

**COMMENT--AND DISCOMMENT**

Have you ever left disgusted with the world, and everything in it, yourself in particular? Have you ever been real down-in-the-mouth, as disheartened and as disillusioned as you were the first time you discovered that Santa Claus was a myth or that your dollie was stuffed with common sawdust? If so, read on, either or sister.

There's nothing that gets our goat so much as one of those professional pep artists, or the authors who simply radiate good cheer. Only a few of us can pollyanna through a life. But nearly anyone can follow the prescription we came upon tucked over George D. Danneberg's other day, and which, when he wasn't looking, we copied. This will serve as a notice to George both that it's gone and that we intend to return it—by mail.

This little tale presents a new philosophy of life, something that literary men and psychologists are seeking when they don't have actual work to do. And in some ways it is

a good philosophy. We don't say that it will meet with the approval of preachers, or pirates, or any particular class of men. You may not like it at all. But we do. It's worth all of the five thousand dollars the fellow in the story paid for it. Here's the tale, taken from *The Ambassador* on issue of a year or two ago:

A man had been suffering from nervous troubles for years. He had consulted many doctors. None helped him. He could get no relief—no encouraging ment. When about ready to give up, he met a friend who told him of a remarkable physician.

"This man can cure you," said his friend. "I will charge you a large fee—he will insist on your strictly following his orders, but he will cure you."

Ten days later, he walked into the physician's office.

"Doctor," he said, "I've been sick for three years—tried many remedies—visited dozens of physicians. They have given me no help. Can you cure me?"

"I can," said the doctor. "I can make a well man of you in six months if you will do exactly as I tell you."

"Tell me what to do," said the man.

"First pay my fee in advance. Then follow my instruction implicitly."

"What is your fee," asked the man.

"How much money have you at your disposal at present time," asked the doctor.

"I've twenty-five thousand dollars of available cash."

"My fee will be five thousand dollars," said the doctor. "There will be no medicine and no future charges."

"Isn't that a pretty steep fee?" asked the man.

"Very," replied the doctor, "but it is my charge. You know whether it is worth five thousand dollars to you to get well."

"I'll pay it," said the man. And he did.

"Now," said the doctor, "I want you to promise me on an solemn oath that you know how to make that no matter how silly my treatment may appear to you—no matter how ridiculous it may seem to your friends, that you will follow it exactly."

"I promise," said the man.

"It is this," said the doctor, as he stood up and looked down on his

patient, "whatever anything comes up to discourage you—whether it be a matter important or unimportant, I want you to say, 'I don't give a damn,' and I want you to feel 'I don't give a damn.'"

"And do I pay five thousand dollars for that," said the man.

"You have already paid it and you have also made a solemn promise and I expect you to keep it just as I expect to keep my promise and cure you."

The man smiled. "I'll do it doctor," he said.

"Then," said the doctor, "stand up. You gave me five thousand dollars. Are you sorry?"

"No," said the man. "I don't give a damn."

"Are you sure," asked the doctor.

"I said, 'I don't give a damn,' and I mean 'I don't give a damn,'" said the man and he emphasized it by bringing his fist down on the doctor's table with more energy than he had shown for three years.

The next day a wire came telling the man of business troubles. He wired back, "I don't give a damn."

His wife got cross with him. With more emphasis than courtesy he replied, "I don't give a damn."

His friends thought he was crazy and that that end was near. In thirty days he gained fifteen pounds. In ninety days his most pessimistic friends admitted he was well.

It might be well if many doubters at present could become inoculated with the "I don't give a damn" virus. It would help their cause.

The "don't give a damn" habit, if properly applied, may be equally disastrous if applied in the wrong way. The thought is pretty bad for the man who isn't working along right lines. But it is all right for the man who consistently plugs in the right direction.

**GLADYS BROCKWELL AT IMPERIAL TONIGHT**

"Flames of the Flesh," starring Gladys Brockwell, is the attraction at the Imperial theater this evening. In the play Miss Brockwell takes the part of a Puritan maiden of New England, and later as the girl transformed into the daring favorite of gay Parisian cafes. It is a story that is not without its thrills, and one that will appeal to a lot of film fans.

A screen version of the famous "Pollyanna," with Mary Pickford, is scheduled for Saturday, matinee and night. As "The Glad Girl," Miss Pickford shows how Old Man Gloom can be chased away. It's a great play for people who feel down-in-the-mouth, as well as others.

That breezy lad, Wallace Reid, in "Sick Abed" is the Sunday feature. As a lively young chap who is feigning illness in order not to appear as a witness at his friend's divorce hearing, the star makes probably the breeziest "invalid" who was ever confined to a cot. The fact that he himself had some ticklish dealings with the woman in the case makes the hero all the more anxious to make his camouflaged sickness ring true. However, the pretty nurse who is assigned to his almost spolia his sham, but everything turns out mercifully in the end.

In addition to "Sick Abed," there will be a program by the Hallowell Concert company, featuring John Wentzell, baritone, at the evening performance only. There will also be the first reels of a new Vitagraph serial, "Hidden Dangers," with Joe Ryan and Jean Page. This is said to contain a lot of thrills.

The Herald—\$2.50. Worth more.



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# Give the Children A Chance

