

**The Secret  
to  
POWER  
in  
BUSINESS**

BY GLENN CLARK

# THE SECRET TO POWER IN BUSINESS

Formerly "The Senior Partner In Business"

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## FOREWORD

If Jesus' statement is true that "he who would be greatest shall be as a servant," then the honest, conscientious business man in America should be considered one of the truly great ones of this earth. While his eye is often focused more on the profit side of the ledger than on the service side, nevertheless, willy-nilly, no matter what he thinks and no matter what he does, he, more than almost anyone else, sometimes more than the preacher or the priest, is the servant of his fellowmen. Like the bee collecting honey for himself, it is an absolute impossibility for him to fill his own hive without at the same time and by the same acts carrying pollen to the fields growing white unto the harvest around him. It is because some business men do not realize this reciprocal relationship in their work, and do not understand how deeply their partnership with forces outside and above themselves are knit up with the life of business itself, that this book is written.

The place where business has in the past succeeded the best is in the production department. If all the other departments had succeeded as well, the world of business would know no periods of depression, no unemployment, and every need would be happily met.

The chief failure in business is in its incapacity to distribute adequately what it produces. Bales of cotton accumulate in Alabama while the cotton spindles are idle in Italy; boatloads of oranges are dumped in the Atlantic to keep the price up while little children in East Side

New York have never seen an orange; a hundred thousand carpenters live on starvation diet as they wait for jobs to open, while all the time a thousand slums are crying out to be torn down and replaced by modern apartment houses.

To PRODUCE adequately one must have INTELLECT.

To DISTRIBUTE adequately one must have LOVE.

If the present economic order of our nation breaks down, it will not be because of lack of intellect, but because of lack of love. Any system will permanently succeed if it is made Christian enough. Any method will fail if it remains pagan.

There are only two great economic systems in operation in the world today. If Capitalism in the spirit of Christian love can solve the problem of distribution and bring unemployment to an end, it will find itself spreading and recapturing the nations that it has lost to its rival. But if Capitalism is permeated with selfishness it will gradually give way to Communism, Technocracy, or some form of Socialism.

The theme of this booklet is not how to save Capitalism, but to serve as a guide that may help practical business men to make God their Senior Partner as they serve their fellowmen.

## The Secret To Power in Business

A new science has just been discovered, a science that is already revolutionizing one whole area of the medical profession. In fact, there is not a single area in the entire art of healing that has not felt its influence. I refer to the science of psychosomatics.

The revolutionary idea at the root of this new science is that emotional states influence health as much and usually much more than physical states. In other words, the medical profession, after all these years, is just commencing to discover what Jesus, two thousand years ago, stated in very simple terms: "Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man; but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, this defileth the man."

And so doctors today, when confronted by a case of asthma, instead of giving pills, say, "Stop your self-pity and break loose from your mother's apron strings"; when confronted with rheumatism say, "Stop your criticism"; when confronted with anemia say, "Stop your unhappiness."

Now if a person's heart can be improved in tone by more love, and if the circulation of the blood is enhanced by more joy, and if other conditions in the body can be brought back to normal through adequate use of peace and harmony, just think of how these same principles might function when applied to business!

When a patient with a sick body comes to a physician

the very first thing he does is to find out where the source of infection is, and he then proceeds at once to drain out the poison. In the old days this process was limited to the body alone. But the new science has revealed that most frequently the source of poison is to be found in the mind and soul.

Now let us apply this to the business world. When a sick business is brought to an Efficiency Expert first of all he naturally will look for the "poisons." For instance, he investigates to find out if they have too large a pay roll, too many untrained or inefficient workers, or if they are using too poor materials or are located in the wrong districts. Supposing he takes a cue from the medical profession, however, and goes one step further and looks for poisons in the heart and soul of the directors, the managers and the workers. Let us see if here we can find a new secret for opening a doorway to business success. As a coach of football and track for twenty years, I have found this to be amazingly true in opening doors to athletic success. Let me illustrate:

### I. THROW OUT THE BALLAST

One day one of my athletes came in my office and said, "There is something wrong with my life. I always thought an athlete had to be tough, and the tougher he was, the better the athlete. But I find that the best athletes on your team are the finest boys in college. I asked the captain what was the big idea. He replied, 'We have found here that if you want to travel far and fast, you must travel light. In other words, you must

throw out the ballast.' That has set me to thinking. I know that I can't do my best until I get right inside."

"So there is something you want to get rid of—some ballast?"

"Exactly. That is it."

"Well," I said slowly, "I wonder if you realize that most of what is bad in this world is only something good in the wrong place."

"I don't understand," said the other.

"Well, let us take for example garbage that they feed to chickens and pigs. Garbage is all right in the garbage can, still better in the trough where the pigs and chickens can eat it. But it is in the wrong place if you keep it in the kitchen."

"That is true," said the boy.

"Suppose a selfish woman is so jealous of her neighbors who own the pigs that she won't put the garbage in the trough, where they can get it, and so she conceals it in a big can in the kitchen. Pretty soon that can is filled and she has to buy another, and then another and another, till the whole kitchen is filled with garbage cans. That would be bad, wouldn't it?"

"You are sure telling me!" exclaimed the boy.

"In the same way, suppose you have a lot of energy and you keep it shut in for your own selfish uses, it becomes cruelty, doesn't it? And thrift shut in for your own self becomes covetousness; love used for selfish gratification becomes lust; self-confidence that eats in on itself becomes arrogance, and so on. Do you get me?"

"I sure do. But how can a fellow get rid of some of

those things? How can we empty out the garbage?"

I looked around. My eye fell on the closed window.

"I'll tell you," I said, rising. "To make the thing very simple—very simple and easy, suppose you hand me these things you have shut up in yourself and let me just toss them out the window."

"I'll be only too glad to." It was like a sigh.

"Sweep the old barn out into the garden," I said as I threw wide the window, "and let the Good Gardener convert it all to His use and service." I paused and looked out a few minutes, then added, "There, it is all gone," and I slammed down the window. I went back to the boy.

"I am not sure whether you caught all I was driving at," I remarked.

The boy seized my hand and said with feeling, "I am sure that I did, coach. Thanks an awful lot." And he vanished down the hall.

That night I said to my wife, "I am going up to see our basketball team play. They have lost all their games, but tonight they are going to play the championships of the state, on which team there are two all-state players, whom it is worth the price of the admission to watch. We will probably lose by a big score."

Down the floor came the all-state players. No one seemed able to stop them. Under our basket I noticed the boy who had been in my room that afternoon. Suddenly he shot between the two players, intercepted the ball, dribbled down the floor and made a basket. When the game ended that night, that championship

team all combined had made twenty-one points; the boy who had come to my room, single-handed had made twenty-three points.

He later became the all-around champion track athlete, and made the all-state football team. When he graduated he came to my room and said, "There was certainly a big load of ballast taken off my shoulders when I came in this room several years ago. Everything has gone wonderfully since then—my athletics, my social life and my studies." Then he paused in the doorway and said, in a tone I shall never forget, "But there was a big barn to clean—a big barn to clean."

That spring I was invited to the University of Wisconsin to talk to the track team. The boys came in their track suits to the new fieldhouse where the talk was to be given. I did not talk about winning games; I talked simply of the need of throwing out the ballast and the value of cooperation and teamwork. When I had finished, a handsome chap, slightly bow-legged, came up, grasped my hand and said, "I want to build those principles into my life." A few weeks later I read in the morning paper that the Big Ten Indoor Field Meet would be held that day, and that the championship lay between Ohio, Illinois and Iowa. The morning paper the next day read, "The surprise of the meet was the way Wisconsin ran away with the meet, led by a little bow-legged chap they couldn't stop."

What particular ballast is especially demoralizing and destructive to success in business? Let us try to name a few. Some of these might be disloyalty, dis-



honesty, discord, injustice, criticism, cynicism, jealousy, fear, anxiety, doubt, distrust, gloom.

Perhaps one of the vices that blocks prosperity most of all is jealousy. A business man who "draws" prosperity to himself said to me one day, "Do you want to know my secret for success? It is to rejoice in the prosperity of others. I am surrounded by friends who are always failing in business. They all have one fault in common. Whenever they hear of another man succeeding they become jealous. Whenever they read of a person inheriting a small fortune they growl about the unfairness of fate. On the other hand, when I read of someone coming into money, I rejoice. I share in his happiness just as I do when I read a novel and share in the happiness of the hero."

So I say, cast out your jealousy along with your egotism, your drunkenness and all your other bad habits. If you would travel far and fast, travel light!

"Let me illustrate what I mean by the danger of one little improper thought," said Walter Russell to a group of salesmen he was training. "A nationally known real estate man, who was considered one of the best salesmen in New York, had a client for a hundred thousand dollar cooperative apartment in one of my buildings. The client asked him to come to his house one night in reference to the sale. This meant the cancellation of theatre tickets by the salesman. He said to me: 'I've got to go up and sell that man an apartment because I need the money, but I do wish the old fossil would pick daytime instead of nights!'"

"To me that attitude of mind was a shock and I told him that his sale was impossible because that thought would get across to his client and prevent the sale. And it did. He reported to me that the sale was off for good, but I knew better, for I closed the sale the next morning myself.

"Irreverence for even the slightest detail of any element of any work of man keeps it from becoming a masterpiece. That irreverent thought was not just one thought of an impatient moment, it started years ago when that man began to build himself into the kind of man who could think such a thought regarding a work of his own creation."\*

Yes, let us throw out the ballast.

## II. TEAMWORK

As little boys we all enjoyed the exciting story of the Forty Thieves, where Ali Baba, by merely pronouncing the right Word in the right way in the right place, opened doors to wealth and happiness.

If I were to tell you that there is a Magic Word that if pronounced in the right way at the right time to the right people would bring a business that was tottering on the verge of ruin into immediate success, you would say I was crazy, or had gone into my second childhood. But that is exactly what I am going to say, and what is more, I am going to follow it up with

\*Any one wishing to learn more about Walter Russell's remarkable philosophy are referred to "The Man Who Tapped the Secrets of the Universe," price 50 cents, Macalester Park Publishing Company.

abundant proof. Indeed, if this book were to be expanded to the size of an encyclopedia instead of being compressed to the size of a handbook small enough to carry in one's pocket, it would still not be able to hold all the examples that could be assembled to prove it.

My father possessed that Word. It never failed to convert a failing business into a thriving business whenever he spoke it in such a way as to reach from his inner soul to the inner soul of those to whom he spoke it. And what was that Word? What was that "Open Sesame" that opened doors to business success?

My father began life as a lawyer. Desiring to find a safe place to invest his savings, he selected an insurance business. The business began to fail. The directors appointed what they considered an efficient manager, but to their dismay, the business went from bad to worse. The manager in despair committed suicide.

They appointed another manager. The business declined faster than ever. They fired the manager, who bitterly resented it and immediately joined himself up with a rival syndicate of men who began to use their influence to speed up the failure of the business. When the insurance company was thus at its very lowest ebb, the trustees asked my father to take over and see if he could save it.

He found the office a regular bedlam. Nearly every clerk smoked all day long, wasting much time rolling and lighting cigarettes. There was much idle talking, calling clear from one end of the office to the other. Pandemonium reigned.

He began by making a new set of rules. No smoking during working hours, no loud yelling, every man attending to business. But that did not increase the volume of business sales. It merely prepared the way for big business to come in. So he called in all the agents from all over the state for a united meeting—an unheard-of thing.

Then he sprang his secret upon them. He spoke the Magic Word.

The result—they went out and doubled their business within a year.

Years went by—the company prospered until it became the leading Fire Insurance Company in the state. Father gave up his law practice and continued as manager. Then the outside syndicate, headed by the jealous manager who had been deposed, bought out the control of the company over his head. It looked hopeless for father! The work of years crashing down around him! Deposed at the moment of his greatest success! Was he defeated? No. He still held his secret, like Aladdin's Lamp; undaunted he started all over again.

Another company which had envied his power in handling salesmen, engaged him as manager of agents. The first thing he did was to invite in all the agents from all over the state. Again he sprang his secret upon them. They all went out and to the amazement of the directors, they *doubled* the business of the company within a year.

Then the directors of another company came to him and begged him to accept the presidency. He acceded



to their plea. Again he sprang his secret and his agents again *doubled their business within a year*. The company grew and grew until it became one of the strongest companies in the state. All this happened in Des Moines, Iowa, the insurance center of the Middle West.

When a thing happens once, it might be called an *accident*. When it happens the second time it might be called a *coincidence*. But when it happens the third time it should be accepted as a *law of God*. That this truly is a law is attested by the fact that long after my father was dead, the most successful railroad president in the United States came to me and told me his success came through applying the secret he learned from my father years before.

Because this secret is very simple I hesitate to write it down upon the pages of this book. It is almost like saying, the way to keep from starvation is to *eat*, and the way to keep the heart going is to *breathe*. And yet it is as powerful as the winds that blow, as life-giving as the very air we breathe.

You will find this secret is all summed up in one word in the Bible. That word is "AGREE." The full passage is, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." The word most intently looked at in this passage is *ask*; the word most constantly *overlooked* in this passage is the word *agree*. Many people ask without first "agreeing" and nothing happens. But once agree in the right way, and something like an atomic bomb is dropped into the situation.

And when I say "in the right way" I mean when the agreeing takes place deep down in the deep consciousness of all and is not a mere insincere, surface acceptance of the word.

When I say it is as powerful as an atomic bomb, I mean it! I have been an athletic coach for twenty years and have seen it applied in dramatic situations over and over again. When used rightly in that deep way I have never known it to fail. Let me illustrate.

One day years after I had retired from coaching football a football team came into my office.

"We are going to play a great team tonight under the arc-lights and the papers say we will lose by a 40 to 0 score," said the captain to me. "We have the jitters, and we want you to steady us."

I went over to the electric light and although it was broad daylight, pressed the button and the light flashed on.

"See this light, how easily it was turned on? No effort on my part, save the mere pushing of a button." They nodded.

"If you look into the wiring inside you will find there is a break in the connection at one point. The pressing of the button closes that break. Now, fellows, if there is any break in your connection, if there is any fellow who hates another on the squad, if there is antagonism or selfishness, cut it out right now; that turns off the switch. If there is anyone who has an inordinate desire to outshine all his fellows among you, that causes another break. My wish is that each of you fellows tonight

will press yourself into the connection." I paused a minute. "If any one of you has contact with the source of the power way up there in the hills, all the better. Then there may be infinite power released in the game tonight."

When the team went out on the field that night, the coach, a thick-necked, rough and tumble fellow, who brooked no sentimentality, said, "Now boys, put on your fighting faces . . . put on your fighting faces, I say!"

Then turning to one standing near he said, "Look at them—they have about as much fight in them as a bunch of sheep. They look as peaceful as a bunch of cows going out to eat grass. No wonder we have lost all of our games!"

That night the team played as no football team of that college ever has played before.

Over and over again have I seen this principle applied with remarkable effects in both athletics and business. When people read of the vacations that Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and John Burroughs used to have together, they naturally thought of them as ordinary hunting and fishing trips, such as a great many business men seek when they go for a rest from their work. But their vacation times were in reality a coming together of kindred souls and *agreeing together*. Stanley Jones gathers two hundred choice souls together in what is called an Ashram, and I gather people together in what is called a Camp Farthest Out, and our purpose is just the same as that

of these four men: *to gather together in human fellowship and agree together in divine consecration*, so that Christ can come into our midst. Any group that could have for its leader such a great spiritual soul as John Burroughs, who went all the way out in finding God in nature, would be fortunate and blessed.

People are not accustomed to associating the work of a college president with business, but that is exactly what his job often is—and big business at that! President Briggs of Phillips University came to the Camp Farthest Out one year when his school was at its lowest ebb, its debt increasing every day, with such a deficit facing him that the teachers were becoming sensitive and apprehensive lest they would not receive their salaries on time. The atmosphere of the college was all tension, distrust, discord, and confusion. Four years later I visited this university and to my amazement I found that the debt was all paid off, four new buildings had been added to the campus, and a lovely spirit of harmony overflowed the faculty and students alike. When I asked President Briggs how this happened he replied, "When I returned from the camp I gathered the faculty together and for two hours I filled them with the spirit of the secret word 'Agree' as you yourself have used it with athletic teams. And this is the result."

As I write this Dr. Briggs has become International President of the Lions, International.

Yes, there is a method for unlocking power greater than ourselves!

One is not accustomed to associate one's home with one's business, but they have a real connection. Here is a place where the word *agree* gets its stiffest test. One of the most important places for harmony is between husband and wife. There is nothing that blocks prosperity for a man more than a nagging wife or one who condemns him every time he takes a necessary business trip, or who always reminds him of mistakes he has made in business in the past. The wife who has faith in her husband's business integrity and efficiency is a great factor in his business success. As that trust grows and expands it becomes a vortex that actually draws success to him. And if he rewards this faith by being worthy of it the success becomes steadily greater. And when the husband takes his wife into his confidence in all the larger, more important undertakings, he is building a solid foundation for permanence that cannot fail.

A man who has given remarkable expression to this secret of my father's is Thomas J. Watson in the creed he has laid down for International Business Machines Corporation: *"In all the seventy-nine countries where this business operates, we are all one brotherhood. We have but one thought, one creed—mutual helpfulness to each other. We feel that brotherhood in our very handshake. It is real. Our very language is a universal one. We all understand each other, no matter what our tongue. We want that friendliness to reach out into every other business. This business is a mountain of good thoughts piled one upon the other. If they are all good thoughts, our business will endure forever."*

### III. FAIRNESS TO THE CUSTOMER

All the religion a person has, all the praying in the world, cannot make amends for trying to palm off on one's customers an inferior product. First of all, be sure that what you have to sell can honestly fill the need. Then direct your efforts, your plans, and your prayers toward filling that need, and do not attempt to have it accomplish things it was not meant to accomplish. Finally, do your best to see that this product reaches those that it would benefit, taking care to see that no pressure is put upon those whom it would not benefit.

A great oil company in the middle west adopted a new method in their sales force in the last few years, turning their salesmen into counsellors for their customers rather than salesmen. The entire purpose of these salesmen is now to study the needs of their clients and urge them against over-buying as much as in the past they urged them against under-buying. The unique outcome is that the sales have doubled and their patrons have increased by the hundreds.

"I have long been preaching the doctrine," said a wise trainer of salesmen, "that products are made for purposes and should not have to be sold against the resistance of a suspicious purchaser, but merely fitted into place."

One of the most outstanding examples I know of this is the Clifton restaurants in Los Angeles. No one needs to pay there if he does not wish to. They lose \$10,000 a year on unpaid meals. But their customers have increased so greatly that they take in \$10,000 a day.

Many years ago my sister wished to sell two cottages which she owned and put the money into a chicken ranch. The high-powered agent in whose hands she had placed the matter was doing his best to sell these to some people who did not really need them. When all the efforts of the agent seemed futile, I suggested that we pray about it. Her husband, who was a very pious man, thought it would be a selfish use of prayer. "Why should we ask God to harness His giant Niagara to our little pinwheels?"

"You are right," I replied, "where you imply that prayer should never be used for petty, selfish purposes. But prayer, if properly used, is never selfish. If we put this in God's hands the first thing that He will do may be to protect these prospects from buying the property. We do not need to pray selfishly for money to come to *you* for the property; we can pray for those who need the property to find it out. Somewhere in the world there must be someone who would be made very happy by the purchase of these two houses. Let us pray, therefore, that those who dream of owning some cottages like these, may have their dreams come true."

My sister became deeply interested in this, so I went on:

"The physicists maintain that there is no negative-poled atom in the universe, but that it has its corresponding positive ray somewhere in infinite space, even if it be a million miles away, and that nothing in heaven or on earth can prevent their ultimately finding each other out. Is it not reasonable to believe that there is a

similar law prevailing in the relations of man to man, and that when one has a beautiful thing to dispose of, another, somewhere, even though he be thousands of miles away, can be made happy by that very thing; and that, if we but trust all to God, we might find that nothing on land or sea could prevent the supply and the need from finding each other?"

A few days later a young man named Demaree Bess, at that time a reporter on the Minneapolis *Tribune*, knocked on the door. "I am on my two weeks' vacation," he said, "and I heard that you were summering here in La Jolla, so I came up to see if you would care to go swimming with me." On the way to the beach he said, "This is a wonderful climate out here; if I could get a job on a California paper I would never go back to Minnesota, but I expect there's no chance. There must be a hundred applicants out here for every job!"

On the way back from our swim he exclaimed, "If I could get a job out here the first thing I would do would be to buy a couple of houses to invest my savings in."

"A couple of houses!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied. "The only way a bachelor can ever save would be to have something to put his surplus savings into."

The following evening he came to my cottage and exclaimed, "Rejoice with me! I have been in San Diego all day, and have just secured a job on the San Diego *Union*! By the way, you know a lot of people out here. Do you know of a couple of cottages that are for sale?"

"Do I!" I exclaimed. "Just come with me!"



My sister had remarked that all she was requiring was \$1,000 payment down, and the rest on time. When I showed him the houses he said, "These are exactly what I want." When I told him the price he was delighted. "But," he added ruefully, "I can only pay \$1,000 down."

"Don't let that bother you," I replied, and straightway brought Demaree Bess and my sister together.

Then I witnessed an amazing thing. He was arguing that she was trying to take too little, and she was arguing that he was trying to pay too much. But as I had been the go-between, and there was no agent's commission to pay, both were benefitted by the mutual transaction and I was aware that there had been an exchange of some subtle and penetrating law of need and fulfillment, through which both their lives became more blessed.

Is it not a law of good business that in every transaction both parties should be benefitted? Listen to Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines:

"We must give more than we get. I always get much more than I give. That is because I can give only what is within me, one single man, whereas I can receive what all other men have to give. All of our dealings with men must be mutually beneficial. They must be balanced. Both sides of a transaction must give happiness, not just one side. If you think you have got the best of a deal with any man go think it over. If you conclude that he has not benefitted equally with you then you have surely gotten the worst of the deal. If, in my

dealings with men, I lose money that is as nothing; but if I gain money and lose a friend then I have lost heavily and I will run fast to catch his friendship and bring it back. If you hurt anyone you hurt everyone, therefore, if you help anyone you help uplift the whole human race."

#### IV. FAIRNESS TO EMPLOYEES

Arthur Nash inherited a small business in custom-made men's suits. The business was in a bad way, and seemed to be moving rapidly toward bankruptcy. After trying desperately to remedy the situation he turned his attention from the financial end of it and began to look into the welfare of his employees. He saw at once that they were all being underpaid. He took God into partnership and after meditation and prayer he decided on a very daring and extraordinary move. He doubled the salary of everyone, and for one old woman who was terribly underpaid he quadrupled her wages.

"If we are going to go to smash, we might as well go with full speed ahead," he remarked.

But to his amazement, the business did not fail. The orders doubled and then quadrupled, and he awoke one morning to find he was the head of a great and growing business, one of the greatest of its kind in the world.

In the course of time a depression swept the nation and business after business had to close down. When his strongest rival closed, Arthur Nash's employees came to him with a strange request. Many of the workers in the rival company were their friends, and they

asked Mr. Nash if he would take them on for half-time at half wages, saying that they would be willing to have their own salaries and work-time cut in half during that period. Mr. Nash was so pleased with their spirit that he offered to take them all on and let his own employees keep their full-time jobs. And so the company went on, weathering storm after storm, and growing stronger through every crisis.

Walter Russell lecturing to the salesmen of the International Business Machines said, "The change which will give industry its mighty power is the discovery of the importance of man in his own economy. Industry has now become fully awake to the necessity of lifting every industrial worker upon as high a pinnacle of spiritual and economic power as possible.

"This may seem to be a strange statement in view of all of the labor troubles of today, but these troubles are but a part of the pain of birth of the new day of closer and more friendly industrial relations than the world has ever known. As a greater understanding of mutuality of interests permeates industrial human relations, the troubles will not only disappear but an internationally cohesive body of incalculable power will grow out of it.

"Now how and when did this discovery come about? It came about when standardized mass production suddenly caught up with consumption. During all of the centuries, men have toiled to satisfy human needs and had never caught up with demand until this technocratic machine age reversed the whole psychology of

producer-consumer relationships. Almost over night the greater of the industrial leaders realized that mass production could be of no use without mass consumption. Where could that mass consumer be found? There was but one answer, and that answer was 'man-in-the-mass.' But man-in-the-mass was also being standardized, if not de-humanized by the machine age.

"Then came the great awakening, and with it came the voices of industry's leading thinkers.

" 'This is not the machine age. It is the Age of Man,' said Thomas J. Watson, humanitarian, and president of what is probably the greatest man-building industry in the world today. 'We were all created one for another. We are all one big family. In all our dealings let us remember that all there is in business, or in anything else, is man. Man was not made for business, but business for man. All dealings begin with man and end with man. There is nothing else higher than the spirit of man.'

"A new international morality was born into the world, which I believe will lead to the solution of the problem of our new social order based upon that age-old, badly-practiced principle of brotherly love.

"While labor was asking for shorter hours and more pay, industry beat them to it by raising wages without the asking and beyond the asking. Far-sighted Henry Ford amazed the world and set it gasping by setting a minimum wage so high that economists and the press predicted dire disaster as a consequence.

"Mr. Ford's answer was: 'How can we expect to sell



our product to the masses unless you not only give them the money to buy it with, but give them the leisure to use, and the culture to appreciate it? Stop patronizing the workman. Philanthropy and charity only pauperize him. Give him wages to buy for himself what you would give him as charity.' Mr. Ford then sounded a note which was so new in industry that it was 'heard round the world.' It was to the effect that the hurt of any one man was felt by every other man. He pointed out the fact that the failure of an obscure man in no matter how remote a village, made just one less consumer for all producers.

"Said he, 'That man cannot buy my car, and I pass that loss all down the line to steel, glass, body, magneto, and tire manufacturers. Do not say that his hurt does not hurt us, for it does, and if it hurts us it hurts everybody in the world to some extent.'

"Then came the splendid mentalities of Gerard Swope and Owen D. Young into the picture while dynamic Charles Kettering preached aloud from the housetops the wisdom of giving the workman everything, and more, that he wants. 'Raise the living standard for all men,' he says, 'Give them what they want. Invent things for them to buy. Create desire in them for better things. Desire is the best consumer.'

"Like wild fire, that spirit caught the imaginations of the great leaders and the large corporations, until they became sincerely desirous of lifting the financial and cultural standards of the workers for their own sakes as well as for the purpose of developing a mass-

consumer. Thrift savings plans were established which put millions of dollars yearly into funds for workmen's benefit. Educational plans were established by insurance companies and industrialists alike. Bonuses were given, profit sharing initiated, installment stock purchasing, benefit insurance, employee savings plans, emergency loans, housing, and a host of other benefits to workmen were taken up which would have been considered outside the pale of business twenty years ago.

"Walter J. Kohler astonished the nation by building a workers' community of beauty and utility as an object lesson for those who had condemned labor to the familiar shacks, shanties, and slums of grimy factory towns, with their squalor and ugliness.

"Paul Litchfield established a new principle in corporate management in the Goodyear Rubber Company by going right down in the ranks for representation as well as up to the top. A 'Senate and Congress' were set up in his business which made its laws and enforced them.

"In like manner, the man-building process became a vital interest with Myron Taylor, Eugene Grace, Harvey Firestone, Cornelius V. Kelley, Alfred Sloan Jr., the brothers DuPont, Walter Chrysler, Clarence Wooley, Alvan McCauley, and many others, who, together, are bringing about that spiritual rebirth in Industry which will contribute much toward the attainment of the unitary civilization which must be man's eventual goal."

## V. KEEPING IN THE FLOW

During the depression of 1932, a man came to see me. He had no job, and was trying to support his family by working out some inventions. None of them seemed to click. I told him the parable of the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Both are fed by the same water, the only difference is that one has an outlet and the other doesn't. The surest way of getting a job where you can put your energies to work, that will bring an inflow of good to you, is to find some outlet where you can put your energies to work in giving out good to others without expectation of reward. I asked him if he knew of anyone that needed help that he could serve in this way. After days had gone by and he found no avenues where he could give out or bring in, I finally offered him an extraordinary suggestion.

"Due to retrenchment our college is without a debate coach, and two afternoons a week I shall have to undertake this job, using time that I ordinarily use in helping people who come to me for prayer. In the past you have coached debating teams, and it is a job that you love. Could you spare those afternoons from your inventing activities and be willing to do it for love, without pay?"

"I would do it gladly!" he replied. "And would consider it a very small return for what your prayers have done for me in restoring my efficiency and peace of mind."

He did this job so well that to our mutual surprise

the college paid him, and not only re-engaged him for the following year at increased salary, but gave his wife a temporary position in the language department besides. But the interesting thing is that the law of the Sea of Galilee began to operate at once, and his inventions, which he worked on in the morning hours, began to click.

I could cite scores of examples of the working-out of this law, but the best example I know of is that of Vash Young. He decided to give one-half his time to serving others without expectation of reward, and reserved the other half-time for selling life insurance. As a result he sold more life insurance than any man in America.

This same law works out in the handling of money as well as in the rendering of service. A friend of mine borrowed \$300.00 from me and, after five years had elapsed and he had not paid a cent on his debt, I told him the parable of the Sea of Galilee, and offered him the suggestion that he start making a \$5.00 payment a month for three months, and see if it wouldn't open a sluice gate for money to come pouring in to him. He said that a man owed him \$500.00 and that he was going to law to get it, and as soon as he received that he would pay me. I suggested that if he would follow my plan the money might come to him without starting suit. He couldn't see any logic in what I said and proceeded to bring a suit, which he lost. And to this day he has never paid me what he owes. It was not the \$300.00 that I wanted for myself, but to liberate him

from a bondage that was likely to hold him in economic servitude as long as he lived.

I went to another friend who had owed \$5,000.00 to a number of creditors for almost twenty years, with the suggestion that a small amount be paid each month to create a living stream. My suggestion was acted upon at once, and immediately the money began to flow in fast enough to erase the entire indebtedness within a few years, to the amazement of all the creditors who had long since written this off their accounts.

I received a letter from a woman in Chicago saying that her husband was out of work, that she was taking a course in Religious Education, trying to prepare herself for a job that would help to support the family. She ended her letter by asking me if I would be willing to send her a complete set of my books gratis, as she had no money to pay for them.

I usually respond to requests like this, but this time something within me made me hesitate. After waiting several days for clearer guidance, I told my secretary that in case of doubt I would say go ahead; so I gave her the letter and told her to tie up the bundle of books, which totalled in value considerably over \$5.00.

The following day my secretary asked me for the letter containing the address. I reminded her that I had given it to her the preceding day.

"I thought you did," she replied, "but I can't find it anywhere. I feel so conscience-stricken I don't know what to do."

"Don't let that worry you," I replied. "This is the way God often steps in to lay His hand upon something that I am not supposed to do. I want to help every earnest, seeking soul where there is sincerity and faith. But I cannot make a move to help beggars or skeptics."

A few months later I was visiting Glenn Harding in Chicago, and he offered to take me down to meet Thornton Wilder, when suddenly his wife reminded him that he had made an appointment for me to meet Emma that morning. Emma wanted me to pray for her husband, who was out of work. I told her the parable of the Sea of Galilee and asked if there was anyone in their neighborhood that they could help.

"Yes," she replied, "there are two old ladies in the house next door to us who find it awfully hard to shovel the snow off their sidewalk. But my husband is very cynical about such things, and doesn't believe in helping anyone that doesn't help him. If you told him this law he would immediately scoff at it. By the way," she added, "he is very cynical toward religious men generally. He thinks they are all very selfish and only look out for themselves. He told me to write you asking you to send me free copies of all your books and that I would find you would not do it. And now can you tell me why you didn't send me those books I asked for?"

"Are you the person that wrote me that letter!" I exclaimed. "The books are all tied up and your name is written on them, but in a mysterious way the Lord concealed your address. And now I am going to tell you why. The negative spirit of your husband furnished

a locked door, an absolute wall against which every effort that I made, or anyone else probably made to furnish him either goods or work, has knocked in vain. Had he shovelled the snow off those dear old ladies' sidewalk, after three snowfalls I feel absolutely sure he would have received a call to some job. And as for the books, I find myself absolutely powerless to comply with such requests as you sent when it is done in the spirit with which you sent it."

## VI. TITHING

Twenty years ago I read of a business man in Oklahoma named Mr. Page, whose wife was seriously ill. He had not been very religious before, but now he turned to God for help as he had never done before. He tried to pray but his prayers seemed futile. His wife grew steadily worse and worse. In desperation he turned to the Bible and asked God to tell him what was lacking in his prayer. He opened the Bible at random, and his finger fell on Malachi 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"That passage gave me something definite and concrete to work upon," he wrote. "It suggested a way by which I would try to make my wife get well. I would tithe, and I would do it reverently and as joyfully as the saintly man would pray. I can't tell you what this

practical outlet did to me. It saved me, if nothing more, from a serious case of nervous prostration. It gave me a greater peace and contentment than I had ever known before. But to my surprise and dismay, my wife did not get any better.

"A great, overpowering depression then came upon me. I had tried my only weapon and it had failed. I thought I was using a law of God as unfailing as the law of gravity, and it didn't work. I thought for a while I would go mad. Then I sat down and tried to think the whole thing out sanely and soberly. Suddenly it dawned upon me that I had been going at things from the wrong end. I had been thinking of *results*, not of the joy of giving. So I sat down and had a little talk with God. 'Lord,' I said, 'I am not making a bargain with you. I am doing this thing because it is the right thing to do. I am building this altar—not for myself, but for you. I am going to do this because it is the happiest thing I ever tried to do, and without it, life would not be worth the living. Take my wife if you want her, but don't make me stop giving to you something more besides.'

"Oh, what peace and comfort came to me after that! I went about my tithing as a painter turns toward his pictures, or a poet toward his poems. It was my little gift to God, and oh, how I loved the giving!

"Now comes the remarkable thing. My wife began to improve at once, and in a short time was completely well. She became a partner in my giving. As money came to us in ever-increasing amounts, and with never



a failure to retard us, we blessed a tenth and gave it back, then a fifth, and now it is fifty-one per cent. No longer do I want Him to be a minority shareholder in my life. I want Him to be my Senior Partner. I want Him to own all I have, and let me be steward for a little while of that portion that falls to me."

Matthias Baldwin, founder of the great locomotive works, made it his practice to set aside one-tenth of the earnings of the company to be used for religious and educational purposes. At one time his firm was encountering tremendous financial difficulties. He had no funds left to tithe with, so he made out notes signed by himself, which he later redeemed, all of which were paid. During this crisis his associates asked him to stop his practice of tithing, but he cried, "Why, that is my one safe investment."

A man who tithes said to me one day, "You can beat the bank of Monte Carlo once in a while but you can never beat the bank of God and His Law. As ye give ye shall receive. It gives forth of its riches only to those who obey the law."

"So you absolutely recommend the law of tithing to everyone?" I asked.

"If for no other reason than mere security I recommend the act of tithing," he replied. "I speak for it first of all because it has actually worked out that way with me, with unfailing certainty. I have sometimes found that insurance companies fail, but the God of the tithers, never. I have sometimes heard of banks failing in which money had been kept, but the bank

where thieves do not break through and steal, nor rust corrupt, I have never known to fail. It is the surest investment a man ever made—paying his tithe to God."

There is something mysterious about tithing, something akin to giving of oneself to others. It implies a surrender and an outflowing of oneself, together with one's substance, which furnishes for many men of action the closest thing akin to meditation and contemplation and prayer which they are capable of. Tithing becomes with some men almost synonymous to an act of communion—a communion service with God and man.

With those who can use it as such, it brings peace, happiness, repose, and poise which, in the eager, mad rush for material advantage, is getting far too rare a thing among business men of America. Strange to say, no one realizes this lack more than the business man himself. No one craves it, hungers for it, and seeks it more zealously than he. Give me peace, give me power to "let go," to "be still," is the cry of thousands of business men today. They flock to the lakes in their vacation periods. They go fishing, they seek quiet and seclusion, but what they are really seeking is a chance to be quiet and find God. But without their knowing it there is a doorway to God right in their active work. The outward act of giving often opens the inward door of surrender. For every act of giving is a religious act—it is an eternal act—an act that lifts us into the realm of spirit for a moment—that unites us a little more with God—that makes us for a moment a partner with God.

If we depend upon the world's financial stability, riches are a very fickle thing. In Germany, the savings of a lifetime, by a single period of inflation, were simply wiped out as though they had been so much smoke. In England the application of a single tax stripped landlords of their vast estates and forced them into the ranks of the workers. In Russia the actual confiscation of large estates forced families, unused to labor for hundreds of generations, into the class of paupers. While we do not expect such events to happen in America, we still must admit that American business men are facing serious problems.

Yes, American business men are facing serious problems today. Those who find it hard to earn enough to keep pace with the growing demands of a rising standard of living are never free from the fear that something may any day happen to bring them to the door of dependence or of actual want. Those who have enough and to spare cannot be sure in an age of radical and uncertain legislation and of constantly changing movements in the business and industrial world, whether their businesses and investments may be safe.

What every man wants is security—safety. Many would willingly give up the hope of great riches if they could be sure of keeping and using what they actually need—what really belongs to them. Men have turned to all sorts of devices to bring this assurance, this security. But have they turned to the one safe place? Have they established the first and surest partnership of all—the partnership with God?

## VII. THINK STRAIGHT

Arthur Brisbane, the great columnist who daily reached twelve million readers, stated in his column: "Big Business is looking for men who can sit in a chair behind an empty desk and look out of the window four hours a day and think straight. In spite of the fact that they are willing to pay such men \$50,000.00 a year, they cannot find men to fill the chairs."

One of the most difficult of all things is to see a thing clearly and see it whole. In Genesis 13:14-15 we read the promise that Jehovah gave unto Abraham and the conditions upon which it was given. Abraham met the conditions and Jehovah kept His promise: "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee I give it and to thy seed forever."

My closest neighbor had a brother who was the least successful of any in the family. He went from one small clerking job to another. Finally he found himself in a routine, small-salary position in Sears Roebuck, Chicago. After awhile he ceased fretting about the details of his little job, and began to let his mind take in the working of the huge establishment as a whole. Then one day he asked the manager if he could see him. When the interview was granted he said, "I notice that the employees here are overworked at certain seasons and just stand around and loaf at other periods. It occurred to me that if you had a clearing house committee who could stagger the orders along we could



all keep busy and half the workers could do the work in half the time in half as much space. I notice, for instance, that your bookkeeping and accounting department works feverishly the first week of each month when all the statements are sent out, and then they loaf for the remainder of the month. Now if the bills were staggered along and part of the alphabet went out the second week of each month, part the third, only half the workers could do the work twice as efficiently."

The result of that interview was to promote this man to be associate manager at a salary of \$50,000.00 a year, and every year he was given \$50,000.00 bonus besides.

DeWitt Wallace made his living doing the tedious work of condensing court reports so lawyers could understand them at a glance. After a day's work at this sort of thing it bored him to have to wade through long magazine articles, the "meat" of which could have been given in a third of the space. To meet the need of others who felt the same way he started a little magazine called the "Readers Digest," which he and his wife carried on alone for years. Little did he realize at the time how great this need was in this busy age, and how widespread his magazine was ultimately to become.

Roger Babson was so afflicted with tuberculosis that for a while his life was in jeopardy. For years he had to spend most of his time in his bed. During these long quiet times he had much time to commune with God and much time to see things whole and see them

straight. Here it was he saw the need of protection for all mankind—protection from sin and from disease and from want. Indeed, only a part of the picture was protection from financial loss. Out of seeing this need whole and how to meet it came first of all his service for investors, next the production of paper towels, and other things to safeguard one's health and so on and on.

### VIII. ONE'S DUTY TO ONESELF

Another part of seeing a thing whole is to see your own part, and the need for a fair inflow to come to those who produce. Luther Burbank worked for a season without charging for his inventions. Soon he found it was far more productive for himself and for others if he charged a fair price. "It is nature's way," he said simply, "for bees to bring home honey as they serve mankind in carrying pollen, otherwise the bee would soon have to quit his work entirely."

This brings me to a theme that is rather hard to express in words without danger of being misunderstood. The most successful men in business are usually men who have what might be called a "matrix for money." I can make this clear by relating an incident:

In 1933 at the height of the depression, I took leave of absence from my college work, at half-pay. I planned to go to California to write a book, and tried to arrange speaking engagements on the way out and back, hoping that the honorariums from these would support the family. However, try as best I could, I saw that I would fail to achieve this purpose by exactly \$200.00.

My first appointment was a series of eight talks to the Congregational ministers of Chicago. Following those talks they were to engage with me in a speaking mission in a number of small outlying churches. There was one woman who attended all of these meetings, and when I got on the elevated train to go to Austin to start the preaching mission after the series in the city was over, I was amazed to find that she was on the elevated train before me. As we walked to the church I asked her why she was so interested in my talks. She replied that she was often called upon to talk on prayer and she wanted to get the beautiful ideas that I had. Riding back on the elevated a very significant conversation developed that I shall never forget. I referred to the large bag that she carried which seemed so different from the handbags that other women ordinarily carry.

She replied, "I had this made especially to order."

"But why so big?" I asked.

"To hold my money."

"To hold your money!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied. "Remember how it says in the Bible, Dig your ditches? If you wish to catch much rain, dig them deep."

"You must love money," I commented.

"Yes, I do, and what is wrong about that? I love it in the right way. I accept it as the gift of God, and use it in His service, bringing happiness to others and beauty in my own place of abode. But what made you mention that?"

"Because what you love, loves you. There is a professor in my college who loves little dogs, and I hesitate to walk to college with him because all the dogs in the neighborhood follow him to school. Now you love money, and money comes to you. I don't love money, and I grew up with the conception that money was 'filthy lucre,' and something that a good Christian should rather abhor and flee from. Consequently money has a way of hesitating a long time before it comes to me. I didn't realize that money, like everything else God made, is sensitive and likes to receive a cordial welcome wherever it goes.

"On the other hand, I love beautiful ideas, and whenever I ask for them or need them, they come flocking to me. Now let me tell you what I propose to do: I need \$200.00 more to support my family this year. You want more ideas this year. You with your matrix for money pray for the \$200.00 to come to me and I with my matrix for ideas will pray for the ideas to come to you."

"Shake!" she said.

The following evening I was given a party by the Camp Farthest Out friends in Chicago. As I was leaving a tall, handsome man and his lovely wife were whispering together by the door and, after they shook hands with me, they handed me a little envelope with the comment, "This is a little token of appreciation. Just forget it."

I proceeded to forget it so completely that it was not until I was in my upper berth that night on a train

bound for California that I suddenly remembered the episode. I pulled the envelope out of my pocket, opened it, and out fell a check for \$20.00. Somehow the ciphers looked a little queer in the dim light, so I put on my spectacles to see it more closely. Two hundred dollars! Why hadn't I asked her to pray for two million dollars! If I were a minister, I thought, that is the kind of person I would like to have on my Board of Trustees.

The difference between a person who has a matrix for money and one who does not have it, is that one thinks of money as a necessary nuisance to deal with, something to keep one in clothes and food and other bare essentials that he needs. The other thinks of it as something fluid and flowing, not only pressed down, but running over. He thinks of it in terms of *surplus*, to give away to those he can help, and to use to beautify his home, his yard and everything he does. In "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes" I give a detailed description of what I consider the father and mother of riches—Service and Opulence. Suffice to say, they are the welcoming spirit that accepts that which some more austere folks would spurn, scorn and reject. I shall quote a couple of paragraphs from that book:

"I know very well how completely you understand what I mean by service and I know just as well how completely you misunderstand what I mean by opulence. Most of us think of service as something good and opulence as something bad. I understand that perfectly, because I, also, come from Puritan ancestry. There was a time when my forefathers thought that long,

gloomy sermons were good, but stained-glass windows were bad. They thought that long, solemn prayers were good, but pipe organs and even singing of hymns were bad. And they thought that giving a hungry man a dish of soup was good but that to give the same man, after his hunger was appeased, a book of beautiful poems was sentimental and foolish. I know people today who think a good dinner for a poor man is a good thing, but who think a beautiful painting for a yearning soul to gaze at is the height of impracticality.

"I thought of using the word beauty in place of opulence, but beauty is not a strong enough word. God made a world with things to serve us, like potatoes, radishes and turnips. But He also gave us sunsets and rainbows and Grand Canyons and Niagara Falls. It takes my breath away when I start to enumerate the things that carry us so far beyond potatoes and radishes and turnips that the word beauty is not a great enough word for it. Such an infinite profusion of glory, such a wealth of color and grandeur, can only be adequately described by a word like opulence. Behold the glory of God's handiwork, the heavens and how He has stretched them out for us. If God made a world that goes beyond radishes and turnips we should be willing to spend money for something besides radishes and turnips."

But let me add this warning: nothing cuts the thread of financial success so quickly as for the one who loves opulence to go into debt to buy the fine things he wants, just as in the field of harmony, nothing stifles a man's

power to succeed more than the lack of faith in him from his wife. Integrity, harmony, and faith are the corner stones of all success. This matrix for money belongs to those who love service and opulence only on condition that they possess all the other qualities described in this book. If one has this twin love in his heart and his heart is clear of ballast and he loves harmony and teamwork, and tithes his income, and reverences God, and is loving and just to his fellow man—then money simply flows to him.

## IX. ENTHUSIASM AND JOY

I had just graduated from High School and was spending the summer working with a gang of Italian laborers on a railroad track-raising job. A young surveyor, Ralph Budd, with his two chain-men, frequently went over the road in their little power-driven hand-car, and very frequently Ralph Budd would stop and look over the work and have a little visit with me. I can never forget the enthusiasm with which he described the curves and the dips that he was straightening out. He was correcting and adjusting them so artistically that a train could strike the curve full speed and not lose momentum as it bent its course around the winding track. No poet ever described sunsets and sunrises with more enthusiasm and joy than Ralph Budd described those curves and dips. His courtesy and happiness radiated out upon all the workers, so that they all looked forward to his coming. Not only did this bring happiness to those in inferior positions,

but to his superiors as well. When later J. J. Hill met this young man, he discovered the one thing that his company needed. I never found a more contented set of workers in any company than I found in the Great Northern offices when Ralph Budd was president. At that time there was a smaller turnover of employees there than in any company in America. No one wanted to leave his job.

A. N. Williams was destined to be a great executive, but in middle-life he found himself sidetracked in a field of work that seemed to offer no opportunities for advancement. The railroad business was at its lowest ebb. When I had my first serious talk with him, he said, "I am the water-boy for a defunct railroad." When I asked for more specific details, he said he was assistant to the president of a railroad that was in the hands of a receiver. I asked if his associates were gloomy, and he said they certainly were and that he was not doing anything to cheer them up. He said he had decided to put his religion into practice, and that he was going to do his best, henceforth, to spread love and joy throughout the business.

A year later he said, "Thirteen railroad presidents are meeting in Chicago and are considering me for the president of a railroad that unites all the railroads. I wish you would pray for me." A few weeks later he said, "Those thirteen railroad presidents unanimously elected me president of the road. I want to invite you to come down to Chicago next summer and go with me in my private car with all my executives, over the



entire line, and lay a little prayer and blessing upon all of our work." The following summer when I took that ride, the different executives told me, one by one, that he had accomplished more in five months than any other president could in five years.

He rented a hall, and invited all his employees to meet with him, expecting five hundred to come and, to his amazement, two thousand came, so he had to take them in three installments. In these talks he built up the spirit of teamwork and good will, much as my father had done with his agents, and as Ralph Budd accomplished with his employees. He followed this up with a picnic for the employees and their wives and children, at one of Chicago's parks. It was arranged so the men on the day run could come in the evenings, and the men on the night run could come in the day. The company furnished free lemonade, ice cream and coffee. And the wives and children, many of whom had been cooped up in hot apartments all summer, had the time of their lives. Awards were given to the men who had worked for the company the longest. The company was turned into something similar to a great big happy family, and greater prosperity than ever before flowed into it.

Later Mr. Williams was elevated to the presidency of the Lehigh Railroad, and from there he was called to the presidency of the Western Union. Synchronizing with his coming to it, its business has quadrupled in volume.

When I was a boy in Des Moines, the greatest

grocery store was Chase Brothers. Everyone wanted to trade there, because every clerk had a joyous quality about him and acted as though he were the personal proprietor of the store. I can never forget how even the humblest clerk with a pad in his hand and pencil behind his ear would say to Mother with joy in his voice, "I have some of the loveliest strawberries that just came in, Mrs. Clark! I would love to set aside a few boxes for you if you wish." It is a tradition in Des Moines to this day that not only was the Chase Brothers store a success, but it trained more successful grocers who later opened stores of their own, than any store of its kind in America.

It is told of Mr. Walgreen that when he began his first drugstore he found the long evening hours tedious and boring. In order to put a little fun into his work, he worked out a number of little devices and clever tricks to make the hours pass in a more exciting manner. For instance, when a customer would call up and ask for a delivery of several quarts of ice cream for some guests that had just arrived, he would signal one of his clerks to prepare and deliver the goods immediately while he kept the customer engaged in conversation long enough for the goods to arrive. In the midst of the conversation the customer would exclaim, "Just hold the line for a minute; the doorbell has just rung." A few seconds later she would return exclaiming, "Why, that was the ice cream that I just got through ordering, and here it has already arrived! How marvelous!"

Everyone likes to go into an establishment where

everyone is happy. We hear a great deal of "Service With A Smile." I consider it to be one of the most spiritual qualities, the joy the workers get in their work, and their capacity to spread happiness to others. Every good sales executive knows the importance of cheerfulness, the friendly handshake, the genial smile, and the frank manner of a well-trained salesman. The great English House of Selfridge and Company states the necessity of expressing joy in one's work in the following words:

"We are strong believers in the quality of cheerfulness during business hours. Cheerfulness is a happy infection which here finds its way into every corner where work is in progress. It is reflected in the attitude of our staff towards the public. It is definitely good for business and for the individual. We insist on a spirit of good cheer throughout this vast business. We have no use for the man with the perpetual frown, for more often than not he is bowed down only by the weight of his own importance. We believe that in this House, more than any other similar establishment in the world, will be found cheerfulness, a sense of humor and good comradeship, because they emanate from the heads."

## X. REVERENCE TOWARD GOD

One day in my Bible Class in the Plymouth Congregational Church in Minneapolis, I made the statement that many great businesses had been established in

Chicago at the same time that Marshall Field began his, but most of them had come to an end, and I gave as one of the reasons the fact that Marshall Field had never advertised in the Sunday papers. Now, there is no sin in advertising in the Sunday papers. Jesus himself said that the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. The great spiritual value of Sabbath-keeping is as a symbol for reverencing God, as a doorway by which one can enter into a deeper partnership with God. Because it had that significance to Marshall Field and was used faithfully even to the point of endangering the success of his business, lay its significance and power. While other businesses faded away I believe that this partnership helped to lay the foundations for the permanence of this great company.

After I related this to my Bible Class, one of the members came to me and said, "Don't you know that the Dayton department store, which is owned by a member of the Board of Trustees of your own college, has never advertised in the Sunday papers and it is the fastest growing store in the Twin Cities?" That was fifteen years ago, and today the George L. Dayton department store of Minneapolis has grown to be the largest and most prosperous department store in this entire section of the country.

I am aware of the fact that in the past there has often been much cant and hypocrisy connected with the formal observance of religious rites and rules and regulations. It is therefore sometimes difficult to judge and differentiate between the sincere and the insincere ex-



pression of reverence toward the Deity. But whenever one genuinely and sincerely bows in reverence before the sacredness of Divine Personality, he is opening a door through which some strange and mysterious power for good enters into this world.

Even more austere about keeping this holy day sacred for the Lord than Marshall Field and George L. Dayton is Mahatma Gandhi. Nothing in heaven or earth can make him break his silence on the day of the week which he sets aside for his silent day. Some years ago he went to England on an important mission and was met at the dock with all the pomp and panoply of Great Britain. He was taken to the royal palace and sat at the table with the counsellors of the king. But as this happened to be his day of silence nothing could induce him to open his lips. He kept the king waiting and he kept the prime minister waiting, but he refused to break his appointment with his God.

I have been at religious camps very often with Roger Babson. One afternoon right after lunch he was booked for an important appointment, but he kept everyone waiting for one hour because he said that that was the hour that he always set aside faithfully for his Lord, and neither the King of England nor the Premier of Russia could induce him to break this appointment with his "Senior Partner."

A number of firms are adopting a method of bringing all their employees together for one hour each week to listen to a morale-building or spiritual talk. There are a few firms that I know that now pause a few

minutes each day when all can turn to the Lord for a few minutes of meditation and prayer. There are a number of business executives that I have talked with that would love to do this, but feel a natural reticence because they realize that many of their employees would consider it sentimental and superficial. During this last World War, however, some were able to meet with their salesmen each day and hold a little prayer for the servicemen in the armed forces. "I am hoping," said a big executive in Waco, Texas, "that they will experience the power that comes out of this gathering so effectively that when the war is over they will like to have us continue these meetings." Another big executive said to me, "I am doing my best to learn how to bring religion to my associates by creeping up on their 'blind side.'"

Great business leaders have said, "What is the secret of that great power which seems to insulate International Business Machines from all the ills of depressions and other catastrophies which cause us to lose all our reserves while International Business Machines goes steadily on, ignoring those ills and piling up more reserves? What magic wand has Mr. Watson got which we have not in us?" Walter Russell explained it as follows: "Practically all business men put the material aspect first, last, and always. In International Business Machines, the spiritual aspect is first, last, and always. That was Mr. Watson's masterly and daring conception, and, to the amazement of the economic world, he proved himself right."

## SUMMARY

The only way to prove the truth behind the laws which I have outlined in this booklet is to step into the stream of business life and apply them. I am not a very worldly man. I am not at all interested in making money. The details of business bore me. I can't remember figures to save me. If these principles would work for me, they ought to work for anyone, so I decided I would put them to the test.

In 1924 when I was receiving a professor's salary that was hardly big enough to support my wife and three children, I began tithing. Almost immediately my income almost doubled, and I have never since had to be concerned about money.

Like Vash Young, I began giving about half my time to helping others without expectation of reward. Out of the conversations over the needs of others there came to me helpful suggestions that I began to put into books and talks; and for these, grateful listeners and readers gave me compensation.

As I took more time for periods of meditation and prayer, and sitting behind my desk and looking out the window, I found that I had acquired the gift of "thinking straight," and that my decisions in business matters were always "lucky." Instead of going to business experts for advice I found that presidents of big companies were coming to me for prayers and advice.

I tried to be fair to my customers. I wrote to Little, Brown and Company, asking them to reduce the price of "The Soul's Sincere Desire" by half, which they

were willing to do if I would take a cut in royalty, which I was very happy to do. As Eastern publishers were charging forty cents for my small paper-bound booklets, I established a little publishing company of my own which would offer them to the public for fifteen cents. As the sales kept increasing and the number of employees kept increasing, the need for larger quarters kept growing, so after renting larger quarters three different times I finally found myself becoming the owner of a large building, marvellously adapted to meet all of our needs.

In a business of this kind it is very easy to keep in the flow, as there are innumerable opportunities to give out free literature without expectation of reward, to people that it would help the most. It also offers opportunity for others to be brought into the flow who wish to render a day of service occasionally in helping to send out spiritual literature.

Knowing that religious organizations are often the worst examples when it comes to harmony and teamwork, we had to be especially on our guard at this particular point. At certain periods our work would pile up and everyone would have to work at rather feverish haste to get it done on time, and we were constantly confronted with new decisions which had to be made and new forms of procedure to be learned, for we were exploring new frontiers. Naturally, little tensions and misunderstandings would arise. But one by one these were all ironed out, and a wonderful teamwork developed. It is down on our record, however,

that whenever any period of lack of harmony arose, our sales actually fell off, and when the perfect teamwork was restored, the business prospered.

But the most wonderful thing about this little company is its devotion to God, and the blessing which this has not only brought to us, but to the thousands who reach out to us for help, either for books, magazines, or prayers. The heart and soul of our establishment is the beautiful prayer alcove where at the beginning of each hour one of our staff spends a little period of prayer. Once a day the entire staff comes together for a period of joint prayer.

In addition to this, we conduct the continuous Prayer Tower, which is shared in by some spiritual people in the Twin Cities who have special power in prayer. Letters come in every day seeking help from this Prayer Tower, and many wonderful answers to prayer happen every week.

I think it would be well if every business in America had a Meditation Room where employees who had faith in this sort of thing could relax their bodies, drop their cares, clarify their minds, and *think straight*. This would do something for the establishment as well as for the individual. Every manager would be blessed if he could find three of his executives who were spiritual and selfless enough to join with him once a week or once a month in a little quiet time for the good of the service. He might call this the private session of his "Board of Spiritual Directors, with THE SENIOR PARTNER IN BUSINESS."

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