

**THE EGO BOOK; A  
BOOK OF  
SELFISH IDEALS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649181902

The ego book; a book of selfish ideals by Vance Thompson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**VANCE THOMPSON**

**THE EGO BOOK; A  
BOOK OF  
SELFISH IDEALS**



# The Ego Book

A Book of  
Selfish Ideals

By

Vance Thompson

New York

E. P. Dutton & Company

681 Fifth Avenue

Copyright 1914  
By E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

DR. WILLIAM J. O'SULLIVAN

Will you permit me to inscribe your name in this little book of *Good Intentions*, as a slight record of my profound admiration for the scientist and scholar and my sincere affection for the friend?

VANCE THOMPSON.





## Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—WHEN THE EGO WAKES .	I
II.—HOW TO PROTECT YOUR- SELF IN THE FAMILY .	29
III.—HOW TO GET THE BETTER OF YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES . . . .	58
IV.—HOW THE LOVER CAN PRO- TECT HIMSELF . . .	89
V.—HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT; ALSO HOW TO PREVENT OTHERS FROM TAKING IT AWAY FROM YOU . . . . .	119
VI.—THE HIVE AND THE BEE .	144
VII.—HOW TO BE GOOD TO YOUR- SELF WHEN DEAD .	164



# The Ego Book



## Chapter I

### When The Ego Wakes

#### I

**I** WAS waiting for a train in a railway station. Huddled on a bench was a black-skirted old woman in cap and apron; she sat there babbling and smiling at something that lay on her lap. I drew near and looked at it. Evidently it belonged to