

house. The look of disappointment on the faces of my children reminded me painfully of that fact.

I went into the house, sat down at my typewriter, and began at once to reduce to writing the discoveries I had made concerning the causes of success and failure. As I placed the first sheet of paper in the typewriter I was interrupted by that same strange feeling which had come over me out in the country a few hours before, and this thought flashed into my mind:

“Your mission in life is to complete the world’s first philosophy of individual achievement. You have been trying in vain to escape your task, each effort having brought you failure. You are seeking happiness. Learn this lesson, once and forever, that you will find happiness only by helping others to find it! You have been a stubborn student. You had to be cured of your stubbornness through disappointment. Within a few years from now the whole world will start through an experience which will place millions of people in need of the philosophy which you have been directed to complete. Your big opportunity to find happiness by rendering useful service will have come. Go to work, and do not stop until you have completed and published the manuscripts which you have begun.”

I was conscious of having arrived, at last, at the end of life’s rainbow, and I was happy!

Doubt Makes Its Appearance

The “spell,” if the experience may be so called, passed away. I began to write. Shortly thereafter my “reason” suggested to me that I was embarking upon a fool’s mission. The idea of a man who was down and almost out presuming to write a