

THE JOURNAL'S CORNER FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY
CLEANOR F. BALDWIN

THE QUIET HOUR

SOME SIMPLE PSYCHOLOGY.
Sometime in the work of the mind does not have rather a busy significance to some of us and if we were asked to define it, we should not find ourselves at a standstill and be obliged to say, as did some will long ago, "Mind is not matter and matter never mind."

But while many of the most acute intellects in the world are studying and writing about psychology for your benefit and mine we can get out of this fund of knowledge and experience and make it of immediate practical use.

The terms objective and subjective mind are one good classification, the former covering that sort of mental activity that concerns itself with objects, with things in the concrete outside of itself and not a part of itself; the latter covering that sort of mental activity that turns upon itself, that makes itself a subject of investigation, thus dealing with abstractions, in short, working introspectively instead of perceptively.

But if we really set about making our minds instead of letting our minds make us, we need another division—a trinity so to speak.

It is very hard to take anything for a symbol that shall represent mind, but to illustrate this division into three parts, perhaps a tree, will answer our purpose.

Take first the roots and the soil in which they strike and grow. Let these two stand for the subconscious mind.

It is, however, in addition to that, made of the experiences and impressions which our will and our intelligence permit to the subconscious mind day to day, from our thoughts and acts and the way in which we permit persons, events and things to affect us.

This subconscious mind is all we have ever been, but our prevailing thought and our usual mental habits are what give it character and "bent."

We create this subconscious mind, but after it is once created—has attained its majority, it is apt to take the governing power into its own hands.

That is why it is so hard for elderly people to change their habits of life or thought; they have handed over the scepter to the subconscious mind which is meant to be their obedient servant.

It should be as easy for the "old" person to take the initiative, to embark in new enterprises, as for the young; it should be easier, because of their greater experience, if they had kept control of the subconscious mind and not permitted it to extend its control of the physical functions to the operations of thought until mental processes have become involuntary and automatic, like the physical.

It is in reality this condition which constitutes "old age."

Now, it is largely—nay, wholly—in the control of our will to build into the subconscious mind just what we want it to hold; it is that which makes us our own creators.

Then take a quiet hour for counsel with yourself and determine just what from this time on you will give into the keeping of this part of your mind.

Suppose you begin by telephoning down to subconscious that there is absolutely nothing in this world to worry about; that will cause an immediate insurrection among all the little army of frets and worries that have headquarters down there, but persist in sending that message until the midnights that tormented you are starved to death and you can be calm and undisturbed in the face of things that once would have made you positively ill.

This thing can be done because it has been done, and if you have the worry habit and are "careful" and troubled about many things" make it your very first business to get that habit, root and branch, out of the subconscious mind.

In its place plant courage and faith, these two things tend directly to mental and physical well-being, and in our daily lives we have hardly come to any but the faintest realization of their significance.

It is strange, too, when both the Old and New Testaments, which we think we believe, are full of them. "Be strong, fear not," is a good message to telegraph to the subconscious mind so often and with so much vigor that it is finally builded into every fiber of it.

Oh, sister women, this is not idle talk; it is not "space writing"; it is the living truth. We can build faith, hope,

love, courage, into this subconscious part of our minds by the exercises of the will until the pain and weariness and burdens of former days are "as a dream when one awakes."

But we must exercise this will—second for its nature and fertility, come up to the surface.

The surface mind is the one we do business with in everyday life and it is from the energies of that, from the Quakers upon which the Fatherhood itself, that the lower stratum is formed.

How necessary then, that we concentrate our best upon every minute and make the most of the now. Practically, there is nothing else.

"Look not sorrowfully into the past; it comes not back. Wisely improve the present; it is thine."

Heading this, we can trust the subconscious to serve us, knowing that we have taken from it all power to rule us, to our hurt.

The last of the three is the super-conscious mind. It is the connection between the great reservoir of wisdom and knowledge open to everybody who knows how to draw on it.

It is the super-conscious mind that is active when we go into the silence, and shut out the subconscious mind and listen for guidance about something upon which simple reason throws no light.

It is not to take the place of reason; we should develop our reasoning powers just as far as possible and use them upon all matters where they can serve us; it is only in the event and crises where reason fails, that we are to make our appeal to the super-conscious mind and draw from that inexhaustible source of all wisdom and knowledge what we require for the special emergency.

I know of no more beautiful nor more wonderful illustration of this than is to be found in the story of a band of Quakers, who when the Puritan persecutions were at their height in the New England colonies, left England, intending to join misfortune with their persecuted brethren in the new country.

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sunshine them over the purpling hills with their wonderful lights and shadows the myriads of tiny flowers woven into a beautiful gown for spring, glistening with the most delicate tints of lavender and rose like a charming silk of the seasons.

Then the sky with its fleecy clouds flung here and there like a veil across the blue; the old Columbia rolling between the high cliffs, bounding with bare knees in the sand; the little baby plants that spring into being in every crevice of the rocks with tiny flowers that grace the rugged brow of the basaltic cliffs and cascade down the steep slopes like a charming silk of the seasons.

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SMART STREET COSTUME



Blouse Coat Walking Gown.

There is no lack of variety in the style or cut of the coats to be worn this spring. The short Eton, the Louis XV, the box and the Russian blouse coat are equal in their popularity. This model shows the latest design in the Russian blouse coat. The material is a striped canvas cloth in a light buff color. The upper part of the coat is laid in deep box pleats, which extend below the waist, and are held in tightly by a wide belt of ladies' cloth in the same shade, with large cloth-covered buttons. The vest is of white cloth trimmed with tiny brown cloth buttons. The skirt is pleated and very full, with a wide band of ladies' cloth at the foot. The hat is trimmed with beautifully shaded crepe and ribbon of the shade of the dress, the brim formed of Tuscan straw. It is one of the smartest costumes designed for the coming spring.

THE BOOK SHELF

THE SOUL OF A DOG.

By Mrs. A. A. Walker—A True Story. It was a rainy evening and the guests at "Summer Lodge" who had the weather been fine, would have occupied lawn and veranda chairs in the open, were assembled now in the parlor, and nearly everyone present had a story to tell of a dog thought to be under the ban. And though he had suffered no visible injury other than a slight tear in his coat, the encounter had not concluded to the mental peace which, in one of the lords of creation, is always admired by woman.

Naturally enough, the conversation had turned upon dogs and hydrophobia, and nearly everyone present had a story to tell of some friend or acquaintance who had suffered from a bite of a dog, though none of the company confessed to having known personally of a case of hydrophobia.

Two of the gentlemen, exhibit scars on their hands, telling when and how they had been savagely bitten. "And never had rabies?" queried one. "Only the sort with which our friend here, who was attacked this afternoon, is afflicted."

At this there was a general laugh. Some of the stories told on this occasion, which made good material for the notebook, were humorous, others pathetic, but all interesting, proving, as they did, that though people are frequently bitten by dogs it is seldom that serious consequences follow.

Mrs. Eddy would doubtless define hydrophobia as "an error of the mind." Our hostess, who was sitting directly beneath the chandelier, though an attentive listener, had taken no part in the conversation till there came a lull, when she said, raising the open sleeve of her white dress and resting her left arm on the table so that all might see: "Here's a scar with a story." It was a dreadful scar, showing where deep-set fangs had torn the delicate flesh and left a jagged cruel wound.

"Is that the work of a dog?" asked one in a hoarse whisper, as if some dread fate were impending. The lady laughed, and in compliance with our entreaties told the following story: "When we lived at Dunellen, a few years ago, we had a large Newfoundland dog called Bruno. He was a noble and gentle, so faithful, so dignified and human, that I could never shut

HOME TRAINING

At the meeting of the association last Thursday Mrs. Alvin B. Hawk read an interesting paper on "Children—Their Models and Critics."

She emphasized the important part that example and environment play in the making of unmaking of the child's character. Mrs. Hawk said: "I read Models and Critics."

"Teach your children that model men and women breathe pure air, use water freely inside and out. * * * Teach your son to be a man of his word and when to say no. Teach him to be gentle with his sister and mother that he may be so with his wife."

"Teach your daughter that a model girl can cook a thoroughly good meal, can sew, even to making her own clothes, should know when a house is thoroughly clean from garret to basement and how to clean it herself, if necessary."

"I do not believe that the duty of choosing or being a model develops entirely on the mother, but that the father should be equally responsible and if your husband is what he ought to be, I believe he can have as much influence over the children than you. Girls and boys whose father is their confidant seldom go astray."

"When I was a young girl I used to spend my vacations with a married sister and I have never forgotten the impression made upon my mind during those visits, and while I did not marry for years after, I took my brother-in-law for a model in choosing a husband and in trying to rear my little ones."

"From the time my little nephew could talk to this day his father treated him as a partner."

"At that time they were living on a farm in Missouri, but the boy felt he was running the farm and as he grew and was able to understand he knew all

about it. He never was too tired for a game of croquet or marbles or ball with his boy. He took plenty of good magazines, books and papers and talked them over with the children."

"When the son was about 10 years old the family moved into a town and my brother-in-law was elected judge, serving eight years, and that boy decided every case for his father—at least he thought he did."

"His father told him that a friend near in of more importance than going to church and Sunday school with husband and children and she deplored the policy which is, in effect—don't do as I do, but as I tell you to do."

"There was much more of interest in this paper. * * *"

Mrs. Hawk alluded to those mothers who believe the elaborate Sunday dinner is of more importance than going to church and Sunday school with husband and children and she deplored the policy which is, in effect—don't do as I do, but as I tell you to do."

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