

WHILE YOU ARE READING THE INTERVIEW with the Devil, you will recognize from the brief description I have given you of the history of my life what a desperate effort the Devil made to muzzle me before I gained public recognition. You will understand also, after reading the interview with the Devil, why the interview had to be preceded by this personal history of my background.

Before you begin to read the interview, I want you to have a clear picture of the final fling the Devil had at me, and be it remembered with profit that it was this final fling which gave mercy a chance to turn and twist the Devil's tail until he squealed out his confession.

The Devil's undoing began with the depression in 1929. Through that fortunate turn of the Wheel of Life, I lost my 600-acre estate in the Catskill Mountains; my income was entirely cut off; the Harriman National Bank, in which all my funds were deposited, folded up and was wiped out. Before I realized what was happening, I found myself caught up in a spiritual and economic hurricane which evolved into a world-wide catastrophe of such force that no individual or group of individuals could withstand it.

While waiting for the storm to cease and the stampede of human fear to stop, I moved to Washington, D.C., the city from which I made my start after my first meeting with Andrew Carnegie, nearly a quarter of a century previously.

There seemed nothing for me to do except sit down and wait. All I had was time. After three years of waiting without tangible results, my restless soul began to push me back into service.

There was little opportunity for me to teach a philosophy