

1941

# YOUR PERSONALITY

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HOW TO MAKE OVER YOUR PERSONALITY  
by A. D. Mueller

IF YOU WANT LOVE, SAY SO  
by William Moulton Marston

STOP FEELING INFERIOR  
by Donald A. Laird, Sc.D.

WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK?  
by Allan B. Chalfant

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR PERSONAL FAULTS  
by Sonia Lee

TEST YOUR EMOTIONAL BALANCE  
by Edna B. Smith

HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR SPECIAL GENIUS

TESTS ABOUT YOU  
BY NOTED AUTHORITIES

LOVE IN MIDDLE LIFE — DR. LOUIS BISCH

# Your Personality

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# YOUR PERSONALITY

## How to Make Over Your Personality

Practice this 10-point program consistently and you can work wonders with the self you have to live with

by A. D. MUELLER, Ph.D.

**A**RE YOU satisfied with the *self* you are now living with? If your answer to that question is yes, skip this article. It is not meant for you.

If, however, you belong to the big majority of persons who believe in self-improvement, who are not quite satisfied with the self they are now living with, you will be interested in a technique for remaking your personality.

"But," do I hear you say, "can it be done?"

The fatalist or the rabid eugenicist perhaps has told you that it cannot be done; that personality is inborn, fixed, predetermined.

As one who is engaged in the practice of clinical psychology and who daily meets problems of personality adjustment, my answer

to such views is, "If environment and training cannot and do not produce changes in personality, then all education, all corrective measures, and all psychotherapy must be useless."

Even the most extreme of the hereditarians will not be ready to grant this. Even he will concede that personality is the result of an interaction of heredity and environment.

It will help to clear up matters if we will get a simple understanding of what is meant by this thing called "personality." Your personality consists of a combination of all your responses to the situations of life — your habits, your ideals, your attitudes, your purposes, your impulses. We may say that it consists of all your traits.

You will see at once, therefore, that environment and training — training, of course, is part of environment — play a tremendous part in making personality. And, naturally, if they can *make* personality, they can also *remake* it.

Your personality is the product of years of experience. Every psychologist will tell you of the importance of proper childhood training in the making of a good personality. Yes, it is much easier to make a good personality, starting from scratch, than it is to remake one that has been warped for years. But, nevertheless, *it can be done*.

How does one go about making over one's personality? No blanket prescription can be given that will correct all types of personality troubles, but if these suggestions are given a fair trial you cannot help but be pleased with the new self you have made of your old self.

### 1. *Take stock of your liabilities.*

Without becoming too introspective about it, give yourself an honest check-up to discover traits that are personality liabilities. Often we are not aware of undesirable or objectionable traits or habits. Here are a number of samples: impatience, irritability, quick-temperedness, brusqueness, discourtesy, snobbishness, selfishness, timidity, fear, over-aggressiveness, carelessness, envy, jealousy, hatred, anger, and so on.

Discovery and admission of shortcomings is the first step in remaking your personality.

Beware of the person who feels called upon to tell you your faults. Usually he is anything but helpful. His motive, if carefully analyzed, will generally be found to be, either conscious or subconscious, envy, jealousy, hatred, or some form of competition, or a desire to "take you down a peg."

2. *Select your pet liability and determine to root it out.* Often we find an otherwise splendid personality greatly handicapped by one or two unpleasant traits. You hear it said, "If So-and-So only would control his temper what a fine fellow he would be. But as it is he always manages to make himself very unpopular."

Your particular pet liability may not be a bad temper; but whatever it is, it is keeping you from having the personality you want. Determine to root out that bad trait or habit. You can conquer it by keeping at it persistently.

3. *Take a sensible attitude toward your deficiencies.* This rule applies equally to physical and psychological deficiencies. If they are correctable, correct them; if not, make the adaptations required to live with them.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick relates an experience (November,

1940, YOUR LIFE) told by Dr. Alfred Adler of two men who on the same day had their right arms amputated. Two years later both men happened to visit Dr. Adler about the same time. One said, "Dr. Adler, I am helpless without my right arm. I cannot work; marriage is out of the question for me; I am a log of wood — not a man!" The second man said, "Dr. Adler, I find I can get on beautifully without that right arm. I have a better job than before I lost it. I am married and have a fine boy! I sometimes ask myself why nature provides us with two arms when one suffices!"

Rarely is the deficiency the handicap; it is the attitude we take toward it that constitutes the handicap.

I know a young woman who has a seriously deformed lower limb. Does she permit this handicap to mar her personality? Not this young woman. In spite of this real handicap she has developed such grace and charm that she is easily the most popular person in her community. No one is conscious of her handicap, and least of all, she herself.

4. *Cultivate positive traits and attitudes.* Think positively, act positively, and live positively. Resolutely avoid all that is negative. Avoid being too self-analytical. Self-depreciation, self-abasement, shyness, timidity, and all

feelings of inferiority must be avoided. Positive thinking will force them into the background. Finally they will disappear altogether.

5. *Avoid self-pity and the bid for notice.* These are both insidious enemies to the charming and wholesome personality. So-called "nerves," or "nervousness," or "neuroses" are regressions to infancy. The nervous person becomes a child again. He weeps, wants to be waited on, throws off responsibility or shifts it to another, wants to be in the middle of the picture either literally or in fancy, has increasing fears, or shows his infantilism in dozens of similar ways.

There are better ways than these for satisfying the ego; ways that will make you a much more attractive personality. But these ways all lie in the direction of *thinking less of self and more of the other fellow.*

Self-forgetfulness, losing ourselves in complete extroversion, being a "giver" instead of a "getter" all make us grow in the merit that attracts others to us. Those who have the habit of giving do not need to worry about their inferiority complexes. By practicing the Master's teaching, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," nervousness and inferiority disappear, and charm and personality emerge.

**6.** *Get rid of false beliefs and prejudices.* Many haunting fears, anxieties, worries, and depressions are due to conscious or unconscious harboring of painful memories. Some of these are real and some fancied. Root these out. Somebody has said, "It takes a really great soul to yield up prejudices gladly; but that soul is the gainer thereby."

**7.** *Do not permit past failures and defeats to live with you.* Do not talk over nor think over your failures and defeats. Remember that nature has endowed you with the ability to forget. Make use of that ability. Embark upon a program of *thought control*. When you catch yourself thinking of failure or defeat, or any other kind of negative thinking, switch your thoughts to pleasant matters, to successful experiences you have had, to constructive planning for the future, and to courageous thinking; remembering always that *you are not defeated until you, yourself say that you are.*

"Nature glosses over our failures with the brush of forgetfulness," says one writer. "She is the original white-wash artist."

**8.** *Adopt a sensible, hygienic mode of living.* Good, robust health is the best single guarantee of a good personality. Rest, sleep, diet, relaxation, exercise, fresh air, are the greatest foes of irritability,

worry, anxiety, grouchiness, and similar bad personality traits.

Dr. Josephine Jackson says, "Goodness, patience, aspiration, courage, initiative, ambition all are in large measure dependent on the state of a man's chemistry rather than that elusive thing called spirit. . . . Right food, right emotions, and right insight will keep the soul and body at the right chemical equilibrium."

**9.** *Insight and re-education are the two great methods of rebuilding personality.* We are truly bundles of habits — physical, mental, emotional, moral. Overcoming or eliminating bad habits and forming new and desirable ones constitutes the process of re-education, which is the crux of all psychotherapy. Insight, or understanding, helps us to embark on a rational program of re-education and helps us to direct our energies in the right channels. Scientific re-education is always preceded by intelligent insight. It is not a hit-or-miss, chance matter, like the Indian doctor's method used on the man to cure a superficial cancer.

A man presented himself to the Indian doctor and asked if he could cure the sore on his face. The Indian replied, "Yes, I cure you in two weeks if you let me tie you and blindfold you." The man had some misgivings about the proposition, but agreed to it.

The Indian tied him so he could not move. Then with a red hot poker he burned out the cancer, disregarding the shrieks and groans of the patient. He then dressed the wound and released the patient. Asked why he treated him so inhumanly, the Indian replied, "You come to me with sore. I don't know what it is. Can't cure it. Now it's only a burn, and I can cure a burn."

Today scientific psychology is able and ready to apply the laws of mental life in the interest of better mental health and in the development of a better and more wholesome personality.

**10.** *The wholesome personality depends upon four great outlets in life — work, love, play, and worship.* Years ago Dr. Richard C. Cabot wrote a famous book entitled *What Men Live By*, which has helped many to gain a proper perspective of life and to develop a well-rounded, balanced, and wholesome personality. Men live by work, love, play, and worship.

Without satisfying *work* no one can be happy. Nothing can quite equal the satisfaction of a task well done. Work releases physical and mental energies which lead one into the world of spiritual satisfaction which makes for that "peace which passeth understanding."

*Love* in its true and noblest sense is, as Dr. Worcester has expressed

it, "an embodiment of the best we have to offer — fidelity, kindness, tenderness, gratitude, faith, reverence, all the noblest treasures of the soul." Love is not an affair of the senses, it is a sentiment of the soul. If you wish to know the real meaning of love and its value in personality building re-read Chapter 13 of I Corinthians. To practice even a small part of what is contained in this chapter will do wonders in rebuilding a warped personality.

**S**HOW me a man who knows how to *play* and you show me a man who sees life whole, who can meet the vicissitudes of life squarely, and who will remain young even as time quietly steals up on him.

The healing power of play, usually in the form of an abiding hobby, is well known to all who are engaged in helping the weary and sick of heart to regain a normal interest in life. As a "shock absorber" against the hard knocks of life, play will always take a place of first importance. As it is one of nature's great preparations for life, so play is also one of her great healing agencies.

Let us not forget God in our search for happiness and for the pleasing personality. "Worship," says Dr. Cabot, "is the most searching, inclusive and profound activity possible for the individual, since it reaches to the depths of

personality and frees its most powerful motives."

The secret in overcoming fear lies in *worship*. The clinical psychologist, David Seabury, in a recent book, *How Jesus Heals Our Minds Today*, says, "In trust and confidence is the spirit of worship, and of all gifts to man none has such power to overcome fear. . . . In worship are courage and faith that banish fear."

Dr. C. G. Jung, the renowned medico-psychologist who gave us the personality classification of *introverts* and *extroverts*, made the significant statement that among all his mental and nervous patients thirty-five years of age or over there was not one whose problem was not that of finding a religious outlook on life.

Dr. Alfred Adler who was the originator of the phrase "inferiority complex," attributed all human failure to inability to grasp the fact that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

**W**ILLIAM JAMES, our great American psychologist, expressed the value of worship as a therapeutic agency when he said that many a human burden is lifted by carrying it to God.

Many clinical psychologists who daily come in contact with problems of discouragement, worry, fear, anxiety, bewilderment, regret, remorse, and often despair, find that the truly religious spirit,

as exemplified by the Sermon on the Mount, is the best preventive for the maladies of the soul and the most wonderful means of curing them.

Yes, you can remake your personality, and you can regain mental poise and equilibrium. Thousands of others have done it before you. The job is not so formidable as it may seem.

**Y**OU MAY say, "Oh, yes, I believe what you say may work with some people, but I know it will not work for me for I have tried it."

Let me ask you how long you have tried it? Two or three weeks, perhaps. Then let me also ask, "How long have you been practicing your bad personality traits?" You must admit that you have been at it for years. Why, then, do you expect to rid yourself of bad habits and traits in so short a time as two or three weeks?

If you will stick to your program of re-education conscientiously for even six weeks you will begin to see definite signs of change in yourself. This will give you confidence and courage to continue your program. From then on you will be on the high road to becoming the personality you wish to be. *The Self You Have To Live With* (the title of that splendid book by Winfred Rhoades which you should read by all means) will be changed to *The Self You Want To Live With*.

# ARE YOU GROWN UP?

by PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.

**Directions for Scoring:** After each of the following ten questions you will find a set of five scoring figures, 0 1 2 3 4. Circle the figure which represents your answer to each question on this basis:

- 0 means "not at all," "never."  
1 means "somewhat," "sometimes," "a little."  
2 means "an average amount," "about as often as not."  
3 means "usually," "a good deal," "frequently."  
4 means "entirely," "practically always."

- 
1. You are genuinely grateful to anyone who points out a mistake that you have made. . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  2. You keep your temper under control. . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  3. You have "sales resistance" and can not be persuaded into action by emotional appeals, but only by your judgment. . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  4. Your decisions are clear-cut; if you stick to a job you do so without regret; if you give up a plan you do so entirely without brooding over it or resentfully hanging on to it. 0 1 2 3 4
  5. You deal with the other sex on a basis of complete equality. . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  6. You accept the consequences of your actions fully, not attempting to evade responsibility or to alibi yourself. . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  7. You are not upset or distracted when obliged to face a new situation or reorganize an old one to which you have become accustomed. . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  8. When facing a problem, your first thought is to solve it for yourself instead of turning to someone else to help you. . 0 1 2 3 4
  9. You make your plans, not for immediate personal satisfaction, but for the greatest possible long-time satisfaction of all concerned. . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
  10. When you suffer an injustice, you do not cherish a desire to "get even." . . . . . 0 1 2 3 4
- 

Add up the circled figures. If your score is 40, you are perfect (perhaps a perfect liar!). Probably few persons can justly claim a score of more than 30. If you are very low on any point, take that as a cue to improve your behavior on that point.

# Stop Feeling Inferior

If you lack confidence, here are ways to snap out of it by turning the spotlight on your individual talents

by DONALD A. LAIRD, Sc.D.

Author of "How to Increase Your Brain Power"

ONE OF the most prevalent mental maladies is a feeling of inferiority. And mental malady this condition is, mild though it may be, for it saps life of its zest, undermines confidence and hinders accomplishment. Fortunately, this malady usually stays put — it does not progressively become worse. But just staying put is often handicap enough.

In the past few years science has made tremendous progress in discovering the causes of this unfortunate feeling, and more recently, in finding how to overcome it. While our knowledge of what to do about feelings of inferiority is a modern accomplishment, the feelings themselves have been shown by innumerable individuals through all history.

Amiel, the fa-

mous Swiss writer, was plagued by convictions of inferiority all his life. King Louis XIV of France, despite his interesting friendship with Mme. de Pompadour, was so timid and shy that he was embarrassed in speaking to persons he had known for years. The Austrian princess, Maria Louise, second wife of Napoleon, was so afflicted with feelings of inferiority on formal occasions that her awkwardness was extremely noticeable to those around the court.

Prince Henry of Prussia, whose flirtations with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt were an international topic for gossipers, was made stiff and shy on most occasions by feelings of inferiority. Thomas Carlyle, Scottish historian, Jay Gould, the financier, Madame

## Who Feels Inferior?

THREE out of four have it — feelings of inferiority, inadequacy, insecurity — according to a survey made among college students by Dr. Smiley Blanton. It is not at all necessary to *keep on* feeling inferior, if the suggestions presented in this article are adopted. But it may be comforting to know that among the distinguished persons oppressed by convictions of inferiority were:

Louis XIV

O. O. McIntyre

Thomas Carlyle

Jay Gould

Lewis Carroll (Charles L.

Dodgson)

Marcel Proust

Mark Twain

Charles Darwin

Elizabeth of France, Charles Darwin, the naturalist, Marcel Proust, the writer, Samuel Crompton, inventor of modern cotton spinning machinery, Mark Twain, the humorist, and dozens, yes, hundreds and thousands of others.

SO ANYONE annoyed by feelings of inferiority has the comfort that he is in the company of distinguished persons — but this consolation may not make life any more enjoyable for him.

Dr. Smiley Blanton, as a result of surveys among great numbers of students at different colleges, tells his scientific confrères that three-fourths of college students have "feelings of inadequacy, insecurity, or inferiority." And for feelings strictly of inferiority, Professor Harry W. Hepner discovered in an analysis of 1,000 college students, equally divided between men and women, that in one out of every five their most difficult tendency to control was that of feeling inferior.

Scientists now know that people are not born with feelings of inferiority. These zest-thieving feelings are inflicted upon folk by experiences they go through, usually early in life.

Dr. Ira S. Wile has reported some interesting, but pathetic, instances which show how these feelings are thrust upon small children. There was six-year-old Clarence, whose relatives brought

him to the doctor because they thought his mentality was retarded.

Clarence had four brothers and sisters, all older. But rather than being the spoiled baby of the family, he was the butt of jibes and taunts because he could not read and write. And poor little Clarence gradually became convinced that his brothers and sisters were right.

When Dr. Wile first saw Clarence, the lad "stood with head cast down and eyes averted, unresponsive, self-contained, without any change of expression or any exhibition of curiosity in new surroundings." Dr. Wile continues, "In Clarence's presence his mother gave the information that he was stupid, did not play with other children and rarely spoke at home. When she tried to force the boy to approach me he held back with determined resolution. When, however, she was told to leave him alone and allow him to come of his own accord, he slowly and suspiciously approached until finally he could be helped onto my lap.

"After many gentle methods had been tried, he admitted that he liked dogs, and a book about them was promised him. A gleam of almost friendly doubt appeared in his eyes for a moment, and then died out. But it came again a moment later when his mother was told that he was a fine little fellow."

Tests showed that his intelli-

gence was superior — he was not at all the dumbbell his brothers called him, or that his unhappy feelings of inferiority suggested. Instead of treating the patient, the psychiatrist gave the medicine to the family and within a fortnight Clarence was a normal, happy boy.

**I**N OTHER instances it is the schoolteacher, or school work, which needs to be treated.

Paul was a sixteen-year-old boy of normal brain power, who was doing poorly in his school work, lied on the least provocation, and was decidedly unhappy. He had been adopted by a wealthy family who had given him every material advantage and who were genuinely fond of the boy. But they wanted him to take classical courses at high school, while Paul was interested chiefly in the shop and practical courses. So long as he was taking work that did not interest him he did poorly, and his feelings of inferiority grew inward.

Psychiatrists wrought a miracle in his feelings of inferiority by the simple procedure of having his foster parents let him take the shop courses which were of great interest to him, and in which he excelled and was soon able to gain the confidence which comes from being able to support oneself.

Feelings of inferiority start in just such simple ways as those. When they are caught in an early

stage of development they are as easily cured. More difficult to cure are the majority of instances where they have been long established and the original cause is buried in the limbo of years before.

Some folk think they can get over their feelings of inferiority by wearing loud clothes, flashy jewelry, or driving a sporty automobile. But it is the unanimous verdict of specialists that this is merely going from bad to worse. Others become cocksure and dogmatic, and this is a bad way out.

Still others become overly sensitive, touchy on certain topics which bear, in one way or another, on their feelings of inferiority, and this, too, is no way out.

**W**HEN THE feeling of inferiority has been established a long time, and the original cause, such as Clarence's teasing or Paul's taking the wrong school courses, has faded deep into the background beyond help, the afflicted individual can still overcome this continuing handicap by developing intentionally certain attitudes toward himself and toward life in general.

Dr. A. A. Roback, the Boston psychologist, has found that one of the most successful ways for an adult to conquer the feeling of inferiority is to *discover what he can do best, and then do it*. He gains the renewed confidence which comes

from doing something better than the average person is able to.

Picking the flaws, the weaknesses, in other people he also finds is a help; when the inferiority-afflicted person does this he discovers that there are so many other folk who have serious weaknesses that, by comparison, he is much better, after all. The inferiority attitude becomes ingrowing when the person compares himself with only a few exceptionally accomplished people; but when he sizes himself up against the average run of men and women, then he discovers that he is not so badly off as he feared.

**A**LONG similar lines, emeritus-professor William H. Burnham of Clark University urges teachers to help their pupils discover what they can do best, and to give them opportunity to do this. "Here," he tells them, "is the nucleus of individual personality that may perhaps be called a spark of genius, because *most individuals have at least the germ of some unique personality gift*, something at least that marks the individual off from his companions as different and which renders some development possible which is distinctly and essentially individual."

Inferiority is not a fact — it is a condition of mind. The person who continually looks at his own weak points magnifies his feelings of inferiority. *The proper antidote*

*for this is to look at the weak points of others for a change, and — above all else — to spend more time in thinking about our own strong points.*

**S**PECIALISTS have found that a common cause of feelings of inferiority is too much ambition. Parents want their young children to grow up to be rich men, prominent surgeons, grand opera singers, perhaps even President of the United States.

Since it is impossible for most children to reach these heights, they carry through life a feeling of not being as good as their parents expected them to be. They acquire — unless they cure it themselves — a warped sense of values. Practically every grownup who is bothered by these feelings of inferiority is at heart overly ambitious, wants to be a bigger light in the world than the eyes of the world can stand.

It is good mental hygiene for the person bothered by feelings of inferiority to take some time out and *get his thinking set straight on his ambitions*. Perspective, getting the right focus on the opportunities offered by the world and on one's own strong points, will help the adult vastly in turning a feeling of inferiority into zestful living.

Here are some other crisp pointers for the person trying to overcome feelings of inferiority, taken from my book *More Zest for Life*:

The really happy people are those who do not expect too much from life, who have hobbies, and a reasonable ambition, and who recognize that it is human to have one's ups and downs.

Recall the pleasant things of the past rather than worry about the future.

Be grateful for the few weak points that can spur you on.

Value yourself more and things less to restore perspective.

Many "timid" folks are ordinary people who do not realize it.

Think of yourself as lacking all timidity and remember how incompetent others are.

Grownups may still be small boys nursing the wounds of childhood.

Wanting to be the big boss is hard on zest and our associates.

Many of the frets which give people feelings of inferiority can be directly removed, and should be as soon as possible.

The person sensitive about his strength should take classes in a

gymnasium. The woman worried about her education should get some books from the public library and make a university out of her easy reading chair. The woman bothered by her appearance should get some help in selecting the clothes which make her look tops. The man worried because he does not know many people should visit his friends more.

**T**O SIT home and stew about real or imagined weaknesses does not help in the least. Many of the weaknesses, once perspective is applied to them, are not worth worrying about, and those meriting genuine concern can either be overcome or some accomplishment can be developed which will overshadow them into insignificance.

And above all else, the specialists command, don't envy someone else, don't try to be like someone else — *be yourself* and then you have real distinction.

### Case History with a Point

*M*ISS A is 37 years of age. She had two years of high schooling. She learned to typewrite in a business school. Though she has had 19 years of experience as a typist, her speed is just average. She has done nothing to complete her high school education. Although three of the firms for whom she has worked are users of dictating machines, she was never interested enough in increasing her value to her employer to learn to use these machines. She has never tried to cut a stencil, though in her last place of employment a large part of the work done in the department in which she was engaged was stencil work. She has never done any filing and has no idea what systems were used by her past employers. *Had she made an effort to grow on the job*, she might have been placeable, for I had a position calling for a woman over thirty years of age, who had had experience in dictating machine and stencil work.

— MARIE RADKE, Employment Counselor

## Test Your Inferiority Tendencies

Answer each item. When in doubt, answer "Yes."

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>		<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
Do you smile or feel pleased when you notice someone else making a mistake in grammar or etiquette? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you dislike to be with people who wear shabby clothes? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you inclined to be bossy or officious to shoe shiners, conductors, filling station attendants, and such? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Would you dislike living with an anarchist or with a bolshevist? ..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you enjoy talking about the private lives of well-known people? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Would you be willing to share your home with a person of another color? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you have a preference for movies, plays, and stories of high society? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you try to be around people who have more money or prestige than you have? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you try to get on friendly terms with the boss, policemen or other officials? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Would you dislike living with a "bohemian" person of broad or loose morals? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you cautious and slow in getting acquainted with people who are not "big shots"? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Would you dislike being seen in a rattletrap auto? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you discard clothes not yet through with their usefulness in order to get more stylish clothes? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you feel uneasy around people of a different religion than yours? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you give more attention to the appearance of your automobile or watch or other possessions than you do to their mechanical care? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you like to be with people who have more education than you have? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
			Do you dislike being seen with "queer" or "unusual" people? ..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
			Do you follow the etiquette books closely? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
			Are there some people with whom you went to school, but whom you avoid now? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
			Do you like to tell about various places you have been? .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Feelings of inferiority often manifest themselves in snobbishness; people become snobbish, as a rule, because they are inwardly dissatisfied with themselves and mistakenly try to boost themselves by belittling others. This test is designed to reveal inferiority tendencies; six "Yes" answers indicate average snobbishness, or average feelings of inferiority. We have yet to find a person with no feelings of inferiority as shown by this inventory. The most snobbish (hence most inferiority-ridden) person yet uncovered had fourteen "Yes" answers.

# How to Dress for Men

Remember — the boys may not know what you have on, but it's a safe bet they know how you look

by HILDEGARDE DOLSON

ONE OF the most attractive men we know said: "Women should never underestimate the importance of clothes. They needn't stress it with men. The ones who spend every waking hour shopping or preening, or who babble on about fittings and a little dream of a gown are bores. But the women who say they never have any interest in a new outfit are fools. It's almost like saying: 'I can't be bothered using make-up.' Even absent-minded men have a certain instinctive response to the way a woman looks.

"I'd never fall in love with a gorgeous clotheshorse, but I do appreciate a woman who dresses to make the most of her looks.

"It isn't a question of money, either. I suppose it's easier to gloss over defects and get a smart effect if you can spend a fortune. But I've seen \$20-a-week girls accomplish miracles. What so many women never

realize is that we men may not know *what* you have on, but we certainly know *how* you look."

When a man will admit that much, it's high time to get off by yourself and take stock of what you wear and how you wear it. One smart young girl we know dumped her whole wardrobe on the bed, tried everything on before a long mirror, and analyzed each effect minutely.

She found that two dresses definitely did something for her, and the rest were just so much covering for modesty's sake. One of the latter group was a shade of bright green that always made her look sea-sick. She discarded it with a new-found ruthlessness. Another

had a neckline that likened her to a giraffe. She filled that in with a soft white frill and was startled at the feminine, outrageously becoming result. Another had a low waistline that gave her a matronly look. She

ADVERTISING copy writer and contributor to leading magazines, the author has worked as a bookkeeper, song writer, cashier in a hotel. Included in her achievements is a popular book, *How About a Man* (copyright, 1938, by Hildegarde Dolson and published by J. B. Lippincott), from which this feature is extracted.

tied a carnival striped sash high and slimly about the waist, to give a young, figure-defining line. It took her a week to go over her whole wardrobe, from slips to hats. At the end of that time, she had just half as many clothes, and everything was in perfect shape, designed to do the most for her.

**T**HAT *does* take time, but you'll be excitingly repaid for your labors. We can sum it up best by saying: "Keep your wardrobe so you could go away on a honeymoon at a moment's notice." This does *not* mean that you have to have expensive undies and an extravagant array of clothes. But what you have should be immaculate.

Even if you have a helter-skelter charm about the way you live, be fastidious in little things. Always have clean white gloves (even if it's two inexpensive pairs you wash on your hands at night). Take time out to put on snaps and change frayed straps, or take up a hem that's dowdily long.

One man told us he went on a picnic with a girl he was decidedly interested in. She was lying on the grass, and a wind suddenly blew her dress up, to disclose a torn, gray-looking slip. That betraying shoddiness killed every romantic impulse in him.

If you have your own apartment, by all means invest in some sort of house-coat, be it a bright two-dollar cotton or a lush

jewel-tone velvet. Even the most taciturn male will volunteer a surprising compliment — perhaps because a house-coat creates a charming "at home" atmosphere, without trying for boudoir intimacy.

Clothes undoubtedly influence your own feeling of assurance with men. If you know you look attractive, it increases your poise to start with. You can wear one outfit almost constantly, provided it's right in the first place. And be sure you choose clothes that are excitingly becoming, as well as smart.

If you're dressing on practically nothing a year, that entails a lot of shopping around, often on too-short lunch hours. But it's better to go without until you find exactly what you want. And once you have it, be sure to put yourself together thoroughly at home, so that you'll never have to pull and hitch at your clothes in public. Another thing: never overlook the importance of a good girdle, to make the most of your figure.

**W**HAT YOU wear is a highly individualized matter. There are, however, a few good basic rules for pleasing men. For instance, black and white is one of the surest bets for collecting compliments. Red is a good magnet, especially in winter. Blues and a dark green are generally effective.

Men like a clear, well-groomed

effect — not overcurled hair and fussiness, or strident masculinity. They like soft feminine blouses as a foil for your tailored suit. They love big-brimmed hats. They go for a romantic fragility by night, provided you're the type to swing it. There's an old saying about "Pink gets a man to propose" and there may be something in it.

**N**EVER get the issue confused and try to dress a part you can't play. If you're big, avoid girl-ish ruffles as you would the plague. A simple well-fitted dark dress will bring out your best points.

Never make the mistake of exposing your defects deliberately, any more than you'd purposely harp on them in conversation. If you have questionable legs, wear slacks instead of shorts. If your upper arms are too big, cover them. Ditto for a scrawny or mottled back, or over-obvious collarbones.

Dressing sexily is a stupid mistake. Have your clothes fit well, but don't go in for siren-tight bodices, except in evening gowns. Wear slips, and be sure they don't hang below your dress. Nothing irritates a man more, unless it's twisted stocking seams.

Oddly enough, most men notice shoes, probably because the right shoes do a lot for your legs. They invariably comment on slim-looking opera pumps, or frivolous sandals that belittle your

ankles. Surrender to flat shoes only for golf, tennis, and cross-country runs. We don't mean that you should teeter around on high heels constantly, especially if you're a working girl. But try to compromise on medium-heeled oxfords.

We aren't backing the theory that men should choose a woman's clothes, but they can certainly give us pointers. For instance, any male would tell you to splurge on sheer stockings, and very good advice it is, too.

Don't dress conspicuously unless you're a rare and exciting type. Men like being seen with a woman other men notice, but they shy away from feeling conspicuous. And it's always better to under-dress than over-dress, with men. You'll feel smarter, and as one much be-dated girl said: "It proves you aren't attaching a feverish importance to the occasion."

**G**OOD MAKE-UP is equally vital to our cause. Here again, it pays to be subtle. Aim to accentuate your natural charm without veering toward the garish, grease-paint look that men hate. Never make up under electric light in the daytime unless you use a daylight bulb. Thick, wet blobs of lipstick and streaky mascara are bad. If you're going in for eye-shadow (and used properly, it can bestow a lot of glamour, especially at

night) be sure to experiment at length before your own mirror.

Practice skilful restraint in all your make-up, and a man won't be conscious of your "artifices." For example, a too pink or dead white powder is deadly. Get a shade that matches your skin, put it on smoothly all over your face and neck, and add a dash of darker powder in summer. Go lightly on rouge, because nothing tends to make a woman look older or harder than glaringly red cheeks. When you're out with a man, don't go in for prolonged make-up in front of him. Go to the ladies' room for serious repairs, and preserve his illusions.

**S**PEND all the time you can on your hair, skin, and hands. They're your chief basis for good looks, and men are minutely critical of all three. It's a good idea to make out a list of the improvements you want to make in yourself, and follow a strict pre-bed-time regime.

Satiny, well-brushed hair certainly isn't a luxury confined to the idle rich. Neither are well-kept hands. And you can hold yourself to a rigid diet for skin, if you

remember the rewards you'll reap.

If you can't afford to have professional shampoos and facials, that's still no excuse for neglecting your looks. If you have straight hair, get a permanent wave, and then learn to pamper it yourself. Bedraggled wisps will cause a howl of masculine anguish, any day in the week.

Teeth are another important focal point. Keep them white, and let your dentist do the rest. An attractive smile is one of your best come-ons, and yellow teeth would ruin the effect.

An eye-wash and eye-wrinkle cream are also prerequisites for your campaign. As for perfume — even the most budget-frustrated girl can buy (or annex as a gift) a small flacon of an alluring scent. The light, elusive, young perfumes are better by day. Save the sophisticated, definitely provocative scents for nightfall. There are some that boast frankly of having an aphrodisiac base. Our own cynical reaction is that any woman who relies solely on perfume to make a man amorous is going to be left baying at the moon. However, it is a potent feminine aid in the engrossing pursuit of men.



¶ When the automobile world first took up four-wheel brakes, one manufacturer spent thousands of dollars in advertising to brand the improvement a needless fad. The only effect was that the company was identified as behind the times. Nothing is so futile as to try to hold back the tides.

— FRED C. KELLY

# Test Your Emotional Balance

Honest answers to this searching quiz will give the key to the emotional or sexual pattern of your life

by **EDNA B. SMITH**

Instructor in Personality Development, Massachusetts  
Department of Education

**A**RE YOU despondent if forced to spend an evening at home alone? Do you have frequent "blue" moods? Do you indulge more than moderately in alcohol?

These questions are a key to your emotional or sexual pattern. Sex in life covers a larger field of expression than the dictionary definition or immediate sexual relations. The domineering mother, the excitable child, the submissive husband, the sophisticated debutante, and the shy youth reveal to those who understand the language of emotional behavior that

training and external experiences from infancy on have conditioned them to this type of conduct.

How have you been influenced? This self-analysis drill will give you the answer. Each question has a bearing on your passional stability. Do not confer or consult anyone else in determining your answers. Be honest! You alone can properly judge your feelings and emotions. The value and purpose of the drill is entirely lost without a sincere attempt to ascertain one's innermost thoughts.

## Emotional Adjustment Drill

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
1. Do you feel that sex is something to be ashamed of? . . . . .	.....	.....
2. Do you regard your sex life as a problem? . . . . .	.....	.....
3. Do you derive emotional pleasure from looking at obscene pictures? . . . . .	.....	.....
4. Do you experience a thrill from reading highly erotic books?	.....	.....
5. Are you despondent or lonely if forced to spend your leisure time alone? . . . . .	.....	.....
6. Does it embarrass you to discuss sex problems with people other than intimate friends? . . . . .	.....	.....
7. Do you feel the need to talk over your sex problems with a recognized medical expert? . . . . .	.....	.....
8. Do you spend a great deal of time in front of a mirror admiring your reflection? . . . . .	.....	.....
9. Are you constantly seeking new and thrilling experiences? . . . . .	.....	.....

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
10. (for women) Do you try to attract every desirable male? . . . . .	-----	-----
(for men) Do you try to make a conquest of every attractive girl or woman you meet? . . . . .	-----	-----
11. Does a discussion of sex by other people in your presence confuse or discomfort you? . . . . .	-----	-----
12. Do you like to tell or listen to salacious jokes? . . . . .	-----	-----
13. Do you have frequent "blue" moods? . . . . .	-----	-----
14. Are you against more widespread sex education? . . . . .	-----	-----
15. Do you indulge more than moderately in alcohol? . . . . .	-----	-----
16. Do you daydream about situations in which you are the center of attraction among people? . . . . .	-----	-----
17. Do you feel superior to other people because of your virtues or talents? (such as rigid morality, chastity, good manners or education) . . . . .	-----	-----
18. Do you take strong dislikes to people without cause? . . . . .	-----	-----
19. Do you become envious or jealous of your friends? . . . . .	-----	-----
20. Do you have a fear of being alone in your home at night? . . . . .	-----	-----
21. Are you depressed if not shown special attention by members of the opposite sex at a party or gathering? . . . . .	-----	-----
22. Do you feel entitled to a return for being good to others? . . . . .	-----	-----
23. Do you like to be with your parents a great deal? . . . . .	-----	-----
24. Do you enjoy, or derive satisfaction from, staying in bed after awakening in the morning? . . . . .	-----	-----
25. Does having to work provide a source of discomfort to you? . . . . .	-----	-----
26. Do you regard yourself as a failure? . . . . .	-----	-----
27. Are you afraid of being the object of contempt or indifference? . . . . .	-----	-----

**For the Unmarried Reader**

28. Do you rely on the advice of your parents in determining your choice of a mate? . . . . .	-----	-----
29. Do you have a predetermined type of person in mind as the individual you want to marry? . . . . .	-----	-----
30. Are you afraid that your close friends of the opposite sex will be more attracted to your companions of your own sex than to you? . . . . .	-----	-----
31. Would you be influenced to marry a person solely out of pity for him or her? . . . . .	-----	-----
32. Do you react with emotional interest to persons of the opposite sex even though they may not be "your type"? . . . . .	-----	-----
33. Do you limit your social activities by preference to members of your own sex? . . . . .	-----	-----
34. Do you find yourself retaining the friendship of members of the opposite sex for only a brief period of time? . . . . .	-----	-----

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
35. Are you self-conscious about your clothes and appearance in the presence of members of the opposite sex? . . . . .	-----	-----
36. Would you prefer not to have children when you marry? . . . . .	-----	-----
37. Are you dependent upon your parents for instructions and supervision over your conduct with the opposite sex? . . . . .	-----	-----
38. Do you prefer the company of members of the opposite sex who are many years older or younger than yourself to people your own age? . . . . .	-----	-----
39. Do you consider yourself superior to all the members of the opposite sex whom you meet and have opportunity to marry? . . . . .	-----	-----
40. Do you fear that your sex life when married will be a failure? . . . . .	-----	-----
41. Do you wish others to think you are sophisticated and experienced? . . . . .	-----	-----

### For Married Readers

42. Are you afraid that the object of your love may disappoint you? . . . . .	-----	-----
43. Do you believe in the double standard? . . . . .	-----	-----
44. Do you discuss your marital problems or the shortcomings of your husband or wife with your parents? . . . . .	-----	-----
45. Are you unable to explain the nature of sex to your children? . . . . .	-----	-----
46. Do you think that even though people are unhappily married they should not seek a divorce? . . . . .	-----	-----
47. Do you fear that your sex life is a failure? . . . . .	-----	-----
48. Should your children's emotional manifestations be repressed? . . . . .	-----	-----
49. Would you like to leave your family and travel for a long period of time? . . . . .	-----	-----
50. Does criticism of you by members of your family anger you? . . . . .	-----	-----
51. Do you compare your husband or wife with people in the public eye? (actors, actresses, politicians, etc.) . . . . .	-----	-----
52. Do you believe that training your children requires their being physically punished? . . . . .	-----	-----
53. Do you look with suspicion upon any association of your husband or wife with members of the opposite sex? . . . . .	-----	-----
54. Do you nag and find fault with your family? . . . . .	-----	-----
55. Are you constantly concerned that someone might win your husband or wife away from you? . . . . .	-----	-----
<i>Totals</i>	-----	-----

If you have between 31 and 41 *No* answers, your emotional balance or adjustment is superior; between 21 and 31, average; below 21, inferior — and you may do well to seek medical or psychiatric aid to bring your rating up to average.

# Manners for Married Folk

They're little things—these small courtesies—but they work wonders in preserving marital happiness

by MARGERY WILSON

Author of "Charm" and "The New Etiquette"

THERE is no real reason why one should not be as civilized after marriage as before. But for many people, though they don't seem to know it at the time, there is a little evil magic tucked away in some word of the marriage ceremony that gradually sends them back to prehistoric behavior.

In a strange crowd one can often spot married persons by their rudeness or indifference to each other.

If marriage could only be regarded as a privileged state rather than one of ownership! But so long as a man and a woman regard each other as personal and private possessions they run the risk of treating each other like old shoes or yesterday's newspapers.

When each says silently of the other, "This person belongs to me and I shall and may treat him (or her) as I jolly well please — and I'm not so pleased at that" — there is trouble ahead.

Most persons approach marriage as though it were the looking glass in Lewis Carroll's story. They expect an enchanting world beyond, where one is constantly delighted, amazed and entertained, when ac-

tually it's a job like any other type of partnership. When they discover that the only magic involved is the amount they themselves supply, they are disappointed.

MARRIAGE is like solitude — there's nothing in it except what is taken into it by both parties to the contract. And there's nothing that helps preserve and extend honeymoon happiness so much as good manners.

Happy marriages — and there really are a great many of them — have one common denominator. Love, worthy of the name, seems to have inspired every true lover with the tenderest consideration for the object of his affections — even if he is married to her.

And she gives him an illumined attention and interest, though the years roll up challenging anniversaries. When people are unhappy it is because something has happened to break down this ideal consideration.

The beginning of the day presents the greatest strain. Many a marriage is wrecked at the breakfast table. Are you the kind of per-

son who wants to read the morning paper at the table? If so, then you really are indifferent to your food and should be able to get the meager amount required yourself. Don't demand that your wife arise to serve you and watch you, unless she is also a paper reader.

**I** HAVE HEARD a few women say that they believed the secret of their married happiness lay in the fact that they rose in the morning when their husbands got up — that they were gay companions at the breakfast table — that they groomed themselves perfectly — that they waved their husbands off to work.

But the woman in the case should know her man — and herself. Early morning can be devotional or devastating according to the natures involved. Many wives sleep late to avoid their husbands' early morning grouch. Why get up to be insulted and growled at!

I've always been an advocate of everyone's doing as he pleases about breakfast. I mean everyone, not just husbands. The male of the species does claim his birthright of independence in his morning behavior. If his wife and the other members of his household are granted the same privilege, then justice and smoothness result therefrom.

It has often been said that every woman should see her husband well under the influence of alcohol

before she marries him — on the theory that his real nature will be revealed. But I have known of men who passed even this rigid test with flying colors, to display after marriage a vile morning disposition. Lots of people can't be civil until after they have had their morning cup of coffee. Imagine having your happiness depend on a few ounces of hot black liquid!

Numbers of men and women just simply cannot and will not take any interest whatever in any other person until well along toward noon.

**B**UT suppose a husband has a cheerful morning disposition and the wife is the sort that actually is annoyed by pre-breakfast whistling and bath-tub singing. Suppose she grudgingly gets up and potters about frumpily in an unbecoming garment carelessly thrown on, the whole topped by a frowzy head and sleepy face. Is she to be very surprised when her husband one day develops a great deal of out-of-town business?

In all the preparations for a happy marriage, a thorough, mutual understanding should be had about morning manners and dispositions. If they don't match somewhat, the marriage will not be a go! Unless the newlyweds go their separate morning ways and meet each other later in the day — which is a lovely idea if it can be

worked out. Thus their love and romance are not asked to stand the strain of beginning the day with bad manners. But other persons must learn to cut out the bad manners.

**N**EXT TO early morning strains there are none so telling as those of the end of the day.

Manners are for bedrooms and bathrooms as well as for living rooms and public places. The Other Woman who wishes to steal someone's husband is always delighted when she learns that the wife of her intended victim is a slattern. She knows it's only a question of time. . . .

Hair left in a comb or shaved onto a wash-basin, a pool of discarded clothes left by the drop-kick system—these are indeed damaging to an aura of loveliness and woefully discouraging to passion. And no use laughing airily at advertisements about B.O. and halitosis, unless one can really afford to laugh it off. Love, beautiful and delicate, cannot be nourished by anything less than beauty and delicacy.

No wonder the good-bye kiss in the morning often becomes a mere peck! And when he starts kissing you on your forehead, you may as well search his pockets for other telephone numbers.

Regardless of the example shown at summer camps, it is not romantic to rattle the bathroom door

### Manners for Mrs.

1. Don't fail to be fragrant and cheerful.
2. Don't let your voice get shrill or sound complaining.
3. Don't hum while your husband is talking.
4. Don't ask him for favors before dinner.
5. Don't interrupt his evening newspaper reading. It may be the only relaxation he's had during the whole day.
6. Don't embarrass him in public with smotheringly affectionate terms.
7. Don't be jealous just because he has enjoyed himself talking to another woman.
8. Don't let anyone touch his possessions. Lack of privacy is about the hardest part of family life for a man.
9. Don't speak too much of other men's good points in his presence.
10. Don't fail to admire his accomplishments extravagantly.
11. Don't nag. To nag is to repeat a correction more than twice in the same conversation.

and mutter ominously when one finds it locked.

Even if you are married, it isn't polite to fling yourself impatiently about on the bed and growl about the light when someone else is trying to get in fifteen minutes of serious reading so his mind won't go completely to seed. On the other hand, just because you are a night owl and like to sit on the side of the bed and talk, you shouldn't

### Manners for Mr.

1. Never turn to your wife in company and explain something to her with pseudo patience as though she were a halfwit you had in tow.

2. Don't correct her generalities of measuring distances and amounts. Women understand each other in these matters.

3. Don't look so resigned as you wait for her to pass ahead of you.

4. Don't teach her to drive a car or play bridge or golf. Engage someone else.

5. Don't tell her you can't stand red fingernail polish and then admire other women who wear it.

6. Don't call your boy "her" son when he's naughty and "our" boy when he's good.

7. Don't be jealous of her men friends and then ask one of yours to take her to a theatre when you're too busy. Her friends are probably as civilized as yours, and no doubt more trustworthy.

8. Don't fail to have an understanding about expenditures BEFORE marriage. It's hard for any woman to realize that she has no rights.

9. Don't forget to tell her often that you love her.

10. Don't overlook anniversaries for they're important in marital romance.

choose as an appropriate time for an oration the exact moment your spouse has slid quietly between the sheets in the hope of Getting Away From It All.

Whether you have a room to yourself, a bed of your own, or just a suppositional half of a bed, there is a technique of courtesy in keeping peace with this other human being whom you have sworn to cherish and honor.

"Put that light out, won't you!"  
 "For the love of Mike, are you going to put your clothes on every chair in the room? Am I supposed to put mine between the mattresses or am I supposed to stand up and hold them all night?"

**N**O MATTER how sweetly and warmly one may have waited for the evening in which to be alone at last with one's choice of all the creatures on the earth — enthusiasm cannot live in such an atmosphere. One sheds a tear or two silently, stares up in the dark questioningly and mentally joins the "Why do they do it?" club.

A shirt-sleeve and vest-open husband is paying a price in romance for his momentary comfort. If they could only see themselves from the back wearing suspenders! Perhaps I'm just stubborn — but no one has ever convinced me that all coats are uncomfortable.

Coatlessness is carelessness. Suppose women went around with their top layers off!

Love can survive great shocks and major disappointments, but it dies when deflated by little pricks of disillusionment.

Nearly all divorce evidence is absurdly petty. "She wrote with a scratchy pen which she knew I hated." "She tore the paper apart and I had to hunt and hunt for the sports section." "He always interrupted me when I was trying to talk." The trail to Reno is like a ticker tape of tiny rudenesses.

The door that shuts out the rest of the world should lock in a lubricating amount of courtesy. Privacy and intimacy are almost always more exacting than the rest of the world.

Many a man rises to his feet in the presence of ladies but never gets up when his wife enters the room. Is he advertising that he doesn't regard her as a lady?

**P**OLITICAL and religious differences pale before impoliteness as a cause of divorce. Financial difficulties and even adultery take second place in the breaking up of homes — both marching behind rudeness.

Truly courteous people do not try to absorb and own and direct other human beings. They do not relinquish their rights of assertion and privilege — but such harmony surrounds their entire beings that it isn't often necessary to defend it outwardly.

I have saved many marriages. A surprising number of people

with marital difficulties come to me for help. They feel, and rightly, that personality has much to do with their maladjustment — but many times it is simply a matter of deciding to be courteous. It is often as simple as that!

I wish I could whisper to every bride and groom — "Keep that smile, that illumined look. Don't interrupt each other's talk — especially don't take the talk away from the other.

"Don't quarrel over nothing — or anything, for that matter — it leaves little scars. Don't ever go to sleep with any strained feeling between you."

**I**F YOU want to preserve your happiness, don't let down in small courtesies. I once knew a man who told his wife that he was in love with another woman and wanted a divorce in order to marry his new discovery. His wife started to say something. He started speaking at the same time. Both of them waited, instead of shrieking on, then apologized for interrupting each other. They repeated this process of starting and apologizing until they both burst out laughing. A wave of sentiment over all the laughter they had enjoyed together brought them into each other's arms and the other woman was forgotten.

Just one more marriage saved by manners!

## SELF-CONFIDENCE DOES IT!

**T**HE OTHER DAY Bob Brunner, an eighteen-year-old Nimrod, borrowed a rifle, borrowed one bullet, went out into the woods, and two hours later returned with a deer.

There's supreme self-confidence for you!

How many other hunters would have had the nerve to go out without half an arsenal and an army of friends to help them get a deer?

Bob's belief in his ability to get what he went after was so great that he gave no thought to missing his first shot. With only one bullet, he just had to hit the deer and give it a mortal wound. He just had to make good. There would be no second chance. He staked everything on one effort, and won!

**B**OB'S ADVENTURE is a refreshing note in a world where so many young people are whining that they do not have the necessary equipment to hit their mark in life. The real fact, though, is that they are already so overcrowded with impedimenta that they have a hard time deciding what to go out after and how to bag it.

They are like a hunter loaded down with a rifle, a bow and arrows, a trap, and a slingshot. With the rifle he might shoot a bear; with the bow and arrows he might kill a deer; with the trap he might catch a fox. The slingshot is carried as a sort of spare.

But while he is setting the trap he sees a deer. He drops the trap, rushes to the cabin, snatches the bow and arrows, explodes into the open, and sees the deer bounding away. Meanwhile some animal has stolen the bait from the trap.

**T**OO MANY people are like the hunter with the cross-purposes. They go out into the woods of life with all the equipment they can load on themselves. They are ready (they think) for anything, and they will be extremely lucky if they manage to get something.

The people who go after one thing at a time, have confidence in themselves, and aren't afraid to take a chance are the ones who manage to get one thing after another in this world.

— NIXON MUMPER

# Arguments Don't Win Friends

Neither do they settle anything, as a rule. So take a tip from these suggestions for getting folk to agree with you

by WILLIS SLOANE

YOU CAN'T win an argument with *me*. Your intelligence is inferior to mine; your background is narrow and bigoted; the piffling points you advance to prove your case are so flimsy they wouldn't deceive a baby. The truth is, you don't know what you are talking about and you haven't the ghost of a chance of persuading me that you do.

Getting pretty hot under the collar, aren't you? I hope so, for that paragraph was written with tongue in cheek, deliberately designed to anger you.

But it is a true paragraph, nevertheless, in that it illustrates how argument tramples on your soul and becomes a matter of temper rather than of temperate discourse. And it is perilously near the truth, too, that you *don't* know what you are talking about when you argue. Very few of us do. That is why argument is so confoundedly futile.

You can easily demonstrate this, the next time you hear an argument brewing, by insisting that the arguers state specifically what they are talking about. Nine times out of ten an argument can be asphyxiated by insisting upon

definitions, for most disputants wage verbal battle with slogans and shibboleths.

Maybe you think I'm talking through my hat. Let's not argue about it, but consider an illustration instead.

JUST MENTION the name Franklin D. Roosevelt. That's a sure-fire start for an argument. People are intensely for or intensely against many things that he stands for. Suppose someone takes a belligerent stand and you decide to apply the definition technique of pinning him down.

"The blanked New Deal is wrecking the country," says your opponent.

"Just what do you mean by New Deal? That covers a lot of ground."

"Well, taxes—the national debt. The budget's out of balance—"

"Perfectly true. But which national expenditure do you object to? Which budget item would you eliminate?"

"Which would I—well—the Home Owners Loan Corporation. A home owner gets a big loan from the government without any

intention of repaying it. He gives 'em the horse laugh because he knows the politicians will be afraid to foreclose —”

“Aren't you aware, old man, that three-fourths of HOLC loans are paid right up to date and that the government is no softy when it comes to foreclosing —”

We will assume, in that last sentence, that you have your local figures at hand and know what you are talking about. Probably your opponent didn't start out to argue about home loans at all; he's simply ag'in the New Deal. Of course, the same technique would work for him. The rule is: *make your opponent be specific about some point you know backward and forward.*

Whenever someone starts arguing about *capitalists, reds, grafters, communists, vested interests, the workers*, he is using shibboleths which have a high emotional content but which are extremely vague in meaning. Stuart Chase has written an entire book about this — *The Tyranny of Words*. Make your opponent define his words and you deflate them, bringing an ill-natured argument to a constructive basis of discussion.

Argument would not be worth arguing over if it were not one of the best ways of not getting along with people. Arguers are feather rufflers, specialists in rubbing fur the wrong way, contentious souls who can never be content. The fundamental fallacy of

argument lies in the fact that it is a contest which no one ever really wins; no man is ever sincerely convinced by argument, although he may be by discussion, which is a very different thing.

**M**EN who achieve greatly are usually adept at getting their own way without argument.

Woodrow Wilson was the last man in the world to be swayed by argument, but Col. E. M. House was usually able to bring Wilson around to his way of thinking. House once explained to Arthur D. Howden Smith: “I learned the best way to convert him to an idea was to plant it in his mind casually, but so as to interest him in it — so as to get him thinking about it on his own account.” Later, Col. House observed, he was likely to hear Wilson trot out House's suggestion as his own.

Calvin Coolidge was no hand to argue. Instead, he listened. He listened to everybody of importance around Northampton and finally listened himself into the Governorship of Massachusetts, on the road to the White House.

Let the other fellow do the talking and you make his ego purr — listening is the direct antithesis of argument. You don't have to agree with everything the other fellow says, but willingness to listen makes him know that you understand his point of view.

Suppose you start arguing that these points I have been making are dead wrong. Why, just thinking about it make me as belligerent as all get-out. When you argue with me, you attack my ego. My ego is a hair-trigger affair that goes off the instant an outsider touches it. And it's a cinch that your ego is not much different from mine.

*Admit that the other fellow is right in insignificant points, and you'll find yourself getting your own way on the big points. Arguments always tend to wander away from the main issue, getting cluttered up with trifling little contentions which you can yield gracefully without the slightest sacrifice of your main convictions.*

**B**Y CONCEDED points that don't matter, you get credit for broadmindedness, and this keeps the other fellow more reasonable. Have you ever noticed how voices rise higher and higher during argument? Have you ever been trapped into making rash statements, displaying bad manners and indulging in personalities? No wonder — your system is full of adrenin, a hormone released by anger, which primes your body for physical action but wrecks your capacity for straight thinking.

That is why we always think of our most withering and witty remarks several hours after the argument is over. It was Benjamin

Franklin who observed that the ability to remain calm when the other person disagrees with us is the loftiest human accomplishment.

Does the boss clamp down on your ideas? Do visitors at your house go away slightly miffed; does your wife or husband go sour when you point out — for his own good, of course — why something he has been doing is all wrong? Maybe your arguing technique needs an overhauling.

**T**O TEST this in my own case, I ran a little laboratory experiment. For one whole week I made it a point to indulge in nothing that could be conceivably called an argument. My teen-age sons and daughter sensed that some mysterious but beneficent change had come over me. And at the end of the week my wife said beamingly: "I have never known you to be so charming. Why, you didn't insult a single guest!"

My ego came out of the experiment in pretty good shape, too. You can always bolster yourself with Schopenhauer's observation: "Scarcely one man in a hundred is worth your disputing with him. You may let the remainder say what they please, for everyone is at liberty to be a fool."

It is well enough to say "keep calm" in the face of argument, but a few practical means to that end will be helpful. When argument

gets acrimonious, let the tense abdominal muscles relax and the limbs hang loosely. Never let your fists clench. A bit of pacing around the room will help you relax, and a walk is helpful — it isn't cowardice but good sense to walk away from too intense an argument. The best wonder-worker of all for bringing an argument back to earth is to spring a rollicking story which is bound to bring hearty laughter. It is good policy to keep a particularly uproarious joke on tap for such a moment.

**A**ND THEN it is always effective to pour verbal oil on troubled fighters. Here are a few disarming approaches which soothe the other fellow when you are about to score a point:

"I am sure you already know . . ."

"There's a lot of truth in what you say, but I think . . ."

"Your plan is splendid, but there are a few minor points . . ."

"Personally I think you're right, but it's hard to convince the public . . ."

"Your idea is so important I think you should take more time to consider details . . ."

"That sounds great, but let's see how it would work out . . ."

"I thought as you do until . . ."

"You're always so fair-minded I know you'll listen . . ."

All of these approaches have one point in common: they permit an opponent to backtrack gracefully without losing face. Never let the other fellow make a positive statement that you have to knock down. If he burns his bridges behind him, set up some pontoons on which he can skip back to safety when you turn your persuasiveness on full force.

He'll call you brilliant and soon be asking your advice.

### A Reprimand that Backfired

**E**DWARD E. RICE was a popular New York musician of the Eighties who was so well loved by fellow musicians that they tolerated his peculiar methods of orchestra-conducting. Rice was not, in fact, an orchestra conductor by profession, but a pianist and writer of musical productions. On occasion, however, he would step up and essay to lead an orchestra at certain testimonial affairs. The musicians were in the habit of playing the music quite without regard to Rice's eccentric wavings of the baton.

On one occasion, to impress important friends in the audience, Rice interrupted the orchestra, rapped for attention with his baton, and started to criticize the performance of several instrument-players. One of them wouldn't "take it" from his old friend. He shouted:

"Don't you talk to me that way, Mr. Rice, or I'll follow your beat."

# How Smart Are You?

Here's an interesting way to check up on your general knowledge—or to entertain party guests

by **RAY MacDOUGALL**

1. If you bought a bushel of maize, what would you get?
2. Can you give the next line after "Shoot if you must this old gray head"?
3. What organization is responsible for placing Bibles in hotel rooms?
4. A poltroon is: part of a suspension bridge; a coward; a unit of soldiers; a fool.
5. Who was Vice President under Woodrow Wilson?
6. If there are 20 shillings in an English pound, how many shillings are there in a guinea?
7. A stallion is: a small onion; a horse; a pole; a device for fastening cows.
8. In baseball, what is a switch hitter?
9. The brig is what part of a ship?
10. How many two-cent stamps in a dozen?
11. Who were the creators of the following characters: Sherlock Holmes; Philo Vance; Charlie Chan?
12. Are a cow's horns above or below her ears?
13. Who said, "There's one born every minute"?
14. Name the documents from which the following are taken:
  - "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union"
  - "When in the course of human events"
  - "Fourscore and seven years ago"
15. What were known as shin-plasters?
16. If you had a praying mantis would you take it to church, put it in the garden, take it to swim, or cook it?
17. What famous names are brought to mind by the following quotations:
  - "Speak softly but carry a big stick"
  - "We must make the world safe for democracy"
  - "It's a noble experiment"
18. In England, what phrase is usually substituted for "hello" in telephone conversations?
19. What old American city was noted for its obsession with witchcraft?
20. If you had an aortic leak, whom would you see about it — a plumber, a steamfitter, an auto mechanic, a doctor, a welder, or a plasterer?
21. About how many men were

- there in the Light Brigade that made the famous charge?
22. Is the sun a star?
23. Who is said to have occupied a chair over which a sword was suspended by a single hair?
24. Who painted the famous "Horse Fair" now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York?
25. The Strait of Dover connects the English Channel with what body of water?
26. To what countries do these poetical names refer: Caledonia; Cathay; Albion; Erin?
27. Who wrote the opera *Lohengrin*?
28. Does the science of lithology treat of water, metal, rocks, or wood?
29. Which is longer, the Panama or the Suez Canal?
30. If we get wool from the sheep and mohair from the goat, from what do we get linen?
31. Cremona, in Italy, is famous for the manufacture of cheese, violins, or cigars?
32. In what month did the U. S. enter the World War?
33. What was the ancient name of the Dardanelles?
34. In what state is the battlefield of Gettysburg?
35. Which of these is the correct technical name for the constellation popularly known as the Big Dipper: Orion, Leo, Scorpio, Ursa Major, Cassiopeia?
36. What was the name of one of the two large cities destroyed by the volcano Mount Vesuvius in the year 79?
37. What is a Gila monster?
38. Of what country was Hamlet supposedly a prince?
39. What heavyweight champions were or are known by the following: Manassa Mauler; Brown Bomber; Gentleman Jim; Ruddy Robert?
40. Why are legislators sometimes called Solons?
41. What is the boiling point of water at sea level?
42. What island was the place of Napoleon's first exile?
43. Complete the following:
- Dante and \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lancelot and \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tristan and \_\_\_\_\_  
 Darby and \_\_\_\_\_
44. What is meant by the American Bill of Rights?
45. The stamps of what country may bear the name "Helvetia"?
46. Which of the following couldn't you buy in a music store—tuba, oboe, cymbal, viola, padrone, clarinet?
47. If a ring were pure gold, how many karats would it be?
48. If Virgo is a sign of the zodiac, what is a virago?
49. For what is Delft, Holland, famous?
50. What American naval officer said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours"?

(Answers on page 62)

# Love in Middle Life

There's nothing to be ashamed of in middle-age romance  
— in fact, in plenty of cases it's the most successful

by LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D.  
Author of "Be Glad You're Neurotic"

Of all sad words to tongue or pen  
The saddest are these: It might  
have been!

SO DECLARED the renowned bard. What Whittier undoubtedly had in mind at the time was middle-age. For, surely, if middle-age is anything at all it is a time of reckoning. Indeed, it is as though one looked two ways at once — backward and forward. One sees clearly the mistakes that have been made, but feels there is still time to correct these and start afresh.

Here I am not speaking of careers, economic status and the like, but of the *love-life*. Despite the greatest possible material successes, when the middle years of life are reached, an astonishing number of individuals, men as well as women, find, on taking stock of their situation, that they are heart-hungry and alone.

Small wonder that so often there is a flare-up of romance when the forties are reached! Small wonder, too, that these flare-ups often come with much more fervor and even passion than in the expression of the love-life of earlier years.

If I have made it clear already

that *middle-age romance is nothing to be ashamed of or to hide*, I shall have accomplished at least one of my purposes. For time and again people consult me in the capacity of psychiatrist in order to be guided aright when in the throes of a new love which is both fascinating and frightening all at once.

A CASE in point is that of a woman who remarked: "I feel that this love which has come to me is right and just. Since I am a widow and my children are all married, I can't see how I am harming anyone. Yet something within me seems to whisper that it is silly; that I should have better sense; that such things are only for the young. But, honestly, Doctor, there is a kind of holy mellowness about this present passion that I have never experienced before. It *must* be right. And yet—I'm ashamed!"

Similar confessions have I heard from scores of other widows and widowers, bachelors and spinsters, as well as men and women who have been divorced — not to mention those cases where an existing marriage has deteriorated

into a lonesome existence. Such persons yearn for affection and companionship; there is an aching void inside. Yet, despite the fact that their reasoning tells them they are doing nothing wrong, a still, small voice whispers: "Stupidity! Be your age! Fool!"

And why? Why should the heart dictate one thing and the brain another? Why these conflicts of thinking and feeling so often encountered in cases of middle-age romance which sometimes become so acute and devastating that insomnia, digestive disturbances, general nervousness, phobias and compulsions may develop, not to say a full-fledged neurosis?

**T**HE ANSWER is simple enough. When the middle-aged romantic man or woman is thus caught in the mesh of conflict, it indicates that he or she has been unable to achieve emancipation from the conventional standards that have prevailed for centuries, current concepts of right and wrong that actually are as outmoded today as a Model T Ford.

In fact, few of us realize how conventional we really are. We may talk glibly about modern ideas of freedom for the sexes, even in the actual sexual sphere; about having a broad-minded attitude towards all human relationships. But when we ourselves are brought face to face with a personal problem of emancipation, we behave

as though we were the outstanding exceptions to all the rules of progress, with the result that we become timid and afraid.

By the time middle age is reached we have stored up considerable experience. We are not only mature in years but also ripe in judgment. We have lived; we have found the art of living difficult; we have learned of the many pitfalls that lie in wait for the unwary.

**P**ARTICULARLY in the field of love have we observed scores of marriages going on the rocks and scores of romances turned to bitter disappointments. Therefore, the middle-aged sweetheart says to himself or herself, "Remember, once bitten, twice shy. This new feeling that has come to me seems genuine, but can I really *trust* it?"

It goes without saying that middle-age romance would not be so common if it did not have a sound and natural basis for motivation. It is a fallacy to believe that the sex appetite in women diminishes or disappears after the menopause.

Likewise it is a fallacy to believe that, although the reproductive period of the male lasts longer than that of the female, it should decline in vigor and in a corresponding way after the age of forty-five. Menopause changes of a kind can be discerned in men but the very fact that the sex urge

tends to be less insistent on the physiological level brings into play in many men a corresponding overcompensation on the psychic level. Thus we find that the man in his late forties and early fifties frequently exhibits a much more passionate nature than he did in his youth.

Both sexes, however, seem to take stock of themselves when middle life is reached, not only as regards their sex feelings but their love-life in general. If they have always been conventional they are likely deliberately to avoid any stimulus from the outside that actually arouses them physically, or they will permit only such stimuli to stir them (plays, novels, etc.) as will result only in a sublimated response.

**M**EN, being bolder, are likely to take the greater risks, and so we find male philandering a common practice. The point, however, is that men and women in the forties and fifties, even sometimes in the sixties, should face the fact that their sex and love-life are still alive, and factors to be reckoned with.

From my own experience with those who have had the courage to give middle-age romance a fling, I would say that the outcome may be classified under three general heads: *the comedies, the successful realizations, and the tragedies.*

The bald-headed row at the

musical comedy show, the "sugar daddy" drollery, the legend about the "big butter-and-egg man" from the West, who lavishes splendor upon one or more cuties in the big city — these illustrate the comedy side of what can happen when the man of forty or fifty completely loses his sense of proportion and recklessly has his middle-age romantic fling.

**A**LTHOUGH men of this type seldom complain when they discover that the young blonde for whom they are maintaining an apartment and who vows eternal love, is cheating on the side with some younger man, they nevertheless are often deeply hurt because they realize that their vanity has allowed them to be tricked, although their past experience should have taught them better.

Yet one such individual who was particularly susceptible to the wiles of the gold-diggers, confided to me as follows:

"I know that it is impossible to love an old fool like me, and I know that these romantic escapades of mine about which I fantasize so much cost me plenty. On the other hand, suppose I did save myself the money and the experiences? Would I be any better off? Frankly, I don't believe I ever really fall in love, but the endearments that I hear — while probably all pretense — nevertheless make me feel good. I was in love

once, when I was twenty-four. My wife left me for another man. I wouldn't dare trust myself with another *real* romance again. What romance I buy is quite sufficient and satisfying."

This man's confession is fairly typical of those whose forays into romance with younger women appear so comical from the outside. Such men have become convinced — whether rightly or wrongly does not matter — that they never have been and never will be loved for themselves alone.

SO THEY are willing to pay for what they can get even if it be short-lived. To be sure, such individuals — occasionally one also finds a rich woman purchasing romance from a "gigolo" — are easily led to believe that they possess appeal and charm simply because they *want* to believe it.

But I have never believed them to be the fools they seem to be, although I have often felt sorry for them because of their conviction that they were little more than commercial appeals and would never be able to find the real love, affection and understanding for which they, in common with all human beings, had been continually seeking all their lives.

When *true love* is found by the middle-aged man or woman — and it does happen far more often than we realize — *middle-age romance can really be the most delightful*

*of all*. Each partner meets such a love with the full, rich experience of life, with sympathy, understanding, wisdom and good sense. Neither one builds silly air castles because the days of farfetched illusions are past.

Such romantic relationships often possess more genuine happiness than the feverish, scrambling relationships of youth. Such mature persons are expert in the difficult art of living; they know their way around and realize the pitfalls and dangers, and actually they make better lovers because they are experienced and practiced in the art of love. They bring to the various elements of their relationship, not the meager qualifications of an amateur but rather the trained taste of a connoisseur.

Just such a case was that of Mr. Y and Miss W. Y had been a bachelor for forty-two years and W a spinster for almost as long.

Both had given up the idea of marriage; both were pursuing their respective careers with success and a measure of happiness; neither was actually seeking romance and both were surprised to discover, on that particular cruise to the West Indies when it suddenly sprang into being, that they were capable of being roused to such ardent emotional responses.

Yet the tropical scenery and the moonlight did it for them, just as it might have done had circumstances been otherwise when they

were in their twenties. And the love that flowered between them then undoubtedly was a far richer and more glorious experience than it could have been when the emotions of each were raw, sensual and impetuous, definitely lacking in genuine idealism and depth.

Men and women have found real happiness in similar romances that have led to marriage; others have found enjoyable companionships and enduring friendships. Especially marked in these cases has been the intellectual stimulus which one person has received from the other, through the intelligent discussion of books, plays, hobbies, sports and other matters of mutual interest.

But even here the romance was not centered around the intellectual stimulation only, for always, deep down, there was something that touched the heart and gave them a real thrill, even without the stressing of the sex side of life as such.

**I**NASMUCH as middle-age romance not only is so natural but often definitely is an insistent emotional urge that few escape, the real danger lies in the tragedies that may occur when this newly discovered feeling usurps the intellect and sends good judgment to the merry bow-wows.

Recently, a man of sterling character, with a wife and grown daughter, became infatuated with

a woman who was employed in the same store. He was manager, she was in charge of a department. She was a divorcée of about forty, evidently anxious to make another catch before it was too late. She saw how the manager felt toward her and lost no opportunity to play up to him until he fell desperately in love with her and she with him.

**T**HE MAN worshiped his daughter, had always been essentially a home man and, although he said he had really never loved his wife, she was the mother of the being he cherished, and the thought of breaking up his home was more than he could stand. So when the other woman would urge him to get a divorce, he would plead for time and more time.

Finally he became ill, had to stay home. The divorcée went to his home with any matters that required his attention, and with that excuse continued to worry him. Finally the people at the store caught on to the relationship between the two, as did the wife. Bitterness developed all around. The woman was dismissed and prevailed upon to leave town. Shortly afterwards the man — only forty-five years old — killed himself.

The case cited is, of course, an extreme one. Yet it can happen, and often does, that a man or woman who has been happily mar-

ried for years, suddenly finds himself or herself totally overwhelmed by a pretty face, an appealing figure, culture, social position or money in the bank.

I mention certain specific lures because I have observed that in middle-age romance some one quality, such as listed, takes on such importance and usurps so much of the victim's attention that it assumes all the characteristics of an obsession.

Cases such as these, where it is evident that a romantic escapade can only spell disaster to the individual concerned as well as to his innocent family, are problems for the psychiatrist to solve. Usually some unconscious complex, repression or conflict is the cause, and of which the obsessed one is unaware.

For an injured wife or husband, as the case may be, to assume that all will be well in time and that

sooner or later the bewitched one will come to his senses, is dangerous. Always there is a fundamental reason behind the philandering impulse. Even if circumstances finally do effect a cure, it means merely that this once the individual has been lucky; it in no way changes the emotional make-up that needs adjustment nor does it prevent another flare-up.

But let us not stop on an alarming note. After all, romantic love during and past middle life is usually excellent as a tonic and often a more lasting relationship to the persons involved flows from it. For many such a romance is truly what Wells once described, but confined only to women, as a "second blooming." Nature seems often to need it; nature often demands it. And if a goodly dose of old-fashioned horse sense is mixed with the middle-age-romance-cocktail, usually all ends well.

### Manners at the Table

*How should fish bones be removed from the mouth? With the fingers; between thumb and index finger.*

*When you wish to refuse food offered by a servant, should you say "No, thank you"? By all means.*

*Is the piece of silver nearest one's plate the proper piece to use for the first course, if the table is properly set? No — the piece farthest away from the plate.*

*Instead of using a soup spoon, is it proper to drink soup when it is served in a bouillon cup? Not only proper, but preferable.*

*What should one do when food particles are accidentally dropped on the tablecloth? Pick them up with a clean knife blade and put on plate — except crumbs, which are permitted to remain.*

*Is it up to the host to keep dinner conversation going? No; guests have a distinct obligation to contribute.*

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# WHY YOU DON'T GET THIN

JUST lying flat on your back all day, doing nothing but looking at the clouds, your body does no mean amount of work — enough, in terms of calories burned, to lift 200 tons one foot in 24 hours. You need some 1,700 calories a day just to keep your body going, and about 800 additional, a total of 2,500, to give the energy for sitting, walking, playing, and working eight hours at an office desk.

These figures are for an average man, weighing around 160 pounds, doing average work. If that man consumes 100 calories a day beyond his actual needs they are stored as fat. If a man takes just one extra pat of butter a day beyond his actual energy requirements, that butter in twenty years will add 165 pounds to his weight. You can eat all you want to, but to burn up the *extra* calories consumed above your needs, you'll have to exercise, roughly, as follows:

*If you consume, above your  
actual calorie requirements —*

One cocktail containing 1½ oz. whisky  
(150 calories).....  
One large orange (100 calories).....  
One slice of bread and butter (100 calories)

One average pork chop (200 calories)...  
One doughnut (200 calories).....  
One chocolate cream *or*  
One 1-inch fudge cube (100 calories)...  
A cup of tea with one teaspoon sugar  
(35 calories).....  
Eight large olives (200 calories).....  
One average serving strawberry shortcake  
(300 calories).....  
One ice-cream soda (300 calories).....  
Two waffles, six inches in diameter (200  
calories).....  
One milk chocolate bar, 2½ x 6 x ¼ in.  
(750 calories).....  
Two scoops ice cream (200 calories)...

One baked potato with two tablespoons  
butter (300 calories).....  
Thanksgiving dinner: Turkey, dressing,  
potatoes, cranberries, pumpkin pie, rolls,  
coffee, and trimmings (1500 calories)..

*— to work off the unneeded  
food you will have to:*

Wash dishes for one hour.  
Typewrite 45 minutes.  
Ride a bicycle on a level  
paved road for one-half hour.  
Walk 2½ miles in an hour.  
Sweep floors 1¼ hours.

Play table tennis ½ hour.

Sing for 15 minutes.  
Walk uphill 45 minutes.

Play golf one hour.  
Climb stairs for ½ hour.

Knit for 1¼ hours.

Swim 1½ hours.  
Saw wood steadily for 25  
minutes.

Run at top speed for ½ hour.

Run as fast as you can for  
three hours.

# Make the Most of Your Personal Faults

Properly managed, your imperfections may be just what you need to make you stand out from the mob

by SONIA LEE

HOLLYWOOD is the citadel of beauty not because the stars are perfect of face and figure, but rather because they all have learned how to make the most of their personal faults!

The isolated few who possess flawless beauty, according to classic standards, have found it a handicap to progress!

The average woman is much too apologetic about her shortcomings. She develops an inferiority complex about her defects, and as a consequence permits it to color her entire existence.

A personal fault is in reality a blessing in disguise. A sincere effort to correct it frequently gives point and purpose to a woman's life.

Faults have been the steam behind many a star's achievements. In several instances their very imperfections have made interesting types of them, which smoothed the road to stardom — as in the case of Katharine Hepburn, who has made capital of the haggard planes of her face, the angularity of her body. She made her faults her fortune.

Two methods of procedure may be followed in turning faults to account:

1. *By minimizing them.* Camouflage is not only an art of war. It is also an art of beauty. Clothes, makeup, hairdress, can all be utilized to minimize a fault. That, of course, goes hand in hand with showing off your best points.

2. *By making them a virtue.* A woman with straight hair improvises a distinctive hairdress which formulates her personality. The Duchess of Windsor is a case in point. A woman with high cheek bones may bring them into further prominence as a mark of individuality. As Garbo does!

**B**UT NEITHER of these routes to the solution of your physical problems is within the grasp of a woman who isn't essentially and basically, and even heroically honest. You must analyze your fault ruthlessly. Don't be an ostrich and figuratively hide your head. Believe what your mirror tries to tell you!

You may attempt to rationalize

your faults, or admitting them, be too lethargic to do anything about them. In that case, these tidbits of advice are not for you.

**A**N INTERESTING story of how a fault changed a woman's entire personality was told me recently by one of Hollywood's most glamorous women.

When she first came into pictures from a notable career on the stage, it was discovered that the camera magnified that curious figure fault known as sway-back. Something drastic had to be done about it.

Fortunately, the studio dress designer was an ally.

So for a day she stood on a platform, surrounded by blazingly revealing lights, while the master of line and fashion tested various and numerous clothes designs to alleviate the fault.

The solution was found in skillful draping. In the inauguration of this new fashion prompted by necessity, it was discovered that the whole personality of the actress had been changed. She had been an ingénue — and now she was a woman of exoticism, with a certain mystic flavor. She intensified that impression by changing her hair-dress, her eyebrow line, and her lip makeup.

Instead of a comedienne, the studio had a woman of the world on its hands. So they re-aligned their casts, gave her a role of

power and passion, which she did handsomely. Today she is one of the greatest dramatic stars on the screen — and far, far more important than if she had played comedy, the type of role for which she had been contracted.

Her fault, as you see, *and the effort to correct it*, was the nucleus of her fame!

That broad-shoulder effect, which continues in favor year after year, is the result of one woman's analysis of her own fault. Greta Garbo's shoulders are broad, Viking-like in their sturdiness. She might have simulated the then fashionable sloping shoulder line. But thanks to the imagination of Garbo and Adrian, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer costume designer, a new vogue was begun.

**D**O YOU remember when every woman made up her mouth into a perfect cupid's bow? The ultimate in beauty was that rosebud effect.

When Joan Crawford accentuated her naturally generous mouth for her role in *Rain*, a storm of criticism descended on her head.

With slight modification she used the same lip makeup in succeeding pictures — heard herself called a faddist with serenity — and then lived to see what was characterized as a fad become the fashion.

Joan's generous, sensitive mouth, indexing as it does her qualities

as a person, was some years ago a beauty fault. Today it is the symbol for beauty. But it took the Crawford brand of courage to initiate a trend which made a universal fault a universal charm!

WHEN Norma Shearer came to New York intent on seeking a career in the theater, a famous producer said to her: "Go back home, little girl. You'll never amount to anything on the stage. You're too short, for one thing. And your eyes aren't nearly large enough. Take my word for it, you'll never get anywhere in the theater."

Time has proved that man wrong. Norma Shearer didn't go home. Instead, she analyzed herself and promptly began to acquire the graces which would counteract her faults.

She realized that her smile was her greatest asset. That is her most captivating charm even today. And so Norma began to smile as part of her program of existence. There were many days when it was an effort in the discouragement and heartbreak and poverty which dogged her steps. But she kept on smiling.

The gaiety of that smile eventually extended to her eyes and remained there. Sparkling, zestful, merry lights add enchantment to eyes. And soon, when producers looked at Norma Shearer, they remarked not only her delightful

smile, but those kindling, twinkling eyes. No one seemed to be aware that they lacked size.

As to her height, she did the right thing. She dressed to scale, which will make any woman, large or small, attractive.

As Omar Kiam, designer for the Samuel Goldwyn productions, points out, "A woman does not have to be perfect to be interestingly beautiful. A flaw or two, a personal fault, may be the springboard from which her beauty rises.

"Women are apt to want to look too pretty. But our ideal modern woman is not pretty. She is something far more — she can be entrancing."

Mr. Kiam, one of Hollywood's geniuses, recommends that every woman in analyzing her faults be brutally frank about her figure. She must be comparatively slim. She dare not bulge, unless her hip structure is such that it is unavoidable. In that case, fullness at the waist or below the waist will hide the fault nicely.

He warns the average woman against furbelows, against being over-dressed, against dressing her face and her figure separately. Every woman should consider herself as a whole, he cautions.

It isn't always a virtue to be fashionable. The bizarre styles are designed for a limited few. The clever woman adapts fashion to her needs, and therefore to her faults.

Perfect beauty can be a hindrance and often is.

W. S. Van Dyke, one of Hollywood's most brilliant directors, declares: "A girl of extraordinary beauty seldom gets anywhere in Hollywood. Things have been too easy for her all her life. She has come to expect things as a matter of course. She doesn't know how to go after the success she wants.

"And no matter how beautiful a woman is, it takes work, personality, intelligence, talent and tenacity to achieve stardom. Beauty is almost unimportant in Hollywood. It's the girl with beauty handicaps who develops the qualities which make for stardom. She's got what it takes to make the most of herself."

Among the really great beauties in Hollywood are Madeleine Carroll and Virginia Bruce. Virginia is confident that she would have progressed much more rapidly in her career if she had not been handicapped by golden hair, per-

fect complexion and faultless features.

"It took me years to get a break," she once said to me. "Whenever I applied for a job it was automatically assumed that outside of my appearance I had nothing else."

Miss Carroll's beauty earned her a chance on the British stage and a too-quick assignment to a leading role. The result was that in her first important assignment she failed woefully because of lack of training and experience. If she had been less beautiful she would have climbed more slowly, but been saved a lot of heart-breaks in the process.

Hollywood's most devastating women are not the perfect beauties. But they are the girls who have personal faults and have become aware of them. And later used them as the royal road to distinction, glamour and fame!

You, too, can make your faults the basis of your charm and individuality!



### Right or Wrong

*N*EXT to being right in this world, the best of all things is to be clearly and definitely wrong, for you will come out somewhere. If you go buzzing about between right and wrong, vibrating and fluctuating, you come out nowhere, but if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistently wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact, and that sets you all straight again.

— THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

# The Charm of Cheerful Conversation

If you must talk — and who mustn't? — remember that cheerfulness makes you and the world seem brighter

by ELEANOR HUNTER

**D**AZED and a little groggy, I watched my talkative neighbor disappear into the subway. Then I ducked into a drugstore to see if a cup of coffee would help. And I'm not fooling — I needed it.

I had an important business date and was primed to the gills to walk in and take over the situation. Now, I felt as if the situation could take over me without a struggle.

My friend had plunked down beside me on the train and, all the way into the city, had poured into my ears a steady stream of bad luck, hardship, sickness, failure, and the hopelessness of it all. And she backed it up with specific accounts of herself, her husband, her friends, some of whom were my friends.

By the time I reached the city, instead of feeling like a conquering hero, I was ready to turn tail and run.

A similar thing had happened a few nights before when my husband and I went calling for the evening.

Mac had been feeling very gay before we started. During dinner he had discussed with great enthusiasm some plans he had for expansion in his business. On the way over he had delighted my wifely heart by suggesting that we might get a new car Saturday.

But the evening's visit changed all that. From a little jesting repartee about the administration, the conversation settled down into the solid rock of indisputable evidence that the country not only was going, but had irrevocably gone, to the dogs. There was nothing you could do — nothing anyone could do.

**A**T FIRST, Mac put up some arguments, but before long the weight of their words began to close down on him. By the end of the evening, he was tired and cross and heavy-looking as if there had never been a smile in him.

On the way home, he said, "Well, I guess this old car is good for another year or two."

I might have known it, but I

protested anyway. "Now listen, Mac. Nothing has really happened to our affairs this evening. We still have just as much money in the bank as when we went to their old party. Your business is still just as good. We're still just as rich!"

"Well, Honey, I don't know. We'd better go slow."

Next day, he not only did *not* start the expansion he had planned, but he lost a big sale he had expected to put over.

**J**UST a coincidence? Maybe. But when he left home that morning, his sour, worried look and heavy walk were just the opposite from the eager, positive person he has been on the occasions when he has closed big orders.

And our affairs were exactly the same as they had been the day before. *Nothing but words* had happened to change him.

If words came in boxes labeled "dynamite," we might be more cautious with them. But as it is, we toss them about constantly, abysmally unaware of what we are doing. They are so cheap. They come so easily. We don't realize how much just words make us discouraged and blue and unhappy, and how much that affects our actual results.

To see what effect they have, let us consider a few trivial but enlightening examples.

Suppose you are busy at some tricky job — repairing your car,

getting a dinner, playing a hand of bridge — and someone criticizes you fiercely.

You suddenly become awkward, inept. You become confused and can't think straight. Your fingers become "thumbs" and you drop tools. Even inanimate objects seem to have developed a perverse desire to thwart you.

Suppose you have become discouraged and given up some certain piece of work you have struggled with faithfully. Then, some authority sees it and praises it extravagantly.

Now, how do you feel? Your doubts drop away. Your discouragement vanishes, and you are so stimulated that you return to the job flooded with new enthusiasm and vigor and ideas.

**O**R SUPPOSE you have done some wrong to a person dear to you, and you are overcome with remorse. You can't eat, or sleep, or think, or even work.

Then the person you wronged tells you to forget it. He has forgiven you, or doesn't hold it against you.

This time, even your physical body responds with relief. Your tension relaxes. You want to shout and laugh. You feel as if you have been given a new lease on life. And you turn to work with wholehearted eagerness.

What created these changes? Nothing but words.

When we can see the marked effect of words in these trivial instances, think what we do when we let ourselves wallow in an orgy of discouragement and frustration, or self-recrimination, or self-pity.

"Oh, I'll try, of course. But what's the use? I always get turned down."

Or, "I'm going deeper into debt every day. I'll never get out."

Do you suppose such remarks endear us to our family or friends? Do they make us happier, or renew our strength, or give us courage? Don't they, instead, actually emphasize the very condition we have been decrying and make us feel it still more acutely?

And the "buts."

"This apartment is all right, but—"

"Jack is a good husband, but—"

"I'm feeling fine today, but—"

Now read those statements over again without the "but" and see what a different effect they have.

**A**FTER the two experiences with which I started off this little dissertation, I decided that I, for one, would turn over a new leaf. I flatly refuse to listen to the kind of conversations that get me down and make me feel hopeless and futile and weary.

"Oh, hush!" I say with vehemence when the dear ladies begin on the hardships of their economies, or the prevalence of

sickness, or the misfortunes of So-and-So.

"You bought a new dress last week, Mary Ellen, and if I must say so, it looks stunning on you.

"I'm terribly sorry Jane is sick, but she's getting along splendidly, and isn't it fine the kids are so well?"

"Yes, I know the Blakes lost their house, but it was really a white elephant. Now they're free to live more comfortably without debt."

And when the men look disgusted with me and say, "All right, Pollyanna, but you have to face facts" — (how the pessimists love to wave *that* flag!) my Irish rises up and I reply, "Sure. But there are facts and facts. And I'm darned if I see the point of facing the ones that lick you before you even start, when you could just as honestly face the ones that give you a lift and make you stronger than you were before.

"You can take your choice. But the choice you make is jolly well going to affect your own next experience. Stand that fact up on its legs and face it!"

If you *must* talk (and who *mustn't*?) keep that little fact before you and be governed accordingly. You'll find your family liking you better, your friends welcoming you, your sales chart going up, your digestion improving, and I'll guarantee you'll sleep better o' nights.

## YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A WALLFLOWER

You don't *have* to be a "wet smack" and stay at home if you follow the advice of these Glamour Girls of the screen who know their men:

BETTE DAVIS: *Develop a strong personality* by constant study and observation. Watch other girls who seem to be popular, and try to incorporate some of their qualities, without making it too apparent.

JOAN BENNETT: *Be a good listener.* This is an old rule but it still holds true. Every man likes to talk, especially about himself. Encourage this, and you'll find yourself surrounded by swains.

GLENDIA FARRELL: *Trade wisecracks.* Give as good as you receive. The majority of men enjoy swapping *bon mots*; so the more you're able to pass out, without becoming the objectionable life-of-the-party, the more popular you'll be.

JEANETTE MACDONALD: *Be natural.* Nothing is so revolting to a man as a girl who constantly is trying to put on an "act." If you're known as being sincere — always yourself — you won't want for friends of the opposite sex.

SONJA HENIE: *Smile, and be friendly.* A man always appreciates a girl who can be depended upon to cheer him up. One girl with a smile is worth a dozen with frowns.

CAROLE LOMBARD: *Be a good sport.* Be alive, and ready for the beach, the theater and movies, dancing, whatever the man suggests. Don't selfishly insist upon doing only what you prefer.

— WHITNEY WILLIAMS



# The Useful Art of Forgetting

Learn to throw off memories of failure if you would give a full quota of energy and courage to new tasks

by DR. JAMES GORDON GILKEY

ANYONE who watches people carefully will soon discover three sets of memories which all of us should keep under unwavering control. Failure to do so betrays us into immense but essentially needless misery.

To begin with, we must learn to forget our own past failures. In the course of the years even the most successful people accumulate a sorry collection of disastrous ventures. They range all the way from the sermon that proved ineffective to the friendship from which we expected a great deal, but which actually gave us nothing. Every business man has his list of undertakings which did not prove financially profitable. Every lawyer can count up at least a few cases which he did not win. Every doctor has his group of erstwhile patients now seeking medical advice elsewhere. No one of us, however highly rated by the community,

is always successful. All of us can, if we are foolish enough to do so, call from the grave the ghosts of a dozen sorry failures.

But what happens when we do this? What effect do these dismal recollections have upon our mind and spirit? One of the leading neurologists of England (J. A. Hadfield in *The Psychology of Power*) has recently reported this curious experiment which he carried on with three soldiers in the British army: "I asked the three men to submit themselves to a test designed to measure the effect of their mental attitude on their physical strength, this strength to be registered by a single gripping-device operated by the right hand. I tested the three men under three different conditions—first in their normal state, then under hypnosis when I was telling them they were very weak, and then under hypnosis when I was telling them they were very strong.

THE AUTHOR, former Professor of Biblical Literature at Amherst, is pastor of South Church, Springfield, Mass. Among his successful books are *Secrets of Effective Living*, *You Can Master Life*, and *Solving Life's Everyday Problems* from which this feature is taken. Copyright, 1937. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"In their normal state these three men had an average grip of 101 pounds. When, under hypnosis, I told them they were very weak their utmost effort registered only 29 pounds. One of the soldiers (who happened to be a pugilist) remarked that his arm 'felt tiny, just like a baby's.' But when, still keeping the men under hypnosis, I told them they were very strong, their average strength jumped back to the normal 101 pounds and then rose to 142 pounds. They were actually 40% stronger when they believed they were strong, and actually 70% weaker when they believed themselves weak."

What happens when you and I brood over our own past failures? We suggest repeatedly to ourselves that we are clumsy and ineffective. Those reiterated suggestions have a fatal effect on our flow of energy and courage. They gradually restrict our range of power, crowd us down to the low level of our mean self-evaluation. No one is arguing for a bumptious self-confidence or an ironclad conceit. But experience has shown repeatedly that until a man learns to throw off his memories of failure and the sense of personal inadequacy which these memories create, he will never be able to muster his full quota of energy and courage.

What is the first step in conquering memories of failure? How can a man who has had more than his share of mishaps begin to

shake free from the incubus of unhappy recollection and deepening self-distrust?

Some of us have found immense help in the realization that circumstance often plays as large a part in misfortune as do human blunders. The sermon that failed may have failed because the church auditorium was a few degrees too warm or too cold, not because the sermon itself was poorly constructed and inadequately delivered. The business venture that went wrong may have done so because the general financial situation was unfavorable, not because the venture itself deserved to fail. The friendship that faded may have done so through no fault of ours. To assume full responsibility for all the unhappy experiences of the past is to claim far too large a share of the load.

MANY older people still recall the presidential campaign of 1884, in which Grover Cleveland defeated James G. Blaine by the slender majority of 37 electoral votes. Had Blaine held rather than lost New York State he would have gone to the White House.

What was responsible for his defeat in New York State? Two coincidences, for neither of which could the Republican organization be held responsible. The first disaster came when a minister from Brooklyn, addressing Mr. Blaine at a semi-private gathering,

said, "We are Republicans, and we do not propose to desert you for a party the antecedents of which have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine's managers did everything in their power to conceal that unfortunate reference, but it was instantly taken up by the anti-Republican papers and cost Mr. Blaine thousands of votes.

**T**HE OTHER disaster came when a heavy storm swept upper New York State on election day. The farmers, on whose votes Mr. Blaine was counting heavily, could not reach the polls, and their absence proved fatal to the Republican candidate.

Two weeks after the election Mr. Blaine wrote a friend, "I feel quite serene over the result. As the Lord sent us an ass in the shape of a preacher, and also sent a rain-storm to lessen our vote in New York, I am disposed to feel resigned to the dispensation of defeat which flowed directly from those agencies."

Was Blaine to blame for his failure? No more than you are to blame for all the mishaps in your career.

A second set of memories we must bring under control is made up of the recollections of other people's unkindness. Here again all of us accumulate during the years a great number of unpleasant experiences. Sometimes

the unkindness of other people reveals itself in sarcastic comments on the work we are doing and the way in which we are doing it.

Recently an elderly lady was asked whether her minister was a good preacher. There was a moment of ominous silence, and then with cruel sweetness the lady replied, "He is an excellent man at funerals." Comments like that are sure to be passed on, sure to arrive eventually at the parsonage. How easy for the minister to file them in his memory for future reference!

Sometimes the unkindness of other people shows itself in actions that are contemptibly small and mean. Every family has its quota of quarrels, estrangements and misunderstandings that can be traced back to someone's attempt to trick a relative out of a few dollars, or someone's desire to volunteer unsolicited advice and administer a supposedly necessary snub. How many individuals, encountering such an experience, store it away in the mind and persistently refuse to undertake a spiritual housecleaning!

**S**OMETIMES the unkindness of other people expresses itself in cruel remarks passed upon our children, or mean tricks played upon them. Many people who can summon enough self-control to overlook injuries to themselves, balk completely when they are asked to overlook an injury done

to their child. There, they insist, forgiveness stops. There an undying feud begins.

But what happens when we permit ourselves to hold a grudge? What goes on within our mind and spirit when we accumulate resentments and brood over them? Obviously we work no harm to the people who have injured us. The only thing we do is overthrow our own physical and psychical balance. One of the professors at the Harvard Medical School writes, "It is surprising to see how many people will keep a careful watch on their weight, their blood pressure and their digestive apparatus, but all the time pay no attention to those conflicts within the mind which eventually betray themselves in a dozen ways. The father of a family will consult his physician about a high blood pressure, but say nothing about the fact that he is no longer on speaking terms with his own son."

Such individuals, treasuring the memory of unhappy experiences in the past, never succeed in solving the problem of living. Rather they make the problem more and more difficult by their stubborn refusal to forgive and forget.

How can we rid ourselves of these disturbing memories? There seems only one way, the way which Jesus found centuries ago. We must face the unkindness of other people, and then deliberately forgive. The caustic com-

ments on our work, the mean tricks played upon us, the unjust treatment accorded to our children — all must be resolutely put out of the mind. You say such an act is impossible? It may seem so today. But we learn to forgive and forget just as we learn to do every other difficult thing — by patient, deliberate and long-continued practice. Where did Jesus gain the power to forgive the soldiers who nailed Him to the cross? Where did He acquire that almost incredible self-mastery which enabled Him to pray for them? Behind that achievement in forgiveness lay years of patient and persistent self-discipline. If we undertake a similar self-culture we may hope to share, in some measure, His victory.

**T**HERE is one other set of dangerous memories all of us must learn to control. We must never permit ourselves to debate what might have happened had we made our choices differently. Of all the short cuts to inner restlessness this is the shortest. Within half an hour you can plunge yourself into hopeless despair if you begin to resurrect and explore your own vanished alternatives.

Suppose you had chosen another career, suppose you had settled in a different community, suppose you had married someone else, suppose you had given the children another type of training,

suppose. . . . Let your fancy run down those pathways and before long you will find yourself utterly lost. Are there no certainties anywhere? Has all life been a succession of missteps in the dark?

How can we master moods and memories like these? The next time you find yourself falling victim to them remind yourself that you know nothing — literally nothing — about the road not taken. You imagine it is a fine, straight road, and that had you followed it you would have come directly to the land of heart's desire. But that is sheer supposition.

**T**HE ROAD not taken might have been longer and more wearisome than the road you did choose. It might have brought you to places infinitely darker than the ones through which you have found your way, and it might have given you none of those vistas of delight that have been your happiest experiences.

Had you taken that other road twenty years ago every subsequent choice in your life would have been different, and there is just as much reason to say that your life, as a whole, would have proved less satisfying as there is for saying it would have proved more satisfying. No one knows, or will ever know, where the road not taken would have led. How foolish to break one's heart over an uncertainty, to lament mistakes that

may not have been mistakes at all!

Recently a columnist, writing for the sports page of a California daily, published a paragraph that began with fun and ended with a rare bit of philosophy: "Yesterday I played golf with a man I hope I shall never see again. He had the worst case of 'Iffing' I have ever known. After each hole he would tell me with great seriousness how well he would have done *if* one of his shots had been different. 'If my drive had been straight,' he would say, 'I would certainly have made that hole in par. A straight drive, the good approach I did get, and then two putts on the green — I would have made that hole in four!' But the man forgot that if his drive had been different every subsequent shot would have been different too. A perfect drive would have so excited this fellow that he would have flubbed everything thereafter. In the game of life no one knows what would have happened had one stroke been different. We might have broken the record for the course, or we might have driven into every sand-trap and pond on the premises. Motto: Don't be an Iffer."

**I**T is at this point that Christian faith makes an immense contribution to the lives of many people. What do they believe as they face successive crossroads? They are convinced they do not face

them alone. Around their puzzled mind is the sure wisdom of God. Around their tired heart is the undefeated strength of the Most High. Around their confusion and need is the unfailing love of One who knows the end from the beginning. They stand at the crossroads, make the wisest and bravest decision they can, and then move resolutely forward with no glances

behind. They dare to believe that when they live for the best and act for the best God works in them, around them, and beyond them, leading them finally to the right path and the right destination. This is the faith that has heartened numberless pilgrims on dark and uncertain roads. For them it has been literally "the victory that overcomes the world."

### Personality Quirks of the Stars

Do you tear unused postage stamps off old envelopes and paste them on others? CAROLE LOMBARD admits she can spend money cheerfully for anything except stamps, and she sends out all her greeting cards unsealed in order to take advantage of the lower rate.

★ Do you balk at paying five cents to make a local phone call? FRANK MCGOUGH feels the same way about paying a small fee to leave his car at a garage or parking lot. He'll burn up gallons of gasoline searching for a place where he can park at the curb without cost — and then probably take a taxi to get where he's going.

★ Do you wear disgraceful old stockings around the house? MARTHA RAYE, who scarcely needs to economize and whose legs are as noteworthy as her mouth, wears service-weight hose except for party occasions, and even then she reinforces both kinds with adhesive tape at heel and toe.

★ JOEL McCREA can't stand to see an electric light burning when no one is using it, and snapping off switches has become second nature to him. His wife, Frances Dee, is frequently embarrassed when they have guests, for if Joel leaves the room for a moment he'll absent-mindedly switch off the lights as he goes out, leaving everyone sitting around in the darkness.

★ LORETTA YOUNG's closets are always filled with the latest in lounging pajamas, house coats, and negligées, but she admits that when she's through wearing a pair of mules or bedroom slippers, not even the second maid will accept them.

★ CLAUDETTE COLBERT is the same way about shoes. She cheerfully distributes her hats, gowns, and suits to servants, studio extras, and charity organizations, but she refuses to part with her shoes, no matter how disgraceful they've become. She recently had several large cabinets built in her garage to hold the overflow of old shoes from her closets.

# Lady, Take Your Inventory

Follow the lead of Big Business, check up on your personal stock — and go anywhere you wish

by EARL WILSON

**T**HE WOMAN of today should take a lesson from Big Business. Like a captain of industry presiding over one of the biggest corporations, she should take a periodic inventory — noting what products she has on hand and what goods she needs.

She will emerge from this stock-taking, as the corporation president will, with a sort of balance sheet.

A quick glance at the sheet will tell the captain of industry that he has 50,000 board feet of lumber in a warehouse at Birmingham and 5,000 tons of raw rubber in storage at Akron. Similarly, it will inform the wide-awake woman that she has the gift of witty conversation, the brightness that makes friends. But, as the sheet also notifies the manufacturer that he needs fifty new trucks and fifteen trailers, it sends an alarm to the woman that she needs to broaden her reading, learn something about sports, get acquainted with Bach, if she wishes to become a really successful and interesting person. . . .

All the above is no mere dream. It is a theory actually being put into practice at the Women's Self-

Evaluation Clinic at New York University. At this clinic, women from twenty to sixty, married and single, subject themselves to a series of inventories, which contain the most searching questions, to improve themselves, to strengthen their Achilles heels.

Friends of these self-evaluated women report astounding improvement in a short time, and so, Lady — here's your inventory!

**Q**UESTIONS are based on the clinic's inventories. Answer each one honestly and instantly, and don't flatter yourself at any point, don't pull any punches which should hit you hard and squarely!

After answering the questions turn to page 96 for the correct answers, and score yourself 4 points for each one right. A grade of 72 is passing, 80 is excellent, 88 astounding.

But remember that in this inventory the grade itself is not so important. From this balance sheet you can see, after taking the examination, where you stand, what you need to do next to achieve the goal you want, to be-

come the sort of woman you want to be. The inventory:

### Appearance

1. Has your favorite man told you within the last month that you look lovely?

2. Honestly now — which classification does your figure come under — Claudette Colbert's or Kate Smith's?

3. Have you changed your hair-do in the last three months?

4. Do you prefer one expensive outfit to three less expensive ones?

5. If you were invited to a formal dinner tonight, would you have to borrow an evening gown?

### Awareness

1. Do you read two good books a month?

2. Can you tell the difference between the aims of John L. Lewis and William Green in one sentence, and if not, what does SWOC stand for?

3. Do you create something at least once a week — a picture, a poem, a cake, an idea, or a rug?

4. Can you read a financial page?

5. Can you enjoy an art exhibit, a symphony or a lecture?

### The Social Graces

1. Have you made two new friends in the last six months?

2. Do you carry out a definite plan for enlarging your vocabulary?

3. Do you say "swell," "sort

of," "you know what I mean," "cute," "nice," "grand," "awful," "it was one of those thing," etc.?

4. When you talk do you pat your neck, close your eyes, rub your arm or try to find a pencil to chew?

5. Can you make men feel important?

### Companionability

1. Can you drive an auto?

2. Can you fix the wires of an electric flatiron or row a boat?

3. Could you make a creditable showing in at least one of these games if called upon to play at a party this week end: Badminton, ping pong, tennis, golf?

4. If your escort says he just adores Antonio Galento, would you tell him you don't care for these Italian musicians?

5. Can you cook?

### Enterprise

1. Have you "grown" in the last two years?

2. Have you had a dental and physical check up in the same period?

3. Do you know what you want to be doing ten years from now?

4. Have you drawn up any definite plan for making good use of the increasing leisure?

5. Have you started a fund which will enable you to see the rest of the United States, Europe or other parts of the world?

(The correct answers are on page 96)

# If You Want Love, Say So

Probably you've never had a Lie Detector test—but here's what one might tell you about your love life

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

"I COULDN'T tell Ted I'd been out with another fellow," a young girl assured me. "He'd have been furious."

"So you let Ted find out for himself," I guessed, "and when he did find out, he threw you over."

Weeping, she confessed it was the truth. She had gone with the other man quite innocently, from a girl's point of view. Ted was the man she really loved. She didn't imagine that he could possibly discover her occasional "two-timing." But Ted did discover it. Deceptions come to light when you least expect. Result: a broken romance.

I agreed to talk with Ted. I asked him if he loved Edie and he said no, emphatically no! I asked him if he would let me test his answer on the Lie Detector. The test showed that he did love this girl beyond any possible doubt.

"But I won't marry a liar," Ted asserted. "If she cheats on me now, she'll cheat after we are married."

So I saw Edie again. "If you want Ted back," I advised, "go to him now and tell him the whole truth about your acquaintance with Frank. Put your pride in

your pocket and throw your fears away. If you truly want love you must pay the price of fundamental honesty."

She took my advice. Of course, I wasn't present at Edie's confession party but I know the girl told the truth and emerged triumphant. She discovered, before it was too late, that sincerity has more love appeal than false pretense. Ted himself is a singularly forthright young man and with the new, truth-respecting Edith for a life partner, will undoubtedly enjoy marriage happiness.

**T**HERE IS an age-old argument between the sexes as to whether men or women are the worst deceivers. Most books and articles on this subject have been written by men; so, naturally, women got the worst of it. An idea has gained popular belief that women are deceptive by nature, that they prefer to gain their ends by indirection and are incapable of fearless honesty.

Some masculine cynics go so far as to say that most women earn their living by deception, pretending love they do not feel for mar-

riageable men who will support them, and tricking men they love into unwilling generosity.

**M**EN REGARD themselves as relatively honest and outspoken in their relationships with the opposite sex. Women, male writers explain, are compelled by physical and economic weakness to use trickery to gain their ends.

But are women worse liars than men? Lie Detector results on both sexes say no. In banks, department stores and other places of business where the Lie Detector is used to test all employees, many more men than women are found guilty of theft. Moreover, if a woman in business has misappropriated money or merchandise, she is much more likely to tell the truth about it than is a man in similar circumstances.

In one bank, the Lie Detector found fourteen men guilty of stealing money and showed that ten more had guilty plans or purposes. Not a single female employee had stolen and only one had deceptive tendencies. Total test results showed that 26% of all male employees in this bank were dishonest as compared to 6% of the female workers. This is typical.

In all the deception tests I have conducted with both sexes in business I have found women, on the average, four times as honest and nine times as truthful as men. Which gives a decidedly new pic-

ture of male and female honesty!

There is, however, another side to the picture. Girls are more likely to tell social lies than men. For example, I tested a Junior League group with the Lie Detector and caught every one of those charming young women stretching the truth a bit where matters of social and family pride or relationships with men were concerned. Here you find the real weakness of the female sex. Men do not deceive nearly so much as women in social situations because the temptation, to them, is not so great.

**P**RESERVING family and love ties and keeping safe their intimate emotional relationships mean so much to the captivating sex that small prevarications appear unimportant. It is a rare girl who realizes that ultimate disaster lurks in these trivial deceptions of hers — disaster to the purposes she holds most dear, her friendships, her home life and her love affairs. The love cost of lying is high indeed and both sexes should reckon its price before they pay it.

Many girls find great difficulty in facing the truth about a man whose attentions flatter them. Della was a girl who tried to build love happiness in this fashion on a foundation of lies. She was a student of mine at Columbia University and she came to me one day with her problem.

"I have to decide," she said, "whether or not to marry the boy I love."

Della's wealthy father, it seemed, had investigated the chap in question and had discovered some unsavory facts about his past. Della wanted me to give Harry a Lie Detector test to prove that he was honest. I tested him and proved the opposite.

NOT ONLY was this fellow a crook but his "love" for Della was only pretended. He was after her money. I reported these findings to Della and she believed them — she had absolute confidence in the Lie Detector test. Here, then, was a girl who *knew* the truth but refused to face it. She promised me faithfully to break off her affair with Harry. But she went on with it. A few weeks later she came to me again for advice, confessing her continued association with young S.

"I know what he is," she said pathetically, "but I love him so! I believe that I can reform him and then he will really love me."

Della, you see, was beginning to deceive herself. Way down deep in her under-consciousness she knew that she was in love with a false shadow, a wishful creation of her own feminine desire to capture this man and hold him. I asked her to take a deception test and she readily consented.

Now it is a remarkable fact

about the Lie Detector that the uncontrollable emotional reactions which it records will reveal a "complex" or a self-deception just as readily as they disclose a fully conscious lie. So I asked Della some intimate questions and discovered that she was trying to deceive both herself and me. Actually she did not love Harry though she had falsely persuaded herself that she did. And in defiance of all common sense she had gone through a marriage ceremony with him.

I confronted Della with the whole truth and the poor girl broke down. She knew now that she was in an awful mess. She begged me to get her out of it.

THE LIE DETECTOR test showed that the man was a bigamist and a confidence man. Della's father put him in prison where he undoubtedly belonged. Della went to California where she ultimately adjusted herself to reality and fell genuinely in love with a worthwhile man whom she married.

Della is embarrassingly grateful to me and to the Lie Detector test. But all the Lie Detector really did was to confront this girl sharply with facts which she already knew. Had she faced the truth courageously when she first met Harry she would have saved herself a vast amount of emotional distress and suffering.

In courtship and marriage it is

easy to mistake selfish motives for love. There is, of course, the familiar case of the girl or man who marries for money, or for some material advantage such as social position, ease and luxury, or business advancement. A young working girl may become bored with her job and long for the protective environment of a home. She may marry the first man who offers to support her, hoping and perhaps believing that she will love him as a wife should.

**O**R A young man, seeking advancement by social influence and pull, may marry the daughter of his employer. He imagines, no doubt, that he can give her the love he promises in the same way that he renders faithful performance of a contract to a business associate. But love does not come at the call of money. Nor does a money motive for marriage, disguised as love, create marital happiness. Always the ultimate result is unhappiness.

Pride and willfulness may also be mistaken for love. A girl, for example, may imagine herself in love with almost any man whom she has determined to capture and her silly self-deception may result in stubborn rejection of the boy she really loves.

There came to me, not long ago, an intelligent, good-looking young man, whose problem was to find out whether his

pretty fiancée really cared for him. The girl, Mary, said that she loved him. But in his presence she was obviously miserable. Jim told me that his only desire was to make Mary happy. If he couldn't, he was ready to give her up.

Mary agreed to take a Lie Detector test. When the blood-pressure cuff had been strapped about her leg and the pneumograph tube fastened around her chest, I asked her if she really loved Jim. She answered "Yes" and the record showed it was the truth. I asked her if she had ever been in love with anyone else and she answered, truthfully, that she had previously been engaged to Roger. Then I asked her if she had broken her engagement to Roger. She answered "Yes" and her blood pressure rose sharply. She was lying. Soon the whole truth came out.

Mary had fancied herself frantically in love with Roger, an attractive, popular young man whom all the girls of her set were running after. Her engagement to him was a triumph. Roger, however, was a shallow egoist and Mary never really loved him. They quarreled, finally, over his continued acceptance of other girls' attentions and Roger abruptly ended their engagement.

Mary, on the rebound, accepted Jim, a schoolmate whom she had been fond of for years. But her defeat in the Roger affair still

rankled. She felt hurt, thwarted, ashamed. For pride's sake she still wanted to get Roger back and deceived herself into believing she cared more for him than for Jim. I showed the girl her mistake. I convinced her that getting rid of Roger was the cleverest thing she had ever done.

The minute Mary realized the

*truth* she surrendered herself joyfully to her deep, ardent affection for Jim. They are married now, and both of them are determined, whatever else may happen, to know the truth about their feelings toward each other. That is the only psychologically sound basis for a happy marriage.

You often read about "love

### Truth Quiz for Lovers

Rate your fitness to love by answering these questions

1. How many lies about yourself, your family, your social and financial standing have you told the person to whom you are making love?
2. How many of his (or her) pretensions which you know to be false are you trying to make yourself believe?
3. How many lies about your relations with members of the opposite sex have you told him (or her)?
4. If you knew that marriage with the man or woman of your choice would positively injure your business success or social standing, would you still wish to marry him or her?
5. If you had not already determined to marry (or hold) the lover of your present choice would you still feel irresistibly drawn to him (or her)?
6. If you suddenly learned that all your friends looked down upon the person you have chosen, would the attraction remain strong as before?
7. (For business girls) If you had to go on working after marriage, would you still wish to marry the man you have chosen?
8. (For husbands) How many things which your wife wants you to do (or not do) would you gladly concede if you loved her as you did during the honeymoon?
9. (For wives) How many demands do you make upon your husband which decrease his pleasure in living to increase yours, and how often do you try to enforce them by being disagreeable?
10. Are you afraid to face the absolute and complete truth about your attitude, your feelings and your behavior toward the man or woman you claim to love?

disappointments" leading to suicide and other forms of wild and reckless misbehavior. But people who take defeat so badly do so because their self-esteem, not their love, is hurt.

**T**HE DEAN of a woman's college once sent to me a brilliant girl who had suddenly gone on the rampage. She was breaking every rule, especially with regard to men. I soon discovered that her roommate had "stolen her man" — a college football hero — and that Arlene was out to show the world she didn't care. When I proved to this girl that she actually did not love the man she had lost but only wanted him as a sort of trophy to gratify her female hunting complex she snapped out of her social rebellion immediately and graduated with honors.

A young man-about-town, commonly described as a "playboy," recently yielded to similar treatment. He had convinced himself that the "only girl he ever loved" cared nothing for him and he was out to advertise his emancipation from all the laws of love and decency. I showed him how foolishly he was deceiving himself and how heartily the world was laughing at him and he came back to normality.

He found a quiet, companionable girl with whom he fell genuinely in love. She made him go to work and the two of them today

are real partners, happy together in their joint desire to know the truth and adapt themselves to it.

A surprising number of marital woes and maladjustments can be cured by a simple truth treatment. It is a rare husband who intentionally makes himself and his marriage partner miserable.

Unhappiness in most homes springs from roots of discord deeply buried in deception. Married people form the habit of lying to themselves and to each other about their motives and feelings. When they recognize their silly, selfish behavior for the stupid thing it is, they make successful efforts to correct it.

**C**ONSIDER the case of Mrs. S. who told me she was about to leave her husband. He was inconsiderate at all times, she said; drank heavily, stayed out late at night, was rude to her in the presence of friends, neglected his work and stood in grave danger of losing his position. Mr. S. came readily to my office. He was a good-looking, clean-cut chap with a pleasant voice and friendly manner. He said he loved his wife, that she was all a woman should be — why he treated her so badly he did not know.

A deception test showed that Mr. S. had a strong desire to escape, to leave home and get away from his wife, Margot. When I told him this he recognized the truth at once and admitted it with

complete honesty. But still he could not explain *why* he felt that way toward his wife.

I KNEW then that there were two sides to this domestic deception story. I put the testing apparatus on Mrs. S. and asked her how she treated her husband when he misbehaved. She said she was kind and considerate and tried to reason with him. I asked if she nagged or scolded him and she said no. Her blood pressure began to rise — here was the crucial point. I asked the same question again in another way and suddenly Margot S. recognized the truth.

"Oh I *have* been nagging him!" she cried. "I never thought of it that way. But now I see it. I've been cold and sarcastic and sulky every time my husband took a drink or did anything that dis-

pleased me. I've been *mean* to him — it's all my fault!"

It wasn't all her fault — it was about fifty-fifty. Mr. S. had been selfishly bent on living his own way; Mrs. S. had been trying to coerce him to her way of living with disagreeable female dominance. Both of them had been sugar-coating their own faults with plausible little lies and excuses.

When I stripped away this deceptive covering they both got down to the necessary business of personality house cleaning. They are living together happily. They still have occasional quarrels but they are forming firm habits of facing the truth about themselves. Anyone who does that can always find some way to make his loved ones happy and so earn love happiness for himself.

## Answers to "How Smart Are You?"

(from page 32)

1. Indian corn. 2. "But spare your country's flag," she said. 3. The Gideons. 4. Coward. 5. Thomas Marshall. 6. 21 shillings. 7. Norse. 8. One who can bat either right- or left-handed. 9. The jail. 10. Twelve. 11. A. Conan Doyle; S. S. Van Dine; Earl Derr Biggers. 12. Above. 13. P. T. Barnum. 14. Preamble to the Constitution; Declaration of Independence; Gettysburg Address. 15. Medium of currency used during Civil War. 16. Put it in garden as it is a large insect that feeds on destructive insects. 17. Theodore Roosevelt; Woodrow Wilson; Herbert Hoover. 18. "Are you there?" 19. Salem, Mass. 20. Doctor, since an aortic leak is in the heart. 21. 600; "Into the valley of death rode the 600." 22. Yes. 23. Damocles. 24. Rosa Bonheur.

25. North Sea. 26. Scotland; China; England; Ireland. 27. Richard Wagner. 28. Rocks. 29. Suez. 30. Flax.

31. Violins. 32. April 6, 1917. 33. Hellepont. 34. Pennsylvania. 35. Ursa Major. 36. Pompeii and Herculaneum. 37. Poisonous lizard found in deserts of the Southwest. 38. Denmark. 39. Jack Dempsey; Joe Louis; James J. Corbett; Bob Fitzsimmons. 40. After Solon, Athenian law-giver.

41. 212 degrees. 42. Elba. 43. Beatrice; Elaine; Isolde; Joan. 44. First 10 Amendments to the Constitution. 45. Switzerland. 46. Padrone. 47. Twenty-four. 48. A turbulent, quarrelsome woman. 49. Porcelains. 50. Oliver Hazard Perry.

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## To Be Interesting, Be Surprising

I HAVE often marveled at the failure of insurance agents to make themselves entertaining.

They have the advantage of a subject fundamentally one of the most interesting in the world — the probable length of one's life, and a means to provide for one's loved ones. What could be more interesting than that combination?

Yet the average insurance solicitor is an unconscionable bore.

The reason seems to be that he fails to provide enough surprise.

Whether in a letter, a selling talk, or a dinner table conversation, the person who would be interesting must be surprising. Those who listen must not know exactly what is coming. We all like to hear things we didn't expect to hear or that we didn't know before.

We never care for a play or a novel if it is obvious from the start just how everything is going to turn out. If we surmise which girl the hero will marry, we must at least be surprised about how he wins her.

Even professional acrobats strive for surprise. So do landscape architects. As we round a turn in the driveway through a beautiful estate, we are likely to find that just beyond the curve is a change in the kind of shrubbery, which gives a refreshing surprise in foliage, or color. The curve in the drive may have been put there for the sole purpose of providing a chance for surprise. Without our realizing why, this keeps us interested.

ALONG with surprise should be expectation. Interest is a combination of the expected and the unexpected. When a comedian places a pan of water on a chair for somebody to sit down in, the interest of the audience is awakened by their expectancy, and the surprise is provided by something unforeseen happening when the victim either does sit down in the water, or suddenly avoids doing so.

The old-fashioned patent medicine showman understood what he was about. He usually held a crowd about the wagon while disposing of his wares — because the crowd expected singing and banjo music later.

— FRED C. KELLY

# How to Have and Hold Your Man

Mutual interest and friendship may not sound very exciting, but they are necessary to genuine love

by SARA STRAYER

"THERE is no denying that women are foolish," wrote George Eliot. "The Lord made them to match the men."

He did . . . and He didn't. "Male and female made He they," and He did a most thorough job of it.

Men are different, and that is that! So thinks the average woman — until she falls in love. Then the difference becomes a vital problem. Her future happiness depends upon her coping with it successfully. Here is this big — every man is "big" to the woman who is in love with him — wonderful, adorable male who somehow must be made to love her. And she hasn't an idea of what makes the wheels go 'round.

Whatever the popular impression may be, the most important factor in lasting love between man and woman is friendship. Of course, there can be friendship without love, but there can be no true love without friendship.

It is just as well to remember that men do not value you for your own perfection of performance, but for what you mean to them. Therefore, the girl who wants to be pop-

ular or beloved will not rest on her laurels after she has dressed herself becomingly and put her hair in a fetching coif. She is still an inanimate exhibit A in a man's mind until she learns to stir his imagination and makes him feel he is incomplete without her.

YOUR less worthy attributes will attract a man — but it takes virtues to hold him. Though a man seldom has sensible reasons for falling in love, a woman will be wise to observe the moods and moments that appeal to him, and trouble herself to recreate an atmosphere that's pleasing to him. Too many women drop the endearing ways and habits that first caught their men's fancy. Men, too, are guilty in this respect — but right now we are talking of women.

Women can enjoy masculine attention without actually liking men. But the secret of the success of every great siren, from Cleopatra to the Duchess of Windsor, has been that she liked men — not only liked them but liked to make them comfortable.

If you are in love with a man do

not overstress the grand passion, but rather, use your powers of observation, your intelligence and ingenuity to make that man happy. You want to be a success at this. Well then, work at it.

Say what you will, the world expects a great deal of men. A man must never show weakness or fear, but sometimes a woman just has to sob it out. A man can't. That is one reason he is so avid for sympathy.

Now don't get the idea that you are to go maudlin over Bill or Tom. If you do he will be just about as grateful as if you poured a pitcher of molasses over him.

WHEN you can see that he is tired or depressed — without letting him know that you've noticed — suggest doing something quietly amusing. Just sit and let him talk. Encourage him to talk about himself. Usually very little encouragement is required. Let him see that you are honestly interested.

But don't let him know that you are *seriously* interested. Any suggestion of *seriousness* on the part of a woman gives a man galloping goose flesh. A man wants a woman to care just enough about him to respond when he makes advances but not enough to make advances when he does not respond.

If a man has ever found pleasure and romance in your society it is your own fault if you lose him.

Too much has been said about man's polygamous tendencies and not enough about his love of comfortable habits. Note how he will cling to an old hat, a golf club or a trout stream. It takes a cataclysm or insidious dry rot to separate a man from his ideal of a mate. And lady, he wouldn't be attracted to you if he didn't think you were that ideal.

IF YOU are gloomy and distrustful of your charms when you are manless, and buoyant, vivacious — on top of the world — when you *have* a man's attention, he quickly sees he has more responsibility than he cares for — and so he slides away. Afterward, you'll see him attached to a girl who can be her normal, natural self whether or not there is a man within hailing distance. To be happy with a man you have to learn to be happy without him.

"Should I be restful or stimulating?" That is another question. The answer is *both*. The party girl often doesn't marry until late in life — after a series of engagements that leave her, her parents and her friends bewildered. Why? Because she won't listen, though men are telling her constantly that she simply wears them out.

Because Jane has a quiet cousin Alice, whom she's been trying for years to launch into matrimony, she's firmly convinced that diffident inaction bears no fruit

whatever; so she continues her whirl in the spotlight. If Jane runs true to type, she'll wake up at about the age of thirty and develop soothing characteristics; by that time she'll be wise enough to realize also that men don't want to be soothed *all* the time . . . just sometimes.

But how can one know just when to be what? There is no answer, except that a woman must realize that a man's nature is as complicated as her own, and that if she provides outlets for as many of his different sides as possible, both he and she will be better *expressed* people.

To a man, ideas are almost as important as action. For instance, many a man with wanderlust has been known to sit by his fireside contentedly raising a family, so long as he can spend a few evenings a month with a fine globe and the *National Geographic*.

Meanwhile, the woman who confines her allure solely to sex is headed for disappointment. Because sex is such an obvious attraction, it receives more ballyhoo than it deserves. It's very much like any other noisy minority — clamoring, occupying the center of the stage while the deep, swift currents of life flow powerfully and silently beneath and around it. Yet the wise woman will not make the mistake of underestimating the *power of sex to sway the deeper motives*.

She knows that if a man's mind and energies are intrigued, he will come back again and again, no matter what he *thought* he wanted in the first place.

This is just one of the reasons why a girl doesn't have to pet unless she wants to. Everything in life costs something. It costs to pet — and it costs not to pet. I'd make up my mind which I preferred to pay, and then I wouldn't complain of the result. Experience indicates, however, that petting is by far more expensive than not petting.

**H**OW DO YOU feel about men, anyway? Not about *the man*, but about men. The woman who expects to get along happily with any one man or with all men must forget the rubbish about not having had a fair deal in what she terms "a man's world." It is anybody's world who will play fair and give it all she has.

And let's chuck another antiquated idea. That bosh about "keeping a man guessing." The earlier in their relationship that a girl makes it plain to a man that she is "nice," the better; that is, if she ever expects to get anywhere with him.

Men that matter are idealists. They will get away with as much as they can, naturally; but any one of them worth his salt wants to think most women are fine. So beware of sinning against the mascu-

line code. In some ways it is much more strict than woman's. Criticism, for instance; men abhor it. It makes them uncomfortable.

A wise woman never reproaches a man who has failed to call or telephone. She is agreeable about any seeming (or real) neglect — even if it slays her. On the other hand, she never tells him what she has been up to in the meantime.

ONE woman I know has so many men friends that sometimes she has to muffle the doorbell and disconnect the telephone. She makes it a rule never to mention the name of one man to another. For all any of them knows, unless he happens to see her somewhere, she sits at home with her knitting every night he doesn't take her out.

Unless he specifically asks you where you'd like to go, let him plan the evening. What if you do like a concert better than the musical comedy. You'll be wise, and courteous, to accept the entertainment he suggests. The woman who is really interested in a man will follow him unflinchingly to a prize fight or a barbecue if that's where he elects to go.

A man likes a woman who will share his sports — but not to the point where she excels him. A smearing at tennis or golf isn't likely to put a man in exactly the right frame of mind to offer love and protection for life.

Courtesy between the sexes is the order of the day. "It's all very well to dissemble your love," says the old refrain, "but why did you kick me downstairs?" Though the belles of the past *did* keep their beaux cooling their heels on the doorstep for hours, the girl who is popular today is prompt when she goes out with a man.

Indeed, belittling a man is something that the wise woman scrupulously avoids. By word or action she never does anything to hurt a man's self-respect, or subject him to even the smallest indignity.

Did you know of the incident that is said to have put an end to the success in English society of the beautiful American, Lily Langtry? She was a great favorite with Edward VII, who was jovial, fun-loving, democratic and not the least bit touchy about his dignity. One evening at a party the lovely, but spoiled, Jersey Lily dropped a handful of ice down Edward's back . . . and that ice was no colder than the reception he and British society gave the lady thereafter.

EXCEPT in high adventure or grave danger, man's escape mechanism is as sensitive as a seismograph. Sounds of wedding bells in the offing will throw him into a panic. A girl is rarely so surprised as he is when he proposes. When he discovers he's in

love his first impulse is to make a neat retreat.

Give him a little time and he will get used to the idea and go through all the proper motions. Though you've selected the bridesmaids and planned the wedding gown, the quieter you are the better. After all, a groom-to-be has had a blow in the solar plexus; even in the prize ring they count ten when a man is down.

*Some men flee when no woman pursueth. And some men, bless 'em, cannot see it when a girl throws herself at them.*

**T**H**ERE** are things which a girl may do when she finds a man attractive. A girl may conventionally invite a man who shows interest in her to come to tea or to a party. She may invite him to call. More frequently the man asks whether he may come, or just rings up without first asking.

If you wish a man to remember you, and you fear he will not, you'll be thoughtful to send him a clipping about some subject which he discussed with you. You can enclose your card with a message

scribbled on it, "Thought you might like to see this. . . . We talked about it at Sally's tea."

It does no harm to let a man know that you think he is your sort — if you make it quite clear that you have no designs on him. Nothing in this world does a man value so much as his freedom. Once let him suspect that this precious possession is threatened and there are no lengths to which he will not go to defend it.

A woman is obliged to be scrupulously careful to do nothing which will cheapen her in a man's eyes. He will gladly pay the asking price for what he believes to be rare and beautiful but he's not interested in bargains.

After all is said and done, when the real thing comes along, we don't do much thinking. When honest love is mutual, there's a beautiful, knowing comfort about it. Tortures of jealousy belong to the furies of sex; real love brings peace, understanding. To some it never comes; to others it comes late.

But the woman who doesn't believe in love isn't a woman.

### Smart Business Girls —

- D**ON'T talk about business details outside of the office.
- Don't use the office phone for personal calls, except in emergencies.
- Do adjust themselves to the boss instead of trying to make him over.
- Don't evade responsibility for boners.
- Don't give gifts to superiors.
- Do move discreetly in crossing the legs while taking dictation.
- Don't wear form-fitting sweaters and frilly dresses during business hours.

# Make Up Your Two Minds

If you include your subconscious in your planning you may avoid a lot of troublesome complications

by ELOISE CARDULLO

**D**ID YOU ever make up your mind to do something, and then completely forget it until it was too late? The time the Browns invited you to dinner, for instance, and you wouldn't go because they're the kind of people in whose home you would hate to be caught dead. But, you didn't want to hurt their feelings, so you planned to call Mrs. Brown and present an adequate excuse. A nuisance, of course, but common decency demanded it. Then you forgot it until the morning *after* the dinner party, when Mrs. Brown was thoroughly angry over the upsetting of her seating arrangements.

The whole difficulty was that your conscious mind was made up, but your subconscious mind then took over the direction of your actions.

Let's take a close look for a moment at the subconscious mind, that part of your brain which is constantly functioning underneath the conscious level of your thinking. It is that part of your mind which functions even in sleep, when your conscious mind is completely dormant. Perhaps we can

get a clearer picture of the subconscious mind if we compare the conscious mind to the captain of a ship, standing up on the bridge in plain sight, giving orders; and the subconscious mind to the engineer, deep in the bowels of the ship, giving his own orders about its operation, unseen and unremembered by most of the passengers.

**O**BVIOUSLY, the captain and engineer must work in harmony, if the ship is to proceed on its majestic way unhindered. Your conscious and subconscious minds work together in this sort of harmony a great deal of the time. For instance, when your alarm clock goes off in the morning, you do not think consciously, "Now I must get out of bed — I must walk into the bathroom — I must wash my face." On the contrary, your subconscious mind springs you out of bed, rushes you into the bath, into your clothes, down the stairs, etc., leaving your conscious mind free for other matters.

Unfortunately, this little subconscious engineer is in a way quite primitive and limited in his

views. He doesn't recognize common decency, expediency, or the welfare of others. He is completely occupied with one thought: what it is that you really want, and how he can get it for you.

WITH THIS understanding, let's examine your contretemps with Mrs. Brown again. Your *conscious* mind said, "I won't go, and I hate to have to call her and think up an excuse." Of this reasoning, however, the only thing that made any impression on your *subconscious* mind was "I won't go, and I don't want to tell her so." Your subconscious mind said, "The boss doesn't want to call her, but the silly old fool doesn't seem to know how to get out of it. I'll fix it up. We just won't call her." And so you conveniently forgot about the whole thing.

Your subconscious mind is surprisingly full of those tricks. Did you ever have an engagement to go swimming when you didn't want to go — and arrive without your bathing suit? That was the engineer at work again.

There are much more serious examples. Some morning your morale is low. "I'd give *anything* to get rid of this slave-driving job!" thinks your conscious mind. Be careful! Your subconscious mind doesn't care for any of the other considerations that are so familiar to you — your family to support, your bills to pay, your living to

make. Your subconscious mind simply chuckles, "He doesn't want the job. I'll get rid of it for him." And, presto, a slip of your tongue antagonizes an old and valued customer, or you make a glaring mistake in your balance sheet. Then, jobless, you think, "How could I ever have made such a stupid mistake?"

You didn't — your subconscious did it for you.

How are you going to control a part of your mind that never even gets into the level of your consciousness? If you know that your subconscious is likely to take charge when an unpleasantness comes along, you can take a few simple precautions. The first, and most important, is: *Do the unpleasant thing now!* Get out pen and paper and write that letter *now*. Call Mrs. Brown *now*. Check that report *now*. Do it, not *in spite of* the fact that it's an unpleasant task, but *because* it's an unpleasant task. You'll save yourself time, trouble, and, perhaps, money.

IF IT IS an actual impossibility for you to do it now, don't be ashamed to write yourself a note about it.

If you adhere strictly to the plan of doing the unpleasant thing now, after a few months you will probably find that your subconscious mind will fall in line. You'll find it jogging your conscious mind to do the necessary thing, instead of

throwing a smoke-screen of forgetfulness about it.

Above all, make yourself face reality. *Don't lie to yourself.* If you do that, or even distort the truth to yourself, your subconscious mind will take the cue. And that little fellow is a better liar than you are. He can lie you out of house and home, and into the poorhouse. He can lie you into a nervous breakdown, or a chronically neurotic state. But he can't do it if you face reality, refuse to lie to yourself.

WHEN YOU say, "I'd give *anything* to get rid of this job," you're lying to yourself. You wouldn't be willing to starve to get rid of it. If you were willing, the problem would be simple. You wouldn't be willing to give up your wife and children to get rid of it. You wouldn't even want to give up your social position.

When you say to yourself, "If I only had a more interesting job, or one that I was better prepared for, I could do better at it," then you're distorting the truth to yourself.

Instead of slurring over your weaknesses and mistakes, face up

to them. Say to yourself, "I'm not interested in my job, and so I've been doing sloppy work. I must learn to interest myself in doing better work!" Or, "I'm not as well prepared for this job as the other people in the office, but that's going to be no excuse for me. I must spend a little more time learning it."

And every time you postpone an unpleasant but necessary task you are refusing to face reality. You are denying the fact that it has to be done. You are really lying to yourself about the necessity for doing it. Face up to reality and tell yourself the truth. Train your subconscious mind to work *for* you instead of against you. You'll be surprised at the valuable ideas it may put full-blown into your conscious mind, if you give it a chance to work on the fact that you need to improve *yourself* in your job, in your relations with other people, instead of telling it those tales about how difficult your job is, and how other people misunderstand you. Make up your *two* minds — and you'll find your problems will clarify themselves.

I HAVE ALWAYS believed in doing what came easy to me. I wanted to be a painter at one time and at another time a musician. Probably if I had tried desperately hard, I should have made a third-rate painter. As it is, play writing has always come easy to me. People ought to do what comes easy to them. Too many people struggle with things that are difficult for them and that they've no business trying to do.

— GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

# How Good a Date Are You?

These dating tips are for girls only—but if a man should happen to read them, he'll applaud the author

by GRACE MACK

**H**OW DO you rate with the men who take you out? Are you a good date? Fair? Or just a dud?

It won't be necessary for you to go into your mind-reading act to find the answer. The answer is in your own little date book. If the same name or names appear with marked regularity, if you never have to worry about whether or not you will have an escort to take you to the dinner or dance or show you want to attend, you may step right up to the head of the Grade A date class and take a bow.

But if your engagement book shows a lot of blank pages; if Tom, Dick or Harry's name appears as a June entry and doesn't show up again until January of the following year, or if it appears three or four times in succession and then does an abrupt fadeout; or if you are one of those girls who is always waiting for telephone calls that never come in, you may take that as fairly conclusive evidence that your rating is only "fair" or that you are in the out-and-out "dud" class.

Since no girl wants to be in that category, the intelligent thing, obviously, would be to do a little

personal research and see if you can't discover why you don't click with the men who take you out, if that's the way it is.

Make out a little questionnaire for yourself. Divide it into two sections, and label it like this: "If I were a man, I would want to take Jane Jones out because . . ." and "I would *not* want to take her out because . . ."

**U**NDER these two headings, list your assets and your handicaps. Put down the things you know you do, the sort of clothes you wear, what you talk about, and don't forget to include all the thoughtless little habits you sometimes indulge in. For example:

Do you tell him to call for you at seven and then keep him waiting for an hour before you put in an appearance?

When he says, "You're looking very lovely tonight," do you come back with that moth-eaten retort: "You wouldn't kid me, would you?" Or, "I suppose you say that to all the girls." If you do, then try saying, simply *and without gushing*, "Thanks, Bill. It's nice of you to say so." Few girls seem to realize

that a flippant or wisecracking reply to something a man has said in all seriousness, is likely to affect him like a slap in the face.

Are you a know-it-all girl? Do you always make a point of being right? And do you frequently say: "See — what did I tell you? I *knew* I was right." This becomes pretty boring after awhile. Suppose you *do* know all the answers. If you're wise, you will remember to keep some of them to yourself.

Or do you go to the other extreme and "yes" him to death? One is almost as bad as the other. Try to strike a happy medium.

Are you too mirror-conscious? Do you insist upon stopping in front of every mirror you pass to fix your hair or your hat or your face?

And somewhere in the middle of a dinner date are you likely to spread your beauty equipment out on the table and start putting on a new paint job?

Are you one of those roving-eye girls who always seems to be more interested in the good-looking man at the next table than in the one who is your date, with the idea of trying to make the man you are with jealous?

Somewhere among your answers to the above questions you may find the reason why you are not on some man's preferred date list.

So far as your personal appearance is concerned, it shouldn't

be necessary to tell you — and probably isn't — that if a man invites you out for the evening he has a right to expect that you will make an effort to look as attractive as possible.

No smart girl will start out on a date without giving her grooming a careful check-up. Men are more observing than they are given credit for. Usually, however, they notice effects rather than details.

**T**HE MAN who is your date may not know whether your frock cost fifteen dollars or fifty. He may not know whether it's a last year's model or a fashion first. But he will know whether it is fresh and immaculate or whether it looks as though a trip to the cleaners would do it good.

And if he makes a survey of you across a dinner table and thinks:

"Jane's an interesting girl — but I wish that she would pay a little more attention to her appearance. She never seems to be neat or well groomed," the gong has practically rung, so far as little Jane is concerned.

When it comes to the business of conversation — while there is scarcely any subject which cannot be openly discussed these days, the girl who wants to be a good date will use discretion. Though it may bring a laugh, telling a risqué or slightly off-color story seldom sends any girl's stock to a new high. And conversations that are punctuated

with "damn" and "My God" do not add to your attractiveness. Instead, they usually betray your verbal helplessness.

An occasional slang phrase, if it's apropos, adds flavor to your conversation, but don't overdo it. The constant repetition of such words as "stuff" or the over-worked phrase "You've got something there," soon grates on the ears of the person who is on the listening end.

**U**NLESS you want to put yourself in the poison ivy class, never, never indulge in baby talk — no matter how cute you are. One man in a hundred might like it, but don't gamble on it. Another thing: don't make catty or unkind remarks about other girls, or repeat some bit of gossip, no matter how juicy.

The girl who is most likely to be a popular date is the one who can chatter amusingly about any subject that comes up. In other words, the girl who can talk *his* language. Of course, if he turns out to be no more talkative than the Sphinx, then you'll have to be the spark plug. But don't talk about yourself all the time.

You will get farther, faster, if you try to draw him out on some subject in which he is interested. Encourage him to tell you about his interest in golf or motor boats or skiing. Maybe he's a candid camera addict. If so, get him to

tell you about diaphragms, shutters and film speeds. Talk to him about baseball or football or horse racing, and be well enough informed about these things yourself so that you can discuss them intelligently. Of course your interest must be *sincere* — nothing is more cordially despised by men than affectation.

Every modern girl knows or *should* know — she's been told often enough — that the male of the species is allergic to flattery. There's a trick to administering it, however. Most important — you have to *mean* it! No girl with a brain in her head will resort to the "Aren't you wonderful" form of attack. The subtle way is to camouflage it under the guise of asking for an explanation or an opinion.

For example, if you happen to be talking about football, you might say: "I wish you'd tell me just what is meant by 'touchback.' You seem to be the only man I know who can explain football to me so I can understand it." Or you might say, "What do *you* think of the European situation, Bill? Do you think we'll get into it?"

Such questions, naturally, must not be asked in a flighty, fluttery, goggle-eyed manner. The idea is to give him the impression that you are an intelligent girl, seeking the *superior* opinion of a superlatively intelligent male. Really *feel* that way about it — few men are deceived by dishonest gushing.

Naturally, men's tastes vary. What would spell a good date to one might be a pain in the neck to another. There is usually, however, a determining factor. I spent a day recently firing questions at some of Hollywood's most popular and eligible young men to find out what, in their opinion, tends to make a girl a desirable date. I asked them first:

If you were choosing a girl for what you hoped would prove an interesting date, which of the following things would rate highest with you?

- Beauty
- Careful grooming
- Sense of humor
- Adaptability

Their answers should give you something to think about. While each agreed that personal attractiveness was an asset, not one of them put "beauty" in first place. Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart and Cesar Romero all gave "adaptability" the Number 1 position.

**B**Y "ADAPTABILITY" they mean the ability to fit into any situation, and to be a good mixer. Both Robert Taylor and Jimmy Stewart like to do impromptu things, and their favorite type of girl is the one who doesn't have set ideas about the evening's entertainment; who won't be upset and start crabbing if they start for the Trocadero and wind up at a drive-in sandwich stand instead — or vice versa. In

### Don'ts for Dates

**D**ON'T WEAR a dress that is tight and slinky if you intend to spend the evening dancing. You'll look like an animated cartoon.

Unless he gives you a lead, don't suggest going to the most expensive place in town. His pay day may be a long way off.

If your dinner date is prefaced by cocktails, don't get too chummy with the bartender. He isn't interested in the story of your life, and it may annoy your "date."

If the combination of side-cars and Guy Lombardo's music gives you an urge to do a solo dance, or shoot olive seeds at the people at the next table, you'd better stick to tomato juice.

Don't attract attention to yourself by screaming in a voice three octaves higher than normal, "So I said to him . . ."

Don't talk in italics, and avoid constant repetition of such adjectives as "gorgeous," "marvelous," "divine" and "heavenly."

Don't cut in on his conversation to tell your own favorite story. Let him finish his first.

other words, a girl who can adapt herself to an abrupt change of program.

Cesar Romero puts it this way: "When I go out with a girl I like to feel that no matter what may come along, or whom we meet by accident, she will have the graciousness and good sportsmanship to try to fit in, without losing her poise."

A "sense of humor" rates first with Tyrone Power, Clark Gable and Richard Green. Adaptability, combined with a sense of humor, is a determining factor with Michael Whalen.

**I** ALSO ASKED these men which of the following things they are most likely to notice when they are introduced to a girl:

Complexion	Hair
Figure	Eyes
Hands	Teeth
Feet	Clothes
Ankles	Voice

Jimmy Stewart first notices whether her hands are smooth and well kept. Robert Taylor hates make-up and the first thing he notices about a girl is whether her skin is fresh and natural-looking.

Clark Gable notices her voice, and rates her accordingly. Michael Whalen always sees the eyes first. He likes them, as the poet has put it, "lovely, lucid and limpid." Richard Green first notices her ankles, to see whether they are trim. Tyrone Power doesn't notice any one feature. He notices, rather, the complete picture.

And then, believing that girls can learn a lot about them-

selves from men, I asked each of these men what particular feminine habit or mannerism annoyed him most.

To Robert Taylor, the most annoying thing a girl can do is to make up in public. "Gushiness" heads Tyrone Power's list.

Cesar Romero is most annoyed by the fluttery, clinging vine girl who overdoes the job of being feminine and succeeds in being merely infantile. Jimmy Stewart finds the girl who tries to attract attention to herself by wearing the largest hat or the lowest cut gown or the freakiest fashion very much of a headache. And you'd never rate a triple star in Clark Gable's date book if you were, to quote Gable, a "sourpuss."

**T**HE MAN who takes *you* out will have *his* hates, too. Why not try putting an artless question or two to him, and discover his reactions to your clothes, your idiosyncrasies, your general ways? Of course you may be letting yourself in for some surprises. But if it helps you to lift yourself out of the "fair" or the "dud" category into the Grade A date class, it will be worth it.

### Idea by the Forelock

**G**RASP an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That's about all there is in life for any of us.

— E. H. HARRIMAN

# Helen Hayes Was Shy

Despite faulty diction, feet that toed in, and a colossal shyness, she became one of the first ladies of the stage

by JOHN D. CAMPBELL

IT MAY not be the proper thing for the Queen Victoria of the American stage to say, yet Helen Hayes admits she started life with pigeon toes, a threatening Southern accent and a shyness which made her terrified of almost everybody outside of a loving immediate family.

But these handicaps caused only part of the conflict in the career of the actress, who now shares with Katharine Cornell the mythical honor of being America's leading lady of the stage.

To talk or write of Helen Hayes is to speak or write of someone in paradoxes. Her career is a denial of many accepted ideas about the theater; with a forthright simplicity she has succeeded by doing just the opposite of what successful actresses are often front-paged for doing.

She was the Shirley Temple of thirty years ago. By the law of averages she should be the dumpy, bridge-playing wife of some businessman in a middle-western city.

Helen Hayes never met the world alone until she was twenty-four. Yet look over producers and backers of her plays and you'll find

she's never been linked romantically with them.

At twenty-nine she had to make up her mind about romance, love and marriage. And she married Charlie MacArthur — hard working, eccentric, brilliant writer-ex-newspaperman of Chicago.

AMID customary sniffing of Hollywood generalissimos, she took her baby to Hollywood to show hubby. The film generals wondered about Helen Hayes as a screen possibility. It wasn't a question of acting but of how that face of hers could be made "box office" for the estimated sixty million who pay to see made-over boys get made-over girls.

Helen Hayes made good. She played tripe and she played Hemingway; baffled Hollywood with consistently good performances. After all — as Paul Bern, M-G-M executive once said — tripe is tripe and art is art, but heaven help those who mix it.

However, Helen Hayes was not interested in yachts and 500,000-acre estates and made what many consider the finest decision of her life. She left Hollywood and the

\$3,500 weekly it dangled in front of her.

Hollywood can't understand walk-outs. There was more sniffing. But in the next ten months she made a sensationally successful tour of the country in *Victoria Regina*.

Let's look into a few of the factors which make her believe she is getting the most out of life.

**B**ORN in Washington, D. C., Helen Hayes Brown was the daughter of a contact man for a wholesale food-supply house. The family lived on fifty dollars a week and liked it. Helen didn't even know the meaning of money until years later.

Today she looks back quizzically at that period: "I have sometimes wondered," she says, "if such complete ignorance of money would benefit the modern child. I did not even carry a purse until I was twenty. I notice the modern schools teach children how to handle money by having them make change at model stores.

"Perhaps my timidity, against which I struggled so desperately years later, came partially from the fact that I had no responsibilities for my existence as a child."

Helen's mother once went to dramatic school, hoped to be an actress. Little Helen got the benefit of this frustrated desire. At five she was hustled to dancing school to correct pigeon toes. The day she

did her initial pirouette is the day that Helen Hayes, actress, began.

In the nip-ups of the day she began to see humor and before long was doing imitations of established performers. One day Lew Fields saw the scraggly, topsyturvy miss doing a Gibson girl imitation and said, "If that little girl's mother ever wants her child to go on the stage, she should see me."

A year later a friend of the family, starting a stock company in Washington, needed Helen for the little girl roles.

Those were the years before every mother with a talented offspring took the family savings and started toward Hollywood.

**L**ITTLE Miss Hayes did a season of summer stock, went to Broadway the following summer working for Lew Fields. At six she met her first beau, a dancer by the name of Vernon Castle. She thought he was the swellest thing in life until he announced his engagement to Irene Foote, New Rochelle socialite. It wasn't until years later that Helen forgave Irene Castle for breaking up her early crush.

Appearing in Lew Fields' revues took care of four summers. Each fall she went back to Washington convents where schoolmates and nuns alike were fascinated at her tales of The Great White Way. Of this era, Miss Hayes says:

"I believe children are terribly conventional. They are ashamed to have parents 'different' from other parents, or personal experiences contrary to those of their playmates. I tried to hide my stage work because I wanted my chums to think of me as one of them."

By degrees Helen Hayes became a "young" actress on the stage which carried her from ten to eighteen. She was adopted successively by the stars she supported; or the theatrical managers and stars she met. Being an expert at the art of listening — due largely to timidity — Helen Hayes got advice from all the elders of the theater. John Drew, Charles Frohman, George Tyler, Alf Hayman, William Gillette became her stage fathers. And glamorous Lillian Russell became her first stage mother.

"The average child," she said last year, "has one set of parents. I had many. I believe many parents are better than two. No two people are fitted to develop a human being for twenty years! My family was middle class. Its ability to train me ended within the middle class limitations. The others began where father and mother left off."

IT WAS that second act appearance in *Dear Brutus* with William Gillette that established actress Hayes.

"I was fresh from Washington

and had a Southern accent without even knowing it," she says. "Director Iden Payne knew there was something wrong with my diction, although he couldn't define it.

"He gave me a book of Shakespeare's sonnets to read but I didn't even know that final 'g's' existed. Eventually I repeated 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day' for hours.

"Somebody told me I ought to exercise my tongue. I took a mirror, made all the horrible faces I could think of with my tongue, twisted it all over the place."

SEVERAL years later Helen Hayes made her first trans-continental success with a Southern accent in *Coquette*.

Her Scotch brogue scored on both stage and screen in *What Every Woman Knows*.

The National Speech Arts Fellowship awarded her the annual gold medal for the finest diction and most effective speech for the year 1936.

"To help my diction, I've devised a new method of work," she declared. "I have some of my speeches and scenes recorded; then I listen to the records, and I can hear my own faults that stand out awfully.

"Perhaps the history of my own speech development is one of those cases of compensation. You know, they say that Johnny Weismuller

learned to be a good swimmer because he had infantile paralysis as a child. There are other cases of this nature; left-handed children frequently become extremely dexterous with both hands. I've worked hard on my speech and my advice to young actors is to do the same."

Next step in her life was the break with George Tyler, a producer and manager. She wanted to join Actors' Equity; he was opposed. That opposition cost him a fortune.

At twenty-four, Helen Hayes found herself alone.

To this day she remains the only American stage star who, at that age, could step out on Broadway and wonder what to do. Carefully guarded since childhood, Helen Hayes, actress, found she knew virtually no one who could give a rising young star a job. Then she remembered the name of Chamberlain Brown, agent. From that lucky thought, her subsequent rise to success evolved.

"From the time I defied Mr. Tyler," she says, "I ran my own life, chose my plays, was my professional and personal manager."

**N**ow you can't be a star on Broadway without getting invited around.

In the welter of gossip, back-slapping and back-knifing, she was quite out of the picture at one

mammoth fiesta of celebrities. No one seemed to notice her after introductions until a young man came over, sat beside her. Making a stab at conversation she asked what he was eating from a bag.

"Peanuts," he said. "Want some?"

She nodded.

"I wish they were emeralds," he added.

That was the oft quoted meeting with her husband.

**F**ROM that time on, after she grew accustomed to having a boy friend, he led her little by little out of her shyness and self-consciousness.

But one gathering at Alice Duer Miller's almost finished Helen Hayes. In games with some of the country's fastest thinkers, she got the booby prize. That night she wept, told MacArthur she couldn't see him any more — his friends were too brilliant.

"His patience! His tenderness!" she relates of this episode. "His real determination to get me over that barrier of self-consciousness, my lack of self-assurance. He never stopped until I could hold my own with people of my own age. I am not the most brilliant, but I am not the most dumb, and I am no longer self-conscious."

For twenty-seven years she had been a listener; now she became a participant. Today Helen Hayes can hold her own with anybody.

# How to Develop Your Special Genius

Here's a specific, six-point program designed to help you develop your talents to maximum strength

by FARNSWORTH CROWDER

TO HIS classmates, Marmaduke was like Steerforth to David Copperfield at Salem House — the handsomest, the most spirited and charming, the most scholarly and talented in school. His versatility extended from track sports to the cello, from a side-splitting flare for mimicry to precocity in mathematics. He was dubbed "The Mighty."

In the same town, hardly anyone was more inconspicuous than Bybee. In grammar school he was called "Bugs," because that was what he collected. In his backyard he kept rabbits and in a cage boarded an odd lot of snakes, turtles, frogs, lizards and other fauna. Later, in high school, he was known as "Test-tube" because he spent so much time in biology and chemistry laboratories. In "activities" he was completely without distinction. Few dreamed that the future had anything remarkable to offer funny old Bugs Bybee.

Today, he is one of the world's most original and eminent physiologists; Marmaduke the Mighty

is a clerk in a second-hand bookstore. Marmaduke may be enjoying the happier life. He has a home, a pretty wife, two promising children. Bybee is a widower living in a metropolitan hotel. But domestic bliss is not here the question. The question is — by what means do talents develop the strength to do outstanding work?

FOR ANSWER, why not go to the very top of the heap, where genius sits, where the greatest things are done? You object that the genius is too rare a bird to serve as a model for the rest of us. You say that he is a kind of sport, comparable biologically to giants, mid-gets or two-headed calves. His power is a species of divine affliction, woven into him at birth and possessing him as a madness throughout life. He is a law unto himself, living in a mysterious fourth dimension above ordinary mortals.

Is this a true picture? Social-psychologists have their doubts. Robert E. L. Faris of Bryn Mawr has been turning the lens of re-

search on the problem and recently has announced some of his conclusions. He doubts the popular assumption that "genius is born, not made" and certainly he does not go along with the belief that "genius will live and thrive without training." It will do no such thing. The factors that lead to the most conspicuous achievement are factors available to Tom, Dick, and Harry. Genius feeds on meats that could nourish even fools.

And so, what's on the table? Faris names six items:

Obsession	Isolation
Sweat	Perfectionism
Knowledge	Conceit

### An Interest

FROM HIS fifth birthday, when he received a pen of white rabbits as a gift, Bugs Bybee was dominated by a quenchless interest in animal life. On insect-collecting forays as a boy, he would forget the lunch in his knapsack and bring it home unsampled. On winter days, behind a blind in the woods, he would squat until he was half frozen trying to photograph birds. Later, janitors had to sweep him out of school laboratories to prevent his staying all night. Marmaduke the Mighty, with his many flashy gifts, scattered his energies. No *single, sustained* interest ever took the saddle to drive him, to shield him from distractions and pleasantries, to make

him ignore fatigue, forget to eat and sleep.

Florence Nightingale, usually pictured as the sweet Lady with the Lamp was, in truth, more of a Demon with a Torch. "She moved," Lytton Strachey tells us, "under the stress of an impetus that finds no place in popular imagination."

As a little girl she played at surgery by sewing up damaged dolls. She put her dog's injured leg in splints. She watched at sick beds in peasant cottages. She defied her rich family, her elegant social circle in all their maneuvers to match her with a suitable young man. She dreamed instead of establishing a nursing home in a near-by town. "We are ducks," wept her mother, "who have hatched a wild swan." At times, even Florence herself prayed God to free her from her obsessive interest. But she was freed only by death in her ninetieth year.

The Finnish composer, Jan Sibelius, though he has spent his life in music, is never weary of it and still, at seventy-five, resents the time he must spend in sleep. Philo T. Farnsworth, genius of television, was in his science groove as a child. At sixteen, in Rigby, Idaho, he was confounding his teachers with blackboard expositions of his theories about electronics and the molecular theory of matter. He will never be in any other groove.

The legendary absent-mindedness of great talent is only a way of saying that an interest has been found, fixed up and is being ridden, night and day, deliberately and in the subconscious, in sickness and in health, 'till death do them part.

### Sweat

**M**ANY of us believe that achievement comes easily to the able, that their works are somehow automatic because of the special way their nervous systems are constructed. The adage about genius being 90% perspiration is, according to Faris, nearer the truth. By very reason of the keenness of his interest, the genius scorns eight-hour days and forty-hour weeks. He slaves. Balzac, flogging his nerves with coffee, stuck to his desk, mindless of time, writing 85 lavish novels in twenty years.

Faris sites examples from the field of music: how Mozart, in six weeks, wrote three of his greatest symphonies; how Shubert, though busy as a schoolmaster, composed in five years, five symphonies, a long list of sonatas for piano and violin, masses, eight stage works and more than 250 songs; how Wagner, in a year, wrote three overtures, seven scenes for a Faust symphony, many piano pieces and started mapping the Ring cycle of operas. Work is a heavy ingredient of such fertility: it was so with countless names, Michaelangelo,

Newton, Brahms, Steinmetz, Edison.

Leaders on the contemporary scene, over and over, demonstrate this capacity for industry. Jesse Jones works a seven-day week: hours 6:30 A.M. to 8 P.M., or later. Billy Rose, "fun merchant of the depression" whose bedroom and office are one, is at his desk from ten in the morning until two or three the following morning. Raymond Gram Swing puts in a twelve-hour day to prepare a fifteen-minute broadcast. Harry A. Millis, University of Chicago economist and new chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, gets up at 5:30 every day, Sundays and holidays not excepted, puts in ten to twelve hours, is content with a one-week annual vacation.

Charles Darwin, lacking in showy brilliance, became one of the human race's greatest men. "It's dogged as does it," was his explanation.

### The Know-How

**I**S THE genius born with a reservoir of originality which he can tap with the mere twist of a psychic faucet? Can he, therefore, be excused from the pain of education and training?

Look again at Florence Nightingale. While superficially trying to conform in high society, she was reading everything available on sanitation, nursing and the opera-

tion of hospitals. She slipped away from plushy teas into work-houses. Abroad with her family, she visited hospitals, once eluded them to spend three months in a nursing institution. When the Crimean War broke and her great opportunity came, she was ready for it.

Genius has so often been described as non-conformity and rebellion against tradition. The idea is abroad that the traditions are of no account and can be ignored. Faris believes this is nonsense. Tradition may be scorned, but not ignored. He describes originality as "a contribution to an accumulated fund of human knowledge and skills."

The extent to which Edison was a student has not been fully appreciated. While still a news butcher, he was digging into shelf after shelf of the science section of the public library.

John Fiske, the historian, had collected and read a library of 187 volumes by the time he was eleven. He could study sixteen hours at a stretch. Great achievements are a going-on from where others have left off. You must first get toward the head of the procession before you can know where virgin territory lies, calling for new trails.

Many a would-be artist, writer, inventor, scholar, scientist, despises the tradition in his field as a relief from the labor of mastering it — and remains a would-be.

### Isolation

WILLIAM B. STOUT was a sickly child with defective eyesight. He was unable to enter the average normal activities of boyhood — such as playing ball. He has said of himself, "I couldn't catch a balloon with handles on it." But no time for athletics freed him to tinker with gadgets. The routine curriculum and activities of high school had only faint attractions for him. He studied hard — but in his own way. To most parents and teachers, with their horror of the unusual, such a boy would be a source of worry and chagrin.

Yet William Stout has become the most prolific technical innovator since Edison.

What is the point in this? Faris has found that "a certain amount of separation from non-contributing social contacts" is necessary to the highest achievement.

Many persons of eminence — particularly European — were, as children, brought up in what may seem to us unnatural environments, were taught at home by parents or tutors, thrown with talented adults, given exacting assignments of study and practice. It might be said, for instance, that John Stuart Mill was carpentered into being by his father.

Although Ales Hrdlicka, the Smithsonian's famous anthropologist, has said that the combi-

nation of a strong mind and a weak body is rare, many people physically afflicted have succeeded conspicuously. Why? We commonly say that, by desperately striving to compensate for their handicaps, they surpass the easy-going normal individual. But there is something else — freedom from distracting social obligations and conventional routines.

**T**HIS is not to recommend contracting tuberculosis in order to have more time to yourself. But the world is full of alluring distractions — the very ether is filled with them. Providing distractions is big business. But for the development of superlative talents they are, except in tight-reined moderation, bad business.

What Marmaduke the Mighty could have done had he been saved from his own excessive popularity! To this day, he cannot say "No," and the plays he once dreamed of writing never have been finished. He acts in local dramas, sings in a choir, belongs to an amateur string quartette, leads the town ski club and the square dance society. He is a professional dilettante. He has not put his remarkable "social intelligence" to work in any one direction, such as business or politics. He has had no time, no isolation. The world has been too much with him and he has laid waste his powers.

### Half-Way Is No Way

**A**NOTHER factor, says Faris, which differentiates genius is "the determination to eliminate imperfections."

The novice watches a professional performance — by a top-notch musician, baseball catcher, billiard shark, juggler, trapeze artist, novelist, surgeon — and despairs.

But the seeming ease is deceptive. Paderewski stayed at the keyboard eight hours a day doing technical exercises. The boyhood years spent by Bob Feller pitching to his father in the barnyard is now part of the legend of baseball. Joseph Conrad would sit all day polishing a single paragraph — and go to bed unsatisfied. Ernest Hemingway rewrites some of his pages fifty and sixty times. The studio of Sibelius is piled with manuscripts which he will not release because he is not yet quite satisfied with them. Albert Michaelson, the Nobel Prize physicist who measured the velocity of light, continued to the last refining his experiment and his calculations.

Genius is never satisfied merely with continuing in public favor. It strains to make each performance a triumph over the one before and is miserable if it fails, desperate when it begins to slip.

The standards toward which a person strives may be set by his family and teachers, by his pre-

decessors, by fellow workers and critics in his own field, or by his own lonely judgment. If those standards are slack, performance is likely to be slack. Faris has this sharp aside for parents: "The greatest failures often come from families in which love and sympathy eliminate criticism to such an extent that there is no urge to improve."

### Conceit

A FEW YEARS AGO, Winston Churchill was a pariah from his class and party, shouting warnings of an impending Armageddon. Though nobody listened, he was right. He knew it, with a brash self-confidence amounting to arrogance. That is conceit. And it is a familiar characteristic of genius. It may not always be offensive, but it is likely to be there.

The conceit of a Martin Luther, thinking he could defy the church! The conceit of a Galileo defying the classicists! The conceit of a Da Vinci making plans to fly when any fool knew only birds and bats have wings!

Conceit becomes a quality of man fired by a cause, a truth, a dream, a great sincerity.

Biography is filled with stories of bridges that couldn't be built, seas that couldn't be sailed, devices that couldn't be invented, rights that couldn't be won — until some self-confident "fool" built, sailed, invented, won.

Faris quotes a critic's remarks about Wagner: "He believed himself to be . . . Shakespeare, Beethoven and Plato rolled into one." George Jean Nathan has written of his friend, Eugene O'Neill: "Confidence generally permeates his being, warming him to the very toes." In the past five years much scornful laughter has been occasioned by William Saroyan's truculent claims to genius, but many who laughed are tucking in their smiles as his achievements begin to match his conceit.

THESE FACTORS, as Robert Faris describes them, would hardly be worth reviewing if they were applicable only to that one in a million who rates as a "genius." But such is not the case. The laws of his powers would help the least of us. They are not mystical unheard-of characteristics. They have a clear guidance value. They can serve as criteria against which anybody, though he have no more than a five-watt ambition, can measure his own habits. As specifications in a design for a career, they look exacting and tiring. They are. There is no magic shortcut formula to success in them. They need behind them the drive of a will-to-achieve. They are not guarantees of a niche in any Hall of Fame, but they do have the look of being available insurance against languishing in failure on the curb.

# I Don't Like Touchy People

Of course, this couldn't apply to you—but chances are you'll recognize more than a few of your friends

by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HATE touchy people! The kind that misinterpret every well-meant remark you make to them; those who all but weep if you offer the slightest criticism of their behavior. You've met them too. We all have.

You say, laughingly, "That's a rather flashy tie you're wearing, Henry. Where did you get it, or who gave it to you?"

Henry flares up. "I've always been noted for my good taste," he says. "It's a better tie than yours." And he sulks.

Yes, even some men sulk. Hemen, at that. You had thought your pleasant banter would not be taken too seriously; but it is. You had expected that your gentle criticism, half-humorously made, would bring Henry to his senses. It doesn't. It only has made him mad, and, like the little girl, he won't play with you any more but will take his dollies home.

The Lord deliver us from people like Henry!

And then there's Kitty. You tell her she has too much powder on her nose, or too much rouge on her lips and cheeks. You say it kindly; for you don't want to go out with a

girl who looks like a clown. For ten blocks she won't speak to you in the bus, and people think you must be married. The funereal silence between you is proof of that. And the party you are going to loses its promised zest.

"Come, come now," you say at last. "Don't be foolish, Kitty."

But Kitty is a sulking expert. Her evening is ruined. And so is yours. She may even cancel her next date with you. If you are wise, you will let her do so. The sulk that lasts that far ahead is serious. If you suggest that there are other pebbles on the beach, or other good fish in the sea, you are only starting another long sulk. Well, so be it, you say, and two can play at that game. Only, you don't; for you are not a sulker. It is, fortunately, a habit unknown to you. Be glad of that.

A SULKY wife is an abomination. You may have cautiously commented that the cocktails she made didn't have quite enough gin in them, and instantly Marie's face clouds and you realize that if you had married Phoebe, as you once thought of doing, Phoebe's

face would not have clouded. No! She would have gladly set to work to remedy her defection, and the dinner you were giving would have become a gala affair instead of a minor tragedy.

There are touchy mothers-in-law, also. If yours is, and lives with you, your least reference to anything wrong in the household arrangements is taken as an indirect criticism of her presence within it. If women had the vapors nowadays, they would fall into a swoon, and there would be a scene; but women do not faint today, they merely mope. They retire to their room and slam the door.

**T**HE TOUCHY bridge-player is loud — or, worse, silent — in the land. If you venture to suggest that if she had led the ten of clubs you might have made a little slam and won the rubber (you have said it oh, so gently!), there is evidence of wounded feelings; and the next hand is dealt and played with drooping lids and spirits. A shadow hangs over the room, and the bridge lamp seems to have gone out.

You meant only to help Harriet's game, with your innocent comment; but she will not tolerate such a lesson. You have

humiliated her before the others, and she will not overlook your criticism. If she speaks at all, it will only be to say that she has taken lessons from Culbertson himself. That you have done so, too, never occurs to her.

**D**ID YOU ever tell a young lady that it was not becoming to her to wear her hair up? I did, only the other evening. I explained — and all my feminine friends said I was right — that this fashion made her appear older than she was (an indirect compliment) but you should have seen her glance at me! Barbed wires were in it. I was left in the room, cut and bleeding. Never again. "What do you know of such things?" was the last remark she made to me that evening.

Yet if someone tells me that my locks are thinning, and I had better watch out, I only smile, and use the tonic suggested, in the hope that my approaching baldness may be held off for a while. Or if some candid friend remarks that I am much too stout, I think he is kind to take such an interest in my well-being. I smile, go on a diet — for a few days — and then fall by the wayside.

Ye gods! I hate touchy people!

◆

**T**HE fellow who never makes mistakes usually works for the fellow who does.

# They Put Personality to Work

Famous folk seem to have the knack of getting along with people, as you'll discover in these intimate true stories

by CHARLES HENRY WESTON

**S**UPPOSE that an employee came to you with the news that a rival company had offered double the salary you were paying him. Suppose you had to keep that employee satisfied to work for you at his present salary, or run grave risk of losing your business. Truly, a situation to put your qualities of personality and understanding of human nature to the acid test!

That was the poser faced by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, impresario of the Metropolitan Opera. Enrico Caruso was the star drawing-card of his opera, receiving a salary of \$2,500 a performance. One day the great tenor burst in upon Gatti-Casazza with important news.

"Hammerstein has offered me \$5,000 a night!" Caruso cried excitedly. Oscar Hammerstein was at that time giving the Metropolitan stiff competition with his Manhattan Opera House.

Gatti-Casazza, portly and impressive with his trim gray beard, put on a long face and said sadly:

"If you wish \$5,000, we shall have to give it to you. We shall never let our Caruso go!" There were almost tears in his voice as he

continued brokenheartedly: "Of course, we shall have to put second-rate singers in your cast. We shall have to hire a poor conductor and underpay him. We shall have to save on others to pay you. But we will pay you."

Caruso's face reddened. He choked with emotion and shouted angrily:

"I never asked you to raise my salary to \$5,000! I insist that you pay me only \$2,500 — not a cent more! Do you understand? I won't sing for more than \$2,500!"

## When Five Words Won a Game

**K**NUTE ROCKNE was a master psychologist as well as a football coach without parallel. No little part of his success in building up the Notre Dame legend of invincibility was due to his masterly handling of human nature.

The first half of a critical late-season game found Notre Dame not only two touchdowns behind, but fumbling, playing carelessly, and unable to get their smoothly-oiled machine into motion. It was a disheartened group of players that trotted into the locker rooms

at the end of the half. Husky backs and hard-as-nails linesmen kept their eyes downcast like guilty small boys, expecting the slashing, upbraiding reprimand from Rockne that they well knew they deserved.

Rockne, however, merely sat in silence on a bench. As the tension grew, he still uttered no word. When the signal sounded for the opening of the second half, he got disgustedly to his feet and spoke a single short sentence. Its impact was such that the Notre Dame eleven raced out of the locker room and ripped apart the opposition in a tigerish march to victory.

All Rockne said was: "All right, girls, let's go."

### Temperament a la Bankhead

**I**T'S A touchy business, handling temperamental actresses, and Tallulah Bankhead has her share of temperament as well as beauty and glamour. When she was rehearsing for the role of Regina in *The Little Foxes*, there was more than one tiff between her and the producer, Herman Shumlin. Tallulah's shyness and self-consciousness made her more than ordinarily militant in defending her interpretation of lines.

One afternoon there was a big blow-off at rehearsal. Tallulah lost her temper; so did Shumlin. Voices were raised and the actress

ran off-stage with the director in full pursuit.

"I told her, sincerely," said Shumlin afterward, "Tallulah, you have such power that, when you're in control of that power, you hypnotize people.'" The honest compliment, straight from the heart, was a sedative to injured ego, and the producer continued:

"If I don't criticize you any more, I know that, on opening night, you'll give a sensational performance. But *you'll do it on instinct and on nerve*. I want you to bury Tallulah in the role of Regina. Then you'll know *why* you do the things you do and you'll be sensational, not only on the opening night, but every night thereafter."

Tallulah's explosive resentment died. She said, "You're right. It's always been that way. I've lived on my nerve. From the second night on, every part I've done has been torture to me."

Her final interpretation of the part under Shumlin's guidance was the outstanding factor in helping *The Little Foxes* to make theatrical history.

### The Texas Cure for Office Politics

**O**FFICE politics is a bogey that wrecks many an organization. Few large businesses are free from such destructive interplay of personality in which the jungle rule is to pull the other fellow down so

you can climb up on his back. It's silly and suicidal, of course. People who get places never stoop to it, if for no other reason than that the biter too often gets bitten. But executives find it a difficult thing to control in their organizations.

Cyrus Smith, the young Texan who runs American Airlines, has found an effective cure for company politics. When an employee drops a disparaging remark about an office rival for promotion, something like "I have a heck of a time finding Jones at his desk when I want to check reports with him. Guess the Bilritz Bar is too much of a counter-attraction," Smith merely pushes a button and has Jones sent in to him.

"Jones," says Smith, quite casually, "Jim has just been telling me you're becoming quite a barfly during business hours. Anything to it?"

While Jim turns several shades of red, Jones angrily proves the story unfounded. There isn't much office politics in American Airlines.

### **A Great Educator and The Human Touch**

**H**OW TO BE human and thus to touch the heartstrings of people is a characteristic displayed in high degree by all well-adjusted personalities. On the contrary, stuffy dignity, boiled-shirt attitude, and inability to "let one's hair down" are false-fronts that betray

inner uncertainty. Dale Carnegie has told a fascinating story about the late Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard that reveals the basic simplicity of great men.

A freshman student at Harvard told Mr. Carnegie the story in later years. The freshman had gone to Dr. Eliot's office to borrow \$50 from the students' loan fund, a sum that was readily granted.

"I made my heartfelt thanks and started to leave," the student reported, "when President Eliot said 'Pray be seated.' Then he proceeded, to my amazement, to say in effect: 'I am told that you cook and eat in your room. Now I don't think that is at all bad for you if you get the right food and enough of it. When I was in college I did the same. Did you ever make veal loaf?'"

Whereupon he proceeded to give his recipe for making veal loaf, how to choose the meat, cook it slowly so that the liquid residue could later be made into a jelly, then how to cut it up and eat it cold. Who but a really great personality would have taken the time to pass on such a homely household hint to an obscure student?

### **Nellie Bly Knew What She Wanted**

**N**ELLIE BLY carved herself a secure niche in history by making a trip around the world in 72 days, bettering the fictional

record of Jules Verne's Phileas Fogg by a full week. It was Joseph Pulitzer, famous publisher of the *New York World*, who financed her famous dash. But it was largely Nellie's personality which enabled her to break through the publisher's defenses and sell herself to him.

She was never at a loss for ideas, and she invariably knew what she wanted and kept stubbornly after it. What she wanted most was an assignment from Joseph Pulitzer; specifically, she bombarded him with letter after letter begging him to let her go up in a balloon he was sponsoring in St. Louis. Women reporters were not highly regarded in her day, and she won no response.

So she came to New York and tramped the streets until she lost her purse containing all the money she had in the world — nearly \$100. There was no other way out: she *had* to sell Pulitzer now.

Without so much as an introduction she made her assault on the *World* office. There was nothing smart about her dress and her features were plain. Her eyes were plain gray, her figure slight and unprepossessing.

Perhaps her outstanding quality was an indomitable persistence, for she spent three solid hours in the *World* office trying to persuade the guardians to admit her to Pulitzer's inner sanctum. Eventually they surrendered and she was

ushered in to the publisher's presence.

All she had to sell was a list of story ideas, and her own dynamic presence. Her voice was soft; she was persistent; she was persuasive. Until the last she saved her story of the lost purse, letting Pulitzer — as shrewd and experienced a man as ever made a great newspaper — paint his own picture of a helpless little creature adrift in the big city without a penny.

She was not afraid to ask for what she wanted, and she got it — with nothing but her own personality to "put her over." When she left the office she was not only a member of the *World* staff, but she carried with her \$25 which Pulitzer had insisted on advancing to replace the lost purse!

### The Jury Got The Point

A HOSTILE witness on the stand requires kid-glove handling, as all lawyers know. It demands the highest degree of skill to wring testimony favorable to your side from an opposition witness. When you can make that witness give favorable testimony without his even being aware of it — well, that's influencing people!

The late Max D. Steuer had that ability in high degree. One of his cases found him as defense attorney for proprietors of a company, accused of negligence in connection with the death of more

than 140 girl employees in a disastrous fire.

Key witness for the prosecution was a young woman who described the circumstances surrounding the death of a victim of the fire. Her story was so precise and carefully recited that Steuer was convinced she had memorized it.

Far from browbeating her with such a charge, Steuer was extremely gentle. He merely asked her to tell the story over again. It was the same story, word for word. A third time she repeated it while the jurors pricked up their ears.

Very gently, as the witness started to tell her story for the fourth time, Steuer asked:

"Katie, haven't you forgotten a word?"

The witness paused, thought hard for a moment, then answered with a smile:

"Yes, sir, I left out one word."

"Well, tell the story again and put the word in," Steuer requested.

The impression of the jury that they were listening to a coached witness with a memorized story resulted in acquittal of Steuer's clients.

It was Steuer, incidentally, who, although he made huge fees, always wore cheap suits to court. "When I appear before a jury," he once said, "I don't want to be any better dressed than they are."

### Crossed Eyes For Luck

IT WASN'T Ben Turpin's crossed eyes that got him his chance as a movie comedian — rather, it was his willingness to fall out of a Keystone Cop's patrol wagon as it rounded a corner at thirty miles an hour. Ben took his slapstick falls so successfully that Ford Sterling, biggest and funniest of all the Keystone Cops, took him in to producer Mack Sennett with the word that Turpin was an indispensable acquisition for the company.

All went well until Turpin started to sign a contract across the desk from Sennett. For the first time the superstitious producer caught a full-face glimpse of Turpin's eyes. It was more than he could take.

"Take him out of here! Get him away!" Sennett shouted, shuddering with superstitious dread of a cross-eyed man.

For a moment Ford Sterling was nonplused, for he knew that Turpin would be a priceless asset to the company.

"That's all right, Mack," he said, with a flash of what amounted to inspiration, "you cross your fingers for good luck. He crosses his eyes."

The explanation satisfied Sennett. He signed Turpin's contract and the rest of the story is movie history.

# We Went Back to Church

Their home was on the verge of breaking up when this couple found a real answer to their problem

ANONYMOUS

HEAD OVER HEELS in debt, physically low, and on the verge of divorce. Beat that trio for taking the courage out of a couple if you can! I hope you can't. I hope, too, that the couples who face such a triple-threat are few and far between.

As children and late adolescents both my husband and I were driven, dragged, yea dumped, into church by our conscientious, if somewhat overzealous, parents. Sunday School, church, Young People's League, more church — that was the regular Sunday regimen, with frequently a choir rehearsal or special service worked into the afternoon for good measure.

Subconsciously there began to churn in us a rebelliousness which could not but bear fruit when we wriggled from under the parental thumb and were kicking about in that glorious expanse called personal freedom. Praises be! we didn't have to get up in time for Sunday School if we'd been out late the night before. We didn't have to go to church at all!

Add to this escape complex the battering ram of science, ag-

nosticism, free-thinking and downright radicalism that is to be encountered on nearly every college campus, and you have the combination which stuns the religious brain centers of youth. Ours were stunned, all right. Well nigh out cold.

All this was, of course, before we had married — or even met. We were simply two carbon copies of a treatise that might be called *Why Our Offspring Have Drifted*. Well, we did meet, marry, and have a child. And we got along nicely for several years without anything remotely resembling religion in the house.

THEN CAME Repeal. And gobs of lovely new freedom to kick around in! With the same titillating sense of guilt, defiance, and release with which we had realized that we could do as we darn' pleased about going to church or staying home, we tried all the entrancing sounding titles on the liquor list.

Just as we had been raised in church, so had we been raised to look askance upon all beverages alcoholic. "Nice" people, in the code of our respective small towns,

didn't visit bootleggers. Consequently we plunged in as rank beginners who didn't know that "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou" can be something poetic; whereas a pint of whisky and somebody else can be the first glance toward Reno.

**N**OR had we reckoned with the havoc that such indulgence would wreck with our budget. Our financial struggles as a bride and groom of the depression had been a lark compared to the grim shock of finding ourselves hurled for a loss by a row of gin bottles. Each, in his worry, began to blame the other. There was bickering. Jealousy. Suspicion. And there were hangovers. Oh — those hangovers!

I did manage to tumble out Sunday mornings and get our little girl ready for Sunday School which she attended, ecstatically, with neighbor children. I blush to recall how I resented having to do even that, but some sense of duty, perhaps instilled in my own little-red-chair days, got me through the hair curling and shoe whitening despite a raging head and wabby knees.

Now this next is frankly sentimental. But since it is also true, and essential to my story, here goes. Our daughter was to be an angel in an Easter cantata at the church. I made the white nightie, the mosquito-bar wings she was to wear, in much the same spirit

I'd worked on her dancing costumes. After all, things like this were good for children. We'd have to go too — she was counting on it with all her four-year-old faith.

There were other thoughts less pleasant in my brain. The torment of believing that an adventure begun in gay courage was ending soon. Ending bitterly and bewilderingly. For neither my husband nor I could see precisely why we had come to a stage where divorce seemed the only way out.

Well, we went to the Easter cantata. And there was something about the smell of that church — frayed hymnals, the crayons of the Beginners, coffee lingering from the last supper — something in the breathless hush of waiting, the light pouring rainbows through a stained glass window, the thin flute-tones of our own little girl's voice proclaiming: "Christ is risen!" that stabbed deep, took us back to fundamentals, put a lump in our throats and a grip in our touching fingers.

**T**HAT MUCH might have been sentiment, nostalgia — what you will. But the feeling hadn't vanished the next day, nor the next. We weren't articulate about it, but we were both reliving things we once had known — thinking together again.

We decided to start over. To go back, even beyond courtship. Back to church. To see who went

nowadays. To see if maybe there wasn't something there for us. It wasn't just a conversion that we felt, but a need. We went with our eyes open, a little skeptically. We even shopped until we found a congenial congregation, a minister we could respect and enjoy listening to.

**A**ND IT has been, in a sense concrete and personal, our "salvation." We're back on steady ground again financially, physically, emotionally. There is nothing esoteric about it. We've simply injected a little Christian order and common sense into our hitherto chaotically free lives.

And whom have we met in church? A bunch of old crabs or young misfits or blind sheep? We have discovered people who think thoughts, read books, and can have a grand time without making chimpanzees of themselves. And

the bulk of attendance is, surprisingly, among the twenty-thirty group. Young couples who, like us, went on a veritable binge of personal liberty, only to find it boomeranging back aimed at the very things they prized.

Control — that's one big thing the church has given us who have groped our way back. We don't think we're damned if we take a drink now and then, but we *know* we are — and soon — if we lose control! Associating with people who have learned the same lessons, gotten the same perspective, and are now reaching out toward the same strength, makes it easier.

The strength is there. A strength that is singularly the church's own. Open the doors of some church next Sunday and you'll find it, as we did.

We're glad we went back to church!

### Answers to "Lady, Take Your Inventory"

*{from page 55}*

**Appearance:** 1. He should have. 2. Colbert's. 3. Once a year is often enough. 4. Well-dressed women prefer one expensive outfit. 5. No.

**Awareness:** 1. Yes. 2. Lewis supports the industrial union, Green the craft union; Steel Workers Organizing Committee. 3. Yes. 4. Yes. 5. Yes.

**Social Graces:** 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. No. 5. Yes.

**Companionability:** 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. Two-Ton Tony is former heavyweight white hope of New Jersey. 5. Yes.

**Enterprise:** 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 — Yes.

# I'm Fat and I Like It

There are many advantages in being plump—among them the fact that you haven't those middle-aged wrinkles

by MABEL THOMPSON RAUCH

NOT LONG ago I celebrated my silver wedding anniversary. Well! you say, that isn't so unusual. Conceded. But when I add that the years of my married life have been spent in Hollywood, that makes it a trifle rare, doesn't it?

In all these twenty-five years my husband has been employed in the motion-picture industry where men in the top-bracket positions are exposed to more lovely women and gold-diggers than in any other business in the world.

And I happen to be plump!

I'm five feet three, weigh one hundred and fifty. Please don't shudder. I'm quite happy. I know I'm twenty pounds overweight. So what? As handsome Sophie Tucker used to say when she appeared in her famous vaudeville act,

"Sure folks, I know I'm fat in places — but it's the best places!"

And after a quarter of a century, I still have my husband. But many of my beautiful, *thin* friends who achieved their streamlines by strenuous dieting have lost theirs *via* the divorce courts. I can't help wondering if one isn't the result of the other?

Men like to eat well — that's universally acknowledged — and the wife who is eternally busy serving up her meager diet list isn't so interested in a good hearty, satisfying meal for the male in the home. The average man detests an endless menu of lamb chops, spinach and grapefruit.

Oh, yes, I know a little more is added for him, but it isn't what he really *wants*. He earned the money to pay for the food in

**2**WENTY-FIVE years married to the same husband is not an unusual record — unless it happens in Hollywood, and the husband is an important motion picture executive surrounded by slender screen sirens. That is the record of Mabel Thompson Rauch, who frankly says she's fat and who tells here how she has proved to her complete satisfaction that the well-fed woman is better able to meet the hazards of life and matrimony than her lamb-chops-and-dry-toast sister. Mrs. Rauch is the author of dozens of stories and articles published in the last few years.

his home. Don't you think he's entitled to what *he* likes? Food is going to taste much better to him if it is cooked because we like it, too, and share the enjoyment of eating it with him.

**Y**OUR HUSBAND adores to see you eat with vim. You're denying him certain compensations as you sit opposite him nibbling on a piece of dry toast.

There's been entirely too much hubbub advocating the so-called *streamlined* beauty for American women in order to be attractive to men. That's all right for the naturally thin girls — but let me say to the other half, you can be plump and attractive, too. Lillian Russell, one of the most beautiful women America ever produced, was anything but streamlined. And what has Mae West got that you haven't, with your generous curves?

Men do not resent plumpness in women as long as they are shapely. Keep the waistline trim with a good girdle and the curves firm.

The fashion for thin figures in women was started, of course, by the screen. People photograph ten pounds heavier than they look in real life, so it is necessary for many women stars to maintain themselves on a veritable starvation diet to keep the underweight figure. But you are not earning a living on the screen, so why this fragility?

What one really needs is pep and strength to meet the buffets of these strenuous times. And it can't be had on any of these trick, reducing diets.

I haven't, myself, always been in the overweight class. I was so thin as a girl my mother used to say when fitting a skirt, "Your hipbones stick out like hooks on a hat rack!" It was when I reached thirty that I stepped over into the ranks of the "stylish stouts."

So I have never been able to possess the figure that was fashionable. When I was a girl, no man gave you a second look if your curves weren't many and generous. About the time nature bestowed on me such a figure, it went out, and it's been out ever since.

**A**T FIRST, I'll confess, I was a little resentful at the trick the years had played on me. I cut down on my food. I didn't lose much in pounds, but soon found I had lost a lot of other things — strength, stamina, and cheerfulness, which, I am sure, most husbands admire.

So I forgot my weight and went right on living each day the best I knew how. Gradually I learned that my extra poundage gave me certain compensations. I could do things that my thin friends couldn't. I had something to fall back on — I don't mean literally; I had *reserve*.

Too, I was seldom ill; the few times I was, I never once looked ill. I could arise from a sickbed one day, go to a social function the next, and no one annoyed me with pity. It's a great thing to look the same through passing illnesses.

Nerve-wracking days didn't upset me. I never had headaches caused by hungry nerves. When griefs came, as they do to us all, I could give way to healing tears; then wash my face, powder my nose and go out without looking "like the morning after."

Accidents, too. There I had an advantage over my thin friends. Often I've been bruised, but no broken bones. Several years ago in an auto wreck in which my car rolled over, the zealous young ambulance surgeon was grievously disappointed when he found no bones broken in such a crack-up. Finally, after prodding and punching me all over, he said, "Well, madam, it's a miracle! If you hadn't been so fat your neck sure would have been broken!"

**I**N TRUTH, and sad to remember, a friend of mine, a very thin woman, was in exactly the same sort of auto wreck one month later and died of a broken neck. So perhaps the young ambulance surgeon did know the right answers.

As the years went by, my plumpness brought other rewards. My thin friends' faces are wrin-

kled; mine is not. The streamlined figure of a middle-aged woman gives the illusion of youth at a distance, but her wrinkled face and nervous eyes are all the more shocking close up. Above the plump woman's mature figure her unlined face is a pleasant surprise.

And did you ever know a plump woman who wasn't jolly? Sometimes I believe they're plump because they *are* so good natured. I never knew one, either, who was a "nagger." And how they can cook! I mean plain, old-fashioned American cooking, the kind that real men like.

**A**FTER my husband began to rise in the film world I knew there was no use in my trying to compete in beauty with the women he saw every day. I thought it over.

He had chosen and married me in the day of shapes and curves. I was as thin as a bridal negligee; and now that I was too plump according to fashionable standards, I still felt that "curves" would be all right with him. It would be time for me to worry if he couldn't have the things from life he wanted. He wanted what most normal American men desire. Financial success, children, a gracious and comfortable home life.

All these years, I've been so busy trying to give all this to him I haven't had time to worry about the "glamour girls" of Hollywood nor to be jealous of their allure.

For one thing, my husband did not like the privacy of our home broken by servants. Enjoying an income that would have allowed a half-dozen maids, I kept none. I cooked the dishes he liked best, we ate at all hours, whenever he could get away from the studio. What's more, I stacked the dishes in the kitchen sink and devoted my evenings to him.

Dishes and housework could be hurried through when he wasn't home. When I got too far behind I employed someone by the day to help me catch up.

Unless it was a preview or studio entertainment we seldom went out evenings. After long hours spent on the motion-picture lots, my husband craved, above all, quiet and peace. No business in the world takes so much out of a man as an executive job in a studio. All day long and half the night he is battling against time and people and impossibilities. Strong men break under the strain. To last, they have to get away from it all.

I sensed that sitting beside him placidly doing needlework while he rested on the davenport, gave him the soothing change he craved. Often I talked — cheerful bits of gossip about our friends or neighborhood; for men, though they never own to it, often like interesting gossip as much as women. I told him the good things about the children that day —

never the bad — for, obviously, he didn't need additional worries. And when he wished, I read aloud to him some fine story or article I had found.

Vacations he spent in the mountains with his men friends, hunting and fishing. I never went along. I felt he needed to recapture for a time the carefree life of his bachelor days. Every man needs such a change at times.

**Y**ES, that was all very nice, you say, but look what *you* missed.

Did I miss anything?

Looking back now, I don't feel I did. I still have my husband. Many of my friends haven't theirs — other women have them. Their wives had been so busy with diets, fads, new clothes to show off their perfect figures, and going places to wear the clothes, they hadn't much time nor love left to give their husbands.

Once at a large studio banquet, during the prohibition days when nearly everyone drank, a certain famous director was introduced to me. As it was in the wee hours, he, like the other celebrants, had acquired a special mellowness.

He looked at me gravely and then remarked, "You don't show your knees!" (that's when evening dresses were worn knee-length).

"No, I don't," I laughed.

He observed me further.

"Why," he said, "your hair's not bobbed!"

"No, it's always been short and rather curly naturally —"

He stopped a passing waiter with a full tray, took two glasses.

"Well, let's have a drink on it anyway —"

"Thanks, but I don't drink."

"Have a cigarette then —"

"I don't smoke."

He stared at me dazed, then got to his feet and clapped his hands.

"Listen, folks!" he said earnestly. "Believe it or not, right here in Hollywood, I've discovered the only woman left from the covered-wagon days!"

THE STORY went the rounds and the name stuck, but I never minded. I was too busy rearing my children and making a comfortable home. As long as my family was satisfied with me — well, after all, isn't that what a happy marriage means?

All women weren't meant to be streamlined, in spite of what life-insurance statistics and doctors may say. And all plump women *don't* die young.

My grandmother lived to be eighty-eight. Portly, we called it then. She was anything but a thin

old woman, never looked her age and was busy and efficient in her home till she died of an injury. Remember the people from whom you sprang and consider if you were *meant* to be thin or graciously curved. Ancestors have a lot to do with what your natural weight should be.

Recently I saw a famous dress designer quoted as saying that corsets are coming back this winter. For me they've never been out. If real curves are to be fashionable again, perhaps at last I'll catch up with fashion, or fashion will catch up with me. But I ceased to worry about it long ago. I'm too busy.

Of course, real obesity is dangerous to health. But the ten or twenty pounds that old Mother Nature adds through the years to your girlhood weight is really natural. She's only trying to keep the wrinkles farther away when the silver begins to frame your face and a little toddler holds up his arms and begs, "Please, take me up." And as he settles his head against your bosom, he will sigh with loving satisfaction and say, "Grandmother, tell me a story."

¶ The successful man is always he who has used his liberal education as a groundwork for developing his own personality and advancing in his own chosen way the civilization in which he lives; who can say, as the years pass, "I have kept my faith and done my best, I have not imposed upon my fellow men and I have used my education to the best possible advantage."

— NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

## A Word to the Wives

### TWELVE GUARANTEED RULES FOR LOSING YOUR MAN

- 1 Maintain a husband-size doghouse, and don't hesitate to put him in it on the slightest provocation.
- 2 If he forgets your birthday or your wedding anniversary, make it a point to sulk for at least a week.
- 3 Always ask him where he has been and what he has been doing.
- 4 Remind him at frequent intervals that you have given him the best years of your life.
- 5 Always interrupt his stories with "No, darling, it was *this* way," and then finish the story for him.
- 6 If he goes out for an evening of poker with the boys, manage to have a sick headache so that he will feel like a heel for going out.
- 7 If he tells you of some business triumph, take the wind out of his sails by telling him Mrs. Smith's husband just put over a bigger deal.
- 8 Keep your sense of humor in cold storage, and if he happens to spill soup on your favorite tablecloth, treat it as a major catastrophe.
- 9 If he says that he is staying late at the office, call an hour later to see if he was telling the truth.
- 10 When he settles down to read the evening paper, break in and give him an account of the argument you had with the butcher.
- 11 Always try to come between him and his men friends.
- 12 When he makes a flattering comment about some other woman's gown be sure to say, "It would be nice if you could notice what *I* have on."

## Hints to Husbands

### HOW TO GET YOURSELF EXILED TO THE DOGHOUSE

- 1 Always refer to the little woman as the "ball-and-chain."
- 2 Always notice what *other* women are wearing but be oblivious to what your wife has on.
- 3 Administer compliments sparingly. They might make her conceited.
- 4 Always forget to remember her birthday; or, if you *do* remember it, give her something nice and practical, like a vacuum cleaner.
- 5 Be sure to tell her what a clever girl your secretary is, and that you don't know how you could run your business without her.
- 6 Make it a rule to leave the cap off the toothpaste. Never hang wet towels on the rack. Just leave them in a soggy heap on the floor.
- 7 If she craves a little moonlight in her life, tell her that she has been seeing too many movies.
- 8 When she enthuses about Clark Gable or Robert Taylor, squelch her with the comment that she ought to have herself psychoanalyzed.
- 9 If you kiss her good-bye in the morning, let it be a simple peck-on-the-cheek routine.
- 10 When you raid the icebox, always make it a point to finish up the cold roast beef she was saving for hash the following day.
- 11 If she likes symphony concerts, always insist on tuning in on a swing band or a fight broadcast.
- 12 If she is having guests for dinner, choose that evening to visit several bars on your way home.

# WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK?

by

ALLAN B. CHALFANT



IT MAKES little difference what your work may be — whether you are a businessman, a carpenter, a housewife, a hospital interne, a secretary — you are continually hearing people say there's no justice in the world.

Perhaps you have felt that way yourself. You have ability and seem to work harder than most people, and yet you never seem to get recognition. Someone else gets the credit. Someone is always stealing your ideas. Someone is getting the breaks. And that someone never seems to be you.

I have come to some conclusions regarding these seeming injustices. So have you, no doubt. Certain secrets have let themselves out of the bag. It will be interesting for you and me to check our conclusions together and see if yours agree with mine. — A.B.C.

*Condensed from the book of the same title. Copyright, 1937, and published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York.*

# What's Holding You Back?

When you're unaware of enemies lurking within yourself, other folk are apt to get the breaks

by **ALLAN B. CHALFANT**

**M**RS. JONES was just looking out of the front window to see whether her husband was arriving from his advertising office on schedule, in time for dinner, when Bill himself burst into the front door, slammed his newspaper and hat on the table, and exploded:

"Hello, Mary. . . . Say, you should have seen the scrap I had with the boss today! Did I give that old fossil a little lowdown on the facts of life! You remember that fall campaign he was raising hell with me about yesterday? Well, I walked into his office today loaded with those figures I was working on last night, and I said to the boss, I said. . . ."

Bill Jones has been in business as an advertising man for some twelve years. He is a good advertising man, too. In fact, his ability is the very thing that makes his friends wonder what is holding him back.

For something is certainly holding him back. He seems always to be on the defensive. Every so often, Bill Jones seems to be forced to counterattack against some criticism or some situation that appears to him utterly unjust.

Across the street from the Jones house lives a chap by the name of Joe Fellows. This guy Fellows doesn't seem to have much on the ball. He has no more imagination than a rabbit. He can't write a letter without making a lot of funny mistakes. He seems to be lost without the help of some able men.

**C**OMPARED with Bill Jones, he seems to have very little ability. Yet Joe Fellows always manages to make money. What's more, he always manages to have a good time. He has time for golf, and plays an excellent game. He is on friendly terms with presidents of several large corporations. He has lots of friends. It's true that the people who work for him in his office privately revile him, although, of course, to protect themselves, they flatter him to his face. As far as Bill Jones can see, Joe Fellows' assistants do all the work, but he has enough "low cunning" to get all the credit — and the pay.

Those two men, Bill Jones and Joe Fellows, are not strangers to you. You know them both by different names.

The woods seem to be full of people who have the knack of getting responsibility and work, but very little reward, and other people who have an equal knack of living a painless life, and reaping richly.

When you are confronted with situations like this, you feel like hollering, "Hooray for Stalin, and down with Uncle Sam, and the hell with everybody!"

If that's your situation, you can make up your mind to it that you are getting on the trail of an enemy in your camp. I don't mean an enemy in your office — don't kid yourself. I mean an enemy in your head — or your heart, if you prefer to have it that way.

Let's get a little closer to this private enemy and see if we can spot the color of his hair.

**H**AS this ever happened to you? Let's suppose that you are given a job to do. Let's say it is a desk job, and *you have only four hours* in which to get the job done. It's a job you know how to do, although it is going to require some thinking, and some work.

With all the necessary material spread out in front of you on your desk, you start right in. In five minutes you have begun. In ten minutes, you strike something that looks a little confusing, and you begin to hunt through the material for certain facts or figures which you need, to solve this problem.

In the meantime, you feel the pressure of the four-hour deadline. It irritates you a little to think that someone should insist that within four hours you have the job completed.

An hour elapses, and suddenly you sort of wake up — to find that you have been pawing over the papers on your desk and have got nowhere.

**T**HAT is to say, you have got nowhere with respect to the job. But you certainly have made a lot of progress in other directions! You have elaborately pictured, as though in retrospect, the scene at the end of the four hours, when your boss came in and said briskly, "Well, how about it? Have you got that job completed?" And you have recited to yourself, with impressive gestures, the answer you gave to your boss.

And perhaps you have even painted a mental picture of the day when you yourself would be the head of your own business. You have outlined to yourself various things you would do in that delectable situation. Your organization was going to be "all-for-one and one-for-all." You were going to treat your people right. Yes, sir! You were not going to make unreasonable demands, such as asking them to do an eight-hour job in four hours! No, sir — not by a jugful!

In fact, you have covered a lot

of ground in that first hour! But now there are only three hours left, and you still have a four-hour job to do!

WHAT started you off on the tangent, anyway? Did you deliberately neglect your work? No. You take pride in doing a good job and getting it done on time. Then what *did* start you off on the tangent? Did somebody in your office suggest it to you? No.

All right, then, the answer is that *something inside you* suggested it — and you know the kind of things that secret enemy suggests! You're getting closer to Private Enemy Number One.

Well, let's stop beating about the bush. This Private Enemy Number One, which takes your mind off your work — which sends you on wild goose chases into the realms of what *might* have been and what *ought* to be — which causes you to give your boss a piece of your mind (when the boss is not present to benefit by it) — which makes you suspect the good intentions of the people who work with you, is as definite a character as Al Capone.

This Private Enemy might be called Self Center. It consists of habitual preoccupation with yourself. When Self Center is allowed to grow to unhealthy proportions it results not only in the "queering" of your personal attitude toward those with whom you work

(affecting their attitude toward you, in consequence) but also plagues your mind with a whole succession of false alarms regarding others' motives and intentions toward you.

It causes you to brood unnecessarily about yourself and, occasionally, even smuggles into your head such alarming thoughts as the suspicion that you are losing your mind. These suspicions, being very disquieting, lead to still more feverish brooding.

THIS Private Enemy, Self Center, becomes less damaging and far less alarming in its effects if you will recognize one or two simple facts.

One of these facts is that there are two kinds of people abroad in the world. Let me describe them to you.

One is a jovial fellow who may weigh around 182 pounds and stand five feet six and a half inches tall or thereabouts. He tends to be slightly plump. He is a good-natured person who seems to enjoy life tremendously. Folks like him because he is such a good fellow. He never appears to worry.

Among your friends there are some people just like this happy-go-lucky fellow. They get along well, and they sometimes make a fair income, but you have observed that they seldom go far. That is, they seldom become outstanding among men. They occupy the

middle rank — whereas, you will never be content to stay in the middle rank.

The other type of person is like Cassius. Cassius, you recall, is a character in one of Shakespeare's plays. Another character in the same play pointed at Cassius and said, "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

Cassius is a swell example of the second type of person. This type tends to be lean, not fat. He frequently has a rich, and sometimes grim, sense of humor — but he isn't exactly a jovial fellow.

And, like Cassius, he's hungry, but not for food. He wants to *be* something that he hasn't yet succeeded in being. He's never satisfied.

He spends a great deal of time brooding over his own shortcomings. He sells himself such a bill of goods about his own failings that he often feels very inferior. He may be a very able person — but he surely doesn't feel like it.

He gets to feeling so inferior that he thinks other people must notice how inferior he is. That makes him sort of mad. He resents that. As a first line of defense, he puts up a smoke screen. He boasts. He brags about his exploits, in the hope that people will stop thinking he is inferior. He makes mental, unspoken speeches in which he puts some supercilious person in his proper place. ("I said to the boss, I said.")

He has fewer friends than the jovial fellow, but the friends he has are deep. They'll stick by him through hell and high water.

**N**ow — the important thing to get firmly in your head is that *both these types are normal*. Both are necessary in the world. Each has its rightful place and *each can be a success*.

The second thing to recognize is: There's no sense in encouraging the worst characteristics of either type. If a man is naturally inclined to be a drunkard, it isn't good business to ply him with liquor. He'll take care of that little detail without encouragement. On the other hand, if a man is so solemn and serious in his attitude that he not only has no fun himself, but is a kill-joy to other people, perhaps he should be encouraged to guzzle a cocktail once in a while, and go as far as he can in loosening up.

What I am trying to say — clumsily, I am afraid — is this: If you are the brooding type, don't work overtime at it. You'll do plenty of brooding even if you don't encourage the habit. On the other hand — and this is of vital importance — recognize that it is no sin to brood in moderation. It's no crime to be type two instead of type one. The fact is that the lean and hungry Cassius is more apt to go far toward a brilliant success than his more easily con-

tented, but incorrigibly happy, brother.

The next time you see your boss go into a room with a couple of other fellows and — after a casual glance at you — close the door, make up your mind that they probably went in there for the main purpose of relating an unusually good story. Perhaps they went in there to discuss some business — but it had nothing to do with you. And even if it had something to do with you, it was O.K.

Further, the next time you catch yourself delivering an oration to your boss while he is absent, take yourself by the scruff of the neck and say a few choice words such as these: "Sure, that's the way I used to talk (to myself) when I wasn't wise to the fact that this kind of thing is just my nature. Now that I've had my fun, I think I'll do something else."

The antidote for too many thoughts is *things*. What kind of things? A million kinds. The work you have on your desk. The work you have to do in your shop. A letter you have to write. A good movie. Groceries you have to buy. Any one of the things that you have to do or to enjoy — to watch or to say.

### The Mask of Fear

**I**F I were asked which human emotions seem to cause the greatest amount of activity, I would be inclined to say that it

was about a toss-up between Greed and Fear. Of course, Love and Hate would be close to the top of the list, but I sincerely believe that Greed and Fear outrank them as prime movers.

I do not think Greed and Fear are entirely bad. Things happen which make me think that these two emotions are frequently benign influences. In your own experience there have been, undoubtedly, many incidents which would tend to bear out that statement.

**A**MOTHER will give tender care to a child *for fear* that it should become ill or get lost or otherwise meet harm. A businessman will work extra hard *for fear* that all might be lost — and contrive his own success. Similarly a businessman, in his greed to enrich himself, will frequently enrich those who work with him, and provide healthful and proper employment for a large number of people. Those are typical examples of cases in which Greed and Fear have good results.

Fear frequently wears a mask. Thus disguised, it is often able to enter into a man's mind — and even to be welcomed there and to be fed fat — without its host's realizing at all that he is harboring Fear. That is when Fear becomes dangerous to a man's success.

Our job here is to rip some of the masks off the face of Fear and reveal the reality behind them.

Equally, our job is to identify the masks themselves, so that when we see them we shall realize that Fear lurks underneath.

Probably the best way to arrive at our point is to describe some of the situations into which Fear obtrudes itself.

The first of these situations concerns one's *fear of his boss*.

This Fear, I think, is one thing that explains why people dislike being employed by their friends. If you have a friend, your relationship with him is one of equality. You have always considered yourself, to all practical purposes, your friend's equal, and he has given you no reason to believe that he doesn't entertain the same idea.

If, however, you are placed in a position of subordination to him by becoming his employee or a member of a department in which he is your superior, this immediately does something to your ego.

He has grown no greater because you have gone to work as his subordinate. Your unconscious conclusion, therefore, is that *you* have become *smaller*. You have shrunk. You have approached a step toward death—a terrifying idea.

This idea is no less terrifying because it is not a definitely conscious idea.

When you become a subordinate or an employee of a man whom you have never known before, you are likely to be assailed by this same inward Fear.

Now I am not claiming that *every* man feels a sense of Fear the minute he admits that someone else is his boss. Some fortunate men seem to be absolutely proof against any such emotion—at least, from that cause. Other men seem to derive a sort of satisfaction from the situation. I am sure you have met such people. They like to do everything according to Hoyle, and they like to have Mr. Hoyle around somewhere to tell them what to do. They seem to derive a sort of elation out of doing exactly what they are told to do, in precisely the manner prescribed by the boss.

There are some men, however, against whom this Fear operates with baneful results. I ought to know, because I am one of them, and speak from bitter experience.

Assuming that you are such a man, let us see what happens.

It is only natural that if you feel a shrinkage of your ego your powerful instinct of self-preservation gets after you and urges you to rebuild yourself to your former stature—or to one even taller. Furthermore, the same instinct tends to make you feel that this employer, who appears to be the cause of your shrinkage, is an enemy. He has actually done you harm—he has made you feel smaller—why *wouldn't* you think him an enemy?

With a newborn Fear for this man lurking in your heart, and an

incipient Hate sprouting there, the chances are that you will adopt one of two attitudes in his presence. Either you will be defiant in a somewhat exaggerated and totally uncalled for manner, or you will be unnecessarily obsequious. In other words, you will either stand and fight the "enemy" or cringe and run away.

The defiant attitude either will make him treat you with a vague contempt, or will ruffle his temper. The obsequious attitude will arouse a similar contempt or a feeling of irritation or even an impulse to ridicule you.

Any of those results, or any combination of them, cannot fail to have an adverse effect on you.

**H**ow does a man go about rebuilding himself to what he believes is his proper stature? You know the methods as well as I, but it will do no harm to name them.

One method makes use of "relativity." You build yourself up, relatively, by tearing your boss down. The least thing the boss does that results in your slightest discomfort or the discomfort of one of your colleagues is made the target of your scathing criticism. When you go home in the evening, you give your wife a perfectly magnificent lecture on the shortcomings of your boss. You expatiate on your own martyrdom. You have a good cry on your

own shoulder, vicariously, by crying on your wife's. She, faithful soul, agrees with you — and lo, you are rebuilt. Presto! You are even a bigger man than your boss. Your ego is saved.

**A**NOTHER method of building up your own stature is by a continual campaign to garner credit for every little thing you do which in any way relates to your boss or his department's work. There may be other people in your department who are suffering from the same Fears as you. If so, you find yourself tangled with these people in futile and undignified battles for crumbs of "credit."

I have seen such battles for credit grow into office feuds with serious repercussions. I have seen men lose good jobs on account of them and plunge their families into totally unnecessary privation. Seen it? I have done it myself.

A third way a man rebuilds his ego is by boasting. Boasting can be done in a number of subtle ways. Lots of men boast without appearing to do so at all.

A fourth means of rebuilding your ego is to lie. Invent "experience" which you have not had. Claim to know important people, who would not recognize you if they met you on the street. Declare your authorship of ideas which in reality you borrowed or gathered by looking on.

*Lying is a sin that few men will*

*admit. Nevertheless, it is used daily by millions of men to help rebuild their egos, unless observation has lied to me.* I have lied many thousands of times in an effort to rebuild my own ego. Probably you have, too. I venture to say, however, that a great deal of our lying was done without any deliberate plan to lie, and even without any conscious knowledge of the thing we were combatting; it was, rather, a natural reaction to a situation which we did not thoroughly understand.

WE HAVE discussed Fear masquerading in those guises it wears in the heart of a man who has allowed himself to become the victim of a self-created *fear of his boss*. Now let's see the mask Fear wears when a man is *afraid of his job*.

I can remember the day and the very hour when the Fear of my job rolled off my shoulders. I can't tell you the date, but I can surely remember the day. And the hour was 4 P.M.

It seems to me now that the Fear probably boiled down to this: I was afraid that some day I might discover myself to be a smaller man than I thought I was, or than I hoped I was. It was probably a Fear of shrinkage — death.

This *fear* of incompetence gave me a *feeling*, or perhaps a *conviction*, of incompetence. Naturally it related itself to the things I had to

do. Always, upon receiving an assignment from my boss, I was assailed with a vague Fear that I might not do it to the satisfaction of all concerned, including myself.

ONE DAY the advertising manager called me to his office. It was about 3:55 P.M. He informed me that the assistant advertising manager had resigned to accept another job, and that he had decided to appoint me to take his place. He ordered me to occupy the assistant manager's office immediately — and he meant that minute.

At four o'clock I found myself standing in the assistant advertising manager's office, right in front of the desk. I looked around. I realized that this office at that minute was mine, and that I was already assistant advertising manager.

Now, I admit there seems to be no sense to this; but the fact is that I could feel the old *fear of my job* rolling off my mind actually as though it were a physical object. Never since then have I feared my job. I have not always done it in a satisfactory manner, but I have never been afraid of it.

I have gone to such length in telling you of a personal experience, not (I hope) through any taste for exhibitionism, but rather in order to adduce laboratory evidence that the same man who once feared his job now does not

fear it — that a man can overcome Fear of his job.

The strange part of it all is that I am probably no more competent than when I was still afraid. I have had more experience, it is true, but I also have been given larger jobs to do. Because the size of the job has grown in proportion to my experience, perhaps experience can be discounted. My native ability probably has not changed.

This leads me to suspect that you, no matter who you are or what your abilities might be, can overcome your Fear of your work — or, to be more accurate, overcome your Fear that you might prove incompetent and consequently of less stature than you had hoped.

**T**HERE is one more Fear that we should mention before going on to an idea which will help release us from all such Fears as may assail us. This is the *Fear of other people*.

The Fear of other people is closely related to the Fear of one's boss and the Fear of one's job. The relationship lies in the fact that our Fear of other people is probably due to a lurking suspicion that we may prove incompetent to cope with them, just as we might feel incompetent to cope with a job, and, further, that this incompetency will render us inferior to them and consequently tend to shrink us.

If you are assailed by Fears, it

is of extreme importance that you get this idea: *You are impregnable*.

That thing which you refer to as "I" is absolutely unassailable. It cannot be attacked or even touched by anyone else or by circumstances. It is at least as imperishable as time and space. You could not destroy yourself if you tried. I challenge you to try. Try to imagine yourself dead — wiped out — utterly destroyed. The best you can do is to imagine your very lively self viewing your mortal remains. You can imagine *that*; but *you* are always present, viewing the corpse.

Not only are you absolutely proof against destruction either by others or by yourself, but you are also proof against shrinkage. Nothing that can happen to you can shrink you. If you believe that you are impregnable and indestructible, it must follow that you are also unshrinkable, because shrinkage is partial destruction, and, if carried to its logical conclusion, would be complete destruction.

If you are going to free yourself from Fears, you must realize that you are freeing yourself from bogies that do not exist at all unless you deliberately create them. What you can create, you can also destroy. You must realize as well, that you yourself — the thing you recognize as "I" — are indestructible and impregnable against attack. You must realize,

still further, that your ego is able to do only one thing, namely, to grow. It partakes of life itself. And the invariable characteristics of life are change and growth.

You have nothing to fear but Fear itself, and that you can destroy.

Entertaining Fears regarding your ego is a waste of time; because that, neither you nor anyone else can destroy.

### We Live But Once

**Y**OU HAVE often heard people excuse their extravagances by saying, "Oh well, we live but once!" That expression has sometimes occurred to me when reflecting upon the fact that many a person permits Fear to rob him of the opportunity to live even one complete life. I am thinking of working people who persist in entertaining the Fear of their bosses or of their jobs or of other people.

Such fears prevent you from being yourself and in that sense they prevent you from really existing at all. When you are with your boss, instead of being natural, you say things you don't mean or you keep silence about things you do mean. Your whole attitude is a pretense. The personality you express is a sham.

Instead of being yourself, you insist on being some artificial creature that is no more you than a scarecrow would be. You allow yourself to get into defiant and truculent states of mind. You find

### An Honest Boss

*I* AM LOOKING forward to the day when I meet an American executive who frankly confesses the truth, namely, that he loves yes-men because it makes him feel good when people agree with him, but that he makes a sincere effort on numerous occasions to curb his enjoyment of the word Yes and show some respect for the word No. I think I would work gladly for a man as honest as that.

yourself acting the part of a braggart or an envious and chiseling person, knowing all the while that you are not being yourself. These false personalities are usurpers; they are not *you*.

When you consider that you live but once — and none too many years, at that — doesn't it seem unjust to cheat yourself of even a small part of living?

Imagine a man who had let Fear make a faker out of him steadily for thirty years and then had suddenly met death. Imagine, then, some Great Accuser pointing a finger at him and asking, "What happened to *you*? We have heard words and seen actions by a man who looked like you and dressed like you and seemed to live where you lived and work where you worked; but that man was not you. What happened to *you*?" Imagine the embarrassed victim having to reply, "Sir, I re-

gret to say that I buried Me many years ago."

Finally, imagine the Great Accuser observing "Then you hardly lived at all, did you? And now it is too late for you to live at all."

The warning I am trying to sound is that if you want to live a genuine life you must recognize your true self, not only as someone who is an individual and free, but also as one who has a sense of proportion and a realization of the fitness of things.

I suggest that you think over this whole matter quietly, at your leisure. I think you will recognize your actual self and be able to distinguish between that and the various pretenders who have been wearing your clothes. I believe, also, that your sense of justice to yourself will tell you what to do.

### Back-tracking

AMONG the delightful things that I have read in recent years is John Erskine's *Helen of Troy*. In that story one situation was continually repeating itself, each time served up on a different platter, but always with the same flavor. The situation would always be something like this:

A minor catastrophe would take place. The cherished plans of all concerned would clatter to the ground in a cloud of dust, Helen's own plans included. Things would go completely awry.

Of course, this would always

cause terrific consternation. Immediately the assembled group, including dowagers and gray-beards, would start a babble of recrimination. Each would start blaming the others for what had happened, and the air would be full of lamentations about what *might* have been, what *should* have been, whose fault it was, and so forth. After the frantic rage had been exhausted, these poor bedeviled people, in their extremity, would instinctively look for some stronger person on whom to lean. They would look for Helen, and Helen would be gone — up the road in her chariot at a fast gallop, someone would report.

THEN THERE would be a mad scramble on the part of these luckless characters to catch up with Helen, find out what she was doing or what she had already done, and take advantage of it if possible.

The point that I like to dwell upon is that Helen never held post mortems. Her technique seemed to consist of a few curt questions such as these: "Where am I now? Where do I go from here?" As her mind was not cluttered by a tangle of recriminations, she had little difficulty in deciding at once where to "go from here"; and the minute she made up her mind, off she went.

Several years ago, a young chap in my own company was fired. Picking me out as a sympa-

thetic fellow who would lend an ear to his lamentations, he besought me in the most pathetic voice to go out and have lunch with him. He had something very important he wanted to talk to me about.

Groaning inwardly, I agreed. At 12:30 we started up Fifth Avenue (we were in New York), and at about Forty-eighth Street turned west toward Broadway (he wanted to make one of his favorite restaurants the scene of his outpourings). From the time we left our office to the moment referred to in the next paragraph he had been dishing out a tale of harrowing woe.

As an object lesson to him, I stopped abruptly when we reached a certain hotel and pointed out that ever since we had left our own office building, about ten blocks away, he had been getting himself all wrought up. I pointed out further that if he had spent the same amount of time and energy considering or even discussing *his present advantages* and his possible courses of action, he would not only be feeling better, but he would be much farther along toward getting somewhere.

"What has really happened?" I asked him. "Where have you actually got in this time? You have got to the X Hotel — and that is all you have done."

Now, it must be obvious that as long as a man carries on in the way this fellow was doing, back-

tracking over his sorry past, he is making no progress into the future.

Tomorrow when you go to work, if you can keep your mouth shut and your ears open, you will be appalled at the amount of time and energy lost all around you through back-tracking which leads nowhere fast.

### Idea Energy

PERHAPS one of the most exasperating things in your experience has been the phrase, "I'm going to do such and such." You could name several people who are continually telling you what they are going to do, and then almost invariably failing to do it. Some do that occasionally, and some do it to excess. All of us do it to a certain extent.

If you think back, you will probably remember a few occasions on which you have told some friend of yours all about some exciting thing you were planning to do. Perhaps when you ended your recital, this friend patted you on the back and congratulated you on having worked out so splendid a plan. The next time you met this friend, perhaps he asked you whether you had done the thing you had been telling him about. Was your face red when you had to say "No!"

There is a secret reason why people fail to act on plans. It's one of our private enemies, a wastrel whom we shall identify presently.

This private enemy is continually on the job. He is very hard to resist, unless you know what he is and can recognize him when he makes his appearance. If you can, you will find him fairly easy to control.

**L**ET US get some clue as to his identity by imagining a situation. Let us suppose that you are a married man, living comfortably at home with your wife and two children — a girl sixteen years old, and a boy of fourteen. You are making a fair income, but not enough to afford a maid. After dinner the family wash the dishes, or rather Mother usually washes the dishes with perhaps one member of the family helping. The chances are that you and your fourteen-year-old boy duck the job every time you can do so gracefully.

One evening your wife asserts her spirit of independence and declares, "I don't see why I should wash the dishes every single night! Tonight, Harry, you're going to wash the dishes; and Junior, you're going to help." With that she flounces out of the dining room, puts on her hat and gloves, and says, "I'm going to the movies with Barbara Jamieson." The next minute she is gone.

Of course you're quite happy to have her take an evening off and go to the movies. You can see the justice in her action. What's more, you feel sneakingly guilty for hav-

ing let her do so much of the work in the past.

Nevertheless, you surely hate to wash those dishes! And while you're washing them, it seems to you that all the dishes in the house are dirty. You wonder why it takes so many pots and pans to cook a dinner. By the time you have finished and have the sink all shined up again, you're tired — well, perhaps not exactly tired, but at least you feel pretty flat. The pep has gone out of you.

**N**OW LET us take another situation. Perhaps one evening just after dinner your wife remarks, "I have to run over to see old Mrs. Thompson for a few minutes; I promised to see her before 7:30 and I'll have to hurry. Just leave the dishes and I'll wash them when I come back."

Let us suppose that, on this particular occasion, you have a sudden inspiration — an idea. As soon as Mother has gone out of the house, you say to your girl and boy, "Say kids! Let's spring a surprise on Mother! Let's get all those dishes washed and everything put away by the time she gets back!"

"When she comes in don't tell her anything about it — see?" your son adds. "Boy, won't she be surprised!"

And daughter says, "Let Daddy wash and we'll do the drying and putting away!"

The youngsters' eyes sparkle!

There's something slightly mischievous about this idea you proposed and they helped to develop, and they go for it in a big way.

**I**F SUCH an experience has actually happened to you, you will recall how you pitched in and worked like mad to get those dishes done and put away before Mother came home. You and the youngsters could hardly work fast enough to satisfy yourselves. The pots and pans were numerous, all right, and they had to be scoured; but it took you no time at all. All the time you and your two youngsters were working, you were practically giggling with glee! In fact, it wasn't work at all. It was fun!

Well, finally you had the dishes done and, after a last look to see that everything was spick and span, you snapped out the electric light in the kitchen and walked into the living room feeling as fresh and full of pep as you felt before you even thought of washing the dishes!

Now you have two situations. In both cases the job was to wash the dishes. In one case it was work, and it drained your energy. In the other case, it was fun, and it left you feeling perfectly fresh. Yet in both cases you did exactly the same job!

What made the difference?

There was a vital difference between the two situations, and that difference was this. The first time

you washed the dishes, it was your wife's idea. The second time, it was your own.

When your wife had the idea, it did not pep you up at all. But it pepped you up a lot when the idea was yours. What do we mean when we say "It pepped you up"? We mean this—and this is one of the great secrets that we set out to discover in this book—it means that whenever you get an idea that involves pleasurable action or action with a reward ahead, *the idea brings with it exactly the amount of energy necessary to fulfill the action.*

**T**HAT'S WHY you hear people say, "I'm itching to do so and so." That's why, when you get an exciting idea, you have an almost uncontrollable impulse to go into action, to do something about it. A moment before the idea comes, you do not have this impulse. In fact you are just cruising along with the normal amount of energy. But that idea is like a "shot" in the arm. Something exciting starts racing through your blood, and you itch to act, to translate your idea into action.

If I were to tell you that the birth of an idea is like an explosion in certain of the cells in your brain, and that this sudden excitation acts as a stimulus to your adrenal gland and causes that useful organ to heave an extra supply of adrenalin into your blood stream, thereby

literally giving you an extra shot of action-energy — if I told you that, you might say, “Go on, you’re getting scientific.” All right, I won’t tell you that. It’s probably wrong, anyway.

But what do you care, and what do I care, what causes that itch to go into action, provided *we know it happens*, and provided we know that it happens *invariably and immediately*, whenever we get an idea that contemplates a pleasurable action?

A FURTHER fact about ideas is this: An idea can grow. You have watched your own ideas grow, lots of times. You recall getting an idea and then perhaps an hour later, getting another thought that added something to the idea and made it much more exciting. Perhaps in the course of several days or weeks this thing that started with just the germ of an idea developed into a full-fledged idea, complete with trimmings. And in its full-fledged state, it was many times as exciting as before.

Now, the thing to bear in mind is that each time you are seized by an idea which serves to enlarge the original idea, each of those additional ideas brings with it *an additional amount of energy*.

Another very important fact to remember is this. Unless this idea energy is used while it is fairly fresh, it slowly evaporates. It

won’t keep indefinitely. Maybe that extra adrenalin we were talking about so rashly gets slowly dissipated through fidgeting and other bodily activity; how can we know?

Now, what was all that about the private enemy—the wastrel that tries to keep us from getting into action?

Strange as it may seem, the wastrel’s name is Action — *the wrong kind of action*.

Talking is action. When you get a swell idea and with it there comes a sudden access of energy that makes you feel like going into action — then, if you really do go into action through the medium of speech, you use up the energy that the idea brought. By the time you have stopped talking, all that idea energy is gone. After that, in order to carry out the idea, you have to draw on your reserve stock of energy. That’s what makes the exertion work, instead of fun.

To make things worse, we usually do this prattling to some friend; and because he’s a friend, he pats us on the back and *gives us our reward before any action has taken place*. Having expended the idea impulse and having already reaped the reward, what’s the use in going to all the trouble of putting your idea into effect? That’s the way your body looks at the matter, and that’s the way your unconscious mind looks at it. They

think the job is done and that the reward already has been collected, when in reality the job hasn't even been started.

When you have an idea that seems to fill you with an itch for action, there are certain things to do, and here they are:

1. Grit your teeth and *bottle up the idea*.

2. *Refuse to tell* anybody what your idea is.

3. *Think* about the idea. Picture its possibilities and picture its rewards.

4. If you need more information to complete the idea, go to the proper sources for the information and get it, even if it requires talking to somebody; but *don't tell him why you want the information*.

5. When your idea has developed to a point where action is possible and timely, *do only those things that will get the idea accomplished*. For example, if the idea is a plot for a story, don't *tell* it! The only proper outlet for that story is through your fingertips, via a pen or a typewriter! So the thing to do is to pull a typewriter in front of you, load it with paper, and drop your fingers on the keys. But if you pour out that story through your tongue, it will have been told, your impulse to tell it will have been satisfied, and the idea energy that came with the story will be gone. I'll give you odds that you will never write the story. Before leaving 5 then, let me repeat: Choose that action, and only that action, which will get the idea accomplished.

6. Throughout all this, *work fast*,

so that you are ready for action before the idea energy has diminished.

### A Technique for Getting Ideas

IT MAY seem that I am stretching a point when I say that there is a technique for getting ideas. Nevertheless, it's a fact. You can actually assist yourself in getting ideas if you know how to go about it.

I have no doubt whatever that you have practiced this technique many times in your life. On the other hand, there is some doubt as to whether you have reduced it to a working principle. To do so requires only an understanding of what the technique is. In order to understand it, let us trace back and discuss some of your own experiences.

Probably you can remember a number of occasions when you were unable to remember someone's name. You had the name on the tip of your tongue, but somehow you couldn't quite say it. This situation is so exasperating that it usually makes a person concentrate and knit his brows in an effort to dig that name out from the recesses of his memory. If you have done that, probably you have found that the more you concentrated, the more obstinately the elusive name hid itself. Finally, giving up in disgust, you shrugged your shoulders and said, "Well, shucks, I'll think of it later on."

Later on, you did think of it. After you had forgotten all about the subject and had gone about your other affairs, suddenly the name popped into your head.

If you will think over such an experience as that, you will recall that the elusive name stayed in hiding as long as you concentrated, but came popping out as soon as you relaxed.

*That is the secret of getting ideas. You must relax. You must not concentrate, because concentration is the way not to get ideas.*

The procedure for getting ideas is something like this:

1. Unknot your brows.
2. Put your feet on the desk — in other words, assume a relaxed posture.
3. Let your mind lazily ruminate around and about the subject. Give it free rein and don't try to keep it strictly to a main "line of thought."
4. Throw your mind into contact with certain facts; perhaps you have them written on a sheet of paper or perhaps they are included in a magazine article lying open on your desk. The idea is to give your mind *starting points* which will unroll chains of related ideas.
5. *Do not concentrate!*

### Tracking Down Ideas

A NUMBER of things can happen to ideas. A feeble or erroneous idea can be put over with considerable success, up to certain limits, by well-prepared presenta-

tion, backed by specific data. These data may not be facts — they may even be falsities. But if they sound like facts and are dramatically presented at a favorable time, they may launch a bad idea with considerable momentum.

On the other hand, a *good* idea can be weakened at the very start by a poor presentation that lacks drama, timeliness, or other favorable factors. When that happens, the person who presents the idea is made to feel very foolish, often very discouraged — even bitter.

THEN again, a good idea may be presented with the proper amount of drama and timeliness, but the presentation may be ruined and the idea made to appear foolish because the person presenting it is *not able to meet objections*.

Frequently, objections are given in very general terms, such as, "I think the idea is lousy." What follows is vitally important: *No matter how general the objection may be, it has to be answered with specific facts in order to beat it down.* If the person presenting the idea has not armed himself with such specific facts, the objections, no matter how general, leave him standing on one leg, if he is standing at all.

A number of other things can happen to ideas, but we will not consider them in this chapter. The main thing I would like to consider is this proposition: *Every idea should be tracked down to the final*

*point, if possible, before presentation.*

Now let me sound one note of warning. It is possible to carry the investigation of an idea too far. Timeliness frequently enters into the picture. If you have a good idea and keep on investigating and investigating too long, some competitor of yours may get the same idea and beat you to it. Just keep that thought in the back of your bean and be your own doctor as to how long you can afford to investigate. Considerations of safety can sometimes be carried too far. A man can sometimes "wisdom" himself out of some very good things by overdoing the virtue.

**I**F YOU have something to present or something to do, choose the right time for doing it. Remember that every time you present an idea to another, your job is that of an impresario. There is no use in having a good idea if you are going to muff it by poor stage management.

See that your idea is dressed in the right costume. Set the stage with great care, avoiding any artificial or theatrical effect, avoiding false notes. See that your presentation is made in the right theater — the right place. And be sure to put on your show at the right time. Don't serve up grand opera at seven o'clock in the morning.

Timeliness is important. Never forget that.

### Seven-league Boots for Thirty-inch Strides

**I** HAVE seen a great many men get themselves confused and lead themselves into wild goose chases by not clearly distinguishing between their major and minor objectives.

It is important to have a long-range objective and also to have short-range objectives; but it is equally important to be able to tell them apart and to understand their relationship to each other.

If you are fortunate enough to have a long-range objective you will appreciate what I have in mind. If, for example, you are definitely planning to become the comptroller of your company, that intention might well be considered to be your long-range objective.

Your short-range objectives are the various things you need to do in order to progress in the direction of the long-range objective. For example, to be a good comptroller, you need to have a thorough grasp of your own company's financial setup, its mode of operation, its marketing situation and possibilities, and other phases of your company's operation. You have to know the common causes of losses in your industry and how these can be checked, because the comptroller of a business is the watchdog of net profit. In other words, you have a whole series of

short-range objectives to reach before you can reach the long-range objective.

In the meantime, it is important that you recognize the fact that your long-range objective is at long range. Many a man has failed to strive for the nearby objectives — or even to look for them or to recognize them when they practically hit him in the face — because he was continually dazzling himself by daydreams regarding the long-range objective. Such a man wants to be president *today* — at least, in his mind's eye. He does not want to wait until he has gone through the mill.

If you have no long-range objective, if you find it difficult to look ahead and get a clear-cut picture of what your ultimate goal is, it may be because you have not evaluated your own abilities.

**A** WORTH-WHILE suggestion to help you make this appraisal is this. Sit down at a table with a pencil in one hand and three sheets of blank paper in front of you. On one sheet of blank paper, write down all those things in which you are weak. For example, if you are weak in your ability to master statistical reports, write down "statistics." If you are weak in analysis, put down "analysis." If you are weak in handling a multitude of details without confusion, put down "details."

On the second sheet, put down

all those qualities in which you shine. Put down the things at which you are pretty good, or better.

On the third sheet, put down every business and profession you can think of. If there isn't room enough on the sheet, clip some more sheets to it and just keep on putting them down. Don't put down unlikely things, such as "purveyor of tropical fish" — unless, of course, your main bent happens to be in that direction (if you are a nut on tropical fish you will not have to go through any of this rigamarole in the first place). Put down on this third sheet all those businesses and professions with which you have a speaking acquaintance and toward which you have at least a good start, directly, or indirectly, by reason of your past experience.

If you are already forty-five years old and have had no mechanical training, don't include in your list such things as mechanical engineering. Nevertheless, if you have mechanical ability it is perfectly legitimate to include in your list various fields in which your mechanical ability can be put to good use. In other words, out of this list of most likely fields choose, if you possibly can, the one field which seems practical for you to attack *at this stage in your life*.

Now take Sheet 1 with the list of your weaknesses, and lay it alongside Sheet 3 as as though it

were a yardstick. Cross off all those businesses and professions which your weaknesses indicate are not suited to your abilities.

Then take Sheet 2, on which you have written your strong points, and, using it as a yardstick against your list of professions and businesses, put a check mark against all those businesses and professions which require the qualities in which you are strong.

**I**F YOU find yourself still unable to choose your long-range objective, then choose those several objectives which seem most "likely." Write them down on a special list. Write them, perhaps, on a card and put that in your billfold or your "File — Personal and Private."

Then, as time goes on, consider as your short-range objectives the acquiring of all possible experience and knowledge which will enable you to progress toward competence in those long-range fields or objectives. The chances are that this list of preferred long-range objectives will be interrelated, and that any progress you can make toward one will also serve as progress towards the others. No matter which of these related objectives turns out to be "it," your efforts will not have been wasted.

Of great importance is this: Remember that the long-range objective is on the other side of the stream. The short-range ob-

jectives are the stepping-stones that will help you get across. And remember that in this particular stream there are numerous pathways of stepping-stones leading in different directions. Unless you *know where you want to go*, you cannot possibly know which of the various stepping-stones in front of you to jump on first.

I know that when a writer is through with a chapter, he ought to stop. But I can't resist the temptation of prolonging this one to recall one of Stephen Leacock's amusing characters — the one who "leaped onto his horse and rode rapidly in all directions." In such hilarious fiction as Leacock has succeeded in writing, such a character is screamingly funny. In actual life, however, the business of riding in all directions smacks less of comedy than of tragedy. There is only one requirement to prevent your riding in all directions; that is, to have a clear-cut, long-range objective, so that you know the direction in which to point your horse's nose.

### Make Up Your Mind

**I** DO NOT profess to know a great deal about children. However, being the father of two girls and two boys, I am not a total stranger to their ways.

One of the things that stick out in my memory is the way a small baby can *want* something, such as food. When a baby wants food,

he wants food and nothing else but food. He wants it so badly he can taste it. And he yells with all his little might and main until he gets it. He yells until he's purple in the face and gasping for breath. He puts his whole body into his unconquerable desire for food. He kicks his arms and legs. He squirms. He stuffs his fists into his mouth to see if he can't get some satisfaction out of them. In short, he does a job of wanting that is awe-inspiring to behold.

I have observed that when small youngsters want food or anything else with such overpowering singleness of purpose, they usually get what they want. They may not get it immediately, but they get it.

I sometimes envy the man with a one-track mind, because so frequently he gets what he wants. Sometimes I have suspected myself of having a one-track mind, but I have always been able to assure myself that if this were actually the case I should probably have achieved some goal by now. The obdurate facts insist that my mind cannot possibly be of the single-track variety.

A famous advertising man once informed me that there was only one thing in this world that he wanted: "Money—lots of money." Not only was he refreshingly frank, but he was also amazingly successful in achieving his goal. He got his money.

In common with a great many

other people, I believe that a man gets what he wants — within the limits of his ability and opportunities. To a certain extent, he can create his opportunities and increase his abilities to get what he wants. If he wants a thing badly enough, he will take the necessary steps to achieve the ability and secure the opportunities.

**I**F A MAN'S paramount desire is for liquor, probably he will get his liquor — and that's about all. If his chief desire is for ladies, he will undoubtedly achieve his desire. The ladies may not amount to much, but at least they will satisfy the general idea.

I remember a lawyer whose chief aim in life was to collect ancient Roman coins. Roman coins were more attractive to him than success in law. The result was that he did not get very far in the legal profession, but he certainly did develop a swell collection of coins. At that, he was lucky, for he had inherited money. Otherwise he might have achieved much less success in his collecting.

We have a tendency to disparage people with one-track minds or, rather, one-track desire. We view as a pest a man who seems unable to want anything but money, and who consequently thinks about his business morning, noon, and night. If a man happens to desire the salvation of souls to the exclusion of everything else,

we call him a religious bigot. A business bigot who can think of nothing but making a dollar is considered to be a highly successful and exemplary businessman. Just the same, he's a pest and we all hold him in contempt as a person.

On the other hand, a man whose desires are too widely divided among a great many different things is likely to be not half so successful, and to become a burden.

We have tried to explain the impulse to act by using the term *horsepower*. Applying the same term here, we might say that each of us has a given amount of *desire horsepower*. At any given moment we have only a certain amount of *capacity to want things*.

**I**F A MAN organizes his life like a trunk railroad line — in other words, mostly main line with very few branch lines — and puts all his horsepower on one track and keeps it there, his desire is like a great big locomotive on its way somewhere. Such a locomotive is capable of pulling a big train.

If, on the other hand, a man organizes himself like a switch yard, with no main lines at all but just a whole series of sidings, his desires will resemble a large number of little dinky engines, each puffing along with a few cars. All together they may expend more energy than the big engine,

but they don't get anywhere. They make quaint little journeys. We might imagine them as often looking wistfully at the horizon, wondering why they aren't approaching it. All they can see is the smoke of the big engine, and even that is growing faint in the distance. They often feel lonely because they like the company of the big engine and now it is gone.

**Y**OU *have to make up your mind which of your desires you are going to consider your main ones.* In order to make that decision it is necessary, also, to decide to neglect some of the minor desires, whose fulfillment would take up the time required to pursue the main one.

Now it's all very well to say that you can't control your desires. That may be quite true. You can't stop, all of a sudden, loving your cocktails and highballs, just by snapping your fingers. You can't stop enjoying lengthy, unprofitable conversations, just because they interfere with your business. All that is true. But I am not proposing that you stop *wanting* the things that interfere with the main line. What I am suggesting is that if you want to travel far along the main line, you will have to leave these minor wants *unsatisfied*.

Ask yourself if there is any one thing you really want with an almost insatiable desire. Do you just have slight "yens" for this and

that? Are your wants rather vague and wistful? Or have you one or two that burn with a white heat?

If you will observe any of the people you know who seem to have some great major desire, you will notice that there is nothing vague about it. Moreover, *there is no feeling of futility about it*. Such a person is nearly always in action. He is really out after the thing he wants. He seems to know what to do to get it.

*One of the curious characteristics of a great desire is that it brings with it a conviction that the desire can be attained.* People who want things tremendously seem to have no doubt in their minds that the thing they want *can be had!*

Further, a person with a tremendous desire will naturally give it a great deal of thought. He finds difficulty in thinking about anything else. He is continually searching for new facts about the subject of his desire. It is quite logical that if he gives the matter so much thought he has probably figured out the things he needs to do to achieve his end.

Finally, under the steam roller of a great desire things that would be obstacles to lesser vehicles flatten out and disappear. The man with a great desire will not be impressed by obstacles; indeed, he usually will not even admit them. You know that from your own experience. You recall at least one man who had such a

keen desire for something that, no matter how many objections were raised or how many obstacles were pointed out, he brushed them aside and refused to let them deter him from his quest after what he wanted.

**I** WILL make you one unequivocal prediction, and I will make it without any fear of its not being fulfilled. The prediction is this: Unless you gather your energies behind one or two great desires, you will not go far under your own power. If, on the other hand, you do gather a large proportion of your energies behind one or two desires, you will go farther than you could possibly have gone otherwise.

Here is a parting thought: Good mechanics seem to arrange to work in garages — not in the middle of the public square. Mend your errors in private. Do not parade them in the market place. Several years ago, a famous advertising man told me in his trenchant manner: "People damn me because, they say, I am conceited. As a matter of fact, I am the humblest of men. But I know that the place for humility is deep within the human heart. When I go into the market place I go booted, spurred, and on horse-back."

If you tend to brood over your own frailties, you might reread that last sentence with benefit.

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## Personality Portraits

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● *Opie Read's Golf Score.* — The late Opie Read, famous humorist, found himself playing golf with a foursome in Texas. Something went wrong with one of his drives and the ball landed deep in a sand trap. Providentially, he was hidden from view of the other players as he hacked away at the evasive ball.

When he finally drove the ball out and climbed over the bunker to rejoin the party, he was met by the question: "How many strokes, Opie?"

"Three," he grunted.

The players snickered. "But we heard six!"

"Three," said Opie, "were echoes."

● *Bearded Profit.* — For a long time Monty Woolley's principal claim to fame was ownership of a luxurious beard. It was all he needed to make him conspicuous, but somehow it wasn't getting him anywhere in particular.

Then something happened. Cole Porter, the song writer, was so annoyed by a radio cowboy song he overheard at a party that he sat right down and extemporized a burlesque version. Included in it was a sentence to the effect that "Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today, Madam" — a nonsensical enough statement which was seized upon by Monty Woolley, also a guest at the party.

He rummaged around his host's apartment and found a long-tailed coat and silver platter. Then he

marched in singing the words that conveyed the regrets of Miss Otis. Doesn't sound convulsive, maybe, but he kept repeating the stunt at Elsa Maxwell parties that season and first thing he knew he had a reputation as a mimic which later led to his starring role in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

● *Friends Never Forget.* — When the towering Paramount Building was erected in Times Square, there was a heavy program of speeches and formalities planned for the day on which it was to be thrown open to the public. Moving spirit behind the building was Adolph Zukor, head of the Paramount movie enterprises.

All went according to program as the lavish offices of the movie concern were dedicated, until, at midday, an unfamiliar and not overly impressive woman of advancing years presented herself at Zukor's office and was admitted. Shortly thereafter Zukor left in her company, canceling all his speech-making and speech-listening engagements for the day. That evening, the most conspicuous box at the grand opening of the Paramount Theater was occupied by Zukor, the woman visitor, and several other persons who later proved to be members of her family.

Bewildered company executives finally learned that the elderly woman, with her husband, had befriended Adolph Zukor when he arrived, alone and friendless, in New York City as an immigrant from Hungary. He had lived with the couple for several years, then lost track of them until his old friend found him in his swanky new office.

—JAMES MARTIN

## How Well Do You Know Yourself?

*To find out what your answers to this quiz reveal about you, turn to the specified pages in this issue*

Do you dislike to be with people who wear shabby clothes? <i>see page</i>	13
Do you make frequent use of such adjectives as "gorgeous," "marvelous," "divine," and "heavenly"?	75
Do you fight hard for every point in an argument?	29
When you are struck by a brilliant idea, do you rush right out to tell people about it?	119
Do past failures and defeats continually haunt you?	4
Do you rub your face, twist your fingers, or chew on a pencil when you talk?	55
Are you afraid of your boss?	109
Does a discussion of sex by other people in your presence confuse or discomfort you?	19
Do you sulk if your husband forgets your birthday, wedding or other anniversary?	102
Do you look with suspicion upon any association of your wife with members of the opposite sex?	20
Do you resent it when someone tells you an unpleasant truth?	87
Do you know what one thing you can do best?	10
Would you prefer not to have children when you marry?	20
Are you a good listener?	47
Do you spend a great deal of time in front of a mirror admiring your reflection?	18
Do you think women are worse liars than men?	57
Do you have a fear of being alone in your home at night?	19
If you knew that marriage with the man or woman of your choice would injure your business success, would you still wish to marry him or her?	60
Do you ever indulge in baby talk?	74
Are you inclined to be bossy and officious to shoe shiners, conductors, filling station attendants, and such?	13

## CONTRIBUTING TO YOUR PERSONALITY:

Already the author of several notable books on personality development, including the successful *Be Glad You're Neurotic*, DR. LOUIS E. BISCH (*Love in Middle Age*, page 33) has just finished work on a new volume called *Why Be Shy?*, dealing with that all but universal human frailty, self-consciousness. Dr. Bisch is a neuropsychiatrist practicing in New York City.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE (*I Don't Like Touchy People*, page 87) has been a shrewd observer of urban life for many years, particularly of the world of the theater and the arts. He has lectured on literature in almost every State of the Union. He is now playing a leading role in the road company of that smashing Broadway stage hit, *Life With Father*. . . . EDNA B. SMITH (*Test Your Emotional Balance*, page 18) is an instructor in personality development with the Massachusetts Department of Education.

DR. A. D. MUELLER (*How to Make Over Your Personality*, page 1) has an admirable background of experience in psychology, having studied under the country's foremost psychologists at four leading universities. He has had extensive teaching experience, including eight years as professor at the University of Tennessee, and has done much clinical work in abnormal psychology and mental hygiene in eastern seaboard states. . . . GRACE MACK (*How Good a Date Are You?*,

page 72) is a Hollywood writer who gives first-hand reports on glamour as the stars of the silver screen reveal their secrets to her.

DR. PAUL POPENOE (*Are You Grown Up?*, page 7) is a nationally famous lecturer on problems of marriage and family life, and is general director of the American Institute of Family Relations, with headquarters in Los Angeles . . . .

HILDEGARDE DOLSON (*How to Dress for Men*, page 14) speaks with authority on the subject of clothes for women, since it was once her job to produce advertising copy that would sell gowns for one of the most fashionable Fifth Avenue shops in New York.

MARGERY WILSON (*Manners for Married Folk*, page 21) has contributed to the charm of thousands of women through her personality development courses. She is author of the books *Charm*, *The New Etiquette*, and *Make Up Your Mind*. . . . DR. JAMES GORDON GILKEY (*The Useful Art of Forgetting*, page 48) is pastor of South Church, Springfield, Mass. His books of personal help include *Secrets of Effective Living* and *Solving Life's Everyday Problems*.

DR. DONALD A. LAIRD (*Stop Feeling Inferior*, page 8) is former head of the psychology department at Colgate University and one of the half-dozen best known writers on psychological topics.