

# *Talosophy*

**THE SCIENCE *of* HARMONY**

**THE ART *of* MAKING  
HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC**

*By*

**WILLIAM VERNON BACKUS**

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WILLIAM VERNON BACKUS

*To that much maligned, little understood,  
often mistaken, but inherently noble,  
splendid and God-like individual—my  
fellow man of whatever country or clime,  
this book is lovingly dedicated by the  
author.*



# *Talosophy*

*The Art of Making Happiness Epidemic*

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# TALOSOPHY

*The Art of Making Happiness Epidemic*

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## PART FIRST

**"Tag,  
You're It!"**

**Passing It  
Along**

**Defective  
Schools**

**The  
Principal  
Impulse  
of Life**

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it—for I shall not pass this way again." — Edward Courtenay.

We are tagged by the impressions and impulses received from others and we pass them along.

"Tag, you're it!" and the boy who was tagged, in turn tagged the boy nearest to him, and the latter tagged the next, and so the game went on.

And that is life!



*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

"Tag, you're it!" and perhaps the tag is a gross discourtesy from the street car conductor whose wife scolded him over the breakfast coffee. And the irritation made his breakfast ferment and let loose the poison germs of resentment. And when you did not clamber on the car fast enough to suit the resentment germs that had gotten into the conductor's blood he snarled "Come, move along there! we can't wait all day!" and gave the bell cord a yank that resulted in nearly throwing you off your feet as the motorman tried to jerk the car from under you.

"Tag, you're it!" the hot blood of indignation goes to your head, but you pride yourself upon your self-possession. You consider the source. You will not bandy words with the ill mannered conductor. It is beneath you. But you feel like punching his head.

The very self-restraint you practice so admirably seems to intensify the feeling of belligerency that has taken possession of you. Your usual smile is missing as you enter your office.

The hammering of the riveting machine on the steel framework of a build-

*PASSING IRRITATIONS ALONG.*

ing a block distant which you did not notice yesterday now strikes the tympanum of your ear with an irritating and appalling crash. You take the stenographer severely to task for some slight error in transcribing her shorthand notes.

“Tag, you’re it!”

You have passed the irritation along.

Your stenographer feels humiliated and sore. She goes to lunch with her chum as usual that noon, but when they return they are not on speaking terms. She has tagged her chum—passed it along! And so the vibrations of anger, resentment and misunderstanding are passed along, the day is spoilt for many; the next day perhaps for hundreds and mayhap the day following for thousands. And all because the conductor’s wife scolded over the breakfast coffee! Does this seem like an exaggeration?

Think it over!

Nobody ever receives a rudeness—an incivility, but that way down in the cellar of his sub-consciousness is generated an impulse to “pass it along!” It may not manifest itself in kind perhaps, but the

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

potential impulse is there and will make itself felt.

A friend, a professional man noted for his good nature, entered my office a few mornings ago with clouded brow and angry mien. He had politely asked a well dressed man the direction to a street and the boor never stopped—just grunted as he passed, indicating with a motion of the thumb over his shoulder that it was somewhere behind him. The discourtesy spoilt the day for my sensitive friend and made life less pleasant for those who came in contact with him.

There are pleasant, courteous and considerate people in the United States, many of them. But the majority of their fellow citizens look upon these characteristics as evidences of weakness. The erroneous idea obtains that brusqueness, in the social and business intercourse of men with men, is evidence of strength and in a way, of straightforwardness and honesty. Rudeness has become a national asset.

As a special evidence of a friendly feeling we slap a man on the shoulder and apply some particularly offensive epithet

*A PERVERTED SENSE OF HUMOR.*

to him—and smile. The more insulting the language used the greater the degree of friendship supposed to be expressed.

Even in our more intimate family and social intercourse the way to create laughter and merriment unrestrained is to make some embarrassing remark to the one who has the strongest claim upon our kindly consideration. And to get the best effect—that is, the most excessive paroxysms of laughter, the degree of rudeness is in proportion to the sensitiveness of the victim at whose expense the laughter is created.

Of course the victim laughs—outwardly. He or she knows that there is no malice—no offense intended. Quite the contrary. It is most often an indirect evidence of friendship and affection. We who pride ourselves upon being candid and straightforward express ourselves in the tenderer relations of life by indirection. To be kind and considerate we practice rudeness. But we know that the rudeness is just pretence. We always know the particular little girl with whom the small school boy is enamoured, because he throws stones at her.

Violence of both words and deeds is

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

the very essence of what passes for American humor. Glance over the colored funny pages of the Sunday papers. The pictures of an intensely active mule named Maud, kicking off the heads of sundry people, never fails to add to the joyousness of the day of rest, and when to the violent spankings that the Katzenjammer kids invariably receive is added the disrespect for the aged and infirm shown by the tortures and indignities inflicted by the "Kids" upon their Uncle, the national hilarity is supposed to be unrestrained.

Among an all too numerous class of citizens the rudenesses and indignities are not confined to acquaintances but are extended until they amount to an intolerable invasion of personal rights and the destruction of property.

Thus if a free born and independent American citizen has the temerity to wear a straw hat after a day in September which a certain ignorant and clownish portion of the community has decided is the limit at which a straw hat shall be worn, he is liable to have the "lid" yanked off his head and trampled under foot or otherwise destroyed.

### *REPORTING RUDENESS.*

I have seen the revelry of a New Year's night in New York, Cleveland and other cities accepted by roughs and rowdies as a license to assault and maltreat respectable citizens. Ladies and gentlemen on their way to or from the various places of amusement had their clothing ruined by soot, flour and mud thrown over them. And as to Cleveland under the absurd Golden Rule policy of the Police Department, no arrests were made and no protection given to the public.

It is astonishing what an amount of insolence the average American will endure, especially from a man with a few brass buttons on his coat.

A person with a sense of humor is always in danger of bursting a blood vessel from paroxysms of merriment whenever he contemplates the fiction regarding our public or any other officials being our servants.

#### **Reporting Rudeness.**

Years ago, I decided that, as far as I was concerned, I would take counsel of the dictum expressed by Condorcet when

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

he said, "Only those have rights who dare maintain them."

I began reporting to headquarters the gross affronts offered by those whose public or semi-public positions made it their especial duty to be courteous.

Once the insulting attitude of a petty railroad official led to a personal encounter during which the official attempted to throw a friend of mine from a fast moving train. I took a hand and prevented this, but not without a considerable loss of dignity. In fact, if dignity were blood I should have bled to death, I lost so much of it.

The petty official happened to be a baggageman weighing 243 lbs.—and then some.

My friend and I were in the baggage car at the time looking for some luggage.

When I interfered with his evident intention to compel me to buy flowers for my friend's funeral, he grasped me enthusiastically about my plainly reluctant body. However, not desiring to appear entirely lacking in social amenities, I attempted to reciprocate, but could not reach around his balloon-like torso. I

*SOME BAGGAGE CAR GYRATIONS.*

only succeeded in grasping a handful of adipose tissue on either side.

Thus in mutual embrace we aviated all over the baggage car. Occasionally we flitted in between, around and on top of the trunks and other baggage.

People who have wondered as to the origin of the most popular of the modern dances need wonder no longer.

I am certain that some one of the excited spectators saw the possibilities inherent in our gyrations and set them to music and hence we have today the Tango, Bunnyhug, Venezuela Dip and Cuban Slam.

Even as set to music these dances are a very subdued replica of our performance as we introduced many fancy movements that cannot be reproduced in a dance hall without littering the floor with various sized trunks and sharp cornered boxes.

Just as we became disentangled the train reached Cleveland, whereupon I had my erstwhile close companion arrested and fined in Police Court.

It cost him \$35 and it cost me any amount of annoyance and the loss of two days' time.



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Later on, however, I felt that some progress was being made. Many petty officials were beginning to realize that not every member of that aggregation of individuals known as the supine public would tolerate insolence.

I was one who would not.

I wrote letters to the head officials or other employers of offenders and had the satisfaction of seeing signs put up in places where they had never appeared before that "The Public will confer a favor by promptly reporting any acts of discourtesy on the part of the employees."

My campaign for decent treatment to the public was highly commended by the newspapers.

It was even suggested that an organization be perfected to carry on the work I had begun.

On the surface it seemed as though much good was being accomplished. Through my efforts and the efforts of others whom I had induced to pattern after me many of the offenders were being weeded out.

There came to my office one day a man asking for help. I remembered him as a

*THE REAL VICTIMS OF PUNISHMENT.*

street car conductor. He said that he always tried to be polite, but a man with a well developed grouch had made him the victim of his ill temper and had insulted him.

He resented it, had been reported and discharged and was without work. This misfortune brought on others. Because of the lack of money his wife had been confined with only a cheap midwife in attendance instead of a competent physician.

Complications ensued. Mother and child both died. His home was broken up. His oldest girl—herself little more than a child—had tried to take care of two younger children. Now she was ill with a fever. The children needed food and care. He wept as he told his story. I investigated and found he had told the truth.

I began to look into other cases—to delve below the surface indications—to go behind the returns, so to speak, and I found that every time a man was discharged for discourtesy the real sufferers were the wife and children or others dependent upon him; that in some cases the

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

public itself which I was trying to protect was most to blame.

Also, I discovered that my campaign had had a tendency to increase that irritating nuisance, the well-meaning citizen who goes around with a mental chip on his shoulder anxious at the slightest provocation to assert his rights. And upon a calm contemplation of the general results I found that the effect of making of myself an animated protest against this particular class of wrongs was not having a soothing effect upon my nerves. Too often it seemed to put me into a belligerent mood. Unconsciously, I began getting a trifle supersensitive in regard to the attitude of persons with whom I was forced to come in contact.

It made for irritation—for unhappiness. And men were not being made more courteous by being disciplined. On the contrary, they were being embittered and they were passing it along—tagging those nearest to them with their grouch. True, the man reprimanded for rudeness was less liable to exhibit that trait in public thereafter. Fear of losing his position made him more careful. But Fear is

## THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE MIND.

a full brother to Hatred, and they always travel together. They destroy the bonds that hold society intact; they undermine the foundations of civilization; they make for anarchy—for chaos!

The man who is moved to do or to refrain from doing by fear is already a criminal at heart!

The man who habitually is discourteous and disrespectful in his manner and attitude towards others—the so-called “boor”—is always lacking in self-respect. He may have vanity, “bumptiousness” and similar characteristics, but he has not self-respect else he would not—I would even say *could not*—show disrespect for the rights, the property or persons of others.

### The Geography of the Mind.

When the knowledge of the science of the localization of brain faculties—of the geography of the mind—becomes more disseminated many of the problems of business men and corporations in the hiring of persons adapted to dealing with the public will be solved.

The first and most important require-

### *MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

ment for conductors, ticket agents, traveling men, salesmen, clerks, and all others who are the direct representatives of their employers in dealing with the public, is an attitude of courtesy and respect.

This attitude is natural to those who have a generous development of the organ of veneration and self-esteem located at the top of the head. Applying proper tests a railroad company in the near future will not hire as conductor a man with a head flat at the top, although such a man might make a good motorman, as the latter is required to avoid all conversation or contact with passengers.

No employer of men would hire for any position a man with a head like a balloon from Hydrocephalus nor a man with a forehead sloping back from his eyebrows at an angle of forty-five degrees. He would instinctively recognize that persons with heads so shaped are lacking in normal development of brain faculties.

The skull is shaped by the brain; the brain is formed in accordance with the development of brain faculties transmitted to humanity through heredity. Acted upon by environment and education these

brain faculties produce the phenomena of mind and what is called spiritual impulses, the sum of which is represented by individuality—by an entity differing in degree from all other entities.

And the degree of this difference, the characteristics of this individuality, can be ascertained beyond the power of deception by an examination of the dimensions and shape of the cranium. "Every person talks and acts like the shape of his head."

Chauncey Depew, addressing a heterogeneous mass meeting of boys on "Getting Ahead in the World," referred to the fact that like every boy present he himself had only two hands and one head. "Yes!" shouted a newsboy from the gallery, "but what a peach of a head!"

Large business corporations are already employing efficiency experts. In the near future they will employ "Adaptability" experts to place the different members of the working force in the positions for which they are best adapted. The "Adaptability Expert" should have preceded the "Efficiency Expert," and will in the immediate future.

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The applications of the principle of the localization of brain faculties, the knowledge of the significance of head formation will before many years completely revolutionize our present awkward, unscientific and therefore inefficient public school system. The boasted public schools of New York have within recent months been declared by the highest educational authorities and experts to be twenty years behind the times and utterly unadaptable to the individual requirements of the pupils.

The Public School system of the entire country is sixty years behind scientific knowledge capable of application to its betterment. The curriculum is utterly unadapted to the requirements of good citizenship, or to the development of personal efficiency in the pupils. Truly, the schools of the present day are, for the most part, institutions where "pebbles are polished and diamonds dulled."

The *principal* impulse of life is the quest for happiness, and here our educational systems utterly fail,—fail to lend aid or to progress toward happiness, and

*PREACHING AND PRACTICE.*

fail indeed to even give an adequate conception of the meaning of the word.

Religion alone points the way, but its active manifestations are too oft accompanied by clouds of theological dust that obscure the direction pointed out, or by sky line theorizing and rainbow hued descriptions which rise above and fail to amalgamate with the everyday experiences of life.

Who has not listened to a splendid sermon only to be overcome with a feeling of sadness oft akin to despair in contemplation of the all too apparent inability of the preacher to point out how his teaching and ideals may be applied to practical everyday life. And so we go to church and are stimulated to higher ideals, to visions of happiness, to ennobling sentiments for one day in the week, only to become the victims of our sordid business and social environments the remaining six days.

It is as if one should go up in an aeroplane and for an hour each week soar high above the minutia of existence to a nobler and broader outlook upon life, only to find that the practical effect was



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the return to earth with a bump and an intensified consciousness of the narrowness of one's daily environment.

As a nation we imitate the defects of the young. We have a "Rah!-Rah!-Rah!-slap-stick" attitude towards life which is modified somewhat by the intensity with which we concentrate our attention upon the gyrations of the nimble dollar.

**The Dominant Dollar.**

A recent national administration introduced "Dollar Diplomacy" to the world. As pointed out by an ex-President, big business recognizes but one standard of honesty, the "legal" standard, and "Get! get! get!" is the slogan.

The whisper of a dollar reverberates around the world and in our country the sound is magnified until it all but drowns suffering humanity's call for help.

That there is no sentiment in business has so long been adopted as a truism that we accept without question a standard of selfish greed devoid of all conscience. Just a "legal" standard.

We place a halo upon the brow of the

*THE HARSH CONDITIONS OF DAILY LIFE.*

man who has the reputation of always "getting the best of it," and its luster is undimmed if he is also known to always give the other fellow "the worst of it!"

Admiration not unmixed with envy goes out to the men who impoverish us even though their acts do not even conform to the trickeries of the "legal" standard.

To be civilized is to be mutually helpful; to succor the weak, to care for the helpless.

To this, business is the direct antithesis. Its dictum is to monopolize; to annihilate competition; to crush the weak; to enslave the helpless. It reverts back to barbarism.

It is imbued with the spirit of the cave man without the cave man's excuse.

Ask the homeless miners camped out on the mountain sides of West Virginia fighting for the right to live; ask their wives and children freezing in tents in midwinter. It is there—not in Siberia—that I saw a babe suckling at the cold breast of a mother dead from starvation and exposure.

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All this makes for class and individual isolation—for the “every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost” attitude of mind.

These harsh conditions are inimical to man as a social being. Lack of consideration for the feelings—the rights of others—is the visible effect. And in this, cause and effect are interchangeable. Just as a disordered stomach will cause a headache, and reversely a headache will cause a disordered stomach, so social injustice causes inharmony, and inharmony produces social injustice.

In France, Spain, Mexico, and in fact all the Latin countries and to a lesser degree in Germany, England and all of the older countries, friendship,—business friendship—courtesy, sentiment, are a part of the business life and are the foundations of social intercourse in every community.

Many millions of dollars of business which should come to the United States from the Latin-American countries is lost to the American business man every year, because the latter does not combine courtesy and sentiment with business.

*COURTESY IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.*

Too many of the traveling men who have invaded our nearest neighbor, Mexico, have depended upon a fund of questionable stories together with a hail-fellow-well - met - I - have - the - best - goods at-the-lowest-prices sort of attitude to do business.

And they have failed.

And they will continue to fail until they learn that for a stranger to rush into a Mexican business house with a proposition which may mean the severing of long established and friendly business relations with others, or even the formation of new business connections, upon a mere showing that it will be financially profitable, is considered little less than an affront.

Colleges of Salesmanship should by all means add a chair of Courtesy to their teaching equipment, and when their graduates go to a foreign country let them show their salesmanship abilities by first of all learning to exhibit a visible respect for the customs and ideals of the people with whom they expect to do business. And let them always show the prospec-

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

tive customer a preliminary line of goods consisting of courtesy, respect and consideration.

That will inspire confidence and friendship.

Business will follow.

## PART SECOND

Putting  
Courtesy  
on a  
Paying  
Basis

Poison  
Thoughts  
the Cause  
of Cancer

Mexico City has a large American Colony—a colony which has always deserved and received the respect of the Mexican Government and is a credit to the American Nation. One of its best influences in former years was to overcome the bad impression caused by the incompetent and odious persons foisted by our Government upon Mexico to officially misrepresent this country.

Of late years the influence of the American Colony has also been exerted to counteract as far as possible the bad effects brought about by a small but active class of pestiferous correspondents for American newspapers whose flagrant mendacity has done more to injure legitimate American interests in Mexico than all other causes combined.

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Americans who reside for any length of time in Mexico absorb from the ever present sunshine and from the atmosphere of courtesy of the Mexican people certain impulses which are manifested by a smoothing down of the rough edges—a more friendly attitude towards their fellow men.

Still, a few days before my departure from Mexico, a few years ago, an American, a handsome, stalwart physician and a warm personal friend, lost his life because, when assailed by the discourteous remarks of another American during a game of billiards, he retorted in kind.

A personal encounter ensued and from the feud thus engendered followed the murder of the physician in his office a few days later.

Every man and most women in the United States are the victims of more or less rudeness every day of their lives. Few thinking men and women there are who have not deplored this lack of consideration, and at times sought for a remedy.

Travel in foreign lands and association with people with whom courtesy is sec-

*A SERIOUS DEFECT IN AMERICAN LIFE.*

ond nature makes us more than ever sensible of this lack in the daily associations of American life.

I have met Americans on trains and other places where the circumstances permitted the momentary laying aside of business for the discussion of matters more directly appealing to the emotions, and which latter, by the way, are more important to "the quest for happiness" than business or the dollars that business brings—I met and talked to these people and was surprised to learn how deeply they felt upon this subject.

The promulgations of the Golden Rule, the advocacy of the Christian virtues generally, have utterly failed to provide the remedy.

The tireless efforts of the thousands of preachers and teachers have failed to lead to practical, visible results for the reason that their appeals failed to present a sufficiently strong motive to arouse individual action. This is an intensely utilitarian and practical age.

To make courtesy popular it must be shown that it pays—*pays in dollars and cents as well as happiness.*



### MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

And the methods by which courtesy is made to pay actual pecuniary profits must be systematized.

It became a passion with me to perfect a plan of action that should accomplish the results desired.

First I sent out hundreds of inquiries to employers and employes. I put to employers the following questions:

1st. Taking it for granted that you instruct your employes to be courteous in their dealings, do you consider that their compliance enhances their real value to you to the extent that it would be taken into account in fixing their wages?

2nd. If so, how do you ascertain whether or not they are courteous?

The answer to the first question was invariably "Yes."

The answer to the second question disclosed that they took it for granted that the employes were courteous *unless they received complaints to the contrary.*

Usually those against whom complaints of discourtesy were made were discharged.

GATHERING PRACTICAL INFORMATION.

To employes I put this question:

"Why are you not always courteous?"

The answers were invariably along these lines:

"It is hard to be courteous when customers are rude."

"It takes special effort to be polite under adverse conditions and the effort seemingly *is never appreciated.*"

"Excepting in cases of complaint the employer does not know, or at least shows no appreciation of the attitude of clerks toward the public. The polite clerk and the impolite clerk get the same pay."

My experiences in former years taught me that you cannot make people courteous by punishing discourtesy. Force, threats, and punishment never breed anything but resentment and hatred.

*Real courtesy is the perfume of the flowers that grow in a kindly heart.*

*Appreciation* is the nourishment which warms the heart to kindly impulses; the seed from which the flowers grow.

I went "into the silence," as our "New Thought" friends would say, and I took that word "appreciation" with me.

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It was as though I had been groping through dark corridors filled with confusing echoes and had inadvertently opened a window through which had come the flooding sunlight of a great truth.

I remembered when a boy going to a minstrel show where one of the negro performers did a song and dance.

The audience showed appreciation. There was applause. And the minstrel sang and danced. Then there was more applause. Again and again he responded. After the show I heard a man say to the performer, "That must have been hard work, Sam." And Sam answered with a happy laugh, "Good lawd, man, that may have been hard work, but I could sing and dance all night from sheer joy when I get *appreciation* like that!"

Most of the applause that we give to actors in the limelight of the stage is an unconscious reflex action springing from a yearning for appreciation of our own performances in the workaday drama of life!

**A Practical Formula.**

I formulated a practical plan of action and began to put it to the test.

As a basis for my plan I adopted the following formula: "*Ignore rudeness, but show appreciation of courtesy always.*"

Passing through St. Louis on one of my trips, the small boy carrying my satchel rested it for a moment on the stool of the gatekeeper at the Union Station while my ticket was being inspected.

"Take that satchel off of there!" snarled the petty official; "what d'you think this is, a storage warehouse? That stool's to sit on!"

I ignored his boorishness and passed on.

A few months later I was at the same station waiting for a train. The same gateman was there. An employe of another department had been gratifyingly polite and considerate.

The gateman noticed that I wrote down the employe's cap number and made inquiry as to his name. He could not conceal his curiosity.

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"Has that man done anything that you are going to report him for?" asked the gatekeeper.

"Yes, he has."

"What's he done?"

"He has been polite to me and considerate!"

"And are you going to report him for that?" with considerable astonishment.

"I certainly am. The company will be glad to know of his politeness to its patrons and will undoubtedly note the fact as part of his personal record, the same as his fidelity to duty or any other important fact is noted."

The gateman's eyes opened wide. "Are many folks reporting politeness?" he inquired somewhat anxiously.

"Some folks are, and many more will be doing so in the near future," I answered.

And the beautiful butterfly emerging from the homely cocoon had nothing on that gateman in the way of change. The way he transformed himself from the gruffest into the politest gateman between

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

New York and San Francisco was fully as wonderful and took less time!

A few months afterward he was gone. I took pains to trace him and found that a business man, observing his uniform politeness, had hired him for a more lucrative position. And his little wife upon whose defenseless shoulders he formerly deposited his varied assortment of grouchy moods began to wear the smile that won't come off. The children were happy and well dressed. He had "tagged" his wife with *appreciation*, and she also was passing it along!

In every city I visited I reported those whom I observed to be uniformly courteous. And then I spent time and effort to note the result. The first man I reported in Cleveland was a Fulton Road street car conductor.

The Railway Company expressed pleasure and assured me that the commendation for politeness would be made part of the man's record.

Once a conductor who had attracted my attention by his unusual courtesy and uniform affability noticed that I was tak-

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ing his number. Fearing that he had unwittingly offended, he inquired in a rather embarrassed manner why I was taking his number.

"Are you going to report me for anything?" he asked.

"I certainly am," I answered. "For being polite."

It was good to see how this simple word of appreciation affected him. He was so happy that he fairly carried an old lady and her market basket to the sidewalk when the car stopped for her to get off.

Says that most efficient and level-headed official, Chief Rowe, Cleveland's new Chief of Police, in a recent interview: "All we ask is that the public bear with us and be patient when we make mistakes and uphold us, praise us if they want to, when we do well."

Thus does the chief ask for that appreciation for his men which he knows will make for the most enthusiastic effort and the best work.

Appreciation is the touchstone that will transform the harshness and sordidness

*TRANSFORMING HARSHNESS INTO KINDNESS.*

of life into the degree of kindness of spirit that will make for courtesy. And know you that you cannot extend appreciation to others without attracting appreciation from others to yourself.

Appreciation, courtesy and harmony are always transmutable one into the other.

You cannot habitually practice appreciation without making courtesy second nature as to your own character.

Ask the professor of psychology!

**The Effects of Poison Thoughts.**

Love promotes happiness and at times misery; friendships are restricted and at times grow cold; but *appreciation* always enthuses and exalts; always encourages hopefulness and brings out the best there is in us.

The effect of these emotions upon the physical well being is very positive, very real and very immediate.

"Thoughts are things," says Emerson. Thoughts of hatred, resentment, or re-



*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

venge, prevent the gastric juices from performing the functions of digestion. The food ferments and throws a toxic poison into the blood, which taken up by the circulation and distributed through the system affects the vital organs, heart, lungs, liver, etc. A man seldom reaches the object of his hatred by either physical act or thought, but such act or thought always poisons him; always prevents his food from properly digesting.

An eminent professor recently stated that poison had been found in the intestines of persons, caused by ferment and decay of undigested food, that was similar in character to, and even more dangerous than the deadly "curare" used by some South American Indians to poison the tips of their arrows, and which they make from decaying animal tissues.

Thoughts and words of anger, resentment or hate are poisoned arrows that always wound and eventually kill the person who sends them forth.

The depressing effects of a great grief can be overcome, but the cumulative effects of daily anger and resentful thoughts, no matter how seemingly trivial

*DEADLY POISON THOUGHTS.*

each one—destroy all possibility of happiness for the soul and lead to physical suffering and death.

One of the most feared and terrible diseases of the human system is cancer.

It is entirely beyond the physician's skill and can only be helped by the surgeon in its earlier stages.

Its cause has often been traced directly to the irritable mental attitude generated by thoughts of resentment, revenge, and the mental anxiety which always accompanies such thoughts.

The "British Medical Journal" remarks: "Disease of the body is so much influenced by the mind that in each case we have to understand the patient quite as much as the malady. This is not learnt at the hospitals." "I have been surprised," says that high medical authority, Dr. Murchison, "how often patients with primary cancer of the liver have traced the causes of their ill health to protracted grief or anxiety. The cases have been far too numerous to be accounted for as mere coincidences." Dr. Snow, in "London Lancet," asserted his conviction that "the vast majority of the cases of cancer, es-

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

pecially of breast and uterine cancer, are due to mental anxiety."

"The evidence that the brain cortex regulates absorption, secretion, vascular tension and anabolic and katabolic process in the cells of the tissues may now be regarded as complete," says Professor Clouston, in the "British Medical Journal."

Fear, fright, anger and irritability have been known to induce cholera and other infectious diseases. Van Morden, in his "Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine," remarks: "There are many carefully observed cases of diabetes on record, in which the disease followed a sudden fright or some other disturbance of the mental equilibrium."

Henry Frank cites numerous cases and authorities along similar lines in his book, "The Mystery of Mind."

A poisoned water supply would create immediate public alarm, but could hardly cause more havoc in mental and physical disease, misery and death than the poisoned thought supply which goes practically unnoticed because not always so immediately apparent.

*DEADLY POISON THOUGHTS.*

When you allow an angry, resentful or hateful thought to take possession of your mind you take a dose of poison into your body just as surely as if you poured it from a bottle and swallowed it.

A fit of anger on the part of a mother often so immediately poisons the secretions as to throw her nursing baby into convulsions and may even cause its death.



### PART THIRD

Applying  
the Science  
of  
Harmony  
to Our  
Everyday  
Lives

Appreciation makes for courtesy, courtesy for harmony and health, and harmony and health for happiness and prosperity.

Every man today is the result of an heredity reaching far beyond human discernment away down the shadowy corridors of time, plus environment, and plus education.

A wise philosopher has said: "To know all is to forgive all."

He who practices appreciation does not sit in judgment, does not seek opportunities for criticism; does not try to compel conformity to his standards.

The forces of darkness, the influences of what we call evil, are merely negative. Darkness is the absence of light; evil the absence of good.

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But evil is a relative term; largely it is a matter of geography.

What is thought evil in the United States is looked upon as good in some other countries.

The confusion in regard to the meaning of the word evil is caused by the confusion of legislation—the multiplicity of man-made laws dealing with the subject of evil. In many cases the laws themselves are the greatest evil.

Uncharitableness, greed, graft, grouch, and cruelty are all rivers flowing from the poisoned spring of selfishness.

Introduce into this spring the purifying active principle of human love, whose simplest and most direct manifestation is in the form of *appreciation*, and these rivers will at once carry to humanity the messages of health, happiness and contentment.

Nor is this abstract proposition impossible of concrete application. Quite the contrary. It is easy.

Stop looking for the spectacular opportunities to do good! Seek not the glare of the limelight!

THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE OF HUMAN LOVE.

Life is made up of the apparently trifling incidents of every hour.

Whatever your vocation or station in life you can turn the thousands of little acts—the innumerable personal contacts of the day, to your advantage, and establish a bond of friendship with those about you that will make for the happiness of all.

The photographer constantly admonishes his patrons to look pleasant and unconsciously he himself soon forms the habit.

Would you have the whole world look pleasant to you and with you?

Then do your part.

Practice the art of practical *appreciation*.

Like charity, it begins at home.

Does the breakfast coffee suit you? Are the rolls good? Remember these things didn't just happen that way. Somebody tried to make them good.

Just speak one little word of *appreciation* and see the smile come to the wife's face! Note how easy and naturally she



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will begin to express appreciation for the little acts of kindness and consideration *you* do!

Reciprocity is nature's law! It works automatically!

Did you ever go on a long tramp in the woods with a dog without being glad of the companionship?

Of course not!

Can you imagine the comfort and joy that the companionship of the man Friday brought to the heart of Robinson Crusoe?

And yet we fail to appreciate the noble souls with whom we are privileged to come in daily contact.

Who are these noble souls? They are all the people you meet every day.

The child trudging along to school; the newsboy; the clerk; the business man; the shop girl; the society woman; the woman of the underworld; the grimy day laborer; the college professor; all the myriad kinds and conditions of men and women—noble souls all of them! What an inspiration to meet those who have al-

NOBLE SOULS.

ready reached the height and maturity of their stature, and what a fascination to come in contact with the common people, the everyday-go-as-you-please men and women who are in various stages of evolution! Some of them will fall below you; some will far outstrip you in the development of their faculties and powers. The future statesmen, financiers, philanthropists, inventors, all are there. Be glad of the opportunity to be with your fellow men.

“Adios!” meaning “God be with you,” says the Mexican Indian as he passes you on the highway.

The Hawaiian greets with smile and handshake and hangs wreaths of flowers around the neck of the departing guest. And everybody who visits the island is a guest. Travelers are oft moved to tears by touching acts of *appreciation*.

A punctilious young lady who had just been saved from drowning remarked to her rescuer when sufficiently revived by being rolled on a barrel, “I am sorry I cannot talk to you, as we have not been properly introduced!”

MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

Daily on the cars and on the street we meet persons who become perfectly familiar to us although "not properly introduced." Why not pass the time o' day, smile, drop a pleasant remark, show that we appreciate the fact that they are alive and thereby add to the sum total of human happiness not only for the fleeting moment but for all eternity. Ah, the power of a kindly word of *appreciation!*

Only a Heart-Hungry Man.

Passing through Sixth Avenue, New York, one night, a young man, big and strong, lurched up to me and said: "Stranger, would you give me a dime and take a chance on me spending it for a drink or something to eat?"

I gave him the coin. Incidentally I asked, "How does it come that a man of your apparent health and fine physique is reduced to begging?"

He walked slowly along by my side, almost unconsciously tightening his belt as men do when they are about to enter into some strenuous physical struggle. For a moment he was silent. Then he told me how his father had accidentally been

THE MAN WHO NEEDED SYMPATHY.

killed, leaving his mother and sister for him to support; how proud he was when he succeeded in establishing a home for them; and how within a year the mother and sister both had died.

"You see, I'm just human driftwood. Nobody cares. Nobody cares," he repeated and his voice choked up. "People gave me criticism, and good advice and some have reluctantly loaned me a few dollars at times, but *nobody cares!*" A sound came from his lips that sounded like a sob.

"You are mistaken," I said. "Somebody does care. I care!"

And there swept over me a great wave of pity. Pity for the man before me? Yes! But more pity for the innumerable throng that, like him, had been privileged to stand at the open grave and yet had missed death's greatest lesson to humanity, namely the fact of the brotherhood of man.

We had reached the hotel at which I was stopping. "Do you think I could make a new start?" he was asking.

I said, "Of course you can. With

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

youth and strength and a heart that's in the right place, all of which you have, you can easily redeem yourself."

"Look a-here, friend," he said, "take back the coin. It wasn't money I wanted at all. I was only thirsty for a word of kindness, just a word of appreciation." And with a "God bless you, friend!" he walked away.

I saw him go down the street. His footsteps no longer faltered; he held his head erect. At the corner he stopped for a moment under a street light and looking back, waved his hand at me.

## PART FOURTH

Man has  
Civilized  
the Brutes  
and  
Brutalized  
His Own  
Kind

Man has forty - three  
brain faculties.

There are numerous sub-  
divisions, but for present  
purposes they need not be  
considered.

The Story  
of Bonito

They are his inheritance.  
They are enlarged, dimin-  
ished, intensified or be-  
numbed, by environment, study and in-  
formation. Especially are they acted  
upon by education.

For thousands of years educational in-  
stitutions the world over have been  
teaching savagery.

War, war-heroes, battles, slaughter by  
wholesale, have been glorified and pre-  
sented to the impressionable minds of  
children under guise of teaching history  
and patriotism until the so-called "Chris-  
tian (?) and civilized" nations of the

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

world have become one great armed camp of bloody-minded insanity.

The histories used in the schools of the United States are mostly devoted to war.

Sixty per cent of Barnes' history of the United States is devoted to war! Seventy-three per cent of Goodrich's history of the United States is devoted to war!

Montgomery's history contains 804 pages of war!

Channing's, McMasters' and all other histories are in like proportion!

Until recently seventy-five per cent of the children's toys consisted of miniature cannon, tin swords, tin soldiers, tin soldiers on tin horses, warships and everything that could turn the vivid imagination of childhood towards war—towards the slaughter of human beings.

A large percentage of the scenes shown in moving picture theatres are devoted to deeds of violence and blood. Pictures of private killings are gradually being censored out of existence, but wholesale killings are still depicted for the delectation of little children, to teach patriotism.

EDUCATING CHILDREN TOWARDS SAVAGERY.

The faculty of "Combativeness," one of the forty-three faculties of the human mind—a faculty natural, needful, useful for defense—has been enlarged and intensified by education until it has become the potent force of *aggression*.

In our own country every war but one has been a war of *aggression*. Man has civilized the brutes and brutalized his own kind!

The fundamental principle upon which the United States Government rests is voiced in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Society, however, takes from men all right of personal volition, all liberty, if they transgress the law or if they hire out to take life by enlisting in the army!

In the one case men are forced to give up their liberty and independence of action, and in the other they give them up voluntarily.



### *MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

Beasts fight as individuals and upon sudden impulse. Only man coolly plans and schemes, even in times of peace, to kill by wholesale; to engage in saturnalias of blood en masse.

Yet man has educated the faculties of "Friendship" and "Loyalty" in the brute creation to his everlasting advantage.

The horse, the cow, the pig, the sheep, even the huge elephant, and especially the dog, are his servants and friends. Judged by contrasts with former conditions the dog is the most highly educated of living creatures.

#### **The Civilized Dog.**

The brain of a dog is larger by one-fourth than the brain of a wolf of equal size and weight.

The dog was domesticated thousands of years before any other living creature.

Until he was domesticated he wasn't a dog.

He was a wolf; and from the wolf, the enemy of mankind, was evolved the animal that symbolizes all that stands for unselfish friendship, for undying loyalty,

### *CIVILIZING ANIMALS.*

to man. It was education that wrought the change.

Constant appeal to the brain faculties of friendship and loyalty have made of the savage, relentless wolf of bygone ages the splendid, loving companion, playmate and friend of man—the dog.

The dog is the only animal in the world that will forsake his own kind for the companionship of man.

It should be remembered that for many centuries the dog has been bred for his moral and intellectual qualities.

All other creatures, such as horses, cows, sheep, pigs, goats and chickens are bred for their commercial value, for speed, work, milk, meat, egg, wool bearing, etc.

Only the dog is bred for companionship and protection. The pure, unselfish love and devotion of a good dog is evidence of one of man's greatest educational triumphs.

Pity the child that has never had a dog as playfellow and companion.

I would not count among my friends the man who could look unmoved upon

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

the death of his dog. And how the heart of a dog is made joyous by appreciation! A pat on the head, a kind word or look, and he becomes a rampant, tail-wagging, pirouetting, yelping apotheosis of happiness!

It was in Mexico that I saw a most dramatic and spectacular exemplification of the power of appreciation to subdue even brute hatred.

**The Story of Bonito.**

Bonito was a bull, bred from the stock of the famous fighting bulls of Spain.

He was the largest and handsomest animal of the bull breed in all Mexico.

At all the fairs and live stock exhibits held in that country he was always awarded first prize.

He was known of all men who admired fine animals and his fame had spread to other countries.

Bonito—meaning handsome—was the pride of his owner, a Mexican cattle dealer who had raised and handled the huge animal from the latter's birth.

*THE STORY OF BONITO THE BULL.*

Bonito was naturally fierce. Once he had killed two other bulls in a fight. Men admired and feared him. All but his owner. Bonito knew him. He followed him about like a dog. And his owner showed appreciation by feeding Bonito with his own hands and petting him and occasionally giving him dainties.

Bonito's owner laughed at the warnings of friends who feared that his familiarity with the brute would lead to his death.

One day in a spirit of banter a friend suggested to the owner that he—the owner—would not dare approach Bonito if the latter were fought in the bull-ring. A challenge and wager resulted.

Bonito was to be maddened and fought in the regulation way, but was not to be put to the sword.

The owner declared that he would enter and lead Bonito from the ring.

It seemed like sheer suicide.

All Mexico knew that Bonito was to be fought in the bull-ring.

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

On the eventful Sunday afternoon 20,000 people crowded into the Plaza de Toros.

First, three of the usual type of fighting bulls were fought in the ring. They each killed their quota of horses and were in the end killed by the matador.

And now the star event of the day was to take place. The shouting and noise were stilled. Every eye was upon the entrance gate.

The trumpet signal sounded; the gates opened, and the huge figure of Bonito dashed through the narrow passageway into the arena. As he passed by, a couple of banderilleros plunged barbs with bright colored streamers into his shoulders. In a moment the monstrous body became an animated mountain of bellowing destruction. He plunged madly about, charging into everything that showed signs of life. The banderilleros who had thought to place more barbs and play him in the ordinary way were routed, and fled from the ring to save their lives.

Bonito pawed the earth and bellowed with rage.

*THE STORY OF BONITO THE BULL.*

Blood dripped from his shoulders and ran in tiny rivulets down his beautiful, satiny skin. His eyes fairly blazed with fury.

Again the bugle call and now six horsemen with long spears entered the ring. They were the picadores. Bonito eyed them a moment, then with savage impetuosity he rushed with lowered head upon the nearest horse. In vain the picador sought to keep him off with his spear. He might as well have tried to stop a locomotive with a wisp of straw. One lunge and the horse lay struggling upon the ground; another charge and the poor animal, gored, disemboweled and bloody, lay dead. Then came the capa play, the waving of red scarfs in the face of the bull to distract his attention from the fallen picador pinned under his dead horse.

But Bonito heeded not the capas. Madly he plunged, gored, and tore into the unfortunate horses, paying no attention to spear thrusts.

The bodies of five horses mangled and bloody lay in the arena, their riders more

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

or less injured being rescued by attendants.

The sixth horse, more fleet of foot than the others, was still in the ring.

And now the maddened Bonito rushes upon the last horse and rider. Catching the horse fairly under the belly he lifts his mighty head, a lunge upwards, and horse and rider are thrown over Bonito's back and fall in a struggling heap at the side of the enclosure. The rider, badly injured, is rescued with extreme difficulty. Now all have fled from the arena.

Bonito with blood-covered neck and shoulders, and with the painful and tantalizing steel hooked darts dangling from his tender skin and flesh, seems consumed with ever increasing fury. Seeing nothing else to charge, he plunges his sharp horns again and again into the bodies of the horses.

Suddenly a hush falls upon the audience as a man in ordinary citizen's dress is seen to climb into the arena. Every nerve is tense.

"Bonito! Bonito!" the man calls. But

*THE STORY OF BONITO THE BULL.*

Bonito hears not. He is still bellowing with rage and charging wildly into the dead horses.

The man has reached the center of the arena and Bonito's bloodshot eyes catch a glimpse of him. The infuriated brute faces about, and prepares to charge. It seems as though the man is doomed.

He holds out his hands and calls again, "Bonito! Bonito!" The huge bull lifts his lowered head and stands with tensed muscles glowering upon the intruder.

Will he charge and gore and trample to death the man before him!

The audience sits spellbound, hardly daring to breathe.

The man has now approached to within twenty feet of the mountain of fury.

The bull is pawing the ground. If the huge brute charges no power on earth can save the man. A quick but terrible death awaits him.

The crucial moment has come. Life and death are trembling in the balance.

Again the man holds out his hands and thrice the stillness is broken by his voice as he calls out "Bonito! Bonito! Bonito!"



*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

And now the blood-flecked brute is moving towards him.

The man stands immovable, still with outstretched hands, and once again he calls "Bonito." The huge animal has reached him, man and bull are face to face.

For a moment, which to the audience seems an eternity, these two different types of God's creatures gaze at each other. The bull, crimson-smearred, apotheosis of brute strength, force and fury, with the hot blood of battle still coursing through his swollen veins, is standing motionless in the presence of a subtle, mysterious power. Life and death are mutely struggling for supremacy.

The very air seems broodingly heavy with the silent conflict.

"Bonito!" the man's voice vibrates with affection. The sun, temporarily hidden behind a passing cloud, now floods the arena with sunshine. The great brown eyes of the bull take on a softened light. The muscles in the giant frame relax.

Fearlessly the man reaches out his hand and strokes the animal's head. Bo-

THE STORY OF BONITO THE BULL.

nito stretches his neck and rubs his wet muzzle against the shoulder and neck of his friend while his master with his arms around the neck of the bull is saying, "Querido Bonito mio! Querido Bonito mio!"

For a breathless moment the audience remains stilled with excess of emotion. Men look upon the scene with tear-stained faces. Women sob aloud. Then the reaction takes place. The audience arises and wildly applauds. And as the owner leads Bonito from the arena the air reverberates with cries of "Bravo!! Bravo!!" and "Bonito!! Bonito!!" It was the touch of nature, of mutual *appreciation*, that made the whole world kin.

Love had triumphed over hate.



## PART FIFTH

**Talosophy  
the Science  
of Appreci-  
ation**

We seldom express appreciation of the thing we admire in others, but always by word, look or action we make known our disapproval of things we dislike.

**The Art  
of Making  
Happiness  
Epidemic**

The result is inharmony and unhappiness.

There is an injustice in this which is more easily sensed than analyzed.

People are never made better by fault-finding, reproof, scolding, punishment, or legal enactments.

Always they deteriorate under such influences because these influences weaken self-esteem, depress the nervous system, injure the heart action and incite to morbidity.

There is nothing more natural than

MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

good health; nothing more epidemic than happiness!

And there is nothing — absolutely nothing—more important than the study and application of the rules by which both are secured.

Three rules cover the subject.

They are:

First: Ignore and forget all rudeness, bad manners or unkindness in others.

Second: Give practical expression to your commendation and approval of what others say or do that seems good.

Third: Be kind.

The body and spirit of these three rules are contained in the one word *appreciation*.

Health and happiness are conditions of harmonious vibration.

Active appreciation creates harmony.

Appreciation enthuses, stimulates, exhilarates, makes for good circulation, strengthens the heart, creates self-esteem and confidence, and encourages to renewed effort to deserve approval.

#### FOUR STAGES OF EVOLUTION.

These are the elementals of harmony and happiness; *hence always appreciation creates happiness both for the appreciator and the appreciated.*

#### The Fourth Stage of Evolution.

The world has passed through three great stages of evolution. First came man, the savage, beating "tom-toms" to propitiate savage gods, and ruled by primitive instincts.

Next came man, semi-savage, his form of government a monarchy.

Then came man, the semi-civilized, aspiring towards higher intelligence, better ideals, but still limited in his understanding of patriotism by artificial boundary lines; burdened and dragged down by his inheritance of savagery of which war is the manifestation, cursed by false leaders who have intensified his woes by applying nineteenth century intelligence in furtherance of the arts of war, greed and graft; made suspicious of himself and his fellow man by the hypocritical pretense of harmonizing the precepts of Christianity with the examples of barbarism.

*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

And now comes the age of dissolving monarchies and expanding republics. This is the present age.

We are now entering upon the fourth stage; the stage of government by the people, in form a democracy.

The world is awakening; the animosities of national boundary lines are disappearing; mankind is learning that real patriotism means service to mankind; that the first right of man is to be well born and that after that comes his inalienable right to the pursuit of health, wealth and happiness.

Peace societies are springing up all over the world. A half million Englishmen and Germans met in one day in London and Berlin recently to protest against being fooled into a wholesale slaughter of one another in the interests of those who profit by the sale of war material; to protest against those who foment strife that they may coin the mispent valor, the agony, the blood and the tears of mankind into money—into unholy gain; they met to proclaim the brotherhood of man.

Men are beginning to understand one another; to know that to be really brave, to be valorous, is to fear nothing except to do injustice to others; to learn that to retain respect for themselves they must respect their fellow men; that to receive and retain love they must give love; that to cultivate happiness they must make others happy.

It is all so very simple, so very natural, so very obvious, that it is often overlooked.

The passengers of the world's greatest steamship, the Titanic, went to their death in the icy waters of the becalmed Atlantic, because the expert boat builders, versed in the intricacies of safety devices, overlooked the most obvious one of providing enough life boats to accommodate all the passengers.

So simple a provision that the veriest land lubber could have suggested it.

And in like manner that simple word "Appreciation" stands for the obvious, the *certain* force that will transform the sordidness of life into the joyousness of existence; that will metamorphose the in-



MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

harmonies of daily contacts into harmonious associations.

Do not fall into the error of viewing this as platitudinous philosophizing.

It is common sense.

Moreover, it is dollars and cents!

Those who are the fortunate possessors of wealth know that the mere accumulation of money does not bring happiness. Only that very small minority of the well-to-do class who know how to *use* money get either joy or comfort from its possession.

And yet this should not and does not blind us to the fact that the absence of money is almost invariably creative of misery.

Therefore the money value of *appreciation* is a very important subject for consideration.

**The Appreciation League.**

In general, it will of course be admitted that appreciation incites to *greater effort*, is creative of that most valuable business asset, *loyalty*, and builds up that

THE APPRECIATION LEAGUE.

important factor of success, the *esprit de corps of the working force*.

But to apply appreciation concretely; to make it a workable part of the business life of everybody, be he employer, employe or student,—to do this necessitates the harnessing of appreciation to business forms and business methods.

In other words, it means organization.

Hence the incorporation of The Appreciation League, the purposes of which are to instruct and train humanity in the science of Talosophy; the Art of Making Happiness Epidemic!

Talosophy is organized and specialized *appreciation*.

Talosophy is unselfishness made practical and easy of accomplishment.

Talosophy is the creation of humanitarian impulses, and the transforming of the same into kindly acts.

Talosophy is the transmuting of courtesy into happiness and prosperity.

Talosophy is the scientific method and rule of action by which human beings are induced to show that *appreciation* of one

MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

another which alone can create and sustain a civilization worthy of the name.

Every man, woman and child desirous of accumulating money, improving the mind, acquiring happiness and of making the world better while seeking these ends, is eligible to membership in The Appreciation League.

Auxiliary branches of the League will be established in all cities.

The Talosophist, the official organ of The Appreciation League, and other descriptive and instructive literature will be published and sent to all members.

Membership cards will be issued.

Also each member will be provided with a neat button on which will be inscribed the letters "T. A. L." and the words "The Appreciation League," to identify them in public.

Every member is an active member. Just how active depends somewhat upon the temperament and individuality of the member, but so great is the satisfaction and happiness derived from the practice of *practical appreciation* that the urge to make it a part of one's daily life becomes

*COURTESY A BUSINESS ASSET.*

irresistible, and its practice second nature.

The Appreciation League is destined to play an important role in the uplift of humanity.

It crystallizes into practical, workable form the great impulse towards a better understanding; towards mutual helpfulness; towards the attainment of happiness.

It is in the air.

Courtesy and friendship are becoming recognized as business assets, as everyday necessities, instead of luxuries to be secured only by joining oathbound secret societies.

**Appreciation a Vital Force.**

Do not imagine that any act of appreciation, whether in the form of courtesy, politeness or service, is ever barren of results.

An old man stood on a street corner evidently afraid to cross the street because of failing eyesight. He was ragged as to clothes and walked with a cane. A young man stepped from the crowd and helped the old man across. The old man

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thanked his guide and asked for his name and address. The incident was forgotten. Two years later the supposed decrepit beggar died and left \$60,000 to the young man as an appreciation of his kindness.

An elevator boy recently received a legacy of \$100,000 from an old lady to whom he had been polite.

Clerks in stores, employes of railroads, and people in all stations of life have unexpectedly found themselves the fortunate recipients of more wealth than they had ever dreamed of possessing, by reason of some simple act or repeated acts of courtesy to strangers.

During the past ten years in the United States alone about \$5,000,000 has been willed, in sums of \$1,000 up, to persons who had the good sense to be courteous at all times. About \$500,000 per year is being distributed in this way.

No act of politeness is too trivial to pass unnoticed.

A newsboy in the Public Square, Cleveland, politely raised his hat and said "Thank you very much, sir!" to a man who had given him a nickel for a penny paper and told him to keep the change.

### *IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT MENTAL IMAGES.*

A practical business man who had noticed the newsboy's politeness jumped from the car and overtaking the boy asked who had taught him to be polite. "My mother, sir!" replied the boy. "Well, my boy, when you go home tonight you tell your mother that by reason of your politeness there's a good job waiting for you at my office as soon as you leave school." The mother and boy were made happy and placed on the road to prosperity and all because of a simple act of appreciation on the part of the boy.

Business men want efficiency, but no man is considered efficient who is not courteous and polite.

We usually find what we are looking for in this world.

Be careful how you train your eyes to visualize the sordidness and selfishness of life. The sensitized plates of your brain will catch and hold the pictures. And with constant repetition the law of habit will attract to and fix in your brain other inharmonious pictures to increase the number of those already there, until all the mental images hung upon the walls of your memory and imagination will con-

MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

stitute one vast gallery of inartistic daubs. If this happens what does it mean?

It means that you are going through life with your eyes only half open. Your vision is blurred. You see only the unlovely rough surface of things.

Open your eyes wide and keep them off your feet. See the sunshine? It was there all the time. See the flowers upon the bosom of dear old Mother Earth? They are here for your enjoyment. Do you see the confidence, the pure childish love, the yearning for affection and for sympathy in the eyes of children?

Now open your eyes still a little wider.

Look through the thin exterior of artificial and hypocritical conventionality, down into the human heart, and you will see the buds of childish love grown to open roses seeking to send forth their perfume and to attract the nourishing moisture and sunshine of *appreciation*.

## PART SIXTH

Nature  
Always  
Seeking an  
Equilibrium

Every living thing radiates the elements of its own individuality. In human beings this radiation is called the aura.

First the  
Rights of  
Man, then  
of Property

It surrounds and envelops the body for several inches with emanations that, under certain conditions, can be seen. Almost all pictures of the Saviour show this aura or halo around the head and in some it is shown enveloping the body also. Undoubtedly in His case the radiation of the aura was strong enough to be easily seen. That the emanations from each person are absolutely individual and different from all other persons is shown by the ability of the bloodhound to sense and follow the trail of an individual even though time has elapsed and the trail is mixed with hundreds or thousands of others.



*MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

Not necessarily different but more positive are the vibrations thrown out by the human body.

All nature, all life vibrates in varying degrees from the slow vibrations of the granite rock to the rapid vibrations of highly organized human beings.

Every human being has a normal rate of vibration individual to himself, the rapidity of which is temporarily increased or diminished by the exercise of the emotions.

The most perfect understanding, the highest degree of harmony is attained between persons who achieve responsiveness to the same rate of vibration. Nature is constantly seeking this equilibrium.

Join two lakes of unequal height and the waters at once seek a common level.

It is nature's tremendous importunity towards the attainment of this equilibrium that causes tall men to marry short women; brunettes to marry blondes; dark eyed people to seek those with grey or blue eyes.

Let a person of great intensity and therefore of great rapidity of vibration marry a person of placid temperament

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and slower vibration and the result is a lowering of the vibration of the former and a raising of the vibration of the latter, approximating an equilibrium.

The working out of this natural law produces harmony. The only preventives of such results are the artificial and selfish laws and customs, forced upon mankind in support of what is called civilization, but many of which laws are in fact obstacles to real civilization.

The world's business is built upon a foundation of laws designed to perpetuate selfishness.

Hence instead of equilibrium we have the spectacle of the very rich and the very poor growing constantly further apart; the financially smugly contented and the miserable uncared for *millions* becoming daily more inharmonious.

Let those who oppose nature's laws with man-made laws, those who exalt property above humanity, take heed of the warning.

Back to nature! Back to the simple, the obvious, or the world's greatest Govern-

MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.

ment with all its intricate and complicated machinery must sink into an ocean of selfishness as sank the world's greatest steamship beneath the waters of the icy Atlantic!

Let nature's call for equilibrium do its work through the instrumentality of the natural harmonizing law of *appreciation*.

There must be mutual understanding as to mutual needs between the classes.

Let the poor man appreciate and try to emulate the ability of another man to accumulate and let the man who accumulates beyond his needs and beyond his ability to use, realize that to use his surplus to oppress or to wield selfish power is a crime.

To hoard his surplus and to refuse to put it into channels to benefit his fellow-man, of itself constitutes criminal oppression.

All property, all wealth, was created by man. Wealth is power, but to elevate wealth above its creator is a violation of nature's dictum. Greater than the picture is the painter; greater than the invention

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is the inventor. Disassociated from man its creator, wealth is inert, dead and valueless.

Nature buries gold in the mountains, casts diamonds into rivers, but exalts humanity above all else on earth. Nothing but a return to nature's laws will cure the suffering and inharmonies resultant from their perversion.

First the rights of man, then of property.



## PART SEVENTH

Acting in  
Harmony  
with a Simple  
Natural Law  
Makes for  
Daily  
Happiness  
The Dawn  
of the  
Brotherhood  
of Man

Love of itself does not bring harmony. Often the more intense the love the more certain the inharmony.

The trouble lies in the misconception as to the nature of love.

Love is an effect, not a cause.

"Love one another!"

"Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

These are divine commands, but impossible of fulfillment without first conforming to the law of *appreciation*, of harmonious vibration.

*Appreciation is the cause and love the effect.*

Study and practice appreciation and it follows as the perfume of flowers after the summer rain, thou canst not do otherwise than love thy fellow man!

### *MAKING HAPPINESS EPIDEMIC.*

Courtesy, politeness, friendliness, the desire to serve, the impulse to make happiness epidemic are all buds growing upon the same plant which has its roots deep down in the soil of appreciation. Appreciation unlocks the door to every heart.

People differ vastly in temperament, in education and in enlightenment; however, that does not necessarily lead to antagonism.

Travelers visiting foreign lands seeking information and desiring to broaden their outlook upon life practice appreciation.

They seek the viewpoint and modes of thought of others and always they find some thoughts and acts with which they can sympathize.

They speak a few words of appreciation and at once harmonious relations are established and the returned travelers mention the warm friendships they made in foreign lands.

Appreciation is the "A" note in nature's musical scale, to which all the myriad of human instruments in the orchestra of the universe are attuned.

*HARMONY BY FOLLOWING NATURAL LAW.*

Strike the "A" note of appreciation and the waves of vibration will put you in immediate harmonious contact with those about you.

In the harmony resulting from appreciation there is sanity. Only with sanity and poise may the problems of everyday life be solved to the happiness, health and profit of all.

There is nothing more immediately responsive, more persisting and more practically adapted to our needs, than natural law.

The Appreciation League follows natural law in its work.

Therefore only beneficial results follow. None other are possible.

Both employers and employes will find The Appreciation League an instrument for incalculable good; an influence of tremendous potency in harmonizing the relations of capital and labor.

The Appreciation League will provide competent lecturers and teachers to expound and explain its doctrines whenever and wherever desired.

Through its army of active members it



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will keep employers apprised of the names of their employes who are, by their courtesy, attracting the good will of the public towards their employer's business.

By its organization and business methods it will induce all persons towards courtesy, kindness and mutual appreciation by practically demonstrating that it pays, *pays in dollars* as well as in contentment and in happiness.

The button indicating membership in The Appreciation League will guarantee to its possessor courteous treatment from every official, clerk, conductor or other employe with whom the member comes in contact in daily life.

And this guarantee of courteous treatment from others is based upon the strongest possible premises, namely, self-interest.

An important part—perhaps the most important part—of the work of The Appreciation League will be the training of the minds of impressionable school children in the methods for the expression of mutual appreciation. This will be carried on in the school room when possible;

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if not, then outside of the school; *but it will be carried on.*

When it is remembered that the sixty thousand yearly victims of "white slavery," so called, will within eight years all be recruited from the innocent little girls now attending school; when it is realized that those who will commit the ten thousand murders, the hundreds of thousands of robberies and other crimes committed in the United States every year—when it is comprehended that all of these criminals to be are now among the boys romping and playing that one sees on their way to school every day, then it is that the appalling responsibility resting upon parents, teachers and public officials who exercise control—or ought to—of this vast army of potentialities, becomes most impressive.

The teaching of appreciation to the world's school children, along broad humanitarian lines, will, within a decade, make universal peace an accomplished fact and lead the forces of evil into channels that will make for the brotherhood of man and for the rehabilitation of the human race.