

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*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 Shakespeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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## POPE MARY THE FIRST.

The Lord does not seem to have selected His prophets on the score of personal equipoise and attractiveness.

From Elijah of the bald head down to the present day many of them have been objects of derision to the people.

They seem to be woefully deficient in a saving sense of humor—humor which has eyes behind with the immense advantage of seeing her own back if she chooses to look.

For my own part I know whole droves of prophets of various calibre, and each with a shred of mangled truth which has been kept alive through tortures unspeakable to itself and to them, and yet I would run from them personally as I would from plague, pestilence and famine.

It appears they are seldom able to grind themselves down to the hard uses of this lower world, and they get in the way of your cogs and reverse all your machinery if you are so unsophisticated as to let them near it.

And if they should actually get their own motors to running, which is the rarest of events, then look out!

Recently because of the hubbub about Christian Science I have taken to reading the *Christian Science Sentinel*, Mrs. Eddy's organ.

My husband who is right on the firing line of this and various other wars, keeps the house supplied with the literature of the subject, pro and con; and from the pros I learn that Christian Science has become an extensive cold storage plant, and I feel more and more refrigerated as I read, and am inclined to hasten away before I freeze up solid.

On the side of the cons Mr. W. A. Purrington in the August number of the *North American Review* has something to say which has received an immense amount of newspaper commendation, and seems to be, by them, regarded as a settler for Mrs. Eddy.

I have read his production and will say that he crawled all over her books like a late summer fly, which had lost all power of its wings if it ever had any, more especially over her "introspection and retrospection," and made a lot of fun of them, and was much upset by her poor little ineffectual rhymes which he quoted to show that she is not a poet, nor even poetical.

Where has Mr. Purrington been that he is still looking into rhymes for poetry?

"Science and Health" is full of the most sublime poetry, from beginning to end.

Listen to this, Mr. Purrington, which is not only poetry of the grandest, but also life giving, life saving truth:

"The measurement of life by solar years robs youth and gives ugliness to old age. The rising sun of virtue and

truth marks the morn of being. Its manhood is the eternal noon, undimmed by any declining sun. Never record ages—chronological data are no part of the vast forever. Time tables of birth and death are so many conspiracies against manhood and womanhood. But for the error of measuring and limiting all that is good and beautiful we should enjoy more than three score years and ten and yet maintain our vigor and freshness and promise. We shall continue to be always beautiful and grand whenever mortal mind so decrees. Let us shape our views of existence into loveliness, freshness and continuity instead of into age and ugliness."

I quote this not because it is one of her gems of poetry, but because of the magnificent truth, because of the exalted atmosphere which reaches to the seventh heaven, and because Mr. Purrington and every one of us would be the better for repeating these glorious words every day. They are the death knell of Giant Despair to whom we have hitherto given up all our keys at the last, if not at the first.

In belaboring the crank and refusing to see the existence of the poet and prophet Mr. Purrington exhibits nothing but his own ignorance and feeble mindedness.

Reviewed by any intellect not actually atrophied, Science and Health is a most tremendous book. Paragraphs of it heard anywhere, astray in some quotation, intoned by the invariably excellent readers of the Christian Science churches, fall upon the ear, upon the mind, upon the soul as a strain of perfect music rolling out from heaven's own cathedral; as a voice wafted down from the harmonies uplifted far beyond earthly discords, and in poverty-stricken and squalid swaddling clothes is that being who cannot so interpret them.

Mr. Purrington complains bitterly that "Science and Health" is disjointed and disconnected.

So is native, virgin gold. It is isometric, in octahedrous dodecahedrous, without cleavage, also in arborescent forms, consisting of strings of crystals, filiform, reticulated, in grains, thin laminae and in masses.

In other parts the gold is not visible, and there is quartz or pyrites or some refuse which always grows protectingly near it.

Please pardon these metallurgic comparisons, I give them because in reading "Science and Health," they constantly recur to me.

It is a mine. Whosoever will may dig from it his own priceless treasure, or nothing, just according to his own outfit and interior.

That the prophet and priest can come down from the Mount of Transfiguration and drive a mighty hard bargain in dollars and cents with the sheep of her own pasture, and tether them in a corner, forbidding them

on pain of excommunication, to go out foraging for any green thing for themselves, but commanding them to stay in one spot and be content to feed on her own ensilage and the Bible forever, is one of the anomalies of the present outlook, and may also be a necessity of it for aught I know, since the mammon of unrighteousness plays the heaviest pieces on the stage of to-day, and since restrictions are necessary to idiots and children.

But the bitter and wintry atmosphere which "the mother" evolves when speaking of her "indigent charity students" tells us in no uncertain language that she is yet far from the kingdom.

We are not pining to enter this cold Boston heaven where, from the occasional whiffs of its temperature which we get, we feel assured it is away down below zero.

We may assume that Mrs. Eddy is alive, since half a dozen or more Boston reporters have sworn to the fact, not to mention her own vehement and repeated assurances to that effect, but alas! the whole of them together cannot convince us that she is altogether alive, in every direction.

A Yankee prophet who might possibly come down from the highest altitude of utterance and go into the back kitchen and manufacture wooden nutmegs with equal vim and enthusiasm, and dogged perseverance, is not the one before whom the world is going to bow down as "the woman clothed with the sun;" not at least, until she has been dead several thousand years—long enough for the crank to moulder into oblivion, and for the prophet to become immortal.

"For we have this treasure in earthen vessels."

Now as to ritualism. To the adolescent spirituality it is a necessity.

The infant intellect is all perception and not intuitive, and must be presented with a perpetual view of the frames and shells of things in order to grasp them at all, or even to recognize their existence.

This is the immense use of the frame work called Christianity. But it is old and cumbrous, and falling to pieces.

Its wisest and best are racking their souls to try and keep it together.

"They cannot in the old shape. At least the Protestant church cannot. The Catholic church, built on the superb truth of the divine mother, can withstand almost anything, and is trying to expand a little on the old foundations.

And now, in steps Christian Science with a newer and finer interpretation of the Church ideal, one indeed which fits the development of to-day, but she straightway evolves a grievous yoke in which liberty is strangled. She says, in substance, that the whole truth has been enunciated by the divinely appointed; stand still in this spot and believe it or be damned to ostracism "and excommunication forever," and the children will put on the yoke with gladness, because they would be so uncomfortable without a yoke. They have worn one so long they would fall all to pieces without one, like the woman of flabby muscles without her corset.

And to those who grieve over this let me say that the moment yokes are no longer needed they will disappear off the face of the earth, and no prototype of John Calvin, no prototype of Mary Baker G. Eddy can ever put another one together.

HARRIET PURDY COCHRAN,  
1227 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

### A THIRD READING

#### Of Helen Wilmans' Book, "A Search for Freedom."

When this magnificent autobiography began coming out fragmentarily in FREEDOM, over three years ago, each chapter was a delicious morsel which I turned over in my mind as I have done with a grape in my mouth, or a piece of exquisite melon, delightful to the eyes, the sense of taste, and the olfactories.

When the paper would arrive I was always on the *qui vive* of eagerness to read the fresh installment of Helen Wilmans' life story to my husband; and then I would lend it to my dear friend, Mrs. Buckner, and afterwards mailed it to my sister and neices. These last, my neices, became as enthusiastic as I, and now, to-day, some of the delightfully catchy expressions are household words among us, such as "Latin, skip it," and "Smartest young'n ever was, b'gosh."

On the appearance of the narrative in book form I was in too great a fever of eagerness to clutch it, and really lost some of its truest wisdom in my haste to read it.

Last week I had some girl relatives visiting me, and knowing their literary tastes I went among my books, taking some from the shelves and some from the parlor tables, but choosing always the finest I had for their delectation.

Among these I placed "A Search for Freedom," with strong recommendations for its immediate perusal.

After these friends left, I was putting away my treasures when it suddenly occurred to me that I wanted to read "A Search for Freedom" again carefully, continuously and *con amore*, for the third time.

This third reading has richly repaid me, and there are some scenes and passages in the book, which I wish to speak of particularly. The first is the occasion of Helen Wilmans' graduation, and that speech of hers after the explanation of President Jaques. I read it alone to my husband this morning, and as on each previous reading, there was a sob in my throat, so powerful was the courage and eloquence of the girl Helen Wilmans, as therein demonstrated.

Another tremendous chapter in the book is that which includes an article for the *Chicago Express* on the cowardice of the willing slave.

And in that final chapter "Coming to Florida," so vivid are the pen pictures that I again beheld the beautiful blue Halifax—again I sit by Helen Wilmans' side, while her Kentucky thoroughbreds carry us at a sweeping pace through the delightful shades of the hundred year-old-live oaks of Daytona; and I said to myself "How glad I shall be to go again to the peninsula, and clasp hands with this great growing force, and behold again the 'City Beautiful' as it emerges from the ideal and manifests in its joyous and satisfactory real."

VIRGINIA D. YOUNG,

Fairfax, S. C.

Editor Fairfax Enterprise.

[Mrs. Young has the thanks of FREEDOM and its whole fraternity of workers for the kind and generous expressions in the above article. It is appreciated all the more coming from one whose great ability is acknowledged all over the South; and whose worth no one who has met her can doubt for a moment.]

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day, that God is Life or Universal Mind, and operates through attraction.

Hence the new thought calls the creative power the Law of Attraction. The myths put forth by the imagination of the race when the world was young, show how constant has been the demand of this law.

The search for the fabled fountain of youth, like all myths, holds a seed of truth at its core. It is an intuitive demand on nature for what the race feels ought to exist,—a cure for its ills, a solution of its misfortunes. Such a panacea does exist, and its complete discovery seems near at hand. It is simply this: Knowledge of the Law.

It is as if the precious secret had been guarded throughout all these centuries of struggle, as by the magic fire which surrounded Brunhilde, in Wagner's wonderful music-drama. He only could pass the guard of flame and wake the sleeping maiden who was without fear. So the mind that strives to lay bare the secret processes of creation, must be fearless.

Fear is the arch enemy of mankind. In the pursuit of agriculture, the varieties of weeds which hinder the cultivator are manifold. But in menti-culture the noxious weeds are all of one family. They may appear in the different species of disease, anger, selfishness, hate, falsehood, but Fear is the parent of them all.

The salvation of each individual lies in his own mind, when that mind by the gradual accretion of power through experience, bursts by its own pent-up strength the bonds of its ignorance, and stands absolutely free and fearless. A long, long road of mistakes and consequent suffering preceded this ideal condition. But what a shining light the ideal casts on the rugged path!

In his recent work on Social Evolution, Benjamin Kidd declares that without strife, progress is impossible. What is this but a justification of the process of evolution, another way of saying that all is good? Strife in its strict sense belongs to the animal plane of ignorant effort, and is incompatible with the knowledge of the unity of all things. On the mental plane of enlightened efforts we have progress, not strife. Strife enlightened by an understanding of the law it works under, becomes progress. When each knows himself for what he is, a part of the one great body, he will no more seek to strive against his brother than the hand would pluck the eye from its socket.

If, then, we accept as good all the events of our lives, and from a study of Mental Science have learned that growth under the Law of Attraction proceeds by thought, we have made a fair start to improve the size and quality of our mental possessions. We must know that if we desire a bountiful harvest of health, we must sow health seeds. Health seeds are health thoughts. Do we desire to see the longings of our hearts realized? We must first know that we are heirs to that heritage, not aliens, and then set steadily to work to build by right thinking a fabric of brain cells that shall be so charged with a belief in good and a knowledge of individual capacity, that we shall become independent centers of attraction, able to stand alone by the force of our own positive thought. Then shall we see our desires fulfilled by the same Law of Attraction that formerly, when we desired ignorantly, brought us things we did not like.

Our capacity as an attracting center can be increased only by the recognition of new truth. That which served us to-day will be stale to-morrow. There is a

delicate and powerful organ in the body whose express function is to supply new conceptions of the same old, eternal Truth, which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It is the brain.

While the universal life contains all the elements necessary to produce anything we desire, yet the brain must receive, assimilate and shape these forces into the forms desired. That is to say, the Law furnishes the raw material as fast as we attract it by desire, but its creation into practical forms and uses must be done by the mind, which acts through the brain by the process of thought.

Mental Science is no pastime for lazy folks. There is no possible way to shirk the labor of concentrated thought if you would succeed in menti-culture. Daily practice in right thinking will soon renew the waste places of the mind; remembering always that the nature of the thought determines the nature of the result.

Believing, then, that we are under the Law of Attraction, that life is universal and may be freely received, we hold the essential implements with which to develop health, happiness and success in that domain where the mind is the soil; the seeds to be planted are thoughts, and desire to know truth is the unfailing stream which fertilizes every portion of our estate.

ALMA A. ROGERS.

#### THE EFFECT OF DISTANCE ON MENTAL INFLUENCE.

It has been claimed by Mental Scientists that distance is immaterial in so far as it affects thought transmission, and this position was taken by Mrs. Helen Wilmans in editorially commenting on my remarks entitled Thought Contagion. The belief was therein expressed that she had been able to exert as great a degree of mental influence at a long distance as within her immediate surroundings. Let us examine this claim, the question being, not as to the possibility of mental influence being exerted at a distance, but whether that influence is lessened in any degree by reason of the space it may traverse.

As Mental Scientists, we must assume that the phenomena of mental influence are the result of natural laws, which are fixed and immutable in their application. Unless this be so Mental Science is a misnomer, and no general conclusions may be drawn from any volume of experience, however great it may be. If the laws governing the mental are as exact as those under which the physical world exists, then it is most important that we should subject all phenomena to critical, scientific tests. Otherwise there is great danger that we may reach such erroneous and misleading conclusions as will retard our progress and obscure from us the great truths we are so eagerly seeking.

Before we may safely conclude that no mental power is lost in transmission to a distance it is evident that we must be able to measure both the degree of influence sent and that received. Without this ability, any conclusion is more or less a hazard or guess. Such transmissions of power being made to and from individuals, it also becomes necessary in each instance, to take into consideration the individualities of those concerned. The power to receive—or the degree of opposition to be overcome—differs with each person so that a given degree of mental influence will vary in its effect on different persons. And even with each individual, the power both of transmitting and of receiving, and therefore the degree of power transmitted and received, tends to continually vary. Indeed all the factors are so extremely variable that no exact conclusion can possibly be arrived at until we first ascertain and apply the law that will enable us to accurately measure the human mental current.

The fact that a cure was effected at a long distance,

does not at all prove that the same amount of influence was there received as should have been, had it been exerted near by. It is obvious that a test of the degree of influence cannot be made by simultaneously treating both from a long and short distance and if one person be cured by present, and another by absent treatment, we cannot possibly know that the same degree of influence was felt by each. The varieties of what we call disease are just as infinite as are individuals, and so far as we are aware no two conditions can be said to be exactly identical. But the laws governing all such phenomena must be exact and certain, and if we are to arrive at a knowledge of them, we must be careful to avoid conclusions that are not scientifically arrived at.

Now, when we assert that the transmission of thought is not affected by distance, we are clothing this power with an attribute that we deny to all others. There is no other natural force known to us which does not admittedly lose in intensity, or is not dissipated in some degree, by transmission to a distance. What then, is our warrant for investing thought with a power so unique, and so different from that inherent in other forces? Would it not be more reasonable to assume that analogous forces of nature are governed by similar laws?

One may bring about seemingly similar results at varying distances, even while the influence exerted may have differed in each instance. Indeed, both the conditions and the results may have differed considerably, even while they were seemingly alike. The power exerted at the farther distance, while it may have effected the same apparent result as at the nearer, yet may have differed in that it had an additional influence. It is also a known fact that some Mental Scientists are unable to exert power in the way of absent treatment, and yet do exert a great present influence.

We cannot assert that thought may not be transmitted to a distance without loss of power, for we cannot at present demonstrate this to a certainty. But still less are we warranted in making the claim that it can be so transmitted, unless we are prepared to sustain our position by tests made on scientific principles. All our experience and knowledge of other natural forces seem to lead us to the opposite conclusion. It is therefore a matter in regard to which we should not come to a hasty conclusion, for we are now entering a period when the laws affecting thought transference are about to be critically investigated and put to proof by actual test. Ultimately, we will doubtless be able to measure thought currents as accurately as electrical ones, and then—and not until then—will we be able to determine with precision the exact effect of distance on thought transmission.

EUGENE DEL MAR.

What my friend Del Mar does not know about the law of mind would fill a good sized volume. I wouldn't mention the fact if he had not acknowledged it in a personal communication accompanying the above. It is his frankness also which helps me to acknowledge that what I don't know would make another pretty good sized book. I would like to think that what Del Mar don't know would make a bigger book than what I don't know, but I don't know whether it would or not. I would like also to think that what my wife don't know would make a bigger volume than mine, but I am not quite able to do so. The plain truth is that we are all students and the wisest of us are ready to acknowledge that we are ignorant, that we seek to know rather than that we know.

When we first came to believe that distance was no obstacle to the passage of the healing thought we yet hesitated long before announcing our conclusions or consenting to receive absent patients, that is, before Mrs. Wilmans-Post could get her own or my consent to advertise that she would take absent patients. We have made our readers so fully our confidants, have so wished

to regard them as our friends, that I feel that we can talk to them through FREEDOM as such, else I would not write as I do.

The fear that she would appear to the public as a charlatan, a fraud, caring only for "the money that was in it," was extremely repugnant both to myself and her, and it was not until after many and serious "talks" that we decided to "speak the truth though the heavens fall," and she announced that she would treat absent patients.

We have ever been as ready to acknowledge our lack of a perfect understanding of the law as to declare our partial understanding and perfect faith in it. To know more of the law has been our constant study. Helen, at least, has thought of nothing else, it is this thought with which she wakes and with which she retires. Anything else, even the "fixing" of the children in quarters is altogether secondary, and the Waste-Paper Basket is the rebounds from the intensely earnest struggle for a clearer insight into the unknown. It is the return to surface after a dive into the unexplained depth; an evening at the play after a week of steady application to the business of life.

I would not, neither would Mrs. Wilmans dispute, as a seemingly reasonable conclusion, Mr. Del Mar's proposition. By every known law of physics there is a loss of force due to friction in transmission, yet the Physical Scientists now assert the existence of a frictionless ether, filling space. Day by day we note the advance of Physical Science along lines which must eventually bring it into perfect harmony with our own conceptions of the law, for while we are Mental Scientists in the sense of beginning our search at the mental, or what we regard as the positive pole of being, we value the work and accept, in general, the conclusions of the Physical Scientists who are working from what we regard as the negative pole. They are studying the effect and will so reach the cause, while we seek to know the cause that we may control the effect and feel confident that in time both will arrive at the same result—better knowledge of the supreme law.

Like the Physical Scientist we draw conclusions from demonstrated facts, even though at the moment we may not be able to explain the law.

It is true as Mr. Del Mar says that the fact that we heal a patient or patients, at a distance does not prove conclusively that there is no loss of power in the transmission of the healing thought from the healer to the patient. I do not assert that there is no loss. Neither would Mrs. Wilmans do so. We only say that we have been unable to perceive any. Patients in England and other foreign countries seem to receive as much and as immediate benefit from treatments as those at a less distance. Mrs. Wilmans (Post) has patients among the most highly educated and intelligent people in England and in other foreign countries who as regularly apply to her by wire if any sickness occurs in the family as they formerly sent for the family doctor. They would not do this if they did not believe that distance is no obstacle to the passage of the healing power.

Yet this does not prove beyond reasonable doubt that there is a loss, it only proves that the loss is not great.

Here, however, is an approved fact that is worthy of thoughtful consideration and investigation. I do not know this to be true of my own knowing, for of late, opportunities for investigation on this line have not



come to me, but I have it on what I consider as good authority, that there is a stage in hypnotism where to the hypnotized person, time and space absolutely become non-existent. For example, in one stage of hypnotism the person hypnotized seems to go to the place suggested and being there, describes whatever he sees of what actually exists to the senses. In a deeper hypnotic state he sees and knows without going.

I do not profess to understand this, I wish I did. All that I can at present do is to accept what I believe to be facts as suggesting the existence of a law which makes possible much that would be impossible if the law did not exist.

I am not seeking to controvert Mr. Del Mar's assumption. What I am doing is no more than he sought to do, as I imagined, set folks to thinking.

We are anxious to know the truth, to unearth the mysteries that surround us on every hand. We know enough to perceive how much remains to be known and how priceless is the knowledge possible of attainment by a thoughtful study of cause from the effects which we have been able to obtain. C. C. P.

### STRAY THOUGHTS.

People one would call "sweet," and "gentle," may be very easily wounded, have their feelings hurt; they allow their feelings to be wounded. They do not say anything, perhaps, but go to their rooms and have a "good cry," and often go to sleep in that mood. How can they expect to be well! Such persons are weak—too negative.

There are only two courses of action; either take no notice of an annoyance, or else have it out with a person. Misunderstandings and misinterpretation are wrong on both sides; it is better to have it out with the one who has injured you or wounded your feelings.

It is entirely unnecessary that we should remain abnormally sensitive. No one can be too sensitive to spiritual influx of a high order; but sensitiveness is wrongly interpreted. People are sensitive on very different planes.

A negative state of disorder expresses itself in weakness, debility—too little strength; positive state of disorder, in positive ailments.

Unsatisfied is a purely negative state. Dissatisfied is a different condition altogether. There are many people who are both—confusion of condition. When people are unsatisfied, a new hope, a new desire, a new ardor is growing within them.

Very sensitive people, who are negative, catch diseases; why not catch something good?

Just as it can be definitely stated on the physical plane, that certain requirements are necessary, so on the mental plane, one's condition is all-important. There is no law that will favor one more than it will another. If one takes the "grippe" and another does not, it stands to reason that if both have been exposed to the same atmosphere, they are not in the same condition.

We are differently affected by things because of the different magnets within ourselves. We can fix those magnets so that we can go on attracting just what we wish to attract.

All that we attract is in the atmosphere; we become related with it through our thought.

A person who has attained to the higher carelessness is the one who is ready for every emergency.

If you gain a victory on any plane, that victory stands

you in stead for all future time. You have risen superior; it is the rising superior to something that is of use to us. If you rise in your own mentality and score a victory once, it is a growth that can be employed for all time to come. Once gain a victory, and that victory is yours forever.

We can change at will the polarity of our own condition. There is a scientific law of action, which can be acted out by all who are industrious and fearless enough to trust their intuitions.

One cannot be happy, harmonious or well, so long as he allows the caprice of any being to make or mar his harmony.

One who can hurt my feelings is above me, and will not attempt to do so; one who would hurt my feelings is below me, and cannot hurt me.

The feelings of mental uncertainty makes the sight uncertain. Cultivate certainty within by quiet meditation.

We may so relate ourselves to the universe that we shall be as lamps living upon the atmosphere.

If we know how to relate ourselves to our surrounding, we can keep ourselves in perfect order.

People do not become spiritual in consequence of what they eat; but, as they become spiritual, they relate themselves differently to food—to everything. We act upon the fluid secretions of our systems entirely through our mental or physical states.

What is the condition of your system? What do you do with the food after you eat it? That is the question. If you eat a boiled egg, in a certain mental condition, it may have a totally different effect upon your system than when eaten in another mental condition.

Mental health is all-important.

If we feel opposed to anything, we must bring ourselves into harmonious relation with it, and thus cure our antagonism.

Whatever we hate—whatever we oppose—whatever we antagonize—we give power to hurt us.

We must overcome antagonism and prejudices. Where ever there is antagonism, or wherever there is fear, there is danger. All prejudices and fears must be overcome; because, just as long as these exist, there will be illness.

All remedial agents are useless as long as there is an antagonistic force in the individual. Until we have trained the intellect to act in harmony with the will, we cannot be well.

There are just two courses of action which are safe; to put ourselves in harmony with our surroundings, and go with them; or to live outside of them. We should never allow ourselves to go against anything—never allow antagonism. There are many whom we need not feel called upon to work with. Do not have any hard feelings in regard to such; merely let them alone.

Everybody gets out of things just what he, as a magnet, draws out of them. The ideal state is to be able to relate ourselves harmoniously with everything with which we must come in contact.

A very small act may be an indication of a condition.

*"Freedom" is the only paper published whose leading and constantly avowed object is to overcome death right here in this world and right now. If you want to learn something of the newly discovered power vested in man which fits him for this stupendous conquest read this paper, and keep on reading it.*

## FREEDOM

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*Dear Friends:—If I should send out a thousand copies of "The Mind Cure Pamphlet" to-day, nine out of ten of the persons receiving them would drop them without reading. But if you were to hand the pamphlets to your friends asking them to read them they would do it. This would double my business in a year.*

*Right in this spot on this page I asked you to send me addresses to whom I could send sample copies of Freedom. You have sent me at least two hundred thousand. I need no more now, but I do need your help in the other matter. Wont you send to me for as many of the pamphlets as you are likely to use in giving away? I believe you will. I have never yet asked for your assistance without getting it. Your past favors have made me feel your generosity so much that I dare ask for others. Therefore, I ask you to help me distribute the pamphlets which are a splendid advertisement of Mental Science. They cost you nothing. With many thanks in advance, I am trusting your generous kindness. Just think how you responded to my other request! Two hundred thousand addresses! Friends, you are very, very good to me. My appreciation is most sincere. With much love I am your true friend.*

*Helen Wilmans,  
Sea Breeze, Florida.*

### IMMORTALITY IN THE FLESH.

Some scoff at the idea. Only the other day some one who had received a sample copy of FREEDOM returned it with the margins written over in pencil, with remarks not in the least complimentary, the burden of the writer's song being "cranks." One hardly knows whether be amused or annoyed at such exhibitions of lack thought, lack even of general information. People who think every body daft who get from between the mildewed sheets of sixteenth century thought and insist on throwing open the doors and windows that the fresh air and sunlight may enter and purify and sweeten the bedding and the room—the class of people who call others cranks are never even aware of the trend of public opinion, don't know that the world of intelligent people has moved on ahead and that they being left behind represent the empty tin cans that can be found in the neighborhood of every deserted camp from which everybody and everything of any real value has gone forward.

There is to-day thousands of the most intelligent men and women in every one of the learned professions who concede the possibility of at least extending the span of human life very much beyond its present average limit, and not a few who do not call themselves Mental Scientists at all who have perceived and proclaim the possibility of overcoming death for an indefinite period, while the number of people everywhere who are eagerly asking for light upon the subject, constitute the great majority, with only the non-reading and the few besotted conservatives constituting the empty tin can contingent reject absolutely all belief in immortal life in the flesh.

Why should they reject it?

Is the knowledge of life after death of our bodies so perfect or so satisfactory as to cause the masses of the people to prefer death of the body to continued life in it? It is hardly fair to call up the spirit of Orthodoxy of a generation ago to question it in the presence of my readers as to its teachings. Yet if Orthodoxy be true in its essential teaching, it must be true as it was proclaimed half a century ago under Calvinistic influences, and there must be a hell of some kind where all who fail from any cause to believe Calvinism go after death, while the few only are permitted to enter into heaven. Surely there is nothing in such a prospect to induce the average individual to wish to lay down his body—and the fellow who feels that he is so much better than his neighbors as to be certain of a harp and crown is, if he only knew it, entirely liable to wake up in an elevator just starting down.

True the spiritualists are confident of a better condition for the average human soul after death than here, but they have not, so far as I can now see, been able to submit satisfactory proofs of it; at least they are in no hurry to make practical tests of their ideas by passing on before they have to, though they certainly have a more reasonable and logical faith than Calvinism.

If, then, no one wishes to die, why should any sneer at honest efforts to discover if a way may not be found to run death out of the camp for good and all?

I am as near sorry for faithless people as my Mental Science ideas will permit me to be sorry for any one. And all the time I know there is no need for being sorry for them. One might as well be sorry for the chrysalis of the butterfly or the silk worm wrapped up



## FREEDOM

and asleep in the cocoon of its own spinning. Blessed be those who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed. That is not Bible but it is just as good as if it were. It is the antithesis of "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened to you; pray believing that ye have and you already have," and that is Bible, if it will help any body to know it.

Faith leads to work and work to effort and effort to the understanding of the law. Life is not death; life is life, it is eternal and cannot die. Death is nothing in the world but negation. It is nothing; life is everything. What we call death is simply the absence of life in the form to which our eyes have been accustomed. It is change or dissolution of some particular form which life had assumed; the form of its expression changes but life is immortal. Until individual life, that is life expressed as an individual, becomes sufficiently intelligent to command the life element or essence, the individual expression must cease at some point to grow and begin instead to decay, but when life in any form becomes sufficiently intelligent to understand its relation to the universal life it can continue to receive of it at all times the same as at birth and through the period of growth, and so continue to preserve its individuality and form as long as it chooses.

Until men know this they are as the animal and vegetable forms and growths, and are subject to the change called death. It is not, however, life that dies with the man or the oak or cabbage; it is the *form* only that perishes. The sum total of life is exactly the same before birth as at any period of the life of the individual and at death, for life is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent.

How foolish then the idea that there is an omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent law of death. How simple and logical the claim that through faith in life and an intelligent obedience to its dictates, human intelligence, once having birth in form, may retain that form or shape it to suit its convenience or pleasure.

What has the opinions of our ancestors to do with us, or for what reason should we feel compelled to accept their conclusion on any matter? They died, you say. True, but that is not argument to prove that we should believe with them that death cannot be overcome. Because they failed of what they desired, shall we quote them as authority? The very fact that they died makes them incompetent witnesses for life; proves that they knew nothing of the law of eternal life.

The world moves. It not only turns on its axis and circles around the sun, but every few hundred million of years it turns over and like a small boy in bed, puts its feet, that is its poles, where its head or equator was.

Just so the race of men overturn ancient beliefs and opinions. They gain knowledge slowly at first, even as the poles of the earth are slowly deflected from their positions, but there comes a time when men waken to the fact that the sum-total of evidence which has slowly accumulated so utterly disproves the reasonableness of old beliefs that they drop them instantly and almost en masse. Such is the condition of the world of intelligent men and women to-day. They have awakened suddenly to the accumulated mass of testimony disproving old religious theories and beliefs and are prospecting along new lines—the lines pointed out by Science—by the accumulated knowledge of nature's laws, and by common sense, and the empty tin can containing is already so far in the rear as to be virtually out of sight and out of mind.

H. W.

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

This morning Florrie was telling me about a ride she had over the mountains in Lake County, and she said, "Truly mamma I never saw the beat of it. It rained every minute for the entire thirty-six miles just as it knows how to rain in California. The carriage sank to its bed several times in the soft mud, etc."

"Now Florrie," I said, "are you sure it was the 'beatenist' ride you ever took?"

She laughed and said "Well I'll give up to that other one; but why don't you tell about that ride in FREEDOM." As Artemas Ward says, "It is seldom skaled and never excelled."

We were living near Lower Lake in a very mountainous region. The nearest rail road station was thirty-six miles away. Ada and Florence were at the state normal school in San Jose, and were through the course and ready to come home. I went for them. Coming back we remained all night at Calistoga. The next morning we took the stage for the long trip over the St. Helena Mountain. The stage drove up under the eaves of the house that was running water like a cataract. The clerk wrapped us in oil cloth and smuggled us in somehow; there were three other ladies besides ourselves; no men at all except the driver.

Such a rain; but I am not going to say that it was the worst I ever saw; I shall only say it was the worst I ever saw outside of California.

I knew what to expect; but I also knew that if I did not make a bold dash for home that it might be weeks before I could get there. And indeed that was the last trip of the stage for more than a month.

It was three miles to the base of Mount St. Helena, and there we began the slow climb upwards. The road is cut in the mountain side and rises quite abruptly on the one hand, while on the other it slopes down into the canons and gulches with a declination often fearful to look at.

From the side of the road nearest the mountain the water poured over the stage in an almost unbroken sheet. I did not care for this, but I did care for the fact that the road was being literally washed off the face of the earth and was each moment becoming more sidling.

But we made the trip over the mountain safely and got into Middletown which is on flat land, and there we stopped for dinner. After dinner the stage came around for us, and every person about the hotel parlor begged us not to go. We had not crossed the St. Helena creek yet; it was a few miles ahead. It was one of those creeks that in the dry season barely furnishes a drinking place for the passing horses. But when the rains come and it shows itself to be almost the only outlet for the mighty volumes of water falling upon the surrounding mountains, its appearance changes to that of a precipitous and and frightful river, boiling and tumbling along in the most reckless disregard of obstructions.

Soon after getting into the stage again we came to this creek, and there we stopped, sure enough. It was still raining a regular Niagara everywhere. There was a half finished frame house standing near the banks of the creek. We asked the woman who lived in it if she would let us stay there until the water run down.

She said "her man" was not at home. I had some talk with her as we sat in the stage while the stage driver was taking the horses out. She seemed so full of doubts about the feasibility of taking us, and so weakly

full of half objection that it flashed into my mind she was thinking of her pay. "How much do you charge for board?" I asked.

"Well when my man's at home he gets mighty good prices."

"Ladies" I said "pile out of this." And we piled out and took possession. We were there three days, and every meal we had precisely the same articles to eat. Beans and hot biscuit with fat bacon. No butter, no tea or coffee, no anything but just the articles I have spoken of. There was not a sheet in the house nor a pillow case; but there was a big fireplace and we were dry. We slept three in a bed, and trunks being with us we covered the dreadful mattress with our under-clothes. There were five or six children, the oldest not more than eight; a poor little overworked girl who was full of responsibility for us and for her smaller brothers and sisters. This child brought in wood and water and made fires and did the most of the cooking. The first appearance of this little creature almost revolted us, but before many hours sympathy overcame our other feelings and we made friends with her. In the evening after the work was done—and I helped her do it—wiping dishes for her and picking over beans for some future meal, I talked to her. She was the most starved, poor little soul I ever saw; not for food but for human contact. And I talked and talked; and her eyes glowed and filled with the most intelligent comprehension though she spoke scarcely a word. Now and then her mother would appear in the door of the shed kitchen where we were, to see that the child was doing the work. She always had some sharp command to deliver, and it was always unnecessary, for the child was doing her best every minute. The mother was a regular martinet; but she had not been in the martinet business as long as I had; and so it happened that I gave her a lesson. At her last appearance in the door I said to her, pointing over her head into the room behind her, "Go back madam; your child can get along without you; it is my belief that she would be better off without you entirely than with you." I went on talking to the child without giving the woman a chance to reply. She stood still a moment and then acknowledged her defeat by retiring backwards to her own room.

The rain kept up for twenty-four hours or more. Then it stopped and the creek began to run down. On the morning of the third day some men came on horseback to try the stream's depth. It was not quite swimming. We got into the stage again; the men rode on either side of the stage horses; one man went ahead and prospected for a safe course; but we got through all right and supposed that our trouble was over. We had about twelve miles still to Lower Lake, and it is this twelve miles that is the "beatenist" experience with rain and mud that I ever had.

Up to this time in spite of the tremendous downpour we had kept tolerably dry in the stage, and our trunks were so protected that they were dry also. But in spite of this our experience was beginning to make us cautious; so we had cleaned up our traveling dresses and packed them in the trunk, and put on some wash goods that we were not particular about. Looking back at it now, this was the most sensible thing that occurred on that ride.

We had not gone a mile beyond the creek when the stage mired down and the horses could not budge it.

We could see several men cutting wood about a mile away, and finally they saw us and came to us. We women had to get out; the men tore up the fence along the side of the road and tried to bridge our way through the mud. It was three hours before we were on our way again. After this we got out in places where the horses could not pull us. Before long we were like mud balls; and our feet!

I need not continue the description; the sky was a mockery of our situation; the birds were singing as if they were doing all they ever expected to do at once. And that blessed stage turned over five times with us all in it, before we reached home. In each instance it just sank down slowly on one side until it could go no farther. No one was hurt, but all of us performed acrobatic feats that we would have considered impossible before then, and were tired beyond description by the time we got home and shed our muddy garments.

The whole Wilmans-Post tribe turned out last night to the Saturday evening dance. There was a crowd there, and we had a lovely time. I had a waltz with my son Claud; he can waltz and no mistake. Afton, his wife, is a good dancer also. She is a fine looking bright eyed girl with a strong constitution, and is liable to develop into a splendid business woman. I knew her in California when she was a little girl. She is in love with this place and says she would not go back for anything.

All of my children are here now. The *Peninsula Breeze* our local paper has a pleasant paragraph about us in the last issue. This paper is edited by an extremely bright young man who thinks that this place is going to be so important to the outside world that there will be interest enough in it to cause his paper to be quite extensively taken. He has supreme faith in the outcome of the place; first as a resort for both winter and summer guests; second on account of the great college we are going to build here; a college that is going to extend education to higher realms of thought than any other in the world; and thirdly because the place is really and truly the Mental Science Headquarters by reason of its most advanced ideas, and of the fact that a very great publishing business is being started here—a business that will issue hundreds of thousands of books yearly.

I conclude by giving my readers this very kind article Mr. Davis published about us in his paper. And I do hope his paper will be a success:

"Perhaps there has never been a more joyful reunion than that of last week, when the children of Mrs. Col. Post (Helen Wilmans) arrived in Seabreeze. Mr. Baker, Mrs. Post's son, with his family, arrived from California; Mrs. Ada W. Powers, Mrs. Post's daughter, came from Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Burgman, another daughter, having just recently arrived from San Francisco, brought all of the children, grandchildren and mother together for the first time in many years. There is certainly no family of greater prominence in the United States than this.

"Mrs. Wilmans has a reputation the world over, and her works are doubtless more widely read and carefully studied than any living author. She is the founder of Mental Science and the author of many books upon the subject. Her latest work 'A Conquest of Poverty,' has spread her fame throughout the world. Mrs. Powers is also an author and writer of great prominence, while Mrs. Burgman is regarded as a woman of great force and character and a deep thinker on original lines. Her husband, Hon. Chas. F. Burgman, is one of the best known men on the Pacific coast, especially in California, where



he has been prominently identified with public affairs. He held for six years the important position of Great Chief of Records of the Improved Order of Red Men, which flourished and increased largely under his able management. He has been the founder, editor and publisher of "The Insignia," a handsome monthly periodical conducted in the interests of fraternal benevolent associations. At the earnest solicitations of Mr and Mrs. Post, Mr. Burgman severed his Pacific coast connections and decided to identify himself with our growing community and the cause of Mental Science."

H. W.

### TREATMENTS FOR FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

These treatments are really for the upbuilding of business courage, self-confidence, and the vitality that suggests new ideas and new business enterprises, out of which success is sure to come. They are for the overcoming of that doubt men often cherish concerning their own power to do things as great as others have done. The fact is, these treatments for financial success are treatments for the making of men. They strengthen the man all over; they enable him to see his own worth and give him the essential faith to work out his own ideas to any desired result. It was by the strengthening of self that I won the victory over poverty; you should read my book "A Conquest of Poverty." It is a splendid thing if I do say it myself. You will gain force of character from reading it. If you wish to be treated for the qualities I have enumerated as necessary to you in a business career, you can write for terms to

HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.

### CONCENTRATION FOR CHILDREN.

Following the suggestions given in my article of May 17, I would advise the continuation of mental pictures descriptive of qualities for concentration for children; further, since we are all children on the subject of concentration, it would be well for some of our older folks to put these lessons into practice.

To tell a child to think half an hour on life or love, as I have seen recommended in a juvenile paper, is unreasonable. To hold a child to any thought the thought must be attractive; and we must lead him by degrees to longer periods of concentration.

Pictures of good qualities are always pleasing, and they serve a two-fold purpose; not only are they productive of mental development, but they build up the body by throwing nutritive qualities directly into the blood. Thus the mind, which is the seat of bodily expression, becomes one with the body, in other words we are all mind.

If a child is defective in his physical, mental or moral growth, create opposite brain structures by causing him to concentrate upon mental pictures of an opposite character. The object of this article is to give a variety of mental pictures from which to choose and thus facilitate the work developed upon this method of concentration, the outgrowth of which is "more intellect, better affections and emotions, a more potent moral nature and more success in all we undertake." Love pictures and peace pictures are one and the same thing, we cannot separate them; for where love is peace is found, and where peace exists, love abides. We can hardly separate love from any of the higher attributes, for love is the law and all other good qualities is its expression. So as we proceed, let us remember that love is the developer of all the mental pictures prescribed here for treatment.

A picture of peace and love is found in the story of

"The Doves." Each stanza is a lesson in itself and has its parallel in a child's life. Have the stanza committed to memory, then concentration upon it. Have the lesson continue daily at the same hour of each day, and the result will be a new set of brain cells, from which will issue the love and peace qualities. Sometimes it takes months for such construction, but keep on in the work, changing the pictures to give variety and keep up the interest, and success is sure.

#### THE DOVES.

High in the top of an old pine tree,  
Broods a mother-dove with her young ones three;  
Warm over them is her soft downy breast,  
And they sing so sweetly in their nest—

"Coo" says the little ones,

"Coo" says she,

All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moon-shiny night,  
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;  
Morn wakes them all at the first blush of light,  
And they sing to each other with all their might—

"Coo" says the little ones,

"Coo" says she,

All in their nest in the old pine tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone  
While the mother far for their dinner has flown,  
Quiet and gentle they all remain,  
Till their mother they see come home again—

Then "Coo" says the little ones,

"Coo" says she,

All in their nest in the old pine tree.

When they are fed by their gentle mother,  
One never will push nor crowd another,  
Each opens widely his own little bill,  
And he patiently waits and gets his fill—

Then "Coo" says the little ones,

"Coo" says she,

All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Wisely the mother begins byc and bye  
To make her young ones learn to fly;  
Just for a little way over the brink,  
Then back to the nest as quick as a wink—

And "Coo" says the little ones,

"Coo" says she,

All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Fast grow the young ones day and night,  
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;  
Till unto them at the last draws nigh,  
The time when they all must say good-bye—

Then "Coo" say the little ones,

"Coo" says she,

All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Another picture of love and peace is old mother-kittie with her soft, furry balls, purring and pawing and nursing together. Another, The boy and girl at the seashore digging sand, listening to the music of the waves, while kissed by the gentle breezes and embraced by the warm sunshine.

A picture of a little Indian baby taken from a publication, is another illustration of peace and love. Before concentrating upon it, the child should repeat the story, the mother urging the minutest detail in its rehearsal:

"In warm May weather he was tied with the fragrant

ribbons of linden tree bark in a cradle of thin wood. It was soft with the sweet grass from the meadows, gay with porcupine quills and shell beads and rattles. It hung on the bough of a tree near the field where his mother worked. Here Bright Eyes lay swinging among the branches long hours at a time. The blue sky smiled down upon him, the balmy breezes brought kisses from the sea, the pine trees told stories in very solemn whispers. Squirrels with tails in air, whisked madly in and out among the branches overhead as if to say "don't you think that you could catch me?" Birds sang to their mates in the nests; but little Bright Eyes was quite sure they were calling to him and was very busy listening to all the voices of the forest. His cradle hung so that he could see the green hillside with a bubbling brook and the wigwams along the edge of the river."

Children of nervous and too active temperaments should concentrate upon mental pictures of this nature. Repose, gentleness, quiet and love should characterize the lessons for such children. If a child, upon rising in the morning, shows signs of nervousness, is fretted and harassed and does everything wrong, kindly detain him and explain that a short silence must be taken for the purpose of pulling himself together—for strength, for control—and you will reach the child every time and he will return to his play refreshed and happy.

For joy pictures—Listen to the feathered songsters bursting with music at the early dawn, the dew on the clover and the sweet scents of morning-tide upon them.

#### THE CUCKOO.

When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—  
Sing cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
And yellow daffodils awake,  
The virgin spring is fair to see.

When streams through banks of daisies run—  
Sing cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
And sky-larks hymn the rising sun,  
Spring holds her court in grove and lea.

When cowlips load with sweets the air—  
Sing cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair  
And bids the mating birds agree."

Another joy picture is the play and frolic of the gentle kitties; frisking and dodging and romping; the trot, trot, the sudden standstill, the spring forward, the plunging and pushing, the two cats in one, the roll on the floor, the toss in the air, the scattering, scampering running and jumping; the scat! scat! scat! Children of sluggish brains and inactive tendencies should think upon such pictures as this. Also moving trains, parades, sky-rockets, fast horses, coasting skating, etc. A picture of special activity is the following: A little boy (my own) who lived near the wood, had two dogs; the trio had much in common and were always together. One day a man on horseback, and driving a detached team, went galloping past the gate. It was too good to be missed, the freedom of the horse and pleasantries of the driver made the outlook an exceptional treat. The boy, followed by the two dogs, sprang into the road in hot pursuit.

The dust was thick and the sudden noise and rush from the gateway, frightened the horses who ran at full speed. The dust rose in thick clouds and soon enveloped them, the boy laughed and shouted, the dogs

barked. It was a cyclone of dust and noise. Suddenly, as they ascended the hill, they emerged from the dust for a moment and it could be seen that the horses were loose, the man was wildly vociferating and beating the air and the boy and dogs were still in the chase. The dust rose again and on they went out of sight.

If a child is indolent tell him about the busy bees; it will stimulate him to usefulness and work. Tell him about "Buzzy" whose mamma is Mrs. Queen and who has thousands of little sisters but few brothers; about Buzzy's elder sisters making the cribs for the baby bees and often feeding them, too; how each baby bee has a six-sided crib made of wax, that the big sisters prepare by gathering pollen from the flowers; how the pollen sticks to the hairs on their heads and they scrape it off with their front legs, pass it to the middle pair of legs and finally carry it home in the baskets of their hind legs; how it is mixed with juices from their own bodies for the wax-boxes; how they also gather sweets from the flowers to make honey to fill the boxes; how this work goes on and fills their lives—Busy as a bee.

Other stories about ants and especially industrious people will do much to awaken children to usefulness. Impress the thought that every one must do his part, if one child is idle it affects the whole. This method of concentration is new but it is sure and meets a demand from the people. Concentration is centralization—is control. Concentration develops will and will is God.

MARY LOCKWOOD DYKEMAN,  
Columbia City, Wash.

#### OCCULT SERIES.

ISSUED QUARTERLY.

Vol. I., No. 2, Occult Series, "Men and Gods" will be ready for delivery about Oct. 15. This number will be the same size and style as "A Conquest of Poverty." It will contain the first half of the series of lectures delivered by C. C. Post during the winter of 1898 which created great interest, drawing people for miles around. There was a great demand for the publication of these lectures in book form at the close of the course, but it was not convenient to do so at that time. The International Society has now secured the right to publish and will bring them out as a part of the Occult Series. Price, postpaid, fifty cents. Address

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.

"Squire" Meeker is dead. He was born in New Jersey in 1793. He lived on this earth 106 years. The last 45 of these years he lived in Jefferson township, Bremer county, Iowa, where he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Farris, Jan. 18, 1899.—*Waverly Independent*.

Miss Julia McMahon of this city, with her aunt, Miss Alice McMahon, sailed for Ireland on the Umbria Sunday morning, says the *New York World*. Miss Alice McMahon, who is in her 105th year, had not visited Ireland for sixty-nine years. A longing for the land of her birth has overcome her, and she desires to spend her last days on the old sod.

FREEDOM six weeks for ten cents.



## IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

Also an Arrangement Outlined Whereby Any One in Good Standing in His or Her Community Can Transact Business with Us on a Large Scale.

One of our representatives has been doing such an enormous business that we asked him recently to tell us how he did it. Many are doing well indeed, but the orders for 100 books at a time began to pour in so very rapidly, and then a little later when these were increased to 200 at a time, and they coming very often, we took particular interest in his methods, and he has kindly given us the benefit of his experience.

He states that his first work in each town is to distribute 50 copies, leaving one with every possible customer, rich and poor alike, on a given street or streets, either business or residence. He hands out the books with a pleasant request that the parties to whom he hands them will read the introduction, dedication and preface,

making the statement that he will call again within a short time. Having distributed fifty books carefully in this way, making exact note of each name and address, he begins to call again in the order in which he has given the books out. He states that thus far he has succeeded in selling six out of every ten books thus placed, or thirty to each fifty. He seems to have the faculty of so interesting the people by very few words that they will read the dedication, introduction and preface while he is gone, and he states that he finds this sufficient in six cases out of ten to make the sale. No wonder that since he is making the sale of this book a regular business his orders come frequently and for from 100 to 200 at a time.

### NOW AS TO OUR PROPOSITION:

This gentleman was so situated from the start that he could order a large number of books and pay cash for them. Some have written in that they are handicapped in their work by lack of funds. In order to give every one a chance to do a large amount of business, we have decided to send books on letter of credit, in lots of fifty copies or more. Any one with a good reputation for honesty can get a reliable business man in his or her community to sign a letter of credit for so small an amount as is necessary to secure even 500 copies. No one who is to make a regular business of this work should order less than fifty copies at one time. Owing to the distance the books have to be sent, it is

far more advantageous to the solicitor to be able to order in lots of 100 to 300. No one need order in greater quantities than in lots of 500. The price of the book in lots of fifty or more will be 18 cents. In lots less than fifty 18½ cents. No orders for less than eight copies will be accepted at the wholesale price. If you desire fifty or more copies and cannot send cash, it will therefore be necessary for you to have a letter of credit for 50 copies, \$9.00—100 copies, \$18.00—200 copies, \$36.00—300 copies, \$54.00—400 copies, \$72.00 or 500 copies, \$90.00.

Send for letter of credit blank which will enable you to do an unlimited business without a cash capital.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Fla.

## ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN and ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH

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Desiring to give every one an opportunity to obtain the Lessons without inflicting hardships upon any, we offered to sell them for sixty days for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per month. This offer has met with such general satisfaction, and as our desire is for the greatest good to the greatest number, we have decided to continue the offer until further notice.

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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. Careful study will enable any one to master Mental Science through these lessons. They should be in every home in the world. Thousands of letters like the following have been received:

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have just finished the lessons and cannot adequately express my delight and appreciation. Nothing grander has been said in nineteen centuries at least. I want every thing you put out, and hope I shall hear of them as they come out so I can send. Sincerely and gratefully,

RENA CLINGHAM, care Ladies Home Journal,  
Metropolitan Building, New York City.

I am filled with thankfulness and love to Mrs. Wilmans for these lessons of priceless truths which are meaning so much to myself and husband, and I would especially thank you for the response which I am sure you gave to my request that you would waft a thought of desire that they might be of much good to him, my husband.

That "truth shall make you free" is becoming now to me a fulfilled promise, a possession entered into, though as yet I have but crossed the threshold, but oh, how expansive the view before me. Truly and lovingly yours,  
MRS. HENRY UMBERFIELD, Hightwood, Ct.

[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

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# FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY.

Time Table No. 21—In Effect June 11, 1899.

| South Bound (Read Down) |        |                     | North Bound (Read Up) |        |        |
|-------------------------|--------|---------------------|-----------------------|--------|--------|
| No. 39                  | No. 35 | STATIONS.           | No. 78                | No. 32 |        |
| Daily                   | Daily  |                     | Daily                 | Daily  |        |
| Ex Su                   |        |                     |                       | Ex Su  |        |
| 4-05p                   | 9 20a  | Leave Jacksonville  | Arrive                | 7 30p  | 10 55a |
| 3 15p                   | 10 30a | Arrive St Augustine | Leave                 | 6 20p  | 9 45a  |
| 5 20p                   | 10 35a | Leave St Augustine  | Arrive                | 6 15p  | 9 40a  |
| 5 57p                   | 11 10a | Leave Hastings      | Leave                 | 5 38p  | 9 04a  |
| 6 37p                   | 11 55a | Arrive Palatka      | Leave                 | 4 50p  | 8 20a  |
| 5 45p                   | 11 00a | Leave Palatka       | Arrive                | 5 40p  | 9 10a  |
| 7 35p                   |        | Arrive San Mateo    | Leave                 |        | 7 30a  |
|                         | 7 30a  | Leave San Mateo     | Arrive                | 7 35p  |        |
| 6 15p                   | 11 30a | Leave East Palatka  | Leave                 | 5 20p  | 8 48a  |
| 7 43p                   | 12 56p | Ormond              | "                     | 3 47p  | 7 13a  |
| 7 55p                   | 1 08p  | Daytona             | "                     | 3 36p  | 7 01a  |
| 8 05p                   | 1 18p  | Port Orange         | "                     | 3 26p  | 6 51a  |
| 8 26p                   | 1 55p  | New Smyrna          | "                     | 3 05p  | 6 30a  |
| 8 51p                   | 2 18p  | Oak Hill            | "                     | 2 22p  | 6 05a  |
| 9 30p                   | 2 55p  | Titusville          | "                     | 1 45p  | 5 30a  |
|                         | 3 26p  | City Point          | "                     | 1 15p  |        |
|                         | 3 34p  | Cocoa               | "                     | 1 07p  |        |
|                         | 3 38p  | Rockledge           | "                     | 1 04p  |        |
|                         | 4 09p  | Eau Gallie          | "                     | 12 33p |        |
|                         | 4 18p  | Melbourne           | "                     | 12 24p |        |
|                         | 4 57p  | Roseland            | "                     | 11 48a |        |
|                         | 5 01p  | Sebastian           | "                     | 11 43a |        |
|                         | 5 52p  | St. Lucie           | "                     | 10 55a |        |
|                         | 6 15p  | Fort Pierce         | "                     | 10 48a |        |
|                         | 6 41p  | Eden                | "                     | 10 05a |        |
|                         | 6 46p  | Jensen              | "                     | 10 00a | No.    |
|                         | 6 56p  | Stuart              | "                     | 9 50a  | 208    |
|                         | 7 26p  | Hobe Sound          | "                     | 9 18a  | Daily  |
|                         | 7 39p  | West Jupiter        | "                     | 9 07a  | Ex-Su  |
|                         | 8 13p  | West Palm Beach     | "                     | 8 33a  | 11 30p |
|                         | 8 39p  | Boynton             | "                     | 8 00a  | 10 26p |
|                         | 8 48p  | Delray              | "                     | 7 57a  | 10 02p |
|                         | 9 37p  | Fort Lauderdale     | "                     | 7 07a  | 7 45p  |
|                         | 10 20p | Lemon City          | "                     | 6 24a  | 5 30p  |
|                         | 10 30p | Arrive Miami        | "                     | 6 15a  |        |

BETWEEN NEW SMYRNA AND ORANGE CITY JUNCTION.  
Daily Except Sunday.

| No. 3  | No. 1.  | Station.               | No. 2.  | No. 4. |
|--------|---------|------------------------|---------|--------|
| 3 05pm | 10 10am | Lv. New Smyrna. Ar.    | 12 55pm | 5 50pm |
| 3 50pm | 11 21am | Lv. Lake Helen. Lv.    | 12 10pm | 4 40pm |
| 4 02pm | 11 39am | Lv. Orange City. Lv.   | 12 00pm | 4 24pm |
| 4 05pm | 11 45am | Ar. Orange City Jen L. | 11 55am | 4 15pm |

BETWEEN TITUSVILLE AND SANFORD.  
Daily except Sunday.

| No. 11. | Stations.          | No. 12. |
|---------|--------------------|---------|
| 7 00 am | Leave Titusville   | 1 25pm  |
| 7 13 am | " Mims             | 1 12pm  |
| 8 28 pm | " Osteen           | 11 57am |
| 8 50 pm | " Enterprise       | 11 35am |
| 9 00 pm | " Enterprise June, | 11 25am |
| 9 30 pm | Arrive Sanford     | 11 00am |

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