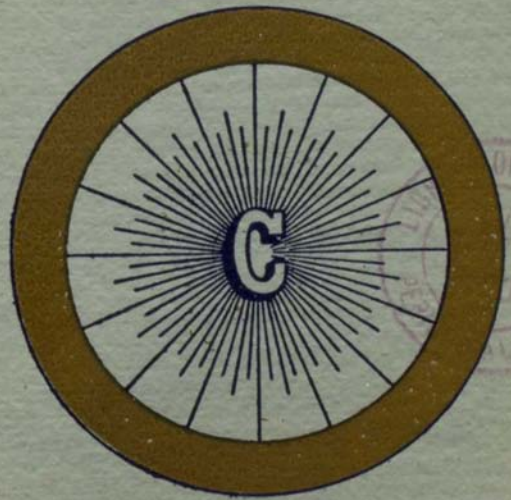


JUL 5 1910

# THE CENTER

JULY



LEADING ARTICLE

When Love Comes

# Harmony Club of America

An independent organization of earnest people everywhere, who want to make the most of life and to be happy while doing it. The aim and object is: To harmonize people with themselves, their surroundings and each other; to prove the efficient value of a smile and song in everyday life; to establish the perfect unity of body, mind, heart, and spirit; to investigate, formulate, and demonstrate the scientific laws of Happiness; to enunciate the principles of wholesome, triumphant, sincere living; to present the discoveries of modern psychology in simple, attractive guise; to put those who want vital knowledge in touch with those who have it; to maintain a brotherhood of individuals, where sympathy is the only bond; to impart the secrets of self-help, as the highest form of altruism; to promote free discussion of every subject that makes for clear understanding of life. Literature mailed on receipt of postage. Headquarters at 700 West End Avenue, New York City.

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# THE CENTER

HARMONY CLUB MONTHLY



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*When Love Comes*

There are moments of childhood that seem to the rest of life as radiant jewels miraculously strewn above a dull background of common clay. These precious moments form the diadem of memory which in the dark after-years we may cherish and restore, to prove that we are of royal birth.

This gleaming crown of childhood holds for me an opal hour. Other shining bits of memory have become as sapphire, pearl or ruby in the golden strand of childish reminiscence. But this was the opal hour, the hour of matchless beauty when all the blended colors of a new world of light surpassed mortal vision, to challenge and inspire imagination.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office



Have you ever stood at a great height, and for the first time overlooked the world? Then you will know what I mean by the opal hour.

Perhaps too you may recall the dark, earthen hours that lay between you and the height. So you can follow me, as we trace our path in the journey of that summer's day, twenty years ago.

We were camping at the foot of a deep wild canyon, where the whisper of the trees and the echo of the whip-poor-will filled the wooded valley with melody. A murmuring mountain stream with its low caressing song soothed us to sleep at nightfall. But the vision of the dawn was a rugged sight of grandeur; for the mountain rose sheer three thousand feet above us, and the misty, cloud-veiled summit piercing the golden sky held us enthralled, till we could resist no longer.

A narrow path—dim, steep, long and arduous, was the only means of ascent. This we entered early one morning, following the guidance of the man in the party who had scaled the peak and could show us the way. Each had to climb alone, for the tangled spiny arms of underbrush creeping everywhere through the forest almost closed above our path. The foliage grew so dense and the way so winding that only the voice of the guide, shouting in advance of unexpected turns, kept us all together in safety.

We were in perpetual twilight, except for a little rift of sunshine that broke now and then through our vaulted roof of interlaced branches. Strange birds cried and fled in the darkness, terrified at the sound of human voices. Unseen animals crashed through the boughs, forced in angry mood from their lair; and the timid ones among us turned white with fear. Once the head of a great serpent darted

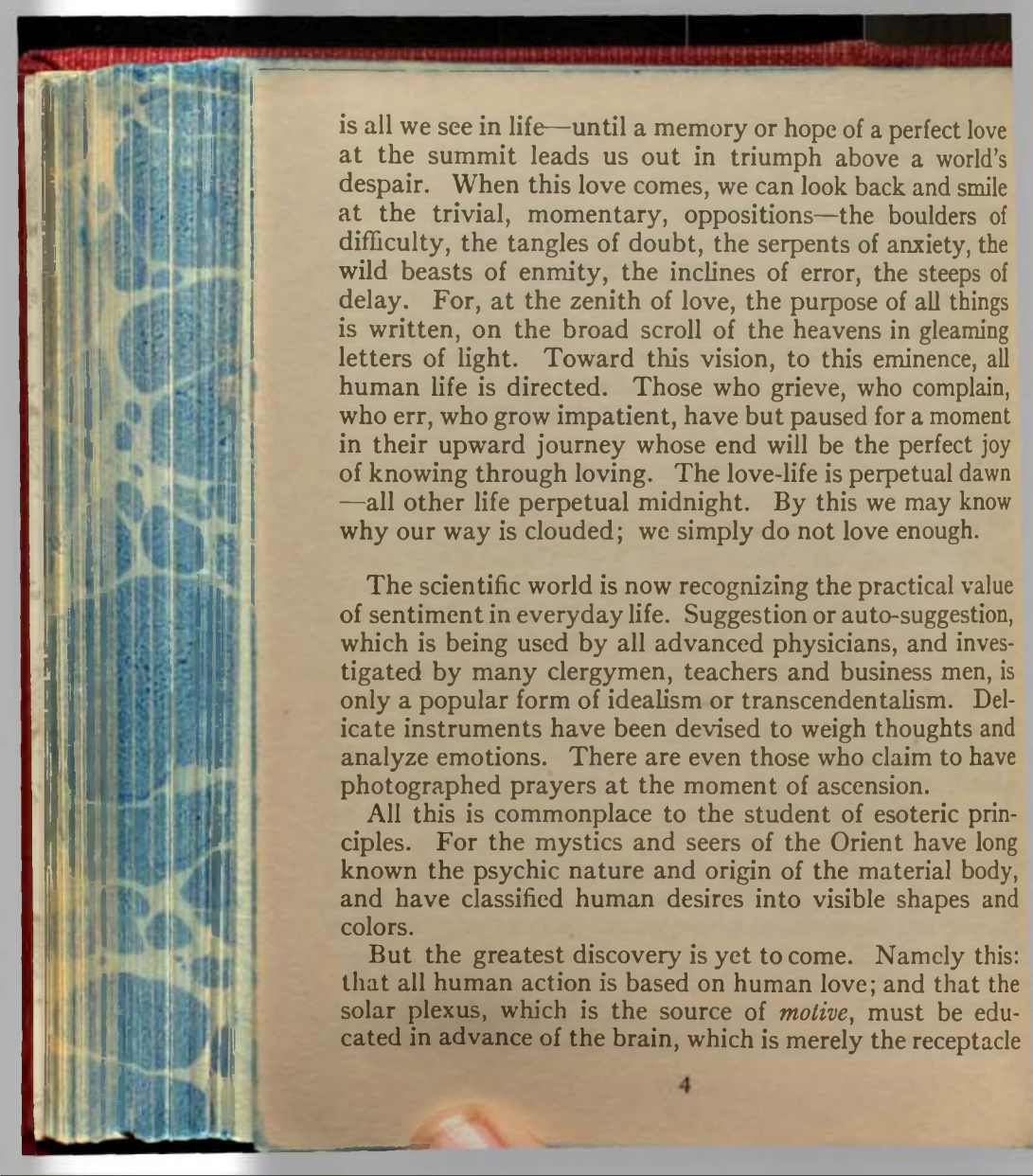
from beneath an overjutting rock, hissing defiance as we hurried past.

Huge boulders lay athwart our advance; deep crevasses yawned ahead, bridged only with a treacherous, hollow, moss-grown log; at last we crawled on hands and knees through a grim city of caverns, silently feeling our way in the gloom by the touch of the cold rock-walls dripping moisture from the underworld and buried in the shadows of the centuries. Here the weak among us turned back; trembling with fright, bruised and weary, wondering if we were not lost, a few of the party halted in dismay, while the rest pushed on.

But the hardest of the climb was over—such a little while and the path led us out on a broad plateau where the beauty of Nature and the majesty of God seemed to meet half way between earth and heaven, and to open wide a new, clear vista of larger understanding. The platform of rock on which we stood overhung the valley three thousand feet below. From the brink of the ledge the river wound like a mere thread of silver, and our camp was a tiny white spot on a boundless horizon of verdure and sky. We were neighbors to only the eagles, calmly soaring in space. All sense of human weakness and limitation vanished; we became to ourselves heirs of the heavens, wielding dominion over the ages, sharing the rule and the plan of the Infinite Mind. In that one hour of revelation we grew, spiritually, to a nobler stature than years of earth-bound life had produced.

And, from the summit, we caught a glimpse of a shorter, easier path down the slope;—you that scorn poetry because it isn't useful!

*This day was an allegory, symbolic of human experience. The gloom and toil and hardship of an endless upward climb*

The image shows an open book. The left side is the book's cover, which has a blue and white marbled pattern. The right side is a page of text. The text is written in a classic serif font and is arranged in several paragraphs. The first paragraph is the longest and occupies most of the page. The second paragraph is shorter and starts with a significant indentation. The third paragraph is also shorter and starts with a significant indentation. The page number '4' is located at the bottom center of the page.

is all we see in life—until a memory or hope of a perfect love at the summit leads us out in triumph above a world's despair. When this love comes, we can look back and smile at the trivial, momentary, oppositions—the boulders of difficulty, the tangles of doubt, the serpents of anxiety, the wild beasts of enmity, the inclines of error, the steps of delay. For, at the zenith of love, the purpose of all things is written, on the broad scroll of the heavens in gleaming letters of light. Toward this vision, to this eminence, all human life is directed. Those who grieve, who complain, who err, who grow impatient, have but paused for a moment in their upward journey whose end will be the perfect joy of knowing through loving. The love-life is perpetual dawn—all other life perpetual midnight. By this we may know why our way is clouded; we simply do not love enough.

The scientific world is now recognizing the practical value of sentiment in everyday life. Suggestion or auto-suggestion, which is being used by all advanced physicians, and investigated by many clergymen, teachers and business men, is only a popular form of idealism or transcendentalism. Delicate instruments have been devised to weigh thoughts and analyze emotions. There are even those who claim to have photographed prayers at the moment of ascension.

All this is commonplace to the student of esoteric principles. For the mystics and seers of the Orient have long known the psychic nature and origin of the material body, and have classified human desires into visible shapes and colors.

But the greatest discovery is yet to come. Namely this: that all human action is based on human love; and that the solar plexus, which is the source of *motive*, must be educated in advance of the brain, which is merely the receptacle

of *method*. Those who perform great deeds act out what they *feel*. Every colossal figure in history has been moved by an overwhelming love. What the race needs most is to understand the emotions, passions, and desires which lead either to superhuman effort and achievement—or to ruin and despair. Wisdom may be stored in the mind, but destiny is molded in the heart.

There can be nothing more fundamental, more practical, more scientific, than love. We are told that the first law of life is self-preservation, and the second law self-perpetuation. True enough; but what animates and regulates both these laws is the kind and amount of love in your heart—love for self, and love for the human family. The sick man is always deficient in self-love. And the unwise, inefficient or complaining mother is lacking in love for children. That which we love we unconsciously exalt. And the cure for most human ills is exaltation. A physiological statement that any thoughtful doctor will verify.

For common disorders of the system, the custom is nowadays to prescribe a form of massage, hydropathy, electricity, gymnastics, or special diet. Why? Because these natural agencies relieve congestion, promote combustion and expel impurities by increasing the vibration of the body-cells. *Affection does the same thing*; any man, woman or child who loves deeply enough automatically increases the vibration of the whole organism to such a pitch that only health is possible. Love work, love play, love food, love exercise, love air and sun and water, love books, love ideals, love some one as a reason for loving all these other things;—and you have the knowledge of perennial health, the secret of immortal youth.

The phrase "warm-hearted" is more than a figure of speech. The action of your heart, the strength of your

lungs, the tone of your digestion and the rate of your blood-supply depend on the vigor of your love-nature and its honest expression. Thousands of overworked men, hundreds of thousands of nervous women, want not so much *recreation* as the *re-creation* of a strong, pure, devout love. The ocean voyage recommended by the doctor is to separate you from that which you do not love. He won't tell you this—he can't afford to. But if you will take my word in time, you can save that expense.

Go to the other extreme—the idealistic. Ask why we all love such different things, different people, different modes of activity and spheres of life. The answer: *We love most that which will soonest perfect us.* Hence the only way for loved ones to be loyal to each other is to rival each other in growth. Incidentally, the proof of our love is how we develop in the absence of the loved one. You butterfly women who fear the loss of your husband's love while you take your summer's jaunt alone;—you have nothing to fear, because you have nothing to lose. The man who can't be trusted is artificially tied; and the wife had better look to her own heart-strings. Each sex is responsible for the wounds inflicted by the other; hence recrimination is absurd, and the alleged conflict between them, painted so vividly by G. Bernard Shaw in testimony of his pen-prowess, resolves to nothing but a crude, flamboyant advertisement.

We love most that which will soonest perfect us. The romantic young girl is wildly enamoured of the eloquent poet, the skilled musician, the passionate actor. She cannot express the cravings and emotions she feels—therefore she worships him who can. But if she marries the poet, musician or actor—woe be to her! For what she needs then is a knowledge of how to go marketing, wash dishes and make dresses; and the man she worships then must have the



money to buy these things done. You cannot satisfy a woman short of perfection; and if you were perfect, you would not be interesting. The reason lovers are in Heaven is because only Heaven knows what to do with them. If earth knew, earth would be Heaven. And the pity, the tragedy, of earth is that here lovers are so often out of place. Lovers wear a halo that makes everything look different. The halo is the realest thing about them; but those who do not love cannot see—all they have to guide them is the touch of the blind.

Love should be synonymous with life. We live only as long, and as much, as we love. Indeed, the love of love supplants the love of life, in the highest forms of growth. Birds have been known to die of loneliness and grief, when their mates had gone. A common dog, of ordinary faithfulness, will guard his master's life and property with no thought of his own comfort or even safety. Dumb animals often shame us by their whole-hearted love and loyalty.

All genius bears tribute to the inevitable conquest of life by love. The man with a message gladly starves that the child of his brain and heart may come into being—every man with a message is more woman than man. The true mother, whose highest anguish and ecstasy reaches the plane of genius, exults in death if only her babe may live. The martyr, the warrior, the devout man of science or medicine, faces annihilation unconscious of the danger, lost in the love of a great purpose or a sublime truth. We are none of us grown till death for the sake of love is more appealing than life for the sake of living.

But the animating power of an all-absorbing love does not wait for the unusual, the heroic, the impossible; rather it fills the smallest things of life with a meaning so tremendous that smallness disappears. We love in proportion as

we grow alert in little things. You may find a gold-mine on your sweetheart's birthday—and to her it means nothing if you forget the birthday. Whereas, you may go broke and she will still call you the dearest thing in the world if you spend your last nickel on a flower to symbolize the sweetness of the day. How to hold a wife's love: Watch out for the little things. Love's crucial test for a man is to keep his sensibilities fine—Love's crucial test for a woman is to keep her sympathies true.

When Love comes, what happens?

Everything goes that hinders unfoldment, harmony and happiness. The going may be gradual, but you can fairly see the change in your life, work and character.

*When Love comes, Doubt goes.* We are ignorant, and perplexed, only because we fail to live out the most and best we know. Can you imagine a rose perturbing itself with metaphysical arguments, political dissensions, or theological hair-splittings? The rose lives for just one purpose—to express its own beauty and fragrance. Love liberates all the hidden beauty and fragrance in the human soul; and the soul, as the flower, establishes itself wherever allowed to unfold. Only our restrictions perplex us.

*When Love comes, Deceit goes.* Do you want an infallible way to prove your love for a man or a maid? It is this: that in the presence of your real sweetheart you *must* reveal everything, share everything, count everything dear only as divided. There is nothing more false, nor more insidiously harmful, than the idea that a man to enjoy himself must lie to his wife. So-called jokes based on this fallacy are equivalent to mental, moral and psychic murder. When the human race has approached something like intelligence, we shall prohibit by law the appearance in

newspapers or on the stage of marital infelicity jests, because to the social body they are as deadly as plague-spots. Just to the degree that we love do our lives become limpid sweet and crystal clear; deception cannot remain, any more than stagnation and decay could persist on the surface of a rippling mountain stream.

*When Love comes, Folly goes.* Have you never seen a butterfly-woman gladly fold her wings and assume the burdens of a household—because the love of husband and babies made her freer than she had been with all her careless flitting? The recognition of a personal ideal makes irresponsibility unthinkable forever after. Love means whole-souled admiration; and all mistakes occur when we are moving away from what we admire. Does your boy find more trouble in a day than you can get him out of in a week? Then *you* do some finding—you find where his admiration lies, appeal to his hero-worship, put him on his mettle to equal in solid worth the object of his affection. Erring is only forgetting what or whom we adore.

*When Love comes, Pride goes.* The man proud of achievements, the woman proud of appearances, is merely a victim of the microscope-habit, and needs a horizon for a cure. What we have done, been, learned, suffered and conquered is so infinitesimal beside our future possibilities that recollection itself becomes a confession and irritation. Infinitely daring, yet infinitely humble; this Love makes us while we view the remoteness of our own ideal and the perfection of the loved one whose inspiration urges on to the farthest goal. Purpose consumes pride; and to love is to be all purpose.

*When Love comes, Weakness goes.* Human energy is a form of electricity, and the dynamo is charged with affection. Every tiny thrill of sentiment adds to the storage-

power of your energy machine called the body. When these thrills are sufficient in number and strength you will be fighting-mad all the time—if that is the mood you need in which to conquer all that stands between you and your love. The only thing a lover can't do is to say Can't!

*When Love comes, Selfishness goes.* The joy of giving up exceeds the pleasure of possessing as the heavens exceed the earth. There is perhaps only one joy greater—that of gaining for the sake of giving up, of struggling and winning just to lay down the laurels at the feet of a loved one. This really is the highest form of selfhood or true selfishness; since what we idolize prophesies what we shall be, and to sacrifice for those we love is but to hasten our own advance. Only those talk of self-denial who have failed of self-discovery.

*When Love comes, Age goes.* This is the crowning miracle of life; that in a genuine love, the purity and faith of childhood is blended with the valor and wisdom of middle-age, giving to those who attain this love a spirit of immortal youth molded by a knowledge of worldly experience. None can love and remain ignorant—none can love and become coarse. The glorious mystic dawn of creation lends perpetual light, with the strength of the morning, to those who esteem their love before all else. Weariness, discouragement, disillusionment, wait for him who treads a loveless path; but neither time can dull nor space deter nor even death alter the endless reality of progress and communion that souls feel who love altogether. Convinced by their own sureness of the ultimate goodness of things, looking at the play of life serene with a cloudless consciousness, trusting and hoping and working and waiting, they who love can face together all the woes of a world of sense—and only smile toward the vision of permanence beyond.

LOVE EXCELS

Fairer than the fairest,  
Faultlessly complete;  
Sweeter than the sweetest—  
Making bitter sweet;

Wiser than the wisest,  
Knowing only good;  
Stronger than the strongest,  
(Strength of Motherhood);

Finer than the finest—  
Body changed to soul;  
Freer than the freest,  
Fixed upon a goal;

Purer than the purest,  
Panoplied with fire;  
Dearer than the dearest,  
Hope of heart's desire;

*This is Love.* And he who loves is  
Better than the best  
Of all beside—for loving means  
To leave and lose the rest!

## THE LOVING WORD

A venerable Princeton alumnus came for his fiftieth Commencement Anniversary. He was looking eagerly for what he might find familiar among the ancient buildings on the old campus. Each summer sees old boys coming back to college homes in like tender reminiscent mood. This old man was missing two comrades he had fully expected to meet. A warm-hearted college boy noticed the bent figure and lonely look of the zealous old collegian. Stepping briskly up to him he asked, "What can I do for you, Sir?" The answer came quickly, "You've done it already." We old college boys can guess the rest of that interview between eager youth and interested age. God bless lads who greet us with loving deference. I saw the home of that college boy in dear old Jersey the other day. He's a born candidate for our Harmony Club. I'd like to see the boy. Wouldn't you?

A loving word at the right time "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Let us all love enough to earn a little right to talk about it.

May a God of Love make our last CENTER of the First Volume the most harmonious and helpful of the whole year, because filled with that love for which human hearts hunger.—*A Club Member.*

### CLUB NEWS

Under this heading will be given records of our growth, individual and collective; with ideas and suggestions for enlarging the scope of the Club. Every member is asked to contribute, and to aid us in promoting the work.

Wouldn't your friends and neighbors enjoy a Harmony meeting, at your home or in a public hall, with a lecture by the Editor and perhaps a word from the Secretary?

Miss Fogler and Mr. Purinton have had so many requests for meetings of this kind in towns and cities near New York, that plans are now being formulated to meet the demand.

Between September 1910 and June 1911 we shall arrange for many such local gatherings addressed by some official of the Club, and held for the purpose of benefit to members no less than of interest to strangers.

No matter where you live, or what your circumstances may be—if you would like a visit for yourself with a lecture and uplift for your community let us know at once and we will see what can be done. Say which month you would prefer, and what lecture topics would be most helpful.

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Last week an urgent letter came from Philadelphia, asking us to form a local branch of the Harmony Club there, in co-operation with a leading citizen who has taken up the work. The next day a similar request was received from a smaller city. And now we have an offer on the desk from a lady living near Herald Square, New York, who places her business and reception rooms at our disposal for an uptown headquarters of the Club.

In view of the developments we are working out for next year, these proofs of belief, enthusiasm and ambition are most gratifying. We expect to have a plan for conducting local branches in readiness by fall. Applications will go on file in the order in which they reach this office. If you are thinking of starting a little Harmony branch of your own, we shall be glad to work with you toward that end. Please write us freely.

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Special attention is called to the matter of change of address. If you are away from home during the summer, please notify the Club *when you go* as to the disposition of the Monthly while you are gone, and *also when you return* as to how we shall mail it during the winter months. Members often write to say that the Monthly isn't coming regularly—and we find that no change of address has been recorded. Please remember this, in case you travel.

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Certain important phases of Health, Happiness, Harmony and Progress have remained untouched during the first year of THE CENTER, which closes this month. In order to cover these topics, and also to vary the style and substance of the reading matter, we have won the consent of the following well-known writers, thinkers and specialists, to give us articles expressing their individual observation and experience in seeking and finding happiness. These new contributors, among others, will add to the interest and the value of THE CENTER for the coming year, beginning with August:—

REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, whose editorials for the *New*



*York American* and other publications have gained a national following;

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, editor of *The Forerunner* and author of various books on advanced themes;

DR. CHARLES H. SHEPARD, the pioneer in Physiological Therapeutics;

MISS ADELAIDE KEEN, whose helpful thoughts have endeared her to many;

REV. HENRY FRANK, the writer and speaker whose audience extends throughout the United States;

DR. A. R. E. WYANT, the well-known psychologist and physician of Chicago;

ELVIRA ADAMS ATWOOD, apostle of cheer;

HEREWARD CARRINGTON, leader in psychic research;

MISS LIDA A. CHURCHILL, author of many publications on practical metaphysics;

DR. ALICE B. STOCKHAM, whose work for Childhood, Marriage and Motherhood has made her beloved in thousands of homes.

We want to thank these friends publicly for their generous and prompt co-operation, and to prophesy that you will thank them too.

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Please note that we have moved to larger, better quarters at 700 West End Avenue, Corner of 94th Street, near the 96th Street Subway Station. Next month we shall tell you why we moved, and what we expect to accomplish in the new place. Meanwhile, members and their friends living in, or passing through, Greater New York will be welcome at any time, by appointment through letter or telephone communication.

## QUESTION BOX

Questions of general interest will be answered so far as we are able and numbered consecutively. Please make them brief. Letters for Question Box should be marked "Personal to the Editor."

QUESTION 43. Miss E. G. K.—Chicago.

"How can I help those who are dear to me whose philosophy is negative, who resist helpful suggestion? Is it possible to help them? If it is possible, how can I reorganize my forces to do it, and yet not impose myself upon them?"

There isn't anybody you can't help. But your knowledge of human nature must be adequate and your method of approach scientific; otherwise you will fail—though your motive be the purest and kindest in the world. And remember that the hardest to help are those nearest to us; they see all our imperfections, and make out of them punctuation-marks to end our most eloquent sermon. Never preach to a man who knows you; practice before him—or keep still.

Analyze your own question. You say your friends "resist helpful suggestions"—I don't believe it. They resist suggestions which *appear helpful to you*, but none that *would be helpful to them*. The mind, no less than the stomach, appropriates just the food it can use; any thought which your friend rejects is to him unwholesome. He may be mentally disordered—but you may be sure he likes just what he needs.

It is a physiological impossibility for the average brain to accept a new idea without protest. Did you ever try

to pour a bucket of fresh water onto a greased surface: What happens to the water? The same thing happens to a stream of thought directed toward the brain of your friend—the flow divides into a thousand minute particles, separated by the grease-coat of tradition, custom, prejudice and misinformation that envelops the brain. No channel has been made for the accommodation of original thought. And most people resist the encroachment of new ideas because they can't afford the time for a mental house-cleaning in preparation. Don't blame them—try some other method.

The *emotional* brain, which is the solar plexus, you will find comparatively free and receptive. In short, make your friends love you more—then you can give them light. Flowers turn to the sun because the sun is life to them; men and women too want life—not philosophy. Make it a rule never to offer advice unless you are asked; then give it modestly, quietly, preferably in the form of a question so that the idea will seem to come from the questioner more than from you. You are probably very honest—but not very tactful. Add finesse to your spiritual equipment. The best way, the most scientific way, to help your friends is to empower, unfold and perfect yourself. Be a living illustration of your creed and text—then watch them ask for the sermon! I have seen numbers of cases where an individual began thinking for himself and was immediately voted crazy by the rest of his tribe. But that didn't make him crazy, and before many years his whole family connection were asking his advice on the very points they once ridiculed! Be yourself, and wait. Only truth endures.

QUESTION 44. Anonymous.

"I would like to know how to be happy when one's husband has had his emotional and idealistic nature almost entirely atrophied by disappointments and ill health. My daily life is a problem if ever there was one. I have to hide all my spiritual cravings and idealism, because my husband is an extreme rationalist, not caring enough about THE CENTER to read it, and rather pitying me for holding such ideas. He is physically and mentally ill, but cannot realize that his negative thought is a manifestation of disease."

The loving way to convince a man is to pet him into doing anything you want; the logical way is to make him see that you are quite independent of him. Have you tried either way? Or have you mixed them? Most wives mix them—and most wives are never quite sure of their husbands. The woman who can take a definite stand and *keep* it hasn't much occasion to dread her husband's intellectual contortions; no matter what he thinks, he will respect her enough to be silent. I should judge that your happiness depends on your *firmness*.

Don't hide your spiritual cravings—the salvation of you both depends on your having enough idealism for him as well as yourself, until he has found the emptiness of the brain and experienced the riches of heart and soul. But mold your spirituality into so vital a form that he won't recognize it. And never assume to teach him—no man short of an angel will acknowledge how a woman can possibly know more than he does.

Concede the wisdom of rationalism, follow him to the end of his philosophy, then ask where he gets? Does it make him happy, or healthy, or popular, or successful? Then is it practical? Tell him you are a Pragmatist (if

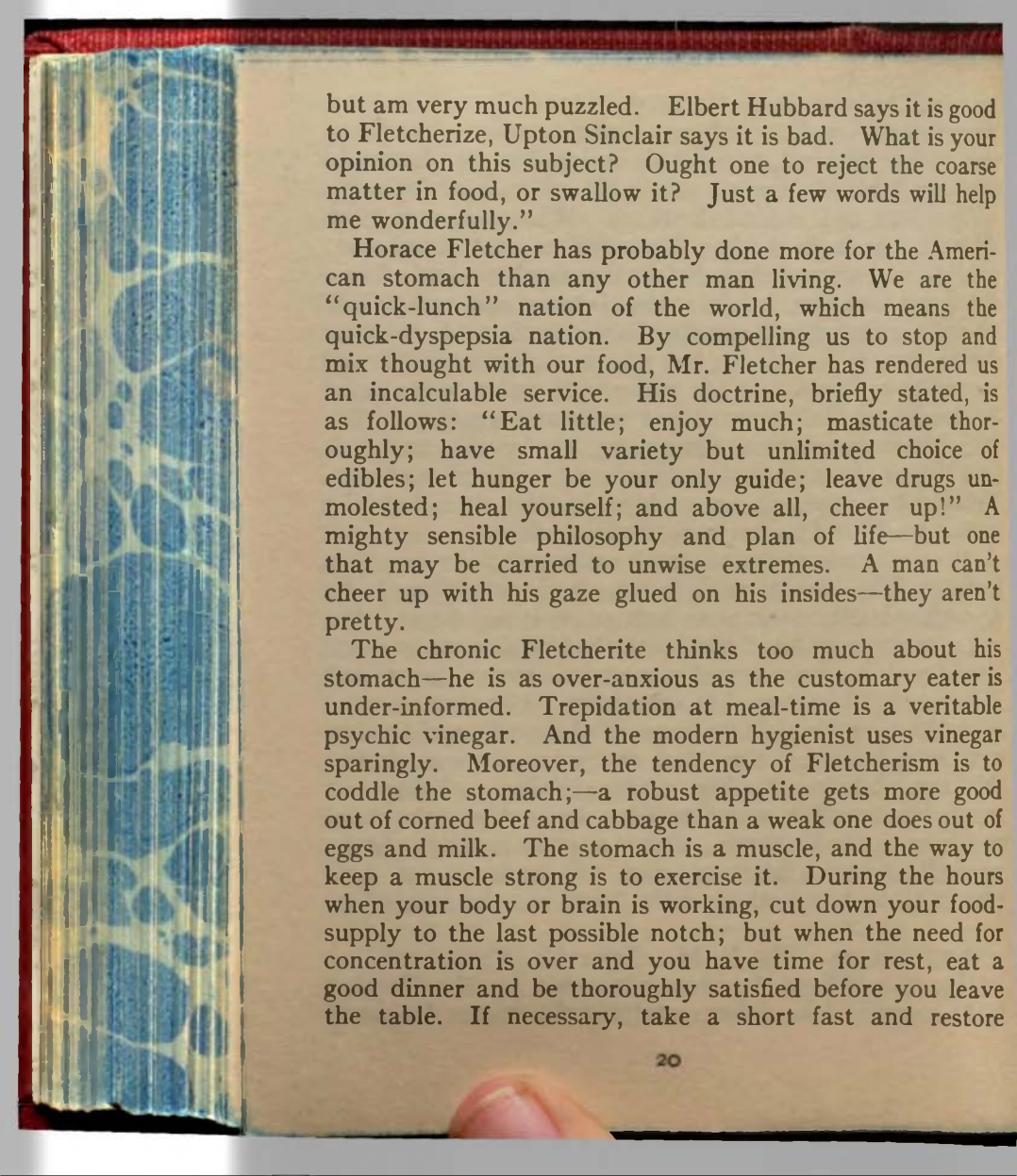
you don't know what that is, read Professor James' book on Pragmatism)—and as such you demand results—not theories. Your husband, with all his rationalism, is a fantastic dreamer if his life doesn't prove the wisdom of his talk.

Moreover, he is behind the times. When scores of great scientists, such as Lodge, Flammarion, and Lombroso, publicly announce their belief in the psychic world of undeveloped faculties, surely a mere layman can well afford to reserve judgment, pending investigation. I know a doctor, who is an atheist, but who works scientifically on the religious instinct of his patients in order to promote the health of their mental and nervous organism. This man has a reputation throughout the world, and has probably made more money than your husband ever saw. Nothing but ignorance, nowadays, justifies denial of the unseen world and its power to shape destiny.

Do you know where the real pathos of your question seems to lie? Not so much in your husband's ailing body or confused mind as in your own unawakened heart. Are you sure you ever loved him, with the idolizing, unreserved intensity that every normal woman feels toward her mate? If so, you would not need to ask advice. Love knows more in one instant than all the sages of the world could tell in a thousand years. You and the man of your choice, thinking, planning, hoping, wanting, living, suffering and sacrificing together, can face with joy and certainty the problems of the Universe. *But it must be together.* Make yourself one with him, and you will smile to find how easy it all is, how nothing really hurts but the separation.

QUESTION 45. Mr. F. M.—Knoxville, Tenn.

“Do you believe the ideas advocated by Mr. Fletcher to be sound? I have been studying the matter for years,

The image shows an open book. The left side is the spine, which has a marbled pattern of blue and yellow-green. The right side is a cream-colored page with black text. The text is arranged in two paragraphs. The first paragraph discusses the opinion of Elbert Hubbard and Upton Sinclair on a subject, likely related to diet. The second paragraph discusses Horace Fletcher's dietetic philosophy and its effects on the stomach. The page number '20' is visible at the bottom center.

but am very much puzzled. Elbert Hubbard says it is good to Fletcherize, Upton Sinclair says it is bad. What is your opinion on this subject? Ought one to reject the coarse matter in food, or swallow it? Just a few words will help me wonderfully."

Horace Fletcher has probably done more for the American stomach than any other man living. We are the "quick-lunch" nation of the world, which means the quick-dyspepsia nation. By compelling us to stop and mix thought with our food, Mr. Fletcher has rendered us an incalculable service. His doctrine, briefly stated, is as follows: "Eat little; enjoy much; masticate thoroughly; have small variety but unlimited choice of edibles; let hunger be your only guide; leave drugs unmolested; heal yourself; and above all, cheer up!" A mighty sensible philosophy and plan of life—but one that may be carried to unwise extremes. A man can't cheer up with his gaze glued on his insides—they aren't pretty.

The chronic Fletcherite thinks too much about his stomach—he is as over-anxious as the customary eater is under-informed. Trepidation at meal-time is a veritable psychic vinegar. And the modern hygienist uses vinegar sparingly. Moreover, the tendency of Fletcherism is to coddle the stomach;—a robust appetite gets more good out of corned beef and cabbage than a weak one does out of eggs and milk. The stomach is a muscle, and the way to keep a muscle strong is to exercise it. During the hours when your body or brain is working, cut down your food-supply to the last possible notch; but when the need for concentration is over and you have time for rest, eat a good dinner and be thoroughly satisfied before you leave the table. If necessary, take a short fast and restore

normal hunger; but don't try to eat with the idea of starving in the back of your head.

The "coarse matter" in natural food was put there to be used. If you swallow nothing but what has been reduced to liquid, the peristaltic and intestinal activities of digestion won't have the proper stimulus, and won't do the proper work. Yet all *starches, sweets and fats*, must be liquefied through mastication—and here Fletcherism is right. Make this discrimination: *Whatever is soluble, chew till it swallows itself; whatever is insoluble, chew fine and swallow according to your instinct.* If you like the peel of oranges or apples, a little of it is probably just what you need. And certainly the fiber of corn, oats and wheat is beneficial to the average digestion.

Special ailments preclude all rough elements from the alimentary tract. So that if you are troubled with gastritis, intestinal catarrh, or any other local difficulty producing extreme sensitiveness, it would be well to omit coarse foods temporarily.

Fletcherism is good, as a means of re-discovering your natural tastes and desires. But every ism must be ruled by the I. Let us thank Mr. Fletcher with all our heart—then pass on to individual supremacy.

QUESTION 47. Mrs. E. E. C.—North Dakota.

"How can we strengthen a weak will?"

This question to be answered fully would necessitate a personal diagnosis of the mental, physical, emotional, psychic and spiritual organism. Such an examination is the beginning of real education—yet no school on earth gives it, or even suggests the importance of it. Most wrongdoing, in the child or the adult, may be traced to

either a stubborn will or a weak will. Hence the will is the backbone of character.

What makes the will weak? Find the cause and you have entered the path of power. Is it self-indulgence, poor health, lack of continuity, excessive modesty and self-distrust, a habit of conforming to the wishes of others, unsystematic work, feeble incentive, or a negative attitude and proneness to discouragement? Many factors compose the human will. Resolve them into their simplest form, and treat each by itself.

The most stupendous will in history was that of Napoleon. What made it? Qualities and faculties that any man may develop;—independence, imagination, resolution, concentration, persistence, nerve, tact, colossal faith in himself and belief in his destiny. He saw just what he wanted, then he proceeded to get it, and nothing in the Universe mattered till he did get it. A weak will is fundamentally a will buried and lost in non-essentials. The weakness comes not from inability but from restriction.

One thing may be stated very definitely, and conclusively. *The weakest will can be transformed into a resislless force, through the vitalizing power of an all-conquering love.* Until you feel such a love, your will is not worth energizing; and when you do feel it, neither man, angel or demon could thwart your purpose. Get on fire with an adoration or ambition that leaves you no choice but to consume the world in satisfying it. When you have reached that height of fervor—obstacles will melt.

QUESTION 48. Mr. E. W. R.—New York City.

“I am looking for a true, cheerful woman, a member of your Club, who can appreciate the society of an optimist like myself. My work so takes my time that I don't have



any opportunity to meet desirable people. I suppose you will say that you are not running a matrimonial bureau; well, I am adhering to your offer and am telling you my problem—this will certainly add to my happiness.”

I hope that none of our readers will be tempted to laugh at this man's honest request. Human life divides itself into three epochs—birth, death, and marriage. We cannot as yet individually control birth and death (I believe we shall, some day); hence our entire responsibility focuses in marriage. It is the most serious thing in the world. Not solemn, or painful, or sad, as ignorant jokesmiths would have us imagine; but so fraught with meaning that nothing else begins to compare with it.

Your view of marriage is selfish. The first duty of a wife is not to “appreciate your society.” This antiquated idea, proudly held for ages by the bogus lords of creation, is fast being exploded—thanks to the education and ambition of the modern woman. You cannot marry for pleasure, you cannot marry for business, you must not marry for anything but love. And love means worship before it means want. Marriage as a business fails; marriage as a pleasure turns to grief; marriage as a religion becomes a business that succeeds, and a pleasure that deepens with the years. What is *your* motive?

You cannot select a wife as you would pick a dainty shell, or pluck a sweet flower, from the shores and dells of experience where you wander. *Males are born*—not sought and chosen arbitrarily. If you could make a hundred new women friends every day, that wouldn't solve your problem. For the One Woman might be on the other side of the globe. She will come, when you are ready. Your anxiety should be not possession, but preparation. Do you know how to treat a wife? Have you mastered the laws of

physiology and psychology that underlie a happy marriage? What sort of father will you be? Are you reverent, fine, immaculate, in thought as well as deed? Could you fulfill the utmost ideal of the kind of woman you are looking for? Study your own life, the map will take care of itself.

Marriage is a query—not a quest. The query is “*Am I ready?*” Answer this right; and the woman God made for you will be drawn to you, irresistibly drawn by the forces of mental, magnetic and spiritual attraction, which perhaps you may not see but which operate as subtly and surely as the hidden currents of the earth directing the point of the mariner’s compass. Remember that space is nothing to the soul. Perceive, clarify, energize your own soul; and somewhere, beyond the veil of human vision, the woman to complete your life will respond.

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THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR AUGUST  
WILL BE

“**Keeping Well**”

# The Harmony Club Resolve

TO CREATE HAPPINESS  
IN MYSELF AND OTHERS

## I Will

Keep a strong body for the work I have to do ;

A loving heart for those about me ;

A clear mind for all truth, whose recognition  
brings freedom ;

A poised, unconquerable soul for the ideal  
whose champion I declare myself

## And

I WILL possess a faith mighty enough to rout anxiety, ride over difficulty, challenge hardship, smile through grief, deny failure, see only victory, looking to the end ; by which hopeful assurance now attuned, I am at peace with myself, the world, and the Infinite

"HARMONY AT THE CENTER RADIATES HAPPINESS  
THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE SPHERE OF LIFE"

## CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Love makes a burden a privilege.

Love may be known by how it illumines.

Forgiveness is an unknown word in the lexicon of Love. He who loves sees nothing to forgive, and he who loves not is unable to forgive.

We are tolerant of those we love because we hold them a part of ourselves.

The man who calls Love a lottery bought his chance in violation of the law.

Safe prescription for any invalid : Call in Doctor Laughter, but make Nurse Love your constant attendant.

Logic is a good support for Love—but a poor substitute.

A man is most ennobled by whom he loves ; a woman by who loves her. That is why in a perfect marriage, the devotion of the man is pure, while the nature of the woman is strong.

Men need education for marriage, women need education for work. Not less body but more soul is the cure for sensualism.

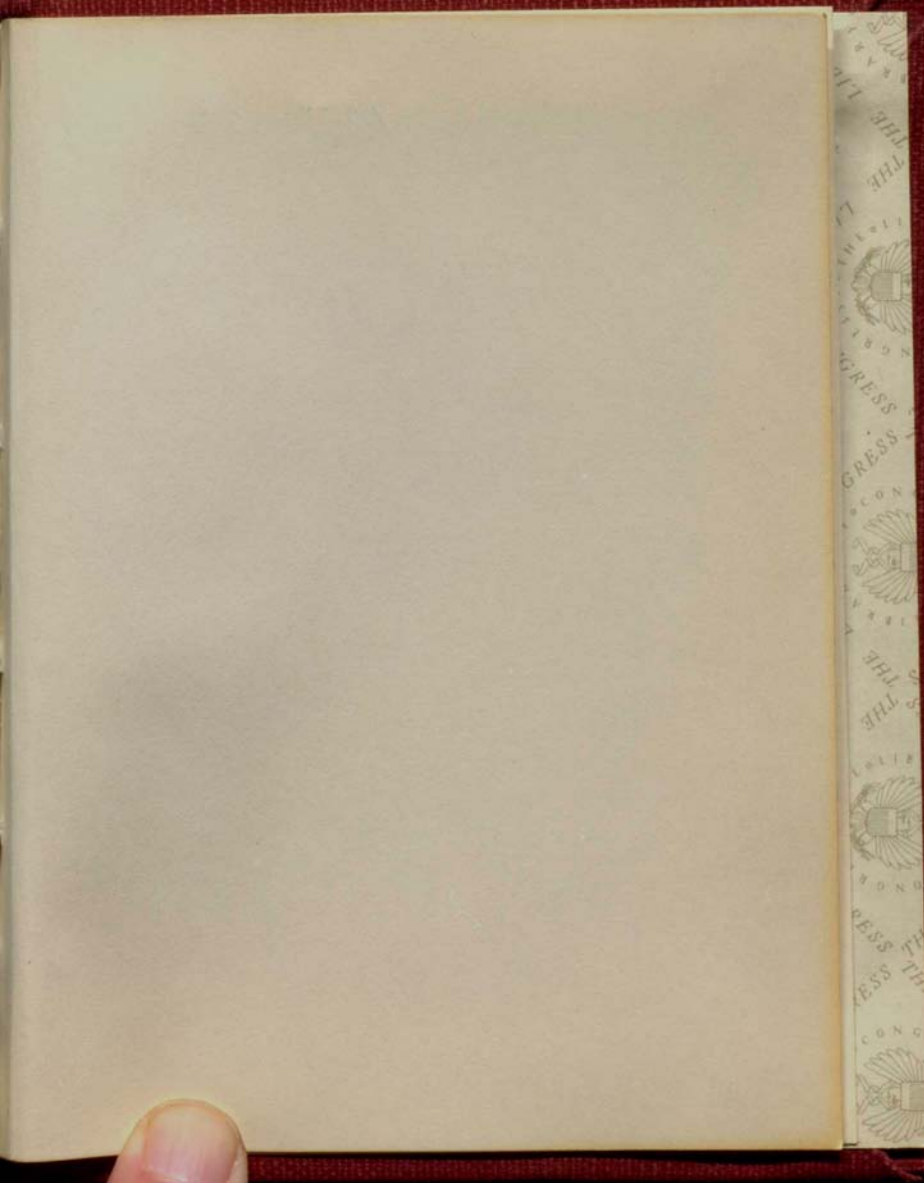
Creation is the business of mothers, consecration the business of fathers. Until fathers know their business, mothers are only half equipped for theirs.

A woman's smiles are for the world, her kisses for the one who needs her, her tears for the one she needs. Blessed is the man on whose breast a sweetheart weeps.

What is the sweetest thing in life? Crucifixion for the sake of the Woman or the Deity you love! If you do not understand this, ask a mother what it means.

The only thing more beautiful than to do what one loves is to do what one hates for the sake of those one loves.

That is Love which proves nothing impossible save the word impossible!



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