

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.

VOL. VI., No. 43.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, APRIL 12, 1899.

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It is early morning. The atmosphere is calm and undisturbed. A broad river in front stretches its silvery surface to the north and south as far as the eye can reach. It is the beautiful Halifax. From the east, a half mile or more across an undulating peninsula, there comes a mellow splashing sound, momentarily swelling into the mighty roar of a Niagara, then breaking again into the clashing, creaking, despairing echoes of the avalanche, or dropping into a sad moan, only to swell again and repeat itself. It is the voice of the ocean, or the voice of God, as the listener may choose to hear it. Over the smooth, mirrored surface of the river there hangs a dreamy, gray mist through which may be seen on the opposite side a beautiful village—Daytona. There are stately palms, fragrant magnolias, majestic pine trees and grand old oaks, festooned and draped in sombre gray moss, lining its wide avenues and white shelled streets. From out the spicy boughs of the sweet bay trees there float the songs of the mocking bird. All nature is in a mellow mood, and even the "caw" of the crow as he lazily wings his way lends a softer and sweeter cadence than is his usual wont. Out in the pale mist of the river a zephyr is born, which, springing into active life, assumes the force of a gentle breeze, communicates its vitality to the waters, and the mist lifts and passes away. Little wavelets, springing into life, dance and prattle in the sunlight and the bright waters laugh aloud, while the sportive fish momentarily leap into the air and disappear again. All nature seems to rejoice as if in song and praise, but the mighty voice of the ocean floats in forever to lull the senses and lure the imagination.

And this is Sea Breeze, on the great Atlantic—better known, perhaps, as "City Beautiful." It is situated in Volusia County, Florida, a little over one-hundred miles south of Jacksonville. The river and the ocean beach run parallel, and broad, white shelled, palm lined avenues reach from the one to the other. It is one of those beautiful spots of earth where nature and the work of man have combined to do their best.

"City Beautiful" was founded some four years since by Colonel C. C. Post and his talented wife, who are recognized leaders in the advanced thought known as Mental Science. A vague idea may be gained of this new thought from the following brief statement given by Colonel Post himself.

"We do not conceive of the creative power as possessed of form and a personality, but as an all-pervading energy." Prof. Herron, of Iowa College, gave expression to the same idea in a sermon recently delivered in McVickers' Theatre, Chicago, when he said 'God is Eternal becoming, not Eternal being.' By the term

'energy' I mean the universal principle of life, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent—this it is which is the source whence all things come, out of which all things form. This active principle of life is good, wholly and essentially good, and since it is omnipresent there can be no principle of evil anywhere existent. What men call evil is good not yet rounded out. African slavery, for example, which was once righteously characterized as the 'sum of all villainies' was not only the natural fruit of the ignorance of men, but through the enslaving of the more ignorant, as through wars, both the slave and his master learned that which has advanced both in the scale of intelligence. Slavery, therefore, was good, in the sense of pointing the way to a truer freedom, a broader humanity. It is the same with all things men call evils. They are the trees of man's own planting in his mis-directed efforts at the attainment of happiness, and they bear bitter fruit, but better so than that effort bore no fruit—therefore good, and not evil.

The universal energy, being impersonal, has but one desire, one impulse—the desire, the impulse for expression. All things are the result of this impulse or desire of the life principle, this all-pervading energy. Man is the highest form, the most perfect representative of the principle of life—of vital energy. In him it has reached a state of consciousness of itself, of its existence. Energy, or the life principle, through all the lower forms has acted unconsciously. As the acorn sprouts and the tree unfolds its leaves, it has the unconscious desire of giving expression or form to itself. It acts unconsciously. So through all the lower orders until through countless changes, through life and death and the experience which these bring to the individual, man has been developed—man, a product of the life principle, an expression of the universal energy, capable of understanding that energy, hence of directing it, man in authority over all lower forms of expression of the life principle. He is now to come into command of the life principle itself, as he is by the understanding of the laws governing Electricity now able to command the lightning instead of being destroyed by it. Himself an expression of the life principle, he commands—because he and not it is capable of conscious recognition.

He must come to know and obey the law before he can command, for change or death is the penalty of any attempt at ignoring the Law. But obeying, he may command—because conscious of his relations to and rightful authority over the unconscious formative principle of life, or energy.

Is the life principle, or energy, intelligent? We may answer, intelligence, not intelligent. You may call it intelligence instead of energy if you like. It is impossi-

ble to find any word that alone fully defines omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence. The principle of life is all these, and more. It is all and in all, and outside of it nothing can be. But intelligence, like love, becomes an active principle only through the individual. There is nothing that corresponds to our loves or hatreds or fears in nature, below the animals, but consciousness of life must precede fear of death—consciousness of individual desire must precede love or hatred or fear. Life only finds expression through organized form, and the higher the organization the more it expresses of life. Warmth in the unorganized becomes love in the organized. Unorganized intelligence striving simply for expression and producing eternal change, becomes thought in its highest organization, and has attained to the power of conscious creation. It is now purposeful. Its desire for recognition of itself is attained. The desire for happiness remains to be attained. This will come through man to man, when all men shall have come fully into knowledge of their relations to the principle of life; the omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent energy of which they are expressions and parts. Knowing their relation they will come into harmony with the source of their being and therefore know neither pain nor sickness, neither old age or death, but only such conscious change as shall add to their power of enjoyment through the law of eternal growth."

The theory in all its details is very pretty and comforting, and if correct, very important. That it is gaining a very strong hold on the public mind needs no proof other than the increasing space that is being given the subject from time to time by leading magazines and periodicals. Colonel Post and his wife—who is better known as Helen Wilmans—because of her writings over that name—are living proofs of the fact that they have come into the law both of health and opulence. When they left Chicago twelve years since he was a physical wreck. Now he is in perfect health. They were poor at that time. Now they have a large daily income and have spent one hundred thousand or more beautifying and improving this place.

The East Coast of Florida affords ample proofs, prehistoric and modern, that it has for ages been regarded as a favorite spot for human endeavor. Vast ridges and mounds of shells mark the habitations of pre-historic races. History informs us that as nearly as 1497 both Sebastian Cabbot and Americus Vesputius coasted along these shores. St. Augustine was founded in March 1513 by Juan Ponce de Leon, and is the oldest city in the United States. From that date there was more or less fighting and contention for supremacy by parties of colonists and free-booters representing England, France and Spain, until 1766 when by treaty between England and Spain Cuba was exchanged for Florida. There have been many interesting episodes of history connected with this state and section, all pointing to the fact that its advantages have long been appreciated by those who had a chance of knowing them. During the Revolutionary war it became a strong hold of the Tory element from states farther North when the situation became too hot for them there. In the year 1803 Dr. Andrew Turnbull procured a grant of 60,000 acres of land lying along the Halifax river, extending as far as New Smyrna, fifteen miles South of this place. Proceeding to the Mediterranean Sea, by false promises,

secured the embarkation of about fifteen hundred men, women and children, mostly from the island of Minorca. The expedition entered the Halifax river at Musquito Inlet, twelve miles South. They dug great drainage canals which are yet serving the purpose for which they were intended. Clearing the land, great sugar mills were built, the ruins of which are still well preserved. They planted indigo also, and for a time the colony seemed to prosper. But a few years later the colonists, instead of coming into possession of the lands that had been promised them, came finally to realize that they were being held in slavery by Turnbull and his brutal associates. Realizing this they secretly armed themselves with wooden spears, and rising suddenly in the night, made their escape to St. Augustine where, appealing to the acting Governor, they were restored to freedom. Tradition has it that Turnbull was subsequently assassinated by some of the men he had held in slavery. Some of the descendants of the Minorcans who participated in the flight for freedom still reside in Daytona.

This section was the scene of many tragedies connected with the Seminole war in 1835 and was a strong hold for blockade runners during the Civil war. It has also been the rendezvous of filibustering expeditions to Cuba during her late struggle for liberty, and many thrilling adventures have started or culminated near this spot. On the 30th of December, one year ago, the steamer *Commodore* sank off the coast opposite this point, and ten lives were lost. The writer happened to be here on New Year's morning following, when Capt. Murphy, commanding the vessel, Stephen Crane, the novelist, C. B. Montgomery, reporter of the *New York Journal* and a young sailor named Wm. Higgins, came ashore in a small boat scarcely more than ten feet in length, after being many hours on the rolling swells of the ocean, without food or water. In coming ashore through the breakers young Higgins was drowned, when he had almost escaped the dangers he had so gallantly courted. He now sleeps in the yellow sands of the Peninsula near by, his grave unmarked except by a plain board, yet none the less a gallant hero. I looked into his pale, calm face as his body lay on the white sandy beach a few minutes after its rescue, and read there the mirrored sign of a brave, generous, noble heart. He will probably never have an epitaph other than that written here: "He gave his life in the cause of freedom."—R. T. Butler in *Warsaw Independent*.

NOW TRULY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

While nearly every reader of *FREEDOM* already owns the "Home Course in Mental Science" there are a few who do not. We are determined that the truths they contain shall be spread, and our faith in the need of these lessons coupled with our faith in the honesty of the people leads us to remove what has been to some a financial barrier, and enable all to own them. We have decided to send the complete set at once to those who already take *FREEDOM*, upon receipt of only \$1.00, balance to be paid at the rate of \$2.00 per month for two months. This easy payment offer is made exclusively to subscribers to *FREEDOM*. We are confident that many not now taking the paper will wish to take advantage of this offer. They can avail themselves of it by sending \$2.00, \$1.00 of which will be to cover one year's subscription to *FREEDOM*, and \$1.00 as first payment on the lessons. Present subscribers to *FREEDOM*, who are interested in the spread of Mental Science, will oblige us greatly by calling this liberal offer to the attention of their friends.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

TO M. M. P. C.

You say you have for so long a time considered the body a clog and a hindrance. That's just it!

We have been on the wrong track all this time. We were the slaves of the body. We considered it a clog and of course it became a clog. How could it do otherwise? If we lived in the thought of being chained down by it, our thoughts of course materialized in that form, that is, they took on that kind of a body. Our ancestors, from our parents, away back to the beginning, had had that same thought, so of course it has become well crystallized by this time.

But some one or other started on the right track by having a dream that the body could be mastered by the mind.

Reason set to work, trying on the one hand, conservatively, to prove that it could not be done, and on the other hand trying "like a crank" to prove that it *could* be done, even though common sense insisted that it could not. Why of course, it could not until then. Nothing can change until after somebody has been bold enough to imagine a change, or dream of one.

What is the use of dreams, what is the use of imagination unless to show us new and better ways?

Of course to go on in the old way of doing is much easier than to try a new way. Inanimate things cannot go at all except in the old way. Many people cannot go at all in new ways; they must do their own way or not do at all. To be able, then, to go on only in the old way, relates us to the life below us, and thus to lifeless things. While to be able to do other people's ways and any kind of a way, and still have faith that we shall accomplish our end—this relates us to a higher life.

But hard as it is to do new ways and do in other people's ways, it is harder yet to *think* in new ways—to think other people's ways. Yet those who can do so must be most closely related to the higher life.

Just as in the case of the physical mind, the mere fact that one has, at some time in the past, once associated the letter x with the letter y, causes a bias toward always associating x with y, just in the same way the fact that one has at some time had a certain thought about a certain abstract matter, causes a bias toward his always thinking about it the same way. Those who can be unbiased and thus free to think out the new, must necessarily be the highest up. The following stock phrases prove that such people are popularly esteemed very highly:

"A fair-minded person."

"Put yourself in his place."

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

"A change of mind is a sign of mental progression."

"Consistency is the God of little minds."

This matter as a whole, hinges on the physical property of habit. One's habits may be either one's slaves or one's masters. To be a slave to habit relates one to inanimate nature; while to be able to relegate what things we choose, to habit, and yet be free and unbiased on other things and in other directions—this is ideal.

We all know how hard it is to form new physical habits, and we know that the period of youth is the time it is easiest. It might probably have been necessary in the past to be reincarnated in order to get

another chance at this "youth period." Scientists say that the period of youth is gradually being extended; that that extension relates us to higher, rather than lower things, is proven by the shortness of the period of infancy in lower orders of life. If, then, the "youth period" is proportionately longer than formerly in mankind, that means that extension of youth relates us to the higher life.

If, then, by deliberately thinking it out and finding a way, we can be always youthful in these matters of mental habit, i. e., thinking without bias, while we retain maturity of judgment; would not that be ideal and delightful?

We could then change these beliefs that we have held for so long. For instance we could believe that the body is not a clog and a hindrance. Would it not be more desirable to be a free agent, and work out at will all sorts of invisible things into visible form, in the body, than to be disembodied, and then have to evolve as a spirit? It seems to me that to speak the word and then watch things appear from the invisible—to create—must be a round in the ladder that leads to the highest ideal. Therefore I cannot see how one could be satisfied to remain a spirit, until after he had fulfilled the possibility of his creative power on the physical plane. You long to be free from the demands of the body for food and clothing, and to you such freedom seems to come through returning into the invisible form, while to me such freedom seems to come through the opposite course. Those demands of the body are the cue which the Infinite keeps giving to us, but up to now we have not known what that cue meant. At last we begin to see. In themselves these demands are simply the signs or symptoms of the lack of some visible thing or other. When we lack butter, what do we do? Do we grab our neighbor's dish from his table? No. Do we settle down and go without, thinking that there is not enough for all? No. We believe there is enough for us and we believe we can have it, by going about it in the proper way.

It is the same with "lacks" whether of one kind or another. When one believes:

First—In the invisible source of all visible things.

Second—In the opulence of that source.

Third—In the greatness, ability and intrinsic strength of his own individuality.

Then, that one must, of necessity, believe that there is enough for him, and that he can have it by going about it properly.

But he must state his problems correctly to himself, and not put the cart before the horse. He must realize that the thing which he is about to do is not merely to get clothes and food, although it may eventuate in that; but he is about to create; that is, he is about to *cause* some of that opulence which is as yet invisible, to become visible.

We may liken the opulence to molten iron, of which we ask for a certain amount and mould it into pots and kettles, because those best suit the every day needs of our line of activities. But the next person may mould his into steel rails, because they best suit the every day "lacks" of his line of life. Another may mould his into stoves or hammers.

The source seems to be iron ore in rocks, but that is simply the proximate source. The remote source is the

Fe in the invisible form, before it has been deposited in the ore; and in the invisible world there is opulence of it, for as fast as some of it is being made up and used, some more of it is decaying and going back to its original elements.

Not long ago I came across a piece of an old stove away off under the trees and vines. It was so rusted that it was literally ready to fall to pieces.

That which is true of the lack and supply of iron, is also true of the other elements from which all our physical supplies are made. Therefore, there is opulence in the invisible-all-surrounding Good, and it is awaiting the demand of those of us who are positive enough in our desires.

This positiveness is based on the belief in the existence of opulence; it is the key that unlocks the door to the cupboard. But sometimes even after we have the key in our hands, we have to go through several rooms before we get to where the cupboard is. In just the same way we have sometimes to wait a bit and learn some other lesson first, before we are ready for what we are asking, otherwise we might not be able to make use of it. We might be like a child asking for pen and ink because it sees its mother using them.

If its desire is strong enough it may get to use them much sooner than other children, yet it must wait and learn the alphabet and many other things first, before it can be trusted to make good use of the pen and ink. We have no thought of giving it pen and ink just to play with.

We have the key in our hands. If we have faith that it really is the key to the cupboard, we will go through those intervening rooms as though we were going to some place we know of, while if we dilly-dally through them in a half-hearted, doubting way, we may never get to the cupboard and the key is of no use to us; and as far as we are concerned, it is as though no opulence existed.

In which case the thing that does exist for us is, our belief in our limitations; and this belief will certainly eventuate in lack of such food and clothing as we think proper i. e., in poverty.

IDA GRIFFIN KOOKER,
Jacksonville, Fla.

OUR THOUGHTS.

"Thoughts are things." This is one of the fundamental statements of Mental Science. To be a true disciple of the new thought we must accept this statement as true. Then follow me, dear readers, and see if you have ever thought-along this line. For I know that every true hearted Mental Scientist (and there can be none other), feels and knows in the fibre of his being that the founders of Mental Science have done an invaluable service to the race, in studying out and laying before them, in a logical manner, all of the truth in that wonderful system. They have ever shown themselves to be both noble and unselfish; justice and love have been their watchwords in the march of progress.

Then, fellow students, do they not deserve our support? Undoubtedly yes. "And they have it," you will say. Yes, from the circulation of their books and papers and the general prevalence of the results of their efforts on every side of us. And yet—and this to us all as fellow workers and students—do we give them our undivided support when we say, "Their ideas are

fine and away ahead of anything I have ever heard, but when they talk of immortality in the flesh, they go too far, that is impossible?"

And yet I hear every day just this and similar remarks, and from people who have been imbibing Mrs. Wilman's ideas and growing happier as a direct result of her work for years. And many of these same people are writing for her paper, and others endorsing the same or similar principles.

Why is this? The only reason I can see for it is, they have not considered the influence of such a thought from so many minds. But I have heard it given voice to so often, that in justice to us all and the furtherance of the ideas, I feel that it is time to raise my voice in protest.

If we cannot believe all we hear from those ahead of us in the race, do not at least let us be so hasty in our condemnation of their ideas. Let us say that "we have not gone so far," if we will, or "we cannot see it that way;" but do not let us condemn and by so doing make the road the harder for them.

Then let us join our forces and voices in a protest against this mistake we have been making. Let us cast out this word "impossible." It does not belong in the vocabulary of our ranks. Let us resolve to know the truth and if "immortality in the flesh" is the truth, we will come to it in time through earnest thinking and reasoning.

ELSPIE M. CARMICHAEL.

A GOOD WORK.

During the past six months some fine lectures have been given under the auspices of the First Mental Science Temple of San Francisco. Professor Knox of Seattle has been the speaker for some time past, and on May 12th his class in Mental Science gave their graduating exercises in Golden Gate Hall before a large audience. While the address of each graduate was excellent, instructive and suggestive, those which appealed to the writer most were on "Life," "Love," "Accumulation," "Progress," "Healing," "Truth," and "Self-Culture," the last two being given by Miss Laura Cullen and Miss Ella Mansfield, both ladies illustrating the truth of their words by their charming and vital personalities.

The following comments of members of the audience in the crush going out, show the interest being awakened:

"Well, its a pleasaut way to spend a Sunday evening."

"I guess they are right, *mind* is back of everything," and the speakers—young men—began to illustrate this truth from their personal experiences. Evidently it was their first evening at a Mental Science meeting, but it would not be their last.

"I know Charles Lombard; he is one of the best men in San Francisco. A fine fellow."

"I go to the Congregational church, while its here I ought to be among the Mental Scientists."

If I might make a criticism it would be that Mental Science students should study the art of Expression, so that their manner of presenting their subjects would be as good as the matter.

F. E. HAWSON.

Are you talking up the forming of a Temple in your community?

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—After reading your paper I generally feel a desire to talk to you, but before I get ready to write, I have taken a look of the matter from your point of view, and so I spare you. You must be overwhelmed with letters from your friends and admirers.

About the attempt at persecution. It had to come, you know, and the sooner over the better. It is only a sign of how fast the new and better methods are crowding to the wall the old. Two years ago I knew of but two people to whom I could talk freely on Mental Science. There was not much literature to be had, and what little I got I kept secretly in my bedroom. I did not dare have it where a caller might chance to pick it up, and I feared my husband's sneers. To-day the mails daily bring me something on that line; the little journals that have sprung up are countless as you know, and even the city dailies give the topic notice frequently. My tables are always scattered full of new journals, my books and papers are borrowed, and most wonderful of all, my husband, who could not be got into a church with a steam engine, and who always has been so skeptical and so sneering about anything new, he is to-day in advance of me in this—what he reads and sees to be true, he puts into practice. Not spasmodically as I do, but systematically, faithfully.

And so, if starting small, the world as I have observed it, has grown so wonderfully in two or three years, what will the next two years bring forth when the strength of the added thought is pushing the truth ahead?

The old problem of increase we used to have in the arithmetic, was nothing to it. To take courage—no, that is not what I want to say, for you are full of it. Rejoice rather, nothing could so advertise and help along Mental Science, so this same effort to corral and suppress it. It is funny, the guileless way these doctors are publishing to the world their ignorance.

The second topic I must discuss, is this idea of growing younger. What have you been teaching us all along, if not that? You say you proposed to Charlie that you treat yourself fifteen minutes a day for a year, and note results, and the way you write it sounds as if it were a new idea to you.

Surely it was from you I got the notion, and have been putting it into practice, in my desultory way—affirming youth one day, and forgetting about it for a month.

But with even such treatment my body seems responding; and it is told me so often how well I am looking, that I look younger, that I have ceased to think it only the pleasant flattery we all indulge in, but that I have really somehow improved.

I am not naturally steadfast. It is not laziness but the opposite. I do so many things and all of them are so interesting, that I can hardly ever see the time I feel as if I could sit perfectly still for fifteen minutes. Sometimes I think this excessive increasing activity is a diseased state of the nerves. But now I am going to commit myself on paper to go with you in this daily quest for youth, and then I shall find it easier to keep to a good resolution, than if the promise is to myself alone.

And one thing more—the magazine. I leave this to

the last because I am going to show selfishness, and I am somewhat ashamed of it.

I, for one, should be glad to keep the weekly. To wait a month for your voice would be really a form of starvation. All the other new thought journals, as far as I know, are monthly, yours alone is a weekly.

[No, *The Life of Kansas City, Mo.*, is a weekly.—Ed.]

I know it must be hard to keep at it week in, week out, as you do, but is it not showing signs of failing strength, if you put that forward as a reason?

[No I want some time to myself.—Ed.]

As for a monthly being preserved and a weekly not—you ought to see how carefully mine are all sewed together in books of eight numbers, with brown paper covers. And I loan them to two others who take different journals, so we can exchange.

I am sorry to hear you say you do not sleep much. I have all my life had insomnia for an enemy, and I know how it wears one out, body and soul.

[Ed.—This is because she does not understand it.]

It is now one of my surest signs I am improving, that I sleep better.

[Ed.—It is not a sign that she is getting stronger on the higher plane.]

Sleep I do not liken to death; I think it is rest.

[Ed.—Perfect rest is death.]

If we are to grow young we must sleep like a child.

[A child in its inception sleeps nearly all the time. Before its inception it was constantly asleep; *dead* asleep; as it develops it sleeps less.]

I know how in the wakeful hours of the night, the mind is abnormally clear and bright; but for all that it is not a natural state, and so I do not believe it is a healthful one.

[Ed.—It is not a healthful condition on the animal plane, but on the intellectual or conscious plane it is.]

Moreover isn't it a sign of old age, to sleep less and less?

[No. It indicates the *possibility* of awakening from dead conditions; it is a hint of what may be; a hint that so far in race history has never been understood.]

I throw out these ideas, for I am as much interested in your case almost, as my own. As the pilot in unknown waters you must not make a mistake.

M. F. BRADSHAW.

A MEDICAL TRUST.

Most forms of business are being organized into trusts. To kill off competition a few of the stronger ones in any particular avocation or trade, combine together and seek in some way to monopolize the whole business. The economic advantages of such organizations are too great and apparent to require any argument in their favor. But when this principle is applied to the practice of medicine, the case is altogether different. There are numerous schools of medicine and a multitude of opinions among the people as to the kind of treatment they desire in case they are sick.

To attempt to organize a medical trust by which only a few of the stronger ones are allowed to practice, while a large number of other systems of practice are ruled out, is a species of despotism hard to exaggerate. If the practice of medicine were a science and there are no differences of opinion as to what constitutes the

proper medicinal treatment of disease, then indeed would a medical trust be a great munificence. Doctors could be organized into an association through which great economy could be secured. A central office could receive all orders for physicians or surgeons or specialists, and quick response be made to any demand upon them. There would be no danger of the doctor being out, or sick. There would always be plenty of doctors to supply the demand. The specialists would all be grouped in one building, or located so that the work would be advantageously divided among them, and no one kept waiting and no specialist idle.

If the practice of medicine, or surgery even, were reduced to any certain basis of common agreement, this could be done and very wisely. But the trouble with the matter, is that the physicians do not agree as to the proper treatment of any case. Even the surgeons disagree as to the *method* of operation when they do agree as to the necessity of an operation. Each one of these practitioners of medicine and surgery has an individual following. To undertake to deprive these people of the physicians they prefer, is not only unjust but ridiculous, and sure to end in failure. It would be no more absurd for a few of the leading church denominations to get together and make all the other church denominations unlawful. To have a law passed forbidding this clergyman or that prelate, administering the sacrament or preaching a sermon, until he had been given special permit by a committee appointed by other denominations, would be in principle the same as the doctors are trying to do in the practice of medicine.

The right to have the doctor one wishes to have, is just as sacred a right as the right to have the priest one wishes to have. It would be no more outrageous to compel the people to have a clergyman that they did not wish to have, officiate at a funeral service, than it is to compel the people to have a doctor they do not wish, to attend the sick and dying.—*S. B. Hartman in Medical Talk.*

LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

[Florida Press Association Bulletin.]

Our early dreams of Elorida were as vague in their picturesqueness as the stories of the Arabian Nights; a curious, unknown land, with a rim of dirt enclosing a wonderful lake and water prairie, where strange animals lived, and queer birds of glorious plumage nested among the palms; where rivers lost themselves, and suddenly came to life in hugh bubbling springs, real fountains of health and youth. A country where a proud sillage held sway, whose only early thought was a kindly welcome to the white gods, the Great Father had brought to them across the big salt sea. Then the prodigality of nature herself, with the overwhelming variety of fruit and edible vegetable growth, that gave to man, for the stretching out of his hand, abundant food; bays, inlets and rivers, swarming with fish, and encrusted with the luscious oyster, that had whetted the appetite of the aborigines for centuries gone.

This thought drift of Florida was even recurring and ever more beautiful than before. A restless, active people could not always dream, and soon the force which built ships that "walked the waters," and the "iron horse" that snorted and forced itself everywhere, made the coming of people from the frozen North an easy possibility.

Note the map of Florida a hundred years ago, and the few places where the white man lived were fortified strongholds, where at a signal gun the Spanish people would fly for protection and defence against the embittered Seminole.

Then fifty years later, when Spain had ceded to our United States "Ponce de Leon's dream," and everywhere was shown a springing up of life centers of our own people.

The summing up on the eve of the twentieth century, of the growth of population and of the possibilities of the State, are so great that even Munchausen in his wildest statements would have hesitated to have given out the stories that are facts to-day.

The increase in population the past twenty-five years in this State has been fully four-fold, and the miles of railroad, which in 1875 showed only a total sum of 390, has increased to 2,000, and the amount projected on paper is fully a thousand more, which, before the close of 1902 will be a reality, not a possibility.

The work of the active-brained newspaper editor goes on with transportation, and the beneficial results to the State of Florida, through the work of the East Coast Railway, can hardly be estimated, for it has opened up the vast areas of agricultural land, and given markets where none existed a few years ago. These opportunities will make the fortune of any farmer and dealer in fruits and produce, who will lend himself to the work with intelligent industry. The State has become a haven of rest during the winter to the residents of the North and West, who flee from the cold, snow and bleak winds, to the health-giving atmosphere and gentle, warm breezes of the Peninsula. The terrible loss of money some years ago, through the killing of the orange groves by frost, was a hard but profitable lesson, for it has shown the farmer that the great future wealth of the State, north of the frost line, was to be in small fruits and garden truck, and not entirely in citrus fruits.

The next ten years cannot but show a phenomenal development all through the State, for it will give opportunities to holders of ten to fifty-acre plantations, to work them profitably with the surety of a ready market.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. W. Beckwith, of the East Coast Railway, and an invitation from the Florida Press Association, we had the good fortune to visit Miami, the most southern railroad terminus in the United States, and to be delightfully housed in the Royal Palm Hotel. To even give a faint idea of the beauties of this place, and its remarkable growth, would be to pull on my adjective box at such a rate as to make readers skeptical. Before the advent of the Flagler System here, in 1896, this point was a wilderness, and the inhabitants but few. It hardly seems possible that to-day is just about its fifth birthday, for Miami now shows a resident population of 2,000 people, no financial indebtedness, and a revenue from taxable property amounting to over \$6,000 per annum.

The Royal Palm Hotel, in the center of a tropical garden, on the shores of Biscayne Bay, enchants the eye from every standpoint, while the creature comforts of the house itself, are all that fastidious taste could desire.

It is with pleasure, then, that we join with the people of Florida in giving unstinted praise to Henry M. Flagler, whose business ability and lavish expenditures have assisted nature to create a paradise, and opened a commercial highway the entire length of the eastern coast of Florida.

The press of Florida has, through its columns of generous utterances, given the stories that have brought the tourist and the worker here, and to other localities, and will still go on, with ever-increasing interest until they can say, when their last form is made up "We have helped in the good work."

ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD,
Boston, Mass.

FREEDOM.

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner, and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people, who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Russian architect, who has been traveling in this country to study American building methods, was greatly interested in the elevator which he saw used for raising brick in the construction of a great apartment house. He even photographed the device, in order that he might have visual evidence of it to show on his return home. In his country no other method of hoisting brick is in use than the primitive one of carrying them aloft on the shoulders of men. Such incidents are of common occurrence. Many of the labor-saving devices in use in America are unknown elsewhere. Our own countrymen traveling in Europe, and more especially in Asia, are astonished at the slow and toilsome methods there employed. A failure to make use of labor-saving contrivances is not always due to lack of enterprise. Many of the inventions most useful to us, "would not pay" where labor is cheap. Efforts to introduce the trolley car for passenger and freight traffic in the West Indies encountered an obstacle which the American promoters had not foreseen. The ten cents for which the company would carry a package five miles or more—a rate that would insure generous support here—did not seem small there, for the simple reason that many a native could find no easier way to earn ten cents than by walking the five miles and carrying the package on his head. If "a workman is known by his chips," he is also known by his tools. High-priced men do their work with high-priced machinery. The engineer of the mammoth locomotive which is pulling hundreds of people across country in a fast express train, is well paid; the poor Oriental, dragging his single passenger in a jinrikisha, gets barely enough for his supper. Not only does the high-priced worker create the necessity for mechanical improvements, but the mechanical improvements in turn augment productiveness. The lesson, then, for nations and for individuals, is to make themselves worthy of good tools. Human muscles were made for something better than the work which a few lumps of coal under a boiler will do more easily.—*Exchange.*

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

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In connection with above call for songs we take pleasure in presenting the following letter with accompanying song:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Enclosed please find a clipping which seems in the line of Mental Science. I send the "Song of Victory" to insert in your new book of Mental Science and New Thought songs, and hope to receive a volume, if it is accepted, according to offer in FREEDOM. The idea is a wise movement—for nothing gives any cause such an impetus as its songs. Its leading ideas set to familiar music and sung by the people. Success attend the propagation of the truth. Very respectfully,

MRS. M. A. CARLEY,
Sunnyside, Lexington, S. C.

A SONG OF VICTORY.

(Air: "Hold the Fort.")

I have heard a wondrous story,
Truth in every line;
Caught a gleam of golden glory
From the flame divine.

Chorus:

Hold the fort in strength and wisdom,
Give no thought to ill;
Let your motto, now and ever
Be, "I can and will!"

"All is good!" our watchword glorious,
Mighty is to save,
Over every ill victorious,
Man's no more a slave.

Chorus.

Joy and peace and life, abundant,
Promised He of old;
Now we claim our common birthright,
Ours to have and hold.

Chorus.

Now we claim emancipation,
All along the line,
Seeking for the true salvation,
"Every Power is mine!"

Chorus.

GIRL IS DYING FROM EFFECT OF DRUGS.

Miss Lillian Radniecki, or Litsky, as she calls herself, is dying in Harper's hospital, from the effect of drugs. Dr. Asa F. Partridge of 338 Willis avenue east, who is supposed to have furnished the drugs to the unfortunate girl, is under police surveillance.

The girl is not quite twenty years old. She has had to work nearly all her life and her pathway has not been strewn with roses. She last worked in the clothes cleaning establishment of George Kelly, at 303 Woodward avenue, and lived at 103 Elizabeth street west. Her parents live at 22 Warren court, her father, Stanislaus Radniecki, being a carpenter.

Prosecuting Attorney Hunt, with Detectives Kane and Cotter, are investigating the case and have secured the dying statement of the girl. They have also secured the medicine which, it is alleged, was given the girl by Dr. Partridge. This medicine will be submitted to a chemical analysis and upon the result of the analysis will determine the course of the prosecuting attorney.

Dr. Partridge is generally respected and is a graduate of the Michigan College of Medicine and Surgery.—*Detroit Journal.*

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HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

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Please take notice that 48 copies count for one year.

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If you want our special public—the thinkers—to hear from you, you must advertise in the best of the new thought papers. FREEDOM is getting great praise as yielding splendid returns for the money spent in advertising. Several of our advertisers say they have found nothing to compare with it. Write for our terms, and always send a copy of the advertisement you wish us to carry. Address

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sea Breeze, Fla., as second-class matter, August 28, 1897. Removed from Boston, Mass.

Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scintor House, Norman, Ave., Devonport, Eng., is exclusive agent for our works in Great Britain. Our British friends will please address all orders to him.

Sea Breeze is now an International money order office. Our patrons will please make all money orders payable on this place.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

Will our foreign subscribers do us the favor of sending us the addresses of such of their friends as might become interested in Mental Science? Our foreign mail is large, and there is no reason why it should not be larger. It will be larger if we can get the names we need.

Send postal for the health pamphlet. It is free. It is called "The Highest Power of All."

The Medical Bill, after making its peace with God, died yesterday at our State Capital. Cannot give particulars this week as Freedom is now in press. Next week we will hold the wake.

H. W.

Of all the articles ever written on diet, I think the one on the first page of this week's FREEDOM, the best.

I contemplate putting it in large type and framing it; so when asked for my opinion I can point towards it with the remark, "Them's my sentiments."

If you believe in the power of mind to control matter, believe in it. Don't pretend to believe in it and then dodge it, and "whip the devil around the stump" by compromising with "Diet," and health food, and other ideas that are weak in comparison with it.

When I lived in Chicago, a Jewish lady came to me and brought her daughter. I recall the fact of sitting in a room with her and looking through the parted portiers in the next room and seeing the daughter. Such an object as the girl was; reduced to a skeleton; skin shrivelled and yellow and clinging to her bones; she was only nineteen, but looked older than her mother. She had dyspepsia. Two sisters had already died of it.

The poor lady could scarcely control her voice in telling me. This one, she said, had now become so low that she could take almost nothing in her stomach. It had been nearly impossible for her to come up stairs to my rooms.

I did not know half as much about the power of mind then as I do now, but I was in the thrall of a blind faith, since verified by knowledge—that lifted me above fear. I told the mother to take the girl home and give her everything on earth she wanted to eat, and let her have every particle she craved.

I then asked the girl if there was nothing she felt hungry for. She said: "Only one thing, and that, the doctors pronounce poison in my weak condition. It is strong coffee."

I touched the bell and when the maid came—she was a splendid American girl—I told her to make the best and clearest pot of coffee she had ever made in her life, and to do it quickly.

It came in less than five minutes. The girl drank three cups of it. Her mother was frightened, but I was not.

I never saw anything have such an immediate effect. She was strong, and became hungry for food within a half hour. She had been too starved to crave food, but she began to crave it. She walked rapidly down stairs to the waiting carriage and got in easily by herself.

"What shall I let her eat?" asked the mother.

"Anything under the sun she wants," was my reply.

I only kept that patient six weeks. In the meantime she ate mince pies and fruit cake, and everything else her appetite called for, and without stint. And oh, what a change! She was a splendid beauty. Her creamy complexion was the very symbol of health; her motions were expressive of grace and strength; she could scarcely stand still as she talked to me, she was so full of vitality; and she laughed—like all healthy girls—about nothing, except the fact that she felt good.

If I had not gained her confidence by my extreme positiveness the result might have been different. But I banished her fear and her mother's also. I corralled them both, and held them fast in the net of my own faith, and saved her life.

My advice to dyspeptics is, to quit being afraid of food. You cannot do as this girl did while putting your stomach under the black pall of fear. If you cannot overcome your fear, then you need a strong, positive healer who can banish your fear for you.

Fear is at the bottom of dyspepsia, and all the medicine administered for it, is so much to a dying to it; so many acknowledgments of its power. As fear is a mental condition it must be banished either by an intelligent understanding of the whole situation, or by an obstinate refusal to yield to it.

As to vegetarianism, I have my opinion of it. I think it quite possible that the time is coming when the system will refuse meat; but it is not the proper thing to compel oneself to go without meat when the stomach craves it. About thirty years ago I went without meat for six months as a test. During this time my complexion lost its polish and glow, and turned leathery in appearance, while my vitality was decidedly lessened. I began to eat meat again and soon was all right. Even my hair turned pale and began to fall out.

elect, and not for a limited period forced upon us by ignorance of our own power.

The Temples that were formed upon the first proposition to organize, were not entirely successful. I was called upon again and again to do something. The only thing that I could do was to keep myself away from them entirely. I knew that in time some one in each Temple would come to the front and take up the right kind of practical work. And this thing is beginning already.

With the strength, the positiveness, the power of the individualistic idea contained in Mental Science, it is easy to see the mighty results that will eventually come out of organization. The last public lecture I made before a large audience, I looked the hearers over with a heart so full of sympathy it required an effort to keep back the tears. Scarcely a soul there but had the look expressive of a bitter struggle with environment, and the confession of defeat upon his face. It was a city audience of well dressed and beautiful people, but to me they were as children crying out for the food that alone could feed aspiring souls. I had a speech fixed up for them on the philosophy of Mental Science, but I forgot it, or rather I discarded it. I told them of what we were doing in Sea Breeze; of how our effort was to build a home from which the word of *peace* would flow to hungry souls everywhere. It seemed to me that the word "peace" was the one most needed just then. I had not calculated that this simple word would lead me out into a contemplation of another and greater idea—that of individual power; but it did. I directed my words to the very inmost heart of every one there; indeed my words directed themselves, and could go nowhere but to the hearts of the people, because they came from my own heart; they were the overflow of an irresistible sympathetic tenderness. What would I not have given to have placed each person present in a position where no anxiety would ever reach him again. But millions of dollars would not have done it. It was outside the power of wealth; nothing but the immense capacity of right thinking could do it.

Right thinking then is what the people need. And I know that the effort of organization points in this direction more potently than anything except the right thought itself.

H. W.

"I can't" is the most weakening expression in the language. Use it once, and there is double the need of using it the next time. Use it again and again, and your muscles relax, and the action of your heart weakens until the door of death begins to yawn. Paralysis is simply an accumulation of "I can't's," and, indeed, every disease in the world is an "I can't," and death is but the aggregation of a life of "I can't's." Exterminate the "I can't" tribe and you have destroyed every impediment in the way of your endless and deathless progress.

But how are the "I can't's" to be exterminated? By simply substituting the "I cans." What a splendid thing is effort; it is one of the "I-can" family. The whole "I-can" tribe from Dan to Beersheba, have been noted for courage in every department of life. It is astonishing what they have accomplished. Indeed, they have done everything that has been done. They have

pushed through the inertia of matter and converted what would have been a dead world into the vital globe it is to-day; and they are still pushing, still producing life where death had been; producing vitality out of inertia; producing worlds and systems of worlds out of what had otherwise been nothingness.

But to come down from generals to particulars, suppose that each one who reads these words begins right now to say "I can." Let him say it not once but thousands of times; let him say it whenever an idea that needs to be executed comes into his head—"I can do it." Suppose that cowardly, sneaking, cold-water-throwing "If" puts in an appearance, saying, "Oh! yes, you can do it if you can get money to do it with;" or "if somebody will help you;" or if you have the brains;" or if this and if that, until you feel no bigger than your grandmother's old-fashioned pepper box, what then? Why simply reiterate the little words "I can," "I can," keeping your mind fixed on them and not on the "ifs," and you will see your native powers arise and grow like Jack's bean stalk, until every "if" in creation is banished, and you stand in that secure recognition of self mastery that commands the forces which minister to the "I can;" forces pledged to your success so long as you are pledged to the positive pole of life—the pole so fittingly represented by the words "I can."

In the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* I find an article called "The Disease of Apprehensiveness." And though I only read the opening paragraph, yet it was enough to put my mental machinery in operation. The paragraph referred to, says:

"A large part of mankind is in bondage to that state of mind which is apprehensive of some sort of trouble or misfortune in the future."

Well stated, is it not? Though, indeed, the writer might have made it much stronger and still have been a long ways inside the limits of truth. But, it is the fact of his calling this condition of apprehensiveness "a disease" that strikes me as peculiarly applicable.

It is a disease; and so is every one of the present beliefs of the race that are founded upon the negative of that great mental truth that *all is good*.

The race is living in the negative pole of its existence; it is living in the belief of evil; the belief that evil is an active influence in human affairs, and more powerful in its operation upon conditions than good is.

This belief is the result of race ignorance. It is absolutely untrue; but what was a baby race to do but believe the best it could, until it had grown to a wider, more comprehensive view?

There is nothing more true than that the race's intellectual horizon has been broadening all the time, and that as it grows out of its ignorance into truth, it grows out of disease into health, and out of hell into heaven.

Yes, nearly the whole race lives constantly in this state of apprehensiveness; and is it not a most unhappy condition? It is a condition of uncertainty with regard to anything and everything the future may contain. And what does it indicate? Why simply that men think themselves dependent upon conditions, instead of learning that they are masters of conditions. If the people knew themselves masters of conditions,

as they really are, they would have nothing to apprehend; and we would behold for the first time a race of freemen.

This disease of apprehensiveness that holds the world in thrall and is responsible for every particle of disease, misfortune, poverty, old age and death, is simply a wide-spread ignorance on one subject; it is ignorance of the fact that *all is good*.

If any student wants to arise to the positive pole of his being where he has power to dominate his conditions instead of being dominated by them, let him turn his attention to the great truth I have just alluded to—the truth that *all is good*.

No man can come into an understanding of this truth and remain under the dominion of that apprehensiveness which is the curse of every non-thinker living. He no sooner sees this subject cleared of the mists which have overlain it from the beginning, than he knows that life has no more terrors for him; that it holds no threat that can awaken a fear in his breast; he has passed out of the dominion of fear and become free.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thank you most cordially for your editorial approval of portions of my last article—"Factors in the Process of Human Development." I think, however, that a re-reading of this article will establish the fact that I suggest right breathing and proper physical training as mere helpful factors in reaching "the positive condition where he (man) recognizes his own creative power."

I believe that when man does fully recognize "his own creative power" he will be so perfected, both physically and mentally, as to preclude the necessity for further specific training of any sort. My great desire is to hasten the coming of the "glad day."

So, dear editor, unless you believe that right breathing and proper physical training are positive hindrances to mental development, my article, or rather the ideas therein set forth, in no sense conflict with your teachings, as I understand them.

Kindly give the above space, that I may not be misunderstood by the friends of FREEDOM. Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,
Roswell, Colo.

The above letter is in reference to the criticism I made on Mr. Conable's very fine article that appeared in a recent number of FREEDOM.

H. W.

WELTMER'S MAGAZINE

Has a score of noted contributors, and an immense circulation. As a medium for advertising everything connected with the new thought, it cannot be beaten. His magazine is only one dollar a year. His terms for advertising are extremely liberal considering the fact that he started in with about seventy-five thousand *bona fide* subscribers, and the number has greatly increased since. I believe in advertising. Subscribe for the magazine and advertise in it if you have anything to advertise. You will get big interest on your money. Address Weltmer's Magazine, Nevada, Mo.

H. W.

Mrs Eddy's talk about her successor indicates that she regards death as not to be avoided even by faith; but Dr. Rice and Mrs. Helen Wilmans of Sea Breeze, Florida, regard the conquest of physical death as quite within the range of possibility.—*Mexican Herald*.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

A good many of my friends are sending me copies of the *June Christian*. This is unnecessary as I get two copies of it from headquarters regularly; and what is more, I read it, and always have done so. It appeals to me by its evidences of individuality. T. J. Shelton does not seem to know how greatly he is individualized; how strongly marked his peculiarities are. I am frequently asked what I think of him. That is just what I am trying to find out. That is why I read the ideas he offers to the public. I do not really understand any of the new writers who write from the Bible standpoint. I do not know very much about the Bible; I base my beliefs on an understanding of the gospel of evolution.

I see one thing though quite plainly—that in spite of Mr. Shelton's occasional criticisms of me he is very friendly to me; he has made splendid predictions about me, for which I thank him sincerely. I hope Mrs. Eddy will have the grace to do likewise, though I doubt whether she will come out of her shell long enough for such a purpose. For my part I should be ashamed of myself not to respond to the kindness he has shown. But then I have no shell. Even if I am displeased with a person, the very first kind word he speaks to me I tumble all to pieces in gratitude. This disposition on my part makes it easy for Charley to manage me; he finds it a great convenience and comfort, so he says.

Dr. Shelton has become known all over the world, and I am asked many questions about him. He came to one of my classes when I was in Douglasville, Georgia. He was in great trouble then. He had been a preacher, and had preached himself clear out of the church. The church could not stand his doctrines, and he reciprocated by not feeling able to stand the church's doctrines. It is perfectly astonishing the things he preached to that God-fearing congregation of his, before they recovered from the paralysis of his blows and let him go. They thought he was crazy, when in fact he was only frank. He told them his most secret thoughts and feelings. The congregation was shocked, and denied that they possessed the thoughts and feelings that he openly avowed.

Shelton dares. I consider him indiscreet in his daring and I would not follow his example. In his own peculiar way he is another Walt Whitman. I never saw any one fight so strenuously for human nature as he does. I think him mistaken in doing it. For my part I want to see human nature evolved a good deal, before I am willing to defend it in all its phases. Human nature is in the whirl of evolution and is creeping up to higher heights every day. It is on the right track, is "growing from its own roots," as the florists say, but it really has not reached a very commendable point as yet.

Mr. Shelton's strong point—according to my belief—is his declaration of the "I am." I recognize his expression on this subject as perfectly scientific. If there is but one life, and in a universe this must be so, then the highest, the most powerful position a person can come into, the position in which he can exercise the most authority, and speak the most potent word for health, happiness and every good and desirable thing, is just this one. It is the position that we searchers for

FREEDOM.

CONVENTION NOTES FROM THE PRESS OF THE COUNTRY.

A friend inquires, what will it cost to spend three weeks in Sea Breeze next December? This is a hard question to answer. Of course it all depends upon where the party hails from. A person can leave any of the common points in Colorado and go to Florida, stay three weeks, be rational and do it all for \$100. The trouble is this: Most of us are not rational. The editor of this paper could not go without blowing in all he had and coming home broke, no matter how much he started with or how long he stayed, but this is a fact. The railway tickets from Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver or Cheyenne will be half rate, and at the present time the fare to Daytona, Florida, is \$50 one way. When the half rate is in force it will cost a person living in Colorado \$50 to visit Florida and return. A person can ride in a Pullman car if he wants to. It is only two days and three nights anyhow, and fine chair cars can be found on all the lines. What we would like to do is to run a special Pullman from Denver just before Thanksgiving day. With eighteen or twenty people, this would bring the fare down to about \$7 or \$8. Mr. Burgman, the secretary of the International Scientific Association, says that hotel rates will be from \$8 to \$16 a week. A person wishing to avail himself of the lowest rate will make it cost \$24 for three weeks. This amount added to railway and Pullman fare will amount to only \$84 in all, leaving \$16 to spend going and coming, for meals, which ought to be ample.

We simply mention this fact for the purpose of replying to the inquiry made. You can go for \$100 or you can go for \$500. One hundred dollars is all any one really needs to spend, and spend three weeks in Florida and a week on the road going and coming. If you want to know full particulars about hotel accommodations, etc., it would be best to write Mr. C. F. Burgman, secretary of the International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Florida. He can tell you all about the Convention and what it is going to cost you—*George's Weekly, Denver, Col.*

Attention is invited to an announcement of the Mental Science Association published in this issue. While the writer is not in accord with the tenets of this faith, it is an indisputable fact that Col. and Mrs. Post, the head and front of this association, deserve the warmest commendation for their efforts along the line of improvement in this their adopted State. Where the "City Beautiful" now stands, was but a few years ago a dense and impenetrable scrub.

We quote the following from a circular letter of recent date:

"This gathering will be of great importance to this State, as it will induce people to come here from all parts of the world, and wherever our literature has been circulated and studied. We have made the people of the world familiar with the beauties of Florida through illustrations and descriptive writing, and built here a town during the past seven years which has called forth the praise and admiration of the thousands who visit us annually."—*The Green Cove Spring, Fla.*

The Second Annual Convention of Mental Scientists will convene at Sea Breeze, Fla. on November 28th next, and a most important and enjoyable meeting is

expected. Inquiries are already pouring in upon Secretary Chas. F. Burgman, whose address is Sea Breeze, regarding the details, and under his able management the comforts and convenience of guests are being well provided for.—*Boston Ideas.*

DEAR SEA BREEZE FRIENDS:—I shall be pleased to mention your intended Convention in my paper and if we do not come down and shake hands all around, it will not be because we do not want to. Ever since I first heard of City Beautiful I have had a growing desire to see it and its creators, and some sweet day I mean to gratify that desire. The Convention will be a great thing, and do much toward spreading the new ideas. Success to it and to you all. Cordially,

ELIZABETH TOWNE,
The Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass.

Your circular letter of the 20th with enclosure received. I shall be pleased to mention the forthcoming Convention in *The Free Man*. Your letter was received too late for mention in June issue, but I will try to get it into July. Fraternally

C. W. CLOSE.

REGARDING PHYSICIANS' CHARGES.

Judging from the recently printed stories of the charges of physicians for their services, it would seem to be much cheaper for a man to die as soon as he is taken sick, rather than trust himself into the hands of a doctor. Certainly it would be much better for the heirs he leaves.

In Pittsburg the administrators of the estate of the late Chris Magee are peevishly quibbling over a bill presented by Dr. Walter C. Browning for \$190,000 for medical advices rendered Mr. Magee while in life. There was at one time some slight disposition to give Dr. Browning the entire Magee estate to be placed to the account of the debt, but some foolish objection to the size of the bill has deterred the administrators.

In Binghamton a surgeon has charged a millionaire of that city \$8,000 for mending a cut made in the millionaire's throat in an attempt to commit suicide. The millionaire in this case had every reason to be annoyed. He had been ill for some time, and probably with a view to saving something of his property from the hands of his attending physicians, he drew a keen edged razor across his throat and lay down peacefully to die. His chagrin may be imagined when another doctor stepped in, sewed up the slit in his throat and calmly handed him a bill for \$8,000. It was enough to vex any man with an economical disposition.

In contrast with these stories that have come over the wires is the tale of the attempt of the high binders of New York to kill Tom Lee, a rich tea merchant, for a paltry \$300. This easily demonstrates that it is much cheaper to get killed than to escape, although, of course, some political economist will dilate upon the influence of Chinese cheap labor. Two men who will split only \$300 between them if they are successful, are bounding Tom Lee day by day, and taking all sorts of chances for this petty sum, while the doctor works alone without fear of persecution, and then openly and defiantly files his bill against the estate. It is a complicated problem, and one that requires much thought from the man who contemplates hiring a physician.

And yet, although these cases are almost daily exploited in the newspapers, here are still conventional, conservative old M. D.'s who wonder at the growth of Osteopathy, Christian Science, spirit healing and the wonderful development of the patent medicine business. It is apparent to any but the most thoughtless, that no man is going to voluntarily subject himself to a process of extortion that will leave his family destitute on his death, if there is any other method of baffling disease at hand.—*From The Olympian, Olympia, Wash.*

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HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

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If you want our special public—the thinkers—to hear from you, you must advertise in the best of the new thought papers. FREEDOM is getting great praise as yielding splendid returns for the money spent in advertising. Several of our advertisers say they have found nothing to compare with it. Write for our terms, and always send a copy of the advertisement you wish us to carry. Address
HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sea Breeze, Fla., as second-class matter, August 28, 1897. Removed from Boston, Mass.

Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scientor House, Norman Ave., Devonport, Eng., is exclusive agent for our works in Great Britain. Our British friends will please address all orders to him.

Sea Breeze is now an International money order office. Our patrons will please make all money orders payable on this place.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

Will our foreign subscribers do us the favor of sending us the addresses of such of their friends as might become interested in Mental Science? Our foreign mail is large, and there is no reason why it should not be larger. It will be larger if we can get the names we need.

Send postal for the health pamphlet. It is free. It is called "The Highest Power of All."

THAT MEDICAL BILL.

What medical bill? Why the one that is dead and buried, never to be resurrected, never to be dissected; consigned to a prayerless funeral in unconsecrated ground over at our State Capital. It was a murderer from its first inception. It tried to kill every advanced idea on the subject of healing in this state. It met its master in the Sea Breeze delegation, and it surrendered without a kick.

We killed it so easily I am forced to believe that if, in every state where a similar law has been passed, the effort had been met—as this was—by the opposition of a few people who are not used to being walked over or snowed under, that to-day not a statute book in our nation would contain the record of so outrageous a thing.

I am led to believe that where these restrictive laws on evolution exist, that they were not properly met by the friends of the new thought that is on its way to take possession of the world. The thinkers must have stood back and simply accepted the belief that they were helpless. Not so with us; the voice of freedom spoke out saying, "No you don't, I am here." And so it was. It was present with an object so purposeful,

so positive and so just, that it could not be overborne. The members of the Legislature recognized its attitude without understanding its true meaning; they felt its aliveness and clean cut, vital intention, as something that could not be beaten. It was this attitude that destroyed the bill. Although Tallahassee was full of medical men from every part of the state, who went there for no other purpose than to lend their aid in putting it through, yet somehow, their united presence was powerless.

As for us, we used no bribery; we spent no money in corrupting Legislature. Recognizing the true manhood of men in its highest sense, we could not have insulted them by offering money. And no doubt it was this superb recognition of man's higher qualifications that brought about the result. It was like curing disease by the recognition of health. *And it won.*

The whole transaction is a signal victory for the higher thought. The next move will be the establishment of a Mental Science College here in this place. Of course this prophecy is not new. We have been talking about it for two years, but have waited while making other preparations that necessarily came first. We had to build a town virtually; a hotel, and it is a fine one; a hall and many cottages and streets; we had to beautify the place that we dug out of the woods for the purpose. We are still working on these things. But before very long we will build the college; and we will build it out of stone, and make it an enduring monument in honor of the power of Truth. And note this! before the college is finished for the reception of students, we will have our authority as teachers and healers, acknowledged by the State, so that we can issue diplomas that will place our students on an equality before the law with the medical practitioners; the men who now enjoy a monopoly of these privileges.

We intend to stay right here, and do this business up straight; so there will be no question as to our rights as teachers and healers. The foremost thought must and shall be free.

H. W.

Mr. Silver's article on "Mental Science Organization" ought to have been published long ago. Still it is not too late for it. When the idea of organizing the Temples was first suggested to me, I looked upon it as a very necessary thing. I did not endorse the offer we made at that time, that we would send out from this place a regular Sunday evening lecture to be read in all the Temples. In the first place I knew that we were too busy to do it. In the second place I thought it looked a little like the Eddy dictatorship to do it. It seemed a tacit declaration that everybody had to think just as we do. I opposed this idea, but it was carried over my head and had to go. I said then as I say now, that each Temple must have its own teacher or lecturer, and this person must be capable of bringing out such ideas and truths as would interest the members and do them good; make Mental Science truths practical to their every day uses.

To teach the people how to be healthy and happy and wealthy, is the effort of Mental Science. It has nothing to do with any condition after death; its work is confined to this side of the grave, and it fully expects to render the grave unnecessary, and thus to continue work on this side for a length of time that we shall

before I came back to meat diet. I was living in the animalhood of my life then, and required animal food. I needed the red corpuscles in my blood that meat creates and fosters.

At this time I am not so fond of meat as I once was, and it is quite possible that I shall outgrow a taste for it. It may be that as we spiritualize (intellectualize is a better word) that the red corpuscles will keep decreasing and the white corpuscles will increase until only white ones remain in the human organism. But this condition will not be brought about by forcing ourselves to live without meat; it will come of itself through an understanding of truth. The theory of conquering old age and death, stands out in my mind as clear as a spring brook; and what I have said, is only squinting a little in the direction of it. I shall write it all out for publication some day; it is the most splendid and studendous thing imaginable; but I am not quite ready to give it to the public now. It hinges directly upon this matter of the conquest of red corpuscles by white corpuscles. The doctors will tell you how slow and stupid the red corpuscle are in their movements, as compared with the white ones. I have taken a hint from this fact. I see that as we spiritualize (intellectualize) the white corpuscles will increase and the red ones will decrease; but no force work will bring about this condition. Force work—the leaving off of meat—will decrease the red corpuscles, but it will not increase the white ones; consequently a person will become weaker. The only thing that will increase the white, vital corpuscles, is *our understanding of the truth Concerning the situation*. This will lift the person in the scale of life from the animal plane where the red corpuscles predominate, and where they are absolutely essential to the maintainance of life on that plane, to the intellectual plane, where (because of the knowing of the truth) the white, vital corpuscles will increase and eventually predominate, so that in the course of years they will banish the red ones entirely.

There is more to this—so much more; but I am not ready to give it all to the public at this time. But remember this, that the triumph of the vital, white corpuscles is not achieved by forcibly cutting yourself off from the food your stomach calls for. Your stomach is the voice of your present needs; it registers the condition of your intellectual development. The animal man demands animal food; as the intellectual man unfolds, the demands of the animal man will become more refined.

The leaving off of meat diet is no evidence of spirituality or an improved condition of the intelligence. Many vegetarians will say, "But I do not like meat, and I am stronger without it since I broke myself of eating it." No doubt this is true; but then they have trained themselves to believe this, by a course that has been largely compulsory, even though they are not aware of the fact. They have accepted the theory of vegetarianism and are forcing their bodies to demonstrate it. Has anybody observed that vegetarians are either stronger physically or intellectually than meat eaters? I have watched this point and say "No."

Eat what your stomach calls for. In the meantime let your efforts be expended in acquiring knowledge. Study the problem of life as pointed out in the teach-

ings of Mental Science. The expansion of the brain accruing from this will change the demands of your stomach; it is warranted to point them in a direction that is infallibly correct. H. W.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

Professor Weltmer was not fined for using the mails for illegal purposes. About a year ago this charge was brought against him, and his mail underwent an examination from the authorities at Washington, and the matter was dropped. Not long ago he was accused of making false statements in some of his advertisements. It is known how largely advertised. Being extremely busy he left the entire matter of getting out the advertisements to his agents, who were guilty of some misrepresentation in the copy used. Prof. Weltmer should certainly have seen to this thing himself, but he did not. His carelessness in this particular was the only mistake he made. When he found out what his agents had done he made immediate changes; but it was too late. It was for this misrepresentation that he was tried. There was nothing he could do but acknowledge the fact, as he was responsible for the work of his agents. He did acknowledge it and was fined in consequence; but not very heavily, I have heard. Now one thing certain, the trouble had nothing to do with his absent treatments. He paid his fine and is now practising his business the same as before.

As to Dr. Shelton, his trouble was of a different character. I believe he was accused of using reprehensible language in his paper. He had his examination and was let off with the trifling fine of \$25.

For years there have been attempts to have my paper stopped in the mails. The enemies to the new mode of healing have made complaints that I was using the mails in violation of the law. Several examinations have been made since FREEDOM was first started, but in every instance the paper was pronounced legitimate, until at length the postal authorities refused to take any farther notice of the complaints sent in.

About a year ago Mr. Post made application for the removal of the Post Office in this place. It was off from the centre of business, and it was moved to a more central position. This greatly angered the part of the community who resided in the corner from where the Post Office had been removed. They took personal offense at it, and tried to retaliate on Mr. Post in every way they could. As they could not harm him in any other way, one old fellow in his dotage tried to strike him a blow through me. What the message he sent in was, I do not know; but it was some kind of a complaint. As he had nothing else to do he kept up his effort with the postal authorities until my mail was examined most thoroughly. It was done in this way. A circular letter was printed and sent to every person who had sent me money, either by registered mail or money orders. The main question in the circular letter was, "Did you get your money's worth from Mrs. Williams?" I have been told that this question was answered affirmatively in nearly every instance. At all events the matter was dropped months ago. The postal authorities did not communicate with me about the thing at all, neither in the beginning nor at the close; and several of the men connected with the examination

have since written to me and sent money—some for treatment and some for my publications.

Ever since I began to publish a paper I have been careful not to transgress the laws in any particular. I know that many other publishers in starting a paper claimed a big subscription list from the first issue, in order to save the use of a one cent stamp on each paper; it is the commonest thing in the work to do this, and I was fully aware of it. But I did not do it. I sent out ten thousand sample copies a week in working up my subscription list, and I used \$100 worth of stamps on each issue. At that time the law allowed a publisher to send out as many sample copies of his paper at pound rates as he had subscribers. When my subscription list numbered five thousand, I then could send out another five thousand without extra charge. And so of ten thousand or any number since, it has been my privilege to send out the same number in sample copies. I do not know whether this law is still in force; I am no longer taking any notice of it, and rarely send out more than six or eight thousand sample copies. As a rule I hardly ever send any. The circulation of FREEDOM is now so large that it pushes ahead on its own big subscription list without any aid from sample copies.

I am glad that the imbecile of Sea Beeze succeeded in forcing an examination into my business methods from headquarters. It surely was a very thorough examination and ended without one word to me from the Post Office in Washington. From this time on I believe my detractors and blackmailers—for I have these to contend with also—will get themselves repulsed when they send in any future complaints against me. I have reason to believe that my business standing is as good as that of any publisher in the United States.

As regards this scheme of the regularly authorized doctors to stop me and others, in this state, I will say that up to this time they have been gloriously defeated. They now have only a few days more to work in, and I do not believe they will succeed. There are a good many freemen in Florida, and they believe in Mr. Post and me, and in our work. Many of the leading men and women in this state have a decided leaning toward our ideas. It was not without some secret and undeveloped cause that old Ponce de Leon sought for the fountain of youth here. It is bound to be discovered on this ocean-swept neck of land.

H. W.

The article published this week on "The Law," is by C. W. Silver, an author not unknown to these pages. I have just received a copy of his last book, and though I have not read it, yet I must say it presents an unusually fine appearance. It is called "Twentieth Century Conduct." It is sold by E. B. Wright of Lawrence, Michigan, on subscription at \$1.50 per volume. It is quite a large book for the price, and I should say that there would be money in it to agents who wish to handle it.

H. W.

HOME HEALING.

Send and get my pamphlet on this subject. Ask for "The Mind Cure Pamphlet." It is now called "The Highest Power of All." It will cost you nothing; ask for several copies if you have friends to whom you could give them. There is wisdom in this pamphlet; and many powerful proofs of the ability of the mind to control every form of disease and weakness. It will do you good simply to read it. It will give you strength and encouragement.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Talking of babies—is there anything on earth half so sweet? And yet when Ada came along I did not love her much. I was not used to being tyrannized over; and of all the tyrants I ever met she took the lead. She would not let me get away from her for a moment; and I carried the fat, heavy thing on my left arm until the muscles in that arm were like those of a blacksmith.

Florence was quite different. She was like the Southern Confederacy—all she asked was to be let alone. When she was two years old and Ada was four, it was the prettiest sight to see them trudging about holding hands. Ada thought she had to take care of Florence; she was very proud of her baby sister, though the baby sister was rather the larger of the two. Ada's hair was the color of corn silk, and Florrie's was red; both had natural curls, and both were fair as wax dolls. They were taken for twins by strangers. It was a pretty sight to see them walking about, holding one another's hands, talking, talking, talking, and laughing their little mad-cap laughs at their own nonsense. People used to turn and look at them smilingly; men often snatched them up and kissed them rapturously. Florrie took the lead in scolding for all such liberties. "Et us lone, oo uggy man," she would protest. Ada was more timid in expressing her opinion. Later, however, Ada became the family champion, and fought for Florrie and Claude—who had made his appearance by this time—with splendid valor.

I had no sooner got used to being tyrannized over by the babies than I began to enjoy the situation. I seemed to lose my own individuality in them. Their wants were of infinite importance; my own were nothing in comparison; I think this is true in almost all instances, and it is a mistake. The best and kindest family of children I ever knew, were brought up by a mother who made no sacrifices for them. She stood a queen among them, and they sacrificed for her. What a powerful individuality she possessed. She was a marvel to me, who, at that time, seemed to possess none at all. And yet there was a complete reversal in our characters later. I learned by experience that a mother's constant sacrifice had a bad effect, and began to reason with my children. I take credit to myself for being a really fine teacher. I made them my companions and confidants, and the sense of justice developed in them until their characters were founded on it. I do not know that I can ever say anything better than this either for myself or the children.

Now the point I want to make in drawing a comparison between myself and the other mother I have spoken of, is this, that while she acted on the true principle, she did it unconsciously, or without knowing that it was the true principle; she did it from an unjust, illiberal and overweening sense of her own rights, regardless of the rights of her children. Her individuality that I approved of, and quite envied, had its origin in intense selfishness. The years wore on; she did not reason on the matter; she dwindled into a whining, grumbling woman, and became a nuisance to her family; while her children, unreasoning also, grew stronger in their claims upon her, until—under the law of force and with the example of her selfishness—they actually changed places with her, and compelled her services as

saving truth are striving for. To see ourselves as expressions of the One limitless Life, and as a natural sequence, to feel that not one atom of the whole of it is locked away from us, will surely confer upon us the greatest possible ability for usefulness in changing the forms of ignorance we call evil, into the forms of intelligence we know to be good. It is in this way that the world is to be remodeled.

By slow degrees, as the meaning of those mighty words "I am," unfold to my perceptions, my creativeness increases and my power to express life and beauty and opulence gains strength.

This great power is dependent on the growth of the intellect; as the intellect grows in fineness (not necessarily in bulk) the owner can see better. His intellectual sight is strengthened so that he gets a better perception of the mighty whole of which he is a part, and from which he can take, *just in proportion to his seeing*. His intellectual seeing, I mean; his ability to understand the mighty scheme and his relation to it.

Mr. Shelton speaks always of being led by the spirit. I do not know what this means. Whatever it is, he trusts it implicitly. He does not doubt but that it will lead him into the highest good; his faith in it is unbounded. For my part I trust nothing but my common sense. I feel round through the medium of *reason* for what seems to be the best way, and that is the way I take. He says he differs from me, that he does not endorse all of my ideas, and I guess this is true. But the fact is I do not know what Mr. Shelton's ideas are. He has written no sustained system, no chain of logical possibilities, nothing but flash lights that illuminate sometimes one part of his beliefs, and sometimes some other part. I get nothing from him like a continuity of effort in the elucidation of the great truth we are now seeking to uncover for the world's inspection.

Mr. Shelton is a man in whom the love nature overbalances the reasoning faculties. This fact throws a shadow of uncertainty over any prediction relating to what we are to expect from his pen from one issue of his paper to another. For this reason I always search for *Christian* among my exchanges. I want to know what he is going to say next. As to his character, he is generous, warm hearted and loving. I have never met with any one so free from envy and jealousy, as he is, and so forgiving of wrong done to him. I sometimes get vexed with him and scold him immoderately, but he never retorts in the same vein. He never ceases to love a man or woman who has been kind to him. His nature is childlike; harshness hurts him without making him angry or revengeful.

I have taken up almost this entire article in a delineation of a man who has for several years excited much public interest; I have done it in answer to many letters asking me what I know of him. Yet one thing remains—to describe him personally. He is a tall man, about six feet I think, and slender. He looks the very image of a preacher; his walk is slow and stilted; he is unbendingly straight; he has a fine head and is good looking. In his book on "Vibrations" the reader will find his picture. It is a peculiar face; a face that cannot fail of producing a strong impression. He is perhaps fifty-five years old, but when I saw him last he scarcely looked thirty.

Age is fast ceasing to be a factor as applied to human

beings. All cultured people are younger for their years at this time than they were forty years ago. My own age seems to cut no figure with me. I have never sought to forget it as some people do; but the words sixty, seventy and eighty, as applied to persons, have lost their original meaning. They mean no more than sixteen or twenty. The great fact that I am here and am not afraid of the future, leaves me in a state of repose so deep and sure, that time is fast fading from my accounts. The old saying that "The one thing certain is death," has become an absurdity; a buggaboo to frighten children; the people are outgrowing it *personally and bodily*, even before their reason has shown them the cause of it; as witness, this; the average of human life is daily increasing; the power of man is asserting itself through his desire, even though the tardy intellect lingers, and fails to awaken to a knowledge of why it is so.

But the intellect is awakening to the truth of the matter; it will soon be acknowledged that brains have the right to control all things, and that they are already beginning to do it.

When I start my magazine I am going to give some character sketches of the men and women who are standing high up in the new thought movement, and I believe I can make them so interesting and fine that they will attract a large share of attention. In doing this I shall adhere strictly to Mental Science principles, and refuse to see anything but the very best in the leaders of our movement.

H. W.

A truth promulgated by science has been criticised and condemned by bombastic bigots in all ages of the world. Now the fact that so many skillful and successful practitioners are embarrassed and annoyed, handicapped and hindered in their work, because they have not the recognition of a vast monopoly which has arrogated to itself the right to say who shall practice the healing art and who shall not, demands that something be done to correct the injustice which is being practiced upon men and women, and that they shall be restored to their rightful privileges in this matter. For surely it is an injustice that a physician or a healer who has practiced skillfully for ten, twenty or even thirty years, should, at the behest of an oppressive and self-seeking medical monopoly "Board of Health" (death) be denied the right to continue in a profession for which experience has demonstrated him to be better qualified than those who would prosecute him and drive him from the field. A law under which any body of men can then prosecute and persecute a professional competitor is un-American and unjust and we raise our protest against it.

A. F. KEENER, M. C.,
Globe, Ind. Ter.

SELF-TREATMENT

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This little booklet contains the very pith and essence of self-healing and is invaluable as pocket guide to mental and physical health and strength. A new edition bound in a pretty cover has just issued from the hands of the printer. It should not only be in your possession but in your friends' as well, and the price is within reach of all. Price 10 cents; three for 25 cents; six for 50 cents. Address THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Fla.

STILL SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Yours of April 24 duly received. I have an opportunity to reply this morning and avail myself of it. Let me say first that the photo engraving on your letter head shows a lovely home which I am glad is yours. Surely comfort and elegance are the rightful perquisites of those who have the discretion to desire and demand their own. Amid such surroundings the right sort of thoughts are sure to evolve, particularly when the occupant is both an optimist and an altruist. There is a mental hygiene which demands just such environment as this picture presents, and while I note that you occasionally gently twit the hygienists—who, naturally enough, include among them the physical culturists, the rational dietists etc.—and relegate the whole matter of health to the mental realm, I am of the opinion that these are all co-related in the truly normal functioning of the individual, for flowers and strawberries do not thrive when environed and mixed up with Canada thistles. This has started me to a short ride upon a favorite hobby, and if you will accompany me I'll just say a thing or two which I think is not entirely platitudinous. (I'm sorry for that last big word but I had no shorter synonym at hand.) Let us, for example, take the place *where* we live; it is *on* and *above* the surface of the earth and the water. If we lived below these surfaces we would have an excuse for eating fish and oysters, beets, turnips and potatoes. But we live above these surfaces, and it is only rational to conclude that an aliment consistent with our physical location, and a digestive result commensurate with our mental status, would be best obtained from our actual environment. What the sun shines upon is vivified; what then could be better than those fruits and vegetables which grow above the soil? They are tintured by the gold of the sunlight, cooled and moistened by the dew, washed by summer showers, and oxygenized by the air; with these elements imparted from nature's upper laboratory they become a fitting aliment for the gods we are. Root-eating is an heirloom of our progenitors when they lived in caves, and flesh and fish eating, dates still further back as an evidence of their first step from cannibalism. We surely have evolved past these extremely primitive conditions, and the illumination that is born from the life that results from physical aliment, it seems to me, should lead us to find adequate reason for a rational use of sunshine diet. And then the love, the music, the painting, the poetry and the sculpture of the race; its personal adornment, and its daily action would be one long line of harmony and peace, and its progress unfettered by a single gross element. I think this view of food, at and above the surface of the earth, and the reason, therefore, is original with myself. That it is entirely consistent with twentieth century practice I believe you will agree.

There are other views upon this subject of hygiene, i. e., a hygiene of the emotions and faculties, which, if it will not worry you, I would like to speak of briefly; at least this one.

We are told that the right lobe of the brain dominates the left half of the body, and that the left lobe governs the right side of the body. Most of us are right-handed, right-footed, and, by virtue of the same cause, right-eyed and right-eared, showing that the left

lobe of the brain has for ages been doing the chief work of the man, so that in this particular, the right brain must still be in its swaddling clothes. Might we not, therefore, reasonably infer that a due training of the left hand and foot, with a view to ambidexterity, would lead to the arousing of new or dormant cells in the right lobe of the brain, thereby bringing into manifestation new powers which we somehow feel are latent in the man? Any onesided mechanism will wear out sooner than one which acts equally in all its parts, and with the view above given, one of the dynamos of the man has been repressed and restrained at the expense of the other.

Why not set this other factor to work? Why not include this as a feature in manual training in schools for children, and colleges for adults? Would not this in a large degree aid us in the solution of the problem of continuous life? May it not, indeed, be the key we have so ardently searched for?

I meant this for a friendly letter, and it is; but since I have taken this departure from the ordinary trend, it may serve as a small amount of copy for your voracious printer. Sincerely your friend, D. H. SNOKE,
931 Indiana ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE FAITH OF THE GREAT COMMANDER.

TO THE EDITOR:—Rev. Shannon of Toledo, in an address on General Grant, said that he was a Christian. Rev. Shannon's conception is, doubtless, in line of the cult termed traditionalism, which almost all the best and most scholarly theologians repudiate as not only degrading to Deity, but untruthful and demoralizing. As pertinent to this matter the following article is in point:

About a year ago, that able and progressive lecturer and author, Prof. Remsburg, in response for information concerning the faith of Lincoln and some of the prominent Fathers of the Republic, published the following:

"If Washington, Lincoln or Grant acknowledged the divinity of Christ, it ought to be an easy matter to prove it. As an incentive, I make the following offer: 1. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Washington's writings or speeches, acknowledging the divinity of Christ. 2. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Lincoln's writings or speeches, acknowledging the divinity of Christ. 3. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Grant's writings acknowledging the divinity of Christ. My book, 'Abraham Lincoln. Was he a Christian?' contains everything that could be obtained, both pro and con, on the question. It gives the testimony of one hundred witnesses."

There has not been, so far as known, any claimant for the \$100. The faith of the Fathers of the Republic was substantially theistic.

That distinguished author, the late Prof. Asa Gray, announced that he was a convinced theist. That cult includes about all the scholars, original investigators, and eminent statesmen of the world. Nearly every President of this Republic repudiated traditionalism, and were of the theistic school. President Garfield, in the latter part of his life, abandoned the so-called "orthodox" doctrine.

The compact dictum of the great poet, Goethe, should be remembered: "Love and serve the highest and best." Also that of Abraham, who voiced his conception of man's actions: "If you seek me, you shall find me, if you search for me with your whole heart."

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MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The purpose of this association is to spread, through organized effort, the doctrines and teachings of Mental Science. All who are interested in this work, of whatever sex, creed or color, are invited to co-operate by association, either as a member at large or by affiliation through local Temples wherever they may be organized. For further particulars address the national secretary, box 17, Sea Breeze, Florida.

HELEN WILMANS, National President.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, National Secretary.

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Since April 24th the following have requested to be registered as coming to the Second Annual Mental Science Convention from the following places:

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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.

It seems too much to say even what I have said, and yet the half has not been told. The race has lived in the negative pole of its existence and been submerged by mistaken conceptions of its own weakness; but now it is passing to the positive pole, where all its ideas are beginning to undergo the most radical change imaginable; where, instead of seeing its smallness and incompetency, it is seeing its embryonic greatness and potency, and also how to develop these latent powers and bring them into such active and practical use that the whole world will take on new force and character. We have been infants in intelligence, but we are ready to spring into manhood and womanhood through the simple understanding of the Law of Growth, and how to apply it to our individual needs. All this is taught in this Home Course in the most clear, concise, and forcible manner. No extracts will be offered from them, but the names of the different lessons will be substituted instead. The names of the lessons are as follows:

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| 4. Denials. | 15. Personality and Individuality. |
| 5. Affirmations. | 16. The Stone the Builders Rejected. |
| 6. The Soul of Things. | 17. A Noble Egoism the Foundation of Just Action. |
| 7. Faith, Our Guide through the Dark. | 18. Recognition of the Will the Cure of Disease. |
| 8. Spirit and Body Are One. | 19. Practical Healing. |
| 9. Prayer and Self-Culture. | 20. Posture of the Will Man. |
| 10. The Power Behind the Throne. | |
| 11. The Power Above the Throne. | |

There are twenty of these lessons in twenty individual pamphlets. The price of the set is \$5.00. Persons have the privilege of sending for these lessons on the installment plan. See page 2. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

OUR PLACES IN THE UNIVERSAL ZODIAC.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This is a work on astrology, containing thirteen chapters, giving character tendencies common to the twelve different houses of the zodiac. Many persons are interested in the delineations which apply to their case. It is really an extremely interesting work. Such books are among the curios of literature, and at this time they are being much sought.

Mr. Colville differs from other authors on this subject, inasmuch as he is entirely free from the spirit of fatalism that runs through every other publication of this kind. While he admits the power of planetary influence, he does not admit that such power is final in its effect upon character. He believes that, no matter what the influences are that make or mar a man at his birth, he can change them to suit himself when he shall know how; and his book abounds in instruction regarding the way to do it. Mr. Colville says:

"The wise man rules his stars; the foolish man obeys them. This is a grand and truthful saying indorsed by all really enlightened astrologers. What is astrology, after all, but the psychic side of stellar science, astronomy as such, dealing only with its physical effects. We teach that every world is alive, that intelligence is universal, that—so called—dead matter has no demonstrable existence, for life is everywhere and every form in nature is in some degree an expression of omnipresent intelligence.

"The error of astrology as commonly taught consists in the constantly reiterated statement that there are good and bad, benefic and malefic influences continually at work upon us, and that we are so subject to these by turn that we are at best but little more than automatic pieces of mechanism operated by agencies entirely beyond our control. Whatever may be thought of the teaching conveyed through our lessons, of one thing we are certain, and that is, we are teaching a view of astrology at variance with all such fatalism; and our entire aim is to induce people to arise in their might and declare their individuality."

"Our Places in the Universal Zodiac." Price in paper cover, 50 cents. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

POVERTY AND ITS CURE.

BY HELEN WILMANS AND LIDA HOOD TALBOT.

The fact that this pamphlet has sold so rapidly is evidence of the wide-spread curse of poverty and of the desire of the people for relief. I quote as follows:

"Can a person by holding certain thoughts create wealth? Yes he can. A man by holding certain thoughts—if he knows the law that relates cause and effect—can actually create wealth by the character of the thoughts he entertains. And this law is easy to understand if one will only take pains to investigate it."

"A mental poor-house projects from itself the spirit of a visible poor-house; and this spirit expresses itself in visible externals correlated to its character."

"A mental palace sends forth the spirit of a visible palace with results that correlate it."

"Mental wealth, which is the recognition of innate ability or native genius, is the only true root of external wealth. External wealth that has not this root is but a floating air plant, and there is no dependence to be placed in it."

"The kingdom is within. What kingdom? Why, the kingdom that represents our highest ideas of opulence, of course. Many people think that to seek religion as it is taught by the creeds is to seek this hidden kingdom. But this is not so. Do the creeds teach the opulence of man's innate capacity? Do they teach that the infinite spirit of strength and health and intelligence and beauty and power is in man? No; they teach just the opposite. They teach man that he is nothing; and this one assertion is his condemnation to perpetual poverty. They teach him that he is the most poverty-stricken wretch in life; that he is destitute of all merit, and deserves nothing. Of all the poor-houses ever erected there is none so utterly given over to destitution as that which the creeds have erected."

"As man is purely a mental creature, so are his surroundings all mental states; and as tone resounds to tone so do your surroundings repeat your mental condition far and near. It is deep calling unto deep all through the shoreless ocean of mind. The sound you send forth comes back to you; no other sound can possibly reach your ears but the one you send out. Your poverty is the protracted echo of your own belief. Learn the science of mind that will change your belief, and by changing it change the whole world for you."

"Poverty and Its Cure." Price 25c. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

A HISTORY OF THEOSOPHY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This is Mr. Colville's latest book. Mental training, or soul growth, is the noblest type of culture of the age. All people who are truly alive (alas, the world is full of dead ones) are now beginning to find their highest interest in books which throw light upon this mighty subject. This book may truly be classed among such. I quote from it as follows:

"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, mis-called 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."

"The History of Theosophy." 248 pages, paper cover, 50 cents. Cloth \$1.00. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

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South Bound. (Read down)					STATION.	North Bound. (Read up)				
No. 23.	No. 35.	No. 37.	No. 99.	No. 25.		No. 78.	No. 74.	No. 98.	No. 36.	No. 38.
7 45am	9 20am	1 20pm	8 00pm	L. Jacksonville A.	7 45pm	7 45am	12 00n	3 05pm
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12 40pm	12 40pm	A. San Mateo L.	4 20pm	4 20pm
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10 41am	1 02pm	11 09pm	L. Ormond L.	4 01pm	5 35pm	4 42am
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10 58am	1 27pm	L. Port Orange L.	3 37pm	5 16pm
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.....	6 53pm	L. Jensen L.	10 07am
.....	7 03pm	L. Stuart L.	9 57am
.....	7 48pm	L. W. Jupiter L.	9 12am
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5 10pm	8 50pm	6 03am	9 35am	L. R. Poinciana L.	8 25am	11 15am	10 10pm	6 10pm
5 05pm	8 45pm	5 58am	9 30am	L. P. Beach Inn L.	8 20am	11 10am	10 05pm	6 15pm
.....	10 17pm	11 02am	L. F. Lauderdale L.	6 43am	4 44pm
7 20pm	11 00pm	8 10am	11 45am	Ar. Miami L.	6 00am	8 55am	7 50pm	4 00pm

Trains 23 and 74, daily except Sunday, are composed exclusively of Buffet Parlor cars. Passengers must provide themselves with parlor-car tickets in addition to regular passage ticket. Trains 35 and 78, daily, carry Buffet Parlor car. Trains 98 and 99, daily, carry vestibuled sleeping and drawing-room cars, also coach. Train 37, daily, except Monday, composed exclusively of Pullman cars. Trains 36 and 38, except Sunday, composed exclusively of Pullman cars. Trains 25 and 26, daily, except Sunday, carries parlor car.

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No. 1.	No. 3.	Station.	No. 2.	No. 4.
8 30am	3 20pm	Lv. New Smyrna. Ar.	11 10am	6 00pm
9 37am	4 05pm	Lv. Lake Helen. Lv.	10 26am	4 54pm
9 53am	4 17pm	Lv. Orange City. Lv.	10 14am	4 38pm
10 00am	4 20pm	Ar. Orange City Jcn. L.	10 10am	4 30pm

Trains between New Smyrna and Orange City Junction, daily, except Sunday. These Time Tables show the times at which trains and boats may be expected to arrive, and depart from the several stations and ports, but their arrival or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequence arising therefrom.

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