

Let's Explore Your Mind

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM, D. Sc.



2. WHO CAN BEST TELL A GOOD PROFESSOR FROM A BAD... THE COLLEGS WHO HIRE THE OR THE PUPILS WHO STUDY UNDER THEM... YOUR OPINION... YES NO

3. ARE "TORTETOS" EVER HAPPY? YES NO

4. DO ALL WOMEN WANT TO ATTRACT MEN? YES NO

5. WHICH ARE YOU? You can learn these important things about yourself by sending in a card and a self-addressed, stamped (10c) envelope to Dr. Wiggam, care of this newspaper. This is a non-profit service to readers. Just ask for GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE.

THOUGHTS When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—Job 16:22.

Is death the last sleep? No, it is the last final awakening.—Walter Scott.

GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE By Milton Wright, noted psychologist. To you really know YOURSELF? You must— to master the art of getting along with people.

YOUR 7 BASIC EMOTIONS and how they affect getting along with people. It also tells the difference between inward and outward, and how to identify each.

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GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE

Ma don't like her new doctor because he's so busy. He hasn't time to sit for an hour an' listen to Ma tell him about me an' her other ailments.

Some chemist with no hobby outside his vocation might be interested to hear that the balloons maneuvered by Miss Sally Rand are of the polymerized butadiene type.

The Moscow zoo acquires 15 baboons from Holland, which seems on its face as unnecessary as the police of Chicago "wanting" another hoodlum, back in the old beer-war days.

Build anything, including a doghouse, although I have spent some of the best years of my life in these structures.

Tell the music of any composer except Stephen Foster. Play a musical instrument or speak a foreign language.

Identify any bone in the human body with certainty except the femur. (The only reason I know this is that a friend of mine broke his, and told me where it was.)

Recognize any flower by name except the rose, or any trees except the elm and the oak.

Fix a electric socket, or repair a gadget of any kind.

Adjust a television set or operate a record-changer phonograph.

Sew on a button.

Play any card game except "Old Maid." I also can't play chess, dominoes or assemble a cut-out picture puzzle.

Just for the fun of it I sat down and figured out some of the things I didn't know. It was an amazing list—amazing that a man could live so long and learn so little. The man of the future will probably grow to know more and more about less and less. Until finally he will be able to go through life by just saying "ugh."

Here were some of the things I couldn't—and still can't do. Drive a motor car. (You'd be surprised how many people can't.)

own. Most men no longer could live in the forest like Daniel Boone. And they are trapped in a wilderness world of gadgets that nobody can understand but a technician.

They are caught in a twilight ignorance between the lost world of the woods and Doc Eiland's bright new age.

And the changes come faster and faster. The citizen doesn't understand the atom. But he sure does feel like one—an atom circling in an unknown orbit.

Read into a microphone without enduring fright, or cash a personal check without a sense of unreasoning guilt.

Read any best-seller novel that has a picture of a boomy heroine on the jacket.

Ride a horse, milk a cow or hit a clay pigeon with a shotgun.

All of these liabilities leave me feeling rather useless and helpless. And yet I think the average man everywhere can compile a similar list of his own.

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