

The October

25 Cents

# American

Magazine



## What My Religion Means to Me

MRS DENHA  
 JEWELL GA  
 F26  
 Guide

# The American Magazine

October, 1925

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*

JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. c

## CONTENTS

No. 4

WHAT MY RELIGION MEANS TO ME	EDGAR A. GUEST	7
THE SQUAREHEAD. A story Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer	R. de S. HORN	11
I'M THE CHAMPION FREE-RIDER OF THE WORLD Drawings by Tony Sarg	ELLIS PARKER BUTLER	14
A GUST OF WIND PLAYED A CURIOUS PART IN MACEVOY'S CAREER	HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT	16
CLIFFORD F. MACEVOY. A picture in photogravure		17
CHESTER T. CROWELL AND FAMILY. Pictures in photogravure		18
IT'S A WISE FATHER WHO CAN ANSWER HIS OWN CHILD	CHESTER T. CROWELL	19
THE HILLS OF HOME. A story Illustrations by Frederic Anderson	NELIA GARDNER WHITE	21
DO PEOPLE GET ON YOUR NERVES?	WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.	24
WHY I STICK TO THE STICKS	ROBERT QUILLEN	26
"IN SUCH A NIGHT." A story Illustrations by Leslie Benson	AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL	29
HE HAD TO BUILD HIS LADDER BEFORE HE COULD CLIMB IT	GEORGE W. GRAY	32
JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON HAS BEEN A JACK OF ALL TRADES	MARY B. MULLETT	34
JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON. A portrait in photogravure		35
JAMES M. KURN. A portrait in photogravure		36
THE PUFF OF A LOCOMOTIVE IS MUSIC TO HIS EARS	EDWARD HUNGERFORD	37
THEY LOVE THEIR HOMES AS MUCH AS YOU LOVE YOURS	ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE	38
HOW UNCLE SAM COINS THE MONEY YOU SPEND	JOHN T. FLYNN	40
THE LOST TOWER OF RODONDO. A story Illustrations by George Gigot	HELEN TOPPING MILLER	43
BEHIND THE SCENES AT WOR	ALLAN HARDING	46
"THE WAY TO LIFT A HUNDRED TONS IS TO LIFT IT WITH YOUR HEAD!"	CHARLES G. MULLER	48
SUCH A NICE OLD MAN! A story Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer	MARION POSCHMAN VALENSI	50
SEVEN SIDES OF HUMAN NATURE AS A GREAT DETECTIVE SEES THEM	WILLIAM S. DUTTON	54
THE CLOSEST CALLS I EVER HAD	E. ALEXANDER POWELL	56
YOU CAN'T TRAVEL FAR BY TREADING ON PEOPLE'S TOES	ORLINE D. FOSTER	60
DISCARDED. A novel (continued) Illustrations by J. Simont	INEZ HAYNES IRWIN	63
INTERESTING PEOPLE		
Mrs. Kate Walker	Article by Jean Piper	66
Tom Grant	Article by Mrs. Tom Grant	67
Thomas J. Shinnors	Article by Katherine Edelman	68
Mrs. Madeline Snyder	Article by Nina S. Purdy	69
John L. Hanna	Article by Robert H. Denehey	70
THINGS I WISH MY WIFE (OR HUSBAND) WOULDN'T DO		
1st prize—I Wish She Wouldn't Blame Me for Everything!	L. E.	96
2d prize—If He Were Only More Thoughtful!	Mrs. L. P.	96
3d prize—But I Wouldn't Swap Him Off!	Mrs. E. L. W.	98
MY PET PEEVE		160
Prize contest announcement		
THE FAMILY'S MONEY		
We Are Giving, Saving, and Are Buying a House on My Salary of \$2,400 a Year	C. C. J.	222

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

John E. Miller, *Vice President*  
Alfred D. Mayo, *Secretary*

Lee W. Maxwell, *President*

Thomas H. Beck, *Vice President*  
Albert E. Wagner, *Treasurer*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 350 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$4.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$5.00 per Year.

All Rights Reserved.

Subscribers are notified that change of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

Entered as second-class matter of the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., Harrisburg, Pa., San Francisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash., Portland, Ore., Omaha, Neb., St. Paul, Minn., Chicago, Ill., Galveston, Ill., and Des Moines, Iowa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.  
Copyright, 1925, The Crowell Publishing Company, the United States and Great Britain.

# Do People Get On Your Nerves?

Are you getting into the habit of blowing up when things don't go to suit you?—  
If so, you had better look out, for "emotional sprees," or "nervous jags,"  
are almost as harmful as getting drunk—How to prevent nervous explosions by acquiring self-control

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

**A**NY number of you who are reading this article would look upon it as an everlasting disgrace if you were so lacking in self-control as to allow yourself to go on an alcoholic spree. Yet you probably think it nothing unusual if you "blow up," "go to pieces," or otherwise indulge in words and acts which prove that you have completely lost control of your emotions.

The effects of these "emotional sprees," or "nervous jags," on the health are almost, if not equally, as bad as the results of an alcoholic spree.

A lot of people who get drunk regularly are sick, and practically all of the people who indulge in emotional sprees are sick—mentally sick, nervously disordered. *They are victims of deficient self-control.*

At bottom, in their real physiologic root and psychologic origin, these different sorts of sprees are practically all the same. They are an outcropping of habitual repression, of constantly recurring emotions which so accumulate as to result in these periodic blow-ups. They all show deficient self-control.

Emotional or nervous people—and nervous people are always emotional—lay the blame for these upheavals on some past experience, or on what someone has said or done to them. They always have a plausible alibi. But they must learn to face the responsibility for emotional sprees, and cease to excuse themselves for breakdowns in nervous morale. Even if someone else apparently contributes to these upheavals, the nervous individual must recognize that he is, after all, morally responsible for the breakdown which, he must realize, was largely determined by the way in which he reacted to the sayings and doings of other people.

The trouble with most nervous people is that they are bestowing too much thought upon themselves. They are wasting on themselves those very things which the world is so much in need of—love, pity, and sympathy. That is what we mean when we tell nervous people that they are self-centered, self-absorbed, and introspective.

A few weeks ago I met a woman who was "all fussed up" over a theatre party she was to attend. She made herself sick for a whole week worrying and fretting about this party, and then when the thing was called off because of sudden illness she promptly "blew up," went to bed, and sent for the doctor. In plain English, she went on a "neurologic toot"—just like many a weak-willed man goes off on a liquor spree when he encounters

disappointment or meets with some other sort of trouble.

Recently I have been making notes of a few things that peeved some of my patients. I find more than forty "pet peeves" in the list, most of them foolish. One man was upset because a new business partner was always saying "Listen," as an introduction to anything he said. A woman allowed her room-mate to "get her goat" because she left her things strewn all over their apartment. A business man "blew up" if anyone in the office was a moment late at work in the morning, and he saw to it that he was there early enough to indulge in his favorite nervous jag.

**Y**OU might be interested in knowing how we helped this man who got so worked up over his partner's saying "Listen." I was convinced his partner would probably continue this habit, so I set about to discover the best way of teaching my patient tolerance—helping him to reconcile and adjust himself to this little mannerism. We claim for ourselves the right to live our own lives in our own way, and we ought to be willing that our friends and associates enjoy the same privilege.

Well, the very first conference I ever had with this patient I discovered that he had a habit! Every time he finished a paragraph or speech, he added "Do you understand?" It was very annoying to have him tell you something and then invariably ask, "Do you understand?" So when he complained so bitterly about his partner's saying "Listen," I went right after him; told him about his own mannerism and explained how he should devote all his energies to breaking himself of the habit; that I thought his habit was worse than his partner's.

The recognition of an equally or more objectionable thing in himself developed tolerance and sympathy for his partner. He had a friendly chat with his associate and learned how his "Do you understand?" irritated him. He tells me they are now having the time of their lives, both trying to overcome these things, and enjoying the joke of it all immensely.

In the case of the woman who was so fretted because her room-mate scattered things over the floor, I advised my patient to do the same thing—and to quit picking up after her room-mate. In less than a week their apartment was a sight. Even the careless room-mate began to complain about its appearance, and thus the thing was brought to a head. There was a grand blow-out, and then the sense of humor of the two women came to the rescue.

They sat down and had a conference. The guilty one confessed to her lifelong habit of untidiness, and begged her room-mate to help her overcome it. Before going to bed that night they prepared a written schedule for everything about the apartment, and now the very instant one of them neglects a matter the other promptly calls attention to the oversight. They have come to love each other and enjoy—really enjoy—their efforts to master their little shortcomings. You know, when you come really to understand your associates—to know their better selves—you do enjoy helping them overcome their faults.

One man's pet peeve was to blow up when his wife let him get off the trail when they were motoring. This thing worried her so that she all but refused to go on a trip East with him, and came to my office and told me her troubles. I prescribed driving for her; told her to do half the driving each day. This, you see, compelled her husband to manage the road maps. Well, of course you know what began to happen. He let his wife get off the trail every now and then, and I had rehearsed her so that she could blow up in great style—simply get furious at him for failing to keep her on the right road. But I had taught her to finish each explosion of temper with a laugh, and go on just as if nothing had happened. Her husband had sense enough to catch on. Before the passing of a single summer this foolish thing which threatened their happiness was all but gone. When he starts to blow up she now starts to laugh, and they are having real fun out of it.

**I** WISH all wives would take their husbands less seriously in little things like this. They should learn that a husband's bite is never so serious as his bark.

I once knew a good-hearted mother who said the childish pranks and commonplace noises of the young ones were "simply driving her crazy."

When I set out to help this mother I found I had a real job on my hands. I talked and reasoned with her, but it did little good. Next I had her go away from the children for six weeks, and put her on a rest cure and diet. Before she came back to the children, I persuaded her to look upon her little ones as playmates, taught her the value of growing up with her children—living life over again and keeping young with the little ones.

I wish you could visit that home now. All the children in the neighborhood want to congregate there, because they have such great times with this playing mother, and she has become the ring-

leader in all the fun and can make just as much noise as any of the youngsters. I'll never forget what the little six-year-old told me the last time I called at this home. He rushed into my arms and as he hugged me, he said, "Oh, Doctor, we are so glad you cured Mama! Now we can make all the noise we want to, and we just have the most fun all day long." And the mother looked on and smiled. Yes, she is cured—first, of her tired nerves, and, second, of the notion that the happy and gleeful noises of live, healthy children get on her nerves. She has changed her mind, her viewpoint, her reaction; and now is getting joy and happiness out of the very things that formerly got on her nerves.

Another woman enjoyed an emotional spree for no other reason than that her husband and daughter insisted on sitting in rocking chairs, and rocking when they read. A cynical young woman was bored by the fact that some of her associates were so hopelessly "mid-Victorian." A well-behaved woman wanted to scream every time she saw anyone cleaning his finger nails in public.

**I**MUST confess failure in helping the cynical young woman. I think it will require some real sorrow and a little more experience in life to cure her; but I was able to help the woman who had such trouble with the rocking chairs. I tried to show her that this habit was harmless; that it was not like drinking, smoking, and such practices. Then I explained that family life, community life, even national life, has to consist of give and take; that we cannot always have our own way. I even prescribed a rocking chair for her, told her it would assist in developing the muscles in her feet and ankles (she suffered from flat-foot tendency), and at last I persuaded her to join the rocking-chair brigade.

She complained bitterly for several weeks but now she can rock, or not, just as she pleases.

The woman who got all wrought up when she saw anyone cleaning his finger nails in public hasn't overcome her violent antipathy toward the practice. I don't know that I have the heart to try to force her to make a stronger effort. It really does seem that people ought to have time in their own homes to clean their finger nails. But the point for nervous persons to remember is that, *no matter where the blame rests, if you allow other people to get on your nerves, you are allowing their habits to tyrannize over you.* No matter how reprehensible their practices, you just cannot afford to let them make you miserable. You can't control the habits of the rest of the world, and therefore you must, in self-protection, learn to react with less vehemence. *You must continue to live in this world as it is. You cannot possibly regulate and control*

*the habits and practices of all those with whom you come in contact.*

A young woman I once knew got the jim-jams because Grandfather constantly tapped his cane on the floor while sitting in the living-room. A wife was ruining her nerves over a nervous habit on the part of her husband of incessantly clearing his throat—and it just made her "furious" because he had to indulge in a sharp, barking cough every time he went to answer the telephone.

I have a fastidious patient who specializes in all sorts of "eating noises." If anyone makes the slightest noise consuming his soup or any other food, she loses her appetite and wants to leave the table. Another high-strung woman is all but sick most of the time, worrying over what other people are thinking or saying about her. And there is a man who can't stand to see a person pick his teeth. He once refused to sell a piece of real estate to a customer just because

## Don't Waste Your Strength In Fighting Sham Battles

**"A**GREAT many people are wearing themselves out fighting sham battles," says Doctor Sadler. "They use their imaginations for the purpose of framing up difficulties, obstacles, ailments, and other fictitious situations.

"In a way, they know this, and their wills fight against the phantom troubles. But the will is weakened because it hasn't the coöperation of the imagination. Folks who are inclined to magnify their troubles, or to create them out of their fears, should start at once to make an ally of their imaginations. Don't think of yourself as ailing; think of yourself as feeling fine! Imagine that you are the person you would like to be, and then call your dramatic sense into use, and act the part. It is often a great aid to make-believe."

the prospective buyer had a toothpick in his mouth.

I wish I could tell you how I cured the woman who gets so disturbed over "eating noises," but the truth is I still have her on my hands. This is only one of a score of things that get on her nerves. She is one of those proverbial bundles of nerves. I am trying to teach her the art of living with herself as she is and the world as it is. I am trying to help her to judge people in accordance with their heredity and opportunities for culture and education.

**S**TILL another acquaintance of mine can stand anything but to be pushed or shoved in a crowd. And I know of a woman who had "brain storms" if a servant or any member of the family touched a thing in her dresser drawer. She acted like a lunatic if she didn't find things just where she had put them. Another pet peeve of hers was getting nervous watching someone cross his legs and toss his foot up and down.

This woman is an interesting case. I tried for several months to help her, but didn't get very far. In the meantime she passed through a severe physical illness, and it was during this sickness that a neighbor—a very religious woman—called on her one day, and there sprang up an association which survived this illness and eventually resulted in my patient's embracing the religious beliefs of her neighbor. She joined the church, and somehow, in this new experience, she underwent such a psychological transformation that all her pet peeves (for she had several) suddenly disappeared.

I have seen equally wonderful cures of nervous persons brought about by simply falling in love. You see, self-centered, nervous folks (unconsciously selfish) are wonderfully helped by any and everything that makes them get their minds off themselves.

A married woman patient of mine has a husband who tries to be funny. He's hardly a natural-born humorist, and his attempts to be smart terribly upset his wife.

**Y**OU know every doctor meets this thing constantly—this thing of married folks irritating each other. Of course they don't tell everybody, but they will tell the doctor. About six weeks after most folks are married they begin to discover things in each other that are a bit undesirable, not to say irritating. I believe in married folks being frank and honest with each other, and trying to help each other overcome faults; but in these little and peculiar personal traits both husband and wife ought to be big-hearted and tolerant.


In married life we take each other for better or worse, and we must not be so foolish as to let little things upset the home. I have seen an otherwise happy home spoiled more than once over just trifles.

Now let us suppose that you are one of these high-strung, inordinately sensitive souls; that you carry your nerves all on the outside of your skin; and that somebody is always getting on them. This means that *you are the slave of everybody who gets on your nerves.* But since you have this trouble, the one thing you want to know is what to do about it, and that is the purpose of this article.

You are certainly doomed to lifelong suffering unless you acquire some degree of emotional control. I have just talked with a newly married woman. She thought she was entering into a lifelong union with a hero, and something has happened since her marriage to disillusion her. She says he is always hurting her feelings; that he is unkind; that he is not thoughtful; and that he is cross. She got sick and went to bed the other day because he read his paper nearly the whole time during breakfast, and hardly spoke to her. She had supposed that they would spend all of their lives (Continued on page 156)

FOR FAITHFUL RE-CREATION

# Snyder Speaker



**\$18.00**

\$20 in Far West  
and South West

## In the Quiet Theatre—or Noisy Street?

Contributing no sounds of its own, the Snyder Speaker is the theatre of radio reception. Its correct acoustic curve, non-resonant metal, freedom from loose connections and woodtex bell, are the reasons why it gives you new and

astonishing clarity and fidelity of tone re-creation, without horn-born noise or distortion. 22" high, 15" bell diameter, beautiful finish.

### Hear the Snyder Speaker

Ask your Dealer for Demonstration

FITS ANY SET—NEEDS NO ADDITIONAL BATTERIES

HOMER P. SNYDER MFG. CO. Inc. Little Falls, N. Y.

## Do People Get on Your Nerves?

(Continued from page 25)

courting just like they did before they were married.

I don't want to excuse this man. I believe there ought to be courtship after marriage. Maybe some married man will read this and straightway go and buy his wife a box of candy, or take home some flowers. It wouldn't do any harm if he did. But I told this woman that her husband had to make a living; that he had some other things to do in life besides just keeping up these little attentions of their courting days. That didn't make much headway. Next, I advised her to go home and try the plan of a trained nurse I knew who got married, and when her husband began bringing the morning paper to the breakfast table, she excused herself and returned with her sewing. She sat at the table and sewed a little, and then ate a bite. He took the hint and stopped reading the paper at the breakfast table.

In contrast with this story, I should tell you of one of my friends, a man who married a confirmed hysteric. This is a very extreme case. The very moment his wife couldn't have her way—the very moment her will was crossed—she had a regular fit, keeled over, rolled her eyes, and for all the world acted just as if she were dying. She got perfectly stiff sometimes, while on other occasions she cried, screamed, and carried on in outlandish fashion. She kept her husband scared to death for eighteen months, until he had her examined and diagnosed; and now both of them—with the help of the doctor—are struggling to get the best of these cantankerous nerves. This husband is having to "bring his wife up;" to administer the discipline her parents should have given her when she was a child.

Fortunately, her husband was very fond of her, and so, when we broke the news to him as to what the real trouble was he was willing to enlist for the duration of the conflict. The woman herself was not at all enthusiastic about following out our régime, but she was convinced that the diagnosis was right, reluctant though she was to admit it.

A PRACTICAL nurse was employed for three months, and put in immediate charge of the case. In general, we treated this grown-up woman just as we would an infant—three months or three years old. She was given just a certain amount of time in which to get up and dress. She ate breakfast on the dot. Her breakfast was provided for her—most of which she liked, but some things which were good for her she ate whether she liked them or not. She did a certain amount of housework immediately after breakfast, and went with the nurse to do the marketing. She had a pretty busy morning, varied from day to day, owing to the needs of the household, until her light lunch at twelve-thirty. From one to three she lay down in bed and relaxed, whether she slept or not.

At three o'clock the program began again, and kept up until her six-thirty

LEVIN S. C.  
writer, for  
Model 20  
June, 1918

is

How to  
every  
(easter  
national

WEN  
WJA  
WIR  
WRI  
WCA  
WTR  
WV  
WTC  
WOC  
WPA



## In 18 Evenings He mastered this wonderful instrument

"I date my success," writes a successful young bond salesman, "to the day I got my Buescher Saxophone. It did two things for me that greatly contributed to my success - it gave me a stimulating worth while recreation that developed an unknown talent - and it gave me a social advantage that has made for me hundreds of friends that have been very valuable to me in my business."

### Easy To Play - Easy To Pay

What this man has done in 3 weeks, practicing only a couple of hours each evening, you can do. You don't have to be "gifted". If you can whistle a tune you can quickly master the

## BUESCHER True Tone SAXOPHONE

This, sweetest of all wind instruments, harmonizes perfectly with piano, voice, or any other music. Easily played, soft or loud. Perfect tone in all registers, warbling and screeching eliminated. Simplified key arrangement. It is common for persons who have never played any instrument to learn scales in an hour and play popular tunes in a week.

### Six Days Free Trial - Easy Terms

Try a Buescher, any instrument you choose, in your own home. Six Days FREE. Surely this is a most liberal offer. It places you under no obligation. We take the risk. If you like the instrument and decide to keep it, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Get the details of this wonderful plan. Clip the coupon below and send it for the free literature. Send today.

**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**  
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments  
979 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

**Free SAXOPHONE BOOK**

This 64 page book tells about the various models with pictures of professionals using them. Send for copy of this wonderful

**Clip the Coupon NOW!**

Mail **BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**  
979 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana  
Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, send your beautiful book "The Story of the Saxophone". Check here:   
If you prefer other literature describing other band or orchestra instruments, check below:  
Cornet  Trumpet  Trombone  Tuba

Mention any other.....  
Write plainly, Name, Address, Town and State in Margin Below

dinner, and then the nurse went off duty, and her husband took charge for the evening. Every other evening was spent at home in relaxing, and she was allowed to do as she pleased until her evening neutral bath at nine-thirty. Alternate evenings with this rest treatment at home, she went out in society, to entertainments, lectures, or shows. She was a very busy woman. But that was only the background, the foundation of her cure.

In studying her case we made a list of thirty-two pet peeves, hoodoos, and what-not that worried her, got on her nerves, or that gave her fits. We arranged these pet peeves in the order of their gravity or severity, starting out with the smallest ones first. They were each written on a piece of paper, along with specific instructions for the nurse to carry out. These envelopes were numbered, and one was opened every other day. That is, they tackled a new trouble on each morning following her evening of rest at home. She has now gone through twenty-five peeves on this list, and has made good.

THE greatest test came when her husband was away from home for ten days, and we selected that occasion as an opportunity for making her remain alone in the house after dark. It was necessary for the nurse to visit the neighbors and explain what was going to happen, and to communicate with the policeman on the beat, because the patient threatened to yell if she was left alone.

Night came on, and the nurse started out to walk around the block, saying she would be back in about five minutes. The moment she left the patient began to scream, and kept it up until the nurse got back. But on the next evening the nurse was gone ten minutes and the woman screamed only two minutes. The third night the nurse was gone fifteen minutes, and the woman did not scream at all. She has recently remained at home by herself after night for three hours with very little perturbation.

You see, it can be done if we only make up our minds to go through with it, and have some friendly counsel or trustworthy guide to pilot us along. It is just like developing weak muscles into strong muscles; it requires exercise. Thinking and wishing and willing alone never get us anywhere; we have to get right down to brass tacks and actually *do* the very thing we are afraid of or that we dislike.

Every time fathers and mothers fail to teach their sons and daughters self-control when they are young, especially if they are nervous children, then, later on in life, husband or wife, or someone else, will have to do the teaching; but the lessons are so much easier to learn when you are young!

Appetite is where first to begin to practice self-control. Children should be taught not to eat between meals. Even very young children get angry if their meal is disturbed; and how many grown-ups make silly fools of themselves over eating! A perfectly sane, level-headed business man will go home at night and rave like a semi-insane man just because dinner is late, or some little thing about the meal doesn't happen to suit him. He spoils his own digestion by such emotional blow-outs, and also upsets the digestion of the whole family.

We can't expect to go through life and escape altogether the experience of *self-abasement*. We can't reasonably expect always to be "on the top of the world." Nevertheless, we can't afford to remain in an environment that keeps us forever ground down and oppressed. Better make a change for a while and be a big fish in a little puddle than always the little fish in the big pond. Don't allow yourself to be browbeaten too long. A little suffering of this sort may be good discipline, but if too long continued, it sours the soul and kills all ambition. Sooner or later this slavish sort of life begets an inferiority complex which is incompatible with normal happiness, and destructive of the joys of self-assertion and *elation*. But you should learn how to be a good loser.

The more experience I have, the more I am convinced that *idleness predisposes most of us to emotional sprees*. Man is certainly a working animal. The anatomists tell us he was not even made to sit down! He was made to stand up to work and lie down to rest. However that may be, I am more and more convinced that healthy activity, useful employment, constant diversion, and variety of activity are the things that help us control our emotions and find that satisfaction of self-expression which prevents emotional sprees or nervous blow-ups on the one hand, and alcoholic sprees and drug addiction on the other.

When the mind is idle and the body is inactive, the brain gets to traveling in circles, and all the while physical and nervous energy accumulates, until presently the explosion point is reached and something is bound to happen.

OUR natural instincts cannot be obliterated. They must, sooner or later, find adequate, legitimate, and wholesome self-expression. The practice of self-control does not mean that we are to formulate taboos and otherwise seek to dodge our instincts and emotions by denying them; but that we are to seek for an understanding as to how they may be properly controlled, safely expressed, and wholesomely guided.

Religion is extremely important in helping to overcome emotional sprees. In fact, I reckon that my patients are going to be able to get the upper hand in the fight for composure if they believe in two fundamental things: first, a Supreme Being or Power of some sort; and, second, a hereafter of some kind.

A few months ago I had an interesting experience in the case of an unmarried woman, about thirty-three years of age, who was certainly suffering from tangled emotions and repression of instincts. It was a pitiful case. She had lost interest in life itself. The first thing we did was to put her to work. She had not worked for eighteen months. There was a two-months battle to get her back on the job; but by the end of the third month, we had her both working and playing.

At one time she had been very religious, but had given it all up as superstition; and now came the task of getting her to crystallize her religious emotions around a few simple, fundamental beliefs. She was willing to believe three simple things: first, that there was a Supreme Being; second, that there was a hereafter of



SCIENCE has conquered the air surrounding the earth. It has also conquered the hair surrounding the face. The former is called aviation, the latter dermation.

The airplane, like Mennen Shaving Cream, established new standards of speed. But flying is still nerve-wracking, expensive and dependent on Nature's mood.

Shaving, thanks to Mennen, is now comfortable, economical, and divorced from natural conditions such as weather, or the temperature and hardness of water.

Ask any Mennen user which invention is more vital to his well-being and happiness—aviation or Mennen Shaving Cream.

A more recent Mennen contribution to the welfare of mankind is Mennen Skin Balm for after-shaving luxury. Like Mennen Shaving Cream, it is a sensational success, comes in tubes, and sells for 50c.

Mere words can't describe the tingling bite of it, the flood of cooling comfort it brings to the face, the refreshing man-style odor. And while it's giving your face a treat, your skin is getting an anti-septic treatment. Meet Mennen's new winner—Skin Balm!

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

Regular type tube  
with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE  
OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with  
non-removable cap

some kind; and, third, that Jesus was an extraordinary being of some sort. Within a few weeks she began to pray.

She didn't pray as she did formerly,—that is, ask the Supreme Being for this, that, and the other thing; but she prayed as a sort of communion. "I think I pray now like a bird sings," she said. "I just want to express myself in that way. I really am beginning to enjoy life and I feel like telling someone I am glad I am living."

From that time on I never bothered about her any more. She now sleeps well, and is gaining in flesh. In nine months from the time the battle was begun, she was a happy, normal, efficient woman.

WHILE we cannot escape from our emotions, we can learn to control and manipulate them. For instance, you can see to it that you do not neglect religion on the one hand, nor become a religious fanatic on the other. You can see to it that you do not become cold and indifferent to your loved ones, nor indulge in such affection that it tends to weaken and debilitate your whole character. You can form a dislike for things ugly without indulging in excessive hate. You can experience indignation in the presence of sin without indulging in violent outbursts of anger. In other words, you can learn to become temperate in your emotional life, and that is simply another way of saying that you can acquire self-control.

You can crave sympathy, desire companionship, and seek human association, without going so far as to indulge in hysterical gyrations and nervous fits, in order to get an audience—to get attention and sympathy. You can strive for some real achievement in life that will attract attention, and not depend on a nervous breakdown to get the solicitous attention of your family and friends.

Capitalize your strong points, and thus seek to win the compliments of your friends and neighbors; instead of stooping to capitalize your illness, your nervous weakness, in order to gain their attention and sympathy.

This whole nervous battle is in reality a character struggle. We are all engaged in it. The normal, average person wages the battle without much ado; but the victim of spoiled nerves, the neurotic in-

dividual, makes a great hullabaloo out of this normal fight of life.

You nervous folks must get over the idea of being *distinctive*. Give up the notion of outdoing the other fellow, and settle down to the business of living with yourself as you are and the world as it is.

You must not waste all your mental efforts trying to banish undesirable thoughts. Bad thoughts are like "squatters"—they hold title by right of possession. Devote your mental efforts to positive thinking; choose your thoughts, selecting those ideas which you honestly and sincerely want to dominate your thinking; and then give these new and favored ideas and emotions a lifelong lease on your mind.

The economical method of attaining self-control is to prevent exhausting and weakening reactions to undesirable impulses. If you do not form the habit of killing undesirable impulses as they arise in the mind, you will not only be worn out by action and reaction after they have gained access to the muscles, but you will fail in your efforts, because these slight but undesirable impulses will merely await some more convenient time, when your better self is off its guard.

The way to get at this thing is not to say, "I wish to do something, but I will not do it; I will control it," but rather go right back in your mind, dig up the soil, plant the seed, and cultivate a new habit of thinking; really, actually, and honestly change your desires, change your viewpoint, make up your mind on this one thing and bring yourself where you can say: "I will not wish to do it, and therefore I will not." That is what we mean by "nipping impulses in the bud," killing them while they are "a-bornin'."

TRUE self-control, then, consists in changing the mind, in mastering the art of making up the mind, in controlling desire at its fountainhead, in preventing the full birth, growth, and expression of an undesirable wish. Ideally, self-control becomes the triumph of the better self over undirected desire.

The mastery of nerves requires the development of stamina, the acquirement of self-control, the increase of our personal power over our own conduct, and this is done not only by thinking but by acting.

## My Pet Peeve

### Prize Contest Announcement

WHAT one thing gets on your nerves more than anything else? Unless you are different from most of us, there are several things, most of them trivial, that "get your goat," give you the jimjams, or cause you to suffer an explosion of nerves.

You found, while reading the foregoing article, that these "pet peeves" are very common. You probably have a pet peeve that is just as interesting as any of those Doctor Sadler lists in his article. What is it? How did you get it? What does it cost you in peace of mind? How are you going to get rid of it? You might as well have a little fun by writing about this, to you, most annoying thing in the world; and, besides, it will do you good

to drag it out in the open and see what it is really made of.

For the best letters of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: \$30, first prize; \$20, second prize; \$10, third prize. Competition closes October 20th. Winning letters will appear in the January issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Ave., New York.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.