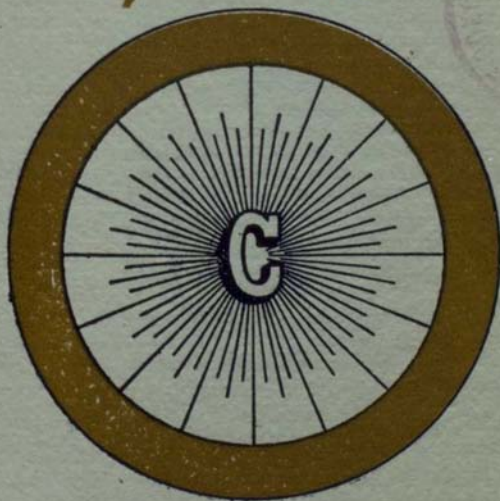


APR 22 1910

THE CENTER

APRIL



LEADING ARTICLE

"Thank You, Pain"

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.

Officers

President	-	-	-	EDWARD H. FALLOWS
Secretary	-	-	-	HELEN M. FOGLER
Editor	-	-	-	EDWARD EARLE PURINTON
Treasurer	-	-	-	CHARLES E. SELOVER

Advisory Board

JOHN H. CAHILL, Esquire	.	.	New York City
WILLIAM G. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.	.	.	Lakewood, N. J.
Rt. Rev. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D.D.	.	.	Chicago
Miss KATHERINE D. BLAKE	.	.	New York City
Mrs. EDITH A. M. CASEY	.	.	Brooklyn
Mrs. DONALD CAMPBELL CLARK	.	.	Boston
Miss SALLIE S. SCHLEY	.	.	Washington, D. C.
GERRIT SMITH, Mus. Doc.	.	.	New York City
Mr. EUSTACE MILES	.	.	London, England
A. RABAGLIATI, M.A., M.D.	.	.	Bradford, England

Other names will be announced later.

THE CENTER

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

APRIL, 1910

NUMBER
NINE

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

"Thank You, Pain"

When we suffer, this should be our first remark.

For Pain is the kindest friend we have—the only one whose presence always helps.

If a stranger, happening by in the dead of night and seeing our house afire, should suddenly forget his manners and rudely jerk the door-bell, rattle the shutters or even smash the window-pane in his anxiety to save us—would we hate

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

him, or stop to abuse him for disturbing our slumbers? Exactly so with Pain. He may have forgotten his manners, but he comes with a message greater than manners. If he interrupts us, he does it with a purpose; the house of our body or mind is burning, and Pain rushes in to warn us of our danger while we sleep.

There was never a pang but the lack of it would have meant greater woe. When we understand this fully, we are glad to suffer as much and as long as need be to wake us up and put us in action. Whoever suffers *and moans* will be found half-asleep; he either has not heard the voice of Pain, or else would not heed.

A very practical example. Suppose we have a headache—the simplest and commonest form of bodily disturbance. The head is our brain-house, the ache is our unknown friend come to warn us. What do we do? Kill the ache and imagine thereby the head is saved! Headache powders are murderers of our best friend. And even at that, the fire in the head smoulders on, to break out afresh in some new spot where we least expect. Chronic dyspepsia, blood-poisoning, deafness, and other severe ailments have been caused by the foolish attempt to kill an ache instead of to remove the trouble.

Let us look further into this matter of headache. It may be caused by one or more of the following things—among others. Weak eyes; bad air; faulty sleep; lack of exercise; artificial heat; excessive use of the brain (rare); local derangement; spinal dislocation; indigestion; liver trouble; undereating or overeating; strain of responsibility or extreme effort; moral delinquency; psychic disorder; intense grief, anxiety or passion; chronic worry, monotony, repression or overstimulation. How does the headache

"remedy" perform? Does it remove, or even disclose, the origin of the ill? Rather, it so deadens our sensibilities that we cannot feel the ache—while the cause remains untouched. The cause may be physical, mental, emotional, spiritual—yet the alleged cure is utterly, suddenly, materialistic. Whatever "cures" the pain kills the patient. The only way to rescue the patient is to help him find and treat the cause; but the "cure" for anything only puts the sufferer into a deeper sleep. Pain is a virtue; but the pain-cause and the pain-killer both are vices.

The scientific name for the average semi-invalid is semi-ignoramus or semi-vegetable. The writer knows, because he used to be one. The semi-invalid is usually a person content to remain either ignorant or inactive. When he begins to *know*, then *do*, he feels his trouble vanishing. But so long as he expects to buy salvation wrapped in a pill, chemical or metaphysical, he voluntarily stultifies his own intelligence, the resulting condition being torpor and stagnation. There are crises when a drug may be invaluable. But the doctor with a training confined entirely to *materia medica* is not a safe practitioner—the mental, emotional and psychic factors in disease are always present, and often more potent than the physiological. Health relates to the whole man—not to his mere body. The millennium will be when our preachers make us well, our doctors make us good, and our teachers make us powerful.

The sick man has broken a divine law of Nature, and is serving out his term of moral punishment. Stop his suffering prematurely and you make him a virtual jail-breaker. As for coddling or parading "symptoms," that is equivalent to showing prison-stripes and being proud of them.

The convict is often punished unjustly—but the invalid

never; for the laws of Nature, whose violation brings the penalty of disease, are the direct, original, handiwork of the Creator.

The sanctity of the human body has yet to be realized by civilized people. Most of the things we eat and drink, wear and use and heap around us, rob us of vitality and so of spirituality. The vital is not always spiritual, but the spiritual is always vital. A wholesome religion bears first on the body. No man can be truly good and permit such physical desecration as bolting his food, sleeping in a hot or unaired room, neglecting to exercise, or adopting clothes which to be stylish must be uncomfortable.

Until we learn to identify natural instinct with its Divine Source, we shall go on suffering because we go on sinning. There is no suffering without previous sinning.

Pain shows us where we have been wrong. If we are open-eyed, honest, brave, we gladly receive the warning, thank Pain for the lesson, and by removing the cause make further suffering needless. If we have considered Pain our enemy, we should remember that the object of enemies is to make us friends with ourselves. The truest friendship is to uncover in us the places that need strengthening. And of all our friends, Pain does this best.

Pain, however, is more than a watchman. Pain is a guide to opportunity and a giver of bounty. If we seize all the treasures that Pain holds for us, we find our tears lost amid our blessings.

Pain lengthens life. Who is generally the prey of typhoid fever, apoplexy, and other acute disorders? The fleshy, full-blooded, easy-going man, the man who was "never sick a day in his life." You have to be sick in order to learn how to stay well. People who have had a small fire in one

room don't let their house burn down—they buy extinguishers or they get insurance. Most bodies burn out, most brains rust out. Suffering lowers the vital flame and thus prevents a death by sudden conflagration; while the intellect, forced to exert itself, helps the sufferer into a commonsense way of living. Be glad if you're sick—it's good for you. But only as you stop it. The final cure for chronic disease is half gratitude, half grit.

Pain punctuates pleasure. Did you ever try to read a page of type without capitals or punctuation-marks? Just that sense of irritation and fatigue would accompany a life wholly void of sadness. Joy may write the text of life, but sorrow forms the capitals. And you know a good printer, a fine penman, makes of the capitals the artistic work of the page. Being happy without interruption would seem horribly dull. Fortunately, most of us do not need a warning against the monotony of such a plight—we have an excess of dots and dashes, question-marks and exclamation-points, strewn about, regardless of the meaning.

Pain develops the individual. How did Theodore Roosevelt become the towering figure in world-politics? By dismissing Pain and engaging Pain's twin-sister, *Power*. How did Eugen Sandow become the world's most famous athlete? By turning natural weakness into supernatural strength; by laughing at Pain, conquering Privation, scouting Heredity, and sending all other ghostly worries into everlasting oblivion. You won't see until you suffer. How can you advance until you do? No matter what your trouble is, you can make it a threshold of triumph. That's what trouble is for. And most triumphs were built on that foundation.

Pain empowers the conscience. No man has a healthy conscience until he knows by instinct how to live naturally

—hence painlessly. Invalids do things right along to their bodies that they know they shouldn't, often consoling themselves with the outworn delusion that character settles in the soul and never changes the body. A sick body is a soulless body. Spiritual strength demands physical nerve and mental muscle. Can you find real music in a church organ when the reeds are broken and the stops refuse to work? No more can you find real spirituality in a human body when the physical and mental powers, through disuse or abuse, have become incapacitated. Pain reveals how divinity has been thwarted. Sin is the keynote of suffering, but suffering the prelude to sanctity.

Pain refines the sensibilities. We think ourselves intelligent—because forsooth we own a lusty array of bodily senses. We see with our eyes, we hear with our ears, we touch and smell and taste, with all our human functions do we not know? There are vast undiscovered realms of mental, emotional and psychic possibility, lying just beyond our human perceptions. To know anything finally, we must be more than human. All the seers, the martyrs, the creators, the messiahs of the world have risen through anguish into understanding. Our senses, crude as the gold before it meets the fire, must be slowly purified. Grief, white-hot, tempers the soul for immortality. Just before dying, having suffered and waited long, many a weary, tortured soul catches wonderful glimpses of a new, angelic world, rare music from another distant sphere, grows exalted, seems transfigured, shines with a heavenly beauty, partakes of a keener, fuller life in the very throes of what we call death. Perhaps, if we dared suffer while yet able to use the lesson, we should have this ultimate glory to live by instead of to catch on the brink of death.

Pain deepens fellowship. Did you ever find the key to somebody's heart, then have you crept in silently, softly, taking a place to hold forever? Was not the door of the heart left unguarded in a moment of grief? We are never so human as when we are hurt. And whoever comforts us in our woe makes himself a part of our weal. You may laugh with your gay companions, but when you weep you turn to your mother. Pain, holding a tithe of the agony of motherhood, makes the harshest of us tender, the cruelest of us all-forgiving. Smiles may seal friendship, but tears alone cement it.

Pain liberates the soul. The majority of us identify ourselves with our bodies. That is why we fear death. Such a position is both unethical and unscientific. Hypnotism has demonstrated beyond question that the soul is immune to physical suffering, and unconscious of actual torture except through the medium of the brain. You can run knives through the arm of the hypnotic sleeper and never once disturb him—he is disconnected from the part of him that suffers. Now intense hurt of any kind will, after a while, automatically establish a feeling of conscious superiority to physical states. In a word, Pain separates the man from his en-fleshment, bestowing a sense of poise, and removing the fear of death. We shrink not from the dissolution of the body, which normally is painless; but from the disintegration of the soul.

As the living soul grows conscious of itself, all thought of death passes. In reality, the death of the body is nothing; for each new growth of mind, heart or spirit follows a new birth, and for every birth we pay with a death. The *soul* lives completely only after crucifixion. There may be times when the bravest, wisest, truest and only possible thing is to go on

suffering with a higher aim in view than ease of mind and body. There is no spiritual exercise equal to that of facing an incurable hurt. The physical cripple often grows soonest into the moral giant. As a soldier, nearing victory, though wounded rushes on, so the moral crusader while afflicted and distressed may yet uphold so earnestly his banner of idealism that he simply does not feel the pangs of battle. Choosing to suffer, because of a principle, has been the part of the world's immortals. Loneliness, misunderstanding, loss of reputation, poverty, endless misery, infinite heartache, persecution, martyrdom—these all are none too great a price for spiritual freedom. Not until we would gladly forfeit all human joys do we know the bliss that hides in the heart of anguish.

"PAIN"

RT. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D.D., LL.D.

Physical pain is benevolent for it is the needed warning of a wrong condition.

Pain compels often the repose the entire organism needs for recuperation.

Pain thus stands on guard against bodily injury. It promptly gives notice of the transgression of physical law. It pleads forcibly for temperance, purity and hygienic observance. Pain thus prevents reckless exposure.

Pain evokes the deepest sentiments of the human heart. It quickens sympathy. It intensifies marital, parental and filial love.

"Knowledge destroys Fear," says Epictetus. It also destroys profitless pain.

All pain is profitless when we deliberately violate the laws of health or ruling social custom.

Spinoza justly observes that "Pleasure is an affection whereby the mind passes to a greater perfection. Pain is an affection whereby it passes to a lesser perfection."

Is not every pleasure a victory and every pain a defeat? The pain when conquered becomes a blessing.

The souls who are struggling for the light always turn to those who have come from the farthest depths of the dark shadows.

The songs of triumph are always those which are keyed to the notes of suffering.

Peace is the angel hovering over the fields from which the groans of anguish ascend.

Bodily pain may make the soul courageous.

Tears wrung from pain may soften anguish and clarify the vision.

Sympathy implies fellow feeling; hence sympathy with the suffering can be given fully only by one who himself has suffered.

"The oyster mends its broken shell with the pearl of pain."

Every enlargement of being either of faculty or capacity is attended by pain, either physical or mental.

The change from the old to the new is always for the greater number a painful one. "Growing pains" mark the progress of youth. To climb the difficult ascent mid rarified air means strenuous effort; none the less strenuous is the upward ascent in the intellectual and moral life. Pain be-sets us in almost every onward step.

Not by denying pain but by meeting it resolutely do we overcome it.

To affirm the non-existence of sickness, sorrow and death, does not deliver anyone from their presence.

But they can be met and gloriously mastered by faith in the invisible but every present God.

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.

During the past few weeks, more than two thousand copies of the new Happy Book have been given by members to their friends. Isn't that good? We are already having fine returns—both in letters of appreciation and in applications for membership.

When the announcement was first made, one member liked the idea so much that he ordered a hundred books at once. When they came, he wanted fifty more. Indeed the general feeling seems to be that the second edition carries a stronger appeal than the first. And we hope that before long every member of the Club will join us actively in the work of distribution.

A suggestion has just been offered which appeals to us strongly and to the members whom we have consulted. Most of you will be on a vacation this summer, of from one to eight weeks, and will make new friends during that time. Will you not secure beforehand ten or twenty or thirty copies of "How To Be Happy" and leave a book with each new friend who needs it and is ready for it? The summer is the most appropriate time of the year to spread this message. And your own vacation will be twice as enjoyable if it holds the idea of helping others.

A special opportunity presents itself in this connection. Every summer resort, hotel, camp, or boarding house has a library, reading room, or at least a center table for literature acceptable to its patrons. Will you not reserve a place in your trunk for a package of Harmony Club leaflets, and order them now while the supply is plentiful? Fifty sets of these announcements make a package only four inches thick—and even on a short vacation of a few days you might carry a bundle in your valise. We must all be constantly on the lookout for new ways to extend our work, if the Club is to grow as it should and become a permanent institution. This is one of the best ways for immediate action.

We were both sorry and glad to have so many requests for the February and March numbers of THE CENTER, which were late in going out—sorry because the monthlies were delayed, glad because you missed them. We have been working under difficulties, having to meet especially the problem of getting enough labor for two people accomplished by one. There are bound to be hitches in every new undertaking of the magnitude of this. But we believe you understand and will help us to overcome these drawbacks. We need a business manager, a circulation manager, and several other experienced workers in various departments. When we can afford these helpers we shall have them. Meanwhile, please be patient if any delay should occur.

Washington, D. C., is a great place for advanced thinkers. People there to an exceptional degree have the time, the means, and the education to investigate things for them-

selves. We are especially glad, therefore, to announce the formation of a local center of the Harmony Club in Washington. This is now being organized by Dr. Charles F. Winbigler, 1321 Fairmont Street. Some of our most enthusiastic members have come through the friendliness of Mr. Winbigler and we heartily second his invitation to all the Washington members to be acquainted with him and each other and to have a regular meeting-place. If you do not live in Washington but have friends there, will you please tell them of this new development?

In filing our application for membership, we have noticed the frequent occurrence of letters like this: "A friend of mine has loaned a copy of THE CENTER, and I am so favorably impressed that I wish to learn more of your Club and to join if it appeals to me." These letters have had all to be answered by personal communication, which takes a great deal of time and thought. So we have adopted a new way of reaching the stranger who may happen to see the monthly.

In the last few pages of each monthly we are telling the "Club Story" in full. This means that everybody who reads THE CENTER with any interest at all may know at once what the Club is, how it started, and who should belong. This will save our time from answering inquiries and will also afford you a regular opportunity for sending the message on. If you will order two subscriptions instead of one, you can give the second copy to a new friend each

month or loan it to several. Thus your own files will be kept intact, and your desire satisfied to share good things with others.

A number of subscribers have adopted this plan of their own accord. And results prove its value. Will you give it a trial? The second subscription costs members only twenty-five cents a year. Could there be a more economical and more pleasing way of helping your friends to understand themselves and so attain Happiness?

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 31. Mrs. O. C.—Leland, Illinois.

"I believe that one should not die; if so why is there such a feeling about it?"

Many believe as you do. Within the past ten years a new school of thinkers has developed, their slogan being Physical Immortality, and their aim "How to Live Forever." These friends, some of them personally known to the writer, maintain that death could be, should be, will be conquered—and more than one has lost his life in the effort. The sanest of them are quite scientific, there is no physiological necessity for dying. I think, however, there is a moral necessity—and will be so long as present civilization endures.

The purpose of death is to cleanse the soul. To realize this, look deep into the eyes of a little child—then into the eyes of an old man; observe the clouds and masks and unrealities that have settled with human experience, layer on layer, over the beautiful child-sweetness that the man once possessed. We die for the sake of being natural again. If we could retain the spiritual fervor and divine impress that marks our beginning of life, there would be no call for death to renew us.

The fear of death, as all fear, is based on ignorance and

infidelity. Only they fear death who abuse or evade life. Men die averaging less than forty years of age—they should all reach not less than a hundred and twenty. By wrong living, wrong thinking, wrong working, talking, feeling and loving, the human race destroys two-thirds of its own life. This unconscious suicide virtually tinges our whole view of death. Any good thing turns bad when kept out of proportion. We the human family experience death just three times as often as we should. Hence it looks abnormal, which it is.

Normal death is painless—a mere falling to sleep. Yet because illness hurts, often terribly, we imagine death hurts more. Our doctors and ministers should both have told us different.

Normal death is opportune, it comes when our work is finished and we are so tired we care for nothing but rest. If the friends of the dead mourn, it is because the dead were incomplete. Why blame death for that?

Normal death is radiant with promise, there is nothing so illumined on earth as the vision that belongs to the dying. We, never having died, cannot understand this. We bury ourselves in gloom, wear crêpe veils and mourning bands, look on joy as a desecration, bar the future good with tearful reminiscence. If, instead of accepting the world's false opinion of death, we would learn for ourselves the real nature of it, we should recognize both spiritual and physical gain from the normal dissolution of the body.

Human blindness, custom, weakness, superstition, transgression—this accounts for the dread of the final change. Nature is guiltless. Nature always helps, where man allows her to.

QUESTION 32. A Member from California.

"Is it possible to fight Cæsar with God, or *must* we fight Cæsar with Cæsar and God with God?"

Let us suppose a case. Suppose you are a woman of intense loyalty and a great impulsive love-nature; you put your absolute faith in some one for whom you care deeply—only to find him subtle, shrewd, deceptive, mercenary, willing to drain your heart's blood, turn all your sacrifices into gain for himself, and not so much as thank you for your life-surrender. Shall you become deceptive and mercenary? No, but you shall become subtle and shrewd! Every pronounced mother-type, whether man or woman; everyone bent on giving; every sympathetic, warm-hearted, unselfish nature, must adopt the first law of earth-life, namely, *self-preservation*. Men, as a rule, have learned this lesson only too well; women are just beginning to recognize the need of it. The brain of man despises the heart of woman, because the heart of woman cannot or will not exercise brutality. And the brain, overwhelmingly brutal, stops for nothing but its master in its own field.

There are two invincible weapons for a loving woman to use against a ruthless man: *coldness* and *shrewdness*. Take your choice. Be utterly indifferent—or be ever alert. Warfare is not ideal. It is rudimentary. But the masculine way of regarding women is primitive in the extreme. And you may have to lapse momentarily into the Stone Age, if you are to meet a man squarely on his own ground.

Remember this: all permanent vantage is based on merit. Your ugliest adversary owns a strength of character that you do not possess—therefore God brings him as a worthy example to you. Rival his might, outmatch him in skill,

make him respect your sheer force of arms—then you will not only save yourself, you will redeem him.

QUESTION 33. A Member in New York.

"I find it hard for me to recognize no duty but to myself. I belong to the Dutch Reformed Church; surely my gentle Master taught meekness and no thought of oneself. I cannot reconcile that, but think it must be wrong understanding. I am in deep sympathy with a non-sectarian club where we are all brothers and sisters."

The gentle Nazarene taught meekness—but He *lived* battle. He had to, for the world could not understand meekness; the world considered meekness a sign of hopeless defeat. When the Right everywhere prevails, the message of the Man of Galilee may serve as a code of law. But until that time, we shall be forced to gain our spiritual advance by the most ardent struggles.

There are two kinds of genuine meekness: the meekness of childhood, which is submission to authority; and the meekness of old age, which is the calm of meditation. Two thousand years ago the civilized world was a babe, and the folk of Palestine could well practice the simple, natural, childlike form of meekness. Also in India meekness, to-day, is a national trait—for India has grown very old, and the zest of maturity is vanished. But we of America are just reaching our strong prime; and to live and do our work we must know how to battle. Infinitely humble toward the vast realm of Truth whose outer portals we have but opened a little way: selfless toward our achievements, which are nothing beside what we might have done; tender with the helpless, patient with the erring, glad to yield our very lives in blessing and serving those we love—all this

we can be and more, if then we stand as firm as Gibraltar, keeping our granite wall of defense armed for the passing hosts of insincerity. Meekness and might belong together—neither is safe apart from the other.

QUESTION 34. Mr. M. J. S. —Lima, Ohio.

"Cannot your philosophy greatly benefit my wife and myself who have suffered by death the loss of our only child, a bright boy, who would have graduated from the High School this year? He seemed our whole comfort and our source of ambition and joy. Now we shall remain childless."

When the butterfly has grown from the worm, and is released because now it has wings, do we mourn? Why then mourn for the passing of the human soul from its earth-limitations? The change is the same. And if our experience were larger, our perceptions finer, we should know this and rejoice.

There is loss in death only because we do not see the gain. Experience, like energy, cannot be lost. We may not sense the transformation of light into heat, or of heat into motion; but our lack of discernment cannot affect the laws of chemistry. So with human experience, which is the energy of the soul in the form of action; death transforms experience into light—so that each earth-lesson is radiant with meaning though it may have been obscured while the soul was confined to an earth-body.

Thus, if your boy was taken while very young, he will simply be learning, growing, developing, attaining, in a higher sphere. It is the belief of many, including the writer, that all human life has a counterpart celestial; that the work unfinished here will be sooner perfected there; that specific training here will be used there—every soul continuing the

true expression of itself as teacher, artist, physician, musician, captain of industry or humble toiler; that no real separation of soul-kin is possible and the momentary parting looks to everlasting good. I think the great difference between earth and Heaven is that in Heaven we shall work with finer tools. If your boy was spiritually matured before his age and could wield better instruments than earth affords, can you not be glad for his sake?

Have you ever thought of adopting a child? Or of doing for other children what you would have done for your child? Don't let your parental affections wither—let them unfold, and it is quite possible that the boy in his new home may be helped by your tenderness and watch-care exercised for another. Selfishness will raise a wall between you and the dead—open-heartedness will form a direct path of communication. Be kind to some one else's boy, if you would keep close to your boy.

After all, what of the living? Perhaps you and your wife needed a great sorrow to melt your hearts together. If your love for each other is perfect, even the sharing of a woe is divine—the sharing itself is enough. Lavish on each other the faith, hope, idealism, self-sacrifice, devotion, that you would have felt toward your boy; then you may see why he was taken.

THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR MAY

WILL BE

“Enjoying Ourselves”

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, co-operative. 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 coöperation 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 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. Extra cost of Pin 50 cents and \$2.00—the first gold-plate, the last solid gold.

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.

Haven't you a friend who needs just the help that the Harmony Club can give? And won't you tell him about our work?

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

CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Sorrow is but need of consecration.

Only great souls merit great suffering.

The moral giant grows out of battle with despair.

When the price of peace is compromise, war is cheaper.

Equally immature is the woman who always weeps and the man who never does.

Suffering is God's aisle from sin to salvation.

He alone teaches who demonstrates how to use adversity wisely.

When falling shadows can break your heart, your heart was only a shell and it's time you had a new one.

Trouble is a bubble you can break with the wand of hope.

The true secret of Happiness is to be glad for the things that make us sad. Because they teach us most.

The test of one's truth is to smile in the face of an open wound.

Immortal literature has been either ecstasy or anguish—the power to feel is the measure of Truth's expression.

This is the genealogy of the soul: Pain gives birth to Purity—then Purity to Power!

Every tear is a prism through which to vision God.