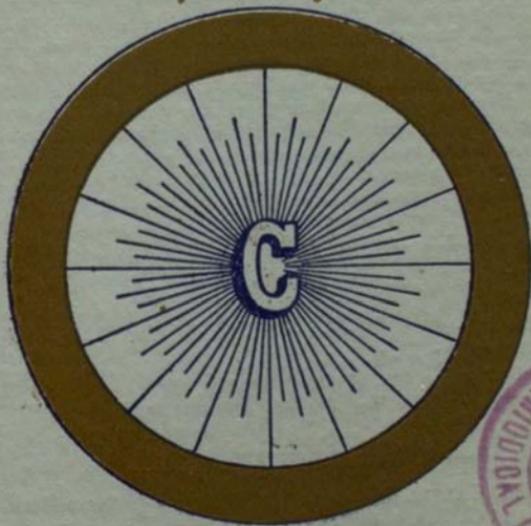


MAY 19 1910 ✓

THE CENTER

MAY



LEADING ARTICLE



Enjoying Ourselves

Harmony Club of America

An independent organization of earnest people everywhere, who want to make the most of life and to be happy while doing it. The aim and object is: To harmonize people with themselves, their surroundings and each other; to prove the efficient value of a smile and song in everyday life; to establish the perfect unity of body, mind, heart, and spirit; to investigate, formulate, and demonstrate the scientific laws of Happiness; to enunciate the principles of wholesome, triumphant, sincere living; to present the discoveries of modern psychology in simple, attractive guise; to put those who want vital knowledge in touch with those who have it; to maintain a brotherhood of individuals, where sympathy is the only bond; to impart the secrets of self-help, as the highest form of altruism; to promote free discussion of every subject that makes for clear understanding of life. Literature mailed on receipt of postage. Headquarters at 30 Church Street, New York City.

Officers

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

Advisory Board

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

Other names will be announced later.

©CLB217364

THE CENTER

HARMONY CLUB MONTHLY



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

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY CENTS
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

VOLUME
ONE

MAY, 1910

NUMBER
TEN

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

Enjoying Ourselves

There is a magic of Happiness—the magician's name is *Fun*.

Any child will tell you this; and if you haven't a child to teach you things, you will soon become very stupid. Only children know the freshness and the ardor, the lure and thrill and witchery of Happiness. By instinct they enjoy themselves to the full, making life a game and their chosen leader *Fun*. Keeping their spirit is the surest way to be happy.

Work may lead to Happiness—after long, dull years of slaving in a treadmill of routine.

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

Study may lead to Happiness—through deep fogs of speculation, mists of doubt, and shadows of external authority.

Pain may lead to Happiness—with a line of ugly scars to show where we fell, and a memory seared by anguish and bitterness.

Other things may lead to Happiness—at a cost that few are willing to pay.

But Fun leads to Happiness here and now, and we enter easily by the wide, sunny portal of the gracious child-heart. Is not the child-heart a miracle in itself; what other door is both clear as crystal and stanch as iron? When we have wandered in later years and the door closes, we stoutly boast (with a secret sigh) that we have at last grown practical—there aren't any such things as fairies. While the fairies, meeting as always in their safe shining palace of the wondrous child-heart, mourn us among the dead.

I think we *are* dead, when we find ourselves barred from the councils of the fairies. The moment we are quite grown-up we begin to die bodily. This is plain physiology—no poetry whatever; ask any doctor. Being grown-up is the universal misfortune; staying childlike is the rare fate given to those who earn it by open-mindedness. Pity the child who has outgrown its parents; pity more the parents who have outgrown their child.

Enjoying ourselves is being childlike. How do I know? Anybody knows, who hasn't turned mummy. There are some unfortunate people with a petrified backbone, anæsthetic brain and hyperacidulated stare who imagine that being dignifiedly aged is the whole end of human existence. To such laggards of the tomb a whistling boy is anathema in extremis. Being half-dead, they assume to judge life. Such folks are usually very rich, or very highly educated; their natural selves have been smothered in veneer. Money and

mind both kill what they cover. Living is *feeling*, and the man ashamed of sentiment or the woman afraid of emotion stands in the shadow of death. We are none of us educated, none of us prepared to live, until we have zealously gone to school to children.

Are the pleasures and amusements of Society good or bad? What effects do our own recreations have on our life, work, happiness and character? Is the choice and amount of play a real factor in growth and efficiency? *Ask the children.* Life is only play to children; life would be only play to men and women if men and women kept as wise as children.

There is a test for pleasure whose application is universal. It takes the form of a double query: "*Do children like it, and would you let them have it?*" If they like it, it is more or less natural; if you would let them have it, it is more or less divine. Do they like champagne suppers, problem plays, men's all-night "smokers," and women's scandal-parties? Then such things are not natural. Would you share them with children? If not, then they are not desirable nor divine. Acquired tastes are mostly bad. And the pleasures you have to learn to like are perils in disguise.

Never was a false teaching falsier than the current opinion that some enjoyments are for grown people only, because grown people are worldly-wise. What is not good for your child is less good for you. The baby is protected from seeing wrong by the radiance of its dream-vision; while the baby's parents, unless they are mystics to the death, have allowed themselves to be robbed of the halo that encircles all those of sure discernment. Parents read books to see if the pages are fit for children—it might well be the other way 'round! Children are safe till men make them coarse and women make them foolish.

How can little folks teach us the full art of enjoying ourselves?

Let us watch and find out.

Children have a real play-hunger. This is as necessary to health as an appetite for meals. Play is to the emotions what food is to the muscles; without it they starve. Now the emotions *are* the muscles of the *psychic* organism; by means of them we grasp and use the vital principles that shape our lives. Hence the need for emotions that are well fed and regularly exercised. When you see a lot of happy children playing on the sidewalk, what do you feel like doing? Banning them, with a scolding? Then you are a psychic paralytic. Or getting down in the midst of them, loosening your dignity, limbering your creaking joints, lopping off your absurd cares and picayunish worries? Then you are a psychic athlete.

Children need few things, outside of themselves. Blind-man's buff, leap-frog, and pussy-wants-a-corner, these typical childish games require no studied rehearsal, no costly paraphernalia. We are a long way from the natural, my friends. And we shall find our lives more keenly enjoyable to the extent that we rid ourselves of the useless trappings and anxious conventions of play. Skipping stones on a duck-pond, or walking a rag baby up and down stairs, is more fun to the kiddies than all our labored amusements are to us. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, for the dull and deadly intricacy that we have woven into the simple joys of comradeship.

Children prove the democracy of play. Unless they have been twisted by their elders (and worsers), 'Rastus Johnsing and Reginald Knickerbocker play marbles, side by side, to their heart's supreme content. If 'Rastus has no collar—Reginald has no contempt. If Reginald has no picturesque vocabulary—'Rastus has no pride in sharing his. They are pals. Thirty years later, how often does a Reginald acknowledge a 'Rastus, a 'Rastus approve a Reginald? (The

approval is worth more.) The ugly barrier of caste has been formed, and the splendid humanness of childhood forgotten. One is a "high-brow," the other a "low-brow"—what superficial things men call each other! The place to measure a man is not where he wears his hat but where he wears his smile. Wisdom welcomes everybody.

Children know how to relax. Whereas grown-ups rest so hard that they're all tired out with the effort. In New York City, of a summer time, Monday morning is the tiredest morning in the week. A large proportion of our estimable citizens have jaunted Coney Island-ward and have pushed so fast to get their nickel's worth of fun that the competition is well-nigh fatal. If any youngsters were along, they promptly went to sleep on the way home, the rest of the party not having sense enough to depart when departure fell due. This is the age of nervous troubles, because this is the age of artificial pastimes. Play is the scientific mode of relaxation. And if you are afflicted with too many "nerves," you can profitably study boys and girls in their recess-hour at school.

Children make play out of work. They resemble animals in this respect. Do flowers, bees and birds take vacations in order to enjoy life? Play should be only a different kind of pleasure from work. No amount of recreation will atone for a disagreeable occupation. Give a normal child something to do and he first looks for a way to make it easy and pleasant. But to men work is too often either an ecstasy of genius or a monotony of despair—neither being permanent or sane. Grown-ups need a Froebel more than youngsters ever did. For in all our greatest achievements no motive could be better than the fresh, clean, earnest, honest spirit of the game—the everyday spirit of childhood.

Children are whole-souled. And that is the secret of Happiness. Pleasure is delightful because we throw our whole

selves into it. Whenever duties equally absorb us, they too become joyous. It is the reservations and repressions of life that cause the misery. When we open our hearts to each other and give ourselves a chance to be real, the doubts and perplexities vanish, the griefs take wing, the weaknesses turn into powers for good. To those who charge all their activities with the deepest feelings of their nature, life is just one long play-day, while still a work-day.

PASTIMES OF GREAT MEN

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS

When Theodore Roosevelt during a presidential vacation hunted wildcats and bear in Colorado, the question creased many minds as to the dignity of such sport. The sane majority of us remembered, however, that he grew from invalidism to superb health while a genuine cattleman on the prairies.

He knew too that every wild beast slain meant life for tender lambs and fawns. It did not discount the hunt that the cry of the hounds and the dash of the horses, who also enjoyed the chase, had a tonic for the vivacious rider which milder music and exercise utterly failed to give.

The joy of that free prairie life sent him back to Washington a reinforced man. The greeting which citizens of every party and creed will give him in June in the harbor of New York will mean wide popular indorsement of a man and citizen who makes joy of wholesome pleasure as he does of high public duty. Muscles and mental fiber are a sure fruit of joyful exercise.

Walking is not exercise enough for President Taft. The burdens of the Nation can haunt a walk in quiet woods. The joy of the golf ball "drive," sharp competition with congenial friends, the ozone of the hills they bottle up, stiff work getting around ingenious hindrances, are his golf field enjoyments. They are all glorified by a high sense of civic duty. He serves his country on the golf field as truly as in consulting and guiding his cabinet. It will be a dangerous day for the Republic when rulers forget the value of glorious

play. Morbid statesmen are as dangerous as crazy socialists. Even wise socialists will play well.

The White House is the very last place for moody Americanites.

President Garfield could leave the chair of state to study the masterful curves of great ball-players. They helped him to that nerve with which he took his "one chance for life." When he lost that battle he could die bravely at Elberon. He ever kept the healthy boy of the canal boy alive in his big Buckeye heart. High enjoyment is certainly one true test of a useful life.

The mother who takes a walk in the fresh air religiously, that she may keep an even temper in a harmonious household, is no less an angel than if she suffered, and made others suffer, in too close confinement in a sick room.

The mighty evangelist Charles G. Finney, whose marks are yet deep in the American Church, heartily enjoyed dropping a squirrel with his rifle from the tall Ohio hickories. He strode his noble bay like a veritable king of men and loved him as Barnum's Show men love their noble beasts. Be sure the great evangelist's God delighted in him in the woods as he did in his pulpit. Don't forget that, my dear Harmony brother. If you have earned an hour's rest remember that praise from a joyful hammock reaches as high as prayer from a reverent closet.

No man has a right to let his body become a grumbling burden when sane and inspiring play will make it a chariot of power. George Williams, the London merchant, who founded the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world, whom Queen Victoria knighted for his splendid philanthropy, rejoiced in a croquet ground at his London home. When the bold layman Dwight L. Moody put into the world's metropolis the live methods which had moved Chicago and

America, he took time to play croquet regularly in George Williams' garden. That wholesome play was one secret of his successful evangelism.

If any cynic frowned on a preacher's playing at such crisis time in the lives of men he was a foolish man, to find fault with the God who marked Moody for conquest by creating him a worker who fairly bubbled over with the joy of living.

I say man! get up and play. Move off the Grumbling Alley on to Rejoicing Avenue. Put down your life bucket deep into the old gospel well whose bright, sweet, bubbling waters sing, "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

THOUGHTS ON PLEASURE

FROM A MEMBER OF THE CLUB

The supremest pleasure comes from a life consecrated to some good end in which self is ever in the background.

Get out of yourself. Stay out, but be sure to have something worthy to keep you out.

Take pleasure in the commonplace things of life. Do not wait for striking or startling occasions out of which to bring enjoyment. The song of the brook is better to live by than the roar of Niagara.

We cannot get pleasure unless we are kind. Literally overlook the faults and foibles of others. See in them only the actual and potential good. The determination to be pleased and make others pleased will turn all the dross of existence into pure gold.

Make it your continual business to add zest to life by cultivating zest in whatever you do. Pleasure comes out of things that had purpose in them.

Have love for somebody and make it a passion. You will then know the joy of living.

To obtain pleasure even when drudgery demands the most of your time, have something outside of the usual grind that shall instruct or cheer you—books, music, companionship, social service.

True pleasure never conflicts with duty. Inclinations that seem discordant must be tuned. Make inclination chime with inspiration, and Heaven's music will ring in your ears.

Have the constant enjoyment which comes from the hearty uplifting belief in a brighter, better world beyond. We may be surer than our own existence here of an immortal life there. Our sorrows are the pledge of a sorrowless state up yonder, and our happiness the promise of a greater capacity there for unending joy.

CLUB NEWS

Under this heading will be given records of our growth, individual and collective; with ideas and suggestions for enlarging the scope of the Club. Every member is asked to contribute, and to aid us in promoting the work.

A number of letters have come lately that we want to share with you.

They indicate how earnestly some of our members have been thinking for us, and how vitally the work of the Club has taken hold.

These letters form two general classes: first, those requesting objective work and various kinds of practical development; second, those suggesting means of so increasing the revenues of the Club that the plans for development may be carried out. In short, the whole feeling seems to be that of desire for expansion. And we ask you to consider with us a few desires presented in this way.

Here is a letter—and there are many others like it—expressing the need for closer touch among the members and more individual cooperation.

“If I might suggest an idea, would it be practical to add a sort of mutual benefit page to **THE CENTER**, of Friendly Helps? Perhaps some member may be shut in from sickness or any other cause, and so be in sore need of some other one who may be glad to sit with her for an afternoon and read or do something else that should be needed, just for pure friendliness, without pay. Another may be glad to teach French, German and so forth in exchange for music instruction. Some one may have an extra violin to exchange for another instrument, or perhaps a piece of furniture.

“These suggestions for **THE CENTER** came to me, as a

great need has been presented of late for ways in which proper people could meet their own kind. I know of three ladies of means who live at high-class hotels and actually suffer for human fellowship.

"This Club will surely prosper."

This letter is in direct line with plans that are already made. For months we have been hoping to establish a Service Exchange, whereby any member having something to give, to exchange, or to procure, may be put in touch with some other member who can exactly fill the need. In a small way we have begun this work, and are finding it of tremendous value to members thus far reached.

But such a development will entail an expense of thirty or forty dollars a week; a secretary will be required, a stenographer, a regular appropriation for printing, stationery, postage, etc., and a fixed charge for rental and other business equipment. When a method is found to secure this money, we shall undertake the work. But the funds must guarantee the work before it is announced.

The second letter is from a business woman, who realizes that every altruistic movement must have a commercial side as a basis for normal development.

"When a group of people are working together for some cause in which they firmly believe, it must give them added inspiration to know how much good they are doing in presenting their ideals to the world.

"In these days of activity along mental and spiritual lines, there are thousands of people who have already sensed the truths which have been presented in *THE CENTER*, yet, not having the power of expressing them in such clear and practical form, have been unable to make them active forces in everyday life.

"During the time I have been reading the Monthly I have found the teachings most helpful, and after thinking over the editorial in the March number on "The Moral Force of Money," I felt so grateful for the privilege of reading such an article that it seemed only fair to give expression of my appreciation of what the Harmony Club has added to my life in the way of efficiency.

"I found myself wondering whether I should always be able to have these inspiring messages each month—and that led me to speculate as to the permanence of the Harmony Club.

"I have seen many good things fail for lack of proper financial support. And as it is nearing the end of our first year, I began to question what the prospects are for the coming year. Having been a business woman for many years, I instinctively look at problems from that standpoint and I soon found myself considering your problem as tho' it were my own.

"My long experience in connection with the publication of periodicals enables me to analyze quickly the financial needs of any magazine. I at once realized when I examined this publication that its low subscription price and lack of advertising pages must leave a need for large sums of money to advance the work as rapidly as it deserves.

"I believe that the normal growth of any work intended to benefit mankind demands that it shall earn all the money it can consistently. I believe with all my heart in endowments for spiritual work. I believe that the time has come for people interested in spiritual work to realize that to be thoroughly effective it must be put upon as substantial a business basis as the captains of industry demand for their great enterprises. But I believe no spiritual cause has a right to ask for funds until it has produced all the income it is capable of earning.

"My deep interest in the success of your splendid work

makes me feel that it would indeed be a misfortune to allow an institution like this to die in its youth or be crippled for lack of material support. I trust you will take steps to insure its future by looking well into this matter of subscription price and advertisements. It is my opinion that the subscription price should be one dollar a year and there should be twelve or more advertising pages.

“It is a well known fact that the successful magazines make the income from their advertising pages of the first importance. Magazines must be effective selling agents for the commercial world if they are to be permanent support to the editorial department.

“Since the success of magazines depends so much upon returns from advertising will not THE CENTER do well to give immediate attention to its proper relationship to the advertising world?

“Under wise management the advertising pages of THE CENTER as well as the editorial pages can be made helpful to members by presenting to them notices of publications, etc., which will aid in the development of the purpose of the Club.

“I can well remember when my ideal of a magazine meant one which should carry no advertisements. It was not until I was brought in close touch with a knowledge of the need of income from advertisements to a magazine that I lost this point of view, and came not only to value advertising but to take a real, personal interest in it. I now see that the advertising pages can be made to give spiritual help as well as the editorial pages, by suggesting to the readers various means and methods of living out the principles expressed.

“Even with a dollar subscription price and twelve or more advertising pages there would still be needed large sums of money to promote the work of the Harmony Club,

especially among the sick, the poor, and the very young or the very old who cannot take initiative in activities of this kind.

"This is a legitimate field for endowment and it is to be hoped that members of the Harmony Club who are in touch with people who are looking for proper objects to endow, to bless humanity, will do their best to secure funds for this.

"Long life and great success to the Harmony Club!"

Such letters are doubly welcome just now. They convince us that the spirit of eager activity and real cooperation which we need for the coming year is already waiting among the members.

The founders of the Harmony Club have toward it the same feeling of love and devotion that parents have toward a little child. The process of growth is the same. During the first year of its life the baby is carried, watched and protected, with no thought or possibility of independent existence. But a normal healthy child begins to stand alone and take a few steps by itself, on entering the second year of its life.

The Harmony Club is almost a year old. And with your encouragement and help we believe that the financial sinews will soon be firm enough to establish independent activity.

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 35. Mr. L. L.—Rockaway, N. J.

"I believe Nature has given us the faculty to discern harmonious foods as firmly as I believe we have the faculty of discerning harmony in sound, color and form. Is not this solution of the diet problem simple enough, practical enough for everybody?

"To solve your diet problem, make a complete list of all the simple articles of food obtainable in your town and in your condition; or make a collection of the same foods in small sterilized bottles; immediately *after* each meal look over the list, or collection of samples, for the *one* article, without any preparation whatsoever, which appeals distinctly to your organic instinct as the most desirable article for the staple dish of your next meal; but in making this choice hush the voices of habit, fashion, suggested condiments and even of simple gustatory taste; put the question to your stomach, kidneys, muscles, bones and brain; eat and provide *nothing* in compound dishes which you could not *enjoy* by itself alone; have no prejudice against any cooked or uncooked natural food; but let your dormant and live instincts have a fair play in selecting or rejecting foods; have whole wheat, fruit and green vegetables every week, have drugs and stimulants *never*; eat fresh air abundantly before and after each meal. If you follow this plan you can let cookery books, diet books,

and diet doctors severely alone; your diet problem will solve itself."

Our friend has given us valuable suggestions. And we thank him.

But we should like to caution him as well. For his position on the food question is, for anybody, extreme, and for the majority, impossible.

Nature *has* given us the faculty to discern harmonious foods—and civilization has taken it away. The average honest, hard-working, mule knows more than the highly cultured man, about the right selection and consumption of edibles. Hence the gospel of instinctive eating—it is a gospel—demands a regenerate palate before it can do its work. Get the May *Cosmopolitan*, read Upton Sinclair's article on "Fasting," and do some active thinking.

But how many people will follow such advice? And the millions who cannot, if they would, must go to a "diet book" or a "diet doctor" and be told how to eat. The first quality in a good meal is simplicity—a few articles, and those the best. Condiments, too, should be avoided—they aren't needed except to salt or spice the dead—dead dish or dead palate. But save us from a congregation of "sterilized bottles," with their psychic malaroma of the clinic-table and pepsin-factory! And who, with a grain of humor in his constitution, would solemnly commune with himself, on top of a full meal, as to the program of the next gustatory performance? Food on the brain is worse than water on the brain. The water you can tap and discourage, but the food is in a ferment and likely to decay.

What man of self-respecting intelligence would back his muscles, bones or brain up in a corner, buttonhole them, and demand their opinion of his contemplated menu? The muscles, forsooth, might stretch for a mouth to laugh with—but never a sound would escape them.

Pardon this levity, brother. Fundamentally, you are right. But to the man in the street you look crazy. And because the Harmony Club is trying to adopt the most advanced teachings to the most ordinary condition of life, we will not recommend things impracticable for the majority. If you were living in the turmoil of New York City, your program would change—or you would go bankrupt. Yet, theoretically, your course is the right one to pursue. And we shall not be satisfied until every member of the Club knows this diet question and the answer, from A to Z and back again.

QUESTION 36. Mrs. G. B. M.—Chicago, Illinois.

“Can one, and how, prevent loss of memory with advancing years?”

Loss of memory is loss of superficiality. It would be a mercy if we could not remember a hundredth part of the things we do. That which leaves an impress on the *soul* can never be forgotten. We recall with the brain, we remember with the soul. You can teach your brain to recall things—if you can spare the time. But your soul remembers only that which helps your development. And the number of things you forget shows how many things were useless.

Names may fade away—but names are only words. Dates and figures may grow confused—but dates and figures halt the Eternal, circumscribe the Limitless. Even the faces of dear friends may stir no sign of recognition—but what of their life's message graven on the heart? When recalling ceases, realizing begins. The passing of the form of things may denote the coming of the spirit. When love is universal, memory will be immortal. For when love is universal, we shall value only the thing we *feel*. And that we always remember.

Why do you look backward, and strain for a dim sight of

the past? Are you filling the present with eager, strong, purposeful activity? Are you building steadily for the future—yours, or that of your dear ones? Do you faithfully cherish a many-sided interest in life, adding your utmost to the weal of your community? Let the past go. It is gone. Make your marching orders "Right about face!" Then swing into step with the youthful battalions of those who chant not their years but their hopes.

QUESTION 37. G. and H. E.—New York City.

"Is not much unhappiness caused by regret, much time and energy wasted? *Sorrow and regret can positively not exist* if we regard and accept everything *as experience*. If we retain in our memory only the lesson instead of the bitterness—the *meaning* instead of the *form* in which it came, we will find development but never unhappiness. And the more development, the firmer foundation for Happiness."

This is absolutely true. We may go further, and say that regret is a memory of our own weakness, a mark of our own ignorance, or a consciousness of our own wrong-doing. And what perpetuates sorrow is a willingness to go on erring—if we knew in our hearts that we should never again repeat the mistake or its like, we would only be thankful for the lesson. We never exert strength while we indulge sorrow. Philosophy, meditation, a clear vision and ready acknowledgment of past faults may brighten the backward look and keep us from unwholesome brooding. But for regret there is only one positive cure—*resolution*. To face your sorrow bravely, study it calmly, find why it was needed for your growth, plan how to use the lesson fully, then stiffen your moral backbone and go at the new spiritual exercise with a royal vim and conqueror's determination—this is to make of sorrow a smile's beginning.

QUESTION 38. Miss S. M. R.—Brooklyn, N. Y.

“As concentration is power, why not appoint an hour for all the members to hold a formulated thought beginning with ‘The Club is self-sustaining.’ Since I have been in touch with the Harmony current I am gaining strength. If I knew that five thousand persons had united on a thought I should realize their identity.”

This idea of keeping the same hour daily for concentrated thought has been found most helpful by thousands of people. We cannot, however, appoint such an hour, because we have promised not to restrict or bind the members of the Club in any way. But we can ask you to do this: Will you not all join mental forces, in declaring this with us, and believing it through and through, “The Harmony Club will be a permanent institution before the end of the summer? Money is necessary, money will come.” Let us each think of the one best way to make the Club self-supporting; let us exchange ideas freely, and be ready to do our part in establishing the work that has proven helpful to so many and that lacks only funds to extend its influence throughout the world. Please take hold of this quickly, decisively—because we must know in June how the expenses for next year are to be met. The Club cannot go on as a charity; it can, must, will, take care of itself. But how? That is what we are asking very seriously, and we know the answer will come.

THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR JUNE

WILL BE

“Freedom the Goal of Life”

THE STORY OF THE HARMONY CLUB

And a Word of Greeting to the Stranger who may Become a Friend

Are you happy?

Do you believe in Happiness?

Have you learned how to make and keep it?

If you have lost it, what is the reason—and what is the way to win it back?

The Harmony Club is the organized answer to questions like these. And to those who enjoy watching the growth of a new idea, the Story of the Club will appeal.

One evening, in the spring of 1909, a New York lawyer got to thinking of how many people about him were unhappy. Nearly all had some trouble of mind or body, some worry, some fear, some weakness or obstacle or misfortune, some lack or limitation, that prevented their peace of mind. Yet these friends of his were prominent in the social, financial and intellectual world—and if *they* had not learned the secret of Happiness, what of the millions who lacked their advantages?

The more he thought, the more deeply he felt on the subject; if Happiness is natural and right, why do so few possess it? What is wrong with our civilization, what should be done to change conditions?

A partial solution of the problem came in a letter. His father was a minister in Chicago, presiding over a church that held practical meetings for healing, teaching and helping ordinary people in their everyday lives. This work was a union of medicine, psychology, and religion, conducted by authorities in these different lines. And the results were so

widely manifest that the clergyman wrote to his son in New York: "I have received over two thousand letters from men and women throughout the United States, asking for help and instruction to rid them of their difficulties. I have not the time or strength to answer personally, but the need is very great and we are trying to find some way to meet it."

This gave the clue. And a letter went back saying that the way would be found.

The New York man reasoned thus: "In all these modern teachings of Health and Happiness there is a great truth. People have been wonderfully helped by the Emmanuel Movement, by Christian Science, by New Thought, by Suggestive Therapeutics, by scores of other methods all one in principle, namely, *the force of the mind to make the man*. Yet because of objections, real or fancied, to these propaganda, the great majority have not availed themselves of the good that might have been theirs. We must think of a plan to embody the vital truths of self-harmonization, without antagonizing people or questioning their beliefs. Besides this, the method must be simple, attractive, inexpensive, cooperative. And it must go to the farmhouse in Texas as easily as to the mansion in New York." This was the germ of his idea. And it grew so fast that within a few months the whole world knew about it, through the cooperation of enthusiastic friends everywhere.

This idea was the beginning of the

Harmony Club of America

The Harmony Club is the only society in the world devoted exclusively to the art and science of making people happy. Its objects are stated fully on the inside front cover of this book.

It has members from every State in the Union, and from

sixteen foreign countries. The membership roll includes over two hundred occupations—from day-laborer to corporation president. Ages run from two years to seventy; *knowing* makes anybody old, *smiling* makes everybody young—and knowing and smiling are the first two lessons that each member learns. Anyone may join who wants to get the most out of life and to help others do the same.

The Club is altruistic, social, educational, philanthropic. It has never made any profit for itself, and never will do so. Its one aim is to spread the message of Happiness.

Its Board of Directors is composed of a business man, a philosopher, a physician, a clergyman, and a lawyer.

There are no conditions, no rules, no regulations. Sympathy is the only bond, sincerity the only password, courage the only pledge, faith the only promise. When you join you find yourself in the midst of thousands of new friends—but you need be friendly only as you choose.

The Club holds that all growth must be individual. Therefore the personal touch is always maintained—each new member being welcomed directly by the Club, and given the privilege of consulting with the officers through the agency of the Question Box in the *Club Monthly*. This is a copy of the *Monthly*. Members receive it twelve times a year. Each number contains a fresh, vigorous, presentation of some little-understood but all-important element of Happiness.

The *Club Manual* "How To Be Happy" is given without charge to each member. This was prepared for the Club by Edward Earle Purinton, who writes the leading articles in the *Monthly*. There are five chapters: Why We Seek Happiness; What Is Happiness; Some Causes of Unhappiness; Some Prescriptions for Unhappiness; How To Be Happy. This little volume has been a revelation to thousands of

people. It is full of comfort, common sense, inspiration, good cheer.

The *Club Pin* (reproduced on first page) is equally suitable for men, women, and children. The large "C" stands for Center—the wearer being a Center of sunshine and helpfulness. Extra cost of Pin 50 cents and \$2.00—the first gold-plate, the last solid gold.

If you belong to the Club, you are writing the rest of the Story every day in your own life. In that case, won't you loan the *Monthly* to some one who has not seen it?

If you are not a member, the Club invites you to sign the Application Blank and join the rest of the pilgrims on the Happiness Road.

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

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

I wish to become a member of the Harmony Club.

Enclosed you will find Fifty cents; Twenty-five to pay for my membership for one year including a copy of the Club Manual "How To Be Happy," and Twenty-five cents for my subscription to "The Center," the Club Monthly.

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

NAME _____

STREET _____

TOWN AND STATE _____

The Harmony Club Resolve

TO CREATE HAPPINESS
IN MYSELF AND OTHERS

I will

Keep a strong body for the work I have to do ;

A loving heart for those about me ;

A clear mind for all truth, whose recognition
brings freedom ;

A poised, unconquerable soul for the ideal
whose champion I declare myself

And

I WILL possess a faith mighty enough to rout anxiety, ride over difficulty, challenge hardship, smile through grief, deny failure, see only victory, looking to the end ; by which hopeful assurance now attuned, I am at peace with myself, the world, and the Infinite

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

CENTER PHILOSOPHY

The art of forgetting is the art divine.

The real function of amusement is to make us forget we are grown-up.

Definition of old age: Congealed dignity.

What we most enjoy most ennobles or degrades.

Holiday was once "holy day"; and if it isn't always, our calendar needs changing.

Play is the world's unconscious protest against so-called civilization; civilization being a dark and dusty passageway from the flowery fields of Nature to the sunlit heights of God.

The difference between babies and men is that babies idealize their dolls.

How to make a dull blue Monday: Chop an earth-colored Saturday to pieces, then mix hastily with a sky-colored Sunday.

The parents who learn from their children the duty of joy are the ones who can teach their children the joy of duty.

Sign that you have begun to die: that you no longer like to romp with the youngsters.

Pleasure to the small is addition, pleasure to the great is elimination.

Not sensation but surfeit makes enjoyment bad.

The sickest man, morally, is the man with rheumatic risibles.

The Pleasure family has three members: Mr. Take Pleasure, Mrs. Give Pleasure, and little Give-and-Take Pleasure.

The good of knowing either parent is to get an introduction to the baby.

Nothing on earth is fatal, except being robbed of our smile.