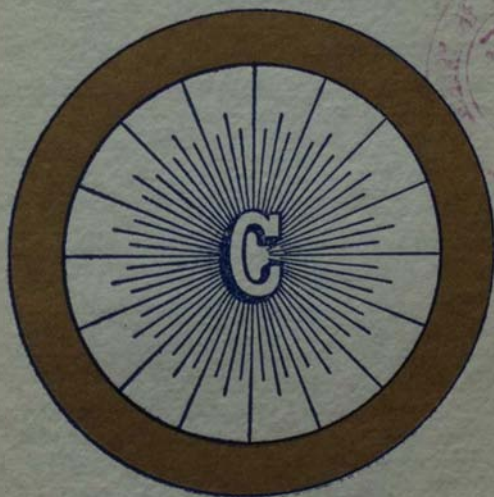


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THE CENTER

DECEMBER, 1911



EDITORIAL

Harmonizing Science and Religion

CONTRIBUTIONS

World's League for a Sane Christmas

Dream Faces (Poem)

Harmony Club of America

An independent organization of earnest people everywhere, who want to make the most of life and 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 upon receipt of postage. Office at 700 West End Avenue, New York City.

EDWARD H. FALLOWS Founder

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON President and Editor

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Harmonizing Science and Religion

Only ignorance breeds enmity. People disagree because they cannot see.

How reconcile antagonists, whether commercial, political, or religious? Make them change places. Lift them bodily out of their tracks, put each in the standpoint of the other, and hold him there till he sees all that the other sees. The cure for opposition is transposition.

The most earnest people are generally the most blind. God is managing the world, and whoever thinks himself called to make it over, proves that he does not know God's plans very well. The reformer succeeds when he becomes the enlightener; he fails while he remains the interferer. Darkness envelops the world—not wantonness. Let any

man fear to say that the people will not have the truth; perhaps they will not have his view of the truth, narrowed by his angle of vision and colored by his veil of prejudice;—but give them the whole truth and they must take it.

There is no man so equipped with opportunity as the clergyman; and there is rarely if ever a man so lacking in power to *use* opportunity as the clergyman. I say this because I am on the side of the clergyman—I have so little regard for the typical “scientist” that I will not squander time in talking to him. The sight of the clergyman may be weak—he cannot see things afar save by a theological telescope, and often he cannot see things near at hand at all; but the eyes of the average scientist are so twisted by the fallacy of experimentalism and so clouded by the dust of materialism that real discernment, of earth or sky, is out of the question. Only as the scientist becomes also the transcendentalist may his appraisal of values be accepted.

Why should the devout man join forces with the learned man? Because, while they remain apart, they both defeat their own ends. The scientist who repudiates or neglects the *physical and mental* value of religious impulse, merely cripples his own mind. The undeviating trend of modern psychological research points to this: That the submerged part of the mind is the greatest and strongest, that a huge faith digs into this and opens new fields of talent, and that a sudden exaltation, prolonged devotion or undying love will plunge a man to the depths of his own recesses of power. The scientist who has a God has a keener sense of penetration, a broader outlook on life, and a fuller measure of joy in his work, as earthly rewards for his faith.

On the other hand, the clergyman who fails to appreciate the scientific news of the day robs himself of his mightiest weapons of defence. Without being in the least conscious of it, or a whit desirous, the modern scientific world is engaged in substantiating the truth of the biblical records. First archaeology, now psychology, declares the Bible a wonderful account of the words and the deeds and the nature of man. "Miracles"? Natural phenomena, performed and observed on a supernormal plane of vibration; thus explains the newer science. Perhaps a theologian may object "You are leaving God out." We are not, my brother; we are letting God in. A miracle as an extra-mundane intervention may be a rich source of fancy; but as a means of comfort and hope it cannot approach the marvel of interhuman permeation by the Divine with His wonder-working spirit. Can a man be son of God and not be heir to Omnipotence? History is for religion, but against theology. Man-made creeds are toppling, decaying, crumbling into dust? Let them. A nobler, sweeter, form of faith shall rise, grounded in our common humanity, and blossoming for all who pass; in the manner of the flower when it grows beyond the trellis, and the crude, bleak, supports may fall and no one cares.

In respect to miracles, who is right—the man of faith or the man of fact? This much is certain; the theologian is wrong in claiming, without proof, that they *did* occur; and the biologist is wrong in claiming, without proof, that they *could not* occur. I more than half suspect that greater marvels did appear, and will eventuate, than lies within the power of historian to chronicle. But I am wholly convinced that neither proof nor disproof can

change the heavenly glories to come, nor affect the principles for which the Bible stands.

Travelers in the Orient have brought back tales of remarkable things they have seen accomplished; how the Eastern adepts have willed that fire should appear unkindled and unkindled, and so it was; how they have by a magic process called flowers into being from no one knew where; how they have buried themselves for weeks at a time, living without eating or drinking, almost without breathing. I myself have seen the laws of gravitation, as we know them, defied and overthrown by a subject in a hypnotic trance; and I have watched a psychic girl medium weighing about a hundred pounds drag a half dozen husky men all over a large room, the force of her will outpulling the force of their muscle. We simply do not know what can be done by the use of our hidden, subtle, powers.

Consider miracles in the light of such possibilities. Many students of history affirm that the unrecorded years of the Nazarene were spent in Egypt, India or Persia, and devoted to the mastery of the finer forces in Nature. Mystics claim that the archives of the secret orders then flourishing pronounce the Man of Galilee one of their greatest initiates and illuminati. There is nothing irreverent in such a claim; if He could be born in a manger, could He not go to the wisest men for better human equipment? Such an explanation renders at least possible the turning of water into wine, either by suggestion to the friends at the feast or by actual spontaneous creation. The work of raising the dead might have hinged on "suspended animation." Even the resurrection and reappearance of the Master have their correlates in modern psychic materialization and astral projection of the personality,

whereby close friends of the dead or dying have been wakened from sleep by the form of the soul unfleshed, at their bedside.

Within the past few months we have been apprised of the foreshadowing of the *scientific possibility of "immaculate conception"*—(I quote the last two words because the idea that birth, to be immaculate, must be sexless, is repugnant to wholesome minds). A group of biologists, if press accounts be true, have succeeded in fertilizing eggs, artificially, and producing offspring in a peculiar type of fish, without the intervention of the masculine element. Carry these experiments far enough and human fathers might no longer be required—mothers could do the work of both parents. In the rare birth of great souls, God may perhaps have committed to the virgin mother such a responsibility, because only a virgin mother holds a messianic ideal of parenthood. Religion exalts "immaculate conception" not from a dread of human mating but from a consciousness of the woeful impureness of men; if all men were guided by the Holy Spirit when changing wives into mothers, would not every mother's body become the temple of God?

What is now the clearest note of progress in education? Simply this; that scientists and preachers begin to acknowledge, respectively, how little they know and how much they can learn from each other. The custom of the bigot is to defend his own bulwarks; but the man who is open to improvement becomes an explorer, he has no time to be a defender. Among the notable scientists who have been converted to the reality of unseen things are Wallace, Crookes, Flammarion, Ramsay, Lombroso, Lord Kelvin, Larkin, Gates and Serviss. On the other hand, recent sermons by the Bishop of Carlisle and the

Bishop of London before the English Church Congress have been quoted as declaring that the Church is being discredited through the "boundless pretensions of foolish and narrow men"; that "clericalism is the enemy" of religion; that the "caste of ecclesiasticism" must be abolished; and that "the true priest is not the man through whom others may have access to God, but the man who himself has access; in other words, every Christian might be a priest." When a Bishop states publicly that "the Church's worst enemies are among those who staunchly believe themselves to be its truest friends"—who can ask for a nobler demonstration of the broadening and humanizing of religious faith?

SCIENCE CAN TEACH RELIGION

That dogma cannot save; that honest doubt is better than blind worship; that refusal to question the source and the end of life is not a proof of goodness but a proof of willingness to insult the minds which God gave us; that sincere beliefs should be respected even though they seem to undermine our own; that parables need not have been facts but may have been greater as incentives to imagination, which is the builder of destiny; that miracles must conform to law, even though the law be not yet understood by human reason; that the laboratory is the church's best ally, revealing truths too subtle for our senses, and demonstrating marvels otherwise hid; that a sane and practical religion must include the laws of hygiene, physiology, psychology, sociology, business, marriage and child-training; that salvation must be earned, through conscious, definite, persistent, character-building, while on earth; that God employs no unfair system of penalties and rewards, but only loves us all

He can while He bids justice be accomplished; that Heaven is based on the age and ethnology of the soul, and we must not condemn a "heathen" who fails to apprehend the highest moral concepts; that life, both here and hereafter, is rational, individual, evolution, and a Heaven of indolent ease, filled only with harps and angels, would be an affront to God, who is the Everlasting, Infinite, Unwearied and Uninterrupted Worker.

RELIGION CAN TEACH SCIENCE

That only ideals endure; that prayer is a vital force; that the "communion of saints" engenders a psychic power and mental expansion unavailable to the individual; that blind devotion is more effective than logical restraint; that inspiration is the capstone of the intellect, and no man's mind is complete without an established sense of the continuity of life in the heavens; that the seer is forerunner of the scientist, and to ridicule prophetic visions or deny the reality of the dream-world is to prove one's self a relic of the Middle Ages; that all true healing begins with the soul, and to give medicine without also giving truth is a compromise with arrant materialism; that in scientific parenthood the keynote is reverence, because only the highest intensity of feeling in the parents creates genius in the child, hence if the race is to improve, marriage must be held a sacrament; that martyrdom for a principle is exaltation more than destruction and the idealizing of Christ crucified has a lesson for the great majority, who dread discomfort and avoid pain and by their lethargy are made common; that an imagined Heaven of hope is more scientific than a reasoned chaos of despair; that a horizon of religious calm is a positive renewer of brain, nerves and body; that a supreme faith,

no matter in what or whom, unlocks great hidden powers residing in every man, leading him out and on to a goal denied the faithless.

Can there be a wiser blend of truth than the merging of these two—Science and Religion? With our faces upturned, our souls keen, our hearts pure and loving, to penetrate the heavens and reach a consciousness of the overpowering, transfiguring, presence of God;—then with our brains alert, our bodies strong, our muscles hard and our nerves steady, to battle for our faith and make the world respect us because we are invulnerable;—what finer aim for a man with his soul in the lead, but with good, red blood in his veins and in his heart a wholesome love of life!

Edward Carl Swinton

Pity the self-ignorance of the man whose Deity dwells beyond the skies;—our God is as far from us as we are from ourselves.

Harmony Club Paean

BODY SINGS

Strong as oak upon the mountain, firm as rock where sea-foam dashes,
Free as winds that sweep the valley of its ancient dust and ashes,
We have met full many a storm, and have gloried in the form
Of these bodies clean and kingly, first revealed in lightning-flashes

HEART SINGS

Softened then as those who suffer, patient grown through long denial,
We have ceased to be expectant with the turning of the dial,
But have weighed and measured years by the smiles and prayers and
tears
Of the soul that loves the lesson in the superhuman trial

MIND SINGS

Bent upon a goal immortal, Fortune's richest garlands wearing,
We pursue our path Olympic, keen, relentless and unsparing,
Out of fire and flood and scourge still we mount the cosmic urge
Past a sea of frowning faces—never pausing, never caring

SOUL SINGS

Power in us, Peace upon us, Plenty in the world around us—
We invoke the skies above us on whatever need has bound us,
Working with a will of fire, may we mould our heart's desire,
So with God to stand triumphant when our destiny has found us

E. E. P.

The World's League for a Sane Christmas

BY BRUCE CALVERT

I thank the Editor of THE CENTER for this opportunity of speaking to the many readers of that splendid publication.

The Christmas season is again approaching, and with it will come the usual orgies of crazy present-buying. I want you who have not heretofore given the matter thought to stop just a moment and consider what it all means before you yourself join the mad rush of shoppers after Christmas junk with which to afflict your friends and neighbors who bear you no malice.

I call the Christmas mania a craze. It is that and more. It amounts to an obsession. A national hysteria. An emotional debauch and it's getting more violent year by year.

Now tell me honestly, is there any sane reason why the supposed birthday of a great soul buried two thousand years ago should be celebrated every December by a wild outburst of emotional insanity which we express in gorging ourselves like vultures, in a mad rush of indiscriminate buying of junk for our fool friends who are themselves out raging up and down the market places pawing over the plunder on bargain counters for some gimcrack to make a flash with at our own front doors on Christmas morning?

Beautiful business, isn't it now, really? And so fitting a remembrance of the meek and lowly man of Galilee! In commemoration of Him who out of his great love gave Himself, His life for humanity, we now pass around brass gew-gaws, plush doodazzles and tinfoil!

Candidly, doesn't it make us wonder whether after all

Darwin did not get his homogenesis twisted, and that man is headed toward the monkey in place of away from him?

And what is the net result of this annual midwinter madness? Just look around your own homes after Christmas. See the loot gathered in from hell's four corners. Think of the truck you yourselves distributed around over the neighborhood all duly ticketed with the handsomely engraved cards of the senders, much of the stuff with price marks artistically raised to impress the receiver duly with your affluence.

The result? Nothing but shattered nerves, heart burnings, bitter disappointments, envy, jealousy, depleted pocketbooks. Hate where love only should reign. Grasping, greedy repining where brotherhood only should be remembered. Not to speak of engorged livers and stomachs in the dry docks for weeks to come. Worse yet. Hundreds of families in debt to the installment sharks, grinding their noses for the next nine months to pay for Christmas presents which they could not afford and had no business to make—and which, truth be told, the receivers only accorded their contempt.

Wholesale Christmas-present giving as now practiced, from the casual acquaintance met on the street to the letter man at the front door, and the garbage man at the back gate, has in it nothing to recommend it. It is not ennobling but is actually debasing in its effect upon character.

The true spiritual significance of Christmas has all but disappeared, lost out of sight in the mad paroxysm of present-making which lacks sweetness, neighborly love or even good sense and decency.

This insanity must stop. It has become an intolerable

burden, sapping the resources and dissipating the energies of the people. No one is the gainer. All suffer. Especially the poor harassed shop girls and delivery messengers whom we literally kill by the thousands every Christmas. What do you think the glorious Christmas season means to a delicate salesgirl who has to stand on her feet fourteen to sixteen hours a day, facing nervous, irritable shoppers, for two or three weeks before December 25th?

What kind of a Christianity is it anyway that is willing to purchase its pleasure or tickle its vanity at the price of some one else's suffering?

Don't you think we'd better cut it all out? Aren't we all ashamed every time we send a package of Christmas junk to our friends? Just because we know they are expecting it, and because we know they are going to send us something?

Let's make a change this year. We'll all feel better, kinder, more human. We'll regain our self-respect, and we'll make room for real brotherhood, human love in our hearts.

The "World's League for a Sane Christmas" is a movement in favor of sanity and sweetness. It aims to bring back to the Christmas celebration its true spiritual meaning. The League has no goods to sell. It is not a commercial organization. There are no salaried officials or employees. All is a labor of love.

We invite all who believe in a sane Christmas, a sane Fourth of July, and a sane every day to co-operate with us. There are no dues or assessments. All funds contributed are used solely to further the ends of the League. We supply members artistic and attractive post cards bearing messages of love and good cheer for sending to

their friends in place of the customary gimcracks. Enough of us united can make this reform possible, whereas separately we lack the courage to combat entrenched wrong.

National headquarters of the League are at 421 State Life Building, Indianapolis, Indiana. Applications for membership and literature free on request.

One hundred thousand people will this year adopt the suggestion of the World's League for a Sane Christmas to give love instead of junk. Will you be with us?

Our Contributors

It is good for the soul to meet an absolutely fearless man. Such a man is Bruce Calvert, Editor of "The Open Road," and President of The World's League for a Sane Christmas. His great delight is in shaking out the dust of superstition, rattling the dry bones of tradition, breaking the back of convention, and otherwise opening the way for the progress of the individual. We thank him, and appreciate him. If you like his article in this number you will enjoy his little magazine, which is slightly Whitman-flavored and Hubbard-garnished, but thoroughly Calvert-baked-and-brewed. For a current number send ten cents to "The Open Road," Griffith, Indiana, R. F. D., No. 1.

We are again favored by Mrs. Rose M. de Vaux-Royer with a gem of truth in poetic form. May all our "dream faces" during the coming year be as pleasing and beautiful as our friend's portrayal of them. And Heaven be kind to her muse, expressing so rarely the light of the soul with the lilt of the heart.

Dream Faces

BY ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER

As echoes of a thousand thoughts
Drift down the aisles of time
I greet old dreams of mine again,
And fetter them in rhyme.

I see in dreamy reverie
A line of spectral faces
Rise up and pass before me,
In slow and measured paces.

I know that they but claim their own;
Those half-averted glances—
My own dead past they each reflect—
Unchanged as time advances.

I fain would call each one by name,
And check them in their going
To link the present and the past's
Eternal ebb and flowing—

But never one can I recall,
I can not e'en detain
The present soon to be the past
In life's eternal chain.

So solemnly they all pass on
With slow and measured paces;
And silently we one by one
Are each assigned our places.

An Open Letter from Miss Fogler

To the Directors of the Harmony Club of America—

Fellow Members: Having been an officer of the Harmony Club since its organization in 1909, I have shared with you the happiness of knowing how many lives have been blessed through its teachings and ministrations; and I feel the time has now come for me to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to the Founder and Directors of the Club.

Believing that a chapter out of real life is worth quite as much as a volume of unproved theories, I want to recall my experience in becoming a part of the Harmony Club, as it will serve, at the same time, to make clear the reason for this letter.

From my earliest recollection I have dreamed of making music the keynote of my life work. But, owing to a series of circumstances apparently beyond my control, there came a day when a compromise was made between the thing I *desired* to do and the thing I *must* do, with the result that I devoted my time to business during the week and served as organist and choir-director on Sundays. The optimism of youth is always sure there must be a good time ahead when "dreams will come true"; so I trudged merrily along the everyday path of business life—keeping the music vision always ahead of me to light the way.

As time went on, the problems of life grew more and more complex, and I became so absorbed in solving them that my gaze was fixed on the dead level of things as they were. As the years flew by I began to wonder why everything around looked so gray, and then I woke to the fact that my "vision" with its light of hope was no

longer in sight! This discovery brought me face to face with the startling truth that my ideal had slipped behind me, quite unnoticed, during the stress of the noon-day hours. Surprised and bewildered, I looked back to get one more glimpse of it, and as I saw it moving slowly away I recognized my real self in the vision, and I knew I must not let it go. I turned impulsively to grasp it before it vanished. As I did so, the voice of Reason cried "Too late, too late, there is no place now for music in your life, you must let it go, for time is short and money must be earned." But Intuition said "It is never too late! Take it while it is yet within your reach, for there are better and greater things than money. Years ago you followed Reason when you obeyed duty instead of desire; now let me prove to you that duty and desire are one, and that the richest fabric of your life may be woven by blending the dream stuff of your youth with the golden dust of your mature experience."

I heeded the voice of Intuition. Full of enthusiasm for a work which would claim both my head and my heart, I resigned my business position of security to face a new and untried field. I had already formed the habit of drawing the analogy between music and the everyday expression of life, and had applied my knowledge of music in resolving many discords of human experience. So I came to New York, the largest and most discordant field of opportunity, to find the work which I knew was waiting to be done. After months of searching, in the face of many difficulties, my perseverance was rewarded, for I came in touch with the splendid group of people who were then just forming the Harmony Club.

Their use of the word had no direct reference to musical expression, but their ideals were mine, and it was

my good fortune to be appointed Secretary. I acknowledge my debt of gratitude to you all for the privilege of working with you in this capacity from the founding of the Club. My experience in dealing with many of the problems of our New York members has proven that they need more than any other one thing the quiet, relaxation and poise which are best given by the soothing influence of music. Feeling that a combination of psychology and music can accomplish certain results for the relief or cure of many psychic and nervous disorders, I have a strong desire to specialize in this line of work.

The great field of music has been neglected in several respects; among which may be mentioned the vital application and spiritual interpretation of music in everyday life, its remedial use in asylums, prisons, hospitals, and its physiological influence on musicians themselves. Musicians have sensitive and highly strung natures, and instead of being rested by their work they are often made nervous wrecks. Whether teachers or performers, they wield an exceptional influence—particularly over the young. The difficulty of maintaining Happiness in the homes of musicians and other temperamental people is proverbial, and the sum total of the world's joy would be greatly increased if musicians could add to their teaching the philosophy and hygiene for which the Harmony Club stands.

While I have greatly enjoyed my work as Social Secretary, I have not had the opportunity to develop my greatest usefulness and there seems to be no immediate place for specialized musical therapeutics in the new developments of the Club. I appreciate most heartily the wonderful opportunity which the Club has afforded me in crystallizing my own ideas, and in strengthening my

new undertaking through the splendid friendships formed while serving the Club. But I feel that a divisional effort to satisfy the needs of Club members while following the dictates of my own heart would be an injustice both to the members and to myself. Therefore it seems best to withdraw from all active service as an official of the Club.

I sincerely believe that a systematic study of the dawning science of Musical Psychology will result in great good to humanity, and I want to do my share, thus making my "dream come true." I shall look forward to the time when my work is sufficiently developed to be of value to the Club, and shall always cherish feelings of utmost loyalty. With deep gratitude and love for the officers and members of the Harmony Club, I herewith offer my resignation as Social Secretary.

Faithfully yours

HELEN M. FOGLER.

November 15, 1911.

We publish Miss Fogler's inspiring letter not so much to record official action as to exemplify Harmony Club principles. Miss Fogler came to us led by her own aspiration and conviction. Under the same guidance she now wishes to grow independently. There is nothing for us to do but to accept her resignation, and with deepest love and highest hopes bid her Godspeed. Words cannot express the gratitude we feel to Miss Fogler, and our realization of her goodness, devotion and sacrifice in remaining up to this time. The least we can do is to give her what she most desires — Freedom. And the Christmas season is an appropriate time.

The officers of the Club are interested in musical therapeutics, and hope to add this branch of higher psychology

to the Club developments later. So that perhaps we may again work with Miss Fogler directly, when her progress and ours may be further advanced. Meanwhile, letters about Club matters should be sent to the Club instead of to Miss Fogler. Letters to Miss Fogler from personal friends should be addressed in care of the Club, and will be forwarded.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY IS AVAILABLE in connection with the Harmony Club, for a young man with executive ability and organizing, publishing or advertising experience. We want him to take hold of the circulation department of The Center, of the publishing arrangements for books, leaflets and other literature issued by the Club, and of such extension features as the growth of our work now demands. The recent developments make it necessary for the President to share these responsibilities. A special office will be created for the right kind of man who wants to help us inaugurate a telling campaign. A moderate amount of capital is required of the one who joins us, and a generous contract will be given calling for sufficient money returns to warrant the enthusiasm of a man accustomed to succeed. Response should be made by letter addressed personally to Mr. Purinton.

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 90. Mr. G. H. P.—New York City.

"I have enjoyed reading the last CENTER very much. Your article on Food I consider very fine. What about drink? and the different kinds of drink? Please give us something on water, and what it does to the human frame. I know of certain horse doctors who advise certain kinds of water in order to put a sleek coat on the horse. How about it?"

If human doctors were as anxious to *prevent* disease as horse doctors are, they would never let us reach manhood without knowing what to eat and drink for the maintenance of health. But horse doctors get paid for keeping their charges in condition, and so long as we will pay for nothing but getting cured, we may expect chronic behind-time-ness in the medical profession.

The human body is more than half composed of liquid. To ensure the normal weight and functioning of the body, we must therefore eat plenty of juicy fruits and succulent vegetables, or drink plenty of clean, pure, fresh water. (By *clean* water I mean that containing no vegetable or animal deposit, by *pure* water that containing no harmful mineral matter, and by *fresh* water that containing no germs or dust resulting from long exposure to the air. Do you *know* that the water you are drinking can furnish such a triple-plated health-certificate?)

A sufficient amount of fruits and vegetables seems impracticable to many because hard to obtain, or cook, or digest, and because held as luxuries by the majority instead of as necessities, which they are. Hence the regular drinking of clean, pure, fresh water is absolutely essential to a permanent, high state of health. Rheumatism, constipation, catarrh, some forms of headache and many forms of liver and kidney trouble indicate merely the presence of impure matter in the body, which must be dissolved and washed out. I doubt if you ever saw a large beer-drinker doubled up with rheumatism. We do not recommend beer as a daily beverage—we do recommend as much water as the beer contains. A certain physician, according to recent press accounts, orders his anaemic patients to eat a lot of candy at the close of dinner. He tells the patients the candy will proceed to build them up, while in his heart he knows the candy will make them thirsty, and the water they drink will proceed to clear them out. Would they drink it if he merely prescribed it? Emphatically not.

The best kind of drink is a guaranteed spring water, unfiltered, unboiled and undistilled. It should be soft, otherwise it may induce arterial sclerosis. The next best water is that which has been distilled and aerated; the next best that which has been filtered and boiled; and the worst is that which runs through the ordinary city pipes, collecting disease on its way, having been impure at the start. Put a half-gallon of New York City water in a pail and let it stand a week; look at the settlings, and if you can ever drink it again, your stomach has lost the keen, protective power of disgust.

From two to three pints a day is the minimum hygienic quantity of water to be taken as a beverage. A glassful

or two on arising, and the rest between meals, will be found the happiest proportions. We should not think of being seen with unwashed faces in the morning; yet the stomach gathers more waste during sleep than the outer portions of the body can—why not cleanse the stomach when we cleanse the face? Remember it long enough to form a habit, and the irksomeness disappears.

There are hundreds of kinds of baths, outer and inner, whose method and effect should be known by us all. Sometime we shall present the vital phases of the subject. Meanwhile start the water-drinking habit, and see how your digestion, your complexion, your sleep and your weight improve.

Question 91. Mr. D. M.—Vancouver, British Columbia.

“Can you tell me how it is that I cannot settle at any kind of work I have tried? I have never found an occupation that I can follow with my whole heart and soul; I soon crave a change of environment, grow nervous and restless, am lonely and full of despair. I have a great passion for travel, should I follow my desire in that direction? Recently I have become so dissatisfied with myself that I have made up my mind to take another long fast, to see if I could not eliminate all the unreal things that hinder my progress. If I intend to build me a character that will live forever, I must needs get down to the solid rock and lay a good foundation. I think if I had Some One to work for, I could do anything that seems impossible to me now. But I suppose the only way to draw that Some One to me will be to keep on trying to uplift myself.”

Your previous letters show that you have in you cer-

tain elements of genius and of heroism. The commonplace vexes and stifles you. You need a life full of great risks—and great possibilities. You chose to be a fireman, because you would have great risks; and while you are fighting a dangerous fire, you are yourself. But there are no possibilities ahead of you, no splendid stakes to be won through peril; and so you are restless, morbid, out of place as a crusader in a dungeon.

I think you were made for city life. You belong in New York, or the nearest approach to it that you can reach. Why not use your experience as fireman to gain a position in a large city, then devote your spare hours to study which will prepare you for more congenial work? Write to the Vocation Bureau, 23rd Street Y. M. C. A., New York, for a list of the occupations which require traveling, then select one that appeals to you and get in training for it. A phrenological reading would probably aid you in choosing a better work. Ask Miss Jessie Allen Fowler, of 18 East 22nd Street, New York, for particulars.

It is doubtful whether a second long fast will benefit you now; you have already fasted, to reach the heights of illumination and experience your vision; what you want now is work, definite ambition, intense activity. Would the life of a Physical Culture instructor seem attractive to you? Why not consider the possibility of taking up such a course by mail, and studying the rudiments of the science while off duty?

You are the kind of man whom a great love would transfigure; and I pray that your mate will speedily come. There are too few such men. You should feel proud to be one, even though you suffer and rebel and grow discouraged while you wait. Your own genius

will finally carry you through; and remember that in building character the years are as moments, even lifetimes pass unheeded while the soul remains intent on a glorious ideal.

Hardship is the measure of the hero-stuff in a man; he alone escapes who is less than a man

TOPIC OF THE NEXT EDITORIAL

“Is Birth Our Beginning?”

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

A clearing-house of practical idealism, for those who would give or receive genuine aids to Health, Harmony, Happiness and Efficiency. Limited to members of the Harmony Club of America. Conditioned on thorough investigation of methods and motives. Intended to satisfy the most vital human needs. No fads, cults or theories admitted. All announcements subject to approval by officials of the Club. Descriptive leaflet on request. When writing to our friends whose cards appear, kindly mention **THE CENTER** and thus increase the value of its circulation.

The Golden Rule of Health is set forth in my book, "The How and Why of the Emmanuel Movement," so that you cannot fail to grasp it. If you want health and happiness for yourself, or want to know the secret of imparting it to others, send me \$1.00 and I will send you a copy postpaid, and out of that dollar I will send 25 cents to the Harmony Club to help pay for membership for those who cannot afford it. *Win Five Dollars.* I will pay \$5.00 to any reader of **THE CENTER** who sends me the best title for my new book. Full particulars by mail. Address: Rev. Thomas Parker Boyd, Berkeley, California.

The Bulletin Board Information Bureau. We want every one to get on the wire with us, to know of our Bulletin Board, our Circulating (renting) Library, and helpful books, pamphlets, cards and magazines. The Bulletin contains a list of all the principal meetings, societies, centers and teachers of the Advanced Thought movement in Greater New York. It is making a systematic effort to help the "uninitiated" and especially school teachers and parents to find the way to solve *Life Problems*. It will also seek to be a reliable guide in the selection of reading along various lines. 50c. per year. Single copies 5c.

With almost any other \$1.00 magazine to same address \$1.25 per year. Or for \$2.00 we will send you the foregoing and six copies of "You"—the live little stimulus to Health, Prosperity and Life that "cracks like a whip." Just think! 24 periodicals for yourself and six vital booklets for remembrances to your friends for \$2.00.

We have an attractive line of holiday cards, booklets and calendars, not mentioned in our free catalog, well worth a visit to our shop—in person if possible, otherwise by mail. Roger Brothers, Publishers and Importers, Room 30, 429 Sixth Avenue, New York.

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

Making Homes Harmonious is our ideal. Few people realize how their surroundings affect them for good or ill. Certain colors, draperies, and types of furniture tend to inspire and elevate—others to confuse and depress. Many cases of nervousness, eye-trouble, indigestion and irritability are aggravated by the wall-paper, the pictures and the rugs that confront the vision. Why not have a cheerful and restful home-environment, one that expresses the individuality of the home-folk?

We diagnose sick surroundings and prescribe accordingly. We can usually tell at a glance what a home needs, to make it a symphony where once it was a discord. We will gladly come to any home, whether apartment or residence, in Greater New York or vicinity, and offer suggestions in line with Harmony Club principles. We make and sell Furniture and Draperies; supply Rugs, Pictures, Ornaments and Utilities; repair as well as decorate, alter as well as create. We are ready to consider plans and contracts for the complete construction of country homes, together with the arrangements of grounds, including every item of decoration and furnishing. Let us solve your house-furnishing problem, great or small; and let us do it now. Will you send a postal, permitting us to call, at no expense to you?

THE SIGN OF THE HAMMER

Montclair, New Jersey

Is Your Landlord an Artist? When he bought the site and built the house where you live, did he have your pleasure in mind—or his own pocket-book? Does he, personally, care whether you are happy in your home or not? Is he always looking out for your comfort—and eager to give you more improvements than you pay for? In short, has he a real heart in him, with a motive greater than the merely commercial?

Sixteen years ago, when I began to buy and sell real estate, people said I would not succeed, because I was an artist. I have succeeded—and chiefly because I was an artist. All my home properties, the fifth of which is now being opened, were built on a love of the beautiful and a pleasure in making others happy. They had to succeed, they were started right.

If you are housed in a New York flat or apartment, and ever expect to live in a home of your own; or if you are looking for a splendid opportunity to make money in real estate investment, not speculation; or if you are interested in the growth of an idea which has proved that romance and finance can go together;—if any of these "ifs" are true, then come over to Staten Island, one of these fine bright afternoons, and be my guest. You can range the hills, explore the woods, cross the brook, see the foliage and hear the birds

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

on my group of home-sites;—yet observe all the modern city improvements being installed without destroying the charm of the country scene. Telephone or write me today, and I will arrange to meet you with a carriage, but with no expectation or desire of selling property unless you want it enough to ask for it.

William E. Platt, 115 Broadway, Telephone Cortlandt 2246.

Shopping in New York by Mail Order offers many advantages to out-of-town buyers. Some things are cheaper here, many things are better, most things are wider in range of selection. I personally fill your orders, supplying you with Anniversary Gifts, Wedding Trousseaux, Traveling Outfits, House Furnishings, Latest Utilities, Objects d'Art, in fact any article you desire. My hand-illuminated cards, in original and exclusive designs, suited for every occasion, are a specialty. Guide and Chaperon service for visitors to New York, Hotel or Boarding accommodations engaged in advance. Theatre or Travel tickets secured; and many other forms of helpfulness, seldom available through ordinary sources, are furnished by me. May I send you a prospectus?

Miss Grace Clark, 44 West 22nd Street, New York City.

You Feel So Much Better after taking the right kind of Scalp Massage that you wish you had tried it long ago. This form of natural treatment, scientifically administered, is valuable to quiet the nerves, banish headache, allay insomnia, assist relaxation, and provide relief from excessive brain-work. A forty-minute treatment, once or twice a week, will freshen you up wonderfully. It will stop Falling Hair and prevent Baldness, unless the follicles are actually dead as proven by a shiny scalp. So-called "tonics" rarely do this. My practice in Scalp, Face and Spinal Massage is confined to a small clientele of friends and their friends. I do not advertise, nor display a sign. But having understood that Harmony Club members are interested in the best hygienic service, I venture to announce my work in this way. Sarah L. Swezy, 109 East 28th Street, New York City. Telephone Madison Square 5616, for appointment. Mondays and Fridays at home all day, other days and evenings by appointment.

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

How to Give THE CENTER to Your Friends

Here is a question that has been asked hundreds of times by Club members: "How can I give away my copy of THE CENTER—and keep it too? Friends who see it are curious, when they read it they are interested, they ask to borrow it—and often forget to return it. How can I share the Monthly with my neighbors, yet have my own files complete?"

There was no answer formerly, because there were no extra copies for distribution. But we have printed a number of special editions, have taken stock of all Monthlies on hand, and are now able to suggest a way of passing THE CENTER on to your friends—for their good, and yours, and ours.

A special Member's Package of fifteen assorted CENTERS, containing the best editorials and contributions, is now available, and is the finest means of spreading Happiness among your friends. The different numbers in this Package have been selected with a view to reaching and helping everybody; for each number carries a special appeal to a special class of readers, and thus your whole range of acquaintanceship may be covered.

The topics of editorials, and the readers for whom each is intended, are as follows:

How to Succeed (1)

For all, young or old, who would gain their heart's desire.

Thank You, Pain (2)

For those who suffer in mind or body.

Keeping Well (3)

For Health-seekers; also for nurses, physicians, and metaphysicians.

Enjoying Ourselves (4)

For the gloomy, cynical and despondent, and for those who are needlessly worried.

What Work Should Mean (5)

For employers and employees, whether occupied with hands, head or heart.

The Cost of Living (6)

For the complainers at hard times, who would like to reduce expenses.

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

How to Relax (7)

For those who are nervous, tense, overworked, enduring a strain of any kind.

Unused Powers (8)

For young people who would express all their strength.

Modern Uses of the Mind (9)

For teachers, scientists, psychologists and social workers.

The Joy of Knowing (10)

For the doubtful and fearful, who must see more clearly.

Child Study (11)

For parents, older brothers and sisters, and all who love children.

Freedom, the Goal of Life (12)

For those who rebel at drudgery, routine, oppression or bondage.

When Love Comes (13)

For sweethearts, wed or unwed, and all idealists.

Happiness in Marriage (14)

For husbands and wives who would make their home life dearer.

The Future Life (15)

For believers in a rational religion.

SPECIAL OFFER. The Member's Package, comprising these fifteen issues of THE CENTER, will be forwarded to any Club member on receipt of one dollar (and ten cents in stamps for postage, if ordered by mail). But this offer is limited in time because only a few copies of certain numbers remain unsold, and no editions will be reprinted. If you send your order at once we can probably fill it. And we do not want to disappoint you. In view of the fact that the demand for the early numbers of THE CENTER has been very great, they are really at a premium; but we want to do our part in helping to bring Happiness into the lives of your friends, and so we make this offer. Single numbers, at ten cents each, may be ordered by the numerals following the topics. Harmony Club of America, 700 West End Avenue, New York City.

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

A List of Mr. Purinton's Writings has been compiled and will soon be ready for distribution. This includes editorials, essays, poems, pamphlets, books, and miscellaneous productions extending over a period of about ten years. Some of these writings are too subtle to be enjoyed by the average man, and too radical to be accepted by the average woman. But to those who value a sincere expression of belief along the lines of Education, Religion, Sex, Drugless Healing and Everyday Living, these portrayals and suggestions may be helpful. The list will be forwarded on receipt of postal card request to The Center Foundation, 700 West End Avenue, New York City.

Club Rooms in New York City have recently been opened for the benefit of members of the Harmony Club living in or near New York, and such of their friends as they may wish to invite to the meetings. Various new features have been established, including Library, Information Bureau, Professional Directory, Member's Exchange, Monthly and Weekly Meetings. A special announcement describing these late developments has been prepared and will be mailed to any Club member in New York or elsewhere who may be interested in watching the Club grow along practical lines.

Treatment and Instruction in Psychotherapy (mental and moral hygiene) may be had in Chicago from Bishop Fallows, on Saturday afternoons when he is at home. The methods employed are similar to those of the Emmanuel Movement, but broader in scope, including various psychological, neurological and physiological means of recovery. A valuable adjunct is the co-operation of physicians, and a physician's diagnosis is required as a basis for treatment. The work is non-sectarian; patients and students of all faiths come for help. Particular attention is given to nervous and mental troubles. The aim is to combine the experimental results of material science with the mental quickening and spiritual incentive that characterize purely psychological teachings. Bishop Fallows has never received personal compensation from those who have been under his care. Voluntary contributions are offered, and are applied to the incidental expenses of the classes and clinics. Correspondence may be had on the subjects of Health and Happiness. Club members living at a distance from Chicago may write for information as to local advisers and practitioners, since a number of psychologists are employing similar methods in various parts of the United States. Address: Bishop Samuel Fallows, 2344 Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois. Kindly enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE CENTER SERVICE EXCHANGE

Health and Happiness for Every One

This is the aim of the Harmony Club.

How will it be accomplished? Through enabling every one to realize how easy it is to be well and strong and cheerful, then to make the slight effort needed for personal betterment. We do not deny the *existence* of disease—we emphatically deny the *necessity* for it. We can not promise to remove difficulties from your path—we can promise to help you conquer them and be stronger for the experience. We will not flee the shadows—we will make our own torch and hold it high till the shadows are passed.

The Harmony Club teachings, of courage, faith, kindness, wholeness, self-knowledge and self-command, are clearly, forcefully and beautifully expressed in a book that we should like every Club member to own. This book, now in its fourth edition, was based on the success of Bishop Fallows in the psychotherapeutic features of St. Paul's Church, Chicago; where for many years clinics and classes have been held under combined medical and religious auspices with splendid results to both physique and character.

The book is entitled "Health and Happiness." It is dedicated "To the sick who would be well, To the weak who would be strong, To the weary seeking rest, To the sorrowing who would find comfort, To the efficient who are asking life more abundantly."

Headings of some of the chapters: "Faith a Dynamic Force;" "Self-Control;" "Suggestion;" "Auto-Suggestion;" "Consciousness and Subconsciousness;" "The Mission of Pain;" "Overcoming Worry;" "Fear and Its Antidote;" "The Conquest of Anger;" "Therapeutic Training of the Emotions;" "Cheerfulness a Tonic;" "Watchwords of Right Living;" "A Litany of Health." The *Congregationalist*, Boston, declares this "The best book on the subject so far given to the public." *Good Health*, Battle Creek, Michigan, says, "It ought to be put into every library in the land."

A special Harmony Club Edition has been issued, 280 pages, unabridged, well bound, attractive. Price to Club members, \$1, instead of the regular price, \$1.50. When ordering by mail, please add ten cents postage.

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

700 WEST END AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

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.

Publisher's Note.—So many requests have come, from Club members and others, for the reproduction of the Club Resolve in a permanent form, that we have had a special copy made. This reproduction, individually designed and illuminated by hand in gold and colors, is printed and painted on heavy white Art Paper, size about 11 by 13 inches, suitable for framing. Special price to Harmony Club members 50 cents each (usual price 75 cents.)

ITEMS OF INFORMATION

Membership in the Harmony Club includes a year's subscription to THE CENTER and a copy of the Club Manual, "How To Be Happy." Annual Dues \$1.00. The yearly subscription price of THE CENTER to non-members is \$1.00.

The price of foreign subscriptions, to members and non-members alike, is \$1.25, extra postage being required.

At the close of expiration period, the Monthly is discontinued without further notice. When your subscription has expired, you will find this paragraph marked, and a renewal blank enclosed. Membership number and expiration date appear on the envelope in which the Monthly is mailed. If you wish a complete file of THE CENTER, promptness in renewing is desirable; since the editions are exhausted rapidly.

Subscription and membership begin with current number of THE CENTER, unless otherwise ordered. When requesting change of address, please give in full both the old address and the new.

Remittance should be made payable to Harmony Club of America. All correspondence should be so addressed, with the exception of that which is Personal to the Editor.

Contributions to THE CENTER embodying Harmony Club principles or methods, are earnestly welcomed, and published whenever space is available, subject to approval by the officers of the Club. Personal experiences of those who have attained Health, Harmony and Happiness through severe struggle are most valuable, and brief articles or letters of this nature are appreciated by all the members of the Club.

Questions bearing on all individual needs or problems are answered so far as possible, either in the Question Box of THE CENTER or by letter. Self-addressed stamped envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Suggestions and criticisms concerning the editorial policy of THE CENTER, or the work and development of the Club, are worth more than anything else as a means of improvement. Please write freely, whenever ideas occur to you.

Visits are appreciated, though the office of the Club is more adapted for correspondence. Appointments with Mr. Purinton must be made in advance. Telephone Riverside 8302, between 9 and 5, except Saturday.

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

700 West End Avenue

New York City, N. Y.

CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Work may be made the noblest form of worship.

We shall have a scientific religion when Theology leaves his telescope in the tower, Biology his microscope in the cellar, and both join Humanity in the living-rooms.

Knowledge is a tight-rope and the balance-pole is Tolerance.

Shrewdness without goodness is homicidal; goodness without shrewdness is suicidal; yet the possessor of each usually prides himself on his fatal proclivities.

Light must energize, and heat must illumine; so must the spiritual man be efficient, and the busy man good—or each has not the power he claims to have.

Every man is better—and weaker, than he thinks himself. Morals, like muscles, need a gymnasium—not a reformatory.

Innocence trusts—and is deceived in human nature. Experience doubts—and is robbed of divine potentiality. Wisdom believes yet discriminates—and is safeguarded now and hereafter.

You don't know what sort of present your friend would like? Discover a way to give him the magic wand of self-understanding. This is what he wants most, and you may be sure that no one else will give him the same thing.

The heart without the brain is immature—the brain without the heart is dead. A noble impulse, to a finished education, is like a flower to a piece of art; in the art may be form and color, but lacking is the sweetness, the mystery and marvel.

The child asks Where and When; the man asks How; the woman asks Who; but the Maker of them all asks only Why. For motive is the driving-wheel of the Universe.

He who prays merely for things, begs and demeans himself; he who prays first for truths, enacts a partnership with God.

Nothing can prevent the final salvation of the world. For science leads to reverence, and the more a man knows, the higher he must look for the balm to heal his heart.