

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He who dares assert the I
May calmly wait
While hurrying fate
Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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WANTED—EVIDENCE.

I have been very much interested in the various accounts given by travelers in Eastern countries of the wonders performed by the fakirs and magicians there. While their testimony has seemed to be of unimpeachable character, and given by men whose honesty could not be doubted, still I have doubted all the same, and have thought that there must be some explanation in accordance with natural law that would reveal the secret. That all these wonderful seeming manifestations are the product of mind, or will power, I do not for a moment doubt, but do they really occur; or do those who have seen, only think they see them is the question. All things must accord with the law, and an orange tree growing from seed to fruit bearing, or a fakir climbing up a piece of rope until he vanishes in the blue vault of heaven, and many other wonders, all in a few moments or hours, are not in accord with nature. Talking with a friend who was a strong minded sceptical man not easily imposed on and quite a thinker; he told me the following story from his own personal experience:

"Two fakirs were giving exhibitions of their occult powers at a fair, a space was roped off around their tent to keep the crowd back, in the center of this space a small circle was cleared of grass and beaten down smooth and hard, over this they threw a heavy blanket. Jumping on it they began to sing, dance and work themselves into a frenzy; soon a child's cries were plainly heard, and movements seen beneath the blanket which presently began to rise in the center; the fakirs still dancing around the edge and finally on the ground, as the blanket was raised higher, till at last they threw it off revealing to the astonished crowd a child several years of age. The fakirs then threw the blanket over the child and again began their song and dance, gradually working nearer the child who seemed to grow shorter and finally lay flat on the ground; then they jumped on him at which he screamed in agony and it was with difficulty some of the lookers on were prevented from interfering. Soon the blanket lay flat on the ground. It was then taken up and showed only the same hard bare earth which was carefully examined and dug into but no traps or trick of any kind could be found. "And you saw it all?" I asked, "Yes and heard the child scream as plain as I see and hear you." "Were you hypnotized?" "No more than I am now." The fakirs were asked to repeat the act and agreed to the next day, which they did step by step till the child stood forth again strong and real, then a camera fiend who had slipped into a good position pressed the button and hurried away, put the plate through the developer and lo the plate was blank.

Now the camera did not lie, yet all who saw it were ready to swear that the child was there.

"How do you explain it?" I asked. "I do not explain it. I twice saw the whole thing as plain as I see you now; yet the camera found nothing there." This more than ever convinced me that there was at least a thought reality there, but not a physical one, and that hypnotism did not enter into the trick. In reading "Ghostland" I came upon what seems to be an explanation of this whole class of phenomena, "Collective illusion." The author says "Another and very general mode of wonder working amongst Eastern ecstasies is by illusion, a word which but ill expresses the extent of the psychological impression which a powerful adept can produce upon a number of persons at one time. It is almost impossible to describe the methods by which this haze, hallucination or enchantment can be spread over a whole assembly compelling them to see the chief operator in an illusory light and imagine him performing wholly impossible actions with wholly impossible instruments just as he wills the spectators to believe.

Those who are most successful in this species of illusion are not only mediums for spirits, and powerful psychologists, but they have a faculty of so enclosing themselves in agasa (or spiritual atmosphere) that they can present almost any illusory appearance they please. By way of experiment, some of the best practitioners of this singular species of enchantment have on more than one occasion magnetized me. I use this phase to be better understood. I have seen several persons pass, without perceiving me, and when invited by the fakirs to describe my appearance, the strangers they addressed have stoutly affirmed there was no visible object on the spot of ground where I stood. These men have also caused an immense assemblage gathered in any of the temples of Siva at Benares to see tigers, lions and other terrific sights, when there was positively no such objects at the spot indicated. Does not this "collective hallucination," if accepted, explain this class of phenomena, and is not the intense concentration of mind necessary to such thought force the greatest wonder of all? The account and pictures of the fire trial by the Fijis as given in FREEDOM would seem to prove a real triumph of mind over matter, for the camera reproduced exactly what the eyes saw. So while it seems incredible, why should it not be possible if the mind has triumphed over the fear of fire.

Here is an incident that happened in the town where I once lived. The chief of the fire department had been confined to the house two weeks with inflammatory rheumatism, one night the big steam whistle near his house blew an alarm for fire. He said "I jumped out of bed,

dressed, and was at the engine house before I thought of my rheumatism, and I have not had it since." Here we see the Ego asserting itself, and the body, completely ignored, assumes its normal functions and goes on as usual. When man fully learns the nature and extent of his powers, learns how to control and direct the thought force generated by his own brain, he will be master of himself and all he comes in contact with. As man stands at the head, the last perfect stone in evolution's pyramid, shall he not control all lesser powers below him, even disease, old age, and death? Who will set the limit that the Ego cannot pass? To limit is to add but another round to the ladder of our upward climb, when reached we look for the next and so press on forever. In this lies immortality for man.

F. L. AVERY.

The above communication by Mr. Avery is interesting, and would be of value if it were not totally lacking in evidence of the supposed facts stated.

Without in the least reflecting upon the honesty of our correspondent whom we believe to be of more than ordinary intelligence as well, or of his friend whom he quotes, we must yet abide, in a measure at least, by the only safe rule of evidence that a matter told by one person of what a second told him he saw a third person do, and what still another person said he failed of doing, is hear say evidence and not to be admitted. But I more particularly call attention to is the statement that the plate on which the photographer sought to obtain a photo of the fakirs during, or just at the climax, of their performance, was, when put through the the developing process a *blank*.

Are we to understand that neither the child, or the fakirs or any of the surroundings showed up upon the plate? That is the statement made. *The plate was blank.*

As no claim is put forward that the fakirs themselves were not material and therefore subject to the laws of photography, it is evident either that our friend's friend failed of saying what he intended to say or that the photographer failed utterly to prove or disprove anything. He simply failed from some cause to obtain a picture.

If the statement that the plate was a blank was intended only to imply the absence from it of the picture of the child while showing that of the fakirs and their surroundings then it would be interesting to inquire whether, in looking into his kodak to make sure he had it properly sighted and focused, the operator saw therein the form of the child which failed to appear upon the plate as he saw the form of the fakirs that did appear. If he did not it would suggest that he did not cover the form of the child with his lens. If he did see it it adds to the mystery, in that a form that could cast reflections upon the glass should fail of appearing on the developed plate, along with the other forms.

In the absence of any knowledge on these points our friend Avery will agree with us that there is very little evidence of value, *pro or con*, to be gotten out of his friend's story, simply because it is of so general and imperfect a character as really to amount to no more than an interesting tale, by a not very observant traveler.

If some careful investigator who is not afraid to know the truth, neither ready to jump at conclusions, would do as was done in the case of the Fiji islanders we might have some basis to go upon, but stories of snap shots at

third hands that have failed to show anything but blanks cannot be admitted as evidence.

But here again is a poser, photographs of forms of people that are too ethereal to be seen by the human eye are not altogether unknown. In fact have been seen by thousands: How do they assume form? Who, or what are they?

I do not know any more than I know how the fakirs perform the things accredited to them.

These are things the whole race of thinking men and women are wishing to find out, and any evidence that points to a solution will be gladly accepted by them. Meantime, even stories at second hand which serve to attract attention and prompt to investigation will be of use. Only let us try and get as complete evidence in each case as possible.

C. C. P.

REMARKABLE SELF-CONTROL.

Frank G. Gandall has lived in Minneapolis some time, but not until about two months ago did he discover his ability to perform unusual things.

It is a well-known principle of physiology that in the light the pupils of the eyes contract and in the dark they dilate. Gandall can oppose nature by dilating his pupils in the light and contracting them in the dark. Or he can perform the phenomenon with one eye and leave the other in a natural state.

Another pastime of this man is to put needles through any part of his body. It matters not if it be an artery or vein. The hole caused immediately closes and not a drop of blood issues.

Another feature of which this phenomenal man speaks proudly is his ability to put any part of his body into the cataleptic state. For instance, he can cause his arm to become so rigid that two men cannot bend it. During his state of complete catalepsy he is in a semi-conscious condition.

Gandall's pranks with his heart are sufficient to make the ordinary man shudder. While sitting in a chair he can cause his heart to beat alternately slow and fast. Then, with a mighty effort, he can make the vital organ stop for an instant. This cannot be verified by listening to the heart beat, for the gurgling sound caused drowns the beat. However, by feeling his pulse, the phenomenon can be fully appreciated.—*Chicago Inner-Ocean.*

ONE MOTHER'S WAY.

A young mother I met recently has a theory on the bringing up of children which has at least the merit of being distinctly novel.

"I never punish my little ones," she said to me. "I simply wait till they are asleep, and then I talk to them, not loud enough, you understand, to wake them, but in a low voice. I tell them over and over that they must be good. I 'suggest' goodness to them, as the hypnotists say, for I think the mind is just as susceptible to suggestion during the natural sleep as during the induced hypnotic unconsciousness. I concentrate my mind on it, and I am confident that before long all mothers will adopt my method. It is the only way to bring up children."

And really, her children are no worse than anybody else's.—*Washington Post.*

It seems, from the number received, to be as easy to get ten cent subscribers, as to pick apples or oranges. If you have not sent us a club had you not better do so?

BIBLE CLASS.

FIFTH WEEK.

By C. C. Post.

That there was a numerous population scattered throughout Eastern Asia, Northern Africa and Southern Europe, both before and after the date fixed by the Bible as that of the flood is abundantly proven, the result of the researches made during recent years. While, therefore, we may not accept as correct the Bible account of the re-peopling of the earth by the descendants of Noah, it is yet probable that there existed at even an earlier date, a tribe or tribes, of people having the characteristics of the Jewish people of to-day. Upon one of the Egyptian monuments, erected during the reign of Usurtasen II., 2000 or 2500 B. C., there is a picture representing the coming into Egypt, with a request to be permitted to settle there, of a family with the Jewish cast of feature.

Prof. Sayce in his "Ancient Empires of the East" page 30, says of them:

"We may still see them with their black hair and hooked noses, and phoenician garments of many colors like the one that Joseph wore. They were the forerunners of numerous hords, who succeeded at last, not only in making the Delta their own, but in conquering the whole country that had given them hospitality, and under the name of 'The Hyksos' ruled it for 500 years."

If this statement be accepted as true they must, on being driven out of Egypt, have become so broken up and scattered as to lose all semblance of national organization and to have existed thereafter as more or less nomadic tribes of half savages. A few centuries later we find them, or a similar people, scattered throughout the hilly portions of Palestine, living largely by plunder and rapine, and seeking shelter from pursuit in the caves and caverns of Judea, which in places had been connected by tunnels, making passage from one to the other easy, the whole capable of sheltering a very considerable number of people. They may have split up into a half dozen small bodies about which gathered other nomadic people and so formed some of the smaller nations spoken of in the Bible as existing at, or shortly after this time.

It is probable that the accounts of the various wars related in chapter 14th., are in a general way correct. At least it agrees in a way with such other information as is at present attainable and may be accepted as historically correct. As, however, the entire book of Genesis is evidently copied (with such alterations and additions as the copyist thought desirable) from the works of other authors, no special credence can be given to statements made as to names, or acts performed by those to whom names are given.

The history of all very ancient nations begin with what may fairly be called "fairy stories." That is, with accounts of imaginary beings, who perform imaginary feats, principally of war. These imaginary beings, or gods, gradually take on the character and form of men, whose descendants become kings and the founders of nations and empires, until, approaching nearer and nearer to the present age we arrive at the period where history may be said to begin; that is at a point where we begin to separate the actual from the mythological, the true from the false, and to know what actually did take place and the names of the principle actors.

The mythical story of Babylonia, for example, begins

432,000 years before the deluge, during which time ten kings are supposed to have reigned. These were doubtless representatives of the solar bodies, or in some way connected with forces in nature, as the sun, moon and stars, thunder and lightning, etc., etc., etc.

Again I quote from Prof. Sayce:

"With the Deluge the mythical history of Babylonia takes a new departure. From this event to the Persian conquest was a period of 36,000 years, or an astronomical cycle called *saros*. Xisuthros, with his family and friends, alone survived the waters which drowned the rest of mankind on account of their sins. He had been ordered by the gods to build a ship, to pitch it within and without, and to stock it with animals of every species. Xisuthros sent out first a dove, then a swallow, and lastly a raven, to discover whether the earth was dry; the dove and the swallow returned to the ship, and it was only when the raven flew away that the rescued hero ventured to leave his ark. He found that he had been stranded on the peak of the mountain of Nizir, "the mountain of the world," whereon the Accadians believed the heaven to rest,—where, too, they placed the habitation of their gods and the cradle of their own race. Since Nizir lay among the mountains of Pir Mam, a little south of Rowandiz, its mountain must be identified with Rowandiz itself. On its peak Xisuthros offered sacrifices, piling up cups of wine by sevens; and the rainbow, "the glory of Anu," appeared in heaven, in covenant that the world should never again be destroyed by a flood. Immediately afterwards Xisuthros and his wife, like the biblical Enoch, were translated to the regions of the blessed beyond Datilla, the river of death, and his people made their way westward to Sippara. Here they disinterred the books buried by their late ruler before the Deluge had taken place, and re-established themselves in their old country under the government first of Evekhoos, and then of his son Khomasbolos. Meanwhile other colonists had arrived in the plain of Sumer, and here, under the leadership of the giant Etana, called Titan by the Greek writers, they built a city of brick, and essayed to erect a tower by means of which they might scale the sky, and so win for themselves the immortality granted to Xisuthros. The spot where the tower was raised was the mound at Babylon, now known as the Amram, where stood the temple of Anu, the palace of the kings, and the hanging gardens of Nebuchadrezzar, and the season they chose for building it was the autumnal equinox. But the tower was overthrown in the night by the winds, and Bel frustrated their purpose by confounding their language, and scattering them on the mound. Hence the place was called "the gate of God," though a later punning etymology connected it with *balal*, "to confound."

"Now happened the war waged by Etana, Bel, Prometheus, and Ogygos, against Kronos or Hea, and the adventures of the giant Ner, who, along with Etana, finally found a seat among the crowned heads in the underworld of Hades. Now, too, the goddess Istar descended from heaven to woo the sons of men;—Alala, the wild eagle, the lion-son of Silele; Isullanu, the woodsman; and above all, Tammuz, the young and beautiful Sun-god, the Adonis of Semitic and Greek story. Slain by the boar's tusk of winter, Tammuz sank to the underworld, whither he was followed by Istar, and not released till he had drunk of the waters of life. More famous even than Tammuz, however, was the solar hero whose name is provisionally read Gisdhubar, and who has been identified with the biblical Nimrod. Gisdhubar was the Herakles of Greece; and the twelve labours of Herakles may be traced back to the adventures of Gisdhubar, as recorded in the twelve books of the great Epic of early Chaldea. The Epic, whose authorship was ascribed to one Sinliki-unnini, was preserved in the library of Erech, a city with which Gisdhubar was specially associated, though his birthplace was supposed to be Armarda, the city of "solar glory." The date of its writing may be roughly ascribed to about B. C. 2000,

but it belongs to the period when the Semitic race was already in possession of the land.

"The Semitic conquest must have been a gradual one. The evidence of language shows that when the Semites first came into contact with the civilization of Accad, they were mere desert-nomads, dwelling in tents, and wanting even the first elements of culture. These, however, they soon acquired from their neighbours, and with the trading instinct of their race quickly made themselves indispensable to the agricultural Accadians."

Here we have the story of the deluge, the sacrifice, the rainbow, and the character Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before the lord." Nobody, however, seems to know just what Nimrod hunted, but one would naturally surmise that it must have been big game of some kind. A hunter of opossums, for example, would hardly be called a "mighty hunter."

I think this as good a place as any to explain to the children that a rainbow is the result of a dividing of the rays of the sun into seven colors, which together make up the white rays of the sun, and that this is done in the passage of the white rays through the rain drops, as all of you have no doubt seen many and many a time, and so must have taken place ever since there was a sun to give forth its rays, and water which fell upon the earth. It was only the ignorance of these people which caused them to imagine that the rainbow was sent as a pledge that there would never be another flood. Quite possibly some one who wished to remove the fear of another flood first started the story by telling the more ignorant and superstitious that the rainbow was sent as a reminder that their God had promised not to again drown the world, and so induce them to go to work with more energy and cheerfulness again.

But to go on with our reading.

We see from the mythical account of the Babylonians that the goddess Istar descended from heaven to become the mother of men. In such ways all ancient people sought to account for the beginning of their race and nations.

The Bible history so far as we have yet read it is taken from these older accounts and it is impossible to tell where the mythical ends, and the true history begins. Nor is it of any really great importance that we should know, since we know that we do not know, and that we are not compelled to accept of it as being inspired.

So long as it was believed to be inspired, that is so long as it was believed to be a correct statement of what God said, and did, and approved of doing, it was a guide from which men drew their ideas of what was right and moral and everything in it was of the very greatest possible importance, but since we know that it is not inspired the principle value of the portion of it that we are now reading consists in what we may learn from it of the character of those who wrote it, or who lived at the time of which it treats.

We see in the story of how God dealt with the Jews and with other people, the ideas which the people of those times had of justice and morality, but we are no longer obliged to hold the same views of what is moral or of what constitutes justice that they held. We can laugh a little, if we want to, at the sharp trick Jacob played upon his father-in-law, Laban, in putting up spotted and striped sticks at the watering places so that the cows would mark all their calves with white spots, by which, under the agreement between the two men, the calves mostly became Jacob's.

It is easy to understand why Laban changed the con-

tract ten times. He had not caught on to Jacob's smartness. He couldn't understand why it was that when he was to have all the red cattle and Jacob the spotted ones the calves were all spotted, while when he was to have the spotted ones and Jacob the red ones they were all red. Jacob knew but it suited his purpose to claim that God gave them to him. It eased his conscience to believe that. Human nature does not appear to have changed much, we still find people who have gotten by sharp practices that which rightfully belongs to others, putting up the claim that God gave it to them.

But about Abraham, and Isaac and Ishmael.

The Mohammedans say that it was Ishmael that Abraham was ordered to sacrifice and not Isaac, and as they claim to be descendants of Ishmael, just as the Jews claim they are descendants of Isaac, I suppose the one knows as much about it as the other.

A few years ago there was a man in Pennsylvania somewhere who said God had ordered him to sacrifice his child, but the neighbors thought differently and had him sent to an insane asylum. I suppose there were no insane asylums in those ancient days that the Bible tells about and it is not at all certain that there was any Abraham or any Isaac or any Ishmael, and I am very certain that there was never a God who ordered anybody to sacrifice children to him. So we will let this go along with the stories of the creation and the deluge.

Perhaps I ought however, before passing to other matters to give opportunity for one to be heard who comes representing the latest stand taken by those who still accept of the teachings of the church as the road to salvation, and who, are therefore compelled to cling to as much of the Bible account of things as is possible.

In his "History of the people of Israel" Carl Heinrich Cornill, Prof. of Theology in the University of Konigsburg, attempts in a feverish kind of a way to establish the truth of a portion of Genesis by throwing overboard such portions of it as are clearly mythical.

He says:

"All accounts agree that the ancestors of the people of Israel were conducted from Haran to Canaan by Abraham. The recollection of an occurrence of such importance could not fail to be preserved, and even the name of the person who was the motive power and manager of the whole could not be lost to posterity. I consider Abraham a historical personage in just as strict a sense as Opheltas and Peripoltas who, according to the tradition of the Beotians, led this people from Arne in the valley of the Penens in Thessaly to Chæroneia in the land afterwards occupied by them. Such particulars and such names are not invented by tradition out of nothing. Let us see whether it is possible to fit these facts into the course of the history of the Orient as known to us from other sources.

"In Mesopotamia, where the oldest tradition places the primitive home of Israel, our historical knowledge reaches back almost to the year 4000 before Christ. According to the reports of the Babylonians themselves, the two earliest kings of whom they have any recollection, Sargon of Agade and his son Naram-Sin, ruled about the year 3800 before Christ; of Sargon it is already reported that he made expeditions as far as the Mediterranean Sea. These two rulers are absolutely historical personages, since we possess to-day authentic monuments of them with full identification of their names.

"And even then the land had already a long and eventful history behind it. Sargon of Agade already bears a genuinely Semitic name. But there can be no doubt that the primitive Babylonian civilization, which has given even to the present day the names of the seven

planets, and of the corresponding days of the week, the division of the circle into 360 degrees, the division of the year into 12 months, the week into 7 days, the day into 24 hours, and the hour into 60 minutes, is older than the year 4000 B. C. and derived from a non-Semitic people. This people called themselves Sumerians, and by their language belonged to the Finnish-Turkish-Tartar race, the so-called Turanians."

It seems rather a strange way of proving that Abraham lived and did what is claimed for him, this showing everything previously claimed by the Bible to have taken place to be false. Yet that is exactly what the learned professor does when he asserts that there were nations of highly civilized people 4000 years B. C., that being the date fixed in the Bible as the creation.

But again it is of little importance whether Abraham or another was the leader of the half wild people of this period who eventually grew into a race of peculiar type and were at one time a nation wielding power and influence, and through whom the religious ideas of the age have come. It may have been Abraham or it may have been another, the fact remains and is the same in either case that there were in western Asia at about this time the progenitors of the people who afterwards came to be known to the world as Jews.

As to the story of Sodom and Gomorrah it is only fair to the Mohammedans to give their version of it along with that of the Jews. It is easy to believe that the inhabitants of those cities may have become desperately wicked, and I had thought it possible that they were destroyed by fire, as cities sometimes are to-day, thus affording a basis for the story as we find it in Genesis, but after reading the account in the Mohammedan Bible, the Koran, I am in more doubt of it than ever.

Here is the account copied from the Koran:

"The angels said, Oh Lot, verily we are the messengers of the Lord. * * * Go forth therefore with thy family, in some part of the night, and let not any of you turn back; but as for thy wife that shall happen to her, which shall happen unto them. Verily the prediction of their punishment shall be fulfilled in the morning; is not the morning near? And when our command came, we turned those cities upside down, and we rained upon them stones of baked clay, one following another and being marked from thy Lord."

Of course the idea of God raining down bricks appears very ridiculous and everybody except Mohammedans will laugh at it. I even think I hear some of my readers say that while they have heard of its raining "pitchforks" and "cats and dogs," they never before heard of it raining bricks, let alone bricks marked "from thy Lord." But after all how much more ridiculous is it that it should rain bricks than that it should rain brimstone?

I am afraid that the evidence in support of either story is not sufficient to sustain the charge and that we will have to return the old Scotch verdict of "not proven," and let it pass, leaving everybody to believe as they will regarding it.

I might just add, however, that some of the Mohammedan commentators assert that, not only were the bricks marked, as stated in the text, but that each one bore the name of the fellow that it was aimed at. The one that hit Ananias Isaacstein for example was marked Ananias Isaacstein "From thy Lord," and the one that killed Levi Isaacs was marked Levi Isaacs, with the information of whom it came from added, as in the other case.

DEATH MERELY A HABIT.

Dr. C. A. Stephens, a New England man, a graduate of the Boston University Medical School, and a member of many learned bodies, who is now staying with a friend in Philadelphia, built a laboratory several years ago at Norway lake, near Norway Me., and he spends almost all his time there investigating the causes of old age and death, with the object of their alleviation and removal. Dr. Stephens published from his laboratory the close connection of all the cells in the brain by nerve fibre, enabling them to feel and act together, about a year and a half before the same discovery was announced by the great Spanish physiologist, Ramon y Cajal, of Madrid.

Dr. Stephens says he is confident that the progress of brain science will enable mankind successfully to overcome decay and its climax, death. He points out that matter is indestructible, and that the law of the universe is immortality. He believes that death at three scores and ten, or thereabouts, is largely a matter of belief and habit. Generation after generation is born into the world expecting to die at a certain time, and they die then. He very forcibly points out that if children were brought up with the idea of living forever this altered expectation would gradually but surely extend the life limit in the course of several generations.

To prove that life length is largely a child of habit and environment, he instances the elephant and the swan, whose ages run into the centuries, as compared with infusoria and months, whose heyday of existence is but the fleeting moment. His studies have been particularly directed toward the microscopic examination of the brain cells of the old and infirm. He finds their nuclei dark and shrunken, just like the brain cells of the fatigued pigeons and of the honey bees, so graphically illustrated by Dr. Hodge of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Stephens raises the serious inquiry as to whether the universal presence of microscopic "dirt" may not be a potent factor of old age and decay. He has found large quantities of foreign inorganic matter in old brain cells. He shows how this "dirt" is brought into the system by the inspired air (enclosures,) through the cells of the lungs into the blood, and finds its final refuse heap in the cells themselves, where it increases in amount hourly and escapes the metabolism constantly occurring in the minute tissues, the rejuvenation of organic material and the constant birth of fresh physiological structures.

The vastly superior power of brain cells to resist decay suggests to Dr. Stephens the invincibility of thought life in its final victory over death's decay. This very suggestive experimentalist refers to the mental change which habit induces soon after each individual has reached the "prime of life." Up to that point there is energy and hope in all the tissues. After that point, all the histological structures of the body lose heart, and make effort to stem the tide which sets for "the downward path to death."

The doctor declares that the achievement of modern special education, which enables the deaf to hear with their eyes, and tones up relaxed vocal chords, which brings it to pass that the blind see with their fingers, taken in connection with the great longevity of ancient races as described in the old testament, and as authenticated in monuments and hieroglyphic, show that unusual lengths of life have been a "fait accompli" of his-

tory, and suggests that the determination of life length is possibly and practically within the domain of thought.

As humanity, in its physiological expression, is wholly a compromise with perfection, Dr. Stephens argues better food selection and more watchful outlook against the introduction of foreign and inorganic material into the system cannot help increasing the life potential of each unit of the race.

Dr. Stephens holds that what is known as the "soul" is merely cell experience, the knowledge acquired by cells, collectively and individually, during years of hereditary transmission. This view is the same held by Sir William Thompson and Thomas A. Edison. He points out that father and child, death and life, generation after generation, are not the ideals of human society, but only its makeshifts. Immortal life is the real aim in view, and he believes it will be achieved in time.

—*Ex.*

IMMORTALITY IN THE FLESH.

Some years ago, says John Lord Peck in his book, *Dr. John Gardner, an English physician, wrote a work upon Longevity, or the Means of Prolonging Life After Middle Age*, one of the most useful books ever written, and one which every physician will speak of with respect. In this he writes:

"Before the flood men are said to have lived five and even nine hundred years; and as a physiologist I can assert positively that there is no fact reached by science to contradict or render this improbable. It is more difficult, on scientific grounds to explain why men die at all, than to believe in the duration of life for a thousand years."

Dr. Homer Bostwick, an American author of several works, published in 1851, a book upon the causes of natural death, or death from old age, which was devoted to a method for indefinitely prolonging vigorous, elastic and buoyant health. He asserts unqualifiedly that "time" or the number of years has nothing whatever to do with old age and death, and that there is no law of nature that limits human life. He quotes Dr. Southwood Smith as saying "that though when fully come, the term of old age cannot be extended, the coming of the term may be postponed. To the preceding stage (the middle age life) an indefinite number of years may be added." And he endorses the statement of Dr. Monroe, a distinguished English anatomist, that, "the human frame as a machine is perfect; that it contains within itself no marks by which we can possibly predict its decay; it is apparently intended to go on forever."

Says Herbert Spencer in his *Data of Ethics*: "It is demonstrable that there exists a primordial connection between pleasure—giving acts and continuance or increase of life; and by implication between pain—giving acts and decrease or loss of life."

What is this but to say that if we could avoid our miseries, and sufficiently increase our pleasure—giving acts or happiness we might increase the life power and prolong our lives for—no one can tell how long.

Again in another work Mr. Spencer says, though in different language, that death from old age, like death from disease, is a result of inadequate intelligence. In other words, with greater intelligence we could postpone death longer; and with a sufficient degree of intelligence we could put it off indefinitely.

[*Ed.*—In other words still, as FREEDOM has stated a

hundred times over, all power is in the knowing. Men can conquer death as soon as they understand the law of growth, which is a thing that can easily be understood, and which Mental Science teaches. But the great difficulty is that the race believes the conquest of death to be an impossible thing; and so long as they believe this they are shut out from this knowledge; they make no attempt to gain it, and for the lack of it they will continue to die.]

Says B. W. Richardson, the author of several books on medicine and hygiene: "Healthful brain work, by development of the nervous organism during generation upon generation, may give to mankind an increase of health and the possession of a longer natural life; may indeed by continuous evolution lead to an unthought of birth of human existence."

Among earlier authors I could quote similar opinions from Descartes, Condorcet, Von Baer and Hufeland, all of them men of high reputation; even from Benjamin Franklin, the prince of common sense.

A SOUL—IN REVERIE.

'Tis strange, indeed!

From out the dark, within the sun's bright glare,
At morn, at night, from everywhere,
At all the time

These whispers float upon the air;

"Art not thou master of thy house?"

Art thou not at the helm to steer thy bark?

Does not the servant do as he is bid?

Do but command; thy body will obey."

How strange it seems, and yet methinks 'tis true.

Aye, am I not the master of this form

To use as I will

To mould, undo, disfigure or enhance

What other causes wrought into its being?

And now the thought doth come

From souls in brighter realms:

Thine are the thoughts which shape

Thy future—good or ill;

Thine is the power to draw to thee

Both weal or woe;

Thy strength doth rise, grow weak

Through thine own thoughts—the efforts of thy
will.

Oft have I heard: "Our thoughts are things;

They bring us friend or foe,

Health or disease, and proverty or wealth.

Yet is it so?

From out the silence comes the answer "Yes."

Methinks I see:

The will is like the helm by which we steer

The ship past shoals and cliffs,

Through waters tempest-tossed, from shore to shore;

Our barge bends to, does change

Its wonted course upon life's sea,

If we so will.

The will, our will, may rule, and does;

The body does obey.

Aye let me shout the thought throughout all space:

The soul, the mind, must rule!

Thy will may overcome disease, distress and grief,

Nay poverty and death,

If once so grown that thou dost know thyself.

Then soul rejoice and grow,

And make the best of life where'er it be,

For know thy will can make

A heaven in misery.

—Anton Niedermeier, in *Light of Truth*.

of being the cynosure of all eyes was more than he could stand, and he refrained from attending church until his hair had returned.

After he recovered from the effects of the fever Mr. Tapping says that his hair all came in again and was jet black and very curly. It remained that color until about ten years ago, when it began to get gray. This process continued until it became white. He says that his father had a fine head of hair, as he has, and that no one in his family has ever been bald.

His family physician, Dr. H. R. Baldwin, the dean of the medical profession in New Brunswick, and an able physician, when asked about the change said he could not account for it, and there was nothing to do but to let it alone. Mr. Tapping has never used any preparation of any sort, so that the change in color is not due to dyestuff.—*New York Herald.*

CONFESSION OF A DOCTOR.

"Yes, there are tricks in the trade," remarked a physician the other day, "though I don't mean by that that the doctors do things to desecrate their diplomas. But, you see, the patient's mind has such control over his physical condition that sometimes we turn it to good account and use it as an instrument of cure."

"What's that you're doing?" the writer asked, seeing a big bottle of brown looking medicine that was dripping through a silk sieve.

"Oh, that's burnt sugar," said the doctor. "I use that a great deal. Didn't know it was a medicine? H'm! Fine! Nothing better—for the imagination. You see, it is this way, if I were to put a few dops of powerful medicine into half a glass of water, and it remained tasteless and colorless, the patient would think he wasn't getting the worth of his money. But spin off a three-ly Latin name and drop a little of this burnt sugar into the glass, and presto! The patient will take it with the utmost faith and swear by you—till the bill comes in.

"The imagination has a great deal to do with the patient's health in nervous cases. For instance, the other day I was called to see a woman who was paralyzed on one side. She hadn't walked a step for six months. Before long I was convinced that it was a plain case of hysteria. I informed her husband and then begun an electric treatment. We applied it for two days and each time she began to move a little. The third day she protested but I told her that I should have to apply the current at the knee and put it on stronger than ever. Well, you should have seen her. She flew into a perfect rage and got up and walked off as well as any one you ever saw! So you see we have to resort to 'tricks' sometimes."

"What we call sugar milk pills are used a great deal for people that want medicine when there is nothing the matter with them," said another practitioner in a burst of confidence. "They are made up in various colors—pink, yellow, etc., and are made very convenient at times—for instance, when diagnosis is a little difficult, and something is needed to stave the patient off. But you would be surprised to know of the number of people, especially of nervous women, who imagine they are sick and want medicine. If we tell them the truth—that there is nothing the matter with them, they are in-

sulted, so the only thing to do is to give them a few well chosen doses of sugar pills, bread pills or chalk powders, and send in a bill. You see, a prescription for Columbia, Gentian, Cinchonidia or any number of the harmless tonics used, looks pretty fierce to a man who imagines he's just on the ragged edge of life. And when his appetite begins to pick up a bit, and some one accidentally pays him the ten he didn't expect to get, why he thinks he's cured, and the medicine did it, of course.

"I was talking with a man who made a fortune selling a patent face wash, the other day," went on the doctor, "and he told me that the real thing that did the work in his medicine was the directions on the outside of the bottle. The face wash in itself was good enough, but it alone would never have accomplished what it did; but the directions required frequent bathing, exercise, care of the diet and of the general health. The woman followed these, you know, and the face wash got the credit of it. 'Why,' said the man, 'if I were going to put up another perscription for a face wash, I believe I'd send out bottled rain water!'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FREEDOM.

Freedom is not defined by liberty,
Nor is it granted rights and privileges,
Nor can it be conferred by law or custom,
Nor is it license not to do, or do, what suits the pleasure.

Freedom! The unfettered soul alone is free,
The ego loosed from every bond is free.
The unrestricted "I am" tastes of freedom.
To be beyond the warp of circumstances,
To flee environment,
To break all limitation,
To know the absolute of self is freedom.

Kansas City, Mo.

DAVID B. PAGE.

Every individual who lives to grow up has in all probability asked, at some time in his life, what becomes of all the pins that are manufactured and lost. An old gentleman in London has prepared himself to answer the question. By a series of experiments conducted in his back garden he has discovered that they go the way of all flesh, and are resolved into dust. Hairpins which he watched for 154 days, disappeared at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferrous oxide, a brownish rust, which was blown away by the wind as it formed; bright pins took nearly 18 months to disappear; polished steel needles, nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pens at the end of 15 months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact.

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PLEASE NOTICE.

The illustrated edition containing views of the hotel is exhausted. Hereafter the 10 cents subscription will begin with the number containing the illustrations of the Fiji Islanders in the *loro* oven of which we have been compelled to get out an additional issue to meet the demand. We can supply any number of these.

TYRANNY OF ESTABLISHED THOUGHT.

We might—all of us—as well be dead and done with it, as to live on in this utterly devitalized way; each of us just dragging out a wretched semblance of existence, which—as soon as it reaches the highest point of its animalhood, and without achieving the spiritual force that would enable it to conquer the negatives of life, begins to go down hill, and keeps on going down hill until death closes it out.

Now this is exactly the history of the race to-day. We open our eyes upon this nine-days wonder of a world, and feel an interest in it for a few years; and then the interest flags; not because we have exhausted the power of the world to interest us, but because we have exhausted our own power to feel any more interest in it. We are tired out; we are overwhelmed in the struggle with negative conditions; we lay down our arms and die.

It is a very pitiful thing. I have been looking on now for years and seeing some of the most beautiful

souls on earth turn away like tired children and lie down, never to rise again.

And I am getting tired myself, or I would be if this indomitable will of mine would let me.

And I know that it is not the thing to give up to this tired feeling and go the way of the others who have become too tired to remain. There is a spirit in man to be wooed forward to conquest. The earth is in its infancy, and not one of a thousand of its wonderful forces has been conquered so far. And they must be conquered; for there is no truer thing than that the strength of that which is conquered passes into the conqueror and becomes his strength; and we must conquer these forces and add that strength to ours in order to increase our vitality and our interest in life, and thus conquer lassitude, disease and death.

You all feel that we are only living half lives; but you do not all know that we do not have to be content to live them. You do not know that it is possible for each one of us to acquire the vitality to raise existence from its present low level—where it seems so helpless—to a higher plane where the consciousness of power comes that will make it a joy and a glory to live.

But it can only come through intellectual growth. The brain is the great laboratory of the vital element. This vital element is thought. If there were nothing else to convict the present status of the world's thought of utter deadness and worthlessness, it would be enough just to look at the condition of the race's vitality; to look at the tired people; the people who have nothing to get up to when each fresh morning comes; who drag through a certain routine of duties without one particle of interest in them; who simply do their work in order to have it done; people whose each day is a repetition of the previous day, and whose entire life is a repetition of the parents who brought them into the world.

The thought generated by the race is responsible for this dead condition of things; and yet the greatest crime one can commit is to think a thought beyond the worn-out thought whose deadness is killing the people. It is heresy to think a vital thought, because a vital thought reflects discredit upon the old stratified thought that holds the race in its direful power.

And yet, nothing but new thought can save the race from the condition of living death in which it now finds itself. Nothing but heresy can do it.

I call the entire product of the world's old thought to judgment this day. I ask it to show me something it has produced besides disease and death. I state boldly that it not only has nothing else to show, but that it has rung down the curtain and turned off the light upon the further power of the people to show something better. It says, virtually, "Wisdom dies when I die, and there is nothing beyond." "I am the ultimate of human thought," claims this most monstrous tyrant of all the ages. Think of an ultimate to human thought which ends in death instead of the conquest over death; an ultimate that lies down in a pulseless sleep instead of awakening the vital powers of an unexplored universe, and rifling its treasures for the enhancement and the perpetuation of its own vitality.

"We are getting old, and death is inevitable." This is the language of the day; this is the ultimate of the world's devitalizing and murderous thought; to which it adds the threat that he who thinks beyond this point is a heretic and must be damned.

Why the race is damned already in the deadness of the thought that holds it on the low and wretched plane of vitality where it now rests, and who cares for farther damning? The only farther damning possible will be more damning of the same kind, and this will be more deadness; and complete deadness will be better than the half deadness of our present condition.

In our present condition we are dead and *conscious of our deadness*; in deeper death we will be as we are, only unconscious of our misery; and this will be a gain.

Half-way conditions are never palatable. I want to be either dead all over or alive all over; and I know that there is nothing that can revitalize us but the birth of new thought in our organisms. By the birth of new thought I mean the accumulation of new truths.

And the accumulation of new truths is in my power, though all the hells of the whole world's old thought must be met single-handed and conquered. Why? Because my salvation and the salvation of the race depends upon it.

There is but one thing to be saved from, and that is this creeping deadness which is even now benumbing the faculties of every soul who has emerged from childhood, and which ends in death. This condition is the negation of life, and is the result of living too long in one set of ideas or truths without prospecting farther ahead for still more of truth's living waters. For the waters of truth that sustain us to-day will not sustain us to-morrow; we must draw fresh draughts from this undying spring daily, or we die ourselves.

It has been the bane of the race to believe that one draught from this spring of life is enough for its salvation. As this one draught, however, has not saved it, it then makes another mistake by supposing that the salvation promised is to be postponed to a life after death. In this way it entirely ignores the self-evident fact that *present* life is all the life there is. Life is *being*, and being is *now* and can only be now. To live to-day, we must *be* to-day; when to-morrow comes, it will then be the present time, in which we must still be. Life is the one fact in which there is no postponement. If we fail to live to-day we have lost the day; we cannot postpone this day's living until to-morrow.

We are expressions each instant of an ever-present truth; and by the understanding of this truth we live. But it is each day's new understanding of it that enables us to show forth new or fresh life. The understanding of the truth that we obtained yesterday will not serve for to-day's needs, although it served for yesterday's needs. It is like the food we ate yesterday. The food that strengthened us yesterday sufficed for that day, but we need more for the present day.

The wisdom of a past age was sufficient for that age; it afforded all the mental sustenance the age demanded. But the new age of to-day is demanding more; and because it is not getting it in such quantity and quality as it needs, it is more devitalized, more listless and languid, more diseased and dying, more debauched and reckless, than any previous age in the history of civilization.

Old institutions are worn out because they stick to the identical ideas that once met the needs of the race, but that no longer meet the increased needs of a new race. Daily and hourly the people are becoming more indifferent to the allurements of a heaven postponed to a future world. They are demanding heaven right here

and now, and are accepting in lieu of it such apologies for their ideal conceptions of it as the world can offer in the shape of its poor, little, limited range of unsatisfactory and evanescent amusements.

And what—under these circumstances—are the teachers of the people giving them? What are the churches doing for them; and what is the popular literature offering them?

The teachers of the people are giving them nothing that they need, and have, therefore, lost their power to teach. The churches are still presenting the same old ideas, but the people are no longer accepting them. What then? Are the churches searching for new truths on which to fill the great mental craving of the populace? For it is a mental craving, no matter what it looks like. No, they are not doing this at all; they are simply calling upon that brute force called Established Authority to assist them in ramming their rejected ideas down the people's throats in spite of the people's wishes. This is the attitude the church occupies to-day towards the entire body of *thinking* people, who are craving, as men never craved before, the stimulant of mental food that is to save them right here and now, soul and body whole and in one piece.

Practical salvation is what the people want; salvation that can only come by an increased and an ever increasing knowledge of new truth.

Practical salvation is the present demand of the people; and the whole world—so far as the schools, the churches and popular literature go, is as dead under this demand as our burnt-out satellite, beneath whose borrowed rays no seed germ is ever warmed into existence.

And this is only half. This dead theology, and dead educational system, and dead literature that once held their seats of honor by the consent of the people, and even by their veneration, are now holding these same seats by a force at once pugnacious, defiant and intolerant. They have nothing to give the people any longer. The people are demanding new truth; truth that will hold out stronger inducements to all of life's present activities and stimulate to the unfoldment of nobler activities right here in the world to-day.

For the thinkers have found out that true life, vital, satisfying life, means action and not ease; means conquest and not slumber; means the ever unfolding functions of their own endlessly progressive intelligences in *uses* for the benefit of themselves and those for whom it is a delight to work, and to whom it is a delight to give.

Nothing is going to satisfy the thinkers of to-day but the making of men and women out of *themselves*, by that incessant acquisition of new truth I have already spoken of.

Gentlemen of the church, your creeds can do nothing for the people to-day. The making of men is not in them; and this, *oh! this*, has become the aspiration of the thinker who knows that self-salvation is the only salvation, because it is the development out of self the germs of nobility inherent in each individual soul.

To be nobler, to be better, to be greater intrinsically and all over; to *be* more and to *do* more; to project a grander doing from a grander being; to extract a deeper vitality from a deeper knowing—this is the enticement to live.

And note this fact; men are actually asking for some incentive to live. They are so dead tired of everything

within the range of their mental vision that they are begging to be shown something worth living for. They feel their own stagnation, and each day is a weariness to them, and will be until they find a natural outlet for *their own thought*.

Dammed up within themselves as they have been for so many years, they hardly know that they can think, and have not the slightest idea of their own power to think; and still less of how this power will change the whole current of existence for them when it begins to flow; and of how it will not only make them alive all over, but will give life to everything they see, thus transforming the dead world into a living world of enchanted beauty.

Self-generated thought is the vital fluid itself. It courses through a man's veins and stimulates him to undreamed of activities. But he needs to draw it new from the fountain-head of his own organism each day. Therefore, he must at once turn his back on the beliefs of the present age, no matter how true they are; he must search his organization for the attainment of *new truth*; for man is a mental being, and truth in a thousand forms is the life principle lying latent within him, and it must be brought forward or made visible by his own recognition of it. This is the true method of mental growth, which is also physical growth; for as sure as the world turns on its axis, Walt Whitman was right when he said, "The soul is the body and the body is the soul." For a man is whole. His physical being and his mental being are one; and the ever progressive unfoldment of the mental will be the ever progressive unfoldment of the physical.

At present, the mental is standing still, chained to the old dead beliefs; permeated by the old dead beliefs; one with the old dead beliefs, and dead with them.

Yes, dead all except that faint consciousness of life that renders death perceptible.

Truth is a substantial element springing from the human organism in obedience to the demand for it. Ask yourself a question in relation to your own vital unfoldment, and the answer is revealed to you *out of yourself*, just as the fruit on the tree makes its demands upon the roots of the tree for more nourishment, and gets it. What you ask for will come to you in the shape of thought; and what is more, it will be pure vital life essence, and will fill you with fresh power. I know of no happiness to compare with the acquisition of a new truth; it is an added potency filling the entire man and overflowing in some new use. Man is an unfailling fountain of truth, whose constant outflow, if encouraged would fill life with new activities and the world with new and mighty uses.

But every outlet for the flow of new and fresh and vital truths is closed up by the tyranny of the old thought which rules the age.

H. W.

TO MY FRIENDS.

It will be a great help to me if my friends will send me the addresses of sick people; especially of those who have chronic diseases. *I can cure those whom the doctors have failed to cure*, and I want their addresses so that I can let them know it; for Mental Science does surely cure when all else fails; and my charges are moderate. Write the addresses plainly and send them to me here, and accept my warmest thanks in advance. Address Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I don't see how it is possible for me to make a Waste-Paper Basket article this week. We have been moving; moved from the hotel, which is filling up with guests, back to our old rooms in the cottage across the Boulevard. We take our meals at the hotel of course, and spend a portion of our evenings there, but we like our rooms in the cottage best when the hotel is full, as being less liable there to interruption. And the girl, or the man, or the somebody who helped in the operation has destroyed my treasure house of antedeluvian curiosities, that is my basket of odds and ends, of stray thoughts and idle dreams, from which I constructed my Waste-Paper Basket articles. There were some valuable curiosities, and some scraps of ideas in that collection, mostly stolen, which added greatly to their value and makes my loss the more difficult to bear. It is not altogether easy to find anything worth stealing in the publications of today and when one has hunted through a score or more of magazines and papers and found and appropriated a few little scraps of ideas, and been to the further trouble of convincing one's conscience, by argument, of the propriety of stealing them and passing them off as one's own—when one has been to all that trouble it is trying to one's temper to have them burned upon the altar of ignorance as represented by the colored girl who does the family washing.

However, my loss may be the reader's gain, for since they are burned I cannot inflict them upon anybody, and more than likely a great part of them were emanations from my own brain and nearly worthless.

The other evening some one in the hotel parlor was singing a scrap of that old comically tragic song beginning:

"Oh I am the cook and captain bold,
And the crew of the bo'sun's gig,"

and it reminded me of our alligator. Not that the alligator is a cook for he isn't. On the contrary he swallows his victuals without cooking and even prefers to feel 'em wriggle as they go down, but on the principle that the sailor was cook and captain and crew because of having eaten all of them our one 'gator is eight 'gators.

We first had seven little ones, about eight inches long I guess they were, in an inclosure in which was a small tank of water for them to swim and dive in. Then Mr. Post bought a larger one and put him in with the little ones. We thought the big one would be sort of a father to the little fellows and evidently he was fond of them from the very first, for he swallowed the whole lot inside of a week. We did not find it out until some one saw one of them disappearing down the big one's throat and then a search showed every one of the little ones missing.

I called the Colonel's attention to the likeness between the sailor who had eaten all his comrades as recorded in the song and his big alligator, and he said his 'gator should have *his* deeds recorded in song also. I asked him who was going to do it. He said he was. I told him he couldn't write poetry but he said he knew he could, and that I had never appreciated him at his true worth if I thought he couldn't, and he went and sat down at his desk and by and by came back with the following which he called the

Song of a 'gator who (which or that) is eight 'gators:
A 'gator complacently lay in the sand
Stretched out at full length in the sun;

man bodies of ours. Vitality is the needed thing with which to conquer all opposition, and establish the person's will in a place of absolute supremacy.

How are we to gain it?

Not by blind faith in any of the gods, nor in any of the theories of the race; no, not even though these theories be true.

Vitality is mentality; more vitality is the result of mental growth; mental growth comes not by the acceptance of other people's ideas, but by the habit of doing one's own thinking.

We must positively reason on every proposition that seems to us worthy of investigation; in this way the brain becomes stronger; it dares to formulate bolder thoughts; these bolder thoughts are an increase of vital power and add to your health, strength and longevity.

Keep up this habit of reasoning. There is but one truth; you cannot reach one truth and your neighbors another. You are both going to reach the same truth if you go on thinking without prejudice and will both see it alike. Then there will be harmony between you and your breathing will be rythmical, harmonious. All you have to do is to evolve more and more truth by thinking; your vibrations will take care of themselves. They are under the direction of right thinking even though the right thought has never given them a moment's consideration. Right thinking—which is an earnest search into the root of things is making a closer approach to the absolute. And what is this great absolute truth? It is that there is no power in disease, old age or death except such power as our ignorant conceptions of absolute truth permit.

Truth is the vital principle; and as our minds gain a clearer perception of it, this perception is carried from the brain—the great laboratory of thought—to every part of the body *by the nerves*, and the whole body becomes a participant of it, thus proving itself in unity with the mental, and off the same piece. Body and intellect are one. The perception of the very highest truths would amount to nothing but for the fact that the body is also perceptive; it perceives whatever the mind perceives; the mind gets a truth first, and in thinking about it, especially in close, clear thinking where the whole force of the intelligence is involved, the nerves carry the results that the intelligence reaches and deposits them in the body. This is the process by which truth becomes flesh.

I believe I have made a mistake in giving this to the printer as a Waste-Paper Basket article; but it will have to go now.

H. W.

TO MY FRIENDS.

It will be a great help to me if my friends will send me the addresses of sick people; especially of those who have chronic diseases. *I can cure those whom the doctors have failed to cure*, and I want their addresses so that I can let them know it; for Mental Science does surely cure when all else fails; and my charges are moderate. Write the addresses plainly and send them to me here, and accept my warmest thanks in advance. Address Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.

Any one, man, woman, or child, can go through a little town in which they are acquainted and get ten cents for a six week subscription to FREEDOM from three out of every four people they meet. Try it and see. If there is opposition to Mental Science ideas among your neighbors six weeks reading of FREEDOM will remove much of it.

"BY ANY OTHER NAME."

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Recently a friend who is deeply interested in this, persuaded me to read the "general membership," book of a certain famous "Health Club." I did so, and the few subjoined extracts will show you why I also became interested in the book. As I told my friend, however, what is called "glame" in its pages I know as vitality, or life.

Here is one of the methods given for drawing glame from the air. "Take a gentle breath very calmly. When the lungs are easily full, but not crowded, close the hand so lightly that the most delicate pressure is felt. Think of the happiest prospect possible in your heart. A flutter of ecstasy will follow so plainly that its presence will teem with vitality. Force, haste, impatience, ill-humor, disbelief will destroy all chances of drawing glame. Then we are directed to 'repeat the foregoing exercise by the will alone, without any action of the hand.'

"We have that within us which lives. This piece of life is only a part of the great pulsing power of the universe—of the sun, if we wish to speak the truth, although that sun is the embodiment of a still higher power. If the life within us should die it would find some new matter to attache itself to, and thus prove its dying was merely a change. It is for ourselves to decide how long that life shall stay with us, for as soon as the body wears out we cannot expect to retain it."

"If we could know just what the death of the body means we would be able to meet it, and by marshalling our forces win instead of lose the battle. It is true that during the period of growth the life principle may be suddenly arrested by disease and death ensue; but death from any cause except the wearing out of the body is unnatural."

"I assert that, with the presence of glame in the human system, death is unnecessary. Of the truth of this claim the best proofs are the prolongation of human life and the presence of health. It is right that people should doubt it until the proof is seen in them. Yet we are on the threshold of a new system of living. I am willing to wait the result."

The latter paragraph is quoted from the introduction, and indicates the trend of things accurately.

A pamphlet advertising cosmetics was left at our door recently. Picking it up I opened it carelessly before consigning it to the fire, and imagine my surprise to find the following, and more, among the condensed system rules."

"'Avoid Worriment.' Cultivate the sweetness of the soul. Reflect the beauty of thought on the countenance. Shun gossip bearers. Cultivate faith. Discard corsets forever. Wear comfortable, sensible garments," etc., etc., followed by suggestions for using a certain skin-fool! Yes the world does move.

I was interested in the article on "black magic" in the last or a recent FREEDOM. It recalled a little incident which occurred before I became a student of Mental Science, although trying, as always, to solve the mystery which seemed inscrutable. A friend had a wart on her finger which troubled her much. More in fun than anything else I told her I would cure it, and touched it with my finger, saying over some "gibberish," if I remember. I thought no more of it, but next morning when my friend was carefully washing her hands to avoid hurting the wart—she found to her great surprise it wasn't in evidence. A little later I met her at

a small gathering, and she laughingly remarked, "I suppose you'll say you cured it, but," "Look out," I said, "or you'll have something worse than a wart on your hand." I said it positively, she begged me not to inflict punishment, etc., all in the way of badinage, and I, at least, forgot the whole thing in ten minutes. That night, however, my friend's finger began to pain her, and she soon developed a most painful boil or felon, which kept her awake for two weeks. Truly, as Carlyle says, "Within thyself are the help and the impediment." In my laughing words, I appealed to the subconscious power which followed my unintentional (in the second instance) leading merely because my friend was not sufficiently positive to gain say the suggestion.

No one who has developed a knowledge of his own power need fear black magic or any extraneous "evil."

I came across a bit from Emerson the other day which did me good. It is said that "the essays of Emerson are the bible of the Bostonian," and truly one might have a worse one. "I believe that the laws of nature which are the angels of the Most High, and obey His mandates, are rolling on the time when the 'child shall die a hundred years old,' (Isaiah, lxx: 20,) when sickness shall fade from the world and with it the sins of the soul. My hope for the human race is bright as the morning star, for a glory is coming to man such as the most inspired tongues of prophets and of poets have never been able to describe. The gate of human opportunity is turning on its hinges, and the light is breaking through its chink; possibilities are opening, and human nature is pushing forward toward them."

ADA C. H. STODDARD,
Boston, Mass.

THE LAW.

A recent subscriber to FREEDOM asks a number of questions among others, one referring to our repeated reference to "the law."

"How can there be a law without a law giver? And if a law giver why not give him the credit?" etc., etc.

I reply as I have frequently done before, that nothing exists outside of the law by which it came into existence. By law in the sense in which it is commonly used in our writings we mean the cause, or source whence come all things. A law giver, a personality could not possibly exist, even if self created, in advance of the law by which he created himself. The law is first, all things else exist because the law first existed. Again "personality" results from separateness, and this again implies limitation. Personality also implies form and form also implies limitations. A personal God as law giver or first cause is therefore an impossibility. First cause is a law, an impersonal energy everywhere present, ever existent, omniscient.

For answer to the other questions asked, my correspondent will please watch the Bible readings from week to week.
C. C. P.

In buying railroad tickets at any point in the North or West for any point on the East Coast of Florida, be sure that you get it over the East Coast Railroad via St. Augustine. There are two lines of road, running parallel and only a few miles apart, for a hundred miles, when one branches off at Palatka and crosses to interior towns. If your ticket compels you to come by this road you must make a change and are liable to a detention of hours. Be certain therefore to come via St. Augustine.

Five persons in Madison County, Ind., furnished a grand aggregate of 527 years. They are: Mrs. Elizabeth Carrolton, 111 years old; Alexander Ferguson, 107; Monroe Hedges, 105; Thomas Wells, 104; Mrs. Julia Hamilton, 100.

SPECIAL OFFER.

One dollar and fifty cents will get FREEDOM for one year and both volumes of the "Express Condensed," now called, "O World! Such as I Have Give I Unto Thee." Those friends who have already paid \$1.00 for FREEDOM can have the books also by sending 50 cents more. Now, these two volumes contain over three hundred pages of the most glorious ideas ever put in print. They are lifting, ennobling, inspiring and grandly instructive. No books have ever made more friends for the New Great Truth than they have. They have always sold for 50 cents each, but are now reduced one-half if taken with a year's subscription to FREEDOM. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

"A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM."

"A Search For Freedom," the volume of Mrs. Wilmans' personal experiences, is now ready for delivery. It contains Mrs. Wilmans' latest picture taken in May, 1898. The book contains 367 pages, and the price is \$1.50 unless taken in connection with some of our other publications. With FREEDOM \$2.00. With "A Blossom of the Century" \$2.00. With "The Home Course in Mental Science" \$6.00. With any of our publications amounting to \$1.00 it will also be put down to \$1.00.

This is a delightful book; it is wisdom made easy of acquirement; not the least admirable of its features is the sense of humor that runs all through it; it makes you laugh while it instructs; and it instructs without any effort to do so. It is a transcript of human nature from first to last; and as such it is graphic, grotesque, tender, earnest, and diffuses from every page the unmistakable atmosphere of freedom. No one can get more for \$1.50 than by buying this book. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

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JUST OUT.

In response to a demand I have gotten out an edition of a pamphlet Mrs. Wilmans wrote some years ago. It is called "A Healing Formula." Some of our friends assert that it is the most helpful thing she ever wrote. The price is 15 cents.

Also a pamphlet by Mrs. Ada Wilmans Powers, called "The Universal Undertone." It is one of the most beautiful things ever written. Price 15 cents. The two 25 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

FAITH AND HOPE MESSENGER.

A monthly magazine devoted to Philosophy and Philanthropy, edited by W. J. Colville. Published at 242 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., by Faith and Hope Association, Mrs. M. C. Kirby, President. Subscription, 50 cents per year. Advertising at liberal rates. Send 5 cents for two sample copies, and for subscription to Wolfcat, 497 Franklin av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. The potency of right thinking has never been measured. *There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, and so positive to the lower conditions wherein disease and misfortune and inharmony lurk, that there is nothing too great to expect from a contact with it.* This is true to such an extent that the very elite of the world's thinkers are putting their strongest faith in it, and advocating its efficacy above all other systems of healing. I give a list of a few out of the thousands cured by the mental method:

Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control; my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better than for years." He had consumption.

M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. L., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

H. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have undergone a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my will power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

J. K., 19th St., West Chicago, Ill.: "There is nothing to compare with this mental treatment in its ability to heal; it draws on the fountain of vital power within the patient and supplies every part of the body with new vigor."

Mrs. M. K., Hays, Kan., writes: "My life was worthless. I was so wretched all over, both mentally and physically, I wanted to die. But now what a change! I will not take up your time in description. I will say this, however: Five years ago I was an old woman. To-day I am young, not only in feeling but also in looks, and my health is splendid. For all this I am indebted to you and Mental Science."

D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering. MRS. HELEN WILMANS, Sea Breeze, Florida.

FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY.

Time Table No. 16—In Effect July 18, 1898.

South, Daily. No 35—Lv. Jacksonville 9.20 a m, St Augustine 10.35 a m, Hastings 11.10 a m, Palatka 10.45 a m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p m, Lv. San Mateo 7.20 a m, East Palatka 11.30 a m, Ormond 1.00 p m, Daytona 1.11 p m, Port Orange 1.22 p m, New Smyrna 1.55 p m, Oak Hill 2.24 p m, Titusville 3.02 p m, Cocoa 3.43 p m, Rockledge 3.47 p m, Eau Gallie 4.18 p m, Melbourne 4.28 p m, Sebastian 5.12 p m, Ft Pierce 6.20 p m, Eden 6.49 p m, Jensen 6.54 p m, Stuart 7.05 p m, West Jupiter 7.52 p m, West Palm Beach 8.30 p m, Linton 9.00 p m, Ft Lauderdale 9.44 p m, Ar. Miami 10.30 p m.

South. No 39 daily, except Sunday—Lv. Jacksonville 8.20 p m, St Augustine 4.35 p m, Hastings 5.13 p m, Palatka 5.05 p m, Ar. San Mateo 6.55 p m, Lv. San Mateo 3.20 p m, East Palatka 5.30 p m, Ormond 6.59 p m, Daytona 7.11 p m, Port Orange 7.22 p m, Ar. New Smyrna 7.45 p m.

North. No. 78, daily—Lv. Miami 5.30 a m, Ft Lauderdale 6.14 a m, Linton 6.58 a m, West Palm Beach 7.30 a m, West Jupiter 8.07 a m, Stuart 8.55 a m, Jensen 9.06 a m, Eden 9.11 a m, Ft Pierce 9.50 a m, Sebastian 10.50 a m, Melbourne 11.35 a m, Eau Gallie 11.45 a m, Rockledge 12.18 p m, Cocoa 12.22 p m, Titusville 1.04 p m, Oak Hill 1.44 p m, New Smyrna 2.20 p m, Port Orange 2.41 p m, Daytona 2.52 p m, Ormond 3.03 p m, Ar. San Mateo 6.35 p m, Lv. San Mateo 3.20 p m, Palatka 4.10 p m, East Palatka 4.38 p m, Hastings 4.53 p m, St Augustine 5.35 p m, Ar. Jacksonville 6.45 p m.

North. No. 32 daily, except Sunday—Lv. New Smyrna 6.30 a m, Port Orange 6.52 a m, Daytona 7.02 a m, Ormond 7.14 a m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p m, Lv. San Mateo 7.20 a m, Palatka 8.20 a m, East Palatka 8.48 a m, Hastings 9.05 a m, St Augustine 9.45 a m, Ar. Jacksonville 10.55 a m.

NEW SMYRNA BRANCH—Trains Daily, except Sunday.

10 10 a	2 25 p	Lv. New Smyrna.	Ar.	1 25 p	5 35 p
12 10 p	3 25 p	Ar. Orange City Jc.	Lv.	12 25 p	3 35 p

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DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA,

—AND—

Congressman Swanson.

These two works, written by Mr. Post some years ago, have had a wide sale, the former one being now in its 55th thousand. They are classed as fiction, yet are founded upon facts, and are valuable as imparting information regarding many public and semi-public questions, while at the same time being intensely interesting. As we were not the publishers we have not before placed them upon our regular list of books kept for sale, but have now decided to do so. They are each books of upwards of 350 pages, and will be sent post-paid at \$1.00 for the two or 50 cents for either one. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.

Descriptive of Our Publications.

A BLOSSOM OF THE CENTURY.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

"This book has been inordinately praised. It has been called the greatest book of the age in its power to bring out the latent faculties of man and render him the all-conquering creature he has the right to be. I quote as follows:

"The idea that the race has reached its ultimate development is the most absurd of all its ideas. It may be that the human form has become a crude expression of the shape best adapted to the highest use, and in that case there will be no higher race of animal creatures than man. But if this is so, and I believe it is, then the improvement to be made in him by a constantly growing belief in his own unlimited power will show forth not in any marked change of bodily structure, but in an ever-strengthening, refining, and beautifying process of his present structure."

"A man can be just what he believes he can be, after he understands the Law of Growth or Being."

"Therefore, personal power is simply a matter of knowledge, simply a course of mental training in the right direction; the direction leading towards freedom from his old hampering beliefs in his limitations, and a consequent emancipation from every form of fear."

"The whole tendency of evolution is from inertia to activity, from deadness to life, from obedience to the no-law of inert or unawakened substance to the intelligent attraction which is the law of living or conscious substance."

"Man becomes more free from the no-law of dead matter with every acquisition of intelligence he makes. And he is now approaching a plane of knowledge where he will realize that by the Law of Attraction he can break his allegiance to the earth and float in the air. And this will simply be the beginning of his exploits in this direction."

"The intellect is the shaping power of the body. Every higher thought a man has records itself in some added power in the body; and if this could go on day by day, the body would become more and more a revised edition of a revised mode of thinking."

"The idea that the race has achieved even a minimum of the power that is in store for it is absurd. The idea that the race must continue to wear its fetters because they are 'God-imposed' is still more absurd. Man has no fetters but those of his own ignorance, and nothing but more intelligence will liberate him. You may take from him every visible environment, you may heap him with wealth, you may place him in high position, but unless he has come into the saving knowledge which an intellectual perception of his own boundless resources yields him he is not free. Ignorance still holds him and will pull him down to feebleness, old age, and the grave."

"And what but these—feebleness, old age, and the grave—are our real fetters? What have we gained though we conquer everything else and these remain? Even if the spirit survives the body, who can prove that it has not sustained an almost irreparable loss in the body's decay? Is it reasonable to suppose that true, healthy growth can proceed through the tortuous weakness of old age, decrepitude, and death? No; but instead it is in the conquest of these negations or denials of life that life itself in greater strength and potency is to be found."

"A Blossom of the Century." Handsomely bound in cloth, \$1.00. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

O WORLD! SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I UNTO THEE.

Formerly called "Wilmans' Express Condensed."

BY HELEN WILMANS AND ADA WILMANS POWERS.

We have two volumes with the above heading. They are made up from editorials printed in the first paper published on this line of thought. They have had a very large sale, and still sell more rapidly than anything we have. These books can speak for themselves in the following selections:

"We worship souls in proportion to their ability to stand alone, even though we lean upon each other in abject helplessness while doing it."

"Each man is not only an embryonic world, but an embryonic universe, co-related in his faculties to all there is in the infinite. He is a creature of perpetual unfoldment. It is in his mental organization to expand forever. But his expansion waits on his recognition of his own nature and power, and he does not recognize them. Lost in the struggle for small accumulations, with eyes bound, he makes his own limitations and becomes the football of fate and circumstance, praying for deliverance to some far away, imaginary God, when all the time the power that would deliver him lies within himself, unrecognized and undreamed of."

"Man is an outlet for the universal force. He is God's necessity for expression."

"We are world builders, but we must build the builders before we build the world. When once we have learned—through the mastery of mind—how to govern, we shall find ourselves the delegated power of creation; we shall be creators."

"Love is no weak, dependent thing. It is strength's overplus; and strength is not generated by self-denial and self-abasement, but only by affirmation of the glory of self."

"How can I respect any man's opinion unless his opinion is his own? If he is simply an atom in the great integral pot of mush called humanity, and thinks and believes and feels and acts with it, of what use is his opinion to me? Do I not already know it, and know that it is nothing? Have I not already measured its ignorance, its stupidity, its cowardice, from my own personal contact with it?"

"All power is in individualization. The greatest word in the language is the word 'I.' The word 'I' is the sign manual of the conqueror. Put the 'I' in the lead and every force in life follows. I vindicate myself against all the man-crushing, humiliating creeds ever formulated by the simple pronunciation of the word 'I.' You who are looking for God, turn your eyes inward and find Him in the 'I.' And when He is found what will be the result? A revolution like of which the world has never seen. We shall arise like giants who had been bound in sleep by some fairy spell for thousands of years, to find ourselves no longer dumb slaves to time and circumstance, but masters of time and makers of circumstance."

"No law makes sickness and death compulsory; man is neither doomed nor damned except by his own ignorance."

"Trust thyself. No gentle string is touched upon life's cords when these words are spoken."

"I am here. I cannot shirk my own responsibility. Nay, there is a word just fitted to the place and worth a thousand 'cannots,' I will not do it. Though the life I feel stirring within me may be the feeblest bantling of a life ever born out of the deep abyss whence all life issues, yet it is mine; my one life is looking abroad upon the illimitable panorama of universal life; pushed and jostled by a thousand stronger lives, yet—such as it is—it calls for a response which I speak in those old, old words, 'Lord, here am I.'

"By these words am I pledged to stand fast by myself: to trust myself. I will give loose rein to my imagination and thereby magnify myself. I will hold myself up in my own thought as a creature of supreme worth, of unfailing integrity, of constantly unfolding gifts of the rarest merit, of benevolence, charity, health, strength, and beauty. All the gifts of a human being develop under the life-inspiring influence of self-trust, and it is in this way I will train myself in this the most needful of all possessions."

These two volumes contain 360 pages. They are gems of literature. "O World! Such as I Have Give I Unto Thee." Paper bound, 50 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

THE BEGINNING OF DAY—A DREAM OF PARADISE.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This booklet is descriptive of the attempts now being made by "The Idealists of Sea Breeze" to actualize higher and happier conditions than the race has yet achieved. I quote from it as follows:

"I am doing what lies in my power to bring thoughtful people here in order that we may solve the purpose of our being, in the development of many high and advanced truths upon the understanding of which the growth and prosperity of the race depend. The object of such a movement is nothing less than divine. That the race will derive fresh impulse for good from it I firmly believe."

"But what is the character of such a movement?"

"This question is hard to answer because the answer involves a knowledge of unknown things. I can state positively that its aims are the highest ever yet projected upward. Where it will lead I can no more tell than the seed of a flower can tell what the flower will be. The only condition agreed upon by those who come will be one that liberates each brain to the greatest freedom of thought. There will be no creed and no effort to press thought into ready-made grooves. It is for the purpose of liberating thought, leaving it free to search untrodden domains of mind that we come. We come as students to a school: the subject of our study is the latent powers of man. Knowledge of man alone is freedom and happiness and power."

"I believe that heaven is self-evolved, and regard its postponement to a future world as a grave mistake. I accept the old adage, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and so prefer to make the best of what we have here, rather than trust the unproven future—that 'better world.'"

"Though even if there are better worlds, thousands of them, the fact would furnish us no excuse for postponement of our individual development as the present citizens of a world nearly all of whose forces are unknown to us as yet."

"Intellectual power in the individual comes from the concentration of the mind upon an idea until the truth or falsity of the idea becomes apparent. Likewise the power of the race in the unfoldment of a race problem must come from a concentrated effort to discover a hitherto unfolded racial capacity; and this is the meaning of the movement I am inaugurating here."

Send for the pamphlet. It is cheap. It will interest you.

"The Beginning of Day." 92 pages, 25 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

METAPHYSICAL ESSAYS.

BY C. C. POST.

This book consists of twelve lectures on the following subjects: The First Cause; Life; Individual Life—The Universal Energy; Of Matter, Mind, and Spirit; Thought; The Will; Matter; Understanding; Faith—Desire; God and the Devil, or Good and Evil; Influence of Fear upon Individuals; Love—Selfishness; The Value of the New Faith.

"The title to this book, 'Metaphysical Essays,' sounds like dull reading," so writes a correspondent, "when in reality it is one of the clearest, most vivid, and life-giving volumes I ever got hold of. Its power to hold the reader grows from the first to the last chapter. Long before I had finished it I found myself turning over the leaves with a feeling that I must hoard them, as they were giving out too quick. The student who fails to purchase this book will make a great mistake. The chapter on Fear alone is worth ten times the price of the book."

"Metaphysical Essays." 130 pages. In paper covers, 30 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

THE HOME COURSE IN MENTAL SCIENCE.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

All the books heretofore enumerated in these columns are but trickling streams flowing from the philosophical and scientific statement of the Law of Being, which this Home Course of study surely is. We talk of Oriental Occultism and the individual power evolved from an understanding of it, but these lessons in Mental Science embrace all that has ever been known in these fields of thought, and much more. They show the slow unfolding of man's powers in the past, a showing that leads up to the present varied expression of these powers, and that points with unerring knowledge to the way these powers can be still further unfolded, until man can be master of all things; master of disease, old age, and death, and, what is better still, master of life—life eternal in this world here and now.

I will not mince the truth with regard to these lessons. They do literally overshadow every form of philosophy and every scientific explanation of the cosmos yet offered the reading public. They explain all; they make the great problem of "how we came here" as clear as spring water; they show who our creator is and by what means creation came and is still proceeding.

The knowledge of the life principle which is unfolded in these lessons is nothing less than the law of all organization, of all growth, to understand which puts a man in a position of unrivaled power with regard to his own body and his surroundings. With the understanding of this law there will be no more weakness of any kind; no more fear or anxiety or despondency; no more failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness.

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| 4. Denials. | 15. Personality and Individuality. |
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"A mental palace sends forth the spirit of a visible palace with results that correlate it."

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"First, satisfy yourself definitely as to what it is you want to learn, then determine to put yourself in relation with it, and thereby draw yourself to it and it to you.

"Second, if you can find in the ranks of your acquaintance one mind more fully developed than the rest, more fearless and original in its thought and action, you may profitably place yourself *en rapport* with such a mind and vibrate with it; as through the law of consociative action two are better than one, when the two agree as to the object of their search; and, further, it is but reasonable to decide that one who has already advanced in a given direction can help another to advance along the same road.

"Third, keep your own counsel regarding your determination. Do not invite all sorts of prying, curious thoughts to invade the sanctuary or laboratory where you are working; but if you come across two, three, or indeed any number of congenial spirits who are seeking for what you are seeking, admit them to your fellowship, and, whether you can or cannot meet together bodily at stated intervals, agree to unite psychically, regardless of where your flesh may be.

Fourth, take note of all your successes, but make no note of non-success, miscalled failure; for in reality there are no failures. You either have or have not yet succeeded. If you press steadily forward, regardless of seeming lack of results, you will surely awake some day to the glad consciousness of genuine triumph. 'Heaven is not reached by a single bound.'

"Fifth, steadfastly refuse to accept anything as true because someone says it is so. The gnostic and the believer are always two. No believer is a gnostic, and no gnostic is a believer; for the gnostic attitude concerns what we have inwardly discerned or outwardly perceived, as truth has been confirmed to us by our own experience. What lies as yet outside the range of our experience is unknown, but not unknowable to us.

"The true mystic is the calmest, strongest, sweetest, most patient, hopeful, and industrious type of man or woman conceivable, living in a haven of rest, where the tempestuous billows of conflicting authorities and opinions disturb him not. Insulated though not isolated, he is surrounding himself ever more and more completely with an envelope which is a protecting cloak of genial atmosphere, shutting him securely in from all the storms about him.

"Though the true mystic becomes such through silent, patient interior development, no sooner does he receive a truth and see through a proposition than he leaves for a while his mental hermitage to give out this blessing to mankind in whatever way seems to him most appropriate. The sure results of such a life must show themselves in ever-increasing wisdom, strength, and beauty. Thus the true mystic is a wellspring of peace and health, a benediction to all humanity."

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