

MAR 24 1910

THE CENTER

MARCH



LEADING ARTICLE

The Moral Force of Money

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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HARMONY CLUB MONTHLY



PRICE: SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS
TO MEMBERS OF HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY CENTS
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

VOLUME
ONE

MARCH, 1910

NUMBER
EIGHT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA AT 80 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The Moral Force of Money

Money is a great spiritual asset.

When we all apprehend this, we shall have changed the face of education, religion, labor, philanthropy, society in general. The majority of us now are blind, therefore useless, on our money side.

Poverty is not the hallmark of wisdom nor the signature of goodness. Poverty is weakness—physical, mental, moral weakness. And no further proof of a man's un wisdom or un morality is needed than the fact that he slanders wealth. If the poor are good, or happy, the cause lies not in their poverty but in their attempt to cure their poverty. Whoever

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

struggles knows the joy that hovers on the brink of despair; but the pauper is reaching out for something beyond, and that is what brings the meager satisfaction that his life may hold. Teach the millionaire how to aspire, and you produce a life a thousand times fuller than that of the money-slave. It is more humane to enlighten the rich than to rescue the poor. The poor must rescue themselves—and they will tell you so, when you come with your mechanical charity and patronizing smile.

Through the ages, we have mentally pictured Virtue as a gaunt, sad figure in gray, ghostly apparel, whose only earthly possessions were a sack-cloth robe, a hempen cord, and a pair of wooden sandals. *Could* Virtue be attractive, looking like that? That was not Virtue—that was her sister, *Moral Vanity*. The vainest kind of vanity is that proud of not being vain. And if you could read the mind of the man who boasts that he isn't greedy, you would find him only ashamed that he isn't smart.

Of all ethereal mortals, the average poet most affects to despise money. Well, if you want a shock, you take the average poet out to dinner. Of course he hates the lucre—his appetite is the cheque-book size! The man who always sings of the rainbow is the man who always looks for the pot of gold. Whereas the man who earns the gold enjoys the song of the rainbow, as a song. We are never allowed to forget the unpleasant things until we have conquered them. And the harsh, daily grind, for the pennies to keep us living, will cease to annoy us only when we have gained the power of the high-salaried worker to eliminate friction and do a better job.

If somebody offered you a million dollars, would you refuse it? Would your dearest friend? Would the best man in your community? Would anybody having good horse-

sense refuse money—provided no evil conditions were attached thereto? Very well, then it is no crime to have it. But we all have a sneaking suspicion of the man who gets it in large quantities, and we don't hesitate to join the peevish mob of "muck-rakers" whose crazy occupation is to drive a patrol wagon in front of all possessions not their own. When you hear of tainted money, you can smell a tainted breath. And the breath, being constitutional, is more guilty.

We prove our size by how we look at what we haven't. If we are small, we see the object large and the owner little; if we are great we see the object merely as a part of the character of the owner, and him we treat as an equal. The millionaire deserves respect because he has trained his faculties of observation, intuition, judgment, self-reliance, tact, persistence, enthusiasm, courage. Yet we, knowing how, might develop ourselves and do the same. And we should thank him for his good example. In our hearts, we would all like to be rich. Why not be honest, and confess that the whole trouble lies in our heads—we haven't learned how to use our brains? Money is but the interest on mind-investments. If our stock is blank paper, and we never looked to see, how can we expect dividends? The most profitable field of industry, because the least worked, is the human brain. Diamonds are listless compared with the gems there hidden.

We say a man is "out for the coin"? He should be; his instinct of self-preservation orders him to be; God put the instinct there and meant it to work. Perhaps the method is wrong, perhaps the motive is clouded, but the impulse we should not assail nor talk of the matter flippantly. I sometimes feel that a spirit of carelessness is the essence of all wrong-doing. Unless we are always on guard, our struggles make us brutal. The fine, sweet, understanding of each other, that we so rarely have time for, would enrich us beyond

the power of the crude things we grasp. Money without sympathy is a boat without a rudder; some of us who proclaim against money lack boat and rudder too.

Respecting money, there are two kinds of people in the world; those who want it and get it—and those who want it and don't. It is a disgrace to want anything and not get it, for what prevents accomplishment is a weakness in ourselves. Therefore, wanting money and lacking it, we feel the disgrace and, in high dudgeon, belabor the innocent millionaire. There is a grim irony in this; for the man who has paid for his wealth knows that the scars he bears are infinitely worse than the dull pin-pricks of neighborly comment. Not wealth stultifies, but the price that the majority seem willing to pay for it. If we must choose between wholesome poverty and riches with spiritual squalor, it is better to live on a crust and a smile—with the heart clean. But we need not thus choose; we must learn both to make money and to keep the things dearer than money. It is never possible to choose the lesser of two evils, because choosing between evils is itself the greatest evil.

Does money bring Happiness?

Always—when we know how to earn it, how to save it, how to spend it. Money begged, borrowed or inherited; money lost or stolen; money squandered; money hoarded;—money, briefly, out of place, does cause misery leading often to despair. But the fault was in the use, not in the possession. When a child starves, when a gourmand overeats, do we lay the curse on food? Equally unfair is it to hold wealth responsible for the human ills and errors which affluence enables a man to display. If millionaires are stingy, greedy, hard, unscrupulous, they were that in reality before they had their money. Why blame wealth for the character that wealth merely uncovers?

Beyond all things else, the gradual refining of our lives makes us happy. Why? Since that is the way of growth, out of barbarism into heavenly calm. The man who grubs all day for a pittance is near kin to the brute; he allows his muscle to fight the worry that his mind should settle for him. The real test of character is poise—and you seldom find poise in the home of penury.

The finer things all necessitate money. Art, unfolding our love of beauty; literature, insuring our friendship with the great; travel, quickening our sympathies; education, affording ease and self-respect; hospitality, flinging wide the portal to the royal mansions of the heart; music, freeing the soul and wafting it heavenward—these true spiritual graces, in their fulness, belong to the man of means. The sharp tongue of the virago, the sullen mood of the home-coming father, the piteous cry of the half-starved child, are but forms of the irritation that accompanies want. We are so made that we cannot be happy unless we can at least hope that somehow, somewhere, we may have what we desire. The greatest uplifting force is anticipation; without it we are spiritually dead. Get that in the pauper's life, and you make him rich. Money, of itself cruelly sordid, must yet deliver the race from a state of mind more deeply sodden, that the lack of money and the money-hope always engenders. We develop most through work—and who of us would toil except for money? Perfected, we shall work for love; but in that far-distant age, when love sways the world, there will be no poverty because no weakness.

The life-principle calls for money. Not the spindling re-
cluse, but the vital, magnetic, superabundant man of action produces wealth. Money stands for the elemental. And we cannot lose the elemental without losing our grip on God.

No ascetic was ever Godlike. You may call him, perhaps, angelic—but not Godlike.

God's first business is creating. Next to motherhood, which is the crown of divinity, comes opulence, which is the sceptre. In Heaven the kings are all queens—because there masculinity has been outgrown. But on earth we still obey the man's gilt sceptre of dominion.

What is the primal instinct of the lover wooing his lass? To earn a home for her; to enter the field of battle, slay his rivals, and wrest huge trophies of his prowess for his lady's adorning; to meet fiery dragons and calmly snuff them out with a wave of his hand; to achieve miracles by strokes of idle amusement; to gather up the world in a moment and lay it, helpless, at the feet of his betrothed. Then what does he do, this valiant knight? He buckles on his armor and bravely leaps—not into the haloed, crested plumage of a romantic novel, but into the gruesome thick of the business fray. No man ever loved without being made a warrior. And the ramparts of war to-day are built of money.

Take the woman's side of the question. Do you realize what the social crime of the ages has been? The failure to teach girls how to earn their living. Not only the extravagance of wives, but the physical, mental and moral character, is the result of their ignorance in money matters. There should be a law forbidding a woman to marry until she can support herself. Unconsciously, every girl who lacks this training is apt to view love through mercenary eyes. And there could be no more deadly sin. We have been horrified at the number of American young women who sold themselves for a title, marrying the sleek, ornate, shell of a man—for the sake of a duchy. Yet, no girl accepts a box of candy from a man without paying for it wrongly in some way or other; she pays with her smile, her magnetism, the fragrance

of her presence and thrill of her touch—all of these things belonging rightfully to the one man who shall some day appear to claim her. Until women take their pocketbooks out of their hearts, their hearts will be, as now, unsafe places.

This is the money age of the world.

If we had lived a hundred, or a thousand, or a million years ago, we should not have been compelled to grapple with the money problem first. But now we are—and the fact of our being here proves that we must face conditions.

There are to-day a hundred successful men to one of a century ago; and the reason is that the world is growing better. Every man who builds a million dollar fortune builds his own character into the framework. If we could analyze the heart, mind and soul of the captain of industry, we should find that every inch of permanent advance in his business measured a corresponding growth in his life. The Morgans and Carnegies of to-day are as much richer than the old feudal barons as their lives are cleaner.

Mr. Rockefeller spreads a feast; and while his guests enjoy the consummate art of the modern chef, the host regales himself on bread and milk. He is *practicing* the "renunciation" that the Hindu idolist only *talks*. Mr. Harriman creates a wonderful palace, gleaming with the treasures of two continents;—and he makes his bed on the roof. "Non-attachment?" You must get your millions before you have something to be non-attached to. A pauper cannot teach the virtues of poverty; it must be the rich man who has forgotten his wealth.

If we are poor, we should ask ourselves—then remove, the cause. Either we are doing the wrong work, or else doing the right work wrong. And only efficiency safeguards morality.

The manager of a powerful New York concern, while waiting for his train, fell to studying a chain of cars moving along

the track. He thought he saw the beginning of a new method for saving waste energy in his own department. He made for his office, began experimenting, and in a few weeks developed a plan that is now yielding \$250,000 a year to his firm. Suppose they grant him a \$50,000 salary—isn't he worth it? Big men get paid for knowing their business and keeping on the job; little men starve because of doing neither.

The earning, the saving, the spending of money, each forms character in its own way. And when we are able to earn, or to save, or to spend, each as we choose, with our eyes open, we shall be so near human perfection that our best friends won't recognize us. But we must tell them who it is, we must not let them go; because the friends who last are the ones we make while we are poor.

Can wealth satisfy? Never. Money is good not for what it gives but for what it takes away. The everlasting grind; the din and blur and smudge of the toiler's battle; the weariness void of hope, and the ache that will surely return on the morrow; the numbness and the bitterness; the tarnished ideals, the dulled aspirations; the choked longings and the silenced prayers; all the grim, hard things that fetter the bodies, clamp the brains and mock the souls of the poor—these are gone forever when we establish financial independence. Not for the sake of the gilded nothings that wealth may buy should we value money, but in order to claim our heavenly birthright as dreamers, mystics, patient, wise and tender lookers-on at the play of life; far-seeing helpers and brave, illumined friends to the many whose hands are reaching out for a little guidance, whose hearts cry to be understood and comforted. The full enriching of the soul—that is the only success worth gaining.

A LIVING HARMONY LESSON

Better than all the world's books on Happiness is the Harmony Club Story that writes itself in the lives of members. Could there be anything more interesting, refreshing, and inspiring than the following letters from a Western member? The brief extracts here quoted have done us so much good that we want to pass them on to you.

No. 1. January 3d.

"People speak of Happiness as an elusive 'will-o'-the-wisp'—always sought, but rarely ever found—never stopping to think that all the happiness in the world emanates from oneself. Oh, I know—and my awakening has been of such recent date that I've not yet ceased wondering at the simplicity of it, nor realized a thousandth part of its possibilities. I've grumbled and growled—wondered why other people had all the joys of life and I so few—blamed fate, etc.—clear down the line. I must surely have been a charming person to live with! Not longer than two months ago I lost, through my hastiness and ill temper, the best friend I ever had. That was the culminating point, and I felt that every prop had been taken away. About that time I was handed a little book, which I was requested to read. It opened up a new world for me and opened my eyes to myself and my shortcomings as nothing else ever had done, and I'm learning something new each day of Happiness and its blessings. Habits that have taken years to form are not broken in an instant. It's an uphill pull, but I'm winning out, and the victory I'm gaining over my old self is a stimulus to further effort each day. Now that I've 'fessed up,' I'd like to know further particulars of your Club. Am I eligible for member-

ship? I'm for Happiness now and always and I want to read and learn all I can about it."

No. 2. January 25th.

"Your letter received this morning, and at the most opportune time, for I was again in the hands of the enemy. I arose with the 'woes'—forgot for the time being all my good resolutions—everything I'd ever done in my life came back and took a slap at me, and I surrendered—more shame to me—to the 'blue devils,' without a struggle. Then your letter came, and as soon as I saw the little inscription 'Harmony Club' in the corner of the envelope, I knew the day was saved, the world was mine once more. I just threw open the door and I looked those 'blue devils' square in the eyes and I said—'Now git'—and they 'got.' They haven't returned yet—it isn't likely that they will, but if they do, they won't get in, for they'll find a padlock on the door and on that padlock the magic words 'Be Happy.'

"I have those 'bad days' occasionally, but I'm thankful to say they are recurring much less frequently, and I hope to be rid of them entirely. Breaking old settled habits of temper, and trains of thought, and adjusting oneself to an entirely new order of things, isn't to be done quite so easily as one might think. Some of my peculiarities of living and thinking evidently thought they had come to stay. But where there is a will much can be overcome, and since I've grown interested in a search for better things I've found it so pleasant that it only creates a desire for more. This 'Harmony Club' is a wonderful thought, an inspiration from God, and nothing but good can come from such a movement. It is just what people need! But—sad to say—there

are some people who wouldn't be happy if they could—and fairly revel in telling you at great length just how unhappy they are. They waste so much sympathy on themselves! Oh—I know—I've been so sorry for myself at times that I've fairly howled. Think of all the time I've lost! I can hardly wait for my pin and books to come, and I hereby forswear unhappiness and take unto myself a new lease of life, under the battle cry of Freedom—"Be Happy."

No. 3. February 11th.

"Yesterday that harbinger of joy—"How To Be Happy" came. I've read it from beginning to end twice. I've begun in the middle and read both ways. I've browsed a little here and nibbled a little there, and I've found it good—exceeding good. There does not seem to be anything left for me to say except "Hooray!"—and it's with a right hearty good will that I say it. I am learning something new and good every day, and am surely coming into my inheritance. Since I've been looking at life from a new viewpoint, it seems to bring me a fuller understanding of all that exists. I've surely been born again into a new and better world. Every day I find something new to be thankful for, yet *conditions have changed very little*. The 'blue devils' haven't returned since—they've peeped through the fence at me once or twice, but I made faces at them and dared them, and they are cowards. I've proved it. I want you to believe me that nothing I've written is meant for flippancy—it is all from the bottom of my heart. I've been away down in the depths of despair—where there hasn't seemed to be a straw to grasp at, and God has lifted me up and shown me how little faith I had. I can never be thankful enough for all my blessings."

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.

Since the New Year we have been taking stock of the Club—physically, mentally, morally. And we find three distinct, vital, imperative needs.

1. The need of something for members to *do*. From the very beginning that has been the cry—"Give us action!" The first impulse of the average man, when he reads the Harmony literature, is to go out and live it. He wants meetings, plans of work, helps for putting his enthusiasm where it will do the most good. Until now there has been no tangible, definite, systematic way of carrying out the Harmony idea. A way had to come.

2. The need of a *method* of neighborliness. The Club Manual and Monthly are individual, our correspondence is individual, the hundreds of visits by members to the office have been individual—yet the individual is only half of society. The other half is your neighbor. And the question of *being* happy is no more important than that of *making others* happy. The two questions interlock. If you can get into the life of the man next door and help him solve his problem, you have gone a long way toward personal contentment.

3. The need of more rapid growth for the Club. We are climbing toward the 50,000 mark, but we want to climb faster. So many big things are waiting to be done—how shall we even attempt them when we are trying, now, to get

the work of a score of helpers accomplished with a staff of five or six?

What is the answer?

Spread the Club Message of Happiness by circulating "How To Be Happy" in a better, quicker, easier way. Nearly every one who reads the Manual joins the Club. The message, if only you start it, carries itself. But the first edition of the Happy Book was for members only—and it isn't exactly fair to make one's friend a member of a Club without previous understanding.

So we have done this. We have published a new edition of "How To Be Happy" *without* inscription page in the front, and *with* Club Story in the back. The edition is for personal distribution by Club members among their friends—hand a copy to anybody and he will value it as a gift, while being educated on the work of the Club and prepared for active membership. We want this book to go out by the hundreds of thousands. It is to be the silent missionary for the Club, as well as the bearer of friendship from the Club member. Please help us think how to gain the widest possible circulation in the shortest possible time. You will be *doing* something, serving your friends, and aiding the Club, all at once.

The second edition is more attractive than the first; the type more easily read, the cover more inviting—with the Pin embossed on the front; and also the text more helpful, several changes having been made for the better. We have ordered in such quantities that the cost of the book, when desired in lots of ten or more, is *ten cents each*. It would pay you to go without lunch for three days, investing the money in ten of these books—and the ten lives that the books will empower.

Do you belong to a church? Do you work in a store?

Do you supervise an office? Do you attend a school? Do you know anybody in a hospital or sanitarium? Are you connected with any institution where the health, happiness and efficiency of the workers means a lot for the concern? Then give each worker a Happy Book—and watch the institution grow. One of our most practical members recently said: "If I had \$100,000 to give away, I should put it all into these books—sending a million copies to a million people, and shedding new light in a million souls."

This work is not a charity, but we must give people enough to show what it will do for them. If you, and each member, will be responsible now for giving the message to only ten of your friends—we shall have *more* than 50,000 Harmony workers by the close of our first year in June. Can't you? Won't you? We know what the Club has done for those who had the chance to prove it. But the millions are waiting, and the joy of enlisting them should be ours.

Please fill in the blank, tear out the coupon, and mail with enclosure to the Harmony Club. The books will be forwarded in separate wrappers, so that you can distribute them with no trouble whatever, and with each book in perfect condition.

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

I should like to help in this work of spreading the message of Happiness, and ask you to send me _____ copies of the Second Edition at the new rate of 10 for \$1.
Find enclosed \$ _____ (P. O. Order, cheque, currency.)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____

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 28. "Inquirer."

"Having been a lifelong neurasthenic of the worst type, and having been told by the several local physicians to whom I went for treatment that 'there was nothing the matter with me,' I write to ask whether you can help me to find one—preferably a homeopath—who has an intelligent understanding of such cases.

"Possibly those who are ill at ease in mind and in body can work out their own salvation by proper study and practice; but life is short, and it seems to me that many of them would improve more rapidly if they could get in touch with an intelligent physician who was also an experienced psycho-therapist."

Having no medical staff, the Club is not prepared to give medical advice. Perhaps this much-needed department may come later; no man is equipped to treat the human body until he knows also the human heart, mind, and soul; otherwise the science of medicine is an owlish art of guessing—as the doctors who failed to help you quickly proved. If you want, however, a common-sense verdict, and are willing to take it from a layman, here is what he thinks. (He had neurasthenia for years, with the melancholia that follows it;

he cured himself, and may therefore speak with some degree of truthfulness.)

Neurasthenia was labeled wrong—it is primarily a disease not of the nerves but of the brain, the stomach, the blood, the will, and the affections. Sick nerves are as impossible as sick telegraph-wires. The insulation of the wire may be defective; so may the sheath of the nerve; but that happens so few times in comparison with other causes that we may almost forget it. If a telegram fails to reach the person for whom intended, what do we conclude? Either it was not sent, or it was sent to the wrong address—*the wires were not to blame.*

In a human body, the wires are the *nerves*, the posts are the *hygienic habits*, the instrument is the *brain*, the operator is the *will*, and the electric current is the *affection*, emotion, ambition, love, or desire that quickens, thrills, and moves the man. Don't you see how foolish it is to hold the wires responsible for everything? Look back down the line, until you put your finger on the weak spot. Neurasthenia is a medley of hysterical impressions, confused thoughts, interrupted actions, and shocked sensibilities. How can a doctor whose knowledge is confined to the wires and the posts furnish a true diagnosis? There is always a cure—the beginning of which is to *see clearly*. And the best modern physicians recognize the importance of the mental, psychic and emotional factors in all physical troubles.

We cannot give names here. But if you will forward your request to the Secretary, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we shall put you in touch with the kind of physician you are looking for. The field of mutual service, which we hope to develop later, will include just such avenues of helpful information. You can hasten this development by send-

ing in all the new memberships possible for you to secure. Only when the Club has the moral and financial backing of *numbers* can the big things, the practical, tangible, gripping things, be accomplished.

QUESTION 29. Mr. J. H. E.—Mexico.

"I hope the Club Monthly will give us some practical instructions on the best food and drink that make for Harmony and Happiness. I feel sure what we eat and drink must have considerable influence on the emotions, but have not as yet been able to reduce the ideal into practical order to gain the proper results."

If we could publish a library on the food question, it wouldn't be any too much. What between the ignorant eaters, the know-it-all eaters, the stupid eaters, the solemn eaters, the forced eaters, the starved eaters, the overcooked eaters, the raw eaters, the count-'em eaters, the transcendental eaters, and fifty-seven other kinds of eaters, the human stomach has a lovely time condoning the human brain. If a self-respecting monkey were able to talk, and would so far demean himself as to loll through an ordinary banquet, his after-dinner speech were likely to be a metaphysical problem: "Where Does the Human Brain Go During Meal Hours?" But if he went to a diet reform table, he would observe the stomach departing also—did you ever see a chronic dieter with any stomach left?

Of all the material factors in Harmony, food is the most vital. Not only health, beauty, and efficiency, but sociability, mentality, morality may be referred directly to when and where and how and why and what we eat. No teacher, no doctor, no minister, no parent, has any right to assume the responsibility which the work of his life involves, until he

knows Diet from A to Z. Home-making is the finest art in the world, and the everyday portal of the home is the dining-room. Yet the average mother is totally ignorant of the first principles of scientific feeding; she is content to be guided by the shades of the follies of her ancestors.

Why haven't we opened the subject in the columns of the Monthly? Because we aren't ready—a thing of such importance must be done right, or not at all. There is probably nothing more dangerous, concerning nutrition, than to begin thinking about your stomach until you know just how to think—and how to act immediately.

When we have 50,000 members; when the Club is self-supporting; when the Monthly, enlarged, can afford the best editorial assistance to be had—then with your help and counsel, we shall do a score of things now planned, and awaiting execution. Meanwhile, *specific* questions will be answered to the best of our knowledge—if your dietetic problem can be reduced to a single query, send it on.

QUESTION 30. "X. Y. Z."

"You say somewhere that Friendship and Business must not mix. I believe this, but what can one do when his heart outstrips his power to enforce the law? Supposing sympathy becomes a factor too strong to be easily overcome, or if overcome, done so with an intense struggle bordering on true suffering? Enforcement of the law of business causes suffering on the one it strikes, and sympathy allows business to suffer instead, when the business already suffers from lack of working power or ability of the party in question. What is my duty as a business man? How can I awaken myself to the needs of business and retain my tender feelings, sympathy or love for those with whom I am related?"

Your duty is to your business. This, however, does not mean a loss of sympathy or neglect of the finer things—it means only a truer vision. The successful man is two men, he is a fighter and a lover. During office hours he wears a mental armor that protects him against the weakening shafts of unwise sympathy; when he goes home he takes the armor off and is himself again. You need an armor; which, in your case, must be molded from a conviction.

Look at it this way. Suppose you discharge your employee—incompetent, as you say elsewhere in your letter, but an ideal man and a personal friend. He suffers in consequence—but why? Because he could not earn the salary he was drawing. Which is better, a lifetime of dishonesty or a slight hurt of readjustment? No man should enter a business for which he is not fitted, one that he does not know or cannot learn. And the motive is unworthy that allows him to keep a place which he is not filling. If your business suffers from lack of ability in a member of the concern, you must do one of two things—make him competent, or let him go. By retaining him, unworthily, you are doing an unkindness to yourself, to your own family, to the other men in the firm, and to all outsiders whose business dealings are affected indirectly.

I take it this man is a relative of yours. Then so much the more need for strict justice. The friendship that grows out of business is all right, the business that grows out of friendship is all wrong. Birth is an accident—business a destiny; no two things could be further apart.

One of the greatest drawbacks to Happiness is fear of the right thing when doing it will make a friend suffer. Is the surgeon cruel when he removes a dead portion of the body? All suffering marks a death and a resurrection. At the birth

of immortality there is always more or less of the brutal. Every man is to his soul what the mother is to her child—a knower of anguish, in the beginning. When you deny the privilege of suffering to your friend, you may be thwarting the birth of his soul.

Please do not follow any suggestion here offered without considering every argument on the other side. Even with exact knowledge of conditions no man can really advise another. We can give general principles, but the choice of action must lie between you and Omniscience. There is always one right thing to do, and only one. Ask yourself. You know—if you stop and listen.

THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR APRIL
WILL BE

“Thank You, Pain”

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 un-
happy. 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, finan-
cial 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 sub-
ject; 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 help-
ing 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 sixteen 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

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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.

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

I wish to become a member of the Harmony Club.

Enclosed you will find Fifty cents; Twenty-five 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.

(Sign here, tear out the coupon, enclose coin, stamps, or money order, and mail to the Club.)

NAME _____

STREET _____

TOWN AND 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

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

CENTER PHILOSOPHY

We lose only what had lessened us.

It is a blessing to be born poor—and a curse to die poor.

Riches reward usefulness ; and the cure for poverty is to serve with more efficiency.

The function of Money is to mark the evolution of a Man.

It is not the fault of Money that millionaires disgrace it.

A "windfall" is mostly wormy apples—the good ones you have to pick.

The world abuses none but him who misuses himself.

We pay for what we buy, but are paid for what we give away.

Poverty to the poor is a misdemeanor ; there is no virtue in doing without what we cannot get.

We are worth while just to the degree that the only possible thing is to be the impossible—easy things are not worth trying.

The only defeat is to acknowledge defeat ; the only success to deny success.

In the waters of success, the big hauls are made by the men who borrow the seine of observation instead of grubbing for the angle-worms of experience.

There is no reckoning experience by earth-addition ; for an infinite loss plus one lesson equals an infinite gain.

He alone is a pauper whom ideals fail to enrich.