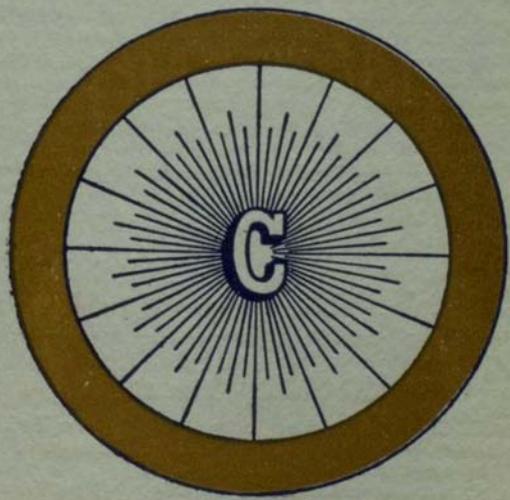


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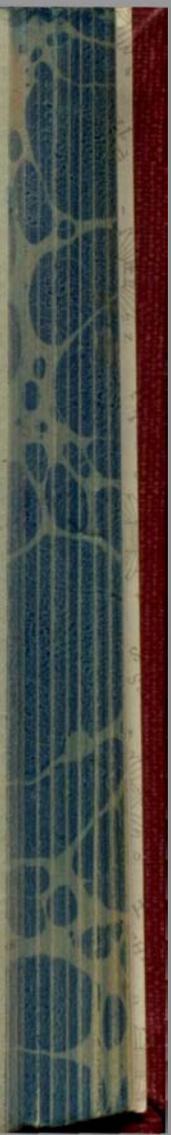
THE CENTER

DECEMBER



LEADING ARTICLE

A Real Home



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.

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A Real Home

Did you ever see two children playing "Keep House"?
Then you have seen how fully the love of Home is born
in us. The love of anything proves its goodness. And if
Home were altogether unlovely, the fact that we love it and
want it for ourselves would give it a place in our scheme of
Happiness.

The first great prophecy of life is that of the homing in-

stinct. From the day that a baby girl cries for something to pet, and folds her arms in ecstasy over a cheap rag-doll; from the day that a sturdy lad doubles his fist in anger to smite the fellow who dares annoy his chosen lass; from then on Home is being made.

Marriage is only the builder of Home—Romance is the architect. Long before the wedding day, the image of the household to come has been hewn from the quarry of desire and polished in an alcove of dreams. If not—pity the bridal pair, still ignorant as children but lacking the faith of children which is better than knowledge. What is the precursor of a true and happy Home? A fierce, insatiable idealism of the parents, for themselves, each other, and the children of them both. God's remedy for ignorance is aspiration. Most brides know scarce anything of managing a household; most husbands know even less of caring for a wife; yet these defects shall be forgiven and quite overlooked if each loves the other with a pure, whole-hearted, unselfish devotion. How stop the divorce-evil? Make young people sure it is love that prompts them to marry. Those who love will not, cannot, be separated.

The world's attitude toward love *should be* earnest, honest, rational, delicate, reverential. It *is* flippant, hypocritical, hysterical, rude, earthy. The sanctity of Home can be no greater, no purer, no sweeter and finer and stronger than the sense of worship that real mates feel in the presence of each other. Yet people who think they are civilized hurl rice and old shoes after a wedding as though the occasion were a fool's carnival! If a lad and lassie on the brink of marriage had been properly taught from childhood, they could no more endure a sensational ceremony than they would tolerate a feast to honor the conversion of their soul!

All thought of marriage belongs in the shrine, that nothing may illumine but the altar-fire. Instead, we are called upon daily to meet a bombardment of jest, gossip, slander, smirch, innuendo, that will blacken and deface our highest conception of Home—unless we are militant soldiers of idealism. The foundation of Home lies in the parents' feeling about love. This determines the character of the children and of their training. It fixes relations with the world at large. It makes out of marriage either Heaven or Hell. It is the one supreme force in governing life—and the one most neglected or abused. A series of books would be needed to give the subject adequate presentation; it is mentioned here as a vital factor in Home-making, which parents must consider if children are to wed happily. In every boy and girl old enough to ask questions, there should be awakened a sense of responsibility to the little ones that may come in after-years. Next to a livelihood, parenthood should be the vital object of study.

Home is the crisis of human experience. All the beautiful natural things—and all the ugly artificial things, cluster here. Home should be both natural and subliminal—a history of the animal in us and a prophecy of the angel. It usually is neither, but a queer medley, excessively, painfully, hopelessly human.

Of all created things, human beings are the most egotistical with the least reason for the sad plight. Eagles, elephants and angle-worms know how to keep well and be independent of almshouses, prisons and asylums; we don't. Stars shine no matter what happens; we are clouded most of the time. Flowers bloom because the fragrance is in them to express; we toil because somebody tells us to or because we fear star-

vation. Rivers find the sea as God wills they should; we follow our natural bent and meet the accusation of being "odd." In short, we are hampered on all sides by our humanness; Life is real only as we outgrow it.

Home is the aisle from the earth that bore us to the Heaven that beckons us. *Instinct* and *Idealism* make a home; all else unmakes it. What we *feel*, and what we *aspire to*, measures the wisdom in our family.

Johnny Jones feels like playing with Willie Smith; Johnny's mother says, "No; Willie's mother is not in our set." Johnny wants to make mud pies; mother says "No; you will soil your girlish pinafore." Johnny of a summer morning hies him to the swimming-hole instead of to the school-house; Father whips Johnny for taking a bath—then on Saturday night whips him again for not taking one. Johnny's sister May would like to go barefoot amid the dewy sparkle of a rosy June dawn; Mother and Father wouldn't hear of such a thing—how can their daughter mince about in a number 4 slipper with her feet all spread out from going shoeless? Johnny and May despise flannel underwear with a common vehement hatred; when it rasps their disposition, the neighbors pharisaically sigh, "Original Sin!" The kiddies like fresh fruit above all things; but a weazened rheumatic old crone hobbling down the pike once relieved her system of this crazy warning, "Beware the summer complaint!" and the children are stuffed with the meat and potatoes that stiffened the joints of the antique dame.

These things may seem trivial, but I assure you they are not. Where children and grown-ups disagree the children are usually in the right. Nature gives them a power of knowing by instinct such as no amount of second-hand education can produce. Until a child's opinion is respected, his desire

analyzed, his feeling understood, all expectation of a harmonious household must be calmly stored away.

We are proud of our law-makers, whom we signally honor as friends of the race and benefactors plenipotentiary. But the law-maker worth while is yet to come; a spiritual giant with a woman's heart and a man's brain and this for his conquering plea, "*A Square Deal for the Child!*" They are mostly waifs, the children; high-born or low-born, clad in silks or rags; waifs because unwelcome strangers in a house unprepared. Lovely dream-messengers from the throne of God, they come to bear us tidings of our own lost youth. In the presence of children, we should all be humiliated, seeing the faith, love and innocence that once belonged to us pictured again in the lives committed to our keeping. All that a baby asks is room to grow—and a smile of understanding now and then. Yet we presume to wield our "authority" over children! Can a flower bloom underneath a rod of iron? A baby is not the most helpless thing in the world; the most helpless thing is the parent to whom the baby looks for sympathy.

What relation does Home bear to Happiness?

One as broad and variable as human experience.

The vital question pertaining to Home is not whether we have a complete set of kinsfolk, but whether, having it or having it not, we are equal to our own possibilities. There are people quite alone in the world whose lives radiate joy; and there are inmates of a household whose presence is the signal for a thunder-cloud to gather. What can be sourer than a person soured on his family?

Not the enjoyment of our possessions but the use of our opportunities brings Happiness. So, if we dwell in a palace

or in a hall bedroom, we create Home for ourselves. Anything good used as an end turns bad; anything bad used as a means turns good. Whether our abode spells Happiness lies in our knowledge of the language of the heart.

To sweethearts planning their first nest, a gentle word of entreaty would be this: *Deserve all you get before it comes.* This should be made clear. Few girls on the day of their marriage can order and cook a wholesome meal, darn a stocking comfortably, manage the help, or engineer household sanitation. Yet all girls dream of a life-long devotion on the part of a husband. Devotion to what? Curl papers and a box of rouge? Housekeeping is one science, Home-making is another, Parenthood is a third; no girl should be allowed to marry until she knows enough of each to be mistress of any situation in wedded life.

Even more preparation is required of the man—but of an opposite kind. There is nothing so delicate in the world as the feeling of a woman whose love nature has just been awakened. A mere thoughtless breath pains her to the quick, a coarse word or selfish act may leave in her memory a scar that no amount of penance can efface. To be infinitely gentle—and infinitely strong; this is what a lady-love expects of her knight. And the first real lesson of life to a man is this: Nothing counts but to answer the ideal of a loving woman. Few men ever acknowledge this—and few men are worth considering.

We must earn spiritual things by physical means, and physical things by spiritual means. The lassie who dreams must learn to labor, the lad who labors must learn to dream; then each will know the beauty and strength of the other, each will find the world where it was meant to be, in the eyes of one's mate.

Let us turn to the practical side.

Here is where the discord begins;—from the sweet Elysian dreams of the wooing to the regular duty of hanging out the wash is a far jump and a perilous conclusion. But this is the way to test the verity of romance—the proof of sentiment comes when you mix it with sand, and neither loses potency. For genuine sweethearts, the golden-wedding day is to the betrothal day as a full-blown rose to a mere bud. The strength of the flower lies in the earth, the warmth of the earth leaps in the flower; they must have each other, or a garden cannot be.

The first thing to impress on each member of a family is that *Home is the trade school of character, and the rewards go to the best scholar*. Not what we get from our people, or even what we give to them, determines Happiness, but what we *are* in the midst of them and what we help them be to themselves. Home is not a place in which to eat and sleep and find fault; it is the one place on earth in which we are free to grow. To insure this development, the least thing must be considered, for the least thing counts.

Food counts. You might almost turn a husband into a Frenchman, a Briton, or a German, by the way you feed him. Spicy, beefy, or beery, the average man is what he eats. Abused wives should learn this before going back to mother. The rational sin of woman is dyspepsia; because every dyspeptic man was made so by a poor cook or an ignorant mother. The profession of cook should be equally honored with that of clergyman or physician; the cook makes the subjects for preachers and doctors to work on. And a finished job it is.

Color counts. The tint of a wall-paper can make or mar a disposition (wall-paper is a relic of barbarism). Line

your bedroom with purple dragons and see how you sleep; fresco your dining-room in a sickly washed-out yellow with gray polka-dots and you'll need the pepsin handy; put nice wide stripes on the parlor wall and visitors won't have to be told it's a prison. How many brides furnish their different rooms according to the use of each? Yet color names character, for every color has one of its own.

Space counts. Not how much a room contains, but how little it needs is the test of household refinement. Yet many wives feel neglectful of their duty unless they have plastered every available inch of space with ornaments unornamental whose only function is to be dusted regularly. The housewife's primary lesson—which most of them never learn—is to know what is junk from what isn't, and to get rid of what is. Fewer pictures and better, heavy curtains gone, no carpets whatever, all furnishings made to harmonize, nothing allowed save as it has a meaning; this line of experiment will clear the mind no less than expand the pocketbook.

Furniture counts. As high priest in the sanctuary of Home, William Morris stands first. Cheap things cost most. Everything in a house expresses the nature of its occupants. People built on the simple, comfortable, substantial lines of the Morris furniture don't buy shoddy and don't live shoddy. Moreover, the less one *buys* and the more one *makes*, the better one enjoys. The atmosphere of Christmas lasts through the year in a home where loving hands mold and fashion the common things of everyday use.

Clothing counts. A family's besetting sin is laxness. "It's only John and the children"—and mother appears in a wrapper that she wouldn't let the gas man see her in. "Too hot for politeness"—and father comes to dinner in his shirt sleeves. "Time to wash up for company"—and the chil-

dren get the notion that decency belongs nowhere but on dress parade. Company manners are a disgrace, proving total lack of self-respect. A clean collar at home tells more than a royal wardrobe in society.

Talk counts. A tongue unwise or unruly is to blame for most family discord. Parents who complain that their children fail to show due respect should ask themselves if they always treat the children with kindness and courtesy. One hasty word is enough to rob a parent of the adoration with which a child naturally views its elders. Young folks should never be criticised in the presence of a third person; they are doing their best and they don't want their mates to think otherwise. Yet a common practice is to stand little people in a row, and lecture them indiscriminately. Another fatal error is to let them suspect any disagreement between their parents. When Mother says one thing and Father says another, each says worse than nothing. Loyalty has but one legitimate expression; to keep those who have wed united before the world. Whatever a wife or husband does, the other must defend, or the sense of oneness will be lost. You may reason this away as unethical; but if you have once felt it you will know it is right.

What is a Real Home?

A Real Home is a gymnasium, a lighthouse, a playground, a workshop, a forum, a secret society, a health resort, a co-operative league, a business concern, a haven of refuge, a path of solitude and a temple of worship. How can one thing be so many things? I'm sure I don't know; this miracle, as all other miracles, must look to Love for explanation. Life itself is a miracle, and Love but intensifies life.

A Real Home is a gymnasium. The ideal of a healthy

body is the first one to give a child. Particularly if the boy should be studious or the girl introspective, a regular course in gymnastics must precede all efforts to cultivate the mind. It won't do the old folks any harm either—how a fat and lazy person can live with himself is unimaginable; fat is the unearned increment of age. So far as he goes, the athlete is a model man. Physique underlies religion.

A Real Home is a lighthouse. Some parents don't know the difference between a lighthouse and a house of correction. A lighthouse reveals the breakers ahead and shows a clear way past them ; a house of correction shows nothing but the ire of the man that runs it. Children go wrong because they have not seen the right. Assume that a child wants to be good—and he will if he knows how.

A Real Home is a playground. Beware of the house where you "dassent" frolic—there mischief is brewing for sure. Games have a double value—they make good people smart and smart people good. Which is more needed, none can say.

A Real Home is a workshop. Pity the boy without a kit of tools, or the girl without a sewing basket. They haven't learned the fun of doing things—and there is no fun like that. Moreover, the joy of "helping Mother" should take its rise in Father—Mother's business is not, primarily, to fetch Father's slippers. Nature lets men be so helpless about the house because men are most nearly endurable when they act like babies.

A Real Home is a forum. Honest, open, discussion of life's great problems belongs originally in the family circle. Yet how many boys and girls feel delight in sharing all their hopes and fears and impulses with the parents, who alone can wisely direct them? The Course in Parenthood which

every college should require in the senior year might well devote a chapter to "The Questions the Children Ask."

A Real Home is a secret society. Loyalty to one's family should mean keeping silent on family matters—just this and nothing more. But the majority of people gossip about their own kin ceaselessly and ruthlessly, then blame the neighbors for painting the story a deeper scarlet or uglier black. Family "pride" and "honor" should be wiped off the calendar as remnants of barbarism. But family respect should make us tell nothing save the good, of our own relatives. Here, as always, a confidence means a confession.

A Real Home is a health resort. Mothers are the natural physicians. Graduates of medicine and surgery will be needed while society endures; but for the little ailments of every day, such as simple coughs, colds, fevers, pains and stoppages, the wisdom of the mother should suffice. The advantage of a sanitarium is that it teaches how much a home is not; women might learn this with profit, but men know it too well already.

A Real Home is a cooperative league. Households flourish where the interest of each is made the interest of all. Parents cannot desire one thing and children another, or brothers want this and sisters want that; somebody acts unlawfully in every such case.

A Real Home is a business concern. Order is a housewife's hobby. But order without system is a harness without the horse. Women are going into commerce to learn how to run a kitchen. They don't suspect this, or they wouldn't budge a step. Please don't tell them; because what men need most is to have somebody beat them at their own game. One purpose in Woman's Suffrage may be to make men suffer for their shortcomings.

A Real Home is a haven of refuge. The world does this for us all; it makes us hunger for a loving sympathy and a calming, soothing touch. The true mother gives this freely, gladly, never counting the cost. We take the charity for granted, seldom thinking of the other side. Who is there to comfort the mother in *her* time of need? All women crave a soul fortress, builded and guarded by a lover of superhuman strength. But the spiritual giant is rare among men. And the infinite pathos of earth dwells in the eyes of the woman who longs to creep like a tired child into the arms of her lover—but cannot, for he would not understand. Men are the heroes? Men do not know heroism when they see it.

A Real Home is a path of solitude. Human beings are strangers to one another until they are born again. When this rebirth comes, we shall soon discover who of our kinsfolk have been our very own. Our spiritual relatives will bid us Godspeed along the upward climb; the others will leave us to ourselves; all must grant the Heaven-urged aloofness. What is life but a smile, or a tear, and a long goodbye? We may cling to nothing human, our permanence lies beyond. And the strange mortal grouping of souls must in the end give way to the awful, glorious, changeless change that strips the soul bare, whether by death or by illumination.

A Real Home is a temple of worship. The sad, eternal cry of the woman heart is to be called Madonna. Women expect from men the adoration they themselves feel toward God. And if every man would strive to be an honest worshiper, nothing but the worship of God would be sublimer than the worship of Woman. Love is that which makes us grow perfect in spite of ourselves. And mates learn of God by knowing each other. He born strong, grows pure through idolizing Her; She born pure, grows strong through emulat-

ing Him; each builds the character molded by the other; till the very human thing called marriage attains a loveliness divine.

A HARMONY STORY

The work of the Harmony Club is literally making over the lives of people everywhere. Most of this regeneration is going on quietly, silently, almost imperceptibly, but rapidly and surely.

By way of helping others, and of proving how tremendous a new idea may be when grasped earnestly and held persistently, we shall give now and then a short description of some life that has been made happy through being harmonized.

About three months ago, a letter full of doubt and heart-break reached the Secretary in the morning's mail. The young girl who wrote it was a born musician. She hungered for all the finer things of life, her special desire being to fit herself as a church singer and a violinist. The way seemed

absolutely closed. Compelled to slave in a shirt factory, and numb with the oppression of many years, this girl had enough ambition left to respond to the Harmony appeal and to ask for more light. Some of you may know how utterly hopeless a born artist feels when obliged to wear himself out in a treadmill that means nothing but a pittance of a living. This new member of the Harmony Club was being tortured on the rack of necessity from early morning till after dark. She had to endure not only conditions wholly distasteful but also the monotony of doing one kind of work—sewing shirt bands and nothing else. She had no friends to sympathize with her and no outlook for anything better.

When the Harmony literature arrived, she made it her business for the next few days to absorb every idea in the Manual and the Monthlies that could possibly brighten her situation. She came to the office and talked with the Secretary. Finally, she centered her whole being on two resolves: first, to be faithful and cheery where she was, with the next thing done honestly and the feeling that it must be the best thing; second, to keep on the lookout for something more pleasant and be sure it was coming.

A few days ago we had another letter, and this letter is as hopeful as the other was despairing. A new position has been found and she says this about it: "I have to make the whole shirt now, and that is so different from just putting on neck-bands alone. It is less monotonous. Then commuting back and forth is such a blessed change. Coming on the ferry at night I stand outside, no matter how cold, and watch New York's sky line. When I see the sun going down in crimson glory and partly covered by a pearly gray counterpane I think how good God is to me. Then I get so much

air on the boat, the wind blows, the waves pound a little against the side, and I feel something racing through my blood. I guess it's the way a slave feels when he is made free."

This is the joy of struggle revealed in all its grandeur. How many people with friends, leisure, wealth, and all that the world can give would be able to thank God for just the opportunity to get a little fresh air and to do more than one cheerless kind of sewing!

Our friend is happy for another reason. She made application for a position in a leading church choir, and when the choir-master heard her sing he said she had a "wonderfully pleasing voice." Now she is planning to go to night school, and when she has finished to earn enough for music lessons and the sure advancement possible to none but a trained voice.

This girl has *made* opportunity; and in proportion to the long and hard struggle, her joy is the greater when she sees the way out. No better illustration could be found of the principle that Happiness comes not as a gift but as a reward for the achievement of progress in the face of difficulties.

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.

The first requisite of an established institution is the element of time.

Decades, or centuries, must pass before the world grudgingly sanctions individual enterprise. General approval of this kind is most reluctant in the case of medical, social, or intellectual progress; it hurts to be dug out of the mind-rut into which most people have gradually slipped.

In view of this fact, one of the remarkable things about the growth of the Harmony Club is the public recognition voluntarily given by authorities. The work seems to carry an appeal so universal that all those who learn of it realize it must be permanent because it is fundamental.

You all know of the *World Almanac*. This annual publication, issued by one of the largest newspapers in New York, gives the records, facts and figures of all the important institutions of the civilized globe. A letter from the editor of the *World Almanac* has just come, with a request for a thousand-word article on the Harmony Club, to appear in the next edition. Isn't that good? We shall furnish the announcement most gladly, to this publication or any other desiring it. The *World Almanac* claims a circulation of one million copies. Space cannot be purchased—which makes the announcement even more significant. We all join in hearty thanks to the editor for such valuable cooperation.

This development suggests a possibility that every member of the Club can use to advantage. You all have access to at least one newspaper—daily or weekly—that is on the lookout for current items of real human interest. Why not prepare, or have us prepare, a brief, strong, pithy, statement of the Club's principles, with a hearty invitation for all those in sympathy to meet at your home and organize a Local Center? We know our work will claim the attention of the press anywhere, because of the situation here in New York where bigger things would naturally crowd it out. In the New York *Globe* one of Graham Hood's feature editorials was lately captioned "The Harmony Club"; also the *Herald* has just commissioned a special writer to get material from the President of the Club for a page-article in the Sunday edition. At the conclusion of his most gracious editorial, Mr. Hood wishes our organization "long life and much success." Every honest, wide-awake, generous, newspaper man will do the same.

A vast amount of good may be wrought in your community by one such notice. Think out some way of getting it, and tell us how we can help. Perhaps your editor will review "How To Be Happy," quoting from it generally? Then we will send the book to his address, without expense to him or you. Or, he might use regularly some of the maxims in "Center Philosophy" and the Leading Article—giving credit and stating where more of the same is to be had? Then we will mail him THE CENTER each month, with the compliments of you and the Club.

Please think this over, and work to a finish some means of heralding the Club to your neighbors.

The new Club Pin is worthy of mention.

Many people don't like to wear a 25-cent bit of jewelry—they want the real thing or nothing. The original Club Pin, which most of you secured for 25 cents, could not be made very elegant or substantial at such a cost. Therefore the same design has been reproduced in two additional forms; a gold-plated Pin costing 75 cents, and a solid-gold Pin costing \$2. A few are available for immediate delivery.

The happiest hour of the day for the President of the Club is the hour in the morning when he opens the mail.

Such a wealth of loving appreciation as the members of the Club are pouring in from all parts of the world could not be estimated in any other currency except that of the heart. Like all altruistic effort, this work is bringing a joy to the workers that could not be found in any other way.

It has been suggested that a few quotations from the letters coming in daily would be of inspiration and help to the Club as a whole. As yet, we have not very much to offer in the way of tangible things; but the practical value of a new train of thought may be judged from these voluntary expressions of opinion.

All ages, many different occupations, and almost infinite variety of circumstances are represented in the writers of these letters.

The principal of a large School for Girls in New York writes: "I am most happy to cast my lot in with such a blessed movement."

A bricklayer in New York writes: "The idea of the Harmony Club is a beautiful one. It will start people to think for themselves, which will be the emancipation of the human race."

A physician from Chicago writes: "The Club Manual will afford inspiration much needed by many."

A psychic teacher from Dorchester, Massachusetts, writes: "The time has come for us to know our own souls, and you have sounded the keynote well."

A merchant from Toronto writes: "The Manual is certainly a little thing of artistic beauty inside and out, bespeaking the simplicity of Truth."

A woodworker from Keene, New Hampshire writes: "Your little volume 'How To Be Happy' is the clearest, deepest and broadest book on the subject that I have ever read."

A housewife from Evanston, Illinois, writes: "I particularly appreciate the value of the little book, 'How To Be Happy.' I have found much pleasure in looking it over, and am sure by keeping it where I can take it up often it will prove a great help to me. I am trying to assimilate the ideas I have received, and only regret that I could not have come under their influence years ago."

A health specialist from Norwich, Connecticut, writes: "I most heartily invoke upon you the richest of all blessings for the good and grand work in which you are engaged."

A social secretary from Indianapolis writes: "The Harmony Club contains the essence of all possible systems of well-being. The little book, 'How To Be Happy' is rich in suggestiveness; every sentence could be elaborated into a sermon, or a study of truth in character forming. I should think it well for all the members in a given locality to find each other, and there might be little groups and classes for the study of particular kinds of growth."

A college professor from Morgantown, West Virginia, writes: "The Club Manual is as nearly a practical and practicable guide to Happiness as can be produced."

A real estate operator from Seattle, Washington, writes: "The Book is splendid. You are doing a great work. I have already been the means of getting several interested, and will continue to work for your success."

A housewife from Chicago writes: "'How To Be Happy' gets at the heart of things, which is the only place to be. It is great."

A clergyman from St. Louis writes: "Your Club is just the thing this sad old world needs, for there are thousands—yes, millions—of people who would be happy if they understood its laws. Notwithstanding all of our preaching, all of our churches, all of our lodges, all of our professed Christianity, the world is out of harmony with God and the God-ordained laws of human Happiness. I take the greatest pleasure in offering my name for membership in your Club, and I pray Heaven's richest blessing on your enterprise."

There is perhaps nothing in the world which produces just the kind of Happiness that one feels on receiving such letters as these. And in order to share this opportunity, as well as to increase the growth of the Club, we have made a special announcement on the leaflet which you will find enclosed in this number of the Monthly. A large proportion of the members enrolling thus far have been suggested or proposed by friends in the Club. Your friends, no less than the friends of other members, will enjoy our work and be helped accordingly. So we invite your special attention to the Christmas announcement on the extra sheet.

Early action is desirable, in view of the postal congestion about Christmas time. We hope that the "New Christmas Idea" will appeal to you all, and will accomplish untold good in the lives of the friends you remember.

QUESTION BOX

Questions of general interest will be answered so far as we are able and numbered consecutively. Please make them brief. If you wish a personal reply by letter, kindly forward subscriptions to Club and Monthly for seven new members with names and addresses of seven friends. Letters for Question Box should be marked "Personal to the Editor."

QUESTION 14. A Woman from Wisconsin.

"How is it possible to be happy when, on account of a very wretched past, every man's hand is against me?"

The past lies between you and God. No man has any right to judge it, and the fact that men do proves them either ignorant or guilty. Condemnation is always one of these two things—ignorance or guilt. To have the power whose unwise expression we call sin, and to command it fully, is to be infinitely gentle with the sinner. Be very sure that the man who judges harshly is of a scant, mean and suspicious nature, or else his conscience goads him into chastising himself over your head. Hence, criticism from the unworthy is itself unworthy. Ignore it, forget it if you can.

I do not really think you are being hurt in this way. Probably what hurts is a lesson half learned. The greater a mistake, the greater the lesson. *But the memory of the mistake* will be an open wound, until the spirit of entire consecration has healed it. Are you making the best of the wrong that has been? Have you raised over the ashes of youth the altar of an everlasting ideal? Do you put your whole soul into the problem, joy or duty of *this one moment*—which alone creates Eternity?

You cannot "live down" a past; you must live it out, then rise above it. Whatever the penalty is—from the blind world's damnation to the remorse, keener and deeper, of your own awakened soul—whatever the penalty is, stand up to it like a soldier; never mind being happy, there's time enough for that in the ages to come; start being *true* every inch and atom, only thus can you rebuild the temple of innocence whose preservation is the hardest thing for a man or woman to achieve—and the most worth while. Be comforted a little; those who have erred must be God's favorite children, for He makes them, if they will, both stronger and purer than those who were never tempted.

QUESTION 15. Mr. C. E. B., — Roswell, Idaho.

"I have been looking for Happiness all my life, and have met disappointment until I have felt that it did not pay to look for anything good or pleasant in this life on earth; but in spite of the failure of many plans and ambitions, I am still hoping to learn the way to Happiness."

What you need is a pair of spectacles—I shouldn't be surprised if Happiness had met you often in the street and was greatly pained at being snubbed by you with your gaze in the sky. You need a telescope, with which to take the long view of things—and a microscope with which to study yourself at close range. How do you know your plans "failed"? Are you omniscient? That is impossible, because if you were you would know that no such thing as failure exists anywhere in the Universe. You may have to try a couple of times more, after practicing long enough to do things right. Or, you may be led along some way not of your own rash choosing. But you're bound to arrive; a million solar systems could not hold you back.

Why don't you brace up and hit the game for what fun there is in it? That's the real reward anyhow—your good and pleasant things sound like milk-and-water, which can't sustain a fellow with a genuine backbone. I suspect you're womanish—womanish in a wrong way. You've been entertaining Disappointment, feeding him on the fat of the land, and remonstrating when he had to go and visit his other numerous hosts and hostesses. Wrong treatment altogether. Disappointment is like a tramp—set the dog on him and he won't come back. Get a padlock for your heart, so the vagrants can't climb in.

The answer to your problem may be this: Your ambitions have not squared with your destiny. When your ambitions and your aspirations coincide, you will get what you want. The line of progress marked out for the human soul is *onward and upward, together*. For instance, if you want money and don't have it, your spiritual nature is defective; or if you have it and don't enjoy losing it, you are a spiritual pauper; in short, possessions must accompany developed possibilities—but we must not look to possessions for the joy that lies in development alone. Every ambition gone to smash means a better set of trained faculties; and the *reason for ambition* is to give you that. Plug along some more.

QUESTION 16. Dr. A. R., —England.

"I suppose you will agree that Happiness comes as a result or consequence of certain creeds translated into harmonious conduct, rather than as an object to be sought directly?"

This idea of Happiness more nearly expresses the ultimate than any suggested hitherto. How many people have a creed which is vital enough to impel the living of it? The genius has—and he pays with starvation; the martyr has—

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and he pays with death; the real mother has—and she pays with suffering often worse than death; all these disciples of their own belief attain such a pinnacle of Happiness, through doing what they feel is right, that their anguish is forgotten and their life transfigured. The amount of spiritual death everywhere manifest can be traced largely to this; that people live according to their opinions and not according to their beliefs. Conviction should be the mainspring of action; no matter what the conviction, if it is honest the action will be right. It is better to be true to a false God than false to a true. The mere vitalizing of a creed spiritualizes the possessor. There are thousands of business men who have no verbal religion, yet who because they live the best they know are nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than the exhorter who merely repeats what he has heard about God. Life is religion, there can be no other.

If we could all from this moment start acting our beliefs in every particular, we should find this world as glorious as the Heaven we have learned to imagine in the skies because there was no place for it here.

THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR JANUARY

WILL BE

“Sane Progress”

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”