

**A Message
to 9853**



By STARR DAILY

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by

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Publisher's Note

There are other prisons besides those built of steel and stone. Every man is a Jack Hardy in one way or another. Each man is the author of his own prison verdict; each builds his own peculiar prison house, self-made and self-sustained. Thought by thought, habit by habit are the prisons made and maintained in the lives of men. One man may be securely bound behind the bars of anger; another behind the bars of fear. Hatreds build a terrifying prison house for those who entertain them. Poverty may be one man's prison; wealth may be the prison of another. Lust and greed are emotions out of which are made prisons of unrelenting torture.

Out of any one or all of these self-created prisons each man may walk scot free, if he will make the proper use of Time and opportunity. This is the author's promise in the following letter to a prisoner—a letter based upon his own life and personal experience.

While this letter conveys a message to all men, it has a very special importance as a social document. It has a peculiar contribution to make to our men and women in penal institutions. It shows them the way to make use of their conditions and circumstances, and thereby bring about their own regeneration, self-mastery and success as citizens of the social world at the conclusion of their prison terms.

The publisher has hope that the reader will catch the author's vision and help to distribute this pamphlet widely among the prisons of the country. Information concerning

quantity purchases may be obtained by reading the last page.

Thousands of people are asking, "What can I do toward the rehabilitation of those who have been caught in the trap of crime, and who would free themselves from crime's bondage if they only knew how it could be accomplished?" To that question the circulation of this message to a prisoner gives one of the answers. And it may be an effective one indeed.

If each person who reads this pamphlet would pass it on to some man or woman in prison, that very act might well prove the recovery of a human being trapped in a life of error and misery.

A Message to 9853

By

STARR DAILY

MR. JACK HARDY,
Reg. No. 9853,
Medford Prison

Dear Jack:

This is a message. I'm making no bones about that. I remember how you used to sneer at messages, and nearly everything else. I did, too, Jack. But this is not just a pious message, as you'll soon find out if you're still man enough to read on. It's a message filled with raw, red meat, the kind of meat you always liked. Only this is the raw, red meat of reason and commonsense, old man.

I guess you've wondered what became of me. Well, many a job has been pulled since we packed together through the underworld. I suppose I've been rubbed out as far as you're concerned. Or maybe you've figured I'm doing the book [life] in some state or Fed-

eral stir [prison]. But you're all wrong about that, Jack.

You're in for a jolt, old fellow. Brace yourself. For what I'm about to tell you will make you groggy with surprise. Right now I'm sitting in a book-lined study about half-way up the slope of a California hill. I look out my window and see a whole gang of nature's choicest birthlings, flowers, shrubs, trees, vines. I can see you grinning now and saying to yourself, "The guy's gone pansy."

Well, I used to have the same attitude, Jack. Back in our day I had no eye for nature's best. And nature had no lingo for me. Now I can both see and hear her silent voice. Yes, I've been rubbed out. But not in a blaze of violence, Jack. In a riot of natural beauty, and a typhoon of life-glad work. The Pacific is only thirty minutes from me. Within walking distance is a great semi-circling range of mountains. Mountains didn't mean very much to me when we were working this territory together. Sometimes they meant a safe get-away. But—you can take it or leave it—I draw strength and inspiration from the hills now. Oh, no, I haven't turned poet. Not in the sense you mean. But I guess I've sort of drifted from the barren fields of crime into the lush green pastures of poetry. Below me is a winding, teeming valley. I wish you could stand here at the window with me and gander down

into that valley at night time. I've got a hunch you'd respond to its multi-neon-loveliness. But to get back to you, Jack, old pal.

I know you're wondering how I found out your present address. I was standing on the corner the other day when a guy slithered up and put the B on me for a cup of Java. In spite of his grease and rags, his twisted, jerking body and bleary eyes, I thought I recognized him. And sure enough he was Denver Bobby. Bobby was just a beardless gunsel when I saw him last. He had just finished off his first stretch in stir. He had made it out in eleven months and had jumped his parole. What a change! Well, rotgut booze, prison chuck, and plenty of other things had done their worst for him. Bobby was completely shot. A doddering old bum at thirty-five, whimpering at life, like a half-starved alley dog. He didn't have enough nerve left to pull even a petty job. It made me kind of sad to see him whining for nickels along the street.

I gave him some dough and he gave me your present name and number. So I'm writing to you, Jack. Sorry to hear they stuck you on that habitual rap. It's tough, old boy. Guess that means twenty years flat, eh? Well, where there's life there's hope.

You know, Jack, not many folks put any stock in that old proverb. But it's true as hell. I know because I've proved it. Take in your case, for instance. How

many will believe there's any hope for you? Mighty few. In the eyes of the world you haven't a sucker's chance. Starting as you did in your teens, grabbing off two stretches in the Ref [Reformatory], and now with your third hitch in stir—why, they'll only say you're crime-born. To the experts you're criminally insane. To the prison officials you're incurable. They've got you pegged as a hopeless old offender, a completely conditioned stir bum. As far as society and the law are concerned you'll end your days in the iron cellar. Then you'll be lugged out the back gate and dumped in a hole above the west quarry. They'll cover your bones with rocks and clay. The chaplain will mumble a few feelingless words. And the screws [guards] will sigh with relief and say, "That's the end of another worthless blot on humanity."

Why, just a short while ago I was reading an article by a man who ought to know better, one of our leading penologists. What do you think of this squawk? He said it was the purpose of the prison system to focus full attention on the fish [first offenders], since nothing could be done with or for the old hardened criminals anyway. If he's right, society is sure in a bad spot. That beef made me plenty sore, Jack. Because I knew it wasn't on the level. Oh, the guy might have believed it all right. Why did I know it wasn't so? Well, wasn't I one of those old hardened criminals he

referred to? But I was healed just the same. Over ten years ago. If a guy like me could be healed, there's no one beyond hope. I had twenty-five years behind the social deadlines. About fourteen of them checked off behind bars. My record was as long and black as a Dictator's lust for power. And it was all as senseless as a tyrant's nightmare. If I could come up to fresh air there's hope for you, Jack. In fact that's why I'm sending you this message. I'm going to "sing" for you, and tell you just how it was done. Then, if you want to, you can pull the same stunt. If you do you'll have the satisfaction of disappointing all the verdicts of those who get paid for sitting in categorical judgment.

Once when we were celling together, Jack, you told me that doing time was an art. Remember? And I believed you. But I know now that you were all screwy. You had the thing in reverse, or upside-down. For "doing time" is a vice without any supporting virtue. You can't make art out of vice by itself, even though some art is vice. It's an art, Jack, when "doing time" has been lost in "using time." Now just scratch your brains with this idea for a moment. Doesn't doing time add up to wasting time? Idleness has been called "the thief of time." If that's so, "doing time" is not just a vice: it's a crime. Jack, there isn't a guy in the American underworld who can't be healed of the crime disease. I don't care who he is. His leprosy can be in

the terminal stages for all I care. Still he can be healed. You, Jack, for example, if you can catch this knack of "using time" in there, you'll heal yourself. I know, because I took hold of this idea. I made it work, Jack. And so can you if you have one brain cell throbbing. I'll tell you about it.

Up in the chapel a visiting sky pilot preached to us. I didn't hear but one thing he said. That was his opening remark. He stood there on the platform for about three minutes, just looking us over. Then he opened his trap door and this came out, "What a sorry bunch of saps." We liked that. It was right up our alley. From that minute on we listened to all this bird had to spill. And that was plenty.

Well, I sort of woke up one day, fifteen years later. It took that long for the sky pilot's truth to sink in. I came to myself as it says of the Prodigal in the Parable. I was serving twenty years, just as you are now. Mine was a habitual rap, too. For a few years I faced that stretch with a lot of stupid self-pity and bitter protest. This blinded me to all the possibilities the prison had to offer, and to all the blessings it held out to me. Right now, Jack, you're either laughing or cursing. "Possibilities! Blessings!" you're saying contemptuously. "Blessings in a dingy penitentiary! Don't drive me batty." But you're all mouldy again, old man. Now put this in your Durham and roll it up and

smoke it: The penitentiary is one of the best spots under the sun for self-improvement. At the moment you're blind to this fact, just as I was. I'm asking you, what is there to divert your attention from your own best interest? Nothing. Nothing at all.

Do you have to spend time and energy to support yourself and family? No. The state shelters, feeds and clothes you. The most remote thing in your life is the bill collector. You have no utility bills to meet, doctor bills to anticipate. Economically speaking the state has banished every obligation from your existence.

Have you any political obligations? Not a single one. The state has relieved you of having to exercise your democratic franchise. You neither have to spend your time going to vote, nor your money and time in support of your favorite party.

Have you any social or civic obligations? None whatever, Jack. You'll never be called upon to make a contribution to the innumerable worthy causes. No one will ask you to make a speech on behalf of something or other. Or to give your time and talent and energy to this or that. Not being a citizen of your country, you have no tax of any kind to fret over and pay. You have neither any assets to worry about, or liabilities. In fact, Jack, you're just about as free as any guy can be in this world. A gracious and benevolent state has lifted from your shoulders every eco-

nomic, social, and civic responsibility, leaving you absolutely free to rot in idleness or to pursue the practical and cultural things of life, and thus discharge your debt to the society against which you lusted and lost.

I see you, therefore, Jack, as not only one of the freest men in the world, but one of the wealthiest. Upon what do I base this fact? Upon another fact. Not a theory. Not a hypothesis. But a cold, hard fact. First let me put this question to you, "What is real wealth?" And the answer has to be *Time*. Who can turn more of this wealth into self-improvement than you, Jack? In the commodity of Time you are indeed a very rich man. But any wealth that is below the Spirit can bind as well as free. Any one who is merely "doing time" is in bondage to it. Time sets the man free who correctly uses it.

But let us examine a little further into the mystery of this stuff we call Time. Besides being the supreme wealth of the world, it also stands for the supreme justice. How often have you cried "Injustice" when the misuse of Time stabbed your *ego*? Time is the Law of Justice. You can't break the Law; but the Law can break you if you fail to live by it. Now *is* Time the Law and example of justice in the world? Is it the Law and example of wealth in the world?

When we come to the jumping off place, Jack, all that we'll leave behind of immortal worth will be the

fruits of our correct use of Time. These are the only fruits worth striving for, Jack. Think this over and I'm sure you'll agree. As for the justice of Time consider these few essential facts. Each morning 24 hours are given, 1,440 minutes. No one can lay claim to a minute more or a minute less than another person. For Time, being absolute justice, is no respecter of persons. In Time all men are not only born equal but *are* equal. The only inequality lies in different individuals and their differing capacities to make use of Time. The same amount is given to all to be used or misused according to their various abilities. Whether you be rich or poor in worldly goods, old or young, white, black, red, or yellow; whether you be well or sick, sound or unsound; whether you be saint or sinner, strong or weak, an intelligent man or a stupid dolt, it is all the same to Time. Each day those never-failing 1,440 minutes are allotted, to be wasted by fools or used by the wise. The gouty wastrel in his palace with his pretenses and tediums can possess no more of the wealth of Time than you can possess, Jack, right there in your prison house.

Don't get me wrong, Jack. I'm not just talking hocus-pocus. I'm not dealing in a hazy philosophy, in some abstract speculation, or metaphysical pastime. I'm dealing in facts, in workables, in a power as real as

blood and sweat, and as certain as love and faith in the production of results.

And now, Jack, I'll tell you exactly how I laid hold on the idea of "using time" during my last hitch in prison. If you, too, can take a bulldog grip on this idea and put it to work in your daily prison life you can do what I did, open your prison doors long before you've checked off those twenty years. You can leave prison healed. If you do leave healed the law will never hound you. But it'll hound you if you're not healed no matter how good your intentions are. Come out healed and there'll be no hitch in your gait, no fear in your heart, no furtive glint in your eye. Come out clean and the law will put its hand in yours. But if you come out with a head full of good intentions, bent on going straight because you're afraid to go crooked, if the good intention in your head belies the evil desire still lurking in your heart, do you know what will happen? Well, you'll be a phony, and any dick will be able to smell you a block away. And if you come out healed, society will not only accept you but it will seek you. It'll never be a matter of finding something to do to earn an honest living. Your problem will be that of making the best choice from the much that is offered.

How do I know this, Jack? I'm not talking to you out of books, or from the figures of case-histories. I know by virtue of personal experience, Jack, old man.

If you come out healed your motive will be to serve your race, not just to be served. It will be to *give* rather than to *get*. And the world will respect you, just as it has me.

You, too, can have a home on a hill, if you wish it. You, too, can have your family and their love around you, just as I have. You, too, can have hundreds of true, loyal friends. Not the sunshine band you now have, who fall away when you're broke. You can have the value of good neighbors. And you can have all the creature comforts and intangible joys which are the rewards of an honest, creative life.

Now when I decided to use my prison time for self-improvement, Jack, I went about the job very methodically. "What are the advantages offered me by the prison?" I asked myself, and promptly they all took shape under five major heads or departments.

1. The department of occupation.
2. The department of recreation.
3. The department of education.
4. The department of nutrition.
5. The department of religion.

Of these departments, Jack, I immediately observed, only two involved the compulsory use of my time. Eight hours were demanded by the occupational department, and one hour and a half by the nutritional department, which was separated into three

thirty minute meal-time periods each day. It was not compulsory to give my time to education, or to recreation, or to religion.

As I began to make a serious survey of the occupational department with the view of discovering its advantages for me personally, I'll admit I found the task difficult at first. I was, like you, Jack, thoroughly resentful of prison labor. I looked upon it as slave-toil, a thing of routine monotony and drudgery, from which no man could possibly squeeze a personal profit. But from the standpoint of Time, occupation stood for the largest single block of hours carved out of my prison day. I, therefore, had to find a way to turn these hours to my own advantage. As I pondered the problem a profound thought came to me. It was clear cut. And it held the solution to my problem. Later I called it my triple H standard of measurements, Head, Heart, and Hand.

Get this standard, Jack, and you're free. You'll succeed at anything you take up. No matter where you happen to be this standard will turn your failures into victories. Let's point out an example. Right now I'm sitting at the typewriter composing this message for you. My head is in the program. My heart is in it. And my hand is in it. With these three working together to produce a result, I shan't fail, Jack, even though you refuse to admit the effect this message has

upon you. Now can you see what I mean?

Well, I had a task to perform in the prison shirt shop, eight hours out of each day to spend there. Suppose I could finish my task in half that time. This would give me four hours for some sort of study or self-interest.

Now I'm asking you, Jack, why had my task in prison always been toil, monotony, drudgery? The answer is clear. I had my hand in it, but no head to amount to anything, and no heart at all. I saw quickly enough that I had to put my trinity of H's to work. These were my real working tools. With these all working together I could orchestrate effort, and an orchestrated effort was the answer to my problem.

I saw that head work with no heart interest in it must lead to a dreary routine. Again a thing that was all heart and no head must lead to a hodge-podge of emotionalism with neither rhyme nor reason. Still again if the task was all hand work devoid of head and heart interest, it would end in drudgery, toil, slavery to Time, to Place, to Occupation. This had always been my prison plight, just as it now is yours.

So I saw that the state offered me the blessing of work, occupation during a part of those twenty-four hours allotted me each day out of the inexhaustible store-house of Time. Always at my prison task I had been accustomed to "do time," not to "use time." I

had always approached my work in the morning with protest roaring in my heart and head. The day would begin with revolt and end with relief.

"But now," I thought, "this is all wrong and in reverse of what it should be." It was clear to me that in true workmanship a man must approach his job with delight and finish the day with a sense of wistful sadness. Only the weary slave would drop his tools on the stroke of quitting time. The workman would taper off leisurely, half-reluctantly. The former would eye the time clock all day and wish his life away. The latter would wonder how the day could have passed so quickly.

Having arrived at this conviction, Jack, the question arose: "How can I seize upon my routine job as a means of using Time? How can I get my head and heart as well as my hand into it? And by so doing overcome occupational resentment and fatigue, the bondage of Time, and the confining pressure of Place! How can I extract the value for me out of the blessing of work which the prison supplies?" And the answer came clear and sharp as winter sleet. "Join your head with the work of your hand, and then the heart interest will follow if the heart approves the head's program."

So, Jack, I began to use my head in an effort to find some way to make a game out of my daily task.

And this is what happened. The heart will not always approve the games created out of the other guy's head. But it's sure to get interested in the game you fashion out of your own head. I proved this a hundred times right there in prison. Well, out of my head I invented a game around my work. This game had to do with efficiency, the elimination of lost motion, and craftsmanship. It was a competitive game played as solitaire. I set out to compete with myself in the making of shirts, Jack. It was a contest all the way. It became great work and great play.

Each garment I made had in it the determination to excel over the previous one. So I worked leisurely, methodically, skillfully, without lost motion, without the old resentful tension, and without strain and labor. Hardly had I put this process into action until its subtle fascination as a game began to grow upon me, my heart slipped swiftly into it, and I made a huge discovery: that even a routine task could become my liberator, setting me free from Time's bondage, from occupational weariness, from the compression of place. I became the most skilled and efficient operator in the shop. And by eliminating lost motion I was able to complete my task in half the time it had formerly taken. The remainder of my day was spent with interests exclusively personal, reading and study, or in the production of silk-work, pillow tops, slippers, dust caps,

and so on, which I would later sell to prison visitors for real money, Jack.

Try out this method, old man, and then drop me a note of thanks for the tip. For right here is a swell way for you to lose the curse of "doing time" in the blessing of "using time" there in prison.

What about that second department, Jack, recreation? This is a gift of the prison. Have you found any advantage in it? Have you made it serve you for self-improvement? Have you turned it into a program for "using time" in prison? No. Well, neither did I before I got next to myself.

And besides we didn't have any too much recreation where I was, Jack. However, when I began to think about it I soon realized that even in this little there were a lot of values I could appropriate to myself. During the summer months we had playground activities. But I had always sat on the sidelines sneering at these and casting sarcastic barbs at the guys who took part in them. Does this sound familiar to you, Jack? But how could I take advantage of recreation now? Well, it was the same story over again. Once more I had to get my three H's into it. Having never put my hand into the sport I had had no head or heart interest in it. So I made up my mind to plunge in with hand, head, and heart. The result was amazing, Jack. Little short of a revelation. I got all kinds of fun out

of the games. The spontaneous exercise gave me a good appetite, so that I could load up on the prison chuck without feeling any indigestion. And I slept sounder. Here once more I was using time for self-improvement. It was just plain intelligent self-interest, which went to prove the existence of a nobility in selfishness when it was good and constructive.

Too, I began to take part in the forum debates and panels, which I had always shunned and condemned. I got into the amateur plays. I learned enough about drama and acting so that I could not only be entertained by our winter-time week-end movie show, but informed. You see, I was "using time" for self-expansion, not "doing time" for mere *self-contraction* any more. So I wasn't passing up anything the prison had to offer in the way of promoting my own best interest.

But right now I can see you lurking around the edges of all this. I can see you all wrapped up in your cloak of offishness, wasting your time condemning the prison officials and criticising all these efforts they make to help you help yourself. What a mess! I was the same way. A bitter, sour, disgruntled, and burned out old prison tramp. I can see you as I look back and see myself, snapping at the heels of those who make a success with prison Time, muttering gloomily in your throat, blubbering and whining at the injustices of society in particular and life in general. Well, Jack,

does the bullet hit the mark? I guess you could knife me for bringing this picture to your remembrance. But I hope you never get the sting of it out of your craw. I'd be willing to lose your egoistical good-will if I could gain your soul.

Anyway, if you resent what I say, it only goes to prove that I have more interest in you than you have in yourself. Advice is unwelcome only to the egocentric. Never to the theocentric guy.

Let's take a look at that third department, education. You know very well how I once wasted those precious hours in my cell between supper time and the nine o'clock bell. Pacing back and forth arguing with my cell-buddy. Reading the crime news in the papers. Or whipping up the dregs of sensuality with the suggestive magazines and Sunday supplements. Or playing cards. At best doing some beadwork. Or daydreaming of future jobs to be pulled. Waiting for letters that never came, and griping about the indifference of people outside. Anything and everything to keep from "using time" for self-advancement.

But these evening hours were all too short after I made up my mind to use them for self-education, to really put my head, heart, and hand into the educational ambition. I began to study certain books. Later I took a correspondence course. But I want to tell

you about the first thing I did in an educational way. It was certainly an entertaining game.

I got a terribly dry and dull book from the library, or from somewhere. It had been written by a brilliant German neurotic, who saw everything through the glass darkly. If I remember right, he called it "Studies in Pessimism." And was it pessimistic! It was a whole volume of *negation*. Only a pathological genius could have found so many negative qualities in life as that guy found.

Well, keeping in mind my head, heart, and hand standard, I got a lot of wrapping paper, made it up into sheets, and then began to translate this gloomy book. Again it was a competitive game. Here is what I did: For every negative statement I found in this book I searched until I found its positive opposite, which I would then write down. Sometimes I would discover ten positive qualities to counter-match the author's one negative.

Jack, you could never know what this one educational game did for my mind. When I got through with that translation I could think straight for the first time in my life. My, how it cleared and vitalized my mind! But the two books I got the most out of were the Bible and a thin modern translation of Paul's essays. After studying the Parable of the Prodigal Son,

I tried to match it. The result was a short story, which I sold to a magazine.

Yes, Jack, education is a mighty good way to "use time" in prison. Because I took advantage of the educational opportunities while I was there, I've been able to speak to thousands of people all over the country during these ten free years. I've been helped by it in every way. I'm just giving you the tip, old boy. What you do about it is a personal proposition and mostly an inside job.

Now there is a nutritional department in prison. As it stands in most stirs this is little less than manslaughter. Prison food is *the* bone of contention in prison, as well you know. Nearly all the riots can be traced to it. If a guy can eat prison chuck for a year without wrecking his vital organs, he's likely to be more animal than man. But like the radio program by that name there is such a thing as mind over platter.

So in my program for self-improvement I took advantage of prison food to demonstrate the truth in the Master's statement that it isn't what goes in at the mouth which defiles, but what comes out. I learned that there was a finer kind of energy released by expressions of gratitude, thanksgiving, grace, and blessing. Hence at my meals I worked out a little ceremony involving head, heart, and hand. By head reasoning, analysis, comparison, I trained my heart to feel grate-

ful for the prison food, lifeless and unbalanced as it was. I only had to dwell for awhile upon the starving millions in the world, millions to whom a crust of bread would be as a gift from heaven, in order to evoke sentiments of appreciation and thankfulness. I'd say grace silently at the table. Jack, right there in stir I revived an old family custom that's cost a lot to lose.

No, I'm not trying to whitewash the prison food. I'm just giving you a tip. That food is rank. And there's nothing you can do to make it better. A lot of guys have been bumped off trying to get a change of diet. Hundreds have gone to the "hole" [solitary confinement] for their part in tearing up a prison mess hall over bum chuck. Nothing has been gained by violence. It never works. In the long run strong-arm methods boomerang on the prison population. What I'm trying to tell you is that neither protest nor limp endurance leads to victory over an evil condition. Unless a guy can exercise victory over his own reactions, unless he can control his own destructive tendencies, he can't correctly conquer his conditions.

You can't change the prison food, Jack. But by changing your attitude toward it you can make it serve your best interest. Take my advice on this. Give what I've said a fair and sincere try. If you do it'll perform miracles in your life. Besides you'll rid yourself of the prison's worst scourge, indigestion and con-

stipitation. And you'll not have those wild nightmares that turn every cellhouse into a madhouse at night. I know, Jack, for I've proved my advice.

Finally, old man, we come to the last of those five prison departments, religion. It's last. But, believe me when I say, it's a long way from being least.

I'll agree with you that prison religion as a form of observance is something of a joke. There's a lot of room for improvement here. We used to call it "Divine service under guards and guns." For years I wouldn't have anything to do with it. I used the same argument you use against prison religion. But the point is, by being against it I prevented it from serving me. A man's religion is not measured by the other guy's religion. Always it's a personal proposition and an inside job, Jack. Religion is an energy, a transforming power. That is, Jack, it is a form of practice which makes a guy fine enough to be used by spiritual power. It brings out a guy's essential loveliness.

I got next to this power, old man, first by an experience of my own. Then I had perception. I observed that the toughest guys were changed by this power. In the twinkle of an eye an all around bad actor would become healed. "What is this thing that can correct a hardened crimester," I asked myself, "when everything else in the prison system has failed?" I saw, Jack, that punishment and the science of penology

were helpless in the face of a thoroughly conditioned criminal personality. That the one hope of society against the menace of the old offender lay in the power of religion. I guess it kind of startled me at first when I realized that I'd never seen an old offender healed, save by this power in religion.

I wondered why this was. Why could religion succeed where every other prison method failed? Then it dawned upon me that crime was primarily a disease of the individual conscience. The thing that set one criminal off from another was the degree in which each had succeeded toward the blunting of his conscience. I saw that crime was intolerable to an active conscience. That is to say, a normal, healthy conscience. Hence, the problem of correction must be found in this part.

But why couldn't the prison system heal a sick conscience? The answer was that its method of treatment did not go deep enough. The medical doctor could heal the body. The psychologists could heal the mind and nervous system. But the conscience, being man's correspondence with his spiritual environment, could only be healed by the application of spiritual power.

So, Jack, I set about to make use of religion, also, in the healing of my own conscience. All my other methods must ultimately fail if I failed at this, the

most important point. Therefore, I went in for religion with head, heart, and hand. I worked very quietly with prayer and meditation and with acts of Christian service. I learned about prayer by praying, about meditation by meditating, about love by loving service. And you, Jack, if you'll throw all your religious prejudices overboard, can seize upon prison religion as the most proficient means for "using time" and for bringing about your own regeneration. Just stop sneering at the feebleness of prison religion as a form. Make whatever use you can of the little religion which is now permitted in prison. Build up your own religious method, just as I did, and one day you'll come alive and realize that for years you had blinded yourself to the very power which could set you free, and which could give you a rounded success in this world, and a perfect assurance of the reality of the next. My hand across the chasm.

Your old pal.

MACALESTER PARK PUBLISHING COMPANY

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Gentlemen:

I understand that I may purchase 15 of these books for one dollar if sent to the same address. I should like to help distribute them so as to reach and help as many people as possible either in or out of prison, for every one of us lives in a little prison of his own whether he knows it or not. Therefore please find enclosed the sum of for which please send copies to the address below.

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