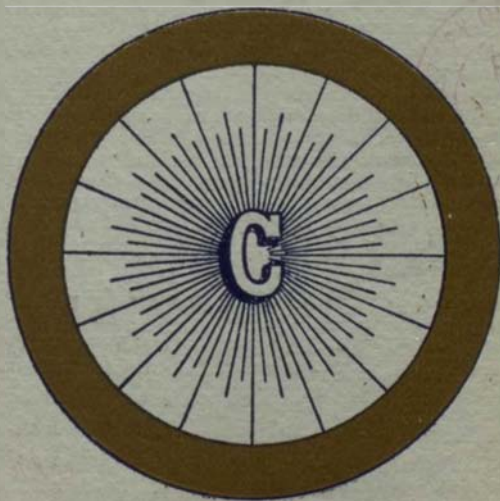


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THE CENTER

FEBRUARY



LEADING ARTICLE

Ought-To versus Want-To

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 30 Church Street, New York City.

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Ought To versus Want To

Which of these warring elements will produce Happiness?
Neither—and both. Neither alone—both together.

That word “versus” should be stricken from the language.
It doesn’t belong. It’s a lie. Without warning or provocation, it has made foes out of friends and corpses out of foes. Foemanry is a species of hallucination, brought upon us by the artificiality in which we live undiscovered to ourselves. You can’t fight with a man you *know*. Enemies are but strangers with their names torn off. Their disability came before the battle.

Entered as second-class matter September 27, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Ought-To and *Want-To* are twins. And they look so much alike you can scarcely tell one from the other. This may not appear all at once—because these mischievous twins have been wearing false faces. *Ought-To* wore a face as long as a clothes-pin, *Want-To* wore a face as round as an apple. They did it to please their friends. Very good people—the kind that worship *Ought-To*, aren't usually happy unless they're mournful; whereas very joyous people—the kind that chum with *Want-To*, aren't really good unless they're happy.

So the twins, to keep their followings, had to choose each a mask with a human failing in it. Idolatry is always the worship of a mask. Let us now strip the guise from our idols and view them as they are. Whether Puritan or Sybarite, we have patterned our lives not by the whole truth but by a kink in our temperament. Neither Duty nor Inclination can be a safe guide until each makes us know and love the other.

In almost every community, there are two well-defined sets of people—the good ones proud of their uppishness, and the bad ones proud of their offishness. Now the character that a man is proud of he has usually pawned for a reputation; and if he steps too high he's going to lose the ticket. Goodness never poses; and when Badness turns a deaf ear, it is that something else is masquerading under the name of Goodness.

Righteousness can not be wholly good, for it is not wholly happy. Nor can Wickedness be wholly bad, for it is not wholly miserable. Throughout the everlasting struggle of Good and Evil, both contestants are half-blind; the churchgoer in his *devotion to false duties*, the pleasure-seeker in his *denial of real duties*. Not with our conscience do we fight our neighbor, but with our substitute for a conscience. Our conscience is never aware that our neighbor exists.

Can you imagine the sunshine quarreling with a flower? Yet if the sun and the blossom were human, each would say to the other, "You are doing wrong because you don't do as I do." And each would imagine itself a paragon of virtue for having thus questioned the virtue of its neighbor! There is probably nothing so stupid in the Universe as a very good person who has not yet learned to think. He himself creates much of the evil by seeing evil where evil is not.

This whole conflict between so-called Virtue and so-called Vice resolves to a grapple in the dark of *unreal duties* with *unreal desires*. All unpleasant things are unreal things. And the great secret of enjoying life is to have so clear a vision that what we should do and what we would do are always interchangeable. We cannot really want the thing but what is best for us. Knowledge of, and faith in, our own supreme desire will be found the boulevard to Heaven. Any other path leads roundabout, into thickets, over crags, along great sloughs of despond. The man whose only guide is Duty could never be happy in Heaven—even if he reached there.

The principal vice of the very dutiful is that they are also very direful. The reason is apparent; they have so bound up their conscience with a tapeline whereby to measure their neighbors that the poor thing can't breathe. A healthy conscience laughs—it is the ailing one that groans. No mirror betrays so much as a mournful countenance, a pessimist being a fellow who has got an unexpected view of his own insides.

May not doing right and frowning be as irreligious as doing wrong and smiling? Is it natural to be morally stiff-necked? Who first dared assume that Righteousness is repellent? Not Goodness is unpopular, but Goodness with a grouch. And the grouch came from something that was not good.

The next vice of the very dutiful takes the form of hallucination. They suppose that we ought to be commonplace, that our thought, feeling, speech, action and hope of salvation should precisely tally with that of John Smith next door, or that of Lady Genevieve De Peyster Knickerbocker over on the avenue. The styles in virtue are what make virtue vicious. A life can be judged by its motive alone—and who sees that but God? We seldom do right altogether until we do something that looks wrong to other people. Why? Because to the majority anything different is questionable. And when we become ourselves, we are altogether different. The soul is without pattern, the soul must create anew.

Another vice of the very dutiful—perhaps the most grievous one—is that of cowardice. They are good because they want to go to Heaven, and they fear the consequences of being bad. Is not this a paltry state of mind? A larger nobility looms in the splendid daring of a pirate chief! The courage to risk all on the venture we love most proves how close we are to the Power that moves the world. Results are the measure of weaklings, actions the measure of men.

Is it right? Then do it. Forget Heaven, forget Hell, forget the world and go ahead. Fear punishment? No. Expect reward? No. Ask advice? No. Get clear, then realize the divinity of abandon. The purpose of conscience is not to restrain but to inspire, uplift, impel. "Thou Shalt Not" is but a poor translation of "Thou Canst and Wilt!" One positive desire contains more religion than do a million negative duties. Instinct is a duty, impulse a duty, emotion a duty, ambition a duty, kindness a duty, sympathy a duty, independence a duty. These are duties because they were desires. A duty is a desire with a fence around it. All that

most people see is the fence, whereas they should first look for the flowers inside.

What makes Right wrong and Wrong right is our external standard of right and wrong. We impose, on ourselves and our neighbors, duties that have no excuse for being save the excuse of antiquity. Most of our duties are but the customs of our friends whitewashed by our own conscience.

Our social duties, what are they? To be thoughtful, generous, patient, calm, loving; to see good in everyone, and feel how the world is a vast brotherhood of souls marching Heavenward. But to follow any such program is to annihilate the social code. With artificial graces the gods of hospitality, who can be friendly in a simple, honest way? Instead, we figure on the cost of our entertainments, striving to awe our guests and eclipse that function at Mrs. Montmorency Jones's last week. We pay calls and are glad if the callee is out. We are nice to the members of "our crowd," and over-nice to the people in the set just above us—as though friendship were a matter of brownstone and livery! We condemn the anarchist and spurn the Ishmaelite; yet these virtual outcasts, hunting some way to be honest with themselves, may teach us the first great lesson of altruism, that the duty most friendly is to shape our own character in view of the others.

Our intellectual duties, what are they? To think originally, plan definitely, execute wisely; and be ever alert for the coming of a new truth in unsuspected guise. But how can we judge clearly when we have filled our brains with gossip, anxiety, complaint, mean stories and newspaper trash? The human brain is the rag bag of civilization. And until we empty it of the wornout articles that other people have jammed in it, we need not expect to have a

place for our jewels. Crystals do not gather in the midst of cobwebs.

Our financial duties, what are they? To make money, save it, and give it, all three. The capitalist, the miser, and the spendthrift, is each a third of a man. Nor will each grow complete by denying the value of the others. Here again we allow popular opinion to influence us wrongly. We attribute unselfishness to the pauper, and greed to the millionaire; whereas the pauper's covetous eying of the pennies demonstrates not only greed but sloth. No man has found himself until the work he is doing pays him well. Nature is lavish with all her children; when we skimp, we disobey. If life is good, the larger living the better life.

Our religious duties, what are they? To know God's plan for the world, and to embody our own highest ideal. This means a faith unconquerable, a hope serene and steadfast, a joy that lifts the veil from sorrow and triumphs even in the grave! What if the vision come through public worship, or silent meditation, or the human leading of a sympathetic hand? God has so many ways of approach that even the atheist may be nearing Heaven by a path which the minister has not seen. Not how often we go to church, not how much we give to missions, not how fully we have memorized the Bible; but how deeply we love our neighbor, and how far we radiate the light of our own soul; this declares the spirit of God within us.

As much could be told of the unreal desires as of the unreal duties.

But the dutiful people have held themselves patterns for all the world; and a pattern becomes ragged much sooner than the article by which it is cut. Reform is the height of human presumption; God wants men made after Himself,

not after other men. The sinner has been lectured enough, it is time that we lectured the saint. The saint must teach the sinner how to want things *better*—but the sinner must teach the saint how to want things *more*. A duty apart from a desire is the shell of a nut apart from the kernel. Some good may be had from an unreal desire, but to an unreal duty there is only waste.

This plea is not for the abolition of conscience, but for the recognition and extension of it through all the departments of life. To many people, conscience has become a faded bookmark in some historic tome of shelved and musty morals. Conscience must be lifted bodily from the dim ethical alcove in which it somehow got buried, and be firmly established in the ordinary lives of everyday folks. Conscience belongs in the physical senses, in hunger and thirst, in energy and magnetism, in the desire for work and play, in the choice of companions, in the ordering of the day's routine, in the feeling, thought and word of the passing moment, in the ambition of the morrow, in the yearning to love and give and serve, in every least expression of a human life. In short, the purpose of conscience is to tell us what we want, why we need it, how to get it.

Thus the Happiness of doing right is only the Happiness of being real. Realness is rightness; and the man who desires powerfully enough, clearly enough, kindly enough, does his duty without knowing it. A duty is not a duty until we call it something else.

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.

The watchword from now on is *Action*.

And that means, first of all, Co-operation.

The idea of the Harmony Club has swept the country. The Monthly is being read by all classes of people, from bricklayers to college presidents. Centers are forming in various localities. Requests for meetings, conferences and lectures have been coming faster than we could handle them. The local campaign is under way—and all members living in Greater New York who would like to help extend the work are invited to communicate with the Secretary (Telephone Cortlandt 6500). The inside management and office detail have been perfected, with the departments organized to take good care of 50,000 members.

Now what?

Action; on our part, on your part, on the part of everybody you or we can interest. We shall not need to urge you—you have been urging us. In the experience of us all, from the President down, there has never been such an outpour of sympathy, love and good will from such a multitude of busy people. The letters that you will presently read are only a few out of many. And they keep coming, with no solicitation but the eagerness of the writers. With such a backing, we can win the world for Harmony. And we are ready to begin.

A Message to Club Members, mailed to you separately, describes the first step.

After thinking over scores of plans, we have decided on this one as involving least labor, least expense, largest, quickest and best returns. If you will stand by us, fifty thousand people will be shown the way to Happiness in a comparatively short time.

Here are the letters—each different, but all one. There should be a new rule in *How To Be Happy*—“Get somebody to write you a cheery letter.” Because these letters have made us happier even than doing the work.

A traveling man from Texas writes this:

“The copies of THE CENTER came this morning. I have already read them, and shall read them again and again. I try each day to stand facing the sun, so that the shadows may fall behind me, and it is my desire to do all in my power to make others happy. I shall do all I can to help the Harmony Club, and wish 100,000 people could read THE CENTER each month. Put me down as a Branch of this great work.”

One man a whole Branch—what do you think of that? And it will pay the man, too. A commercial traveler up in New Haven the other day wasn't feeling very well, and had his doubts of making a sale. When he entered the store of his prospective customer, the first thing he saw was a Harmony Club pin on the merchant's coat! “Do you belong too?” each exclaimed, and they couldn't start smiling quick enough. Was there a sale? There was—and a good one. The Harmony Club is based on common sense, that is why the people who do things enjoy being members.

Here is a letter with a note that has never been sounded before in our correspondence. The writer is a young man whose specialty is machinery.

“It may be worth while for you to know that some of

the ideas in your little magazine have been of great value to me.

“Take the question of fineness, of which your editor is so fond of writing. In the September ‘CENTER PHILOSOPHY’ he says, ‘The end of development is to become wholly fine but not a whit feeble.’ At first the idea of fineness seemed to associate itself with delicately reared girls, afraid-to-go-out-in-the-rain young men, and others not fitted to cope with the everyday world. But a chance remark of one girl to another, overheard one day in talking about some one they had met—‘Isn’t he fine? He understands one’—threw more light upon the subject.

“As soon as a man discovers that he lacks in fineness, he is on the high-road to learn something which will be of value to him the rest of his life. He need not fear that it will lessen his ability; indeed, it will have the opposite effect—the finer one becomes, the sharper his wits will get. And as soon as he tries to make himself finer, he will be surprised to find that he has much to learn, and that his mother, sisters, and girl friends have apparently always known it, and either pitied or ridiculed him.

“Many family jars and little difficulties might be avoided if the boys, and also the ‘boys grown tall,’ would try more to cultivate fineness and understanding; for many a woman’s desire is for finer qualities and greater understanding in a man, often expressing itself in the sigh, ‘When will you understand?’ or ‘You don’t understand!’

“To be fine may seem at first an indefinite thing for a practical man to strive for, but the more one tries for it the more one learns of the little things that make up many of life’s real pleasures; and though some may think otherwise, I have found that they are things to be appreciated. For

fineness will bring understanding, and understanding of others will bring sympathy, also patience; and both are of use in the everyday world."

If every man could read this letter and live the truth of it, the faces of women would be transfigured with the rarest joy that a woman knows. It is the blindness of men that occasions the weakness of women; and just to realize that any man *sees* gives a true woman both courage and comfort.

A business man from the Northwest emphasizes the attractiveness of our work:

"Recently while in Salt Lake I met a friend from Chicago who told me of the Harmony Club, and we agreed to join; upon his return to Chicago he sent in our subscriptions and I am now receiving *THE CENTER*. No friend of mine ever did me a better turn than did this one when he put me in touch with the grand work you are doing.

"I know of no more pleasant diversion of the busy man than to become acquainted with the literature you are putting out. May you prosper and succeed."

We are glad that the Club literature affords diversion—so much that is true is overserious. When our friend comes to see us in March, as he promises, we hope he will find enough growth to justify his expectations.

A Maryland man writes:

"I have just received the copies of *THE CENTER* and find them full of gold nuggets. I anticipate much pleasure and profit from my small investment and hope to see the membership soar up into the millions. Will surely help push it in that direction."

The millions are waiting. And if we had enough members, all as enthusiastic, the waiting would not be long.

Here is co-operation from an Iowa member:

"Please accept grateful thanks for the budget of sunshine which came into my lonely room on a gray, rainy day. As I read the Manual and THE CENTER I thought of so many friends who ought to have just such little 'boosts' up the Happy way. Before the day and evening were over, I donned wraps and rubbers and shared some of the good thoughts with a busy housewife, while she ironed, and also with a lonely man, who looked quite a bit younger as the 'sunshine' stole over his face from a warmer heart."

From Illinois comes this word of cheer, with several new subscriptions:

"I have read and reread the Monthly. I am so delighted I want everyone to know about it. The tone strikes the need of thousands of aching hearts."

Most of the aching hearts are known to physicians and clergymen, whose life work is improving sad conditions. Therefore such letters as the following bespeak much for the broadening of opportunities.

This from a physician: "The object of the Harmony Club is the best I have heard of in any society, and I trust you will realize your highest ideals. However, I have joined the Club not because I am unhappy, but rather to aid you in making others happy if possible. I have studied and found that which the average person has not, and am willing to give a part of my time to aid those who can utilize it for their betterment."

And this from a clergyman: "Two copies of your publication fell into my hands the other day and in reading them I have been delighted. It has occurred to me it would be a good thing to organize a local Club in my church, and make

it an auxiliary for the reaching of many unhappy lives which as yet I have not been able to help."

Another clergyman has already done this. He finds the work of the Club so uplifting that he announces the meeting from the pulpit each week, together with the other church gatherings. In a recent letter he says: "The members of our branch are deeply interested—are helping ourselves, and blessing others. The parish is the better just for having an organization called The Harmony Club. The very title suggests the spirit of harmony, and truly we have never been so much at peace among ourselves as we are at present."

Sometimes we are asked "What can you really do for people who are in the midst of suffering and disaster?" The following extracts prove.

"Have had many things lately to make me downhearted, as, for instance, the late hurricane partly destroyed my home and caused a lot of expense for repairs. But I still maintain harmony in my soul and try to radiate to others, and I find that all this is a help toward carrying out our Club resolutions. Since reading the literature I have learned enough philosophy to cast all unnecessary gloom aside, I can smile and see life through a more cheerful aspect."

Another statement, shorter but even more compelling: "Please send me another book 'How To Be Happy.' My home burned up and I lost it in the fire. It has helped me in my loss to be happy, though my surroundings are not so pleasant as heretofore."

What are misfortunes beside a faith like that?

Here is a woman handicapped in many ways; employed in a family, so her time is not her own, she has to contend

also with habits formed through years of wrong thinking. Her splendid fight is enough to shame us who know more and have things easier. Read her letter and be inspired.

"I often sit alone in my room at night yearning to be able to understand more fully the wonderful hidden truths in the Harmony Club literature. It is simple—after understanding it—but to follow its meaning and digest it as it should be, seems almost an impossibility. But I hunger for it, and the soul longing is so great, it just *must* come. Sometimes I want to turn my back on everything else and study this truth—then I soon realize that the only way to get it must be just living right, thinking right, doing right with any and every circumstance that presents itself as the days go by. I sometimes have to scold myself for looking away miles for something to clear away, when I find myself surrounded with just buckets full of necessary cleaning that first needs clearing, to be able to get to the far away pile.

"I can gratefully say living means more to me than even six months ago, and I feel that THE CENTER Monthly has lifted much care out of my life. I know it will help me do a great deal more if I do my part right. I wish every mortal on earth could realize its truth for what it is worth. I am so anxious to get myself right, and I know in helping others I am adding more to myself. So I am trying—and erring—and trying again. I cannot yet see my way out, but I will keep on looking."

Do you wonder that the founders of the Club, with a deskful of letters like these, have determined to put the Club literature as soon as possible into the hands of fifty thousand people?

How far can you, will you, help?

QUESTION BOX

Questions of general interest will be answered so far as we are able and numbered consecutively. Please make them brief. If you wish a personal reply by letter, kindly forward subscriptions to Club and Monthly for seven new members with names and addresses of seven friends. Letters for Question Box should be marked "Personal to the Editor."

QUESTION 23. Mr. W. C. H.,—Pensacola, Florida.

"Please advise me through the Question Box if one can possibly be too optimistic. It is to my mind apparent that much of the so-called 'New Thought' is fake—and extremely illogical."

Much of any kind of new thought is overenthusiasm. Helen Wilmans, the organizer of Mental Science in this country, actually believed that she could by the force of her brain grow new limbs on people, execute surgical operations, and restore gray hair to its youthful color. Such a claim is illogical, but not so wild as it looks. I understand that Elmer Gates, in his laboratory at Chevy Chase, Washington, has really created body-cells by artificial stimulation of nerves, brain and blood. We have no right to call anything "fake"—most of the world's greatest problems have been finally solved by an impractical dreamer generally considered a fanatic, a charlatan, or a tool of sorcerers.

There is, however, such a thing as being an unmitigated optimist—blind, rash, flippant, weak and selfish, unable to cope with the stern grind of things and feebly taking refuge in a good-luck formula. Optimism without common sense is a balloon without ballast—only its descent is quicker than its ascent. Optimism without forethought is an engine off the track and still running; optimism without sympathy is a

boat with one oar; optimism without any needful human trait is a dangerous instrument of progress. We forget how slowly Nature works—it may be years before to-day's thought assumes visible shape. But if we picture Happiness clearly enough, and *frame it* with strong, coherent action, our lives will gradually change of themselves till the colors all blend with our dream and desire. Optimism is not talking, or even smiling—but *knowing, doing, waiting*.

QUESTION 24. Miss E. W.,—Philadelphia, Pa.

“I dislike most heartily belonging to things or to people; but I have been seeing and feeling the deep need of harmony, and have been working for it inwardly and outwardly for twenty years. So when I read your motto and platform I simply belonged whether I joined or not.”

This is not a question, but the answer to many questions—and the more valuable because of that. The Harmony Club is an association of people who belong to themselves. That constitutes the pledge and the passport. We invite not so much the professional club member as the individual who does not care about joining things. If the world could realize that altruism begins at home and that the highest unselfishness is to be wholly self-centered, most of the social and charitable organizations would be disbanded on the ground of waste effort.

Nothing so eases the daily round of human relationship as a genuine feeling of brotherhood. Really, we all want the same things, for ourselves and each other; the first desire being for growth and the Happiness it brings. This consciousness of union adds power to every one of us; teachers, preachers, physicians, day-laborers, business men, all classes of people have written to say that the Harmony idea makes

them more efficient as practical men and women. We postpone the millennium because we do not understand its business value. Great business concerns like the National Cash Register are proving how kindness, honesty, thoughtfulness, generosity—old-fashioned Bible virtues—can form the backbone of a mammoth enterprise. The Harmony Club would like to do its part in hastening the universal recognition of this fact.

QUESTION 25. Mr. J. G. H.,—Mason City, Iowa.

“Does the Harmony Club teach or believe in Transmigration? This seems to be a stumbling-block for me in seeking new members. Friends of mine tell me I am affiliated with a Club that advances peculiar doctrines. Out West we seem to be opposed to considering our monkey ancestors (?) very seriously. Kindly tell me how to meet this objection.”

Our faith is in Evolution, not in Transmigration. Please ask your friends to avoid the hasty conclusions of partial knowledge. As a Club, we hold that the true thing is what everyone believes. Therefore when the Buddhist and the Methodist conflict, we reserve decision until each knows more. Not the divinity but the humanity of our creeds makes them antagonistic.

Personally, the writer cannot subscribe to the doctrine of Transmigration. But millions of people do. And Omniscience would not let them cherish that belief save as it helps them grow. Why disturb ourselves, are we wiser than God? We fear not the heretic, but the doubt in our own mind that the heretic stirs up. Tell your friends the Harmony Club stands for bed-rock thinking; and they should not impugn our religion because we are digging at the unexplored re-

cesses of their mind. If Theology had once dared *think*, Heresy would never have been born. We want to reconcile them, for each has a truth invaluable to the other.

Here is a more vital principle. If religion is repeating a formula, then the lion and the dove are not religious. But if religion is living out what one feels and knows, then the lion and the dove may be more religious than the conventional man. Much of what we call religion is the worship not of God but of human personality. If God is Father to the sparrows and if He is Father to us, are not the sparrows kin to us? We can learn many things from our neighbors in the forest, as also from our neighbors in the sky. A spiritualized consciousness reaches both down and up, to include every form of life a necessary part in the Divine plan. Not by despising the animal in us do we become saintlike, but by loving the animal, and raising it to a loftier plane.

QUESTION 26. Mr. L. B.,—Olivet, Mich.

"I am very much interested in growth. If I understand the CENTER plan, it is to grow the individual members into cosmic consciousness, which means to comprehend the Divine. Cosmic consciousness does not depend on determination, will or any effort of the mind. It is the acceptance of the real. Now please tell me what effort we make to be real? Will not the inspiration to know make cosmic consciousness. Why should one whip himself to be real? I will help you all I can."

This is the sort of question to gladden the heart as well as clear the mind. You will help us even if you don't agree with us altogether, and that proves we are one in feeling, no matter what we think.

Cosmic consciousness *is* the acceptance of the real. And

when we are as real as the Creator, we shall no more need to whip ourselves. But the process of becoming real is long and painful—think over all the times in your life when you did, said, thought or felt the wrong thing, realize that each mistake has a penalty charged against it; then ask yourself whether you can hope to avoid suffering. To see the real is to cut away the false. And pruning hurts.

If we are content to vision God's plan afar, and have no share in its execution, we may repose on the blissful mount of meditation with a smile for the sorrows of the world. But to live our ideal for ourselves and be utterly true at any cost demands a fortitude equal to the pain of moral surgery. We suffer because we do *not* "accept the real"—we are humanly blind and stubborn. Seeing is but one half, doing is the other. And the professional seer, like Walt Whitman for instance, generally is the weakest of the weak in the doing. When we *think* God we talk of the cosmic consciousness; but when we *feel* God we begin to live. And living is passing up and down between the light and the shadow, keeping our gaze on the heavens while treading the stones and thorns.

QUESTION 27. Dr. M. W. N.,—Grand Rapids, Mich.

"In reading such advice as you give, the question which always comes to me strongly is: Will people whose need is greatest follow such advice? The trouble with most of us seems to be lack of *will power* to live the truth we know. If we doctors could put up a tonic for weak wills in bottles and guarantee its efficacy we'd know how to cure some apparently incurable ills of mind and body. So if the Harmony Club can infuse a little stiffening into our moral and mental backbone it will do a great work."

Here is a potent illustration of the answer to the question

that precedes it. The mystic temperament demands only to *see*, the scientific temperament asks first to *prove*—and the membership of the Harmony Club is probably divided between the two, with the addition of mixed temperaments desiring both forms of demonstration. This question belongs right here, as evidence of what we hope to accomplish in harmonizing, balancing, and perfecting the human individual.

Not only “a tonic for weak wills” is universally needed, but also every other kind of treatment for the mental and moral nature which is now being given to the physical alone. As our work grows, we hope to become a school, a dispensary, a gymnasium, and perhaps a clinic, for the toning and empowering of the *psychic organism* and *spiritual anatomy*.

We do not presume to be teachers; we want to be interpreters. The way to help the world is not to supply information but to give such inspiration as will make people find out things for themselves. As soon as a man realizes the possibilities within himself and the limitations about him, he will seek and find the best mode of real self-expression. To feel, to think, to act, and then to take what comes with faith, courage, and unalterable determination; this is the ideal that we cherish for ourselves and all the members of the Club. In achieving it, will power and every other kind of power must naturally develop.

THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR MARCH
WILL BE

“The Moral Force of Money”

The Story of the Harmony Club

And a Word of Greeting to the Stranger Who may Become a Friend

Are you happy?

Do you believe in Happiness?

Have you learned how to make and keep it?

If you have lost it, what is the reason—and what is the way to win it back?

The Harmony Club is the organized answer to questions like these. And to those who enjoy watching the growth of a new idea, the Story of the Club will appeal.

One evening in the spring of 1909, a New York lawyer got to thinking of how many people about him were unhappy. Nearly all had some trouble of mind or body, some worry, some fear, some weakness or obstacle or misfortune, some lack or limitation, that prevented their peace of mind. Yet these friends of his were prominent in the social, financial and intellectual world—and if *they* had not learned the secret of Happiness, what of the millions who lacked their advantages?

The more he thought, the more deeply he felt on the subject; if Happiness is natural and right, why do so few possess it? What is wrong with our civilization, what should be done to change conditions?

A partial solution of the problem came in a letter. His father was a minister in Chicago, presiding over a church that held practical meetings for healing, teaching and helping ordinary people in their everyday lives. This work was a union of medicine, psychology, and religion, conducted by authorities in these different lines. And the results were so widely manifest that the clergyman

wrote to his son in New York: "I have received over two thousand letters from men and women throughout the United States, asking for help and instruction to rid them of their difficulties. I have not the time or strength to answer personally, but the need is very great and we are trying to find some way to meet it."

This gave the clue. And a letter went back saying that the way would be found.

The New York man reasoned thus: "In all these modern teachings of Health and Happiness there is a great truth. People have been wonderfully helped by the Emmanuel Movement, by Christian Science, by New Thought, by Suggestive Therapeutics, by scores of other methods all one in principle, namely, *the force of the mind to make the man*. Yet because of objections, real or fancied, to these propaganda, the great majority have not availed themselves of the good that might have been theirs. We must think of a plan to embody the vital truths of self-harmonization, without antagonizing people or questioning their beliefs. Besides this, the method must be simple, attractive, inexpensive, cooperative. And it must go to the farmhouse in Texas as easily as to the mansion in New York." This was the germ of his idea. And it grew so fast that within a few months the whole world knew about it, through the cooperation of enthusiastic friends everywhere.

This idea was the beginning of the

Harmony Club of America

The Harmony Club is the only society in the world devoted exclusively to the art and science of making people happy. Its objects are stated fully on the inside front cover of this book.

It has members from every State in the Union, and from twelve foreign countries. The membership roll includes over two hundred occupations—from day-laborer to corporation president. Ages run from two years to seventy; *knowing* makes anybody old, *smiling* makes anybody young—and knowing and smiling are the first two lessons that each member learns. Anyone may join who wants to get the most out of life and to help others do the same.

The Club is altruistic, social, educational, philanthropic. It has never made any profit for itself, and never will do so. Its one aim is to spread the message of Happiness.

Its Board of Directors is composed of a business man, a philosopher, a physician, a clergyman, and a lawyer.

There are no conditions, no rules, no regulations. Sympathy is the only bond, sincerity the only password, courage the only pledge, faith the only promise. When you join you find yourself in the midst of thousands of new friends—but you need be friendly only as you choose.

The Club holds that all growth must be individual. Therefore the personal touch is always maintained—each new member being welcomed directly by the Club, and given the privilege of consulting with the officers through the agency of the Question Box in the *Club Monthly*. This is a copy of the *Monthly*. Members receive it twelve times a year. Each number contains a fresh, vigorous, presentation of some little-understood but all-important element of Happiness.

The *Club Manual* "How To Be Happy" is given without charge to each member. This was prepared for the Club by Edward Earle Purinton, who writes the leading articles in the *Monthly*. There are five chapters: Why We Seek Happiness; What Is Happiness; Some Causes of Unhappiness; Some Prescriptions for Unhappiness; How To Be

Happy. This little volume has been a revelation to thousands of people. It is full of comfort, common sense, inspiration, good cheer.

The *Club Pin* (reproduced on first page) is equally suitable for men, women, and children. The large "C" stands for Center—the wearer being a Center of sunshine and helpfulness.

If you belong to the Club, you are writing the rest of the Story every day in your own life. In that case, won't you loan the *Monthly* to some one who has not seen it?

If you are not a member, the Club invites you to sign the Application Blank and join the rest of the pilgrims on the Happiness Road.

Sign here, tear out the whole sheet, fold the coin, stamps or money order within it, and mail to the Club.

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA,
30 Church Street, New York City.

I wish to become an active member of the Harmony Club.

Enclosed you will find Twenty-five cents to pay for my membership for one year including a copy of the Club Manual "How To Be Happy," and Twenty-five cents for my subscription to "The Center," the Club Monthly.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

State.....

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

CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Long dedication, little devotion.

Conventions bind, convictions liberate.

A duty not a joy is not a duty.

Our first duty is to know what we desire.

Duty makes goodness, desire makes greatness, neither makes wholeness.

It is better to dare and err than to cringe and be called saintly.

If we all were honest, we should recognize no duty but that to ourselves.

"Forbidden fruit" is sweet only because the forbiddener was sour.

We seldom act as we ought until we forget that we ought.

Least is to be expected of the man who does what is expected.

The head-usher to Happiness is a well-kept conscience.

Want makes the will, and the will makes the man. Not to want is not to grow.

Only as we are encrusted by the desires of others do we feel our own desire anything but divine.

In the soul's gymnasium the best exercisers are *antipathies*. And the thing we totally refused to do or be or even countenance, that thing is sure to stare us in the face till we have to make friends or be haunted.

The saint is only a common man who has melted duty and desire in the crucible of understanding, and from the outcome is moulding a life.