

Dr. Waldstein until he paid his first visit to their home. Then the explanation flashed on him. He found the children living in two rooms, into both of which the sunlight was pouring as he entered. Furnished and decorated at little cost, the interior of these rooms, as of the entire apartment, was such as to provide a restful, tranquilizing influence over eye and mind. The color and design of the wall-papers were cheerful and unobtrusive; the carpetings, tablecloth, bed-coverlets, etc., were of simple design, entirely in harmony with one another, and of the quiet colorings now recognized by psychologists the world over as having a powerful effect for good on the mental organism.

In short, what is needed much more than a crusade for wiser mating and breeding is a campaign for the education of parents in the principles of mental hygiene, so that children shall not be unwittingly exposed to influences that may induce permanently defective habits of thinking and acting; but shall be, on the contrary, reared in accordance with the best psychological doctrine regarding the possibilities of mental and moral growth through training.

SUCH a campaign to be thoroughly effective would of course have to be carried on through all grades of society, but nowhere perhaps should it be pressed more vigorously than in the case of the wealthy and socially prominent. Neurally speaking, indeed, the "well-born" child is as a rule heavily handicapped in the race of life, from the very circumstance of being situated in a home environment which, by its opulence, complexity and intensity is fraught with "suggestions" calculated to bring out any latent neurotic tendencies, and which is at the same time con-

ducive to an expenditure of energy in ways making for a weakening instead of a strengthening of character.

Happily, corrective impulses often come from outside, and have been coming with increasing frequency since science began to demonstrate the formative possibilities of special training. Sometimes seemingly miraculous results have been obtained, of themselves going far to prove the dominant rôle of environment in the making or marring of human life.

I have particularly in mind a case successfully handled by Dr. Lightner Witmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the first American scientists to apply the results of psychological research to the treatment of mental and moral deficiencies. His patient was a boy who from an early age had been an object of the greatest anxiety to his refined and prosperous parents. At five he was so "peculiar," both mentally and physically, that they had taken him to several neurologists, none of whom held out any hope that he would ever be normal. One made a tentative diagnosis of congenital ataxia, another pronounced him incurably "foolish and weak-minded," a third declared that by the time he was eight or nine he would be quite uncontrollable.

Before he came under Dr. Witmer's observation, at the age of eleven, the symptoms of physical trouble had almost disappeared, but mentally he was in a bad way. As Dr. Witmer stated in discussing the case:

"He had never attended a regular school, and was unable to do even the simplest addition or subtraction correctly. He could read, but he never read a single sentence without making several mistakes. He was subject to outbursts of uncontrollable and unreason-

ing anger, which caused the parents much anxiety. He did not associate with other boys in a normal fashion. His father complained that he would let other boys browbeat him, take away what belonged to him, and in other ways treat him as a distinct inferior."

Dr. Witmer observed, however, that none of the usual physical signs of born defectiveness were present, but that the boy seemed rather alert mentally when carrying on an ordinary conversation. He therefore began to suspect that the trouble might be chiefly an environmental one, the product of faulty training, aggravated by his parents' obvious belief in his weak-mindedness.

At his suggestion the little fellow was sent to the hospital school maintained by the University of Pennsylvania, and here he was carefully examined. Mentally it was found that, as opposed to the shortcomings mentioned, he possessed a fairly good memory and distinct readiness of comprehension. This confirmed Dr. Witmer's suspicion that the boy was mentally backward, not so much through any inherent weakness as to parental neglect of sound principles in his upbringing.

"EDGAR is an extremely nervous boy," he reported. "His mind seems to me to be very quick and alert — so quick that he does not give sufficient attention to detail. He ought to have been trained very early to do some of his work with great exactitude. In all ordinary matters he seems to be quite bright. . . . We must undertake to teach him some simple things, and see how well he grasps and how well he retains."

Altogether the boy remained in the hospital school eight months, the (Continued on Page 12)

AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE

*In which Lord Stranleigh
Makes an Investment*

by ROBERT BARR

WHEN Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood came to New York under his family name of Trevelyan, he had intended to spend several weeks in that interesting metropolis, but newspaper men speedily scattered his incognito to the winds, and interviewers, photographers, funny paragraphists and the like made life a burden to him. Despite his innate desire to be polite to everyone, he found it impossible to receive even a tenth part of those who desired speech with him. This caused no diminution of interviews or special articles regarding his plans, and his object in visiting America. The sensational papers alleged that he had untold millions to invest; that he had placed cash on all the projects available in Europe, and now proposed to exploit the United States in his insatiable desire to accumulate more wealth.

Added to the intense heat of the metropolis, Stranleigh's days had been made more of a burden than was necessary, through the indefatigable exertions of a fellow countryman whose name was Wentworth Parkes. Ponderby was disgusted with the state of affairs, and wished himself and his master back in that quiet village called London.

Parkes brought with him a letter of introduction from the Duke of Rattleborough, an acquaintance, but not a particular friend, of Stranleigh's. Parkes told Stranleigh he had been very successful in America, making plenty of money, but spending it with

equal celerity. Now, however, he had secured something that contained princely possibilities. This was an option on the Sterling Motor Company, of Detroit. The plant alone, he said, was worth more than the capital needed to bring the factory up to its full output. J. E. Sterling, he explained, knew more about motor designing than anyone else in the world, and he was still a young man. All a person required to enter this wonderful motor combination, was the small sum of one hundred thousand dollars. This would purchase a share in the business which might be sold in a year or two for millions.

Mr. Parkes was an enthusiast on his subject, and might have convinced anyone with money to spare, but he had a vague feeling that his fluency was not producing the intended effect on Lord Stranleigh.

His difficulty hitherto had been to gain access to men of means, and now that he had "got alongside" the most important of them all, he was nonplussed to notice that his eloquence, somehow, missed its mark. Stranleigh remained scrupulously courteous, but quite evidently was not in the least interested. So shrewd a man as Parkes ought to have known that it is not easy to arouse enthusiasm in a London clubman, and this difficulty is increased when the person approached is already so rich that a further access of wealth offers no temptation.

Parkes' life in America had led him to believe that gold was the only thing the average man cared about. His mistake was to move against the dead wall of Stranleigh's indifference towards money, whereas he might have succeeded had he approached the sentimental side of the young man. Indeed, Parkes at last seemed to catch a glimmering of Stranleigh's mind, so he reversed his automobile talk. Conversation lagging, his lordship asked a few casual ques-

