

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

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

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THE POLITICS OF BROTHERHOOD.

BY HON. S. M. JONES.

I emphasize the point that we are contending mainly for one thing—that is, that the laws now provide so amply for the freedom of the people that we have no need for political parties to carry on the business of the state, municipalities, the counties or the townships. In proof of this I call attention to and explain the right to nominate candidates by petition. This applies to all candidates. If the people desire they may select their friends and neighbors without caucus, convention, delegate, primary or machine of any kind. The Toledo Board of Education is nominated in this way. Names are all placed upon one ticket without a party name. At the spring election of '98 there were forty candidates, and only five to be elected at large in the whole city. A good average Board was selected. If the plan will work with the Board of Education, it is equally applicable to all other boards and offices. The people can select representatives who believe in direct legislation by the Initiative and Referendum, or who believe in any reform, and direct legislation can be more quickly obtained by this method than by any other; and by direct legislation, of course, the people can make any law they want; that is, laws will be as good as the people and no better.

The very word "party" implies something less than the whole; suggests the thought that is really at the basis of party organization. No party is organized to take care of or provide for the whole people. A political party is generally composed of men drawn together by a sort of natural selection, and the primary purpose of the organization is to capture offices and then conduct every function of government in the interest of a party—not all of the people—and as a fact in the interest of the organization. The competitive idea being at the basis of the organization, it follows that the person who can "control" the most votes in a precinct is the precinct committeeman, and the same rule is followed in the selection of the ward, city, township, county, state and national committeemen. As a rule every one of these takes up the work, not from patriotic motives, not because of his love for his fellow men, not because he wants to aid in getting a government that will provide equal opportunity for all, but because he has his eye on some office that he expects to get as a "reward" for faithful service to the party.

Analyze a machine built up in this way. Show how idle and foolish it is for the people to look to such an organization for relief from the evils that oppress them. As it is operated for the benefit of the few, the many can expect nothing from it.

Party organization is a menace to liberty and a hindrance to freedom. For the reasons already suggested and stated, it follows that a party is for the few, is against the many. Illustrations are abundant to show that the interest of the party has been considered not only equal to but superior to the interest of the government; a most striking case that of Vallandigham, an exile from Ohio on account of his treasonable utterances in '63, nominated a candidate for governor by a convention, while an exile from home, and receiving more than 200,000 votes at the fall election of that year. Minor illustrations of the same kind can be found without number.

These are the important points. If we can once see that the present policy of warfare, of lying, misrepresentation and abuse, of hatred and revenge is a hopeless policy from which the people can never expect anything in the way of relief through political action, the work is done. They only need to see how hopeless the outlook is to be inspired to change the plan, for the power is with the people.

To the charge that we are building a Non-Partisan machine we reply that the Non-Partisan plan is to continue to make nominations by petition. I have stated and repeat that I will never accept a nomination from any convention or caucus, or in any way except by free petition of all the people in the political division concerned, and the very name of the organization indicates that no one could accept a nomination by a delegate convention. This shows the impossibility of building up what is known as a machine of compact organization, held together by the cohesive power of a prospect for plunder.

Again, so far as I am concerned as a candidate, I have gone through two campaigns absolutely without promise of emolument of any kind even to the value of a toothpick. I could see from the beginning that if I was to work for the cause of liberty, the first essential was that I must myself be free.

In discussing the economic situation I especially avoid charges against any class of society. We are all alike caught in an unscientific and, therefore, unrighteous system—a system that for centuries has been studying the interest of the few. We are in a most important movement in history for the interest of all. Many words have been wasted about the greed of the rich, when we all know that the real trouble is that we are all selfish.

Don't talk about bad men, but about a wrong system that is constantly making good men bad. Above all, we must not indulge in personalities. Time so consumed is worse than wasted. Deal with principles instead of persons. Persons die, principles are eternal.

There is not time to talk about individuals. There are more than seventy millions of them in this country of ours. To even mention the names of these individuals would require about one and a half years, provided you spoke a hundred names a minute and continued your interesting task day and night.

The only issue we are contending for is that the people have a right to own and govern themselves, have a right to select their own candidates in their own way, and make their own laws without the aid or dictation of any political organization or machine. Do not wander from the main principle. Stick to this one great central fact that is at the foundation of all that we are contending for, the fact of human brotherhood, and we can never be confounded. Sooner or later it will be recognized as a fundamental truth that cannot be evaded, and all men will see that love is the only basis upon which we can hope to build an enduring state.

HE PROTESTS.

"Ichabad," writing to *The Bulletin*, makes some rather pertinent suggestions. The weak point in Ichabad's argument against this being called "a Christian" nation lies in the fact that a very large portion of the sixty million citizens who do not belong to any church are yet not strong enough in their unbelief to oppose the tyranny of the church and the priesthood. They fear the power of the church. They are afraid to live their true lives lest they be held to be not respectable citizens. The sixty millions are still moved by the twenty millions, at least three-fourths of whom no more believe the church doctrines than do the sixty millions outside the church, being themselves moved by fear of the opinions of the other one-fourth which includes the clergy, and half of those do not believe what they preach; so that we have a small minority governing a great majority; but since they govern it is theirs to attach their signature to the documents of faith in the name of the entire eighty millions without protest on their part.

But here is what Ichabad says in *The Bulletin*:

Sir: As an old member of "*The Bulletin Bible Class*," I rise to a point of order. The population of the United States is estimated at eighty millions. Out of this number the different Christian denominations claim to have on their rolls twenty million names. Admitting this claim to be correct (which is doubtful), the question arises: How are the remaining sixty millions to be labeled? They are not Christians, and evidently care no more about dogmatic theology of any brand than they do about the teachings of Moses or Joe Smith. Therefore, I fail to see how this nation can be (consistently) called a Christian nation. It is not true. The Christians are in a vast minority, and are growing beautifully less as time rolls. The denominational squabbles which are now raging in England and America are responsible for the lack of interest in Churchianity in any form. The simple truth is this: Religion is sustained chiefly by colleges, seminaries, etc., as a sort of a police regulation for the toiling masses, and to afford employment for the thousands who are turned out annually as priests, rectors, etc., by said colleges. Now, if twenty million people "like that sort of thing—why, that is the sort of thing they like," and no one has any right to object. But it does seem to me to be only in keeping with our form of government to allow the remaining sixty millions to stand aloof from all these mental gymnastics which are on constant exhibition among the different so-called Christian sects. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that there

is something in the air akin to the "liberalism" of the Pilgrim Fathers, who sought a wilderness where they could freely worship a god according to their ideas of a god; but who decidedly objected to any other mode of worship but what they dictated. The religious situation in this country is similar to the existing state of affairs in Japan. In endeavoring to "Christianize" the Pagans of that land, rival Christian missionaries served up twenty-seven varieties of Simon-pure Christianity. This over dose of richness and free salvation so completely rattled the Japs that they fell back on their native gods and rejected the imported article. Do you blame them? No! Neither can you blame sixty million Americans for standing aloof from a religion that has over one hundred varieties, each claiming to be the only genuine article. Therefore, Mr. Editor, my point of order is this—that the United States is not a Christian nation. Your ruling on this point is awaited with interest by the aforesaid sixty millions, among whom I stand conspicuous in the front rank.

AGE OF WONDERS.

Some of the latest triumphs of modern science are steam and electricity, which have revolutionized all mechanical methods and made the present age transcendently magnificent. The X-Ray and Liquefied Air are still more wonderful, but more modern wizards have added to the bewilderment by giving us telegraphs and telephones, phonographs and graphophones, and a profusion of inventions in that line; but something more marvelous still was demonstrated in this city last month by experiments in Wireless Telegraphy, by which we can converse with people many miles away, without the use of wires or any other visible connecting links. This is amazing, but it is not the *ne plus ultra*, for another astounding invention has just been made public, showing that by our own hidden forces we can produce beautiful pictures on sensitive plates, simply by emitting rays of light from our own physical bodies.

Here let us pause for a moment, to catch a breath. We have captured and utilized the lightening, invaded the starry heavens and arrested the hidden forces, attached to our ear of inventive genius sound and intelligence, appropriated the crowning glory of the sun, moon and stars, by emitting at pleasure "rays of light" which make beautiful pictures, challenging the magnificence of Nature itself.

But here we must not stop. Our mission is "onward." The angel world invites us forward, and "the next progressive step" may be, through the development of our occult forces, to be able to communicate with inhabitants of other planets, and by such connecting links to combine the many billions of inhabitants of the Universe into one enormous family, by being brought into communication with them all.

Language will not be necessary in this interchange of intelligence, for mentality is all there is in the world of spirit, and "thoughts that breathe" will reverberate through the whole constellation, without the aid of "words that burn," or dialects that confuse the physical man.

Even now, those who have passed through the "doorway" called death, visit the planets and detail to us, through our psychics, their wonderful explorations.

More amazing still. We are assured that sometime in the coming ages we shall not have to work laboriously to provide our food and clothing, but will gather everything to supply our needs from the air. Drudgery will cease and we shall spend our lives for pleasure and to

do good, instead of in providing for our daily wants as now, and then there will be

enough for each,
enough for all, and
enough for evermore.

Our clothing will be beautiful beyond description, made by machinery, all ready to wear, and will be freely replenished to suit our needs or tastes. The wish or thought will be all-sufficient to obtain them for our adornment, to make our happiness complete.

To some, these things may seem like "fairy tales," but they are not. They are among the things stored up by the Spirit World for us to enjoy in the twentieth century which will usher in the Millennial Day of Glory, so long heralded by poets and seers in ages past. All hail, glorious morning! We welcome its dawn, and bid the world rejoice! Let the "Temple of the New Age" long endure, and the first rays of the morning sun shine among its turrets, and the last gleams of its departing light ever gild its summit!—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

That men often build better than they know is an old saying and a true one. Perhaps it will prove true of the many polar expeditions from which so little seeming good has yet appeared. I could never see why men should risk life and fortune in polar expeditions. Just to reach the pole of the earth always seemed an inadequate compensation, even if accomplished, for years spent amidst the horrors of arctic cold—and I think so yet. But great good may come of it. In searching for the pole the explorers may have found a source of wonderful power that may be harnessed to the service of men. The aurora borealis may yet be yoked to the car of human progress, and made to work in the service of humanity; may be made to take the place of present forms of generating electricity. Think of it; think of finding the northern lights and compelling them to furnish the power to run all the machinery now run by other forces.

Evelyn B. Ballwin, the Kansas man who represented the United States government in the Arctic expedition of Walter Wellman, is firmly convinced that it is possible to utilize the great electrical energy of the aurora borealis. Observations he made in the Arctic regions convince him that there are great electrical currents passing through the earth from the North to the South pole. He has written the following account of his researches:

The main facts concerning the recently returned Wellman polar expedition are still fresh in the public mind and need not be recalled here. One of my chief objects in joining the expedition was to give further attention and study to the phenomena of the aurora borealis, popularly called the northern lights. I wished to add to the researches made when I was with Lieutenant Peary, in 1893-94, in North Greenland. With Wellman's expedition I studied the aurora in another part of the earth and several degrees further north, namely, in Franz Josef land, which was the scene of Wellman's operations during 1898 and 1899.

The observations taken while with Lieutenant Peary led me to believe the aurora phenomenon to be the manifestation of a great force which could be placed within the control of human ingenuity, and therefore of practical utility. This idea has been strengthened during the course of the expedition just concluded.

That this force is electrical, and that the polar regions serve as great reservoirs of it, I have no doubt, and when this supposition is established it must also follow

that there are great and controllable currents flowing within the earth between the two great polar reservoirs, currents which could be utilized in the propulsion of machinery and the workings of dynamos quite as readily as by the lesser power houses of our great cities.

There is practically no end to the purposes for which this great force could be utilized. Indeed, it could be used to light up the Arctic regions themselves throughout the long Arctic night, and thus afford the explorer far greater opportunities for polar research of every kind, for during the winter the surface conditions are at their best.

This, however, is but a minor consideration in view of the great results that would follow from the application of this force to commercial affairs in the populous sections of the earth, and why could not this force be led along great wires or lines as readily as the electric fluid is now conducted in cables from continent to continent?

In order to arrive at more definite conclusions concerning the aurora phenomenon an expedition should be organized for the purpose of studying the phenomenon in all its details. The expedition should be well equipped with instruments, and should be composed of men who thoroughly understand electricity and the appliances by which it may be controlled and put to practical purposes. Such an expedition could also contribute to geographical and other knowledge either in the North or South Polar regions.

Once the great force were chained to man's purposes, what a saving would follow in labor and illumination and fuel, and what an impetus would be given to commerce in now almost inaccessible regions! Without doubt the north magnetic pole is the center of this great force in the North Polar regions, and as this point lies just to the northward of the Hudson bay region, it is therefore at the very threshold of the vast British American territory.

The successful utilization of the great force which is annually made manifest by indescribably magnificent displays over that territory would certainly lead to the comfort and happiness of the people of those regions, to say nothing of its still greater possibilities in more populous regions.—*Daily Paper*.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

Some people are exhilarating, stimulating in their nature, uplifting, making us optimistic, hopeful, ready for any fortune that may befall, writes George H. Hepworth in *New York Herald*. They nourish the soul, make it athletic, take away all dread of the future, give us what the racer has who feels sure that he is going to win the prize, and whose anticipation of victory adds to the speed of his feet.

Tell me frankly what your controlling thought is, what kind of thinking you do every day, and I will tell you what kind of a man you are; whether you are making friends or enemies; how you will meet the emergencies which come into every human experience; whether affliction will embitter you, or mature, sweeten and ripen you. We are what we think. Your chief thought is as truly the master of your destiny as the captain is master of the vessel which he guides through storm and drifting currents. Your happiness depends not half as much on your surroundings as on yourself.

It is possible to have nothing and yet to have all; and possible to have all, and yet to have very little. A cheerful heart can lighten the heaviest burden and make it comparatively easy to bear. If you would discover what a man's life is worth, either to himself or to others, you need not look at his bank account, for that is no sure indication. If you can find out what kind of thoughts he cherishes, you will learn the whole story.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

MENTAL SCIENCE.

The subject of Mental Science has usually been approached from entirely too narrow a standpoint. It includes all the phenomena of mind and the laws underlying them. It embraces a consideration of all the forces of nature that in any way influence mentality. Eternal truths are its basic features and their aggregate must in every sense be regarded as a science.

Like all other natural laws, these governing mentality are of universal and never-ceasing application; neither their beginning nor ending may be imagined. They are independent of religious systems and have no concern with creed or sect. All humanity is included in their operation, and neither nations nor individuals may secure their monopoly.

Our knowledge of these laws is at present very incomplete. We have advanced but little beyond the threshold. Their investigation involves thoughts so at variance with traditional ideas that exceptional independence and daring are required of the successful seeker after these truths. Nor has the mass of facts thus brought to light as yet induced purely scientific investigations on any large scale. The subject has usually been approached by specialists who were far more intent upon propping up some pet system than of arriving at head scientific truths.

A great natural law has endless applications and may be approached from an infinity of directions. The vision of the investigator has usually been confined to his particular narrow avenue of approach, and "the law" he may have discovered is but a particular application of some far more inclusive truth. The fact that complete knowledge on any subject can only be arrived at through the avenue of universal knowledge, does not appeal to him. He may, indeed, have acquired the ability to effect "cures," build churches or accomplish some other practical work, but here his usefulness probably terminates. To this extent, doubtless, he has advanced the cause of truth, and it may be that his services form an indispensable step to further progress; but another class of thinkers is required if we are to reach still higher planes of knowledge.

The subject of Mental Science is worthy of being considered on far broader lines than those generally followed in the past. A few of our present thinkers are, indeed, treating it as its importance deserves, and their investigations will, in time, add much to our stock of information. The forward movement seems to be characterized by the discovery that multitudinous truths, formerly considered as final, are only manifestations of far greater generalizations. In fact, all phenomena are now comprehended under what is termed the "law of attraction," the designation of "love" concerning its application to human action.

The mental or spritual is the only life. Matter is formed in the likeness of mind; it is our physical conception of mind. Mind influences matter; matter receives the impress of this influence. Love expands, hate contracts; like attracts like. Thought is the motive power of mind. Thought controls action which is its expression. Loving thoughts involve kindly actions; evil results from those of hate. Control thought and all action is determined.

This is but a stray line of thought, but our present knowledge does not admit of its full development. There are endless other chains of thought still to be unravelled.

No truth is isolated. Each has its appointed place and bears some relation to all others. Each is an application of the law of attraction, which includes all natural phenomena. There are no other.

No subject can be broader or grander in scope than that of Mental Science. The seeker for truth need not complain of lack of material or fear to exhaust the subject. It will never be exhausted. Each may contribute according to his ability, nor does it matter what he may designate himself. Truths cannot disagree, nor do they accommodate themselves to conflicting schools or creeds. Truth leads to freedom, error to slavery. Creed is foredoomed to decay; truth alone has endless existence.

It is the duty of all thinkers to pursue the truth regardless of where it may lead. Religion, politics, law, science, no matter under what heading may come our cherished beliefs, if false they must be renounced. And however firm our convictions may be, they should always be held subject to revision. It is this freedom of the mind alone that will attract the highest truths. No matter what the creed, religion, philosophy or belief may be, it is useful—and limited in its usefulness—to the extent that it reflects the truth. Each is but a means to an end, and the latter alone is important. The value of a truth is not derived from the religion it may have been incorporated into.

There is no authoritative code of science. Man may codify rules designed to govern human conduct; he can only observe and obey the laws of nature. Man may govern his actions, but not the results flowing from them. He knows not even what they are. As his knowledge increases, his actions will conduce more and more to harmony or happiness. This is the lesson he is slowly learning, but before mastering it he must attain to a complete knowledge of the "law of attraction." When he has grasped this in all its bearings he will co-operate with nature's laws, and will have absorbed the truths of Mental Science.

EUGENE DEL MAR,

27 Williams St., New York City.

PRESENT IDEALISM.

Idealism *per se* never attains the fatal dignity of a system; it is always somewhat undefined and open to further accessions of Truth. It is rather a spiritual bias and predilection—a refined clay, plastic in the hands of every age; which, whenever the time is ripe, is molded to the form of some philosophic system. The philosophy of the Ideal is indeed older than history. Idealism was already venerable when writing was invented. But it has now come upon practical times and received a new investiture, a new value; and its gift to this age is the science of mental therapeutics.

This budding science, classed by the unthinking as a kind of astrology or necromancy, is perhaps the astrological stage of an exact science destined to revolutionize all therapeutic systems. It starts, with the premise—and this premise at least was known to Swedenborg—that the members of the body are correspondences, their various functions symbolic of the spiritual office, and not in themselves final; eye and ear of an inner vision and hearing; hands and feet of certain faculties; sex of the creative principle; head, torso, limbs all corresponding to the spiritual man. And this has given rise to an experimental psychology that shall be of use outside of the schoolroom. Hitherto has psychology

been milk for babes; here is meat for strong men. Opposite our category of emotions we must now write a corresponding list of effects. Here are grief, fear, anger, hatred and the rest arising in the mind, and far from vanishing into thin air, our psychology reveals that they act directly to derange the functions of the heart, lungs, stomach and liver. Here again are love, trust, joy and serenity acting to produce normal conditions and to sustain the body in health. Here then is the remedy for the effects of false emotion; where fear has deranged, love will restore. And through force of pure logic we are constrained to admit that false emotion and wrong ideals are responsible for pathologic conditions. We read in the earliest scriptures that it was then an old rule that hatred was overcome by love, never by hatred; and now it appears that anger and hatred are productive of poison in the blood, and true to the old rule this is overcome by the current of love. There is a certain sympathy and correlation between the advance of physical science and this new psychology—strange bed-fellows though they may be. Science demonstrates telepathy, and this becomes at once the vehicle of this idealism, the winged Mercury of this therapeutic Jove—the emissary from the rational to the erring consciousness. Again the intuitive perception of the idealist is corroborated by the chemist analyzing the blood under stress of various negative emotions, for lo! there are the poisonous products corresponding to each and every one. When before did chemistry reveal facts so momentous—big with revolution and the downfall of hoary systems!—*Stanton Kirkham Davis in Metaphysical Magazine.*

LIVING CRYSTALS.

A scientific discovery recently has been announced by Dr. Otto Von Schroen, professor of pathological anatomy in Naples, which, if it can be followed successfully, promises to mark an enormous advance in the attempts to find the source of all life. His discovery is that all crystalline forms have life originally. That means a bridging over of the gulf between mineral and animal matter. Dr. Von Schroen has found that living matter takes the crystalline form, and while still living and crystalline, obeys many of the laws and manifests most of the properties of inorganic crystallization. Before this discovery crystallization, as it is known in the diamond, rock crystal, rock sugar and similar forms, was one of the profound mysteries of science. That inanimate and non-conscious particles of matter should, of their own accord, arrange themselves in perfectly symmetrical forms, and always assume the same form, has been a phenomenon so extraordinary that many theories have been conceived to account for it, while none of them has been entirely satisfactory. It is as if one threw a handful of pebbles out of the window and saw them form themselves on the ground into a hollow square, and always form precisely the same hollow square when the experiment was repeated. Amid all the theories no one seems hitherto to have found what Dr. Von Schroen thinks now is the true one—that crystallization is a manifestation of the force called life force.

The first living crystals were seen by Dr. Von Schroen as long ago as 1886. It was so incredible a sight that at first he could not believe it. They were the crystals of the bacilli of Asiatic cholera, long, needle-shaped

prisms. All the bacilli thus far examined produce distinct crystals of different forms. The bacillus subtilis, for instance, forms bayonet rhombs; the bacillus tenia-formis, hexagonal prisms. The crystals of tuberculosis are square rhombs; of anthrax, elongated rhombs; any given bacillus being immediately identified by its crystal, which never varies in the shape assumed in its original formation.

These objects are perfect crystals in form. Yet they are alive, and their life, their motion, their reproduction are as visible and undoubted as their death, when it ensues, is undoubted. Their death occurs when all the living matter which originally formed part of the crystal has eliminated itself. On death they become ordinary mineral crystals. The duration of life is indefinite. All the changes in condition from "granular" to "molecular" and "atomic" may take place in a term of hours, according to conditions of temperature and development. Or the life of the crystal may be maintained by other conditions through any extent of time. Dr. Von Schroen has many living crystals, notably of tuberculosis, which have been under observation for years.—*N. Y. Press.*

WILL YOUNGSTERS INTO GOOD TEMPER AND STUDIOUSNESS.

Under the guidance of the Rev. Dr. Charles Kingsley, of New Brighton, the New York City Mothers' Club yesterday afternoon took a little excursion into the field of hypnotic influence. Dr. Kingsley told the mothers how they could, through mental treatment, "will" a bad tempered child into an angelic frame of mind, and "will" an ailing child well and a well child into illness. He even told how to induce a child staggering under a load of studies to accomplish its tasks easily by the mere suggestion on the part of the parent that it possessed the ability to do so.

"I don't believe in hypnotism," said Dr. Kingsley, "or in mental suggestion which enslaves a child, but in mind treatment which wills that a child be of God. You can't will that too strongly or too often. If we could save two generations of the children we should redeem the race."

Dr. Kingsley's address was "On the Rights of the Child," which he said had been little respected in the past, but were being "wonderfully expanded in the new realm of thought."

"More money goes for speedways and public works which help certain good citizens than for schools," he said, "although thousands of children are still out of school. The white child laborers in the South have so increased, owing to the prejudice against colored factory labor, that at seven and eight in the morning the streets are filled with white children going to work, while at nine o'clock they are filled with colored children going to school.

"In spite of Anthony Comstock and the curfew, the saloons are still wide open, invading the rights of the child.

"Churches are to blame for the lack of proper religious instruction for children. Most children might just as well put their prayer on a wheel, like the Tibetan, and spin it round, for all they know of its significance. 'Now I lay me,' which is usually taught them, shows what we think of religion. It teaches them nothing by which to live. Some children think 'lay me' one word—a mysterious charm."—*New York Telegram.*

SOME FINE CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I received two of your letters since I last wrote to you. I was in Little Rock yesterday to make out the papers for the sale of my farm. I am getting more than I paid for it; your treatments must have had something to do with it. I did better than I expected to do. Those lines of Sam W. Foss seem to work like a charm; they help me to look on the bright side of life. I enclose money for another month's treatment for success in business. While I know that I have received benefit from last month's treatment, yet I believe it necessary to continue it another month to establish me more firmly in business principles.

I have not decided yet whether I will open up here, or take a trip to southwest Missouri, where I think a few some good openings for business of the kind that I wish to engage in; meanwhile, I trust to your treatments to direct me in my endeavor to succeed. I am yours,

FRED BERNET,
Alexander, Ark.

MRS. WILMANS:—I have gained in flesh about 10 pounds since I began to take treatments, and it is very solid. My appetite is excellent. I can feel my whole form expanding. It feels like something pushing outward all over my body as though it would throw off all the old part. Makes me think of a flower blooming; that is the nearest I can explain the feeling. I have watched a flower opening, and I feel just as that looks.

Some would laugh at me if I should tell them that, but I can think of nothing else that describes the feeling so nicely. I know you will understand. One of my friends tells me I look 10 years younger. Oh! how I long to tell them every one what it all is, but I will go slow about it for fear I might commit a blunder in a manner that would turn them against it before they had given it even a thought. I am sure that anything as wonderful as this will be hard for some to believe, and we must be careful how we tell them. When this month is up I will try it alone a while.

VIOLA BEESON,
West Liberty, Iowa.

DEAR MADAM:—I have been hearing a great deal about you lately. I have been told by several persons that you are undoubtedly the best healer on earth; and some say that your equal never lived. I was rather skeptical when I first heard your praises sung so loudly, but must own up that you did surprise me when you cured Mrs. Walker's baby. He had been sinking lower and lower for days until there was positively no life in him; he was only breathing once or twice in five minutes, when Mr. Edgar Simpson, whom you cured, persuaded the father of the sick child to telegraph you.

Now, I was there myself, and I am not going to exaggerate in my description of what took place. The baby lay still for another two hours just as if life was suspended, waiting for some help. The little fellow had been unable to lift his eyelids for over twenty-four hours, and he could not swallow. He looked precisely as if he was dead. Raise his little hand and it would drop like lead; the nails were blue and the fingers cold through the day was very hot.

All of a sudden he opened his eyes. A short time after this he moved them from face to face until he saw his mother, and then *he smiled*. In a few minutes

more he raised his hand toward her and tried to say "Mama." He is entirely well now, and I never saw a recovery so rapid. How did you do it?

I am studying the lessons, and mean to keep up the study until I get some of the power you possess; enough of it at least to make me a blessing to the community I live in.

MARY E. DUDLEY,
Care Stevens & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR FRIEND:—I received a fine tribute to Mental Science the other day which you may publish if you like. It was from a man who, in the beginning, regarded the whole subject and movement with absolute disgust. He does not know very much about it, only what I have forced him to listen to or to read occasionally, and upon the effect it has on my health and happiness. He wrote me from New York: "I am very willing to say that as you seem to understand Mental Science it would be fortunate for the world if it could be substituted for religion. It would have more power and do more good. It is certain to do the world great service. Religion can do the world harm; often does; I do not see how your science ever can. It teaches self-reliance; it fills the heart with hope; it makes this world better and cannot prejudice us in the life here-after."

Our monstrous city (Chicago) has been booming; feeling a great desire to hear the brass bands, and believing in your suggestion that crowds added to our vitality, I marched forth to see yesterday's parade, and sat for five hours in a show case waiting for the great thing to pass by. Perhaps the crowd was too big, over a million of us, or there were too many soldiers with their implements of death; whatever it was I have been aching with fatigue ever since. There was not one inspiring sight in all those hours. It is the last procession I care to see, and the last crowd. I long for the simple life of Sea Breeze. We have given up the idea of going to Paris. You may see us down there before many months.

S. R. M.

MRS. WILMANS:—To-day I tell you of the pleasantest thing that has come to pass lately. It came in the shape of a big job; a whole block of new houses to be painted inside and outside. It seems strange that my husband's bid was accepted when it was not near the lowest one. I think it was your treatment for success. With kindest regards from my husband and myself, I am truly your friend,

HAHANNA EICHLER,
127 West 124th St., New York, N. Y.

"A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM."

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

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

BREAD AND BUTTER.

The Rev. Dr. B. F. DeCosta, of New York, who has just resigned from the ministry of the Episcopal church says: "I happen to know many Episcopal clergymen who would get out of the ministry if they could. The once fair prospect has faded. The mirage has fled. The case is puzzling, and now with teeth set they stand to their task, not knowing what else to do."

The doctor's reason for men wanting to leave the ministry is because the church is getting too liberal for these preachers who prefer to rattle among the dry bones of the Philistines rather than preach the living doctrines of the day. Other persons have given reasons for ministers wanting to leave because the church is non-progressive and dogmatic—in short, too illiberal. But whether it be because of too much or too little liberality, the fact that they chafe in the harness, yet dare not throw it off, is the question in point, and Dr. DeCosta utters a deep-meaning truth when he says: "There is an imperative need of bread for wife and little ones. The struggle for pelf blunts the moral sense, inducing mental inaction and spiritual asphyxia."

According to Dr. DeCosta, there are scores of clergymen within his own knowledge who, like himself, would step out of the pulpit if it were not for the bread and butter there is in it. And there are legions of others, who like Dr. Briggs, feel like breaking through the bonds of orthodoxy, but who must keep on stultifying themselves, week after week, because it is their only means of livelihood.—*The Coming Nation.*

Every prayer that has gone from the lips of the religious for union with God, has been the awakening of a soul's desire for consciousness of its self. Thank heaven, the iron arm of the church has lost its power and individuals may have the ban taken from their minds, and thus come into a knowledge of the self—which is their only God.

People talk about Karma and the vengeance of the Almighty. There is no other punishment necessary than the hand of Nature. The law of nature is summed up in the word, "Love." This is the Law. Break this law and you have disturbed the natural harmony, you have upset the equilibrium—then there's the devil to pay! So look out.

To conquer death is to conquer all things. And we are conquering it. What else is disease, old age, poverty, but phases of death? If you can conquer the inharmonious conditions of daily life, you can conquer death, for this is but the finale of negation, the collapse of the will. Yes, *death is the collapse of the will.* But in the absolute sense, there is no death. Nothing that exists can ever be annihilated. There is consolation in the thought that the millions who have departed are not lost, but in the eternal economy of the Infinite, are still working out the plan of salvation—possibly reincarnated here again. Still, at its best, death is *failure.* Oh, let us strengthen our will, summon up from the depths of our infinite nature, strength to battle with the negations of life, and make ourselves pillars of adamant strength, that *individually, personally,* we may manifest, here and now in flesh and blood, the *image of life*—life that is in itself eternal.—*Fred Burry's Journal.*

SOME THOUGHTS ON WORRYING.

The Pilgrim Fathers looked on worry as a divine heritage, to be carefully cherished.

When they didn't have anything to worry them they went out and found it.

When crops were good and Indians minded their own business they went on the still hunt for something to worry about.

There is something fascinating about worry. It is the only thing you can lose in the dark and find without trouble. And it is the one thing which sticketh closer than a brother.

Several antidotes for worry have been tried. Don't-Worry Clubs have been formed all over the country. The latest cure for worry is laughter.

Men, it is claimed, are willing to catch pleasure as it flies. But women must have everything "just so" before they can enjoy themselves, and then they are usually too tired.

"Worry is a disease," said a woman lecturer to women the other day in Chicago, "but fortunately not incurable. Women say that one can't be laughing when worried. You might be as hurried but you would not be as worried if you laughed.

"I happened to speak once of my husband to a little girl and she said:

"Why, I didn't think you were married."

"Why?" I asked.

"Cause you laugh so much."

"Wasn't that a commentary on matrimony?"—*New York World.*

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.

LIZARDS THAT GROW NEW EYES.

The tuatara lizard of New Zealand is said to be one of the most ancient forms of animal life now existing. It originally possessed four eyes, but now has to be contented with but two. It lays eggs, and these take no less than 13 months to hatch out the embryos, passing the winter in a state of hibernation.

These remarkable animals are found only in one or two places in the colony and they are rapidly becoming scarce, as collectors from every part of the world are continually on their track. They are about 18 inches in length, and, like many of the lizards, are said to have the characteristic of being able to replace portions of their limbs, etc., which have been destroyed. One owned by Mr. Carl Hanser of Awanui had the misfortune to lose an eye some time ago and now a complete new eye, as perfect as the undamaged one, has grown in the place of that lost. While the eye was developing the lizard seemed to be no more inconvenienced than a human being is in the growing of finger nails or hair.—*The Life.*

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COURAGE.

One great need of the race to-day is courage. Not exactly the courage that is shown upon the field of battle; of that there seems to be plenty. Dewey and his men had it when they sailed into Manila Bay, regardless alike of the guns of the Spanish fort and fleet and of possible torpedoes, such as blew the Maine into fragments in Havana harbor. Nor can the Spaniards be said to be lacking in valor, who fought a losing fight from ships utterly unable to withstand the fire of our better aimed cannon. We read, too, of the gallant charge of the British troops, and the desperate defense of their position by the Boers, proving that in obedience to discipline, or in defense of what they consider their rights, men everywhere are ready and prompt to risk their lives in combat with their fellows. But there is another kind of courage in which most of us are badly lacking, and that is the courage that refuses to recognize the difficulties, mostly small ones, and really insignificant when faced boldly, that lie in the way of attaining our desires.

I read, a few days ago, a story, half a love story it was, yet professedly authentic, of a clergyman whose wife was in great danger from savages. With a companion she was making a hard race from a large body of savages for a place of at least temporary safety, while he, a half mile in the rear, was riding straight ahead regardless of the fact that to reach her side he must ride into and through a hundred of his pursuers. Suddenly while still far in

the rear of the main body, a half dozen savages rose directly in his path, but "he did not see them." The author of the tale does not mean that his hero actually failed to note their presence in his path; he means that so intent was he in overtaking the larger party and rendering assistance to his wife, that he did not regard the presence of the smaller party that rose in front of him. He made no effort to avoid them; did not sway to the right or the left; did not cease to keep his eyes fixed upon the object of his pursuit, but rode straight on as if they were nothing and no one were in his way.

His courage, his seeming consciousness of superiority, of ability to ride through or over them, so far daunted the half dozen savages that they gave way before him; and though they threw their spears their aim was uncertain and harmless. What we all need is that same kind of courage applied to the every-day affairs of life. We want to "not to see" the savages that rise in our pathway and threaten to prevent the accomplishment of our legitimate desires. We need to be so much in earnest to accomplish our purpose that we do not turn aside, or consider as of importance, the difficulties that rise in the way of accomplishment. Difficulties are things to be swept aside, or ridden over. We encounter every day—little obstacles—if one does not give them thought; savages in war paint with eagle feathers in their hair—if we stop to gaze at them, and growing more numerous the oftener they are counted. Looking over and beyond them, seeing clearly the object in view, and riding straight at it, obstacles are swept aside or become powerless to stay our onward course. It is courage for the every-day affairs of life that we need, and it is this courage in which the race is most lacking; it is this courage, or the lack of it, that distinguishes the master from the slave. For he is a slave to conditions who does not master them, and he who sees obstacles, in the sense of fearing and turning aside from them, will never attain to his desires.

To succeed one must first have an object, a purpose in life, and then must ride straight at it, regardless of the obstacles that rise in the path. This kind of courage is lacking in a vast majority of people, and in so small degree accounts for their failure to accomplish anything. They never ride straight at their object. They see savages in their path and either stop and turn back, or swerve to this side or that, keeping their eyes on the obstacle instead of on the object to be attained, and pretty soon the object has faded from view and nothing remains but a memory of what was once a purpose in life.

I suppose the truth is that most people do not desire strongly enough. They do not care enough really about accomplishing that they start to do to compel their undivided attention to it. They do not pursue an object with determined energy because their desire for its attainment is weak, and it is this lack of determination that appears to us as cowardliness. Men lack faith in themselves. They do not know, and will not believe, in the power of the will to overcome—of a positive mental condition over the negative forces in men and in nature. When all men have learned this we shall hear less or nothing about obstacles and failures in life, for all things array themselves on the side of those who have a knowledge of the law and the courage not to see obstacles in their road to success.

H. W.

FREEDOM six weeks for ten cents.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

Kipling is wonderful. How the ideas flow from him! Nothing particularly new or startling; just the record of the man himself; what he has seen; what he knows. His books are the revealing of a human being; that is all. Not the uncovering of a statue, but the uncovering of the mightiest thing that exists—a man. The mightiest because the alivest; the creature that thinks the best.

I am not saying that Kipling is the greatest writer there is; but I do say that he surely does reveal nature in a very wonderful way; and there is nothing that interests me so much as nature.

And what a charm naturalness is in an individual! It is the greatest of all charms; far enough ahead of beauty. I know a woman who is a perfect treasure in every way except that her manners are affected and unnatural—tremendously so. She really upsets me by her talk and actions, all of which have been most elaborately constructed to suit her mistaken ideas of what is admirable. Not even a single tone of her voice is natural; nor her walk, nor the expression of her face. All have been manufactured after some queer ideas of her own.

And I would not care if this woman was a fool all over; but this is just what she lacks a long ways of being. She is one of the most exquisite house-keepers, and can produce the loveliest effects out of the most unpromising causes. She is a genius in every form of household constructiveness; and being good looking personally—she is really beautiful until she speaks or rolls her eyes or does anything—the first impression one gets of her is that of a fairy in its bower. But this effect goes in a moment. Then, too, in addition to her beauty and her exquisite powers of adornment, she is as good as gold; there is nothing generous and neighborly that she will not do. As a wife and mother she is absolutely perfect; her children worship her, and her husband glories in her; she is the pride of his life. I think he has got used to her affectations and unnatural ways of speaking and looking and acting; and perhaps they have become beautiful in his eyes; possibly they were always so. To me she is about as interesting as a wooden doll.

There is only one thing about me that makes me think I am growing old; it is my constantly increasing love for children. This looks "powerful grandma-ish." If I hear a young one bawl my heart jumps up in my throat and my tears spring responsive; and I'll do most anything to comfort it. It seems to me that there is nothing on earth so dear as the little tender things just beginning to get acquainted with the disappointments of life. I want to carry every one of them; and I know that this is not the right way; they will have to have their own experiences; but I can speak the silent word of strength and health and power for them; and I suppose this is better than buying them lollipops and giving them money.

It will interest the children among my readers to know that our children, Jessamine and Jerome and Helen and Leo and Carl are getting ready for a big Christmas "blow out." They are beginning in time. They have already made a purchase of fancy paper that they intend to make into ornaments for the tree. They want to make their money go as far as possible by inventing ornaments for decoration themselves. They have so many presents to buy for other children they intend to invite, that they have made up in their minds to waste as little as possible in useless ornament.

They tell me that the performance is going to be out of the ordinary run of such performances; they are going to have some kind of spectacular doings, and perhaps a little acting. It will take place in the big parlors of the Burgman cottage; and I believe the scamps have put me down in the program to pay for the supper, and to settle up the accounts generally.

I really think it is a good idea that they have begun so early. They are bound to develop something original by having plenty of time. I hear them talk and they seem to scorn the old-fashioned Christmas tree; they must add to it in some way to give it an appearance of originality.

I am printing several good letters this week. Observe the case of the sick child. That was a cure to be proud of. I am proud of my capacity to heal; and yet "proud" is not the word I want. I am glad of it. It makes me happy. It fills me with a sense of power that renders me independent of all the negative conditions which beset people on the present plane of life.

But here is another subject, and one that will bear discussion. It is suggested by the following letter.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—IN YOUR Waste-Paper Basket you say, "I have lost my appetite completely, the last year." Can it be possible that, as we grow away from the lower strata of thought, we will need less food?

It seems to me we always need less food. Even physicians (ordinary physical scientists) say that one-fourth of the food we eat goes to nourish and repair the body, while the other three-fourths tax the system to take care of it. If digesting and assimilating are mental states, it would seem natural, that after years of over-taxing, the habit should wear itself out—or the higher self assert itself, and gradually cast off a course that it had outgrown—or grown weary of. If we were not educated to eat three hearty meals a day, as if the chief function of life were to "fill up," perhaps we should live keener, brighter lives. As it is, we wonder at ourselves, and our friends wonder, and are apprehensive if we do not lay in the same store, and dwell with the same zest upon the process.

There are surely different stages of our lives; the material prevails for a long time, but if we attain to a higher by slow growth, we need not be bound to all that went before.

When we are pampered, or the appetite is coaxed and spoiled by unlimited attention and choice, it becomes our master, and—like love—

"Would wake and rise and be a King,
Of life and death the Lord and King."

For where is the person who, in the midst of abundance, is equal to pursuing all his life a simple diet, varied perhaps, but restricted to one-fourth the amount now considered necessary, passing by, unmoved, the other attractive but superfluous three-fourths? Such a person would probably always have a normal appetite, keen enough to make his food delicious.

I am often surprised in watching growing children at the small amount of food they use, varying of course, with activity. But as we grow older, and have less waste, and less demand for material to build up with, we have unfortunately learned that we can stretch our capacities to prolong the gratification of the palate, and that the latter is an end of itself, distinct from mere appetite, and so we become addicted to the unnecessary amount; it becomes orthodox and any departure from it is serious and to be looked after. Or if we wake to realization, we lack will-power to be "born again" for such it is to change that which habit has made "second nature." Nothing short of heroic treatment will do it generally—such as was given to a petted little dog that had lost its appetite and was sick, and taken to a doctor.

He tied it to a post, whipped it into lively racing around the post, and fed it on bread and water. The

poor mistress' heart would have led her to belabor the heartless man, if she had known, but as it was the little dog went home in due time with clear eyes, bright, glossy fur and bounding irrepressible life, while its mistress had orders to keep its food down almost to the point of starvation, if she would preserve its health and beauty.

Its system had been taxed by the care of that extra three-fourths, almost smothered under what in reasonable amount would form a basis—a medium—through which life might scintillate.

It is much like the fate of the Roman woman who begged for gold (the purpose, though treasonable, is not to the point) and when the city gate was opened, received the gold, but in such quantities that she was buried under it, defeating the end desired through the very medium needed for its achievement.

I am a vegetarian—purely from love of animals—and I think vegetarianism prevents the appetite from becoming clogged, surfeited.

M. G. P.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Whether this lady's suggestions are correct or not remains to be seen. Nothing short of experience is going to help us along the road we are travelling. It is a road that has never been trodden by human feet. We are farther out on the great life line than any person has heretofore been. But whatever is true concerning the matter one thing I am sure of, and that is that mind leads and will control and direct us aright.

H. W.

IN RE POVERTY.

BY IDA C. HAWKINS.

"Poverty enables us to discover who our true friends are and who are the sycophants. I refer to the poor who were once rich, or beyond the necessity of asking aid from either friends or relatives; those who are independent may be classed as rich, even though they have not a surplus of gold in their coffers.

Poverty is sent into the world that those who have enough and to spare may be moved to compassion and deeds of loving kindness; for surely if *all* had *all* they required where would be the opportunity to do good to others or to distribute favors? I am confident that those who suffer the martyrdom of poverty are blessing those who of their abundance give to lighten the burden of less fortunate brothers and sisters; and herein "it is far more blessed to give than to receive," for surely there is no humiliation in *giving*, while there is a sense of the weight of obligation naturally incurred in receiving, however delicately the gift may be bestowed. For "to *give* is royal." So we see that those who suffer loss of means and become poor are really martyr benefactors to those who willingly *offer* assistance in the hour of need.

This fact should cause the poor to hold up the head and realize the *dignity* of poverty, since it awakens feelings of benevolence and love, and a tenderness of heart in the rich, which in no other way could be effected. So we say, *poverty is a blessing* when viewed in this light (a blessing to those who *give*.)—*Banner of Light*.

The "devourers of widows' homes" and those who "grind the face of the poor" ought to pass the hat for the benefit of Ida; but they won't. They won't because they do not have to. Why pay for that which the witless, the unthinking, take a pride in doing without pay. Ida is "orthodox;" she ought to be ordained and given a charge, or a circuit. She would make a most satisfactory expounder of the ancient faith that is without reason. She would win laurels as an exhorter at a revival—provided she had a sufficiently ignorant and unthinking audience to speak to.

"Poverty is sent into the world that those who have

enough and to spare may be moved to compassion and deeds of kindness." Well, the sender must certainly have made a mistake if his object was as stated, for so far from moving the rich to compassion it prompts them to a feeling of contempt, more or less acute, for those who have not the requisite amount of brains and courage to rise to a position of opulence. There are a hundred times more deeds of loving kindness between people in backwood country communities where no one is considered either rich or poor, but all are in a way equals, than in a community where poverty spreads its rags before the gilded mansion of the millionaire. And poverty was not "sent;" it comes of itself and on invitation. To give is truly royal; but, as without subjects there can be no king, so the giving implies the humiliation of receiving, and establishes the relations of master and slave. There is nothing more degrading than the necessity of receiving alms; neither is the giving of alms elevating in its tendency, but the opposite, as it gives undue influence to wealth and induces the giver to weigh himself in a false balance.

There is no dignity of poverty; there can be none. One might as well talk of the dignity of the measles or whooping cough or a sore on the face as of the dignity of poverty. A poor man may show true dignity, it is common among the poor; but it is the dignity of a manhood or a womanhood that recognizes itself as superior to outward conditions, and not the dignity of poverty.

"Martyr benefactors of those who willingly offer assistance!" Rot! I should be glad to find a more elegant word that should be applicable to the sentiment expressed, but there is not any.

Think of exalting the virtues of poverty, of the descent from affluence to poverty, upon the ground that it gives opportunity for another to inflict "the sense of obligation upon receiving" inseparable from the necessity for so doing.

Poverty is the fruit of ignorance; ignorance of economic law, and of the power of mind over externals. What dignity or virtue is there in ignorance? The whole plea for poverty is the plea of the ignorant—when it is not that of the unscrupulous wise. It is the plea of the conservative, the orthodox, of those who seeing things as they are would find an excuse for keeping them so; the plea of those who cannot or dare not think, or would not that others should do so, lest they overturn existing conditions. It is time that the utter fallacy, and worse than fallacy, of such nonsensical utterances were exposed, and those who give utterance to them be taught to think before expressing themselves publicly.

C. C. P.

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.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

To-night there was a couple of patients in the parlor who had come for present treatments, and we got to talking. They inquired about how I came to take up the healing of patients. I said that I had seemed to be forced into it; that when I had cured Mr. Post of consumption, which looked to the people almost like raising the dead, every morning when I got up I would find fifty or sixty negroes in the yard waiting for me to cure them. Later on it was the white folks who came. Among these there was an old woman who wore a faded and slazy black silk dress, and a bonnet at least seventeen years out of fashion. But she was very neat and even jaunty in her appearance. I found out afterwards that she was a widow and wanted a husband "mighty bad." She had the "rhumatics" in her arms and hands and shoulders. I treated her and heard the tale of her woes a good many times before I got through with her.

One day a neighbor of hers told me what a hypocrite the old lady was. "I s'pose she told you she was powerful poor," said her friend.

"She surely did" I answered.

"Well, she's nothin' of the kind," replied her friend. She's a rich woman. She owns nigh on to two hundred acres of fust rate land, and hit raises jest piles and stacks of co'n and cotton. Why she's hidin' away money every year."

When the old woman came again I told her she ought to pay me something for my trouble. She said she was too poor to do it. I then said that she could go home and get along the best she could, for I would not treat her any more.

She replied that if I would continue the treatment she would bring me some nice frying chickens. The next time she came she failed to bring them; she had some excuse about not being able to catch them; the next time she had another excuse.

In the meantime it was a standing joke in the family about me and my old woman and the chickens. I had learned to talk just like her, and in repeating our conversation at the supper table after her visits, a person in the next room could not have told the difference between me and her.

After a time she quit coming and was entirely well. Two or three years passed, and in the meantime we had built a lovely home and everything about us was prospering. One evening as I was out in the front yard two women, one young and stout looking, and the other—well the other was my old woman—still dressed in the same black silk dress and the same bonnet, passed by, or rather they stopped as they were passing and spoke to me.

The old woman introduced herself by saying I had cured her once of the "rhumatics," and they had left her for two years but had come back on her, and she wanted me to cure her again. In an instant I recalled my little experience with her and asked her about the chickens.

"You did not bring me the chickens you promised me for curing you the other time," I said. "I am not going to cure you again."

"I'm a po' widder," she began in the same old strain I had learned by heart, "and yo's a powerful fo'-handed woman. Yo's got rich right here off the needs of us po' folks and now yo' stands up in yo' pride and 'fuses to cure one of the Lo'd's chillen. Yo' ought to be ashamed of yo'self. Aint yo' feard the devil 'll git ye?"

I had hard work to keep from laughing, especially at her remark about my getting rich off the people there. From all the healing I did in that place, I only received about forty dollars; most of the people could not pay, and those who could would not. I would have starved to death but for the lessons I was selling, and my absent patients.

I asked her if she had not heard about the devil. I told her it was no wonder I was not afraid of him; *he was dead*. I cannot describe the state of mind she exhibited. I acted it out for the family after I went back into the house, but I cannot give a description of it in print. She let me know quite plainly that he had life enough left in him to attend to my case, and she did not disguise the fact that she wanted me to get my "comin' up with" quick and hot.

But after that she modified her language and began to beg me to treat her. I refused. She said, "Yo' mus' do it. The Lo'd he tole me to come to yo' and get you to cure me."

I asked her if the Lord said anything about those chickens she promised me. She said, "No, but the Lo'd was 'bleeded to be obeyed and he distinctly sent her to me to be cured." I told her to tell the Lord I would not do it.

"Gran," shouted the young woman, "yo' come away from this place; its onholy groun' and yo' kaint get offn it too quick."

So they left—the young woman fairly dragged the old one away by the arm.

Now in answer to some of my readers who will think my conduct extremely mean and stingy I will say that I only wanted a little fun out of her. It was a source of pleasure to me to hear the natives talk—the illiterate ones I mean. I learned to imitate them to perfection; I could even look like this old woman when I tried.

But do not imagine that all the southern people were ignorant or illiterate. They were very far from it; many of the noblest specimens of human nature I have seen were in the south. Such genius, such superb ability—in many instances unguessed at by themselves or others—was a wonder just to contemplate. But—as Rudyard Kipling says, "This is another story."

There was another lady there, also a "widow," who did really come out a long way ahead in her transactions with me. She said she was "powerful pore," but she'd "sho' fetch" me a fine chicken if I would cure her. I forgot what ailed her, but I "sho," cured her as she willingly admitted, and she brought the chicken. I thought it looked like a very ancient specimen, but said nothing. When I untied its feet I found that in addition to the general wretchedness of its appearance it had one stiff knee. I told her it would not do. She admitted that it looked "turrrible old and down in the mouth and was no doubt feelin' powerful weak, but she s'posed I could cure it as easy as I could cure human bein's."

The cook cured him that same evening and threw his carcass away. I made up my mind to say nothing about this transaction, but I told it to Charley on his promise not to tell, and in less than two days all the people in town knew it and were poking fun at me about it.

And these experiences of our early days in Georgia were what I was talking to my patients about. Afterwards when we were all silent and I was treating them I kept hearing half suppressed bursts of laughter from them; and I doubt whether they got as much benefit from

the treatment as they might have done had our discourse been of a more sensible character.

As I write this these two patients are getting ready to start home. They live in Montgomery, Alabama. They are very intelligent and charming. The gentleman—the other is his wife—met with a strange accident. He was on the street and passing a group of boys who were playing very roughly with each other. Finally one of them dealt another a severe kick on the inside of the knee. Immediately this gentleman felt the pain in his own knee; and the pain did not leave him for six months. When it did leave him it left his leg bent out at the knee and very much disfigured. But this is not what I am treating him for. He is a very sick man in other ways, and suffers indescribable agony. But he is better now, and has only been here one week. He is very greatly improved and will return home full of hope and pleasure.

And another thing. I want my readers to "make a note" of this case, as Cap'n Cuttle used to say, and ask me about it in a year from now. I am going to straighten his leg. And it is not the knee that is affected; it is the bone that is bent out in a sudden bend just below the knee; this bend was produced by the action of the mind, and I shall straighten it by the action of the mind—my own mind this time.

H. W.

The old adage, "never too old to learn," seems about to be changed to never too old to marry. The papers announced the marriage in Brighton of "a bachelor" at the age of 98, and of a widow, Mrs. Mary Duncan, of Galena, Kan., at the age of 102 years. Glad to see the race getting frisky, and forgetting or defying the passage of the years. What have the years to do with us anyway except as we glean wisdom with their passage?

In some of the eastern papers there is being discussed the question as to whether or not a physician should help an incurable patient out of the world. There does not appear to be in the minds of the M. D.'s any question of legality or criminality involved in the question so far as I can judge from what I have read of the discussion, one physician, Dr. Nehemiah Nickerson, of Meridan, Conn., being reported as not only saying in a general way that he had hastened the death of patients whom he considered incurable, but referring to specific cases by name where he had done so. Yet there appears to be no suggestion even of arrest for murder. What a world it is to be sure, and how completely the race is hypnotized by its ancient beliefs. Here is one set of men taking life whenever in their judgment the patient is incurable, and little or no protest made; here another class striving to save life and succeeding in thousands of cases declared to be incurable by the M. D.'s; yet the former is protected by law and the latter liable to arrest as a criminal. Funny, isn't it?

The Shamrock-Columbia regatta has been of profound interest in a way little expected by the world at large. It has shown that the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy is perfectly feasible. The success of the talented Italian has disclosed the fact that many other men of science are engaged in the same field of research and that one or more of them have discovered points unknown to the text-books. Prof. Dolbear gave notice that he had patented a similar system to Marconi's ten years ago. Edison's friends followed suit by publishing

a list of patents on the subject which had been granted to the Wizard of Menlo Park at intervals for more than a decade. Tesla who is in Colorado for his health came out in an interview in which he declared that his methods were even far better and more efficient than Marconi's; and to-day three new electricians appear as rivals in the field. The world is undoubtedly on the verge of new and startling discoveries.

Something queer occurred when Marconi was at work on Tuesday. His transmitter and receiver were running along nicely when suddenly they began to play queer pranks. The inventor and his assistants were puzzled and went over the parts of the mechanisms with great care only to find that everything was in perfect order. They then tested the sea and the atmosphere to see if there were any electrical storm in progress; but there was none. The steamer was in perfect condition but still the pranks went on. Then they realized that some other scientist with unseen and unknown instruments in the neighborhood was sending powerful currents through space which mixed with and rendered futile their own. The unknown savant was good natured for after a few minutes of fun he stopped his mysterious work and allowed Marconi to proceed. The episode made many reflect upon the danger there will be of message-tapping and bogus message-sending if the wireless system comes into vogue. A crank, mischief maker or swindler could play havoc with wireless electric communication without running any appreciable risk of detection and punishment.—*Boston Ideas.*

FOUND THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

There is living in Rahway, N. J., an active, alert-minded man, who is 126 years old, and is the discoverer of what thousands of persons know as the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth."

He is Dr. Charles M. Smith, and the pool he discovered in the Jersey mountains, near the village of Deans, has, he avows, all to do with the great age he has attained.

The "fountain" was discovered fifty years ago, and every Summer and Winter since then Dr. Smith and the "Perpetual Youths," as those who believe in its properties and seek them are called, have gone to the pool and plunged into it.

Dr. Smith was a practising physician in New York City for a number of years, but in 1851 he went to Deans and found the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth" during a fishing excursion. He slipped into the pool by accident, but was not deterred from continuing his fishing until he had landed a three-pound trout. Before this day he had been afflicted with rheumatism, and was surprised to note that the accident at the pool had no ill effects. In a day or two his rheumatism left, and he has never had it since then.

Believing that the water of the pool was the cause of his remarkable cure, he confided the matter to his friends. Every day for a month he bathed in the pool and was rejuvenated.

In time many others heard of the strange properties of the pool, and now there is a pilgrimage there every year.

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A CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

Every reader of FREEDOM is interested in this book, and will be pleased to learn that through their co-operation, it is having a phenomenal success. Thousands have been sold and the sale has not reached its limit, as the orders received in every mail will verify. We have never been able to keep up with our orders until recently, and our last order to the printer was for 25,000. We are receiving commendation from the press and men of thought, not only in our country, but from Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand. People that refused to buy a copy from the agent, have, after seeing it in the homes of their neighbors, written in stating the fact and ordering a copy. This indicates that it would be profitable for the agent to go over their territory again. Many who have purchased and read "A Conquest of Poverty" have written in for the "Home Course in Mental Science." The reading of "A Conquest of Poverty" creates a desire for more knowledge of Mental Science, and there is nothing more instructive or desirable than the twenty lessons. The agent can canvass for the "Home Course in Mental Science" over the field where "Conquest" has been sold, with the assurance of success. In fact he can supply those interested with other Mental Science publications, and take many subscriptions for FREEDOM. We are receiving hundreds of letters testifying to the benefit received from the teaching of "A Conquest of Poverty," and "Home Course in Mental Science." One person writes: "Enclosed find \$21, for which please send 112 copies of "A Conquest of Poverty" by express to my address." This is a testimonial in itself. Others write:

SOME EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

GENTLEMEN:—Find inclosed postoffice order for \$27.00 for which please send 150 copies of "A Conquest of Poverty" by express to my address. M. GRANUM, Glenwood, Minn.

O, yes! I nearly forgot. I sent for and got 8 copies of "A Conquest of Poverty," several weeks ago. I think it simply delightful. I have never read any book that held me as that one did. When I began reading I was almost-compelled to keep reading till it was done. I believe that I laid it down once only before I finished it. But I shall not expand any farther in my praises of it, for I'm using your time; suffice it to say that I am hoping for large sales.

GERTRUDE SNODGRASS.

I have just finished reading your "Conquest of Poverty." I mean to study that book and act upon your advice.

MISS BELLE PIGOTT,
Philadelphia, Penn.

I am reading your inspiring work, "A Conquest of Poverty," whose life-giving teachings I will follow the remainder of my life, and before long now I will be able to report progress to you in a marked degree.

HENRY W. RICHARDSON.

If you who are reading this article have not already sent in a trial order, do not put it off any longer. Send for from 8 to 24 copies anyway, keep one for your own use, and, if you do not care to distribute the balance personally, hire some one to do so and at a profit to you, thus getting a copy free, making a profit beside, and at the same time giving some one something to do. Aside from all this, the truths of Mental Science are in this way spread by your efforts, in a way more effective than any other.

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It is not at all necessary for the agent to be a Mental Scientist. We will appreciate it thoroughly if every reader of FREEDOM will send us at least one name of a likely agent. We would be glad to have each reader send us as many as possible. It may result in doing the person whose name you send us a great favor and it is by this means that the truths of Mental Science are to be spread rapidly.

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

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

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

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

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

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Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering. MRS. HELEN WILMANS,
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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 wait 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,
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[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

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No 39 Daily Ex.Su	No 35 Daily	STATIONS.	No 78 Daily	No 32 Daily 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 36p	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 35p	7 30a	
	7 30a	Leave San Mateo	Arrive 5 20p	8 48a	
6 15p	11 30a	Leave East Palatka	Leave 3 47p	7 13a	
7 43p	12 56p	Ormond	" 3 36p	7 01a	
7 55p	1 08p	Daytona	" 3 26p	6 51a	
8 05p	1 18p	Port Orange	" 3 05p	6 30a	
8 20p	1 55p	New Smyrna	" 2 22p	6 05a	
8 51p	2 22p	Oak Hill	" 1 45p	5 30a	
9 30p	3 00p	Titusville	" 1 07p		
	3 30p	City Point	" 1 04p		
	3 38p	Cocoa	" 12 33p		
	3 41p	Rockledge	" 12 24p		
	4 12p	Eau Gallie	" 11 48a		
	4 21p	Melbourne	" 11 43a		
	4 57p	Roseland	" 10 55a		
	5 01p	Sebastian	" 10 48a		
	5 52p	St. Lucie	" 10 05a		
	6 15p	Fort Pierce	" 10 00a		
	6 41p	Eden	" 9 50a		
	6 46p	Jensen	" 9 19a		
	6 56p	Stuart	" 9 07a		
	7 26p	Hobe Sound	" 8 33a		
	7 39p	West Jupiter	" 8 00a		
	8 13p	West Palm Beach	" 7 57a		
	8 39p	Boynton	" 7 07a		
	8 48p	Delray	" 6 24a		
	9 37p	Fort Lauderdale	" 6 15a		
	10 20p	Lemon City			
	10 30p	Arrive Miana			

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

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