

appear every day. In regard to overeating we have the following slogan: "Do not dig your grave with your teeth". In regard to developing leg and thigh muscles, we say "Breathe with your legs". And so that we may call attention to fine posture, we have a placard reading: "He died at 42 and was buried at 72. Look your part". If the individual has an erect carriage, a springy step, and confident posture, he can repeat with good grace the following lines:

If hunting a job
Or selling a mine;
Lost your business
Or stocks decline;
A hard luck story
Is beaten a mile
By a clean white collar,
A shave and a smile.

Hoover--I like the thought of this jingle. It often gives me a quick pick-up.

Get uplift in your bearing
And strength and spring and vim;
No matter what the things that worry you,
To slouch won't alter them.

Just square your shoulders to the world
You're not the sort to quit
It isn't the load that breaks us down
Its the way we carry it.

Allen-- Well, you know, Miss Hoover, just lots of people would get a ready response from a thing like that. All any of us need when we are low is just a little boost. But now back to brass tacks just for a moment. From a practical standpoint, if every community and every school in our land could have a "Hell Week" once a year wherein everybody spoke to the other fellow as they passed, this friendly greeting of people who never speak to each other would make more mental medicine for each individual than is often generated in six months.

Hoover--Think of these shy, uncertain souls who only speak when they are spoken to. A friendly greeting enables them to burst the mental fetters that bind them. Merely a hearty Good Morning, Frank, or a Hello, Jane, will release the basic reticence of these shy persons and make them feel that the whole world is kin. Don't you think, Dr. Allen, that many people cultivate their fears unknowingly?

Allen-- Yes, I do, Miss Hoover. I have always believed that no one should ever feel sorry for himself. Do not permit people to sympathize with you and tell you that you have been abused. A fellow who lends an attentive ear to this sort of gossip is doing himself an injury. Instead of driving fear out of your heart, you are inviting fear in for a permanent abode. The best antitoxin to eradicate fear is to bury yourself so deep in work and physical activity that fatigues, that you haven't time to worry. Hard physical work never has killed anyone. Do you know of anyone that has departed this life from this cause alone Miss Hoover?