

The March

25 Cents

# American

Magazine



*Haskell Coffin*

**Boys—Then And Now**  
By William Allen

D 08483 A JN27  
E S FISHER  
WATER TOWN OHIO 282

# The American Magazine

March, 1926

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*

JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. CI

## CONTENTS

No. 3

|  |                              |     |
|--|------------------------------|-----|
| BOYS—THEN AND NOW  | WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE          | 7   |
| CAPTAIN MARCY'S LAST RUN. A story<br>Illustrations by Victor C. Anderson   | PHILIP CURTISS               | 11  |
| THE KIND OF PARENTS OUR BIG BUSINESS MEN HAD                               | KEENE SUMNER                 | 14  |
| MR. BABSON EXPLAINS WHAT HE MEANS BY "RELIGION"                            | KEENE SUMNER                 | 15  |
| KINNARD'S JOB WAS TEMPORARY, BUT IT HAS LASTED<br>37 YEARS                 | WILLIAM S. DUTTON            | 16  |
| LEONARD H. KINNARD. Picture in photogravure                                |                              | 17  |
| ANGELO PATRI. Pictures in photogravure                                     |                              | 18  |
| GIVE YOUR CHILD A SET OF USEFUL HABITS                                     | ANGELO PATRI                 | 19  |
| SON OF THE VANQUISHED. A story<br>Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull | COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER        | 21  |
| LEW SARETT—VICTOR!   | NEIL M. CLARK                | 24  |
| WHAT YOU CAN'T TELL ABOUT PEOPLE FROM THEIR FACES                          | GLEN U. CLEETON              | 26  |
| LILAC TIME. A story<br>Illustrations by Victor C. Anderson                 | NELIA GARDNER WHITE          | 29  |
| GEORGE CHURCHILL STUCK TO HIS OWN MAIN STREET                              | JOHN KIDDER RHODES           | 32  |
| THE NUGENT FAMILY CAN PUT ON A SHOW BY ITSELF                              | MARY B. MULLETT              | 34  |
| THE NUGENT FAMILY. Portraits in photogravure                               |                              | 35  |
| DR. WILLIAM S. AND LENA SADLER. Pictures in photogravure                   |                              | 36  |
| THE SIX FUNDAMENTALS OF HAPPINESS  | WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.     | 37  |
| WHEN WINTER COMES  | STUART MACKENZIE             | 38  |
| HOW PEOPLE TRY TO DODGE THE INCOME TAX                                     | DONALD MACGREGOR             | 41  |
| EYES FOR THE BLIND. A story<br>Illustrations by Stockton Mulford           | HAROLD TITUS                 | 43  |
| WHAT RADIO HAS DONE AND WHAT IT WILL DO NEXT                               | ALLAN HARDING                | 46  |
| THE STORY OF A TIMID MAN   |                              | 48  |
| IF YOU ASK ME: You can't measure a man's success until you know his goal   | ROBERT QUILLEN               | 49  |
| DO YOU BELIEVE IN LUCK? A story<br>Illustrations by T. K. Hanna            | FANNIE KILBOURNE             | 51  |
| HOW UNCLE SAM DEALS JUSTICE TO ANIMAL CRIMINALS                            | SHERMAN GWINN                | 54  |
| MY T. N. T. TEMPER IS NOW A TOY BALLOON                                    | H. I. PHILLIPS               | 57  |
| THE SPORTING CHANCE. A novel. Part V<br>Illustrations by Norman Price      | MARGARET CAMERON             | 59  |
| INTERESTING PEOPLE   |                              |     |
| Ernest R. Bull   | Article by Wayne M. Weishaar | 62  |
| Mrs. Sophie Penkinson  | Article by Edythe H. Brown   | 63  |
| Alfred Leroy   | Article by Marvel Hall       | 64  |
| THE STRANGEST STORY I EVER HEARD   |                              |     |
| 1st Prize—A Mysterious Friend, Whom Only the Children Could See            | M. A. R.                     | 74  |
| 2d Prize—This Remarkable Coincidence Prevented a Railroad Wreck            | C. C. J.                     | 74  |
| 3d Prize—His Sin Found Him Out   | Mrs. M. E. K.                | 76  |
| WHAT I THINK OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION                                     |                              | 116 |
| Prize contest announcement   |                              |     |
| THE FAMILY'S MONEY   |                              |     |
| For Years We Tried to Spend Less, But Now We Try to Make More              | Mrs. A. F. B.                | 220 |

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. Winger, *Treasurer*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 239 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

\$5 a Copy, \$4.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$5.75 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 at 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., Milwaukee, Wis., Chicago, Ill., Galveston, Tex., 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.



*Dr. William S. Sadler  
and his wife*

DR. WILLIAM S. SADLER (at the left) is a pioneer in the work of enlightening the public on health questions. He has lectured on health throughout the country, and is the author of many books, among them "The Physiology of Faith and Fear," "Science of Living," "Worry and Nervousness," "Americanitis." (Below) Doctor Sadler and his wife, Dr. Lena Sadler, who has long been an associate of her husband in his professional work. She is also an author, "The Mother and Her Child," "How to Reduce and How to Gain," and "How to Feed the Baby," being among her popular medical books. Doctor Sadler is a native of Indiana, but now lives in Chicago, where both he and his wife practice medicine and are associated with leading hospitals.



# The Six Fundamentals Of Happiness

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Doctor Sadler prepared this article in collaboration with his wife, Dr. Lena K. Sadler, who is a prominent physician, surgeon, lecturer, writer, and a leader of club activities among Chicago women.

SOME pessimist has said that happiness is the fleeting interval between periods of unhappiness. I am of the opinion that the man who made that remark was suffering from a dyspeptic stomach and a coated tongue. His point of view, I am quite sure, would have been entirely different if he had given careful attention to his diet.

A physician, by virtue of his profession, is afforded ample opportunity to study the factors that help and hinder people in the oldest search in the world—the search for happiness! For more than twenty years I have been making notes of those things which make and keep people happy, as well as of those influences which contribute to unhappiness. And I am going to tell you the sum and substance of what I have found out.

It has been a rather hard task for me to disassociate the luxuries of happiness from the fundamentals of happiness. A great many people might say, for instance, that plenty of money is an essential; but I class it as a luxury, because, although it enables us to obtain many things that make life smooth and easy and increase our satisfaction of living, it often wreaks a terrible vengeance on its owner—particularly when he has too much of it.

I have found the essentials of a normal, happy life to consist pretty much of the following six things:

1. Good health
2. Congenial work
3. Discipline or self-control
4. Human companionship
5. Reasonable leisure
6. Religion or spiritual philosophy

My reason for placing good health at the head of the list is that I have seen more unhappiness brought about by ill health than by any other cause. In fact, I could fill this article with stories of men and women who, although in possession of those things which are generally conceded to make for happiness—lots of friends, leisure time, financial independence, cultural surroundings—lead miserable lives because of the handicap of ill health. And I have watched the blossoming of happiness in these people as sickness has finally been banished.

The other day I was walking along the street when I was hailed by a cheery, "Hello, Doctor, how are you?" Turning quickly, I grasped the outstretched hand of a former patient of mine. He was the picture of health and happiness, a man full of unquenchable energy, and obviously in love with life. And yet, less than two years before, this same man had

stood in my office the very picture of misery and despair.

In his eagerness to achieve position and money he had played fast and loose with his health. Meals were neglected, exercise cut out, home and friends relegated to the background. Every ounce of his strength was given to one thing—business. He lived with it night and day. And, as business has a habit of doing, it had returned his devotion and singleness of purpose by giving him indigestion, high blood pressure, bilious headaches, and insomnia.

Now, a sour stomach and a sweet disposition do not, to use a mixed metaphor, go hand in hand, and a bilious temperament is never a happy one. This man had been caught in a vicious circle of his own making. Short of temper and long of face, he made his associates miserable in their contact with him. His wife and family suffered through his petulance and ill-temper, and his unpleasantness was reflected in daily quarrels. Consequently, he saw nothing but unhappiness around him. Naturally, this worked on his undermined health to such an extent that he was on the verge of a complete breakdown when he asked my help.

After a great deal of threshing around and considerable argument, he was a good enough sport to realize that the whole miserable situation had been brought on by himself, and he promised faithfully to take himself in hand and try to lead a normal, wholesome life.

His hardest tussle was with his business; for forthwith he had to turn a right-about-face and learn to put *that* in its proper place. At my suggestion, he interested himself in a boys' club. Every day he forced himself to give several hours of his time to club work. He entered into the boys' sports, and into their problems—and thereby found wonderful diversion and restoration.

AT FIRST he had an extremely hard time getting hold of himself. But he did it. He won the respect and liking of the lads. In the curative radiation of happiness that this voluntary service brought forth, his grouch gradually melted away. Careful attention to diet further sweetened his disposition, while regular exercise completed his metamorphosis by building up his weakened body and shattered nerves. Within a year he could sleep like a top, eat like a horse, and relax with the ease of a baby. From a cranky pessimist he changed to a thoroughgoing optimist, absolutely in tune with his associates, his family and environment.

Of course, every now and then we doctors run across some courageous souls who, in spite of sickness and suffering, are full of cheer. They are the rare saints of the earth, who inspire us to practice happiness in the presence of hardship. As I

write, my mind goes back to one of my patients, who was confined to her bed for eighteen years. Yet in spite of constant pain she was always joyous and happy.

Few of us, however, are numbered among the saints. We are normal, ordinary beings, and therefore we are much more likely to be happy if we are healthy. You see, in spite of the fact that happiness is largely a spiritual growth, a thing of the mind rather than of the flesh, its roots are nurtured in our physical well-being. In previous articles I have told the readers of this magazine how to attain health and how to keep it, so that I cannot again go into the subject. But I can unhesitatingly say that health is the largest contributory factor to a full and happy life, and that it is the first thing to be cultivated in our pursuit of happiness.

CONGENIAL WORK: Health presupposes action. A healthy person craves to be up and doing. He feels the urge to create, the ambition to produce, and the need to expend his abundant "pep" and vitality in some definite work. But our heart should be in our work. The work should, if possible, be along the lines of our own choosing, and consistent with our temperament and our capacity. The better we like it, the harder we can labor without harmful effect on our health and our nerves. To my mind, there is no more dismal sound in the world than the "creak, creak, creak" of a square peg in a round hole.

I recall the case of a young girl who, after struggling through business college, obtained a stenographic job, only to find that she did not care for the work at all. She earned twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week, and practically all of this amount was eaten up by living expenses. She fell a victim to the "flu," and I was called in to attend her. During her convalescence we had many a long talk. She confided to me that she loathed to go back to stenography.

She loved children; she loved home life. But what could she do? I suggested that she take a course as a children's nurse. She leaped at the idea. Just as soon as she was on her feet, she borrowed money from a friend and went to a training school. To-day she is making a good salary, with board, room, and laundry all thrown in, and she has plenty of leisure time on her hands as well. Happy? She is just bubbling over with enthusiasm and joy!

I want to tell you about another patient of mine who had developed an A-No. 1 "inferiority complex." He had submerged his abilities and buried his talents, until in the office where he worked he had become merely a rubber stamp. As a part of my study of his case this situation was disclosed.

I advised him (Continued on page 66)

# The Six Fundamentals of Happiness

(Continued from page 37)

to resign, and start life all over again. At first he was afraid to take a chance, but finally he made up his mind to do so. He discovered the courage of despair. It took him a year to find a new connection, and he exhausted most of his savings; but eventually he found a place where his individuality was not suppressed and his ability was appreciated. Of course he got well. He found congenial work.

But speaking about square pegs in round holes, I would rather hear their abominable "squeak" than no sound at all. I can imagine nothing more destructive to happiness and contentment than idleness. It is vicious in its undermining qualities.

I once knew an unusually happy business woman, one of those cheerful souls who are always the life of the party, and who seem to travel continually on the sunny side of the road.

In the midst of her pleasant and worthwhile career, however, a very wealthy aunt died and left her a huge fortune. As might be expected, she quit work immediately to take care of her financial affairs; and after everything was in shape and the aunt's estate settled up, she traveled for a year or two. This was not so bad, but soon she tired of traveling, established a palatial home, surrounded herself with a retinue of servants and began to lead the life of the idle rich.

And now what is the result? She is sickly, ailing, miserable, unhappy; yes, worse than that, she is grouchy. She has turned into a thoroughly disagreeable sort of individual. Simply because she did not know how to use wealth, and it wreaked its vengeance on her.

NEVER does the thought of the blessing of hard work pass through my mind but I think of a boy—a member of a very wealthy family—who became so disgusted with the empty lives led by his parents and brothers and sisters that he packed his grip and cleared out. Naturally, his family raised a great hullabaloo; but he covered his tracks so well that he was not discovered.

After ten years he disclosed his whereabouts. He was well established in a business he had built up from the ground; he had married a fine woman, and was the father of three healthy youngsters. Broad-minded, big-hearted, sympathetic and unselfish, he was the antithesis of his brothers and sisters, who were as bored and cynical and unhappy as only social parasites can be. Work had been his redemption.

I know that people are always happier when they have something to work for—some goal to attain. I have watched the finger of ambition touch the slumbering intellect of idle people, stirring them into action. I have seen them turn from drones into workers, and I find it impossible to overestimate the happiness that the change has brought.

For instance, I remember a woman who was exceedingly unhappy as the wife of a rich man. She had no children, and just played around in an aimless fashion. Her

husband died, and his associates mismanaged the business until she found herself practically a poor woman. At this point she woke up with a start. She decided to take hold of the business herself. Eight-thirty in the morning found her in the office. At the end of a year she had gained such a knowledge of its affairs that she was able to save it from ruin. As the business became more firmly established, she interested herself in the employees. A profit-sharing enterprise was started. At the present time, a supremely happy, energetic woman heads an organization which is known throughout her city for its splendid working conditions and contented employees.

MY MEN patients have often asked me, when they were feeling a bit run-down, if it would not be a good thing for them to give up work entirely and take it easy. I do not believe there is anything worse than to give up work *entirely* and take it easy. I have seen too many men go absolutely to pieces when they have followed such a course.

I knew a wealthy manufacturer, a man who toiled terrifically hard in his youth, and who built up a wonderful business, and incidentally accumulated a fortune. His wife had exacted a promise from him that when he was fifty, if he had a certain sum of money laid by, he would retire, so that they might travel and enjoy life. Well, it developed that when he reached the age of fifty he was possessed of sufficient wealth to enable him to keep that promise. He relinquished his business, and started out in the pursuit of enjoyment. They encircled the globe, and then this ex-business man came back to this country to take a good, long rest.

But things did not go well. He soon began to "feel bad." He got to thinking about himself. He imagined that he had all kinds of ailments. He began paying regular visits to the doctor's office, and when his medical adviser did not give him satisfaction as to the real nature of his subtle diseases, he began going to sanitariums. By the time he fell into my hands he was a confirmed hypochondriac. And what did I do? I kept right at him, hammer and tongs, until I persuaded him to go *back to work*. Within four months from the time he had gone back to the job, he was a well man, a happy man, and I doubt if any amount of money, or anything else on earth, could ever get him to retire again.

What a mistake it is for anyone who has worked continuously for many years to seek happiness by retiring to enjoy *idleness*! I heartily believe in putting work in its proper place in relation to other things; I sincerely approve of modifying work as a man gets older. It is ridiculous for men above fifty to work as they did when they were thirty or forty. They should, if possible, slough off the nonessentials, and delegate more responsibility to younger men. But it is an altogether different matter when they talk of complete idleness. They should lessen the work, but stay on the job; take

vacations—two or three times a year, if they can, and long ones—but *not quit*. They should get a number of outside interests; play golf, work in the garden, go fishing, get a hobby—but *not quit*.

Work is indispensable to happiness. It was Jesus who sought in every way to dignify labor and make it beautiful. It was He who said, "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." And further, He said, "To every man his work."

DISCIPLINE OR SELF-CONTROL: There is constantly surging through the human soul a flood of conflicting impulses, feelings, and emotions. The average undisciplined mind lives in the presence of a veritable maelstrom of warring instincts, made up of primitive emotions and the demands of modern life and conventionalities. One of the problems of living in the midst of our present-day civilization is to determine how we can organize, coordinate, and associate our experiences so as to weave them all into a harmonious pattern of peace and happiness.

The way to do this is not only to discipline the body, but also to discipline and control the mind. Although, as I have already said, happiness has its roots in our physical well-being, it is essentially a thing of the mind.

If you are going to insist on being wholly original, looking at most things in life from an angle differing from that of your fellow men, you are going to suffer numerous disappointments. I do not mean that you should be a sheep, and blindly follow the lead of others; but conventions were made for the happiness and safety of the majority, and kicking against proven and accepted things isn't going to make for contentment. Moreover, you are doomed to experience many sorrows if you persist in the notion that you can always have your own way. One of the important factors in a happy life is the ability to be a good loser and a good sport.

Then, too, we must be careful not to confuse our *wants* with our real needs. There is a vast gulf between them. Supplying our real needs tends to make us happy, but the quest for the gratification of our wants leads us into endless paths of discontent and misery.

WORRY never yet helped a person out of a tight place. There is only one thing to do: Face facts, bring them into the open, decide what you are going to do, and *stick* to that decision. Vacillation and indecision are the handmaidens of worry and fear, and the archenemies of joy and happiness.

There is great power in accumulated effort, even though many of the individual exertions be recorded as failures. We may undertake to lift a weight in the gymnasium, but our muscular weakness prevents success. Daily trials, however, if they represent our utmost exertion, will result in such a sure and speedy muscular development that before long we shall be able to lift the weight.

And so it is with our efforts at emotional control. We may repeatedly try to get a grip on ourselves, only to fail; but in the

end we achieve our aim through the moral muscular development which accrues as a result of our faithfulness in failure.

While on the subject of control, I want to speak briefly of the control of sorrow. I do not believe we are going to promote happiness by denying the existence of sorrow; but we must brace ourselves to meet it, and develop a philosophy by which we can turn it into a blessing. If we have never suffered, then we do not know what genuine happiness is. For only by mastering the art of hitching our troubles to the chariot wheels of service and happiness do we reap the rich rewards of life.

I recall the case of a woman who lost her husband. It was a bitter blow. But instead of taking it bravely she felt that she was distinctive in her sorrow. Everyone, of course, was ready to sympathize with her during the first hard, lonely months; but when those months stretched out and she still hugged her loss to herself, and thought that she had been singled out from all other women for God's displeasure, the sympathy wore a trifle thin. "No other woman has lost such a wonderful husband; no one else has suffered so deeply as I." Thus ran her constant complaint. Naturally, her friends began to avoid her and she became more and more unhappy, hugging her sorrow closer and closer to her.

Eventually, illness brought this woman to my office, and I told her that she must learn to direct the force of her sorrowful emotion and passion into service channels.

She had been bountifully provided for by her husband, and still lived in the beautiful house which he had left behind. I persuaded her to open her home to six working girls. She picked the first couple, and these two found the other girls for her among their friends. She gave them a home, had parties for them, and took them out motoring week-ends. Apart from this, she interested herself in a children's orphanage and visited the hospitals. What was the result? In mothering these young girls, in visiting the sick and the orphaned, she mastered herself and her despair. She made her sorrow pay tribute to the happiness of others and, incidentally, she found peace for herself.

**I** OFTEN think how splendid it would be if grown-up people would emulate the example of the Boy Scouts, and do at least one good deed a day—were it only to smile when they are feeling blue. Out of such small things as this are self-control and discipline developed. And discipline of mind must keep step with discipline of body if we are to capture and hold happiness.

**HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP:** Human beings are inherently social. No normal person likes to live by himself. We not only feel safer when we mingle with our fellows, but we need the constant lift to our hopes and courage that human companionship alone can give. A solitary life predisposes to introspection, to self-pity and neurasthenia. It is not generally known that neurasthenia and nervous breakdowns are more common in the country than in the city. This is due not only to the long working hours of farmers and their wives but also to the loneliness of their work.

In the case of a threatened nervous breakdown on the part of a farmer patient of mine I averted the calamity by taking him off the farm for a year, and putting him to work in a factory. There, he was mingling all day long with his fellow workers, and he had their moral support to keep his mind on his job and off himself.

Work, indispensable as it is to happiness, is not always joy-producing when it is solitary.

**N**OW, while so-called single blessedness is consistent with human happiness, I am certain that most men and women find their chief joy and happiness in their homes and children. "It is not good that the man should be alone," said the Lord, and He created a helpmeet for Adam; and the modern Adam and Eve wish for home and children, knowing that their greatest happiness will be found therein.

A friend of mine, who was a rather peculiar bachelor, always seemed to be a bit unhappy. He lived pretty much to himself and was constantly complaining of vague aches and pains. When he was around forty he met a woman about the same age, and they surprised me very much by getting married. Almost at once, he began to brighten up, and not so very long ago he and his wife adopted two little orphans. Now, my erstwhile bachelor friend is so busy providing for his family, digging in his garden, and planning for the children's future that he hasn't time to think about his aches and pains. He has become a regular fellow—a good husband, a good father, and a good neighbor. Married life, after all, is the normal life.

To enjoy life thoroughly, we need the give and take, the constant interchange of ideas, the friendly interest and stimulus and support that association with our fellow-beings brings. And the more we cultivate the spirit of good fellowship the happier will we be. Friendliness begets friendliness.

A few years ago I had a very unhappy man of leisure on my hands. He spent most of his time fussing over himself and his affairs. I tried in vain to get him to go to work, and he finally compromised with me by taking a trip around the world. He promised to report every two weeks, and he kept this promise. From the very start of the trip, his letters told me how bored he was, and in them he called me down continually for making him go abroad. But when he linked up with a kindred spirit in Egypt, the whole tone of the letters changed. From then on he was another man. He and his new friend decided to finish going round the world together and he was supremely happy.

**REASONABLE LEISURE:** In the pursuit of happiness we must not overlook the value of reasonable leisure. By leisure, I mean activities of a pleasurable sort apart from the daily work. We live at too rapid a pace these days. We do not have time to cultivate friendship, family life, sympathy, and love. In fact, we live in such a rush that we miss the best things that life has to offer. And this is why I wish to add *reasonable leisure* to my list of the fundamentals of happiness.

The idea of leisure, the feeling that you have time to do things, is a health-promoting, happiness-fostering feeling. There is something distressful about always be-

ing in a rush. The thing that is wrong with a lot of people is that they are attempting to do too much; and they are distressed because they haven't the time to do even more. Plenty of these people have come to me as patients, and out of my experience with them I have come to believe more than ever in the good, old-fashioned division of our twenty-four-hour day: eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play.

Every human being needs to have what we call "outside interests," something that is entirely apart from his work, in order to get relaxation. A certain amount of play is essential to happiness, and the sooner we form the habit of taking time off to play, the healthier and the happier will we be. Vacations, for instance, are not only essential to health, they are a great promoter of happiness.

While sleep is an antidote for work, it is not an antidote for worry. You can work all day, sleep all night, and get up rested; but when you worry all day, you can sleep all night and wake up in the morning still tired. Sleep rests the body and the physical brain, but it doesn't afford a great deal of rest to the mind itself. The human mind is best relaxed and rested by a change of work, by variety and diversity. It is monotony that tires the mind, variety that rests it.

It goes without saying that out-of-door play is superior to any sort of indoor sport when it comes to promoting health and happiness. There is something about sunlight that imparts health.

**WE CANNOT** discuss play in relation to happiness without considering the subject of humor. Those persons who have a sense of humor enjoy life more fully than the ones who are devoid of it. It makes for good teamwork and good sportsmanship. If we can direct our play along wholesome lines, and have a sense of humor associated with it, we have the best possible sort of combination to help us recreate.

One time I had a patient, a middle-aged man, who was quite soured on life. He had worked hard in his earlier years, trying to get on in the world, and during those years of stress and strain he had lost the habit of play. The more I studied him, the more convinced I was that the one thing at the bottom of all his trouble was the fact that he had forgotten how to play. It was no small task to get him initiated into the habit of spending a proper amount of time in play; but we succeeded, and gradually the transformation was wrought. One by one the disagreeable things in his character disappeared and he became normal again.

One young married woman of my acquaintance, who had been very athletic before her marriage, settled down to an indoor life after the first baby arrived. She devoted herself exclusively to the child, neglecting her husband on one hand and her health on the other. As might be expected, she began to grow sickly and pale. Her husband tired of her whining, and started running around at night to clubs and other places. Finally, she fell into the doctor's hands, and he quickly discovered that one of her outstanding difficulties was the fact that she had ceased to play. After considerable persuasion, she agreed to try to jog herself out of this rut, and, arrangements being

made for help with the baby, she devoted part of her time to athletics. Once more she experienced the joy of living. Her husband found home a pleasant place, and his wife a pleasant partner at golf and tennis and other sports.

Play is an impulse that is present in every normal human being, and must find expression if we are going to avoid monotony, and consequent unhappiness. Never to step down from one's dignity is depressing. We must get away now and then and let go—and by letting go I mean indulge in primitive and gleeful activities, such as will give expression to our innate emotions and impulses.

But apart from actual sport and organized fun there are many simple and close-at-hand pleasures to which we can devote leisure time: Hiking, swimming, and fishing, for instance; or the joy of digging in the earth and making things grow; or the fascination of a hobby—to say nothing of reading, music, art, and nature study.

I wish I had a record of the many self-centered sick people who have been helped immeasurably by taking up the study of bees, butterflies, ants, and birds,

while many others have derived great benefit from turning their attention to a study of plants, geology, or astronomy.

**RELIGION:** Man is naturally religious. He is healthier and happier if he enjoys the comfort and consolation of a spiritual belief. True, religion can also be made a means of fear and worry, if we become unduly fanatical regarding religious matters; and so make ourselves and others sick and unhappy.

But there is great satisfaction and spiritual contentment in genuine religious hope. Faith in a Supreme Being is inspiring and ennobling. Fear is at the bottom of much unhappiness, and faith is the only known cure for fear. And religious faith is the master mind-cure—no other form can exert such power in controlling or influencing human thought.

There is relaxation and rest in the act and attitude of worship, while belief in a future existence fills us with hope and good cheer. But the religion that contributes most to our happiness is that which, while it assures us of a future life, exhorts us to do everything within our power to make this old world a better place to live in.

Religion, too, affords many opportunities for the exercise of our more tender and uplifting emotions: awe, reverence, gratitude, humility, generosity, and altruism are all factors in our religious experience. Christianity is founded on the idea and sentiment of love and duty. It is a joyful religion. In the Scriptures we are frequently exhorted to rejoice, while Proverbs informs us that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

I always feel sorry for those well-meaning and deeply religious souls who disdain happiness because they confound it with the gratification of the senses. Such people miss the real lesson that Christ teaches us.

Every human life presents rough places which must be traversed. There are steep hills to climb, fiery trials to be endured, fierce storms to encounter, and many bitter defeats to meet. In and through all these changing vicissitudes, spiritual confidence will comfort and sustain the weary human soul. A belief in God and His mercy helps us to meet our trials with patience, our storms with confidence, our adversity with fortitude, our fear with faith, and death with the ringing assurance of life everlasting.

## George Churchill Stuck to His Own Main Street

(Continued from page 33)

got to where there were only about six hundred dollars of the very poorest accounts left.

"Let's flip a penny," I said. "If it comes heads, the rest are yours; tails, mine."

"Bill agreed. We tossed a penny and it rolled under the bookcase.

"We'll never let *that* go!" Bill said.

"We took out all the books and moved the case. The penny lay tails up, and the accounts were mine!

"We set to work to get in the cash. Out of the thirty thousand, we failed to collect only *eighty-nine dollars*. With the system of trusting people that Bill had taught me, you don't accumulate many bad debts.

"I went back to Galesburg after this," Mr. Churchill continued. "I was only seventeen and expected to start to school under my father. But as he and I were walking down the street the first day, we passed O. T. Duvon's hardware store, and Mr. Duvon was standing out in front looking pretty glum. I joked him about it.

"What's wrong, O. T.?" I asked.

"Business is rotten," he replied.

"Then why not sell out?"

"I would, if I could find anybody who'd buy."

"How much is your store worth?"

"Well," Duvon said, "if I were selling, I'd invoice the stock and ask that, less ten per cent."

"Let's go in and look at your stock," I suggested.

"My father left me at that point. With him disappeared my last chance for a college education. I sized up Duvon's stock.

"Tell you what I'll do," I said; "we'll forget the invoice, and I'll give you so much for the business, lock, stock, and barrel."

"I named a figure.

"Is that cash?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Take off your coat and hang up your hat," he said, "the business is yours."

There were four hardware stores in Galesburg at this time, and most people gave young Churchill a few months, at the outside, before he should fail. But those who made this prediction did not know the youngster who had come back into their midst. He had trained in an unconventional but very thorough school. He had learned to size up people at their true value. He had become resourceful. And he had absorbed in his bones the secret that lies at the root of business. Buy and sell to make a profit.

None of the hardware stores that existed in Galesburg when George Churchill bought out O. T. Duvon are there to-day under the same management. But Churchill has been making money steadily and increasing his profits, in the same block for forty-one years. A lot of things contributed. He was always using new ideas—usually a little sooner than others—to attract attention and get business. He built a huge megaphone which, rumor said, could be heard for six miles. He painted the front of his store a vivid yellow, so nobody could fail to notice it. He had owls, his trade mark, drawn in outline on the front windows to catch the eye.

But I want you to get the fact that behind all this was his shrewd philosophy and his knowledge of human nature.

"Several years ago," Mr. Churchill said, "I got hold of this motto: 'Conduct yourself so you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell.' I had a lot of cards printed and distributed, and even ministers used my motto for their text. But I amended the motto a little: I added at the end, 'But don't say it!'

"When you analyze that motto

thoroughly, and figure just what it means and all it means, you'll see it's not so easy to live up to as it sounds. But it makes a fine rule to do business by.

"You know, there are just two kinds of customers: those who want quality regardless of price, and those who want a low price regardless of quality. I figure that the latter are only about ten per cent of the total, and that it doesn't pay to cater to them. You can't make much money on customers who never buy anything but bargains; besides, they demand two or three times as much attention as the others. And often they are also the chronic kickers and complainers. If people want to be satisfied they usually will be; if they want to find fault, it isn't hard to manufacture excuses.

"When I was a boy with Bill Main, a farmer bought his wife a new cookstove. If she had bought it herself, probably it would have been all right. As it was, she found everything wrong. She couldn't start the fire or make it burn, she said. Of course she wouldn't pay for it. And she demanded an expert to fix it, or take it back.

"Bill sent me. I didn't know anything about cookstoves. I never had built a fire in one in my life; but by that time I had had a good deal of experience as an 'expert.'

"It was quite a trip, and I didn't get to the farmhouse till after dark. A storm came on and it rained very hard. The woman was in a terrible temper. She refused to let me sleep in the house, so I went to the barn and slept in the hay.

"Next morning she routed me out at a quarter after four and wanted to know if I was going to start that fire. When I walked into her kitchen I had no idea what I was going to do first. Her husband was just getting up, and as I stepped in he came down the stairs.