

# Jealousy is Cowardice, Never Love, Says Science

*The Strange Coincidence of the Tragedy of Hatred and Revenge, Proving the Theory of an Inferiority "Complex" Applicable Even to Flappers and Cashiers in Everyday Life*

Archibald Gray, the Murdered Bank Clerk



Miss Edith Ferguson, Whose Love for a Humble Bank Clerk Led to the Double Tragedy.

**Is your love red, blue or gray?**

Profound scientists interested in studying the psychological influences of affection, envy, revenge and various other manifestations of the human passions, have succeeded in dividing love into three color classes.

And now, it is declared: Red love, so-called, is not love at all. Blue love is perfect and reciprocal. Gray love is that noble, sacrificial devotion which gives first consideration to the happiness of another.

The jealous lover who "sees red" and kills his rival, and, perhaps, too, the lady in the case, is quite mistaken about being in love, according to Dr. Antoine Coppe and other scientists who are making an intensive study of the subject. In other words, the "red lover" is the slave of his own egotistical and jealous disposition, and the crime he commits is prompted not by disappointed love, but by an inferiority complex plus rank cowardice—lack of confidence in himself.

By a very strange coincidence, all these interesting, newly advanced claims of scientific thinkers seem to have been substantiated by the insane act of Lindsay Lindsey, cashier of a London bank, who "saw red" and slew the humble clerk, for whom the girl of Lindsey's desire had shown a preference—and then ended his own life.

**T**HE recent declarations of science that "jealousy has no affinity with love" have just been proven true by the remarkable ante-mortem confession of an Englishman who committed murder and suicide because a pretty girl preferred his rival.

Advanced psychologists and psychoanalysts have persistently contended that violent jealousy is traceable to wholly selfish and egotistical "complexes" totally opposite from true love. "Offended vanity coupled with cowardice and an intolerable sense of inferiority," they say, "are its real motive forces."

Here is the way it works, theoretically, according to Dr. Antoine Coppe, famous psychologist of the Sorbonne:

"A man believes he is in love with a certain girl. Perhaps he is really in love with her at first. But she prefers a rival suitor. If the first man is truly in love, and his love is strong enough to remain true, he puts her happiness first. He withdraws in favor of the rival. He is sad, but not angry. He is depressed, rather than violent. His heart is 'heavy.' That is, his heart-beats are retarded. His whole internal mechanism slows down. The arteries to the brain carry less blood. He sees a 'gray' world, in which he moves quietly, sadly, slowly. This is true love, and jealousy cannot spring from it.

"But suppose the man's love is really a selfish, egotistical passion. When he discovers that the girl prefers the rival, his vanity, his egotism, his faith in his own superiority are offended. He develops an 'inferiority complex.' He becomes angry, and his anger is directed toward those who have wounded his vanity. He cannot bear to think of her in the arms of another. He begins to hate the rival. He begins to hate the object of his affection, too—though he camouflages this hate and perhaps even deludes himself about it by calling it 'intense love.'

"Instead of being depressed, as in the case of true thwarted love, he is agitated,

exalted. If he suffers depression at all it is merely the reaction between fits of violent emotion. His heart beats faster. It pumps the blood through the carotid artery to the brain, where it enters a whole network of smaller arteries that run in and out and everywhere through the brain tissue. His brain is congested with blood. He 'sees red.' His reactions are sufficiently violent he is impelled to kill. He may kill the rival, he may kill the girl; he may kill both. He may kill himself."

That is the purely abstract and theoretical explanation of jealousy as given by science. Many people have doubted its truth. "What does a scientist know about love or jealousy?" they say. "Poets take a different view of it—and criminal jurists, too, for that matter. Science should concern itself with its test-tubes and chemicals, and let the emotions of love and jealousy alone."

But science, once more, has been vindicated. It now has the documentary evidence, based not on theory, but on fact. It has the signed confession of a man who says:

"I am a murderer and a suicide. I committed murder and suicide through jealousy. I speak now from the grave. There is no use to conceal anything. My emotions were thus and so."

And the extraordinary feature of this confession from 'real life' is that it parallels, step by step and in every detail, the theoretical findings of science.

The man who made the confession was Lindsay Lindsey, cashier of the King's Bank, Pall Mall, London. Approaching middle age, he became attracted to and wished to marry a pretty nineteen-year-old typist in the same institution, Edith Ferguson by name. Miss Ferguson, however, preferred a handsome youth of her own age by the name of Archibald Gray, who held an important clerical position in the bank.

Discovering that he had no chance against his younger rival, Lindsey finally waited one day until just after the bank



"Desdemona's Defence," by Hugo König. Here is the Most Pronounced Instance in the World of Accepted Drama in Which the Author Framed a Perfect Demonstration of the Cold-Blooded Analysis of Jealousy Established To-day by Science.

had closed, drew out a revolver, killed Archibald Gray and then blew out his own brains.

The next day the newspapers carried headlines about "Slaying for Love" and "Driven to Desperation by Love," with

stories in which Lindsey was depicted as a victim rather than a criminal.

And that might have been the end of it if it hadn't been for the ante-mortem confession. At the coroner's inquest a sealed letter was opened and read, which had been written by Lindsey the day he had determined on the deed.

It was, according to the coroner, "the most remarkable self-revelation of human nature ever read in any court." And when the letter had been read the jury brought in a report of "wilful and unjustified murder."

Excerpts from this letter have been obtained. As you read them below you will be struck by the amazing verification of every point of the scientific analysis of what jealousy really is.

The letter goes back to a month before the killing. Lindsey was already jealous. He had tried to make Sunday engagements with the girl and she had refused on various pretexts.

He wrote: "I worried over the situation very much, trying to extract some grain of satisfaction for myself. But I was confident that she and Gray were going to spend the afternoon together, and the thought was intolerable to me.

"I had pointed out to her that I made more money than Gray, that I was more important than he. I enjoyed good health. There wasn't an ache or pain in my body. I was superior to this youngster. I could not bear the fact that she preferred him."

There you have the first part of the analysis of jealousy, exactly as science described. Selfishness, wounded vanity, egotism—but an egotism with the "inferiority complex" showing through.

He boasts of his superiority, but he knows that the other is superior in youth and health and charm, so he disparages him by calling him a "youngster." He is unhappy because he knows his health and strength are inferior.

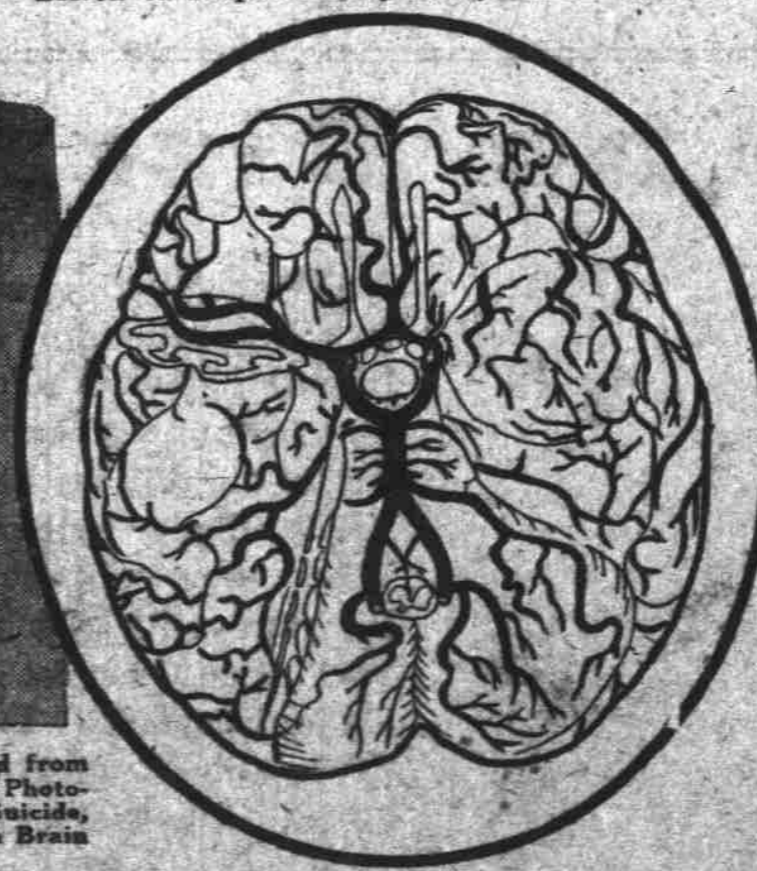
Further on he says: "I began to feel really ill and left my office an hour earlier than usual. On the way I had an attack of vertigo. I became violently excited, and afterward felt that I was about to faint."

There you have, as precisely as if it were described in a medical clinic, the violent agitation, the increased heart-beats, the rush of blood to the brain.

And as a result, with the facts running an absolute parallel with the scientific theory, Lindsey began to "see red."

He continues: "It was difficult for me to see her daily smiling at Gray, and the strain was rendered more difficult by his conduct. It was one of the strongest forces which impelled me to kill him."

Where, says science, was the love? Not a thought of the girl's happiness, of her interest, of her nature. Nothing but his own passion and thwarted ego and selfish wounded vanity. So now, pointing to this confession, science asserts again, with renewed assurance, its conclusion that "jealousy has no affinity with love."



A Diagram Showing How Blood Is Pumped from the Heart to the Brain, Superimposed on a Photograph of Lindsay Lindsey, Murderer and Suicide, and, at Right, Sectional View of the Human Brain Showing the Extent of the Arteries.