

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 Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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BODILY IMMORTALITY.

[New York Recorder, April 6, 1896.]

A new religious movement that is attracting more than ordinary attention on account of the remarkable claims made for it, was launched in the Lenten season in a course of lectures delivered by Paul Tyner, in the Church of the Messiah, at Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street. The central idea of this new religion is contained in the startling assertion that humanity is now about to realize, as a general condition, the power of perpetuating life in ever-increasing fullness, strength and beauty, in indefinite, eternal, prolongation of youth, not of age, decline nor decay. The immortality of man, it is now declared, is a quality or attribute which he is at last able to demonstrate on the objective physical plane, as well as on the subjective spiritual plane.

Life in conscious growth being an immutable and universal law of nature, and the possibilities of human unfoldment in the attainment of knowledge and power of expression being obviously illimitable, this new teaching insists that man has only to come into a clear comprehension of his true nature, physically and spiritually, to assert and actualize the supremacy of his will over all conditions menacing the fullest life and health of the body in any degree. Not only that final dissolution of the body we call death, but all sickness, disease, infirmity or weakness of every sort and description are absolutely conquered and overcome—compelled to give way to the conscious recognition of the law of life in ever-expanding growth—as the darkness of night is dispelled by the morning sun, the supposed opaqueness of solid substances by the penetration of the X-rays.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of perpetual youth has at last been found, says the teacher of this new gospel, and on the continent in the history of which his venturesome and romantic quest has so long been but a pathetic and fascinating chapter. At last the search of the old alchemists for the elixir of life has ended in the realization of man's power over death. Not merely as dream of poet or romancer; not as far-fetched fancy of mystical recluse enmeshed in the mazes of his own filmy abstractions, the secret of perpetual life is now disclosed in the light of material advance, as a law of nature resting on a solid scientific basis, and demonstrated by concrete fact and familiar phenomena.

This, at least, is the position taken by Mr. Tyner in the lectures referred to—a position which, in an interview with a reporter for the *Recorder* yesterday, he seemed to be prepared to support and prove by a very thorough equipment of facts and reasoning, lucidly, definitely and convincingly stated, and which there can be

no doubt of his holding in all earnestness and sincerity, as his own profound conviction.

Asked to sum up briefly just what his discovery means in our every-day, familiar, practical life, Mr. Tyner replied:

“Racial recognition of the truth of immortality in the flesh must, in the next hundred years, lift humanity as far above its present condition as that condition is beyond the life of the beasts that perish. Almost inconceivable advances in art, literature, science—in fact, in every realm of human activity—are at once opened up. Death and disease will become as abnormal as the black plague—once deemed an inevitable visitation of Divine Providence in great cities; poverty and crime will be as unknown among civilized people as cannibalism is now.

“Life is the one thing that every one desires more than anything else in the world. For another year or so of existence the millionaire willingly gives up his gold; to prolong the life of a beloved one, no expense, no pains, no sacrifice is deemed too great. Everywhere to-day in civilized lands we deem it the proudest achievement of science, the greatest utilization and exercise of the ‘resources of civilization,’ that the general death rate is lowered and the average length of life increased. The one awful shadow that broods over all our joys, the skeleton at all our feasts, the usurping fear that tyrannizes over the world, is the uncertainty of life, the constant consciousness and constant terror of ‘the destroyer, Death.’ For this uncertainty and this despair, the new thought substitutes an absolute certainty—an absolute realization in flesh and blood—of life, life always, fuller life and life more abundant, in the individual, in the family, in the city, in the nation, in the race. Darkness and shadow, fear and dread, weakness and pain, all depart to make way for light and joy, certainty and strength in ever-increasing fullness, beauty and majesty.

“This will not come all at once, of course, but even in its beginning, even to those who realize it only in degree, for one reason or another, the truth in its fullness and realization, I believe will be in plain sight. Like Moses on Mount Nebo, our eyes shall be gladdened by seeing the promised land, even if we may not enter it in the body that has carried us through the wilderness.

“For all who are suffering under the pressure of social conditions, for all who are striving with heart and brain and hand in various directions to find a way out of the present conflict and unrest, this new gospel must appeal with special force. Freely and without price it offers to all merely a heaven beyond the grave, but a heaven here and now; harmony, happiness, health,

strength, power, freedom; and with all these, real riches beyond the dreams of avarice, riches beside which the fortunes of our multi-millionaires, all put together, would form but a beggarly pittance.

"You and I want for ourselves personal beauty, strength, health? Well, all these the new gospel offers us. Do we mourn the loss of a loved one? More than consolation is promised, literal and absolute proof of the truth that, 'He that believeth shall live, even though he were dead.' And the cry of your rich young man, or rich old man, is, after all—though hidden deep down in the heart—'How shall I gain eternal life?' Eternal life, with all life, really means—enjoyment of living—is placed within our grasp with an emphasis on the gain and its immediate and concrete reality, that makes its cost seem ridiculously small.

"To the unlovely who seek loveliness; to man, maid or matron mourning the fading of all those endearing young charms that arrest and hold fond gaze; to the sick, who desire health; to the infirm, who would be sound; to the weak, who would be strong; to the ignorant thirsting for knowledge; to the awkward desiring grace; to the aged, who bewail the passing of youth; to the poor, who pine for riches; to prisoners and captives of poverty or riches, vice or crime, inside or outside stone walls and iron bars; to all who sigh for freedom, the fulfillment of your desire is offered here and now, on this earth and in new glory of flesh and blood."

"Shall the wicked and sinners have everlasting life?"

"There are no wicked and sinners," Mr. Tyner replied promptly. "All so-called sin and wickedness are but forms of selfishness, and selfishness is simply spiritual blindness. If he who is not without sin may not cast stones of condemnation, he who is really sinless will not condemn. Christ opened the eyes of the blind, wasting no time in judging or condemning either the blindness or the blind man, except as light condemns the darkness, by displacing it. After all, in the individual and in the mass, from the least to the greatest, from the most ignorant to the wisest, from the most vicious to the most virtuous, the crying of humanity to-day is the cry of the dying Goethe, 'Light, more light!' And for us all, the cry shall be satisfied in the future, as it has not been in the past, by ever-increasing fullness, intensity and duration of life."

STILL ANOTHER CASE OF FIRE WALKING.

The following is an extract taken from an article written for the *Wide World Magazine*, by Arthur Crawford of Province Wellesley, Penang, describing a Native Festival in honor of their God, Sammi:

* * * But at length the time came for the great central act of worship, which was no doubt intended—if one may be permitted to say so without any irreverence—to melt the heart of Sammi in the event of that deity proving obdurate. And, indeed, it was an ordeal calculated to melt even lead or any other metal. All interest now centred in the great fire-pit. This was a huge trench filled with glowing, red-hot fuel, which was days before it quite died out. Twenty-five of the misguided heathen had entered for this part of the ceremony. This sounds like a competition at an athletic gathering, but I can assure you it was no joke for the competitors. Completely stripped, save for a loin cloth, they took up their places with becoming devotion, and then each in turn passed through the fearful pit. The heat, even at a considerable distance, was intense and almost suffocating. As for myself, I was quite a long way off, try-

ing—more or less vainly—to secure snap-shots, and I suffered so much from the heat of the furnace that I consider myself, even, quite entitled to something handsome from Sammi. The younger men, who had not previously passed through the pit, ran quickly across, as though anxious to get it over. Also, they skipped gingerly over the glowing, red-hot embers in a way calculated to give scandal to the more devout. The veterans, however, who had been through it all before many a time, walked slowly and deliberately through the terrific furnace, and I succeeded in snap-shooting one of these devoted persons in the very act.

Now, some people are apt to belittle the endurance exhibited by these Pagan devotees, and others speak sneeringly of "trickery." I can assure these stay-at-home gentlemen, however, that they are entirely wrong. The fire-walkers were barefooted, and whatever "preparation" they doctored the soles of their feet with, it must be remembered that they walked through deliberately and slowly, and that the weight of their bodies was pressing down their feet. The thing was miraculous, but I fear I must leave it for discussion to such an authority as Mr. Andrew Lang. There was a distinct smell of burning as the devotees sauntered carelessly over the red-hot fire; and you must bear in mind that this was of considerable extent. I also heard a hideous "sizzling," but the less said about this is the better.

The next day the fire-pit was still burning and smouldering, and two days after that, again, I would not have cared to pass through it even with my boots on. The Klings are employed in the coffee, sugar, tea, and pepper plantations in Penang, and do much better work than either the Chinese or the Malays, who are also employed on the estates. In conclusion I may remark that the day was deplorable from a photographer's point of view, which was rather a pity, seeing that this was the last occasion on which the Kar-a-day festival will be allowed to be held.

A world of guessing and speculation is devoted to the matter of taking cold. Sudden exposures and the like are generally supposed to be a principal cause. Yet the Russian peasant and the American Indian will heat themselves in a sweating oven and then rush out to roll in the snow or plunge into the water, which may be icy cold; and this both with impunity and obvious benefit. And these facts lead Dr. Alexander Wilder to declare, in the *New Cycle*, that we seldom if ever take cold except when weary or depressed in spirit or in physical condition. * * *

"When we are cheerful we are safe from disease; when we are depressed and down-hearted we are in danger. Then, the epidemic or morbid influence in the atmosphere or exhaled from the earth is likely to find in us an "open door." The symptom known as "taking cold" is a common premonitor. There are comparatively few complaints that are not introduced with that antecedent.

"The best sanitation consists in having a good aim in life, a hopeful disposition, a purpose to make the best of affairs and a predilection of being cheerful and contented. We insist, in short, that the origin of colds, with their sequences, is in the nervous system and that the healthful condition of the nervous system is more from mental and moral causes than from external agencies.

"In short, the best preventive is, as has been already suggested, a cheerful mind, firm conviction and purpose inspired by principle. Firm resolve alone often drives away disease. It is one's salvation to refuse to be worried. The passive, negative condition, the drifting habit, is next to inoculating one's self with a virus, and should be got rid of as we would refuse infection from any cause."—*Ex.*

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

The Newspapers of this country have been furnished with new texts for an old doctrine by the revelations of the Frick-Carnegie case, and all the arguments against the feudal system are being rehashed to inflame and divide our people. We are told that the lines between the rich and the poor are being drawn closer every day, but the weak point in all these diatribes is the assumption that the two are separated by some tangible and permanent division of character, interests and purposes. Is this in any degree true?

Take the instance now cited and the case for the prosecution is thrown out of court by a simple statement of admitted facts. Mr. Frick was one of the poorest of the poor when he began life; he had a dependent family, and he was one of us. Does the mere success and the possession of money put him in another class? These are but incidentals—he is different because of special ability to use opportunity, or for other qualities peculiar to no class. Mr. Carnegie came here as an immigrant boy, and he began at the bottom; he fitted himself to take the position of telegraph operator, and he was one of the best of his day—does not his success prove that the poor are still in his class when they can do as he has done?

These instances are so well known that only a slight reference is necessary, but here is still another in the same connection:

Charles M. Schwab went to work in the Carnegie iron works at Pittsburg as a stake driver at a salary of \$1 a day. Now he is president of the Carnegie Steel Company Limited and draws a salary larger than that of the President of the United States. He is only thirty-seven years old. He was born in Pennsylvania and had only a common school education. At fifteen years of age he went to work, and does not believe in a college education for a business man. For a year or two he drove a mail wagon and clerked in a grocery store. In his seventeenth year he got a job with the Carnegie Company. His first job was to drive stakes for the foundation of a new building. His rise was so rapid as to be phenomenal. He became chief engineer in 1887, general manager a little later, and in 1896 a partner in the company. Years ago he was offered a salary of more than \$50,000 a year to go to England and take charge of some English iron and steel works. This offer he declined.

Now, our forefathers intended to found a state in which equality of opportunity should be afforded to all, and only ability and fitness make success; these instances and a thousand others within the knowledge of every man prove that the original design still informs and animates the relations of our people with each other and the effect of our laws on individuals. If money be the measure of ability and the reward of exertion, there is ample proof that the poorest may win—for those who so look upon life what more is needed to refute the attempts to divide us into "classes and masses?"

If other things than money mark success, then still more is it true that "merit and fame from all conditions rise"—the authors and orators and thinkers who do most for our country are not the sons of rich men, and are seldom rich men themselves.

Do those who denounce the rich merely for the possession of riches wish us to assume that ability should

be given other reward? Shall the capable rise to the top or the incapable? Should the strong govern us or the weak? How shall we distinguish the fit except by the success achieved along the lines of effort that most commend themselves to the majority of our fellow-citizens?

The failures spend their time in attacking the successful—shall we accept the failures as our leaders? To us it seems that the failures can only leave us in the predicament they have reached—they are the trapped foxes who ask us to give up our tails that we may be like them. Let us remember that, in the fable, the wise foxes refused to sacrifice their caudal appendages to gratify the self-esteem of the minority.—*From The Times Union.*

WHAT IS SALVATION?

Not from the pains of eternal punishment after death; few are troubled with serious thought on that subject, and they either pass through a radical reaction and cast the dementing subject aside or take up their residence at the assylum.

No, the human family is too much engaged with present tortures to meditate upon speculative miseries after death. The majority of the people believe in hell, because they are acquainted with its excruciating methods. These are real and tangible and they know their pains. And they desire deliverance, i. e., they want some hero to come along and deliver them. To politics therefore they look to have their grievances remedied. Though this hope has failed the race a thousand times, they still fondly dream of happiness to be secured by the enactment of righteous laws; as though a government could be formed and maintained superior to the people who must form and maintain it. Good government cannot come until the people are ripe for it. And when the people, even a majority of them, become wise and just, their government will, with equal pace, have become wise and just. For in every land, it is the sentiment of the people governs. If ignorance and greed prevail, the government can but be of a low order, with a strong tendency toward degeneration, until civilization falls and the eternal swing around the circle of experience is once more entered upon.

Little children cry for bawbles; but grown up children cry for all the ship of state contains, and in their frenzied conflicts for spoils the ship is scuttled; and all, the innocent and the guilty, small and great, go down to silence and equality together. It is not for the state to create men, but *men must* create the just, prosperous and happy state.

And as the state is a passive instrument in the hands of the boldest designers until such time as the intelligence and virtue of the people are sufficient to make it a common instrument for the equal protection, enrichment, comfort and happiness of all the people, it follows that the people must create themselves.

Self-made *men* and *women* are the only *men* and *women*.

The state cannot make them, neither can society, whatever its form or character, whether religious, political, or social. So-called men and women turned out by an institution are simply microcosmic echoes of the institution; except a very few "cranks," who were too much themselves to be modeled by the common mould. And these cranks who are despised and well abused by "the respectable" of every generation, are the world's saviors.—*Ideal Life*

IS A STUDY OF THE OCCULT DANGEROUS?

Under the above heading the *Chicago Chronicle* has a long article in which the writer gives some personal observations. I had liked to have said experiences, but he really does not appear to have had any. He was, he says, a member for a time of a school or club for the study of the occult, but dropped it after one of the members died of what the doctors' said was "imagination," since he had no disease that could be discovered. While another one talked such nonsense about controlling objects, animate and inanimate, by purely mental forces that he knew he must be crazy, though to use his own words: "I looked at him right in the eyes, but could see no trace of what the law calls insanity, so I put him in the class with those who are trying to invent perpetual-motion machines. I went away thanking everything but occultism that Stephen had bought and paid for a home, in his wife's name, before he became an occult student, and that his daughter was able and willing to support the family with her typewriter."

There is no doubt that many people think and act very foolishly regarding occultism, but none more so than those who are afraid to know something. "Occult" means hidden, that which relates to the unseen and unknown or little understood forces in nature. To be afraid to pry into the laws of our own being is to remain forever ignorant of them, and to leave the prying to illy balanced minds is worse still. Knowledge is never dangerous, either to the individual or to society, except when confined to the few; when knowledge becomes generally disseminated among the many it ceases to have any uncanny or unbalancing effect upon anyone, being accepted by all as natural and what is. This same writer would doubtless, had he lived and written a generation ago, have suggested that it was dangerous to investigate electricity as that was then really prying into the occult. Yet nothing, no knowledge gained by men in the last hundred years, has perhaps done so much for the race as that concerning electricity. It has really done much towards bringing the race up to a condition where it has become possible to conceive of, and investigate into, the powers of a still finer and more powerful force than electricity itself, namely, mental force. If instead of pooh-poohing Spiritualism or denouncing it as the work of the devil, and therefore dangerous to meddle with, the men and women who claim to be the truly good and best balanced mentality had given it thoughtful and honest investigation, any injury to minds less well balanced could not have occurred, if any ever did occur. It is the strangeness, the imperfect understanding causing a seeming separation of the investigator from the ordinary and accustomed things in life, that throw men of certain qualities of mind off their balance.

The remedy if any is needed, is not in discouraging investigation into the so-called occult, but in inducing a thorough and persistent investigation by the best balanced and most unprejudiced minds, and a dissemination of the knowledge gained among all classes of people.

If ghosts were as plentiful as rifts of moonlight in the forest of a moonlight night no one would be afraid of ghosts. Scarecrows are scarecrows because they are seen but seldom, and are therefore unfamiliar to the sight. And occultism will cease to be such and will cease to drive men crazy when we know all about it.

If a man "died of imagination" as the writer of the

article referred to, and the medical doctors assert, isn't that pretty good evidence that he should have been given a different kind of imagination; that his imagining himself ill should have been changed in some way to an imagination of health? Instead of that the doctor apparently fed him on powders and pills.

And they did not arrest the doctor. Of course not. He held a license to do that kind of a thing. He let the man die when all that was needed apparently was to treat him mentally; possibly if he could be reached in no other way, hypnotize him and change his thoughts to thoughts of life and health, and so save his life.

But the fact that he died as the result of imagining that he was going to die failed to make any impression on the grey matter, either of the doctor or the writer of the article, other than that it is dangerous to seek to know more than they already know.

And they doubtless consider themselves the possessors of unusually well balanced minds.

It is just such minds as those that delay the progress of the race.

A very small obstruction will sometimes turn the current of a mighty stream into a new channel.

Fortunately the stream still flows on whether in the old channel or the new; the pebble cannot stop, though it may turn it aside.

Neither can the fearful or indolent of thought prevent the courageous and thoughtful from coming into possession of a deeper knowledge of the laws of nature and of life.

C. C. P.

If we watch people for one day, we will find that every one is either trying "to get," or to "hold on," to things. With the business man, all effort is put forth in getting. Ministers preach "to get" converts to their creed. Teachers teach "to get" followers to their belief. Mothers desire "to get" everything for the improvement and good of their children.

Children are educated—a getting of the ideas of other minds. The whole world seems bent on "getting."

What does it all mean, this everlasting "getting?"

Just this: that we look for everything outside of ourselves. This tells the whole story—seeking and never being satisfied, holding on tight, if we succeed in deluding ourselves with the idea that we have got anything. We have looked outside for health, happiness, prosperity, Heaven and God. We have expected to draw them to us, and therefore must "hold on" to them.

What is this gospel of "letting go?" When we feel sure of a thing—that we really possess it—we "let go." There is never any effort needed to hold on to a thing that is really ours.

Do we try to hold to youth and happiness; to friends, love, life, wealth, if they are really ours? No; we are so sure of them that we "let go."

"Letting go" is an opening up, a receptive condition of mind. If you are wealthy, you can "let go," and spiritual wealth will pour in upon you. If you are poor, you can "let go" and the same spiritual wealth will flood you. This proves that opulence is spiritual; for we can be rich when poor, and poor when rich. "Let go," no matter what comes. It is not resisting. Jesus said, "Resist not evil." And of course we would not resist good. So "letting go" is a gospel of non-resistance. Let us practice it and see what it will bring.—*Katharine H. Newcomb in The Life.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am deeply interested in your college and was when it was first hinted at a few years ago; then I longed to see it established.

I shall now watch its development with ardent hopes, for I am sure it will disseminate the knowledge that the world is dying for. May it prove a grand success.

E. P. HILL,
New Haven, Conn.

We are getting many letters like the above. One came in last evening from Dr. Alice Stockham from Chicago. Everybody knows the Doctor. She says in her letter:

"I did not think I would let a whole week elapse without sending my congratulations to you and the Colonel upon the projected college. I so rejoice for the world that this is well in hand. For years my creative thought has been upon a school—a home for the natural evolution of the age. Success to your idea; it is a big one and if I can aid you in any way command me."

Dr. Alice Stockham is the author of Tokology and other books that are having a tremendous sale. She has made a very great success in literature; but everybody knows all about her.

DEAR MADAM:—The inclosed formula for mental treatment varies from all other expressions for the same purpose, inasmuch as the life principle is called upon to "compel" the sub-conscious mind to act; and I believe the sub-conscious mind is subject to direction of self or life. If I am in error please correct me and explain.

FORMULA—To my higher mind I appeal for and demand that knowledge which will enable me to command my own supreme power to so direct your mind that you shall quickly become efficiently receptive to the helpful influence which I will convey to you. By virtue of the power vested in me I demand life in that abundance so requisite to the restoration of your health. By direction of your higher intelligence, and by my command, the life principle shall have free access to your desires; it shall come to you with full power to compel your sub-conscious mind in accord with your conscious thought, to renounce all of your inherited false beliefs in evil and error in all your physical and mental defects, and thus relieved of your erroneous beliefs, your afflictions and discomforts shall quickly disappear, and permanent health shall be quickly restored to all your parts; your latent vitality shall be so developed by your higher intelligence that you shall consciously or otherwise assert and maintain your own supremacy over all your environments; your sub-conscious mind shall be so directed that it shall quickly discard all of your false beliefs, and by your own supreme power reinforced by my vitality shall your great and long continued affliction be promptly overcome and quickly terminated, with health permeating every part of your self.

D. L. C. BALL.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Often and often I have felt impelled to write to you upon this topic of the new thought as viewed from my angle, and as often have been restrained by the thought that you are deluged with letters and perhaps have little time to read them. But Mental Science has been, and is daily, a greater and increasing benefit to me, and perhaps an expression from me may not come amiss.

The freedom conferred by the new thought, its unity of purpose and community of interest, whether with or without organization, has much endeared it to me. In its purity it is absolutely void of fetters, so that, untrammelled by any bond or weight, whether of a nation's woe or an individual's doubt, it lures man on to do his best. From the empyrean region of a pure ideality there forever vibrates to his consciousness that which fires his all-creative imagination to higher and more varied concepts of power and utility, and more and more leads him to realize his capacity for growth and the joy of growing.

What a glorious thing the imagination is! How it moulds one's environment into increasing loveliness wherein health and opulence are always in demonstration. It is indeed magical in its wondrous transformations, and why should it not be since it is the very cream of that most potent factor, thought. To him who will patiently apply it to his daily tasks, however homely they may be, there will come ways and means to rise. Let him but study to clothe anew each day, even his commonest vocation with some feature not hitherto used or drawn upon, and out of this study of the new will grow the occasion that will make for his greatness, and the lever that will raise him out of the rut of mere dependence. I have fully verified this and know whereof I speak. Imagination cannot fail of doing this, for the supply upon which it draws is illimitable. There is no chasm in man's path which it cannot safely bridge, no height to which its unwearying wing cannot carry him, if he wills to go. To him who dares to trust his imagination, nothing doubting, there comes the fruition of every laudable desire.

The race owes you an eternal obligation for the stand you have taken for it, for the light that you have revealed, thus rendering its emancipation from error a near possibility. You have most conclusively proven that if man will only learn the lesson of himself, he can solve the problem of the universe and be the conscious master of his destiny.

Apropos of new thought, it is the key to the portal of unceasing progress. If we will but lock the door upon yesterday and burn our bridges as we pass over them; if we will change retrospection for introspection and meet each new thought only half way, we will forever be in the midst of perpetual youth and perfect health and opulence. Sincerely yours,

D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am gaining very rapidly; have reached a state of happy-go-lucky feeling almost absolutely. I can hardly hold myself on my dignity as a teacher some of the time. Oh! it is coming out all right.

B. L. M.

Claverack, N. Y.

Later—MY DEAR FRIEND: I never was so happy in my life; I have scarcely a particle of care, and if a little comes I can throw it off; and my mental power has doubled. I cannot express the half I feel.

B. L. M.

Claverack, N. Y.

This patient had nervous trouble for sixteen years. Address furnished on application.

DEAR FRIEND:—I feel like the day, sort of balmy,

calm, spring-like, in fact, altogether lovely. And that I am sure leaves nothing to be desired. I am putting what you wrote me in practice, I don't let the thought of poverty intrude; I don't see anything ahead, but we have plenty for the present. And I once read something of yours that said for "to-morrow's needs to-morrow would supply," or to that effect. Every cent I spend I send out with a thought of plenty, hoping it will multiply as it goes; as for myself the month is passing easier than ever before. I have the chance to read all your lessons, and I am in haste to begin on No. 5 this afternoon. I am, as ever, your sincere friend, B. M.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am getting ahead finely. My courage was never so good, and I feel so strong in the faith that I have decided to try to get along alone.

If it should prove that I have overestimated my strength, or if at any time I find myself drifting into negative conditions, I shall apply for more of your strong health-giving thought.

I assure you I appreciate all you have done for me. I count you as one of my dear friends. I shall write you occasionally to report progress, and I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

I shall send for your Home Course soon.

M. E. B.
Pleasantdale, Me.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that Helen Wilmans Post, Charles C. Post, Arthur F. Sheldon, Clement Eldridge and Charles F. Burgman intend to apply on the first day of April, 1900, or as soon thereafter as they can be heard, to the Honorable Minor S. Jones, Judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida, in and for Volusia County, for the incorporation of the "Scientific, Philosophic and Ethical School of Research," as a corporation not for profit.

Its character and objects are expressed in the title and embrace higher research and higher education. Meanwhile the proposed charter is on file in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of DeLand.

Signed,

HELEN W. POST,
CHARLES C. POST,
CLEMENT ELDRIDGE,
ARTHUR F. SHELDON,
CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

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.

We now have to pay 10 cents for collection on every check no matter how small. If you send check or draft add this 10 cents, also two cent stamp on check.

SEA BREEZE.

The following is one of a number of letters received requesting information about Sea Breeze. Since it is impossible to answer all in detail I have procured space in this issue of FREEDOM to present Mr. Devens' letter and my answer thereto:

ROSLINDALE, Mass., Feb. 20, 1900.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, Esq., Sea Breeze, Fla.:

My Dear Sir—Kindly furnish me with information about Sea Breeze. I would like to know all about its location, natural features, environment, local climate, normal mean temperatures, accessibility, population, present conditions, future prospects, prices of land, inducements to board, build or hire, etc. I have not at hand any circular published by hotel proprietors or others covering these questions. Yours respectfully,
W. H. DEVENS.

Sea Breeze is located about 110 miles south of Jacksonville on the East Coast of Florida and particularly upon the Halifax Peninsula, which constitutes a narrow strip of land one half of a mile in width, more or less in some places, and about 30 miles in length. This peninsula is detached from the mainland by the Halifax river, a semi-salt-water lagoon, into which flow several small rivers from the mainland. This stream, calm and of surpassing beauty, rises and falls with the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, by which it is mainly supplied. It abounds with many attractive species of edible fish, which afford good sport, and with crab, oysters and other crustaceans. Its banks on both sides are lined with the handsome semi-tropic palmetto, from 20 to 50 feet in height, clustering among groves of fragrant magnolias and bay trees, the rugged and far spreading oak and the stately pine.

On the eastern side the peninsula is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, which with its rhythmic swinging waves, laps one of the most beautiful beaches fringing the American continent. For more than 50 miles extending north and south of Sea Breeze, this beach, constituted of the finest particles of white sand, is as smooth and hard as a polished table, offering most excellent attractions for bicycle riders, carriage drives and pedestrian exercise. The ocean, too, with its changing tides, leaves upon the beach daily, thousands of attractive and prettily colored shells. From the highest point of the rising tide to the furthest margin of the retreating ebb the distance is about 600 feet and the average level of the ocean depth over this stretch is seldom above three feet, thus affording splendid facilities for surf-bathing both for adults and children. Here, too, with the varying changes of the seasons you can enjoy the finest of sport by fishing among the finny tribes of the ocean. And in order to encourage and afford better opportunities for this sort of pleasure, Col. C. C. Post built a pier six hundred feet long right into the swelling surf of old father Atlantic.

The normal mean temperature in summer averages 80 degrees; and in winter 70 degrees with an occasional rapid sinking to and below freezing point. We had two such spells this winter each of two days' duration. The climate here is thoroughly healthy. No moisture is retained on the surface of the porous, sandy composition of the soil; consequently no stagnant water with its resultant malarial conditions. Besides, the atmosphere is constantly purified and ozonized by the bracing winds from the ocean, which temper the warmth during the

summer and protect against excessive cold in the winter in these latitudes, because within ten miles of shore flows the warm gulf stream.

The population here numbers between five and six hundred, and we support two schools containing nearly 100 pupils. The town itself presents a succession of villas and cottages built among clusters of bay, pine and oak trees. Buildings are being erected here constantly; and new comers, finding the place so unusually attractive, remain and build their homes.

Land about Sea Breeze is divided into building lots, and these vary in price from \$300.00 to \$1000.00 for 75 feet frontage, according to location. The soil without fertilization is not very productive; yet the guava, the orange, the fig and other fruits grow here, if proper precaution is taken. However, on the western side of the Halifax river, the so-called "hammock land" is a deep, rich loam which supports a luxuriant native forest growth and prolific vegetation; and when brought under cultivation will grow almost anything in luxurious abundance. Such land can be bought for from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per acre near Daytona and other towns, and in addition will cost that amount per acre for clearing. However, further away from settlements and transportation facilities similar land can be bought for \$5.00 and \$10.00 per acre.

Building lumber averages about \$13.00 per thousand at present. Mechanics' wages average \$2.50 per day of ten hours' work; and only those of the building trade find employment. The cruder class of labor is performed by negroes who are paid \$1.00 per day and board themselves. Servant's wages range from \$12.00 to \$16.00 per month with board and room. The colored population supplies these also, though to those accustomed to the services of "white help" they do not prove very satisfactory. Neither does the colored laborer. No one is idle at present in Sea Breeze except the winter guests at the Colonnades and other hotels, who so-journ to enjoy the bright and pleasant surroundings and escape the rigors of northern winter. Those who cannot find rooms and accommodations at the hotels, where it is a question of "first come first served," in the rush of winter guests, locate in cottages, whose number is constantly increasing, because of the increased demand for them.

Sea Breeze with its immediate surroundings is essentially a health resort, and must be viewed from that standpoint by those who desire to locate and invest money here. Opportunities for manufacturing or agricultural purposes are exceedingly limited, and to that extent I am pleased it is thus. In the present great rush of material environments it is well that a few places be reserved where people can escape to from the din and clash of industry, commerce and politics, etc., and for a brief period commune with nature, find calmness of soul, rest and recreation of body without sacrificing the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. All this is enjoyed here.

On the other hand this place has a future. People of culture and refinement, and those of the new thought, come here to settle, and will come here in greater numbers. Ground is about to be broken for the building of a college whose principal object is to be the investigation of mental and psychic phenomena, and the dissemination of knowledge relating to these and kindred subjects. This will of itself constitute a point of pil-

grimage toward which will travel many in search of greater and higher knowledge and profounder truths. And centres of learning always draw a responsive population. From that point of view investments will not be misplaced.

The foregoing is written from the viewpoint of a recent arrival who has purposely avoided descriptive coloring, realizing that deception is the twin sister of folly.

The journey to Sea Breeze is undertaken by travelling over any one of the several roads leading to Jacksonville, Florida. From there you take the train of the Florida East Coast Railroad, purchasing a ticket to Daytona—cost \$4.50. Arriving at Daytona, one of the prettiest towns in all of Florida and many other states, you will find conveyances ready to carry yourself and baggage through the shaded avenues of Daytona, over the bridge spanning the Halifax river, to your place of destination, a distance of two miles in all; revealing to you a scenic panorama which delights the eye and brings joy to the soul.

Board and room at the hotels range from \$15 to \$20 a week during the winter season; and from \$7 to \$12 during the summer. Board and lodging with private families can be procured for \$8 and \$10 per week. Modern cottages rent from \$15 and upward per month, if contracted for by the year; and \$25 per month during the winter.

CHARLES F. BURGMAN.

THE BOY CAPTAIN.

We "suspend the rule" which we have made for ourselves, for bidding the taking up of space in FREEDOM with book reviews in honor of Captain Eldridge's recent publication, "The Boy Captain." It is a tale of the sea and of adventure in foreign lands that will certainly prove attractive to lovers of such works, and is besides not devoid of information of value. Perhaps the book is best described in the author's own words. In the preface he says:

"My excuse for offering this book to the public is that the one side of a sailor's life, which has never been told, may show that those who go down to the sea in ships, do not materially differ from men in other occupations, except, as a class, in those qualities of large-hearted generosity and genuine sympathy for all, which constitute so large a part of true manhood. My associations of eighteen years with this little-known and less-appreciated class of brave men fails to find the Jack tar portrayed by most writers, with his trousers-hitching and quid-shifting characteristics, but, on the contrary, men with warm hearts and generous impulses, nobly responsive to every kindness shown them.

My story is laid in the good old days of sailing ships, when there was romance in a sailor's life, and when it required knowledge, skill and bravery to navigate the great deep. The characters are all real ones, and the plot of the story is founded upon fact."

The book is neatly bound in cloth, and has several illustrations. Price 75 cents. The Werner Co., publishers, Akron, Ohio.

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In ordering change of address it is necessary to give former address as well as new one.

Please take notice that 48 copies count for one year.

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

The date at which subscriptions expire is printed on the wrappers of all papers sent out and this is a receipt for the money received. We cannot send a receipt for single subscriptions any other way, since to do so is wholly unnecessary and would be a very considerable expense in time and postage.

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

DON'T.

Don't what? Don't mix your orders. For anything connected with healing or with the paper FREEDOM, address Helen Wilmans.

The book business belongs to the International Scientific Association and Mrs Wilmans has nothing to do with it. Don't increase our work by sending us mixed orders. We ask this as a special favor.

THEY SEE NO USE IN LIVING.

"Life seemed valueless. I did not want to die, yet did not see any use in living."

This and similar expressions reach me almost daily and from many different persons who have been lifted out of their hopeless and aimless mental conditions, through a knowledge gained from reading FREEDOM or some of our other publications. Really those who, from a feeling that life held nothing worth striving for, and who cared to live principally because they feared to die, have come to love life because of the glorious opportunities which, through a study of Mental Science, they see it offers them, may be numbered by the thousands—even tens of thousands. Herein is the leaven which is to leaven the whole lump. The change in the mental condition of one person from despondency to hopefulness, from indifference or mental inertness to joyous activity, makes easier the lifting of another from the slough of despond. The lifting of a thousand from despondency to joyousness helps ten thousand to come into the light, the ten thousand purify the mental atmosphere for a hundred thousand, and the whole race comes slowly but surely into an air filled with the ozone of hopeful, buoyant thoughts, based upon a growing knowledge of the rights and powers of the individual man.

All in the world that ails the race to-day is that men

and women do not know their powers, do not hold themselves at their true worth. Do you think any man would consent to live underground in the damp and darkness and dirt of a coal mine, and that for the bare pittance that keeps life in his body, if he knew how to extract sufficient heat from the sunshine or the air to cook his meals and warm his house? Would men plow and hoe with aching backs and tired limbs if out of the atmosphere which is everywhere around them they knew how to extract and concentrate their food supplies?

Yet the earth and the air, or either alone, contain in potentiality all that it is possible for any vegetable, or cereal or flesh to contain. When men thoroughly understand the processes that take place in nature's laboratory, when they know now and in what proportion to combine the elements that exist in earth and air, they can produce all things which now result from what we call natural law—they can create consciously.

There is no limit to man's powers except his ignorance.

It is their ignorance of their own power to command circumstances that causes men and women to look upon life as of little value, to sit or stand in unthoughted tolerance of conditions they do not like, to turn back before obstacles that seem to rise up in their pathway towards the object of their desires.

I am often censured for not writing upon economic subjects, for not pointing out the dangers to society and to civilization arising from the so rapid concentration of wealth in a few hands, of possible complications growing out of our extension of territory, and the like.

The truth is I am teaching the science upon which the science of political economy rests. I am laying the foundation for a true political economy, a new political economy in which the right of every human being shall be maintained because each will recognize his or her own rights and own powers, as also the rights and powers of every other human being. I am teaching the law of individual life.

The law of life is the law of harmony, or, if you prefer, harmony is the law of life to the individual. All forms of life, whether of plant or animal or man, which are not in harmony with the one universal life must perish. To be in harmony with the life universal, the infinite, is to be in harmony also with all its expressions. Hatred and malice, and envy, are not found in the life universal. To desire to get gain without returning a fair equivalent to the one from whom the gain comes is to put one's self out of harmony with life; is to create inharmony—disease. It is to plant the seeds of dissolution—not of life but of the individualized form of life which thus puts itself out of harmony—cuts itself off from the source whence it derives its life.

When men know this they will have the basis upon which to build their science of political economy, the economy of society, the state. Until they build upon this basis they cannot build aright. Until they do this we shall continue to have kings and beggars—kings because there are beggars, and beggars because there are kings. There cannot be masters unless there are also slaves, and if there are slaves there are, perforce, also masters.

Men have consented to be slaves because they did not know their own powers of mastery. They have

thought themselves the puppets of circumstances, the footballs of conditions and surroundings, and have become servants and slaves to these conditions and circumstances as represented in other men.

Accepting of such conditions as rightful and in accordance with natural law, we have become a nation of slaves—slaves to courts and corporations and congresses, to political and social leaders, to an "economy" which is the reverse of "politic" in any sense of the word.

And the slaves will remain such until they come into a knowledge of their own worth and their own power. More, they are and will remain the defenders of the conditions of which they complain, and will each strive but to reverse conditions with their masters, even as the masters seek to maintain their mastery. Why should each not so strive so long as both conceive such conditions to be natural and therefore right?

But the millions soon lose hope of becoming masters and to them life seems almost worthless. They exist but they cease to hope, and ceasing to hope cease also to think, or at least to think bright, cheerful, health-creating thought, and are carried out of life by their own and the race belief in the certainty of death.

A knowledge of Mental Science, of the power of the mind over the body, comes to such an one and changes the whole tenor of his thoughts. Hope springs up anew. He sees things in a new and truer light, sees the possibilities latent within his own being. He is no longer either a worm of the dust or a slave to conditions or to a fellow man; he is, instead, a god in embryo and the whole universe seems changed before his eyes; his bodily infirmities begin to drop away from him; he meets his fellow men with a feeling of self-confidence, which is as new to him as it is inspiring to a like confidence in him in those with whom he comes in contact, and his victory over conditions has commenced.

This has been the experience of thousands and will be of other thousands as fast as they come into a knowledge of Mental Science. Those who have been lifted up cannot but desire that others be lifted also, for since each is a part of the all, if its parts be lifted then must the all be lifted in part, and each part be thereby the gainer. And so the the work of lifting up the race goes on with increasing and resistless force, and so shall the race be finally rescued from disease and death, and there shall no more be either beggars or kings; neither master nor slave; but only the elder and the younger brethren of the one great family of men.

H. W.

INDIVIDUALISM: NOT SOCIALISM.

No, we are not socialists, and this place is not a community. We have discovered that individuality is above all things; that socialism so far as it has been demonstrated is a failure. What it may become when individualism has ripened men into a sense of perfect justice we are not prepared to say. But at this time when men are too weak to stand alone it will not do. The old saying that a number of sticks bound together in a bundle is stronger than one stick alone, cannot be used as an argument to sustain socialism; the comparison will not work. The sticks being quiescent do truly strengthen each other; but men are not quiescent; they wriggle and kick and squirm and pull hair and gouge each other, and the closer the bonds holding them together are tightened about them the more they pull

apart. The divine instinct of individuality is too much for their mistaken effort.

Individualism comes before socialism; and when individualism is established the sense of perfect justice comes with it; and the sense of perfect justice will render socialism unnecessary. For what is socialism but a union of forces for protection against injustice? And where will be the use of it when injustice ceases to exist?

Men will combine for the carrying out of great enterprises, but these combinations will all be in the way of business, wherein each man knows that he is serving himself best by serving the combined purpose.

Self is at the bottom of everything that endures; it is the seed germ of all growth. You might as well take a grain of corn and dig the heart out of it and expect it to grow, as to expect men to develop who have renounced self.

With self renounced there is no real object to work for; only a fictitious, fanciful sentiment as thin and cold as moonshine.

To press all the people into certain grooves as socialism does, and divide the net product of their efforts, will not do. It is a premium on incapacity, and a gross injustice to energy, perseverance and every form of genius. People must be free to compete with each other. There is a stimulus in competition that shoves mediocrity right up the plane of excellence, and that pushes excellence into magnificence. I am not even quarreling with the competitive system of business. All I object to in this matter is that the aim toward which the ambition of the people is directed is unworthy such vast effort. It is one eternal rush, push and scramble for the possession of wealth that is unstable as wind, and which is but the shadow of the thing the people truly desire.

Competition is all right. It is nature's method of growth, both on the animal and the human plane. In every condition of life plants, animals and men contend with each other forth at which seems the most desirable, and in every instance the object justifies the means since the total result is growth; evolution from low to high; from negative to positive; yes, and in the end from unjust to just; from brutal to the truly manly and noble. For always as growth proceeds—the object striven for becomes of a higher character than any previous object.

The love of possession is a part of individualism, and it is a good and proper thing, no longer to be condemned, but encouraged. Everything that contributes to a person's happiness should belong to him. Possession is not a thing to crush out; it is that which represents the man in the external world; that establishes his standing and bolsters up the claims of his being. That which a man really and truly possesses is a part of himself.

Competition—which at present is on the animal plane—is even now unfolding a higher character than men dream of. Hitherto competition has been exercised in getting the most good. As the sense of justice becomes developed—as it will do through man's growing knowledge of his own creativeness—the competitive energy spent will have for its object the doing of the most good instead of the getting it. Then a man's wealth will be lifted from the physical or animal plane of action into the high and noble plane where the brotherhood of the race is acknowledged, and where the whole effort of advanced

minds will be to bring forth systems both social and governmental that shall be for the good of all equally; the education and consequent elevation of the whole race; no clique movement, but a divine uplifting of all humanity.

Competition is right on its own plane because it is bringing out the latent powers of the person, and developing his individuality. With the development of his individuality will come a sense of the supreme strength that destroys his fear of others, and shows him that the doing good is the only true way of getting good.

H. W.

GETTING ALONG WITH THE COLLEGE.

The engineers are at work platting the land donated to the college. By the time this paper reaches the readers the work will probably have been completed and a gang of men be cleaning the campus and some of the avenues, or boulevards. As the land donated adjoins that already platted, and which we have been improving and building on, the new avenues will be continuations of those already built; and thus we shall, in a little time, have long and beautiful drive ways extending across both properties, and the prettiest town in Florida, or any where else we think. We will not be able to improve all the avenues and boulevards at once, of course, and will not need to, but will first improve those around and nearest the campus where the college buildings are to be erected; and later, as lots are sold, those further back. Another lot besides those referred to last week has been contracted for and every mail is bringing inquiries. We must push the work right along now. Every body who feels able to buy a lot should do so, and those who cannot should help a little if they can without distressing themselves or their families. Let us show the world that some things can be done as well as others. We hope to be in shape to do more ourselves sometime, but cannot now. We have to expend money in improvements on our own property in order to bring the place into more prominence, to publish books and in every way spread a knowledge of the truth that men or women do not have to be sick or poor or sorrowful. The churches raise vast sums every year to build edifices and sustain those who fill their pulpits; colleges, too, are being endowed in all parts of the country—colleges whose work, however valuable it may be to the rising generation, can not possibly be of as great value to the race as the work expected of the institution we are building. We have no fears that ours will not be supplied with funds as rapidly as needed; but we want every body who wants to, to have a hand in its building, to feel an interest, and a live interest, in it and to make it theirs as well as ours.

Remember that while the college work proper, that is, the trend of teachings, in the classes for young people will be under what may be called Mental Science influences, the real great work to be done is to afford facilities for investigation and study into the laws of being; the laws commonly called occult.

In this work no prejudice will be allowed to enter, no "school" be favored or discriminated against. The sole effort made will be to discover more truth, regarding the powers of the mind and how to apply them to the uplifting of humanity. This of necessity includes many branches of research which have but a seeming indirect connection with what is commonly called Men-

tal Science, but which must yet assist in arriving at conclusions and truths of which we have now no knowledge or at which we have arrived without positive evidence. Then there must be lectures, every winter at least, upon all scientific questions, of sufficient importance to interest and entertain the older people. Nor need nor will these entirely exclude lectures upon subjects of general interest not classed as scientific; we must be entertained as well as instructed; we must make it a place where people will want to live, and we will.

We have as yet no definite plans for the college buildings. There must be a lecture room, of course, and some class rooms in the first building erected, and this must be in such shape that it can be added to as required. Mr. Starkey, who has superintended our building here for two seasons, has volunteered to draft and submit plans without charge. Would not others who have knowledge of building like to do the same? We do not wish to pay for plans if friends who are architects wish to do the work as a contribution to the college. It will save paying out just that much of the college fund. We cannot commence the building immediately; so there will be time for any who like to study over it for a little time; but if any wish to submit plans we should like to have them notify Mr. Post and to send in their plans as soon as they can. You see we do not intend this thing shall move very slowly, but instead that it shall travel right along as it ought and will. We must have the first building up and ready for occupancy by fall. That means work and a lot of it. H. W.

SKEPTICAL NO LONGER.

Professor Charles Shibley formed the acquaintance of a lady at Minnetonka last summer who advanced the theory that music constituted an infallible means of soul to soul communion between persons of strong musical temperament, no matter how many thousands of miles might intervene. Shibley did not think much of the theory, whatever he may have told the young woman, but in the light of recent events he is very nearly converted.

The lady in question is now a resident of Kingston, Jamaica, and she writes the professor frequently, informing him that on this or that evening he played this or that composition divinely; that she heard it perfectly and was soulfully delighted, etc.

For a time he suspected that some of his friends, in league with the fair correspondent, were playing a joke on him by informing her of his selections. There was time enough elapsed on most occasions for such a conspiracy to have been put in operation, but the affair bothered him, especially as he is essentially materialistic in his views. He determined, therefore, to put his telepathic young person to the test, and last week, after playing a selection from Chopin and another from Beethoven, he cabled her as follows:

What did I play last night. Answer quick.

—Shibley.

The answer came with such promptitude that the professor could hardly believe it was on the square until the telegraph people guaranteed it. The reply read:

Shibley, Minneapolis—Chopin—Beethoven, E. F.

(Signed)—A.

That settled it with the professor. He admitted this morning that the Jamaica young woman had a wireless telegraph scheme that knocked the spots off Marconi's —*Ex.*

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Cats are very intelligent creatures. I don't wonder that they are such household pets; and I do wonder how some people can treat them so cruelly. I was living in Boston one year when the exodus of fashionable society to the mountains and sea shore commenced. Presently I began to see quite a number of homeless cats roaming the streets in a pitiful, half starved condition. Some of them had ribbons and other ornaments about their necks that had once been handsome, but had become bedraggled and dirty. And these poor pets were almost starved, and had grown so bewildered by being tormented and stoned by bad boys that they could not distinguish their friends from their enemies. It was almost impossible to coax one of them into the house to be fed; we had to leave the food somewhere where they would venture to get it, while we watched from some secluded place to keep the dogs away.

Of course all this suffering was the result of carelessness on the part of their owners. The cats had been forgotten until the last moment, and had then been shut out of the house. Now I ask my readers just to enter into the feelings of these outraged animals. There is something unutterably painful in the sorrows and sufferings of a dumb creature; a creature that has no method of defence, and no way of disclosing its situation except by the silent intreaty of its neglected and friendless appearance.

When I wrote the first line of this article I was going to tell some smart things I had known cats to do, but I was switched off the track by a lady visitor whose whole soul is filled with the dark side of animal life, and who claims that she has no time to see anything but the dark side. She is a writer on Vivisection. Of course she is opposed to it; and so am I, vehemently, yes, murderously. Although I know full well that I could not hurt anything in cold blood, yet when I read of the dreadful things done to innocent creatures in the name of science, I declare that—for the moment—I would like to try some of the same science on the fool operators that a fool race look upon as benefactors.

I say when I "read" about such things. Why I cannot read about them. One day I opened a pamphlet on this subject and there was a picture of a beautiful dog whose fore foot had been vivisected for some imaginary purpose. He was sitting on the operator's table and was holding the maimed foot up before him looking at it. And what an expression there was on his face! I closed the book and put it in the fire; I was afraid Jassamine would get it and have her little heart torn to pieces for a month. A month? For all her life, at intervals, I should say, for the pain of that picture has not diminished one particle with me yet, and a long time has elapsed since I saw it.

This lady visitor that I spoke of told me she had sent out over forty thousand circulars against this horror of horrors—vivisection. She was using all the money she could get for the purpose of awakening the race on the subject.

"Why" said I, "I will send out forty million of them if the friends of humanity will help furnish the money to cover the expence. I have so many names that I could send to, and I could write it up for my paper, and include it with my own circulars when I send them

out. Friends of humanity, this infamous thing must stop. Who will help?

But now I must tell the children something about Jane. She was a black-and-white cat and had a lot of babies out in the back kitchen in an old washing machine. Florrie was a baby then, and though she was the best baby I ever saw, yet she had a crying spell one evening when I was getting supper. It was almost the only real cry she ever had. She sat on the floor and screamed lustily; I had not sense enough then to take her up and let the supper go to the dogs, and so I neglected my little darling though it hurt me awfully to do it. All of a sudden I heard Jane's children begin to cry, and Jane jumped out of the washing machine and landed on the floor with a thump that shook the old boards that composed it. She came right to Florrie with the most motherly and intelligent expression, and stretched herself across Florrie's lap telling her in the plainest of cat language to take hold and nurse; she would look up in Florrie's face and then look down at herself (she was lying on her back) and mew in that peculiarly coaxing way we have observed in cat mothers when they bring a mouse to their kittens: Meaw—aw, take hold and nurse, baby, and stop mewling." This was what she said as plain as could be. As Florrie did not avail herself of Jane's generosity she then got up and walked around her licking her beautiful soft curls all up on end; dressing her; fixing her up as she did her own babies.

Nothing could have been more truly motherly. The cat recognized that Florrie was a baby, and that she was a nursing baby the same as her own babies. She felt the responsibility of taking care of her. Surely this was very intelligent.

Last summer when I was in Washington to visit Ada and little Jassamine we had a habit of sitting out on the front balcony of an evening. Nearly every evening an immense dog of the great Dane breed that was reduced to a skeleton staggered past and turned a corner out of our sight. We were all distressed about him, and resolved to follow him with some food. We overtook him very soon and placed the food before him. He could not eat it. He was not hungry; he was sick. To show his appreciation of our kindness he took the food in his mouth, looking at us with the gentlest, lovingest expression in his eyes, while he wagged his tail slowly. He was too weak to make a rapid motion. After this he laid the food down. His whole manner and appearance denoted the true courtesy of the perfect gentleman. I have often thought of the noble creature and wondered if he got well; I sent him many a mental treatment. [Ada has just told me that she saw him afterwards and he was nearly well.]

But here is another cat story. I was living on a farm, and had bought a setting of duck eggs and put them under a hen to hatch out. When they were hatched out I placed them and the hen in a coop for the night. During the night there came on a hard rain, so that the water stood in puddles on the packed ground where the coop was. In the morning when I came down stairs and looked out of the kitchen window I immediately became interested in the capers of our cat, Tom. Is it possible, I said to myself, that Tom is trying to catch the ducks? There were the duck children all out of the coop swimming in a pond a little larger than a dining

room table, while the hen was having delirium tremens about them in her cage. Tom was walking around the edge of the puddle, sometimes putting one white foot into the water and then withdrawing it—everybody knows how a cat hates water, and yet there he was with his handsome fur almost dripping wet trying to keep those ducks from drowning. Nearly every moment he would look from them to the house as if expecting rescue. When he saw me he bounded toward me mewling excitedly, and then walked back to the ducks. I fished the little villains out with a stick and restored them to their mother. And you ought to have heard that cat purr. Such satisfaction as he manifested! It was wonderful. And to think that I had suspected the fine, intelligent, responsible fellow of murder.

But he was the most petted cat that ever was. He was so spoiled he would not let me sew. He would jump in my lap and take the needle away from me and hold it in his mouth. It would be necessary to get the great big beauty to sleep before I could get my needle back and continue my work.

Enough about cats, though I could fill a paper larger than FREEDOM with accounts of them. I must now tell something of our doings here.

We have sold three lots since the last paper went out, and I think another lot is as good as sold to a lady guest at the hotel. Everything looks prosperous.

There is going to be another yacht race to-day, which I shall surely not attend. Anything more stupid to the spectator could not be thought of. It may be interesting to the men in the boats who are dodging from side to side to avoid the boom, or the "fo'cussle," or the sheet anchor, or the main jib sail, or something else; (nautical language is an unknown tongue to me); but to a civilized citizen who likes to keep a dry shirt on his back it is simply nothing. Charley asked me why I did not attend the yacht races, and I told him it was so exciting to sit on the shore and see a boat here and there about a mile apart without any apparent gumption in their movements, that I was afraid it would bring on nervous prostration.

Talking of nervous prostration, it is a wonder that I don't have it. The other day a lady from the hotel was here; I rose to meet her and she took my chair by the desk. She talked with me for some time; then she paid me for a month's treatment in advance and left. At the hotel table that same day she remarked to some other guests that I was a humbug. She said she had found out where I got my good complexion from; she saw the stuff I used when she was in my rooms. What do you suppose it was that she saw? Just a teacup full of printer's paste, such as no editorial desk can get along without. You know it is said "The pen is mightier than the sword;" well the scissors are mightier than either; and the paste is to stick the clippings from other papers on to white slips of paper, so as to make them handy for the printers to set type from. And this harmless stuff has contributed its small mite to the ruin of my reputation. But I am not "kilt" yet; and, oh! yes, there is something else I have found out about myself; it is that I keep a drug store. This last accusation comes from a long distance; and I take the present occasion to inform my accuser that I don't know any more about drugs than a lobster knows about dressmaking; also that I have never been in any mercantile business in all my

life. But there is another charge against me which if true winds up my business completely; it is that I have "climbed the golden stairs;" that I was foolish enough to die, and that the grief of my friends is terrific. One man has written to me begging me to tell the truth about this matter and not deceive the public any longer. After this I will never believe that Mary Eddy is dead until she tells me so herself.

I can shorten this article, so far as my labors are concerned, by quoting from our local paper, *The Peninsula Breeze*:

"Honors are falling deservedly and gracefully upon the residents of Sea Breeze. At the last annual election of officers of the Halifax River Yacht Club, Col. C. C. Post was unanimously elected vice-Commodore, and on Wednesday his yacht *Erie* won the race, leading the fleet from start to finish and coming in many minutes ahead of the next boat that led the fleet after the *Erie* had crossed the line. The *Erie* is the only racing yacht owned in Sea Breeze, and is manned and sailed by home talent. The other fellows, who know the river, and where you can get out and walk, will keep the public informed of the defeats and accidents of the beautiful little racer of which the citizens of Sea Breeze are justly proud.

So Mr. Post has two titles now, and don't seem to be doing very much with either of them; but I notice that he wears a vice-commadore's badge in his cap, and swells around in a nautical looking coat. Honors are inexpensive here; titles are blown about on every breeze; I don't know what one he will get next; but I don't believe it will be Reverend. At all events he is not catering for that. Sometimes I myself have been called "Doctor" and "Professor;" but I always stop it violently and emphatically; Wilmans is good enough; it matches my mental complexion better than anything else. I knew a woman that wanted to get married so bad that she—but this story will keep; I am going to dinner.

H. W.

The study of the self, resulting in an intelligent realization of the fact that the "I," the selfhood of man, is one with the whole, and hence is as undying as truth itself, is the foundation, the cornerstone, upon which must rest the structure of immortality.—T. A. Stone.

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Is now teaching classes wherever there is a call. His purpose is to show each individual how to develop the latent forces of his own mind, and thus hasten the unfoldment into a knowledge of truth by co-operation with the Law of Growth.

Any one wishing to make arrangements towards organizing a class will hear from him by writing to Sea Breeze, Fla. march 14-4t

MACNETATION.

Personal Magnetism is the subject treated in this new book by the well-known scientific writer, Albert Chavannes. He writes in a clean up-to-date style, and takes advanced ground, pointing out the higher uses of Vital Force, and showing how it may be so directed as to accomplish the regeneration of mankind. The following brief synopsis of Chapter II will give a faint idea of this work: Magnetism possessed by all people—Magnetism a substance—Magnetism a cause, not an effect—Its attributes the same as the attributes of mind—Mind a substance—The Universal Mind—Vital Force—Magnetism fluid in its nature—Intellectual Magnetism—Emotional Magnetism—Sexual Magnetism—Vital Force turned to Magnetation, etc. This is a really valuable and highly satisfactory book. Price, 25 cents.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,

march 7-2t*

Holyoke, Mass.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Paragraph two of the declaration of principles embodies the following:

"We maintain that the race is as yet in the infancy of its development, and destined to evolve to infinitely higher standards."

On page 204 of *The Occult World*, A. P. Sinnett says: "Some readers who are interested, but slow to perceive what practical action they can take, may ask what they can do to show appreciation of the opportunity. My reply will be modeled on the famous injunction of Sir Robert Peel: "Register, register, register!"

That advice was given in 1885 and heeded by many. Occultism has made tremendous strides during the past fifteen years and what seemed to be the hidden secrets of nature then has become the accepted science of our day. The meaning of evolution is clearer to human understanding, and man has a larger perception of his relation to the universe and his immediate surroundings. Biology and comparative physiology have linked man through an endless chain of progression with the earliest manifestation of organic life, and on the physical side of being at least have established his close relationship to all below him, his kinship to all animate and inanimate creation. On the mental side of life many secrets have been uncovered and made the common property of all who are capable and ready to reach out for their possession. Hypnotism is no longer a mystery; thought transference an established fact; mental healing a demonstrated truth; the desire for continuous physical existence is formulating into a positive demand and the research of the scientific world is being focused in that direction. Man from his long journey into the outer world is returning home to become acquainted with himself; to familiarize himself with his innate powers; to unfold his latent faculties; to remove the conventional chains from his body and the mental chains from his mind, and give both an opportunity for further growth.

The mother spirit of nature assisted us in the evolution of this matchless living mechanism, this physical body of ours; guided us in the pathway of life until we gained mental understanding, and at this point she has left our future destiny in our own keeping; charged us with the duty and necessity to work out our own salvation. *Man takes charge where nature stops*; that is the bugle call of Mental Science.

What can we do to help? you ask; we too say: "Register, register, register!" You may not see anything to do at first, nothing in which you may be of help or service with either heart, mind or hand; but the opportunity will come, the demand will arise, your name will be called and therefore prepare and be ready to respond through organization. Organize, organize, organize! must be the word upon whose meaning the mind of every Mental Scientist is to be centered if we are to accomplish anything great in results and enduring in time. And the results cannot fall short of a higher type of physical and mental individuality and infinitely better conditions for the race.

Do not hesitate because you appear to be the only one of the new thought in your settlement, village, town or city. Join the Association as a member at large now and become part of a larger growth. More will join you in the home circle before long, because your new thoughts will find expression and draw others to you, and thus there will be a mutual strengthening of mind and body

and a power created which will stand for the good of the individual and the good of the community in which you live, and that too without much sacrifice of time and labor. Remember the word and impress it strongly upon your mind: Organize, organize, organize!

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Kindly send any and all printed matter relating to the formation of Mental Science Temples. We have organized a reading circle here and thought we might co-operate with you in this work. I am heartily in sympathy with the movement and know we will all live to see Mental Science schools established all over this fair land of ours. Fraternaly yours,

MRS. VENA L. SNEEG,
Fayetteville, Ark.

Enclosed find one dollar and application for enrollment as a member at large of the Mental Science Association. This movement is bound to develop into a great power for good. Yours truly,

LETTA WENTWORTH,
Oshkosh, Wis.

I am glad to know that you have a Mental Science Association. I trust we shall have, in the near future a Cleveland Temple and shall take pleasure in helping along the work in any way I can. Very truly yours,
J. G. POMERENE, Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Within find the fee requisite for admission into the Mental Science Association. I desire to enroll myself as a member at large. Respectfully yours,

W. H. DEVENS,
Roslindale, Mass.

Desiring to enroll myself with those of the Mental Science Association I enclose within the requisite fee to become a member at large. Yours, etc.,

B. F. HOUSON,
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Ever since I became interested in Mental Science I have felt the need of some organization along that line, and I am much pleased to see that this want is at last to be supplied. Since there is so much organized error around us it is well that we should band ourselves together for the disseminating of the truth.

I wish therefore to become a member at large, and when the time is ripe will give what influence and help I can to the organization of Atlanta Temple of Mental Science. Yours truly,

E. A. BOSTROM,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Please find enclosed money order for one dollar, constituting the membership fee in this grand movement now on—the Mental Science Association. Kindly mail membership card and further particulars to following address. Respectfully yours, ALVIN K. MEYERS,
Medford, Oklahoma.

Enclosed please find draft for one dollar in payment of membership fee to Mental Science Association. If my name is acceptable, kindly enroll me as a member at large. I am the only chick of the above species in this locality as yet. Sincerely yours, C. B. ATZEN,
Thor, Iowa.

Within find one dollar, covering membership fee as an applicant to admission into membership with the Mental Science Association. I feel very much interested in the movement and desire to contribute my part to aid in its growth. Yours truly,

JOHN GWYNN,
Sheridanville, Penn.

I am delighted with the ideas which projected the Mental Science Association and think a Temple can be formed here. Please send me the necessary papers at your earliest convenience. Yours in the cause of truth,

E. S. PRENTISS,
Seattle, Wash.

Address all communications relating to this department to

CHARLES F. BURGMAN,
Home Secretary.

A CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

No book teaching self-reliance has ever been received by the toiling masses with so much pleasure and profit as "A Conquest of Poverty." Its teaching is practical and so comprehensive that every reader easily grasps the principle set forth by the author.

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Reading this book has caused men to think, and thought is all powerful. It directs the mind in the right channel which develops the latent power of the brain, and enables it to conceive new plans for the betterment of man's condition. Thought stimulates action that changes man's environments and leads him to success. That this book is arousing men from their lethargy, and infusing new life and hope in those who have been weighed down with the accumulated errors of centuries is demonstrated by the letters of praise and gratitude that are received in every mail. Our last edition of thirty thousand copies is nearly exhausted and we are preparing to print another large edition. The demand for a cloth-bound book is so great that we must respond. Men of thought urge that "A Conquest of Poverty" be more substantially bound so that the book may be better preserved, and find its proper place as a standard work in every home and library.

The sale of the Home Course in Mental Science is also increasing. This together with the sale of other books published by this Association indicates that the public sentiment is changing in favor of something more substantial than the old dogmas, and is eager to investigate on some other line of thought. The time is now ripe for the believer in Mental Science to interest his neighbor, who in turn will communicate the new idea to others, and thus like an endless chain reach every dweller on the earth with a new hope—the conquest of poverty, disease, old age and death.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have just finished "The Conquest of Poverty" and to say that I am delighted, is only to express it mildly. I never met with anything like it on paper in all my experience of reading; but still must acknowledge that thoughts something like yours have been in my brain before, and whenever I gave expression to them, was laughed at.

In my opinion the book should be bound in gold, and spread broadcast over the land, because it is what the world needs to learn, to know that it can do away with that cursed of all things, Poverty, both in money matters, health, etc. etc. I have been practising it faithfully as I could since the perusal of the book, and intend with your assistance, to continue doing so until I am perfection perfected.

I sent for a copy of FREEDOM yesterday, and am looking forward to its reception with much anticipation of devouring it; am positive it will result in my subscribing for it yearly. Kindly let me know the best terms for twenty (20) small pamphlets that you issue.

Thanking you again for the pleasure you have caused me, I remain, very sincerely yours, M. A. BOWDEN.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—First, I want to thank you for *living*, secondly, that you have had the power and forethought necessary to write such a book as "A Conquest of Poverty." For three years I have had to earn my living. Every dollar stolen from me. The past six months have been in business. Late met with loss financially, no one to rely upon for any amount of assistance, etc. Your book is great. I am not one of the easily discouraged ones knowing I have the physical and brain to accomplish things, and I want you to put me on the right track if possible. I must make money;

I am a hustler and I need your kind advice and assistance. May I have it? Sincerely and admiringly,

FLORENCE HYDE JENCKEN, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am studying your "Home Course in Mental Science" and must say I never read any book more truthful and more touching than the Home Course. I will close hoping you success, and I know you are doing a great deal of good. If all could see as I and some others do this would be a different world. Yours truly,

J. W. STRUPEL, Hill, Mont.

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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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 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, MRS. HENRY UMBERFIELD, Highwood, Ct.

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

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Please send to my address below, one complete set of the "Wilmans Home Course in Mental Science" (20 lessons) price \$5.00. Inclosed find one dollar on account. I hereby agree to pay the balance of \$4.00 at the rate of one dollar per month, beginning one month from date of receipt of the lessons. The title to the lessons to remain in you until entirely paid for.

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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.

We thank the readers of FREEDOM in advance for the favor.

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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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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