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# THE CENTER

SEPTEMBER, 1910



**EDITORIAL**

**The Cost of Living**

**CONTRIBUTIONS**

**"Move With the Ship"  
A Story of Personal Triumph**

# 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. Club Rooms at 700 West End Avenue, New York City.

## Officers

President	- - - -	EDWARD H. FALLOWS
General Secretary	- -	DR. F. N. GLOVER
Editor	- -	EDWARD EARLE PURINTON
Treasurer	- -	CHARLES E. SELOVER
Social Secretary	- -	HELEN M. FOGLER

**Important.** ALL correspondence and ALL checks, post-office or express money orders and registered letters should be addressed ·

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

700 West End Avenue

New York City, N. Y.

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HARMONY CLUB MONTHLY



PRICE: SINGLE COPY TEN CENTS

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME  
TWO

SEPTEMBER, 1910

NUMBER  
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA AT 700 WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

## The Cost of Living

This world is full of cracker-box philosophers.

By a "cracker-box philosopher" I mean a limber-tongue and loose-brain individual who nobly condescends to loll around the corner-grocery, telling how he would run things if he only had the chance—and fortifying himself by munching borrowed crackers, while opportunities flit, unobserved, past the open door. But the talker's eyes are on the crackers.

A complainer always stands with his back to the light. He stands and scowls and feebly talks—while the strong man goes into the world and seizes what he wants, or into himself and creates what he wants. Only impotence protests. Be ashamed to emit grumbles—they prove your working-gear out of order.

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The Cost of Living is now the favorite theme of conversation at many breakfast-tables otherwise respectable. I am not sure that any breakfast-table is respectable; most of them, being a violation of natural hunger, are therefore criminal.) The last neighborly conversation, overheard in a grocery-store, between two housewives who live around the corner, was to this effect; each endeavored to prove her claim to wealth and distinction by showing how much worse the dealer had robbed her, over the counter, than she had her neighbor!

False weights and measures, recently taken in car-loads from small shops in the city, add to the burden. New newspapers have at last offered prizes for inexpensive dinner menus, with the assurance that such helps would make the columns indispensable to the average household provider.

I can remember when for a penny you could buy a magnificent, rosy-cheeked apple, luscious for taste and generous for size. Now, apples cost from three to eight cents apiece. We used to get honest, fresh, farm-grown eggs for twenty-five cents a dozen. Now, the eggs we buy for that are unconscious lessons in the eternity of time—being descended through the refrigeration process, from some glacial period mysteriously remote. Butterless bread used to be thought economy. Now, bread itself is a luxury to many. When potatoes are measured by the quart, and coal is sold by the piece, such a state of things demands investigation and a possible relief. The more spiritual we are, the more practical we become. To neglect the actual is to lose the ideal.

For the raised tariff on food, rent, clothing and other necessities of life, which is estimated at sixty per cent. during the last fifteen years, many learned explanations are offered. And the more learned, the more useless to the average man. These are a few of the academic reasons given by author



ties:—the Trusts; the Labor Unions; the increased supply and hence reduced value of gold; the ignorance of the American housewife; the greed of farmers, packers, shippers and retailers; the railroad monopoly; the fictitious values of stocks; the growth of national extravagance; the lessened fertility of the soil; the desertion of the farms for the cities; the duty levied on food-importation; the multiplication of small shops and consequent high ratio of prices to the consumer; the modern demand for luxurious shopping facilities and service; the greater devotion of the American people to style, comfort and appearance; the evils of the competitive system; the laws against impure foods and elimination of cheap varieties; the epidemic of sanitation and the higher standards of living in general.

Such an imposing array of causes provides a good illustration of how professors squabble while paupers starve. Why study causes if, when you know them, you can't change them? Every individual may control the effects of outer causes by setting up inner causes and putting them to work. You can live more cheaply, and more enjoyably, only by solving your own personal problem of meeting conditions as you find them.

I think that the solemn pundits and periwinkles alleging the aforesaid causes, having sworn to follow their glum statistical trail, are now lost in a sea of figures. The real reason for increased expenses totally escapes them.

The real reason is this:

*It costs more to live because it's worth more to live.*

We have more conveniences, more comforts, more time-saving, toil-saving, temper-saving devices than our ancestors dreamed of. The family of moderate income lives as well now as the rich family did a generation back. Yesterday's luxuries become today's necessities. That is the

way of development and progress. In the mental world we are still barbarians, in the psychic world we are children, but in the physical world we have grown to be masters—and that is worth paying for. When you are tempted to berate the landlord, the grocer, the plumber and the gas-man, stop a minute and ask yourself what could hire you to go back to the candle-stick, flint-lock, stage-coach days, when snow drifted through the chinks of the wall, food was ladled out of a dusty bin, sanitation had never been heard of, and you couldn't venture out after dusk for fear of losing your way in the dark. Refinements cost. Don't be a clodhopper and refuse to pay.

In the face of conditions that look unpleasant, there are two things to do:

Discover how the situation *is already* good—

Then set to work to make it better!

You can't improve a man, or a thing, you hate. Loving must precede lifting. So to give us poise and tolerance and a spirit of thanksgiving in which to perform our task of reducing expenses, we will first consider the *Advantages of Increased Cost*. Then we shall proceed with *Methods to Decrease Cost*. We must be glad for what is, before we are strong for what shall be.

*High prices have made people think.* First, by necessitating the plain living that goes with high thinking; second, by stirring up investigations into the causes of poverty. The average worthy citizen never feels deeply until you pinch his pocket-book. Hence, until recent years, he never made a study of the centralization of wealth in the hands of a few. He is now zealously engaged in grilling plutocrats while his sister with equal ardor is grilling steaks. We do not worship millionaires as we used to, because we know how they make their money; and we learned how they make

their money in studying how to make ours. Meanwhile, our womenfolk help us save what we do earn—through modern, scientific methods of housekeeping.

Newspaper clippings—which I am careful to preserve insofar as they bear on the future possibilities of the Harmony Club—are responsible for the following statements showing how the cost of living is waking people up.

Last Spring a bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Cullom, providing for a bureau of domestic science in the Department of Agriculture, with a fund of \$50,000 recommended as an appropriation. When this bill goes through, the women of the land will be taught by the Government how to cook and sew and buy and manage, economically, hygienically, happily.

Dr. Edward A. Rumely of Laporte, Indiana, believes "the child should be taught how to fight the battle of life." He has accordingly founded a school, between South Bend and Laporte, where the art of breadwinning is emphasized and illustrated. An exhibition of the manual work of this school was recently held at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. L. B. Allyn, Instructor in Chemistry at the State Normal School of Westfield, Massachusetts, lately brought the food question into his classes, the aim being to provide people with a working knowledge of what is good food and what isn't. Suggestion to parents and teachers of dull or listless children: The account states that "with the advent of food analysis, chemistry became the most popular study in the school."

At the recent annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers, President John Kirby stated that nearly half the report of the committee on industrial education was given to the needs of the working girl in her relation to both finances and affections. "We must bring

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Lahmann, Rilki, Schroth and Haig. He soon omitted breakfast—and felt the better for it; took a light luncheon of whole-wheat bread and butter, apples or other fresh fruit, with a bit of cream cheese, or a glass of rich milk, or a handful of nuts. Total cost of luncheon 10 cents, of dinner 25 cents, of day's food 35 cents. *Annual saving* (40 cents times 365 days) \$146.

He searched the tailor shops and clothing stores in the city, answered advertisements in the magazines, and finally discovered a place where they made for \$14 suits that looked and wore like \$20. He averaged three suits a year. *Annual saving* \$18.

His neckties—a dozen or so a year—cost 50 cents each. By having them cleaned, repaired or made over, he found them wearing twice as long. *Annual saving* \$3.

Having studied Kneipp and other Nature-Cure apostles, he was able to harden his body so that he wanted no gloves or overcoat except in the most severe weather, and no under-vest all the year round. *Annual saving* (estimated) \$20.

Every city and large town has post-season sales, when hats, shirts, and other wearables may be secured for two-thirds their value, or less. Our friend proceeded to form the habit of buying ahead, when these opportunities came. *Annual saving* about \$40.

He discovered that a little ready money was most economical, to take advantage of special bargains advertised in the papers. So he began to lay aside a few dollars at the moment of receiving his salary, and to keep his eyes open for special sales. *Annual saving* about \$30.

Little self-indulgences, generally called harmless, proved to be detrimental to his working capacity. He chopped them out. The added energy, and mental grasp, resulting therefrom, produced a corresponding growth of income—

he was soon making \$20 a week more. *Annual saving \$1040.*

Figure these items up, and you have a *total saving of \$1117 a year.* Other small items not given here would bring the sum to twelve hundred dollars even.

Not every one can duplicate this. But every one can follow the principle of honest, earnest, uncomplaining, individual, effort. Whereby restriction turns to opportunity, limitation is relieved by content, hardships lose their frowning face, and thrift becomes a joy.

Edward Carl Twinton

**Never protest conditions that surround you.**

**They are either a reflection of your own past action, or a solution of your own present need.**

**Study conditions lovingly, extract the good from them, work in line with them, and watch them change into blessings.**

## Move With the Ship

By Alice B. Stockham, M. D.

Whose ship? Your own. Be at one with its propelling force, its machinery, its manifestations.

In a storm the *good* sailor prevents *mal de mer* by reeling like a drunken man.

He well knows that he must not resist the motion of the vessel.

In all life's experiences "agree with thine adversary quickly."

A little three-year-old girl visiting at our house owned a box of fishes, ducks and other swimming animals. One morning she rushed into the room. The box hit a chair and all the contents went on to the floor. Not a cry, not a whimper, she simply said: "That is just what I wanted them to do."

Another day she was making a woolen holder for her grandma, her thread snarled badly. She was asked: "What makes your thread tangle?" She replied: "That is the way I want to; that is my way."

Instinctively this child seems to know the law of non-resistance; "if a man smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." Far more than we know, happiness, real, deep heart satisfaction, depends upon following this law, this agreement with the adversary.

It is Purinton's "Thank You, Pain," thank the hand that smites.

Are you turned out of house or home? Have you lost the heart love of friend or relative? Are you persecuted for



living your own ideas of truth? Has one dear to you slipped out of the bodily form into another life?

You are not stricken and shivered or benumbed by the blow. But with a smile in your heart and a smile upon your lips, you bless and love the hand that gave the blow. "It is what I wanted," and must be according to the soul's needs.

There has been some hidden habit of mind, some bondage to tradition, some devotion to idols that must be shattered.

Diligent seeking will reveal the cause of the experience. Self examination or the search light of truth will give that freedom which is more than happiness, it is joy of suffering, joy of being, joy of life!

The converted man, the finite man attuned to the Infinite source of power and life is the one who meets experience with a "Thank You" smile. It is no hypocritical smirch, but the smile of heart, the joy of overcoming, the joy of mastery.

He well knows that the grave does not hold the departed loved one; that the child seeking freedom beyond the threshold of home cannot sunder the heart strings; that a slanderous tongue has no venom; that poverty secures freedom from possessions.

As with physical pain Tolstoi demands more pain, the more the better; release follows; so with sorrow and affliction, the exultant soul seeking greater victories cries with St. Augustine, "harder, Lord, harder, thy spirit prevail-eth."

In this agreement, conquest and mastery follow giving strength and power for greater conquests.

This is peace and satisfaction.

## ADJUSTMENT

In the affairs of one's daily life, there is no word worthy of more careful consideration, than the word Adjustment.

Man's continuous work is the putting forth of every possible effort, to secure the normal relationship of his heart, mind, body and soul, to each other.

To be all mind is to be pedantic. To be all body is the ideal of the athlete or pugilist. To respond to every emotion, without restraint, is the pathway to effeminacy. To live wholly in the atmosphere of the subliminal will produce impracticability.

The man of the hour is he who pursues his studies for intellectual development; who exercises to secure health; who loves that he may understand the heart-throbs of existence; who meditates upon the divine to produce a heaven upon earth.

He who reads a tale that brings tears, or sees a play that arouses the emotions, should immediately perform a charitable act, that he might give full expression to feelings crying out for a chance to do good.

He who develops muscle and enlarges lung, should test the value of his newly acquired strength, by getting under the burden of a great work, and commanding recognition by results produced.

He who thinks great ideas, should use them for his neighbors, thus proving his right to be a teacher of his race.

He who enters into harmonious union with the soul's highest ecstasy, should demonstrate a poise before humanity, that would encourage troubled souls to seek the calm of a great peace.

Adjustment of heart, mind, body, soul, produces the nor-

mal being, who knows when to laugh, to weep, to play, to work, to acquire, to give;—in short, that human being who is the most useful to himself, his relatives, his friends.

DR. F. N. GLOVER.

## The Story of a Club Member Who Has Triumphed Over Conditions

Truth, ultimate and universal, recognizes no such thing as heredity, environment, lack of means or culture, or any other limitation that human beings place around themselves.

This all-inspiring fact is wonderfully proven in a letter just received from a Club Member living in the wilds of the far North.

Because he wanted Truth, and would have nothing less, this man was changed from a plough boy to a seer within a few weeks. Those who imagine that surroundings determine character may well read his letter and take its lesson to heart.

Our friend writes:

“This is the fourth attempt I have made in trying to put my thoughts on paper. I make a better show at plowing than writing. So I ask that you forgive the crudeness of my writing and composition.

“If you only knew the change that has come in my life this last three months you would hardly credit it. It seems like only yesterday that I was the most perplexed man in existence. But in a moment my whole course was cleared and I hope I am on the highway toward sane progress at last.

"My childhood was very much like David Copperfield's. After I left school I became a regular sinner. But being alone in the world I started thinking that there was something very seriously wrong with me.

"Of course when I tried to free myself my habits were not so easy got rid of, for I was bound to friends and environment. I stumbled blindly against everything until I read your 'Philosophy of Fasting.'

"This Spring I fasted thirty-one days. When I broke my fast I went to a logging camp a hundred miles from anywhere. There I was just within a step of the success I sought, but it seemed as if I strove in vain. Out of a company of fifty men there wasn't one in the same line of thought as myself. Their conversation and influence instead of being uplifting was rather the reverse.

"You may have an idea what I felt like when I tell you I was afraid to go out alone of an evening. I seemed to stand all alone, which condition was both awful and fearful. For two months I suffered the agonies of a tortured soul. I felt that one wrong move would turn me back a thousand years to the animal I was, or at least send me to the mad house. And believe me there never was a being nearer crazy than I was.

"Even my dearest friends whom I loved turned me down as an infidel and a hopeless, helpless case.

"But one day there came a revelation to me, and I let go. I saw that I should be able to live equally as well with or without good friends, pleasant surroundings, nice books and fine music. For in the solitudes of the wilderness and the fastnesses of the mountains I walked alone, forfeiting everything, bleeding with cuts and bruises, up, up, to meet the Good Shepherd who was anxiously waiting to receive me into the fold once more.

"I knew what it was to love before, but I know now what it is to 'love and let go.'

"I have learned that neither self nor environment can be depended on unless quickened and in perfect harmony with the same great Power that enabled the 'wee modest crimson, tippet flower'—that Burns sings so lovingly of—to rise above *its* surroundings.

"I believe if I am true to what I know now I have a great future before me. In the space of a month I notice my memory returning to me with a vividness that is remarkable. I also notice a general improvement mentally. I don't know yet what I am cut out for, but there are a few seeds of desire planted in my soul, if I prune and water and give them all attention I am sure to have a blossom worthy of my labors.

"I have cut the word work out of my vocabulary, for when our duties are labors of love there is no such word as drudgery.

"To have once more a whole body; to be elated over a bird's nest or a little flower; to be moved by the singing of a bird or the music of a stream; to enjoy a stroll all alone among the woods and drink in the refreshing air; to watch the beauties of the evening sky as the sun sinks in the West; to be thrilled by the stars at night; to be, shall I say, lord of myself or at least lord of the universe I live in, and to know that the axis upon which that world revolves is a pivot of love; to know that at least one human soul is in perfect sympathy with me; to know and taste these things is worth the striving after.

"I have won my battle and I hope my wages are not unearned. I am satisfied that I have a long and useful life before me. And it is something to know that my own shall come to me, if I only work and wait."

## SEPTEMBER 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.

Environment does make a difference.

Friends who used to visit us at 30 Church Street say they hardly know us at 700 West End Avenue. Then we were all crowded together in a single large room on the fourteenth floor of a mammoth office building in a most congested part of the city;—now we have our own beautiful suite of rooms in a residential section of the upper West Side, with the proper surroundings for a Harmony Club—air, light, seclusion, quiet, birds, trees and children.

The Hudson River is only two blocks away. A lovely park borders the gently sloping bank for some distance. And you should see how the color has come to the cheeks of our happy girls in the office, since they devote their lunch-hour to reveling in the park.

We have seven rooms; one for the Editor, one for the Secretary, one for the office workers, one for storage—and parlors on the ground floor convenient for meetings, lectures, musical and social gatherings which we are now planning for the Winter. During the whole past year we have wanted these facilities. So the way had to open for them to come.

Please jot in your address-book our new telephone number, Riverside 8302. And if you live in Greater New York, or happen to pass through the city at any time, call us up and make an appointment for a visit to the new Club Rooms. We want you to form the habit of turning to us for such help, sympathy and counsel as we may be able to give.

Are you a mother? Have you a friend who is a mother?  
Do you believe in mothers?

Then you should know Dr. Alice B. Stockham, who is a universal mother, and who mothers all mothers. We accept the fact that children need to be mothered; we partially realize that men should be mothered; but how little we understand the longing of mothers to be mothered! Babies and men, craving understanding, turn to women; women, needing sympathy, must turn to God.

Why? Because so often men clergymen are unscientific, so often men physicians irreverent—and you can't really help a woman unless you are both these things.

Mrs. Stockham is an idealist—and a physician. She knows physiology, she knows symbology. Many students of life deem her book "Tokology" the standard work on motherhood. Others consider her teachings too radical; perhaps they are; read and judge for yourself.

Doctor Stockham's contribution to this number of THE CENTER gives you only a glimpse of her spirit. If you like that, and care to know about her work, send a letter or postal to her home address—Niagara Falls Centre, Ontario, Canada. She is now traveling, so if her answer should be delayed, you will know why.

**You can share a crust—you cannot  
share a crown. That is why crusts  
are worth more than crowns.**

## Ten Thousand Members in Ten Minutes

FOR THE GOOD OF THE CLUB—AND YOUR FRIENDS

This is our ambition.

It is our expectation, with your help.

It can be done—and no miracle either.

It *will* be done if you are as much in earnest about the growth of the Club as we are.

*Ten thousand new members, enrolled at once, will guarantee expenses for developing the Club during the next year. And if you knew the surprises we have in store for you, needing only the funds to complete them, you would certainly want these ten thousand members now. Give us ten minutes of your time and a little serious thought. Then we will secure the members.*

Here is the plan for gaining the ten thousand in ten minutes; and the reason for it.

We have found the two greatest attractions, in reaching new friends, to be the *endorsement* of a Club member whom they know, and a *specimen copy* of THE CENTER. About one in five to whom we send a personal invitation of this kind will join the Club.

There are now about six thousand members. If you, and every other reader, will send us the names of ten friends—which you can do in *less* than ten minutes, that will be sixty thousand invitations mailed from this office, with a probable return of twelve thousand memberships, and a *certainty* of expenses met for the year. As soon as you finish your little ten minutes' work, the results are assured. Please do this now. Be as prompt in co-operation as we are in suggestion. Let us feel that as fast as we can move you will move with us.

Please take a pen—or pencil—and the nearest piece of paper handy, tear a leaf from a notebook or use a piece of wrapping paper, we don't care what you use so long as you get those names here. Make it twenty if you can, to prove how much you want to help. Then send us the list at once, and help lift the burden of expense to the Club while helping your friends to find Happiness through your kindness.



**SPECIAL SEPTEMBER OFFER.** Most people are now back from their vacations, with their minds refreshed for solid reading—and their purses more empty than they wish. "The Cost of Living" will appeal at this time. Send us 5 cents with each name and we will mail the September Monthly to the address given. Twenty for a dollar would be a good number; or less, or more, as you wish.

*Please write both names and addresses very plainly.*

Who will be the first to join our Crusade for Ten Thousand?

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

700 West End Avenue, New York City.

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"When a bit of sunshine hits ye,  
After passing of a cloud,  
When a fit of laughter gits ye  
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,  
Don't fergit to up and fling it  
At a soul that's feelin' blue,  
For the minit that ye sling it  
It's a boomerang to you."

Captain Jack Crawford  
Poet, Scout, Lecturer, and  
Member of the Harmony Club

## 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 53. Mr. J. G. H.—Chicago.

"Does the body serve us most perfectly, and in the most vigorous condition, when we are thinking most or least about it?"

The purely animal functions work best when left alone—the purely human functions work best when completely governed by the human brain. Animal functions include the vital processes that we share in common with our neighbors of the forest—eating, sleeping, bathing, exercising, and the like. Human functions include the operations of mental or manual skill exacted by our industries and pleasures. Think when you work—don't think when you eat.

But this should be remembered; we have allowed the natural instincts to be thwarted and perverted by ignorant human minds—hence we must recover these instincts by the help of trained human minds. That means to think enough about the body so that we shan't need to think about it. We aren't healthy until we are unconscious that our body exists as a body. When the soul fully permeates the body, all distinction ceases.

QUESTION 54. Mr. M. H. O.—New York City.

"Can we accomplish anything by continually trying, though continually failing?"

A little child just learning to walk might ask this question—but the father could not answer it. You see the baby would only feel its bruises and sob, while the father would only watch its muscles and smile. You cannot reason with a sobbing child—you must either comfort him, or make him think of something else.

Sometimes we think we fail. But God knows better. God lets us keep on trying, because we would not listen if He spoke. You have not failed while the impulse of endeavor still throbs in your heart. Failing is ceasing to try.

What is the *practical* answer to your question? Simply this: You are either doing the wrong thing, or doing the right thing in a wrong way. If the causes of failure can be removed, change your method; if they cannot, change your avenue. You live in New York; come and see us, and we'll talk the matter over. Our telephone number is Riverside 8302. Call us up any day, and make an appointment.

QUESTION 55. Mrs. W. A. K.—Ignacio, Colorado.

“Will you not write an editorial showing how to avoid the evils of civilization?”

Dear lady, it can't be done. It would take a library. But as libraries are a part of civilization, we should have to be consistent and inscribe our treatise on a few miles of papyrus with a scratchy goose-quill. Believe me, we haven't time.

Seriously, the greatest curse of the world today is civilization. It is also the greatest blessing. Great boons, to steady them, always carry great banes.

Civilization is disease, civilization is poverty, civilization is immorality, civilization is hypocrisy, civilization is worry, despair, injustice, crime.

Civilization is also invention, ambition, improvement, refinement, hope, altruism, intelligent companionship. And, as always, the good outruns the evil. We cannot be gods before we are men. We cannot be men until we have endured civilization for a time.

The best book I know describing the ills of civilization and their cure is "Return to Nature," evolved by Adolf Just the German physician out of his own experience with chronic invalidism. I wish every doctor, nurse, health-seeker or advanced thinker in the Harmony Club might have a copy of this unique and wonderfully helpful book. If you desire, the Club will secure it for you.

QUESTION 56. Mr. F. C. A.—New York City.

"I should like to ask whether attainable happiness here has necessarily a material side? And to what extent?"

Yes. Material beings cannot reside wholly in an immaterial world. Most of us need *things*, nearly all of us need *people*, to make us happy. But things and people have a spiritual significance, which—properly understood—lifts them out of the sordid and verifies them in the real.

I suppose a normal woman could not be happy without pretty clothes; I am quite sure a normal man could not be happy without "filling" food;—and perhaps God meant her to be vain and him to be greedy, that each might grow to be something better. Vanity is self-respect turned inside out, greed is strength in embryo. When the world has grown a little, the strength of man will lie in his brain and the self-respect of woman in her soul. Then will beef-steak dinners and millinery pageants vanish with the rest of the toys, propped and makeshifts of human evolution.

Whatever we earn, or make, for ourselves belongs in our scheme of Happiness. There should be a law forbidding the inheritance of great wealth. Patrimony is usually theft of the man who gets it—it steals his ambition, which is worth more than money. In this respect Andrew Carnegie is ideal; he is equally happy making money or giving it away.

There are so-called “spiritual” teachers who affect to despise the world of finance. Trust them not—they are generally the first to grab everything in sight when nobody’s looking.

We can be happy without money—we cannot be happy without the power to earn money. The ecstasy of the poet is one phase of Happiness, the vigor of the plodder is another. Put the form of your vision in the grasp of your vise, then you shape and hew and build securely. And then you find money a spiritual quantity.

QUESTION 57. Mrs. J. W. S.—Montclair, N. J.

**“Is it not true that the spiritual feeds the mind; and the mind being well fed, the body needs less material food?”**

This is absolutely true—only those who have experienced it know how true. If a poor man, or a stingy man, wished to economize, he could do no better than make a thorough study of the truths of life that the Harmony Club is beginning to present. For the more a man knows, the less he needs.

Some years ago, the writer used to eat “three square meals” a day, and also nibble when he had a chance. Then he was surly, gloomy, irritable, physically weak and mentally inefficient.

Now he enjoys one or two meals a day—never more—with nothing between meals. And he does about five times the work he used to, with more ease than he felt doing nothing but sitting around waiting for the dinner-bell. Also, he is better natured, as I hope you can testify.

Natural tastes call for inexpensive things; a hungry child loves a bowl of bread-and-milk, while a rich and pampered child must have costly chef-made dishes or refuse to eat. Financially, it pays to grow spiritually.

Moreover, the enjoyment is greater. Senses are not like muscles. Muscles grow strong as they grow large—senses grow strong as they grow delicate. Spiritualize your senses and a crust of bread will be sweeter to you than a feast of luxuries addressed only to the palate.

It is said that disembodied spirits live on perfume, color and music. Possibly a scientific way to prepare for Heaven would be to study, adopt and assimilate the finer means of nourishment offered us on earth. Too many bodies thrive while souls starve. Appease the sensibilities, if you would develop the soul to its highest stature. For senses are only buds of sensibilities; and the hunger of the *soul* is for love, the thirst of the *soul* is for light.

TOPIC OF THE NEXT EDITORIAL

“Modern Uses of the Mind”

# Harmony Club of America

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**Three Booklets.** (1) "The View Point." (2) "A Talk on Relaxation." (3) "Mental Hygiene in Everyday Living." These Brochures are practical, rational, interesting proofs of the Remedial Value of Happiness. Full of Good Cheer and Fresh Hope. Dainty, prettily decorated, well-bound volumes, uniform in size. 35 cents per copy. The three volumes for \$1.00.

**Health and Happiness.** The Harmony Club Edition—a book of 300 pages. It contains all the principles of mental and spiritual hygiene. "Is Mental Healing Scientific? Is It Practical? Is It Safe?" This book is the answer. Theories, methods, cases and results are fully given. Twenty chapters—helpful, inspiring, concise, charming. Endorsed by press and public. Special price to CENTER readers—until edition exhausted—\$1.00. The regular price of this book is \$1.50.

**Extension Fund.** \$50.65 has been given to us by several Club members for the purpose of extending the Club's influence as the officers may deem best. Should you feel inclined to DO LIKEWISE, send check, money or express order, or registered letter to Harmony Club of America, 700 West End Avenue, New York City. Mention "for Extension Fund" in your letter. Receipt will be acknowledged.

**Special.** During September only. Send us \$1.50, and we will enroll two of your friends who are not now members of the Club.

**Psychotherapy.** If interested in this subject write us.

**Branches** of the Club will be established. Write us.

**Lectures** by the officers arranged for upon request.

**"How To Be Happy" Books.** 10 cents each to members. 25 cents to all others.

**Club Pins** 50 cents. Solid Gold \$2.00.

**Circulation.** Aid us by sending us a list of names to be circularized with our new Booklet entitled "Power From Happiness."

**Back Numbers** of THE CENTER—10 cents while they last.

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

700 West End Avenue

New York City, N. Y.

## CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Pride costs more than provender.

Your wage is but the index of your will.

How to get much out of little : Fill up the lack with love.

Skimping is more unhygienic than squandering.

Extravagance with kindness is cheaper than economy without.

The scientific way to economize is not to spend less but to earn more.

Smallness deplores lack of money to have things ; greatness deplores lack of time to do things.

You can shut out the sun with a copper cent if you hold it too close to your eye.

The man who stops to complain of conditions has never learned the value of his time. That is why he remains poor—his complaint is the cause of his condition.

What costs us most is our incapacity to enjoy simple things.

The two chief causes of household penury are that women don't know how to cook nor men how to caress.

The value of a thing is as real as our smile on losing it.

How the poorest man can be rich : learn to revel in dreams.

The physical man is sustained on things, the mental man on thoughts, the spiritual man on thrills. And only the spiritual man is matured.