that she must not steal, as stealing is a crime against the social-self. And yet, she is dominated by her desire to aggressively make herself more powerful by taking other people's goods. The result is a conflict. Her moral-self neatly solves this conflict by effecting an hysterical—that is not a real, organic—paralysis of the offending hand. She, herself, does not know the nature of this conflict, and although the paralysed hand is a distinct drawback to her in her social life, it satisfies the conflict, and, therefore, resists all forms of treatment.

There is one form of conflict which is very common. This is the false conflict that is arranged in the unconscious. Let me give you an example of such a false conflict. Suppose that your animal-self and your social-self were pretty well agreed that marriage would be a good integration and solution of your needs. But suppose that your personal, individual-self had had such experiences that marriage seemed a very great danger. You wanted to avoid this danger in order to preserve

your own self-esteem. In order to satisfy not only the animal and social-self, but also to preserve your self-esteem, you unconsciously arrange a neat compromise. You fall in love with two people at the same time!

What happens? You have given evidence of the fact that you *want* to marry and are ready to assume the obligations of marriage, and at the same time you preclude an actual marriage because your nice little conflict prevents you from making a choice, and society won't let you be a bigamist. In such a case the conflict is not a real conflict between the basic selves, but a neurotic arrangement very prettily designed to make a compromise without entailing any risk to yourself.

The variety of human conflicts is infinite. There are the conflicts between the animal-self and its desire for self-preservation and for mating, and the dictates of society. There are the conflicts between self-advancement and duty to one's parents or country or job. There are the conflicts which arise out of the struggle for prestige between parents and children. There may be conflicts due to the desire of a single individual to dominate and to be dependent at the same time, to be cruel and to be loved, to have and to spend, to be noble and to be proud, to be brave and to be safe.

Inner conflicts are terrible experiences. They completely wreck the lives of those who are their victims. Often they express themselves in what are known as neurotic symptoms. You may have nervous indigestion, sleeplessness, a fear of people, stage fright, stutter-

ing fear of authority, unaccountable likes and dislikes, "blues," and the like, as expressions of some inner conflict. Nature tries to help us out of our conflicts by giving us these symptoms as emergency exits, but these exits are never the true solution of the conflict, and cannot last forever.

Inner conflicts must be solved if you are to be happy and wholesome. No personality in which there is not a fair degree of harmony between the purposes of the inner-selves can get very far in the world. Many of the people who suffer from the worst conflicts, however, are quite unaware of the fact that they are suffering from a psychological disease. I have written this chapter to let them gain a small measure of insight into their own situations. Naturally the subject is so vast that I cannot hope to give you any directions for the solution of your own conflicts. But there are a number of excellent books that have been written by psychiatrists about conflicts and their solutions, and I shall be very happy to recommend a list of them for you if you feel you want to study the subject further.

How are conflicts cured? They must be cured by some process of psychological analysis and re-education. Before you can cure any conflict you must know exactly what it is. Sometimes a book will show you what your conflict is, but more often these conflicts are so deeply hidden in the unconscious that only a trained physician, versed in the ways of the mind, can hope to disentangle the twisted threads of conflicting motives and actions. Such physicians are known as psychiatrists, or

doctors of the soul. By the analysis of early childhood memories, by the examination of your conduct and reactions, by the interpretation of your dreams and day-dreams, such psychiatrists find the essential problem. But psychoanalysis itself is not enough. Knowing what the conflict is, sometimes helps. Usually the second part of the treatment, and the more important of the two, is the training toward normal expression and integration of the three selves.

When the person who suffers an inner conflict understands his conflict, and knows that there has been, in the past, a too great emphasis on one or the other of his three basic selves, he can plan a campaign of integration. This is the way to mental health and happiness. Living with a conflict going on is not living at all. Many people are very short-sighted in the matter of their conflicts. They think that they will outgrow them, or that the conflicts will eventually solve themselves. This is almost never the case. A true conflict must either be correctly solved, by psychological re-education, or it leads to mental and nervous breakdown, which is a far more difficult matter to cure. An ounce of prevention, in mental hygiene, is worth tons of treatment in sanitariums and asylums. You cannot toy with inner conflicts because they are just as dangerous as cancer. In the beginning you have the conflict, but an unresolved conflict eventually gets you, spoils your life, prevents your work and play, ruins your health, and finally leads to the despair of insanity or suicide.

Avoid conflicts by recognizing that you can integrate

your animal instincts to the patterns of the society you live in, and your personal desires to the facts of reality. Be moderate. Be cooperative. Be modest in your ambitions, and you will avoid the worst conflicts.

CHAPTER XLI

ON THE USES OF SOLITUDE

MAN is a social animal, and there is little doubt that most human activities are done in the presence of other human beings. We work and we eat together; we study and we play together; our amusements are almost entirely social, and when we calculate the amount of time that we spend by ourselves in our own company, we find that it is a very small proportion of the time we live.

This business of being with people is highly desirable. All human values are social values, and as every human being wants the approval and love of at least one other human being, it is natural and right that most of his time should be spent in the company of his fellows. Our chief business in life is to keep in close communication with our fellow men—because we would be quite unhappy if we had to be Robinson Crusoes, shipwrecked on desert islands, out of sight of other men and women, and out of earshot of the music of the human voice.

And yet it would be a grave mistake to believe that we should not have for ourselves some few moments or days when we are entirely alone. Too much of a good thing is just as bad as not enough of it. Social life is an essential ingredient of human happiness, but social life without some solitude is like a meal with-

out salt. The true way to happiness lies in the judicious alternation of social activity and solitude. But solitude can be either an asset or a liability. In any case it requires a certain amount of artistic cultivation to be worth while.

According to the newest researches into human constitution, there are two types of people: long, thin people, and short, stocky people. Between these two extremes there is the so-called athletic type; and if you do not fit into these three types it is likely that you have a very malformed body, and thus belong in the fourth of the four general types of body. Each one of these physical types has a corresponding temperament. The long thin people are likely to be very thoughtful and given to introspection. The stocky individuals are likely to be active and aggressive, and less given to day-dreaming. The other two types vary in their temperament, some approximating the long thin type; others approximating the short stocky type.

I bring these researches into the essay because the problem of solitude and its proper solution depends in part upon your constitution and your basic temperament. For the long thin individuals whom science calls schizothymic, solitude is not much of a problem. They like to be alone with their own thoughts, and many of the great philosophers and thinkers of antiquity have belonged to this type. I say that solitude is not a problem for you if you happen to belong to the long, thin, schizothymic type, because people that belong to this type enjoy getting away from the noise and bustle of

the world. They are the born meditators. But they run a great danger in meditation, because they are likely to overdo the matter, and in this way isolate themselves so completely from their fellow men that they lose contact with them, and thus, secondarily, lose the opportunity of making themselves happy in the human family.

The case is quite different with the short stocky individuals who like to be surrounded by their friends. These people who are usually very good humored, good organizers, good team-mates, are at a loss when they are forced to be by themselves. They are called cyclothymic in scientific terms, and this means only that they are more likely to experience considerable changes in their moods and emotions, swinging like a pendulum from bubbling good spirits when they are busy and surrounded by their friends, to "blue" feelings and depression when they are separated from them. For them the problem of solitude is a difficult one, but they are well equipped to handle it if they know just what the nature of their solitude is going to be.

I tell you about these types because it will be easier for you to put yourself in one category or the other, and thus prepare properly for the use of your leisure. Ideal human beings do not belong sharply either to the one type or to the other, but fall somewhere in the middle ground between them. The ideal human being knows how to be a good team-mate when work is to be done, and a good philosopher when he is alone. And that is what I want to teach you to do.

Let's begin with the long thin type. If you belong to this type, you should use your leisure constructively. You are all too much inclined to day-dream and to spend your time building romantic Castles in Spain. You often catch yourself going off into a dream-world of unreality. If you continue to do this, you are likely to injure your appreciation of the real world around you. I counsel, therefore, to spend your solitude thinking of ways in which you can make the bond between yourself and the real world more vivid and alive. In your solitude you ought to learn a new language, you ought to read about the doings of other human beings, you ought to interest yourself in some great human movement whose purpose is the betterment of conditions in this world. Just because you are constitutionally more happy when you are alone, you ought to spend a certain amount of your time planning, quite by yourself, how to improve your social contacts. You should interest yourself in the great poets and novelists and dramatists who have written so keenly of the human comedy. You must use your solitude not to further isolate yourself, but to bring yourself into closer contact with your fellows.

If you belong to the second type, the short stocky type, you are only happy when you are in the midst of a party or in a workshop. You run a great danger if you become too dependent on the applause of people. While social interest and social intercourse is a thing that I am preaching all the time, because there are so very many people in the world who are sick because

of their isolation, there must be a time when a man or woman can withdraw from the heat of the combat and spend a few quiet moments with his own soul. Do you know that you really do not know your own self? You are so much concerned with the gay whirl of living that you have never retired into a corner to really get acquainted with You!

Now and then every human being is thrown into a position, be it through accident, through disease, or through other unforeseen circumstances where he *must* be alone. Of course your long thin neighbor is always looking for such an opportunity, but you are probably very much afraid that some day you are going to get caught in a place where there will be no one to talk with. You shudder at the thought of such a circumstance. Now I suggest that instead of being afraid of such a happening, you prepare for it, because the older we grow the more leisure we have, and the more leisure we have the more often we have to spend that leisure in solitude.

What would you think of a storekeeper who never took time out to take an inventory of his goods? He never would know whether he was making money or losing it; he never would know whether he had made any progress, would he? A great many people are so afraid of the results of a personal inventory that they shun any solitude because they know that in solitude they would begin to take stock of themselves and find that they were on the debit side of personality. But this is false security. There is no sense living in fear

of what you might discover about yourself. This is one of the chief uses of solitude. Every human being needs half an hour now and then to take stock of himself. I mean complete solitude—getting away from everyone and everything—on shipboard, in the forest, on a lonely plain, or a bridge, or in the locked quiet of one's own room. It is better to get away from home and familiar surroundings when you go into executive session with yourself.

In our busy world the joys of meditation and of philosophy have been very much underrated. We put just a trifle too much emphasis on go-getting, on hectic activity. Activity is good, and I preach a gospel of hard work and hard play, but both hard work and hard play are useless unless you have a Plan, a Strategy of Life.

You cannot work out your battle plan while you are fighting the enemy. You cannot work out your vital strategy while you are in the midst of the combat. For these you need leisure and solitude, isolation and quiet. The man who spends most of his time alone is a coward—he does not know the value of social cooperation. The man who refuses to spend an occasional half hour with himself is also a coward—he refuses to face himself.

Solitude, therefore, is not a curse but a blessing. It gives us the opportunity to take stock of ourselves, and to map out our plan of campaign for our lives. Moreover, it enables us to evaluate what we have been doing

and to formulate what we want to do if we desire to progress and grow. Solitude, however, also has other uses. In solitude we need never be alone because in the solitude of our room we may commune with the great spirits of the past. No man is ever completely alone who has learned to read and to enjoy good literature. No man is ever alone who knows enough about good music to listen to a phonograph or to hum a melody from some great symphonic creation. No man is ever completely alone who, in a moment of solitude, can create something in any art. No man is ever completely alone if, when temporarily isolated from his fellow men, he can recite to himself a great poem. No man is ever alone who has learned how to pray.

Each of us is faced with two tasks in life: the adjustment to the world in which we live, and the mastery of our own selves. For the first task we must betake ourselves to the shop, the market-place, the arena. For the second task we need solitude, meditation, and intelligent introspection. But how can we adjust ourselves to the first task if we are utter strangers to ourselves? We cannot. And that is the beauty of solitude, for it is the laboratory in which we can learn how to follow the dictum of Socrates: "Know thyself!"

CHAPTER XLII

HAVE YOU A TEMPER?

RAGE is one of the primary human reactions. A tiny infant shows all the signs of a bad temper when his bottle is denied him. He screams, shakes his little hands and feet, makes faces, and very definitely demonstrates his disapproval. His little ego has been frustrated in the satisfaction of one of his most primitive needs, and he is letting the world know that he does not like that frustration. If he gets his bottle as a result of his tiny tantrum, this little infant is the wiser for a very rich experience. He has learned—quite unconsciously, of course—that the natural expressions of rage often bring their reward. The basis for a definite pattern of conduct is laid down for the rest of his life.

Suppose some weeks later, while trying to walk, he becomes entangled in his bed clothes. He screams and shakes his little fists again. Once more the mother or father helps him out of his difficulties, and the primitive pattern is reinforced. Adventure after adventure during the early years of life serve only to impress upon him that the rage which comes with frustration has a very definite effect upon his parents. The child gradually learns a technique of using his temper tantrums to compel his parents to do his bidding. All during his childhood, whenever he suffers a frustration of his de-

sires, this child falls back upon his sure-fire technique of getting himself extricated from his troubles, and getting his desires satisfied. Of course he is a spoiled child, and his parents do the wrong thing in not letting him use his native wits to help himself out of his difficulties, but that is not our problem in this chapter. Here I want to talk to you about this same child when he has grown to be a man or woman, and has a "bad temper."

The man or woman who has a bad temper is almost inevitably a spoiled child who has learned a technique of life early in childhood, and carried that false technique over into adult life. Just as the child, when frustrated, screams and rages, so, this man—and it applies equally to women—has an outbreak of bad temper. He loses his sense of perspective, curses, shakes his fist, raises his blood pressure, gets red in the face, sometimes strikes at the object that has frustrated him, just as the child beats the steps, down which he has fallen, and in general, gives the picture of a temporarily maniac person.

Having a bad temper is not especially good for one's constitution. It spoils the digestion, raises the blood pressure unnecessarily, burns up much of the available sugar in the muscles, causes a momentary stoppage of the processes of elimination. Even though it sometimes accomplishes its purpose—the removal of a frustration—it does so at a tremendous price, for each temper tantrum undermines the constitution.

A great many people who have bad tempers are ashamed of their outbreaks. They understand very well the childish nature of their loss of mental and physical equilibrium. They understand that it is childish to "fly off the handle" and give vent to some of the ugliest emotions and gestures that the human being is capable of showing. And, therefore, they attempt to suppress the expression of rage in its outward forms. This suppression, if anything, is even worse than the expression of anger. Because whatever a temper outbreak does in the way of harm, it does allow for an outlet of pent-up emotions, and the physical accompaniments of this discharge, if allowed to go on naturally, usually allow for a quick ending of the tantrum. The tantrum has a bad effect, but it is transitory.

If you attempt to suppress the external manifestations of rage and temper you simply multiply the evil effects of the temper tantrum internally. Your heart will pound the faster, your muscles will contract in your viscera instead of contracting in your arms, face and legs. Your glands will be pouring activity-provoking hormones, or blood-messengers into your blood stream without letting them do their work; and your entire intestinal system will be deranged by abnormal secretions. The emotional vents which should be allowed to "open up" remain closed. The situation is exactly similar to putting more fire under a boiler when all the valves are closed. You know what happens: the boiler explodes, or at least is badly damaged inside.

Some people suppress their rage and anger and tem-

per tantrums for a lifetime, in an attempt to remain dignified. Nothing is more harmful to the personality. Sooner or later a terrific mental upheaval takes place which, sometimes, takes the form of mania. All the pent-up emotions that have been stored during a lifetime of suppression and repression, suddenly overflow the dam of the conscious thinking processes, and the individual so far exceeds reasonable bounds in the expression of his temper that we call him a maniac. He is insane, and has to be forcibly restrained to prevent himself from hurting anyone else or even himself.

Probably the most normal person in the world experiences occasions when some "blowing off of steam" is necessary for the health of his emotions. There is an innate perversity in inanimate things that taxes our patience to the breaking point. Swearing was invented for these occasions, and while I am no advocate of constant profanity, an occasional heartfelt "Damn!" is a life-saver and a soul-saver. Other people let out the accumulated emotions of a hard working day full of frustrations by cheering at football games or prize-fights, or in crying at the movies or theatre, as the case may be. All these are desirable and necessary vents to pent-up emotions. Of course the very best of these emotional vents is a good "belly laugh." If only more people who were subject to temper tantrums could get a good laugh at their own gyrations and contortions! If only we could hold a mirror up to the really angry person, and let him see what he looked like when all his animal, infantile, soul-searing passions were aroused.

How much less damage there would be from temper tantrums!

There are two kinds of temper tantrums. One type is the sort of temper tantrum that an individual has been using for a lifetime in order to get his private wishes gratified. The other type comes from the unusual petty frustrations and annoyances of daily life. In both cases some kind of "letting off steam" is desirable. Suppression of rage and temper is worse than its expression. But the cures for excessive temper tantrums are different in both cases.

In the first case, the case of the individual who has been spoiled and, therefore, habitually tries to gain his end by "throwing" a temper tantrum, plain suppression will not work. What such a man or woman needs is some kind of psychological clarification. If you are cursed with this type of pattern you must realize that you are really suffering from a childhood hangover. While it is true that you always got what you wished for when you screamed and raged as a child, the grown-up world of which you are now a part, does not run on these principles. If you have temper tantrums now you will simply be put down as a boor. Temper tantrums, irascible, hair-trigger tempers, frequent rage and loss of self-control are just forms of bad manners. They are not sicknesses, as you think. They simply mean that you consider your little ego and the satisfaction of your egoistic demands the most important thing in the world. And if you do not change and modify your attitude toward life, life will change it for you.

Do you want to go through life as a sour, embittered, unhappy individual? Then just continue having your temper tantrums. Your wife, your stenographer, your maid servant, or your janitor may pay attention to you, because they have to. But your equals and associates will quickly desert you and leave you to express your rage in solitude. No one will take the trouble to cultivate your friendship or buy your goods—you are too dangerous to have around. You carry a charge of emotional dynamite with you wherever you go, and people as a rule like peace and quiet in their vicinity. You hurt yourself and you hurt your social chances for success.

If you belong to this type you have got to find out that your situation is not unique. You cannot have one set of laws for yourself and another set for the rest of the world. You have to put the energy that you utilize in rages, into the job of helping yourself keep out of trouble and frustrations. Most of the frustration you experience, the things that set your hair-trigger temper off, are frustrations of your exalted and inflated ego. You may think yourself very important, but the minute you exhibit a bad temper you immediately put yourself down as a helpless child. You might just as well suck your thumb in public or get into a panic of fear when you see a small dog. What you have to do is to become more independent and self-confident. You have to let your skin thicken, and let fancied insults to your vanity bounce off your armor-plate like peas from a plate glass window. You have to grow up and get a

new set of values. No one is going to spoil you now, but you can easily spoil your own chances of happiness by alienating the affections and esteem of your friends and neighbors. Every one in the world is sorry for a man or woman who loses his temper, because such an exhibition of childishness provokes the pity of grown-up onlookers. Every time you exhibit your temper you show yourself off as an incurable egoist, a conceited fool, a grown-up man with the soul and mind of a little child. When you have a temper tantrum you declare your emotional bankruptcy and announce in so many words, psychologically, that you are incapable of solving the situation that evokes your anger. A grown-up person does not have as many frustrations and temper outbreaks in a year as you have in a day. If you lose your temper more than once a month in the ordinary course of life, you ought to see a psychiatrist and let him help you to change your emotional patterns.

Until you do this you will never really be cured of your temper tantrums, but I can tell you how you can help to cure yourself. Every time you have a temper tantrum you can fine yourself the price of some dearly beloved luxury, and pay the fine to some worthy charity. Never show your temper to anyone. If you feel you are going to have an outbreak, go into a room, lock yourself in, and tear a newspaper into tiny bits, break a cheap plate or phonograph record into pieces (preferably on your own head) or have a good time cussing yourself out as loud and as hard as you can. But do not let anyone see you. If you have a punching bag

available, punch it and punch it hard. One of my friends cured himself of a bad temper by taking a cold shower with all his clothes on as soon as he felt one coming on.

If you are otherwise a normal person, and things go wrong, and you feel frustrated, do not take the perversity of nature and inanimate objects too seriously. You, too, may try the newspaper or phonograph record technique of "getting it out of your system." You do not have to worry—you are just one of the many human beings who gets reasonably mad from time to time. Don't be dignified. Get it out of your system and get it out good. Getting mad at yourself, at the stupidity of people, at the perversity of things, is a normal experience. Do not take it too seriously!

CHAPTER XLIII

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

EVERY age and clime has its plagues, and nervous breakdown is the characteristic plague of modern civilization. The pace at which we live is too fast for us. We meet so many problems, such new problems, such staggering loads every day of our lives in this whirlwind civilization that body and soul can no longer hold together under the strain. If you can imagine the analogy of a fine airplane, powered by a fine motor, taking off from a rough field in a gusty wind, overloaded with freight, you have a good picture of the average modern man and woman in the present-day world. It is no surprise if an airplane "cracks up" under such a strain. And it is no wonder that so many fine human beings "crack up" under the strain of modern life.

There are two kinds of nervous breakdown. The first, which really should be called nervous breakdown, is due to a severe disease or degeneration of the brain or the spinal cord. Infection, poison, cancer of the central nervous system destroys the system which is the telephone central that controls the activities of the whole body-soul mechanism of man. A real nervous breakdown, that is, a real disease of the central nervous system, is comparable to a fire or explosion in a central station. The wires and connections are actually de-

stroyed and the telephone central ceases to operate because its mechanism is organically injured.

But what most people call a nervous breakdown has nothing to do with the nerves, and is not a real breakdown. The central telephone exchange is intact. In fact, it is overworking. The incoming wires are flooded with calls for help. The outgoing wires are glutted with advice. Not enough central operators are on the job to handle the rush. Some of the structure may be faulty, and the faults appear more glaring because the service is overtaxed. The whole system is at a standstill. Cries for help go up from the frantic operators. Cries for help come in from the frantic subscribers. Service is paralyzed. The effect in both these cases is very similar. The total telephone system is out of joint. It has to declare a sort of moratorium of service before things can go on. A readjustment must be made before the system can be used; the faults must be remedied or the damage repaired. In either case *time must be taken out* before service is restored.

That's just what happens to a human being when he is faced with tasks that he cannot possibly accomplish, or when his central nervous system is knocked out by a profound and damaging disease. The symptoms may be similar, but the cause and the cure are quite different. The first thing to do, therefore, if you think you have a nervous breakdown is to consult your family physician and find out what is wrong with your system. Let him go over you thoroughly, and, if necessary, call in a consultant, or take you to a hospital to examine you

over a period of time. You must know what the facts are before you can be helped.

If your doctor finds that there is some organic disease which is causing your breakdown, put yourself faithfully in his care and cooperate with him in his treatment. If he tells you that there is nothing wrong with your body, then it is time to take inventory of your way of living and of your living conditions to find out why nature should have dealt you this devastating blow, and thrown you out of the running in order to keep you from injuring yourself permanently, because a nervous breakdown (the kind that is not caused by organic disease) is a life-saving device. It's nature's way of telling you to stop! It's nature's way of warning you of the greater dangers ahead! It's nature's way of keeping you from ruining the rest of your life.

The symptoms of a nervous breakdown are so complex and so manifold that it would take a large book to describe them all. A nervous breakdown may begin with sleeplessness and a vague sense of depression and anxiety. It may manifest itself in physical symptoms of disease which mimic every and any known disease in the medical books. No two nervous breakdowns are the same, and every person with a nervous breakdown thinks that his is unique. This is one of the most characteristic signs of a nervous breakdown, and often telling a person that there are others who suffer from the same symptoms helps to clear them up! The symptoms may be purely physical, such as sleeplessness, loss of appetite, nervous indigestion, constipation, a tendency to

weep, strange jittery feelings in various parts of the body, queer, unusual, unheard-of feelings in the body or the head. Or the symptoms may be largely emotional, such as weeping, irascibility, blushing, a sense of helplessness and fear. Somewhere in every nervous breakdown fear plays a dominant rôle.

The symptoms may also be confined to the intellectual sphere. Apathy in work, loss of interest in people and things, a sense of vague unreality, a feeling of being persecuted or haunted, worry over small and unimportant things, a tendency to repeat things over and over again, may be the chief signs of a nervous breakdown. One thing is certain: anyone with a nervous breakdown is terrified at what is happening to him, and he seeks all kinds of help and aid. Many a case of nervous breakdown has gone on for months and months beyond its normal duration simply because well-meaning relatives and friends have carted the poor patient from one quack to another in the effort to find some magical cure for a condition that can be cured only by a commonsense understanding of what is happening to the patient.

If you are suffering from a nervous breakdown, or some dear friend or relative is in the agonies of this condition, try to remember that the whole breakdown is a defense reaction on the part of the whole body and the whole soul against a condition which threatens a loss of self-esteem. You can test the truth of this statement in the following way: ask yourself what threatening danger lurks just in the future, or what occurrence

in the immediate past has made the future appear more dangerous. No nervous breakdown is an accident. It is an intelligent way of avoiding a deciding test of the personality by saying "No!" to the test with your whole body and soul. A nervous breakdown is one of the side-shows of life in which a discouraged human being has taken refuge. The man or woman with the nervous breakdown is so busy with his symptoms that he has not time to take care of the ordinary tasks and obligations of life.

People have breakdowns after losing their money or a beloved one because they have become so dependent on the self-esteem that money gives them or the self-confidence that the love of one person grants them, that they cannot think of life without these supports. A nervous breakdown, in these cases, is a form of crawling into one's shell to avoid the storm of battle which the future threatens and holds, without the comfort of one's favorite weapons. People in Japan commit suicide by disemboweling themselves when they are publicly disgraced. They cannot "take it," as the popular saying goes. We in the western world do not commit harikari; we take the more subtle method of having a nervous breakdown.

Sometimes the nervous breakdown occurs as a defense against the test of marriage or the test of childbirth, or just after these events. Sometimes the nervous breakdown occurs just before or after graduation from high school or college. Sometimes it comes just before you have to enter an important business undertaking.

Sometimes it comes with the contemplation of an old age of dependency on one's relatives. Sometimes it comes after a severe illness, and in the face of the contemplation of living out the rest of one's life with lessened powers and ability. Sometimes it comes at the threshold of adolescence as a fearsome defence against life's newly approaching demands, and sometimes it comes after a full life of love, and in fearsome defence against a loveless old age.

Nervous breakdown is not a sign of weakness. It is a sign that you have been subjected to a load too heavy for you to bear. This load may be something trivial if you are a weakling. It may be a stupendous responsibility if you are a strong man or woman. No one should boast that he has never had a nervous breakdown. His critical times may come. No one should be ashamed of having a nervous breakdown: it is only a sign that his ambition has exceeded his powers, or that he has been handed a load by a capricious fate too heavy for him to carry. The main thing to know about the nervous breakdown is that it is a curable condition. In almost every nervous breakdown, we deal with a person who underestimates his own powers, and over-rates the difficulties he is faced with. In almost every case some solution, better than the one he has chosen, can be found.

It would take me far beyond the confines of this chapter to describe the many cases of nervous breakdown that have come to me through my mail. It is a subject that only a technically trained psychiatrist can

handle. All that I can hope to do here is to outline in the barest possible way the method of cure.

Nervous breakdown is caused by fear and ignorance. It is a defense mechanism designed to protect the victim from the consequences of his folly. Inevitably the nervous breakdown leads to social isolation, worklessness, apathy and confusion. There is only one way that a nervous breakdown can be cured, and that is by understanding, encouragement, and enlightenment. Obviously the individual should realize that his is not a unique case. Thousands are walking the streets suffering from the identical condition. To get well he must reevaluate his values. He must get back into the world of men and of work, of fun and of love, of nature and of God.

The "how" of the cure I must leave to experts. The first thing you must do if you have a nervous breakdown is to see your doctor and find out what's wrong with you. The second thing that I suggest, if your doctor cannot find any organic basis for your difficulties, is to see a psychiatrist and let him help you by re-educating you to face reality. And if you cannot find a psychiatrist, the next best thing is to read one of the most wonderful books that I have in my library. It is called "Nervous Breakdown: Its Cause and Cure," by Dr. W. Beran Wolfe (published by Farrar and Rinehart, New York). Here is a book that has helped thousands and will help many thousands more, not only to understand and analyze their troubles, but to find their way out of

them. It is written in simple language, is scientifically sound, full of good practical suggestions and such good humor and common sense that I do not hesitate to recommend it to every man and woman in perplexity.

CHAPTER XLIV

MONEY: IS IT POWER?

IN every age, and in every clime, men have been striving for power and might. The forms in which they worshipped power have changed, but the worship of power has not. It is one of the most abiding religions of man. Some have worshipped power in the past by praying for fertility, others for beauty, others again for wisdom. Every country and every civilization has had its own idea of what constitutes power. The simple savage believes it lies in the ability to shoot his arrow straight into the heart of a wild beast. The average American believes that it lies in the ability to pile up a fat bank account, belong to an expensive country club, and ride in the longest and fastest motor car that can be made.

The worship of money as a source of power amounts almost to a national madness in our country. If you travel in Europe, where people often want nothing more than peace and quiet, you will find that the average man on the street cannot understand why we Americans hustle and bustle so much to make a few dollars more than our neighbors. The American pursuit of the almighty dollar is as compelling a quest as the search for new areas of exploitation and discovery in the days of Columbus. Never before has Mammon been

worshipped on so wholesale a scale, with such intensity and devotion, with such elaborate ritual and with such impressive rites as Mammon is worshipped today. And it is well that we examine this cult of money as a source of power and might, psychologically, because the last ten years have taught us a great deal both about money and about psychology.

As I have so often explained, every child experiences a sense of inferiority during the course of his early childhood. This leads him to want to compensate for his weakness by becoming powerful and strong. But this feeling of wanting to be strong is not a tendency that we are consciously aware of. It lies in the profound depths of our unconscious being, and we are completely unaware of its existence. If you ask a small boy, "Do you have an inferiority complex?" he will look at you and laugh. He will not know what you are talking about. But if you ask him, "What would you like to be?" and he tells you, "I want to be a fireman!" this answer reveals his inferiority complex. He has obviously been impressed with the glory and the color of the roaring fire-engine, and the bright uniforms of the heroic firemen. To this small boy, the fireman sitting at the wheel of the clanging fire-engine which scatters all ordinary traffic out of the way, is the high-point of human achievement. He wants to be a fireman because being a fireman represents power and glory to him. It is a welcome compensation for the difficulties of being a small boy.

When Burke made his famous speech about the lib-

erty of the Colonies in the English House of Parliament he said, "Liberty inheres in some special object." He was trying to make out a case for the young American colonies which believed that taxation without representation was intolerable. He said that some people who want liberty want only the right to say or print what they desire. Others want the right to worship God how and when they please. Still others are unwilling to pay money to a central government without having a voice in its expenditure.

The same principle holds good for power. To some people "peace of mind" is worth more than all the riches in the world. Others would rather have a college education than own half the state of New York. To others love is power, and to have the love of one special person is worth more than the wealth of the Indies. To the small boy, being a fireman represents the fiction of power. He does not see the fireman in his true perspective. He does not understand the true honor and the true worth of the fireman. He sees only a few artificial and superficial characteristics and he invests these with a certain magical glamor, and worships them.

America has proven itself a great pioneer country. There has been no landed and titled aristocracy to hold the high places by right of heredity. If you worked hard in the days gone by, or if you were a shrewder horse-trader, or if you could fool the Indians and come away with special privileges and no arrows in your chest, you made money and became powerful. Money

became the traditional fiction of power in America. People began to believe that you could buy anything in the world if you had enough money. Position, honor, social standing, political place . . . all could be had if you possessed the golden wherewithal. And in the course of some two hundred years of pioneering a curious confusion developed. In the beginning money was a means to certain ends: social respect, power, honor, security, and even happiness. Everyone wanted these things, and having money seemed the easiest way to get them. The issues became confused, and the great American people made the tragic mistake of believing that *money actually was power!* The means to an end had been gradually transformed into an end in itself.

The moment that you transform a means to a goal into a goal per se, you get into trouble. In the beginning money is a tool. You use it to attain some end desirable to you. If you make money an end in itself, you not only miss the goals that you originally intended to attain, but you lose your tool. For money, when it is an end in itself, becomes your master. Money is the worst slave-driver in the history of human life.

You start out to say that you want \$10,000, let us say. It seems like a great deal of money. You slave and you slave to make that much money. You deny yourself every enjoyment. You exclude every unnecessary activity which might detract from the attainment of your goal. You gulp your lunches, because time is money. You talk of nothing but money, money, money. Money becomes the central idea of your life. You do not ap-

preciate your wife, you hardly know your children, and even when you play golf or cards, you do not play for the enjoyment of the game, but to make money. The chance of losing money is the only thing that gives you a sense of danger. The only thrill you have in life is making more money.

Well, what happens? After years of slaving you make your ten thousand dollars. There is a brief moment of pride as the paying teller at the bank hands you your balance, and you feel that you have attained your goal. But it is a very short-lived thrill. Because you have become a slave to money in the process of making money. Ten thousand dollars seems very unimportant to you. You have been so busy making money that you haven't the least idea of the value of that money. Potentially you think it is power. Potentially you could buy a trip around the world, or a membership in some expensive country club, or fifteen new suits of clothes, or a fine new automobile. But in the course of making all that money you have forgotten how to live. Paradoxically money is only interesting and valuable when you spend it. You, having become the slave of your money, only enjoy making it. You may try to make all kinds of excuses for going on as you do. You may say you want to build up a trust fund for your children, or donate a new hospital, or see that your children have excellent educations, and the like. But you know these are just excuses to camouflage your own slavery. You are licked. The more money you have, the more money has you. The more money you make, the less opportunity to enjoy it

you will have. You are lost. All you can do is to go on making more money, like poor old King Midas whose touch turned everything to gold until he starved to death on a diet of solid gold ham and eggs.

Some of the worst nervous breakdowns I have ever witnessed have been in people who had every material comfort and resource in the world. Millionaires who could have bought a small kingdom, but couldn't buy a moment's peace of mind! Millionaires who went chasing around the world in expensive yachts, looking for happiness, only to find that they had to spend the money they had worked so hard to get for nurses and sanitarium. All because they did not understand that money is only potentially power. All because they did not realize that you cannot buy happiness and peace of mind. All because they confused gold, money, mortgages, stocks and bonds for inner harmony, peace and security. That is what happens when you make money, when you succeed in turning money into a goal, and succeed in attaining that goal.

What happens if you make money your goal, and fail to reach it? What happens—and this is all too common an occurrence nowadays—when you make money, and lose it? What happens when you have nothing to show for a life of hard work but a drawer full of stocks and bonds not worth the paper they are printed on, because of factors completely beyond your own control? You have seen enough of these tragedies. I need not tell you about them. You know as well as I do how irascible, how bad-tempered, how misanthropic a man or woman

can be when he or she believes that without money life is not worth living—and penury is knocking at the door. You have seen the hunted look, the hungry eyes of the slaves of money. The envious glances. The alibis. The bitterness. The unfriendly—sometimes criminal—practices. The gambling—and the losing—and the nervous breakdowns and suicides that follow.

If you believe that money is power you are playing a game in which you cannot win. If you *seem* to win, and make money, it turns to ashes in your hands. If you lose, you have nothing to live for. If you win at first, and taste the thrill of having, and then lose, there is no way out for you. You are doomed to misery. It's a case of heads I win, tails you lose.

If you want to be a happy human being, remember that money is not power: it is one of the aspects, one of the characteristics of power. Money is only good as a means toward an end. If you have neglected to develop your personality at the expense of making money, all the money in the Bank of England's vaults will not buy you happiness. Money is a Frankenstein. The more you have, the more it has you in its golden grip. The moment money becomes your goal in life, you lose life itself.

CHAPTER XLV

TRAINING THE MEMORY

MEMORY is one of the great mysteries of the human mind. All kinds of theories concerning it have been spun by eminent scientists, and yet the final word has not been said. But in the centuries that physicians have been attempting to understand the memory certain facts about it have been learned, and one of the most important of these facts is that memory is not a special and isolated mental faculty. In this respect memory is just like will power. It is one of the many instruments that we have at our disposal for the solution of the difficult problems of life. And like will power, memory cannot be trained by itself. The memory is not a muscle that can be enlarged by the repetition of exercises. Next to the money spent on getting a strong will, more money is spent foolishly learning memory systems than on anything else I know.

There are a great many misconceptions about memory. The first of these is that memory is an isolated mental faculty. The second is that a good or a bad memory can be inherited. The third is that memory is confined to the remembering of dates, names, faces, and the like. As a matter of fact some of the most important memories we have are memories that are hardly mental at all. A certain smell, a certain muscular

strain, a certain sound, a certain tension within the viscera of our bodies may be among the strongest memories that we have.

One of the most important things we must know about memory is the fact that memory of a thing, a place, a name, a feeling, an experience, is the *exception*. Forgetting is the rule, memory the exception. Every human being has so many billions of experiences, that if he remembered everything that had happened to him he would be carrying around such a terrific mental load that life would be intolerable. It is obvious that we can remember only a few highlights of our lives. It is one of the strange tricks of the human memory that the older we grow, sometimes, the more we can remember of our early childhood and the less we can remember about recent events. An old man has more memories of his early childhood than a child who has just experienced them. Another strange trick of the memory is the specialized memory of certain types of events or experiences. Some people can remember faces, and not names; others can remember dates but not places; others again have a prodigious memory of numbers, but cannot remember music, and the like.

Why do we remember, and what do we remember, and why? All human beings are striving for some unconscious goal, a goal which represents power, security, and well-being for them. This goal is set up early in childhood, and lies deep in our unconscious minds. We begin from the earliest days of our childhood training for the attainment of our hidden, unconscious goal

in life. And because there are so many experiences that come to us, we must make a certain selection of experiences to help us on our way to our goal. The nature of this selection is the key to the mystery of the memory.

Let us take an example to illustrate just what I mean by the selective process of memory. A young girl has a very unhappy family life. Her father frequently quarrels with her mother and sometimes there are terrific scenes, in which the mother always comes off with the short end of the argument. To this little girl marriage is something quite horrible and her unconscious goal in life is to avoid marriage in order to be safe. What does she do to insure this goal? She forgets every incident of kindness and consideration that her father may have shown her mother, and remembers only the scenes of discord and disharmony in the family. She forgets all the happily married people that she has ever known, and remembers only the divorces, the desertions, the unhappiness of others. In this way she unconsciously trains herself for her goal: the avoidance of marriage.

This girl could be said to have a bad memory for happy events! Of course such a memory is not at all unusual, but it does not interfere exceptionally with the daily conduct of life. It is a different matter if we do not remember the names of our dearest friends, their addresses and telephone numbers, our wife's birthday or our own wedding anniversary date! It is a difficult matter to have a memory that fails continually in the business matters of our everyday life. No amount

of memory training is going to restore our memories of these important things unless we understand why we forget them, what our unconscious goal is, what we are training ourselves for by forgetting. A bad memory is never an accident. It is determined by our goal in life, by our unconscious training for the particular kind of superiority that we want for ourselves.

This sounds very complicated but a few examples will serve to clarify our meaning. A man, for example, whose goal in life is to make money, may be able to quote the selling prices of fifty stocks and bonds, but be quite incapable of remembering any date in history, or the name of any musician or painter. A musician, on the other hand, who wants to make his name in his profession may be able to tell you the date on which every great symphony was composed, but be quite unable to tell you what 12 times 9 is without considerable computation. If your goal in life is to be an isolated, misanthropic, unfriendly and unsocial human being, you are hardly going to remember the names of people whom you have met. If your goal in life is to be a social light, you will remember only the names of the 400, but not the name of the butcher or the elevator boy.

Tremendous feats of memory are possible when a certain subject or department of human knowledge is important for our self-esteem. I know a young lad who is very much interested in following his father's footsteps in the railroad world. At the age of nineteen he has memorized the time-tables of most of the main lines in

the United States. Many people have a great memory for trivial gossip, but no memory whatsoever for important facts. We can imagine that their goal in life is to be a listener-in, rather than an active doer. Others can remember only pleasant things, and we know that their goal in life is to have a good time. We can guess the goal in life of a man who knows, offhand, the addresses of fifty speakeasies. All these examples indicate that we forget the things that detract from the attainment of our hidden desires, and we remember everything that helps us toward our hidden goal. There are, therefore, not good memories and bad memories, but only good goals and bad goals.

To sum up: our hidden goal in life determines what we remember and what we forget. If you forget the things that are necessary for the common-sense conduct of daily life, then your hidden goal in life is one that is out of harmony with the goals of most normal people. One of the first places where you can find an indication of the fact that you are badly adjusted to life is in your memory. If you are forever forgetting the things that are necessary for the independent conduct of life, you probably want to be coddled and spoiled. You forget in order to make other people remember for you. If you forget the things that are important to your business life, you are probably failing in your efforts, or are distinctly disinterested. You want to escape from your business responsibilities. If you can never remember the name and address of a girl or boy, it is not likely that you like them very much.

A good way to check up on your hidden desires in life is to make a chart of the things you forget easily and the things you remember well. This will indicate your pattern of life, and if you find that your goal is a goal of isolation, you will also find that you remember nothing of the things that bind people together, but only those things which show that you are a lonely, unfriendly, disinterested human being. Most of the people who spend their money foolishly taking memory courses would do far better to invest their funds in a psychological re-education at the hands of a trained psychiatrist who could teach them to see themselves in a true perspective and disclose to them the false goals which they are seeking. For memory, as you remember, is not an independent faculty, and cannot be trained as a thing in itself. We can, however, change our unconscious goals in life, and set up different and more normal patterns of living.

While most disturbances of the memory are purely psychological, it is well to remember that memory is a special function of the brain, and that any disturbance of the brain itself may cause disturbances of the function of memory, just as it does of other intellectual processes. Thus certain diseases, like paresis, high blood-pressure in aggravated cases, brain tumors, apoplexy, and the like may bring disturbances of the memory in their train. Such memory disturbances are part of a definite disease and should be treated by the physician who is treating the patient as a whole.

One of the most interesting of all disturbances of the

memory is amnesia, or the complete loss of the memory. You have often read accounts of individuals who have completely forgotten who they were and where they lived. Such amnesias are the products of a deep-seated mental disease. There are problems that face us, occasionally, that are so soul-stirring that we cannot face them at all. We seek to evade the responsibility of these problems by completely changing our personalities. Naturally strong men and women, people who are used to facing unpleasant facts, are not likely to use this type of emergency exit, but I want to tell you about it so that you can understand the next case that you read about in the newspapers.

To sum up: people who lead healthy, effective, yes-saying lives have good memories for all that is necessary in such a life. A failing memory may be the symptom of a serious disease, especially in later years. During youth or maturity it is much more likely to be the sign of an egoistic, isolated, unfriendly and uncooperative attitude toward life. Change your life pattern to a pattern of responsibility and social cooperativeness, and your memory will take very good care of itself. No exercises, no courses in memory training are one-tenth as valuable as a yes-saying attitude toward life.

CHAPTER XLVI

TRAINING THE WILL

THERE is a popular notion that the will is a kind of muscle that can be trained by appropriate exercises. Millions of dollars have been spent by so-called "weak-willed" men and women on fake "Will Training" courses, which consist of a long series of useless and futile "psychological exercises," for which the deluded seeker after a "strong" will pays out his good money. I have never seen such a course that was not based on false psychological premises, and I have never seen such a course that accomplished its alleged purpose. The will is not a muscle and it cannot be trained. Indeed, the will is not a separate faculty of the human mind at all. Therefore, it cannot be isolated from the business of living, of adjusting to difficulties, of mastering obstacles, or of making concessions to the facts of life. If you want a "strong will" you must go about getting it in quite a different way than the well-advertised "will power training courses" suggest.

Just what is will power? There are obviously men and women who have what is popularly known as "strong will power." They know how to endure hardships, they seem to be able to forego pleasures which distract weaker individuals, they seem capable of meeting obstacles, and they certainly get more accomplished

than their weak-willed neighbors. Then there are other men and women whom we call weak-willed. They cannot resist alcohol when they know that it is to their advantage not to drink. They cannot knuckle down to the business of living effective lives. They day-dream when they should be hard at work. They cannot make decisions, and they are prone to procrastination. They seem to have no fixed purpose in life, and every little whim of chance is their master. What makes one strong-willed and another weak-willed? Is will power inherited, or is it acquired? Why do the weak-willed spend their time making good resolutions, and never carrying them out, while the seemingly strong-willed men and women get the very same things done without having to make any resolutions at all?

Human beings can be divided into two great groups. They are the yes-sayers and the no-sayers. We call the yes-sayers normal, and the no-sayers neurotic. The yes-sayers are emotionally grown up, and the no-sayers are grown up in body but not in spirit. The yes-sayers are aware of their obligations and their social responsibilities, and the no-sayers are desirous of escaping these obligations as much as possible. The yes-sayers, as you have already guessed, are the people with strong will power. The no-sayers are forever weak-willed.

Psychologists have discovered that the will is not really a separate faculty of the mind or soul, but is just one of the many instruments that we use to accomplish our ends. Everyone has will power, because it requires will power to attain any human goal. Very often the

people who are called weak-willed actually have much stronger will power than those who are called strong-willed. This sounds like a paradox, but I am going to demonstrate to you just how a weak will is sometimes a very strong will.

Let us take as an example a child who has been very much spoiled during the first six years of his life. This child's goal in life is to be waited upon hand and foot by his parents. Naturally everything the child does is designed to make himself appear helpless. As soon as he appears helpless his parents, teachers and friends come to his assistance and help him over the rough spots of life. He carries this design of living over into his adult years. Now he is twenty-five and he has no responsibilities, for some powerful individual has always assumed his responsibilities for him. Every time a difficult problem arises, he makes a show of weakness and incapability. People say he is weak-willed, indecisive, procrastinating, helpless, dependent.

But is he really weak-willed? Judged from the standards of people who face the music and solve their own problems, he is of course. But judged from his own private goal, from the standpoint that being a human parasite is the easiest way to live, his will is not at all weak. He works very hard to put himself in a position where someone will come to his aid. He has a strong enough will, but his will is directed toward a false goal. No one could possibly use more will power in being a parasite than this young man who cannot even choose the tie he is going to wear without assistance from his

mother. No one could possibly find more ways of being dependent than he does. No one could teach him how to be a spoiled child, and no course in will-concentration would be necessary to make him attain his goal any more quickly. He is a strong-willed young man, but his will is directed to the goal of saying "no!" to all the responsibilities of grown-up life.

Now let us take the opposite case. This second young man was taught to be independent during his early childhood. He was taught to be interested in his fellow-men, and he was taught that the only way to keep his self-esteem is to work hard at whatever problem presented itself. He was taught not to worry about minor defeats, and to assume responsibilities wherever he could to the end that he would lead a happier life if he did. At twenty-five this young man is an excellent example of a strong-willed grown-up adult. He not only holds a responsible position, but he is interested in the civic betterment of his town, in charitable work, in a family, in study, in hobbies, and in his fellow human beings. If the question of spending a Sunday doing an important piece of community work or going on a fishing trip comes up, he will decide without a moment's hesitation to do the communal work. He works hard and he plays hard, when he can. He has never taken any courses in developing his will power. It has never been necessary, because his goal is a normal goal of yes-saying, and all the things that we honor and respect in human beings are character traits of yes-saying.

Suppose we were to give this second young man a

course in will training. Suppose we tried to train him to be a parasite, and gave him lessons in being dependent, indecisive, procrastinating, whining—in a word, suppose we tried to make him a no-sayer. Do you think we could succeed? No, I don't think we could either, just by giving him lessons in laziness and irresponsibility. We would have to completely change his personality to make him like the first case we have described.

If we couldn't teach this second young man to be lazy, it would be a very difficult task indeed to teach the first young man to be a yes-sayer just by giving him lessons in will power. But of course you know people who have been weak-willed, dependent no-sayers who have changed into responsible, strong-willed yes-sayers. How is this possible if the will cannot be trained? That is just the whole point of my little essay on will power. The weak-willed—and remember that the weak-willed are really not weak-willed but strong-willed in a false and unsocial direction—*can be changed* into normal, yes-saying people. You are not doomed to be a human lollypop if you really want to change. How is this change effected?

Psychiatrists tell us that the instrument whereby a weak-willed individual is changed into a strong-willed individual is called "insight." Insight is just common sense, scientifically defined. When the weak-willed individual understands that eventually his weak will is going to get him into greater trouble than he thinks, he will take a chance on solving his own problems for

himself, and presently he will find himself saying "yes!" to life, and, presto! he will be a strong-willed individual without any courses in will training.

The reason people look down on weak-willed human beings is that the weak-willed individuals are really cheating. They are trying to get something for nothing. They want their fellow men to assume all the responsibilities, and they want to enjoy all the pleasure of being a member of the human community without assuming any of the responsibilities. Weak will is their instrument to accomplish this end. To be sure, the weak-willed are only cheating themselves. Sooner or later their game is up, and they are denied the enjoyments of belonging, because they have not contributed to the human community.

Let me emphasize this point again, very strongly. There is no such thing as a weak will. There is only a strong will to be a no-sayer, a renegade and irresponsible human being, which common sense calls weak will. To be strong-willed you must assume the responsibilities of being human.

The best way to go about getting a strong will is to take a mental inventory of yourself, and find out just how and where you are being a slacker. Once you have done this, ask yourself how long you can be a slacker without being found out. Ask yourself how long you would tolerate such treason in someone else. Ask yourself if the dangers you are attempting to avoid by being a no-sayer are not really much less terrible than the risks

you run in trying to get something for nothing. Ask yourself what you will be like after five, ten, twenty years of running away from reality and responsibility. Try to picture yourself at sixty, hated, dependent, despised, isolated, poor and unhappy. That is all you need to begin developing your will power. That is what we call insight: the realization that you get out of life only what you have contributed to the world's work and welfare. There is no better way to acquire a strong will than to acquire common sense.

If you cannot make this mental inventory yourself, or if the way of changing your false goal in life is not apparent, I would counsel you to seek out a competent psychiatrist and let him help you to see yourself as others see you. Such a physician is in the best position to help you realize your own unconscious motivations and set you upon the right path toward self-realization. You *can* learn to be a yes-sayer to life! Then why not begin now!

CHAPTER XLVII

INDECISION AND PROCRASTINATION

ONE of the most difficult things in life is to make decisions. If you are at all like other human beings, there have been times in your life when some vital decision was to be made, and you were found wanting. You put off until the morrow what you should have been doing on that day. You waited for someone else to make the decision for you. You refused to face the facts in the case, and waited until Fate made your decision for you. If you are human you have wasted precious hours and days of your life waiting for something to turn up that would make the decision for you.

Indecision and procrastination are among the most human of human weaknesses. And yet, just because they are not dangerous in themselves, nor against the laws of the land, more unhappiness has been caused by dalliance of this kind than by actual crime or wrongdoing. Think for a moment of the thousands, nay, millions, of people who are living today as human vegetables simply because at some critical instant they refused to make an important decision, or put off making one until it was too late. Think of the number of men and women who live in loneliness just because at the critical moment they were unable to make up their minds to marry and to assume the responsibilities of

that state. Think of the number of people who live poor and meagre lives because they procrastinated too long in the matter of seizing an education. It would be a conservative estimate to say that every day, literally, billions of dollars are lost through the inability of human beings to face facts and make decisions.

There must be some important explanation for a human trait as common as indecision, and I want to share with you the latest psychological explanations of this important human weakness. We human beings are constantly at work at a silent profession. Do you know what it is? It is the full time profession of keeping up our self-esteem and of keeping up our appearances for our neighbors. A very great psychiatrist once wrote that we go around through life with a mask in front of our face. That mask represents the picture of ourselves as we would like to see ourselves, and as we would like others to see us.

Why do we want to mask our real selves? Because from the earliest days of our childhood we have felt unprepared, weak, small and inferior, and if there is one thing that a human being cannot do, that thing is to openly admit that he is an inferior human being. And so we camouflage ourselves, and carry our mask about in front of us, not only to make life more bearable for ourselves, but to make the proper impression on others. The more inferior we feel, the more imposing our mask is likely to be. And the more imposing our mask, the harder it is to keep up appearances. That stands to reason, doesn't it? It is easier for a tall man to mask him-

self as a giant than it is for a small man to do so. The small man, who decks himself out in high heels, high hat, padded shoulders and the like, is always in greater danger of being discovered for what he really is, a fraud. And if he were discovered, his mask would be torn from him, he would lose "face," as we say, be discredited, and be compelled to admit his initial inferiority. And that would be a very intolerable situation for a little man who was posing as a giant, as you may well imagine.

Now, there are certain situations that come up in life which require every ounce of our ability and courage and training for their proper solution. We have to have our minds clear, our eyes bright, our hands ready for these critical situations. We have to act independently and courageously. We have to be willing to make compromises with the true facts. We have to judge our real ability. But most of all, we have to have enough self-esteem to see the problem through. What happens to the little man who is playing giant when one of these critical problems faces him?

You have already guessed what happens. The little man who is wearing the giant's mask—and, of course, you know I am giving you this simile just as a graphic description of every human being—is so encumbered by his mask paraphernalia that he has not his hands and mind free to work at his task. He is so busy keeping up his appearances that he cannot possibly mobilize enough energy to solve his problem. And, moreover, he is afraid that if he does tackle the problem, his mask will be disarranged. Some impudent bystander will see

through the whole camouflage and shout out, "Why, it isn't a giant at all, it's just a little man dressed up as a giant!" And that would be too terrible for the little man. And aren't we all, you and you and you and I, all little men trying to be giants? And aren't we all faced with critical situations? And aren't we all human enough to want to keep the mask up and run away from the decision or the act that would really test our personalities? That's why there is so much indecision and procrastination in the world!

Let me give you a good example of how these two human traits work. Our friend, the little man who is trying to be a giant, is standing on a street corner. A child is playing in the street. Suddenly the little man sees a runaway horse charging down the street at break-neck speed. Clearly, a critical situation that requires courage, self-confidence, independent thought and action. The little man's social feeling prompts him to save the child. But his mask interferes. He would lose all the accoutrements of being a giant if he dashed out into the street and attempted to save the child. Moreover, there is a great danger that he might be hurt in the process, or that he might be shown up as just a little man.

The poor little man is torn between the desire to do the right thing and the desire to keep up his mask. He cannot make a decision. But his mask demands that he make the *appearance* of activity, because, of course, a giant would stride out into the street and stop the runaway horse. So the little man shifts the burden from

his own inner self, and protests his inability to make a decision. He does not know whether to start out with his right foot or with his left foot. He see-saws from one foot to another. He shows signs of great agony on his face. He steps forward with the right foot, withdraws the right foot, starts with the left foot, begins all over again. He seems very busy—but nothing happens. In the meantime the runaway horse is careening down the street. The little man suffers more and more. Moral qualms nag at his heart, and yet the desire to keep up his mask is stronger than the desire to rescue the child.

The horse comes nearer and nearer, and the little man suffers more and more from his inability to make a decision. The horse swerves, and just misses the child. The danger is past because Fate or God made the decision for the little man who wants to play giant. What now? The little man breathes a sigh of relief. His moral sense is assuaged, because nothing has happened to the child. "I would have rescued the child!" the little man says to himself, and swells his breast with pride at his good intentions. His mask has been saved, and he has really risked nothing.

But suppose for an instant that the outcome had not been so happy. Suppose the horse had crushed the child in his mad dash. The little man, seeing the inevitable, would probably have rushed out into the street—too late. He would have shown his good intentions, and no one would have known that he wasted precious time dallying with the question of which foot to begin

the rescue work with. His conscience would again have been salved, his mask would not have been put askew. And you must remember that the little man is more interested in appearances than in reality.

This little fable of the little man unmasks indecision and procrastination for what they really are. These traits are like a crooked game of chance. The dealer cannot lose. Heads the little man wins, tails the little man wins. No matter what the outcome, indecision and procrastination enable human beings to maintain their masks, to let fate and God and nature make their decisions for them, to keep the name, and not to risk the dangerous game.

Perhaps this sounds as if I wanted to whitewash these two traits, as if I were to recommend them to you as valuable tools in solving the problems of life. No, my friends, this is not my purpose. Because the little man who wants to play giant is reckoning without his host. He can delude himself into the belief that he is a giant. He can fool some of his neighbors. But he cannot go on fooling nature. The saddest thing about indecision and procrastination is that they gradually sap the little man's ability to think and act for himself. He gets into the habit of thinking that he can go on putting off critical tests of his personality for all time. He cannot.

There are problems that must be faced, and the man or woman who has been making decisions and putting the shoulder to the wheel all along, is much better prepared for the critical situation when it happens to him

or her with all the dramatic suddenness of a flash of lightning. The little man who is so busy putting off until tomorrow what he should be doing today, the little woman who cannot make the most unimportant decision of everyday life, are both losing valuable time. Life slips away from them. They face the future with fear and trepidation. They realize that the day of reckoning is coming—and they are afraid. Then they have to seek an emergency exit in a nervous breakdown.

What do I recommend? I recommend solving every problem as it comes up. Get the habit of being defeated in little things. Get the habit of making mistakes. A mistaken solution, a wrong action is a thousand times better than no decision, no action at all. The person who does a thing wrong has learned something from life. The person who puts off life and its decisions, thinks he is saving his face. In reality he is only cheating himself.

CHAPTER XLVIII

ON BEING TOO AMBITIOUS

AMBITION is down in the moral copybook as a great virtue. Boys and girls are taught to be ambitious and urged to "get ahead." They read "success stories" of the Horatio Alger variety, and they dream about coming "up from the gutter." Their goal in life is to have a lot of money, own a yacht and a fleet of motor cars, have country houses with many servants, belong to the best clubs, and sometimes to hold high public office in order to receive the plaudits of the folks back home who will hasten to congratulate the boy or girl from the home town "who made good."

The desire to better oneself and one's position is certainly one of the springboards of life. If there were no chance to better ourselves, as is the case in India where a rigid caste system prevents any change for the better, the best thing we could do would be to sit down and contemplate our navels as some of the Indian holy men do today. We all start life as small and weak little children, and we all want to be something. And ambition is the emotional spur that drives us on to that goal. Without some ambition we would hardly be human. A person who is spinelessly content to remain what he finds himself is a moral coward. Man's weakness and his consequent ambition to do something about it are

responsible for many of the good things that we enjoy in this civilization. But human ambition is also the cause of much needless suffering and unhappiness.

Like most human traits, ambition is a double-edged sword. I want you to think about some of the disadvantages of being too ambitious. I want to let you look in on the psychological laboratory of life and see what happens to the people who are too ambitious. Because the ambition that is so largely praised often has its origins in a profound sense of inferiority. The people who want to make a big noise in the world are usually the people who, when they were children, were supposed to be seen and not heard. The people who are ambitious to make a great deal of money were either poor or socially outcast when they were young. The people who want the plaudits of the entire world are usually the spoiled darlings of their little family circle. Ask a man what his ambition is, and by reversing the picture, you can tell pretty well what his childhood was like.

The more inferior a child feels, the more unprepared for the tasks and activities of grown-up life, the more likely he is going to be ambitious, impatient, self-centered, isolated, and unfriendly. Because if a man has felt that in his childhood he was a worm, he is not going to be satisfied with being a good man—he will want to play God, and conquer the world. And if a girl was rejected and ugly and unloved in her childhood she is going to train herself in her adult life to be a vamp, and to make all men "fall for her." All these ambitions

would be very laudable and very fine if it were not for one important fact. And that is that we live in a co-operative world, in which we must all be good teammates and team-workers. We are all members of the huge chorus we call humanity. This team we call civilization and this chorus we call humanity must run in a well-ordered fashion, if it is to succeed.

Now imagine what would happen in a much smaller team if one member always wanted to make grand-stand plays, always wanted to carry the ball, always wanted to give the orders! Imagine what would happen to the chorus if one member always wanted to step out of line and get into the footlights ahead of everyone else! Imagine what would happen in a huge printing press if one cog or one lever always wanted to be "it." Well, that's just what happens with the people who are too ambitious. They are forever stepping on other people's toes, forever elbowing their way through crowds not caring whose ribs they are hurting in the process. They are forever getting out of line, wanting to be first.

If there were only one person in the world who had such an inferiority complex that he wanted to play God, it wouldn't be so bad. We would put him in some safe place, and keep the peace. But there are literally millions of them! They all want to get ahead, they all want to be first, and most powerful, and most beloved. And so the orderly team-work of civilization is spoiled and instead we have a mad scramble of competition. Instead of using our brains as God meant them to be used, to make this world a better place to live in, we

act like a mad horde of hungry wolves, each one out for what he can get, and no one averse to stealing the other fellow's bit or crushing the weaker members of the team to the ground.

What happens? The overly ambitious are always in hot water. People resent their egoistic strivings and their egoistic lack of cooperation. In self-defense normal people are forced to squelch their over-ambitious neighbors. They may get some of the prizes, but these over-ambitious ones certainly do not earn any of the love of their fellow men.

You see, while ambition is generally believed to be a virtue, it is in reality an egoistic vice, because it is all too seldom that anyone has the ambition to be the best teacher, the most useful member of a team, the most helpful of human beings. This type of ambition I not only have no quarrel with but it meets with my thorough approval. Only it is very rare. And be careful of the person who *says* he wants to be the most helpful person in the world. He is really out for some kind of saintly glory. He wants really to be unique, to be first, to be aggressive in his helpfulness. His real goal is just a masked egoism. The person whose innate ambition is to be helpful never wants to be *the most helpful*. Being helpful, being a good servant to one's fellow men is enough for a normal person. To be the *most* helpful, or rather to *want* to be the most helpful is already a sign of a false goal.

Over-weening ambition would be bad enough as a

human trait if it resulted only in friction and conflict and spoiled team-work. Ambition is usually just a nice word we use for the tactics of the jungle as applied to human behavior. Might makes right, say the tigers and the pythons and the killer elephants. They know no cooperation, and the devil takes the hindmost. Ambition, as I have said, spoils the team-work of civilization. But that is not its only evil after-effect. It kills those who are over-ambitious as well. Not only does over-ambition fail to gain its goal, the plaudits of one's fellowmen, but it ruins rather than makes the person who carries this trait in himself. Let me explain how this happens.

If you read the best and most modern psychological books on nervous breakdown and nervous and mental disease, you will find, as I have found in my experience with thousands of cases, that frustrated ambition is one of the prime causes of nervous breakdown. You see, every human being wants a certain amount of self-esteem and a certain amount of public esteem. We seek a "good name," a "reputation," a "sense of face." Now suppose for a moment that you had a terrific inferiority complex as a child, and your ambition was to compensate for this by having a million dollars by the time you were forty years old. Before long you would have found yourself in trouble with your fellow men. You would have earned their hate because you were so aggressive and self-centered in your search for power.

And now suppose, for one moment, that factors entirely beyond your control prevented your making that

million dollars. Like every other neurotic person (and overly-ambitious men and women are all neurotic without exception), you have lived according to the law of all or none. You have said to yourself all your life, "Either I'm a worm . . . or I'm going to be a millionaire!" This gives you a dreadful alternative. You have to go back on your ambition, or you have to admit to yourself that you are a complete failure in life. Of course this is not true—but you yourself have set the impossible conditions, and you must suffer for them. Fate prevents you from being a millionaire—and therefore you go down on the books as a hopeless failure.

Now no human being can admit to himself that he is a total failure. His first course is to retreat or to find an alibi. And that is the reason that so many very ambitious people have nervous breakdowns. A nervous breakdown is just a painful alibi for not making the success you had promised yourself. It helps you keep your self-esteem in the face of a terrific failure. When you have a nervous breakdown you point with regret to your inability and say, "I would have succeeded in my ambition, *if* I had not had a nervous breakdown!" And if the ambition is very high, and the failure very great, then the nervous breakdown that acts as an alibi must be a very painful and complete one.

And what happens then? The overly-ambitious individual is out of the team, and out of the chorus. And the team and the chorus not only have to do their cooperative work, but they have to take care of the wreckage of the overly-ambitious ones' lives. They have to

support them in sanitarium, and sometimes in prisons. And all too often they have to bury them, because if you are ambitious enough, and fail sufficiently, there is a great likelihood that suicide will *seem* your only way out. And here again the team and the chorus will have to take care of those you leave behind.

Don't be too ambitious. It breeds hate in your fellow men, and it ruins your health and your outlook on life. Over-ambition is usually the first step to nervous breakdown, often the first step to the oblivion of the sanitarium or the grave. If you must be ambitious, make yours the ambition to be a good servant, a good team-mate. There is no higher goal for human activity.

CHAPTER XLIX

HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY

"GROW old along with me, the best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made!" wrote the poet Robert Browning. His was a brave, realistic motto for those who want to grow old gracefully. If you are living a normal life in the present, you are making the best possible preparation for being happy though aged. The best preparation for old age is to live fully today. But one look at humanity will convince you that the vast majority of human beings are not growing old gracefully, but disgracefully, and, in this chapter, we want to explain why people have such strange superstitions about old age, why they struggle so much against growing up, and how these false techniques of life may be remedied.

There are just two types of people. Those who grow up facing the future, and those who grow up facing the past. The first group includes the fighting optimists and realists; the second type includes the discouraged, the pessimists, the neurotics, the lame-ducks of society and the incurable romanticists who want the moon served to them on a silver platter. If you belong to the second type, old age is a threatening horror, an implacable ghost that haunts and persecutes you day and night. If you belong to the second type, you must read

this chapter, because you are fighting a losing fight. *You must grow old!* It is one of those things that no human being can escape. Let's look the facts in the face and grow old gracefully!

For some people, youth is a happy time. In youth, we lean on our parents and relatives. We work, but our work is cut out for us by teachers, and if we fail, the worst thing that can happen is that we get a bad report card, an admonition from our teachers and parents to do better the next time. For many, youth is a time of irresponsible enjoyment. More than two-thirds of humanity is made up of spoiled, coddled, pampered and dependent children who have basked in the warm sunshine of their parents' over-solicitude throughout the paradise-like days of childhood. Poets and novelists write sentimental lyrics about the joys of being a child, and, for the most part, they are talking about the pleasures of being a pampered child.

Youth can be compared to a week-end in the country. Our host and hostess, our parents in the home of youth, outdo themselves to make us comfortable. Sometimes our parents have never enjoyed the privileges of youth themselves, and they want to re-live those pleasures in watching us enjoy ourselves at their expense. No care is put in our way. Hardly a responsibility, beyond the obligation of enjoying ourselves, is demanded of us. But week-ends in the country must have an ending, like all good things. We must pack our things and get back into the city to do our daily work, to make our contribution to the society that exists for our benefit.

If we have been spoiled enough, we do not make our good-byes very gracefully. We linger, and want to enjoy the pleasures of our country visit. We hesitate; we procrastinate; we hope that our hosts will invite us to remain with them. We hope and pray that we need not return to our daily work. Sometimes our hosts become restless. They have other things to do. Sometimes they have invited other guests to visit with them. We disarrange their lives. Sharp words are said, and finally we are almost brutally shown to the door. Even as we leave under protest, we do not put our faces toward the city and our work, but we walk backwards, dreamingly thinking of our charming week-end, waving farewells, dallying on the way to pick the last flowers. And, sometimes, we wait so long that we miss our train to the city, and find ourselves neither in the country, where other guests have taken our rooms, nor in the city at our work where we belong. We are in a panic. We are afraid we shall lose our jobs when we return late. Some of us weep; some of us rage; and all of us are afraid. And that is the situation of the people who are growing old *disgracefully*.

Now, youth is a very pleasant period. But, at best, it is a period of preparation. No one can remain a child forever, although a large portion of humanity spends its time acting as if childhood were more desirable than being grown up. To those who really grow up, youth is a much over-rated summer resort. True, it is very pleasant to dally in the irresponsible sunshine of a pampering mother, but can the thrill of being pampered

ever compare with the thrill of being independent and gaining the love and respect and admiration of the entire world by your own efforts and your own service to your fellows? True it is that the playtime of childhood is full of happy memories, but a child who plays all the time does not enjoy play nearly so much as the adult who relaxes and recreates himself after a good day's work. Who can compare the day dreams of childhood to the fulfilments of adult life? Who can compare the blissful ignorance of the child with the satisfying knowledge of the grown-up? Youth is full of frustrations, disappointments, fears. Adult life can be made rich with satisfactions, glorious with fulfilment, peaceful and secure in the possession of wisdom and sagacity.

Let us take a look at those who are growing old disgracefully, and see whether we cannot learn some lessons from their foolish conduct. In the first place, a great many women base their entire sense of self-esteem on their pretty faces, good complexions, slim figures, and childish gayety. They value their "sex appeal" as the only means they have of achieving significance. They believe that they must keep their youthfulness at all costs. And they refuse to develop any other human faculty which would be of more value to them in later life. Is there anything more tragic than a woman of fifty trying to be kittenish? Is there anything more ludicrous than a man of fifty-five cavorting about at a cabaret, trying to compete with college boys and girls?

Do not misunderstand me. I do not counsel you to

become stoggy and fat and dull and inelastic. Keep the elasticity of youth where it will do you the most good—in your mind. And let younger men and women do the hectic running around. Do not believe that I counsel you to relinquish the care of your body. The old man of today who has paid adequate attention to exercise, and maintained normal interest in his physical well-being, has often outstripped the youngster in his endurance and ability in sports. But, if you are sensible, you are going to begin to practice in middle age the sports and physical activities which are going to stand you in greatest stead later in life. Football may be a splendid game for youngsters, but golf is a far more sensible game for older men. If you are wise, you are going to interest yourself, while in youth and middle age, in the physical exercises that are going to be of most value to you in old age. And the same holds true with women. Ice-skating, horseback riding and, above all, walking are sports that require skill rather than brute strength, and the cultivation of these in youth will pay handsome dividends in our later decades.

A great many men and women, finding themselves growing old, and feeling that their hold on life is slipping, acquire various neurotic traits whereby they enslave the younger men and women in their environment. That is why we see so many women who were very beautiful in their youth, becoming hypochondriacal neurasthenics in old age. Since they can no longer demand attention because of their beauty, they tyrannize their environment by being sick. There is no bet-

ter way to spend a crabbed old age, being hated by everyone, than to follow this technique of life. Others, becoming grandmothers and grandfathers, proceed to pamper and spoil their grandchildren, as if they could demonstrate to their own children that they still held some significance. Of course, this is a vicious form of being important, because the poor grandchildren suffer a warped mind and a distorted and neurotic development because of the over-solicitude of the grandparents.

Every human being who grows up ought to arrange his life in such a way that he or she is completely independent of his or her family during old age. And by this, I mean not only financial independence, which is desirable enough where it can be gained, but more especially emotional and intellectual independence. If you have spent a useful life, and have worked hard, there is no disgrace in accepting the care and help of your children in old age. But, if you are not only financially dependent, but also emotionally dependent, you will make your life very unpleasant. No dutiful son or daughter resents supporting an aged parent who needs financial help, if that aged parent can take care of himself emotionally, find his own friends, keep his own interests, occupy his own time and, above all, not meddle in the affairs and interests of the children who are supporting him.

Growing old gracefully is a form of good manners and an index of normality. Since we cannot escape old age, let us take it with a sense of humor, and make the best of it. Old age has many advantages. When we are

old, we are freed from the storm and stress of sexual adjustment. We enter into the beautiful contemplative period of life in which we re-valuate our experiences. This is the time when we are really best suited for study and the enjoyment of the arts, of literature, of philosophy, of politics, of civic activity. We have more and more time at our disposal, more and more blessed leisure from the bald necessities of gaining a living. This is the time in which we can enjoy the hobbies which we have created in our youth. We can read the glorious books that we neglected during the active period of life. At this period too friendships bear their greatest dividends. The fine art of conversation can be cultivated. And being no longer in the whirling currents of the main stream of life, we can rest in the quieter waters, and enjoy the magnificent drama of human life passing before our eyes.

Let everyone, therefore, who would enjoy life, learn to grow old gracefully. Be a realist and admit that, with age, you cannot compete with youth in strength. You can, however, enjoy your better judgment and sagacity. Do not try to recapture the adolescent thrill of sex, but enjoy the quiet of sexual maturity by developing to the full your friendship and social contacts. Maintain the health of the body to the best of your ability, but realize that the mind grows old more slowly than the body, and enjoy the full flower of thought and contemplation. Declare your emotional independence of your family, and find significance in the larger circles of society. Cultivate hobbies and avocations. Since we

must grow old, let us enjoy old age instead of suffering it, and by the dignity and poise of our years give an example and an incentive to those who are still struggling up the ladder to old age.

CHAPTER L

DON'T BE A QUITTER

If you had been born with music in your soul and had devoted ten years to perfecting yourself on the piano and pipe organ as mediums through which to express your musical emotions; if, after averaging from three to four hours per day on concentrated practice, you had reached the point where you were a recognized artist in your field; if, after having earned your way through college with your musical talents, and having chosen surgery as your vocation, you were rapidly completing your preparation in this field and eagerly looking forward to the opportunity of serving your fellowmen with a wonderful avocation, such as music affords, then suddenly you awakened to find that you had been in an automobile smash-up and that your hands were rendered useless both for surgery and music—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

If, in addition to being blessed with musical abilities, Nature had also been kind enough to endow you with oratorical powers and, having met with the tragic loss of your hands, rendering impossible a career either of surgery or music, you worked night and day to perfect yourself as a lecturer and educator and, after years of intensive training and study, you had reached a point where your services were in great demand at a high sal-

ary; if, at this critical point your appendix burst, miles and miles from the nearest physician, and you found yourself compelled to lie for eleven months in a hospital, fighting a battle against peritonitis, losing more than one-third of your weight and being compelled to spend many more months in recuperation before you could possibly expect to do any active work—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Neither of these questions is hypothetical. Both are based on actual experience through which the writer was compelled to pass, and he had to answer those questions for himself.

Congenitally endowed with something of that never-say-die tenacity which characterizes the bulldog, in neither of these instances did the thought of "Quitting" enter my mind. I admit that I was disappointed on both occasions, keenly so. I admit, too, that in both instances I felt very much as a man would feel who had invested his all in a factory and, when everything was in readiness to initiate operations, before any insurance had been taken out against possible loss, was called out of bed in the dead of night to watch everything that he possessed in the world reduced to ashes by the consuming flames of a midnight fire!

But I knew that self-pity would avail me nothing and, on both these occasions, I believe I was materially helped by something that happened when I was a boy. For, when I was only a chit of a lad, my mother was stricken with typhoid fever, then pneumonia, typhoid

pneumonia, and brain fever. The medical records of Louisville, Kentucky, will show that my mother went through one of the longest sieges of unconsciousness in the annals of medical history. Weeks, months went by and, although I would go daily to my mother's bedside and in my childish way plead with her to recognize me, I was always met with the same glassy stare. Only those who have gone through similar conditions can realize with what a heavy-laden heart I dragged my weary limbs away from my mother's bed, day after day. One night, there were several doctors present, for they had about despaired of mother's life. I could not sleep and so, because I was the oldest child, my father allowed me to stay up with him. Shortly before midnight, our own family physician came into the room where father and I were seated, and father rose to greet him. The doctor laid his arm across my father's shoulder and, calling him by his first name, said, "Francis, you might as well make up your mind to face the facts. I do not think that Dolly can last till morning." When I heard that tragic pronouncement from the lips of our doctor—my mother could not live till morning—I gave vent to my agony in a scream, and dropped on my knees at my father's feet, and throwing my arms around his ankles, I buried my face between his feet as my little body shook with uncontrollable sobs. Instantly, my father reached down and caught me under the armpits, raising me to my feet. Then he gripped my shoulders to steady me. I tried to lean forward toward him with my head dropped down against my chest. But father reached down under my chin with his right hand and, with a

good firm grip not only raised my head until my eyes, through tears, were forced to meet his, but, holding my lower jaw firmly grasped in his big hand, father looked me squarely in the eyes and said, "Son, this is one of those things *we men* have to take standing up."

All during my boyhood, father had many times tried to teach me lessons of life through the infliction of bodily punishment, but I can emphatically say that never did he teach me any lesson so constructive, so beneficial, as he did on that night when we were despairing of my mother's life, and father had to summon every ounce of nerve-force at his command in order to courageously admonish his boy to meet this calamity with his chin up.

It was thirteen years from that time when I stood in the office of Dr. Sharpless and heard him say, "Son, I am sorry, but you will never have the use of your hands." Instead of thinking back over the years that I had spent in preparing myself for two careers that now were both suddenly closed to me, my mind flashed back in retrospect to that sitting room in Louisville and, as I looked at Dr. Sharpless through tears that I could not hold back, there rang in my ears the echo of my father's voice: "Son, this is one of those things *we men* have to take standing up."

In the almost a quarter of a century which has elapsed, since I was compelled to pronounce a benediction on my aspirations, I have met many men and women, boys and girls who have come to me for the purpose of pour-

ing out their tragic tales of woe, and oh, how many times have I heard them say, "It's no use, I'm ready to quit." But truth is—YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO QUIT!

Certainly, I will grant you that you can lie down on the job, and whimper, and whine, and curse the Fates that refuse to give you a "break"; I will concede, too, that you can absolutely refuse to accept the bitter experiences in the "University of Hard Knocks" as stepping stones upon which to climb in the process of your physical, mental and spiritual education; but just remember this: Society can use a boy or a girl, a man or a woman who is down but not out, while the whole world hates a quitter.

If you feel that your lot is harder and that life is hardly worth the living, will you bear with me just a moment while I relate briefly the story of a girl that I knew?

Her name was Jennie Cassidy. She lived not far away from us in Louisville, Kentucky, when I was a child. As a young girl, she was stricken with a spinal affliction which made every wakeful hour an eternity of pain for her. To even move her caused her many times to lose consciousness because of excruciating agony.

But even in this pitiful condition, Jennie was unwilling to lose contact with the world. And so each day, her mother would read to her the current events, particularly local ones, from the daily newspapers.

One day, Mrs. Cassidy read an editorial dealing with

the pitiful conditions of many of the women, during the summer months, compelled to spend ten hours a day in the "sweat shops" trying to wrest a living for their little families at home. After hearing the article, Jennie, forgetful of her own suffering, said, "Mother, you know what I would like to do? I can't enjoy life like other boys and girls, but I must do something. I would like to establish a place out in the country where these tired women could go and spend a couple of weeks or so resting, and still see that they got their pay."

Never failing to do Jennie's slightest bidding, her mother hastened to put Jennie's thought into action. And so it was that very summer that the first "Jennie Cassidy Mission" was established just a few miles from Louisville out in the beautiful country side. Quarters were limited and only a few women could be accommodated that year, but, during the time intervening from the close of that summer until the beginning of the next, many cottages and dormitories were added, with the result that the second summer several thousand women were enabled to leave their sweat shops behind and enjoy two weeks of paradise because a little girl who was down but not out, despite her own agonies, had time for constructive thought for others.

The third summer, Jennie heard so many wonderful stories about her mission and was receiving so many beautiful letters of thanks from this group of "forgotten women" that she called her mother to her side and said, "Mother, I must go out and see my mission." Her mother tried to dissuade her, and so did her doctor.

But she was determined to go. They told her of the pain she would suffer from having to be moved that great distance, for, remember, there were no automobiles at that time, but Jennie said, "I don't care. I must go." The editors of the local newspapers, having printed reams of eulogies about what Jennie was doing for the down-trodden women of the city, when they heard of her desire to make the trip to her mission, heralded her courage and her altruism across the front pages of the press. Reading the story, the president of the local street railway called Mr. Cassidy and offered to furnish a special car from the corner nearest the Cassidy home to the railway station; officials of one of the railroads offered a special engine and a special car to transport her to the little station where her mission was located; four young men volunteered their services to act as litter bearers and to hold her throughout the length of the journey in order to minimize the necessary jarring and jolting of the railway journey.

And so it was that Jennie Cassidy made her trip to the mission which her thoughtfulness had made possible. Although her visit made her extremely happy, it proved too much for her endurance, with the result that this trip cost Jennie her life.

The City of Louisville, metropolis of Kentucky, has seen the passing of some of the greatest men of the South, and people have turned out in throngs to follow the remains of one of their notables to beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery. But ask any of the old-timers from Louisville what is the longest funeral procession the city

has ever known, and what funeral attracted the greatest state-wide attention, and I will guarantee you that the answer will be "Little Jennie Cassidy's."

And the Jennie Cassidy Mission still exists, a monument to one who had every reason to "quit," but did not know the meaning of the word.

If, My Friend, you cannot learn a lesson from Jennie Cassidy, then truly all I can say is, "I am sorry for you." But I sincerely hope that at least in some to whom this little story may present itself, a new incentive may be born, a new ambition resurrected. What others have done, you can do. So, no matter how great the temptation, DON'T BE A QUITTER!





