

# Are You Easy In Your Mind? Read Good Books

## If You Aren't Happy With Material Possessions, Try Spiritual Peace

WE SAT talking by the fire, a friend and myself—at Don Blanding's place down at Carmel. Don, you remember, wrote "Vagabond's House" and a lot of other things that have supported him nicely—and his house is full of odds and ends that he has gathered all over the world.

He threw some crystals on the logs so that they would burn more brightly, in colors of the rainbow! Driftwood burns with those same colors but he had run out of driftwood.

"Odd," said one of the group, "that we always want what we haven't got. If we didn't have logs burning tonight we'd want them. Now we have them and we want something brighter than the ordinary flames, so we put on crystals to make pretty colors. It's like life. We're always wanting what we don't have. Why?"

One in the group thought that if she could have all the money she needed, wanted rather, that she would not experience that terrific feeling of always wanting something else. Another, one who was writing a book, thought that if his book could be published he would be happy.

Here sat Don Blanding and others who had sold many books, but who still seek that "something," and in the group was a woman worth more than a quarter of a million who was secretly brooding over a romance that had gone wrong.

There seems, at times, no answer to the riddle of existence. Certainly your restless spirit will not be soothed by more things of the world, but rather will it "be soothed and sustained by an unflinching trust!" YOU MUST LOOK WITHIN YOU FOR PEACE! Never without!

It's all very well to tell you that, but IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO MAKE YOU HAPPY! Right, you feel, you want to SEE THE RULE WORKED! The proof of the pudding is in the eating. All right, here goes!

DAVID LAWRENCE, international commentator on things political, has found spiritual food by joining the Oxford group, I'm told. Now I don't know what the Oxford group is but I know that reading inspirational literature has often pulled me out of deep moods of depression.

OF COURSE YOU'VE KNOWN WHAT YOU READ SINCE YOU FIRST LEARNED TO READ BUT YOU NEED TO BE REMINDED!

It's like having some one you love and who loves you telling you that they really do care! "I love you, dear" has eased more pain than all the gold mines of the world! You may know it but you need to hear it—and you may know the things you read in inspirational books but you need to refresh your memory! You ate last night, too—but you're eating again tonight! And you had sleep last night—and you've lifted fragrant flowers to breathe of their perfume—but you want to do it again!

If you're feeling "down," then by all means go to your library (or the public one) and read old philosophers, or the Bible, or the literature of a spiritual cult (Heaven knows there are plenty of the latter) or William James—the list is endless!

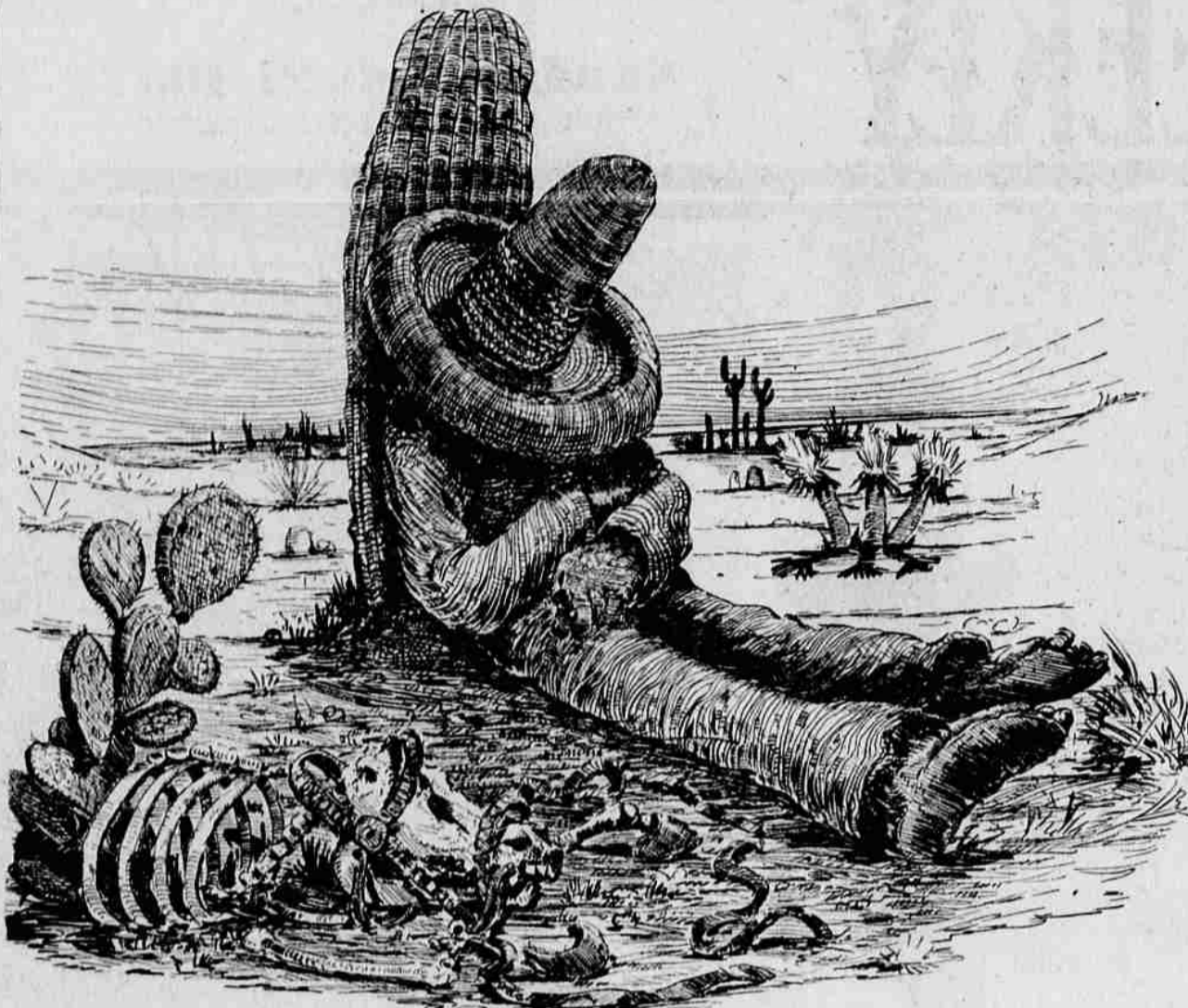
This is the only thing that will give you peace—and even then you'll work for it because frayed and tired nerves take a while to quiet down! It may be that some beautifully written book of romance will turn the trick for you.

What has happened when you get a healing of restlessness in this way? Simply that the books have enabled you to commune with yourself and to relax and rest. FEW PEOPLE TODAY GET ENOUGH REST OR READ ENOUGH!

The average person is pursuing false gods. The constant mill of night clubs—or country clubs—of bridge—dancing—crowds et al., creates a false appetite for sheer motion and finally the soul is so starved that it wants to die—and this usually means suicide!

Lose yourself in books or literature! If you can't do this then lose yourself in doing something good for others. In short, forget the physical YOU! If you're really unhappy the chances are that YOU THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT YOURSELF! Sit by a fireplace in winter and read philosophy—or sit in the summer twilight and find peace! It really works—I know, because I've tried it.

—Jean Rendlen.



## Mañana

By R. Remlow Harris

IN SOME beautiful manana, I may seek sweet Fortune's smile. But this hour—it is so soothing—I shall rest a little while. After all—what is Manana—This time that you call tomorrow It will come why should I worry—Maybe it is full of sorrow. Why then, should I haste to meet it? Let it come then I shall greet it—Calm and kindly as I should.

In the beautiful manana, all good things will come my way— They will come not one bit faster just because I speed today. Yesterday is now Manana. Where is all its promised gold? Still in trust with sweet manana— Mine to touch, but not to hold. So, I take each passing minute, and I find some treasure in it— Willed by Time whose gifts are good.

In some beautiful manana, Fortune fair will come to me. Worry will not bring her quicker, what is meant to be will be— I am just a son of Dios. It is He who holds my fate— Hurry whirls the ball no faster— Life and Death are never late. Each day leads one more behind it, so I live Life as I find it, With its lessons understood.

## BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

By Jane Archer

"The Melancholy Lute" by Franklin P. Adams (The Viking Press)

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! For the Viking Press Hooray! They published *The Melancholy Lute* By dear old F. P. A.

The brightest verses that we've seen For many and many a day (Not excluding Dotty Parker or Nash) Are done by F. P. A.

Oh, some are mad and some are sad And some are very funny And any day, I don't mind to say I'll take them for my money.

The one about Columbus and the Queen Is really quite a nifty And I'd pay for it if I had the cash The market price—two-fifty. This penurious state among us Reviewers is not unusual That's why we have the publishers Send books for our perusal.

*The Melancholy Lute* to us Was pleasant news

The only chance we've had in years To burst into rhymed reviews.

But the critic should be very hard and Though the charms of this book are myriad To keep my reputation (poetic license) I now conclude period.

### L'ENVOI

Prince, though the fingers be worn to the bone And at five point the hands of the clock Carry on! Though it break the heart, lad Till the copy man says "Stop."

## ANOTHER Mystery

By Whit Wellman

EVERYWHERE lie lost and hidden treasures, if you by chance meet the men who know of them . . . the world is packed in layers, evidently, of buried objects which if dug up would fill museums with fabulous wealth. Archeologists spend thousands in preparing expeditions for Asia, Egypt, Siberia, uncovering relics of forgotten beasts and birds . . . human skulls and thigh bones, to retell the story of man's first days on earth.

From Canada comes James P. Skelton, friend of the late and famous Mr. Hope (amateur spirit photographer) . . . with a tale of recently discovered pewter pots and pans in Ireland. These relics of ancient Gaelic homes were turned up, one April day, in a curious fashion.

A Colonel Berry, retired army officer, skeptic and pragmatist, had occasion to visit a Belfast medium . . . a woman known as Mrs. Wright. She had never attempted to convince him of her powers. The Colonel was hard-headed, had fought in Europe and Ireland, a man not given to dreams and fancies . . . least of all to her alleged "voices." Yet, knowing her, realizing her sincerity, he had gradually become what he liked to call "open minded" on the subject: which meant that he concealed his chuckles.

Finally, he suggested that he sit with her. Whisker . . . they might get amusing results. The night and hour was arranged, and all went as the lady had expected, to the amazement of Colonel Berry, still the staunch skeptic, admits through an Irish monk who proceeded (according to the Colonel) to speak in Gaelic. The monk told a tale of the French raiding along the coast of Erin some hundreds of years before, at a time when a certain Irish village had succeeded in making a new kind of pewter pot, of which they were proud. Why the French should want a lot of houseware, no matter how finely turned out, is not clear; but the village, warned of danger, immediately buried their highly valued pewter in a nearby bog.



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MRS. WRIGHT'S ancient monk gave the Colonel precise latitude and longitude of the hidden location, and he followed instructions so well that within a few days he had dug up the old pewter . . . which today can be seen occupying a place of honor in his home: County Down, Ireland. Mrs. Wright, he said, did not understand a word of Gaelic, and was unaware of the meaning of the words as they took form. Colonel Berry, still the staunch skeptic, admits nothing except that the thing happened. He did, he says, hear a male voice speaking in old Gaelic, of which I have a little knowledge; I did follow accurate instructions, and found the pewter pots. Make of it what you will.

A tall, spare man, highly educated, Mr. Skelton has been touring the Pacific Coast on a "good-will" expedition, showing slides of photographs snapped by Mr. Hope, one of the most prominent of so-called "spirit" photographers.

"I first became interested in this form of photography," Mr. Skelton said, "as the best means to secure evidence of the continuity of life. I have experimented along this line with William Hope of the Crew Circle, and became a member of the Society for the Study of Super-normal Pictures, of which the late Conan Doyle was honorary president.

The slides I have been showing to special groups were each secured under the strictest of test conditions. Mr. Hope was a humble man, possessed of only an ordinary education. His results, at least in the beginning, surprised him as much as anyone else. He was helpful, modest, a genuinely fine man. You brought your own plates, placed them in the camera (which you also supplied if you cared to), and developed these plates yourself in his dark room. Hope seldom touched the plates . . . but apparently his presence was necessary to obtain the 'extra' faces and figures which were plainly visible.

## Seascapes

WHEN the "bang-tails" ran in "New Erleens" in the days of long ago—!

New Orleans, then, was what they called a "hot town!" Sporting men and sporting women beat madly on "also rans" and winners, too. But the excitement of the race kept their spirits up—win or lose. Fidgety snowbirds and quarrelsome drunks, hangers-on with tips on the races to sell. These, and many others left me with lasting memories.

There were the "Belles" of the Nineties and their gallant companions. Good people! Bad people! All kinds were there! The old St. Charles Hotel was packed. The overflow—the ones who sought excitement were found, at night, in such places as Josie Arlington's, the Queen of Loose Ladies, Countess Willie Piazza's, or Lulu White's, the "high-brown" who was also known as the "Diamond Queen of the South."

To quench a thirst they flocked to Tom Anderson's on Rampart street, one block off Canal. Conti Bienville, St. Louis and Iberville streets—red lights on every hand. There was the old "Haymarket," a dance hall and honky-tonk. All near a graveyard where folk long dead must have turned in their graves—to put their backs toward it all. Downtown in the Vieux Carre (French Quarter) there was—"Land sakes—such goings on!"

In that neighborhood stands the Cabildo. That's where Jean Lafitte, of Baratavia fame, was imprisoned. Just for a little harmless piracy! You see, "New Erleens" has always been a "hot town." It is yet, if you know your way 'round.

A certain fan dancer came from there. Next time she busts a balloon without a blush you might ask her if she was ever at any of the places herein mentioned—and then watch her face! But I take my hat off to anyone who has enough of what it takes to pull themselves out



Capt. Barry

## TAFT

TO THE uninitiated . . . the Supreme Court sounds dull and terrifying. . . .

It meets weekly . . . and every Monday renders public decisions . . . formerly from a small dark room in a nearly unnoticed crevice . . . of the Capitol Building in Washington. . . .



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

It was upon one such occasion . . . that we ourselves received a most interesting decision from him . . .

They had adjourned . . . the foremost jurists in the land garbed in their black robes. . . . We told him of our reportorial connection . . . and asked him if he cared to make comment upon a certain famous murder trial in New York. . . .

His reply was quick and decisive . . . he seemingly spat it out . . . but he was politeness and dignity itself. . . . "No jurist cares to comment publicly on anything he knows so little about as the criminal law. . . ."

"And likewise, no man . . . cares to go off half-cocked . . . on anything he has not person-

ally studied . . . and upon which he cannot consider himself an authority . . ."

And we are certain that if we were all as far-seeing and conservative as our late President . . . there would be less cause for action. . . .

### COL. FITZMAURICE

"IF MORE of us . . . spent more time . . . in learning about sculpture. . . . If we could devote a portion of our leisure time . . . in studying the art of imagery . . . and of reproduction . . . we would all be better versed . . . in acquiring acquaintanceship . . . and certainly more able . . . to choose our friends . . ."

The first trans-Atlantic flyer . . . from east to west . . . was speaking. . . . The man who risked . . . everything . . . in the seemingly impossible . . . and who nearly lost out . . . in the very end. . . .

Courage often is invisible . . . the most courageous have their hobbies. . . .

His evidently lies in the arts . . . and though he can converse . . . on any branch of engineering . . . he is fundamentally interested . . . in character and its reproduction. . . .

The less daring . . . sometimes believe . . . discussions of the arts . . . show weakness and effemininity. . . .

Maybe that's why they accomplish so little. . . .

### PRINCESS CANTACUZENE

SHE was born a Grant . . . daughter of the President and former Army General. . . .

She married into the Russian nobility . . . and when revolution plunged her country of adoption . . . deep in its mire of gore . . . she returned to America . . . and wrote her memoirs . . . for the Curtis Publications and others . . . thereby sending her children to college . . . keeping her family in its former position . . . and bringing herself . . . a wealth of experience far greater . . . than she could have had . . . had she remained simply the wife of a Russian Prince. . . .

The Prince . . . a splendid old gentleman . . . is therefore now known as "ex-husband of that Grant girl . . ."

### CAROL OF RUMANIA

MEN must be themselves . . . he told me Monce . . . at the Ambassadeur, that famous restaurant . . . on the Champs Elysee in Paris. . . . The moment they deviate . . . from the cast into which they are born . . . they lose their following . . . they become lost souls . . . and are totally uninteresting. . . .

"As for me, I worship beauty. . . . I cannot keep away from idolatry . . . nor they; it seems from me. . . ."

"If I were King . . . I would be a puppet . . . in the hands of the unprincipled . . . who might do as they wished with my trust. . . ."

"And so . . . I chose Paris and her lovely ladies . . . ins'ead. . . ."

Wonder if he remembers . . . now that he has ascended the throne. . . .

"Where are you from?" I inquired. "Back East." Then, after a pause. "We was both lingers but we both got well long ago."

His wife appeared with my meal. As I ate my eyes followed them both. Must have been good blood in them. They'd come a long way! Peaceful and contented, they were growing old together.

"We feed a lot of bums here—guys boozing it—we never turn 'em down."

"That's the old spirit. How much?" "Sixty-five cents, please."

I plunked the change down and left. A cavalcade of "bang-tails" in panorama passed before my mind's eye—and out of sight! It was a long way from "New Erleens."