

# 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.

VOL. VII., No. 44.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, APRIL 18, 1900.

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## THOUGHT TRANSMISSION AND DISTANT HEALING.

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III.

### THE "SQUARE OF THE DISTANCE."

In the foregoing number I showed examples of two different kinds of appearing "loss of force in transmission." ("Appearing loss," I say, because no real loss can occur; it is a question merely of switching off or transforming a portion of the force, or of attenuating the force by spreading; thus in either or any case the meaning of loss is simply that the force does not all get to the particular goal at which it was aimed.) The one kind of "loss" I described was by transformation into friction and heat, out of a simple rectilinear fling or momentum of a weight; the other was by the continual spreading of a circularly expanding force—also originally derived from a weight impact—and the therefrom resulting attenuation (thinning out) of the force in proportion as the circular area of its exercise grew.

We shall have occasion, hereinafter, to refer to "loss by attenuation" and to "loss by transformation;" so please keep these two ideas clearly separate.

Also remember the law that attenuation by circular expansion in all directions *on a plane*, as in the case of the waves produced by a stone falling into water, proceeds in direct ratio to the increasing radius of the area covered.

Likewise, the circumstance that the "mechanical" forces seem to be transmissible only through or by means of a movement of a substance or body.

[A comment—If force or motion is not lost it must be that it constantly accumulates, and that as it does accumulate the world's vitality increases, rendering it possible for the race to do more and be more, until it is finally able to overcome death.—H. W.]

Of examples of loss by transformation—generally through friction and consequent heat-production—the mechanical world of industries is full. Every engine—steam, dynamo, water-wheel or windmill—for this reason yields but three-quarters or two-thirds or still less of its original force supply at the place of actual work in the factory or mill or pump-works or wherever it be. All these ordinary directly "mechanical" power-transmissions are in this analogous to the gold-beater's hammer and pack, before cited.

(There are instances appearing to belong to still a third class, to wit; "loss by leakage." This occurs when the force-bearing substance is made to move in a certain given direction and within certain limits only, by being confined to a conduit or conducting device, as steam or hot air in pipes, or electricity in wires. This, however, is

plainly a non-contemplated, accidental variety of attenuation, since thereby the force, or the force-bearing substance, irregularly spreads over an area or space not intended to be covered.)

In the above-cited example of the stone dropped into a pond, the expansion of the force-area and the corresponding attenuation of force-intensity occurred in successive circle-waves on a flat surface. The spread of sound-waves in the air, however, although in principle quite similar thereto, is different in its geometric form, proceeding in spherical layers instead of circular rings. That is, the movement also, as in the water example, proceeds alike in innumerable radial directions from a common centre; but, instead of forming on a level surface only, it forms in the open freedom of space, thus proceeding not only in all directions that can exist on a plane, but in all directions that can exist horizontally and vertically and obliquely at any angle; that is, filling absolutely the entire space next to the point of origin, on all sides around it. The spherical layers in whose form these sound-waves spread are somewhat distantly representable by the successive layers of a fat, round onion; each alternate layer being a wave of density, and the intermediate ones waves of tenuity, comparable in their alternation of elastic pressure, to the alternate elevations and depressions of the circular waves in the water example before stated. That is to say, if in peeling off the layers of the onion one by one, you should find all the odd-numbered ones to be dense and tough, leather-like, and all the even numbered ones alternating with the former to be light and fleecy, or pith-like in their physical build—these alternately dense and light layers would give you an approximate picture of the constitution of the atmosphere in the neighborhood surrounding a source of sound in mid-air (for instance, a bell hung by a wire, or a rocket in the sky.) Each alternate spherical (or more exactly, cortical\*) air-layer would be denser or thicker than the normal atmosphere—more compressed; and the ones between would be rarefied—thinner of constitution than the normal air. These dense and rarefied layers, rapidly succeeding one another in a rhythmical movement away from the sounding center, and passing one into another in an oscillating change from dense to light, from light to dense again—and all the time spreading through a greater spherical space by these jumps or pulsations—is what constitutes the propagation of sound, or transmission of sound-force. The dense and light air layers constitute elastic spherical waves, alternating by virtue of the elasticity of the atmosphere endeavoring to regain its normal density measure, and shooting past

the normal measure—up or down the scale—at each bound or jump or pulsation.

Just so the circular waves in the water example—forming alternate elevations and depressions from the normal water level—resulted from the endeavor of the water, under the compulsion of gravity, to regain its original level, first disturbed by the falling stone. By momentum, each elevation sinking down passes the normal and results in a depression; and each depression rising likewise passes the level and develops into an elevation again, until friction of water in itself and against the air, however small, finally wears out the momentum of the playing waves and causes them to subside altogether.

To return to the sound example—the play of the waves there, consisting of alternate condensation and rarefaction in consequence of the elasticity of their material, the air (just as the water waves rise and fall vertically through the gravity of their material) also ceases in time from the same cause; friction of the moving particles amongst themselves. But this friction is still smaller than that of the water; hence the air waves continue for a much longer time than those in the pond; only not appreciably so to our hearing, because of the dullness of our ears, but still accurately measurable by fine mechanical instruments long after they have ceased to be audible.

Now, owing to the slowness of the air friction, the sound-force “loses” relatively little from this cause on its passage to a distance; but it becomes *attenuated* on the same principle exactly as the circular water-waves do. Only with this difference: the water-waves, when expanded to double their former radius (meaning, distance from their centre, the spot where the stone fell) have the double circumference to cover, hence but half the former intensity of force; whereas the sound-waves, spreading not in circle-circumferences, but in sphere-surfaces, cover at double radius four times the former area; and at three-fold radius nine times the area; at four-fold, sixteen times, etc., because a spherical surface grows in proportion to the square of the radius. Thus, for sound-force, the law of attenuation is: “The intensity is inversely proportional to the *square* of the distance from the sounding point or source of sound.”

Now to return for a moment to my “two scientists”—may I ask if Mr. Del Mar could possibly have intended to liken his “analogy” of “loss of power in thought transmission” to the attenuation of sound-force, proceeding in ratio to the square of the distance? (You know he specified nothing as to what particular “other natural forces” he had in view.) If sound-force were to stand for the “analogy” assumed by him, it would result that Mrs. Wilmans treating absently a patient right across the Halifax River, in Daytona, say a mile from her, would exert *very noticeably* less force than if she had the patient in her room, say five or six feet only from her. The ratio of the two distances being as 1000:1, the ratio of the intensity of the forces effectively exercised on the respective patients would be as 1:1000:1000. That is, at a mile she would be getting but *one-millionth* part of the force to play on her patient, as if she had him present in her room. And if she treats a patient off toward St Louis in Missouri, she would be able to make him feel but *one-millionth* of *one-millionth* part of the force she could apply in her

room. What would be the result? If thought-force, diluted by distance to a tenuity of one thousand billion times *less* than what it was sent out at, can still be “felt” at all by the receiver of it, I am surprised that in “present treatment” it does not distill the patient into an “invisible spirit” forever on! The very idea of the “attenuation analogy” is therefore too absurd to allow of the presumption that Mr. Del Mar ever considered it as a possible proposition for an instant.

But *what are* the “other forces” he has in view as analogous to support his assumption of “loss of power in thought transmission?” Electrical and magnetic tension and induction, acting over distances athwart “non-conductors” like dense dry air; likewise light or heat “radiated” from a luminous or calorific centre; they all follow the geometric law of spherical form of propagation, and hence of progressive attenuation proportionate to the square of the distance, just as sound propagation and sound attenuation do. This fact is established by measurement, and is therefore unassailable, wholly irrespective of whether we hold the old hypothesis of light and heat, etc., as being “emanations” or radial projections of luminous, calorific, etc., particles; or whether, according to the more recent theory, they are vibrations, “undulations,” or pulsations in a supposedly extant “medium” substance known only by its name of “universal ether.” Or whether they are yet something else, as yet undiscovered and unthought of. In any of these events the “square of distance” rule of attenuation remains unshaken. And so *these* “higher-grade” forces of nature can no more reasonably serve Mr. Del Mar’s purpose of analogons for rendering probable a supposed “loss of power in thought transmission,” than the sound-wave comparison can.

Let us be fair, however, and try the “leakage” and “friction” encountered by electric currents passing under the ocean while confined in wire conductors. These losses are known to be considerable, besides their gradually eating, burning, or corroding the conductor itself, because no metal conducts electricity “perfectly”—that is, absolutely without resistance. Therefore submarine cable telegraphy, to save both the wire and the electric force, employs instruments of specially devised delicate construction, such as are unknown in overland telegraphy where “relay batteries” to reinforce the current, and “linemen” to repair the wire, are cheaply applied. But, suppose this should be our “analogy” for thought-transmission, where or what is the “thought-cable?” Where, if there be a material substance conducting the thought-waves, is there the slightest indication that this substance does or can take a physical form analogous to a wire strand, going straight or crooked from healer to patient? So, we must dismiss all these forces thus far mentioned as possible analogons to help us picture the manner of thought-transmission.

\*From cortex—bark or rind.

[Continued next week.]

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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.

## TRUTHS GLEANED FROM LIFE'S PAGES.

In the long ago, when the earth was young, the creative impulse, charged with one purpose and will, and longing to manifest the slumbering energies in the harmony and beauty of diversified forms, crystallized into a tiny germ. Working in silence, it slowly attracted the invisible forces from the dark surroundings of its lodging place in the barren ground. The hot sun poured down its fiercest rays and warmed the earth's surface day after day, until the innate life of the invisible germ unclosed the shell of its limitation and projected itself above the inert materials of its anchorage, winning for itself a place in the light and the wooing breeze. In the peace of the dawn the tiny structure was kissed by a dewdrop, which awoke within it the first gleam of consciousness. Its desire became greater than ever before to reach up and attain. A ray of sunlight came down a golden pathway from the vaulted skies, played gently around it, and found lodgment in its yearning heart. It had received no token of its purpose; but the plant was grateful for the dewdrop and the sunbeam which brought the happiness and joy it craved. The vernal zephyrs made its tender leaflets tremble as they gently caressed it, but breathed no secret of its destiny. As it grew high in stature in the air and sunlight it began to put forth rootlets to hold it steadfast in its place, that it might be able to withstand the storms and vicissitude of time. But it soon perceived that its environment was unsuited to harmonious and rapid unfoldment. The inexorable law of nature had placed it in the cleft of a rock, with no room for expansion and growth. Then it repined that the cruelty of fate had placed it there, feeling that it would fail to fulfill the purpose and design of the power which gave it birth.

What am I? Why am I here? Is my existence to be objectless? were the questions it asked of the breeze and the sunbeams that played around it. But no answer came in response to its questioning. Its life grew desolate and its frail leaves drooped, for the dewdrops failed in their efforts to quench the thirst of its greater needs, and the sunbeams began to dry up the sap within it. But one day the skies and the sunlight were obscured by dark clouds which shed tears of crystal rain-drops that fell to the earth and brought refreshment and life to the fragile and fading plant. A tremor of joy passed through its being once more. A new sensation of energy and resistless power was aroused within it; the roots went deeper, the body grew larger and taller, the branches spread out, and the miracle of life was complete. A tiny acorn, concealed in the cleft of a rock, had been transformed by the impulse of creative law into a giant oak, destined to withstand the destructive elements from century to century. And if the life in the growing tree can rend asunder the rock which impedes its progress, is it to be wondered at that man, with his powers and capabilities, should be able to accomplish even greater things than this, in his efforts to attain a gloriously rounded and perfect manhood?

Where can be found a more perfect symbol of man's beginning and development than that of a tree; and how many lessons of patience and strength might be learned from these inanimate symbols that grow up around us? Young men who stand at the threshold of life, awaiting the time when a way will be opened to them for achievement in some chosen pursuit, oftentimes become vexed and disheartened because of delay. Obstacles confront one at every step, and all the forces of nature at times seem to conspire to thwart the accomplishment of one's purpose and aims. But the very obstacles man meets on the journey are simply the hills he must climb before he can peacefully rest on the summit which towers above the cloud and the storm. The opposing forces man meets and masters, the suffering and sorrow he endures, as well as the love and the joy that are his, come to him as lessons to be learned, experiences to be gained, which compel the roots of his consciousness to delve more deeply into the soil of truth, that the branches

of aspiration may reach higher into the regions of light. He should not feel discouraged if destiny seems slow in the fulfillment of the heart's deep yearnings, but should learn from the monarch of the forest the secret it holds for him. Slowly and invisibly it draws by the law of accretion the nourishment needed to sustain and increase its power. Again and again it is stripped of its foliage by the wintry blasts, and its limbs are twisted and scarred by the winds, the hail and the lightning. Yet the tree grows larger with the march of years, until at last it stands alone in its strength and its majesty, bidding defiance to the destructive forces which often beat fiercely against it.

Deep down in the innermost depths of all beings there has been implanted the invisible germ of that mysterious principle called life. The perpetuity of our individual selfhood is maintained by an eternal process of living and dying, assimilating and consuming, building and destroying. The outer dies daily and the inner becomes manifest. All the past is a flow of life which unites the generations of humanity without a break—a vast, unbroken stream which has flowed from the primeval and eternal source of the universe. The creative tide that has evolved humanity has never been lost to its source, and its eternal flow is propelled by the heart-throbs of Universal nature. Life's restless wave is in the whirlwind and the surging sea, in the earthquake and the lightning's flash, in cloud and storm, in the growing plant and bursting bud. Evolving to the plane of consciousness, its presence is voiced in the shrill note of the insect's cry, the song of the nightingale, and the cooing dove. It reaches the realm of self-consciousness within the mind of man; and each involuntary heave of the human chest for breath is an aspiration of the heart, gasping for the inspiration of a superior life; and by this method the elements of the material form are being continuously energized, and shaped into more and more perfect form and function. There has been implanted a restless longing within the breast of man which cannot be wholly satisfied so long as the heart beats and the life-blood flows. Each one is endowed with an inherent impulse which leads ever upward from height to height toward the final goal of a noble destiny. To remove the obstructions which false methods of living have created, to purify the heart, to cleanse the human temple of all things that clog the blood and pollute the mind, will enable every human being to manifest the beauty and glory of that life of the universe which extends from the everlasting to the everlasting.

The planets and stars of the infinite space, the earth and all it contains, the melodies of the winds and waters, the grandeur of the woods and plains, and the beauty of all living things, speak with a pleading eloquence which bids man arise in the dignity of the power that nature has given him, and to manifest the growing harmonies that spring up from the depths of his consciousness. Yet through all ages and in all climes there have been men who have closed their eyes and persistently ignored the eternal light, preferring to grope blindly in the darkness of ignorance and sin. The light shines brighter to-day on life's horizon than ever before; yet there are thousands whose visions are limited to the walls of the prison their greed and their selfishness have built; and only through chinks that misfortune has made do they permit the glow of the light to penetrate the chill calm of indifference. The finer sensibilities often become dulled in the mind of the man who is prosperous; and only the hidden fire of some great misfortune can consume the dross and reveal in his heart the jewels of charity and love. All men should be prosperous. But in the enjoyment of opulence one should ever remember that the true source of happiness lies deeper than material riches. A pure heart is the eternal passport to true happiness, without which man knocks at the threshold in vain.

A young mortal entered the world and commenced the journey of life. Before him lay the untrodden road of his unfulfilled destiny, awaiting the fall of his

footsteps. Near him flowed a silvery stream that glimmered in the sunlight and glided gently towards the distant sea. About him towered the lofty hills, crowned with the deep blue and the unfathomable depths of heaven. The winding road was strewn with rough stones, and over their sharp edges he wearily trod, while day followed day with lengthened hours. He struggled with adversity through years of fruitless toil. He endured the degradation of poverty, and suffered the pangs of hunger. Without love and without hope, the world only echoed cries of pain; the sun only shone in mockery at his despair; each rustle of the wind among the leaves was but a sigh—an echo of his grief. At last, footsore and despondent, as the gold-beams of the sinking sun lighted the hilltops with a fading glow, and the evening twilight crept gently through the valley, he sat down amid the solitude of nature, along with his gloomy thoughts and his desolate life.

"Oh, I am so sad!" he sighed; and a responsive murmur from the peacefully flowing river sighed back to him softly, "so sad, so sad."

"The gloomy portal of the grave," he said "will open to receive me; and when I have entered there, this tired heart will find beneath the cold sod that sweet silence which enshrouds the mystery of death. For me there has been no joy, no rest, no love; and now there is left no hope but for oblivion; no goal to be attained—only the strange wonderment of the dreamless sleep. Alone I came into the world; alone I have journeyed through life, and now I must pass out alone."

An echo from the hills beyond the river faintly answered to his cry, "alone, alone." The summer wind breathed gently in the evening's ear, and the leaf tongues of the forest sighed for pity as they softly whispered through the gloom, "alone, alone." One by one in the infinite space of heaven, the stars appeared and crowned that hour of loneliness with the solemnity of their perpetual gaze. With a stone for a pillow, he lay down and listened to the mystic voices of the night—to the faint whisperings, soft and low—till wooed by nature's lullaby to the ghostly abyss of the dreamless and eternal sleep.

Again, through the mystery of birth, a human being entered the vast light and space of the world. Speechless delight bestirred in his heart as he felt for the first time the magnetic touch of delicate fingers and listened to the loving voices of kindred souls. The unclouded skies and glimmering streams, the swaying forests and majestic plains; the earth, carpeted with green sod and plumed with graceful foliage; the chorus of the happy winged things, the rippling and laughing of limpid waters that went singing their way to the sea; vernal zephyrs stirring the leafage to indefinable whisperings of enchanted things—these produced a concord of sweet sounds and beatific visions that evoked the immeasurable thrill of ecstasy which vibrated through the sanctuary of his being. "How beautiful is life!" he said; "how good and true, and fair! The everlasting strains of melody, the choir of innumerable voices, the music of nature—one living song! To live is happiness unspeakable—a joy forever." And through the woodlands rang the echo, "a joy forever."

Each one hears from the eternal hills of nature an echo of his own cry—calls forth from the silent depths of humanity the joys and blessings that respond to his faith and love, or the sorrows and curses that equal his hate and despair.

One looks for the good in every thing; his heart throbs with an unselfish affection for humanity; and in response to his love the warm billows of the great magnetic atmosphere of human sympathy flow into and permeate his being with currents of deathless energy. He sees the virtue that sleeps in the bosom of all men; catches a glimpse of the obscured rays of purity that flash at times through the hideous mask of defilement; finds in the heart of the lowest and most vicious the struggling fragments of love and goodness and the innate yearning for a true, unselfish life.

Another loving gold or gain better than his fellow men, better than his own life, drives divine love from its throne in the human breast, and lives without hope and without purpose beyond the gratification of selfish and ignoble aims. Naught but the purifying fire of deepest sorrow can burn away the barriers and melt his iron heart to love and pity. But however far man may wander from the appointed path of noble destiny, and ignore the principles of truth in the unworthy pursuit of selfish and perverted longings, the time comes when the unerring hand of eternal justice points to a critical hour on the dial of destiny. Truth waves the scepter of time over the proud head of the wanderer, and before the stern, all pitiless angel of inflexible justice the haughty form must bend and the flashing eye grow dim; for the penalty of sin is death.

Man regrets in vain the results of misspent years. He who ignores in youth the principles of truth, who disregards the monitions of his higher self, and obeys not the command of progression's law, in his old age will look out upon the desert of life with the despair of an empty heart, and will become a purposeless wanderer, in memory, though the waste places and the wrecks that strew the pathway of the remorseful past.

The mysterious promptings of opposing destinies with their lights and their shadows are ever present in life's pathway, confusing the vision of all whose minds are not charged with purity and nobility of purpose, and causing the footsteps to falter—leading at times towards the highway of immaculate whiteness, and again plunging one down into the depths of the gloom, where the pure heart is seared and blackened by the heat and smoke of sin. Side by side with each man day and night the two invisible pathways converge at his feet—one gilded with a luring brightness, influencing him to follow the time-beaten way of idleness and shrewd dishonesty, rich with its early promises of wealth and power and the enjoyment of the fruits of others' toil, but inevitably conducting the wanderer into the night-enveloped horizon, over dark marshes, toward the silent grave of vanished hopes and wasted years; while the other—the toiling pathway of honesty and thrift—though narrow and rough for the first steps to be taken, leads the advancing pilgrim to the rich uplands of that realm whose magnificent dome basks in the glow of an unfading light.

Resolute with courage of a deep desire, with the pathway illumined by hope's throbbing star, man should turn his back forever to the black shadows, and follow the beckoning ray that leads to the eternal verities of the supreme goal.—*Uriel Buchanan in Secular Science and Common Sense, Chicago, Ill.*

Daytona calls us her "suburbs." It makes us laugh. That town has twenty years the start of us and we are catching up with her in many respects. For instance, in the elegance and perfect finish of our buildings; and we set her the example in an electric plant and telephone. In ten years or less we are going to surpass her in size. Oh! yes, we are her suburbs, but it is the tail wagging the dog.

The *Peninsula Breeze* is now in the hands of Mr. Davis who is making a first class county paper of it. Daytona can show nothing equal to it in the newspaper line. Hurrah for "we alls!"

Man, forgetting himself to be a growing thing like the rank weed by his pathway, formulates an opinion from abstracted ideas—the product of sense impressions, and considers it to be absolute truth. In his subsequent reasoning he tries to make all new evidence conform to his previous settled opinion. In this man has ever been wrong. He should always re-adjust his settled opinion to new evidence. This is growth, advancement; the other is stagnation, death.—*The Field of Progress, Toronto, Canada.*

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

It seems that we have a man on our globe who was a former resident of Venus. Whether he intends to remain here or not I cannot say. I get some funny letters about him, but the funniest ones are those I received from the man himself. He kept sending me an advertisement of his work to be published in FREEDOM. It was perfectly harmless, as no one could possibly understand it, and I might have taken his money and printed it. But while I was waiting to get a good really, he sent me a poem that was so genuinely poetical and so truly beautiful that considering the idiotic wording of his advertisement, and other evidences of queeriness about him, I concluded it was not original with him, and so I declined it. But he was determined to compel us to notice him and his work, and kept writing and writing. At last I wrote to him and asked him why he wanted to tell such a foolish story as that about coming from Venus, etc. I praised his poem. I said that if he wrote it, he was a genius and did not have to do queer, foolish things to attract public attention.

Then he wrote to Col. Post and told him that "Helen" had called him a liar and an idiot. This was putting it pretty strong; but I suppose the contents of my letter, if reduced to their last analysis, would have been labelled as he said; though really I had no idea of being so rude.

Well, he has been writing to us ever since. He calls me "Darling Helen," and Col. Post "Beloved Charley." I am getting used to his weekly letters, and shall miss them when they stop—if they ever do stop, as I suppose they will when he returns to his native planet.

I expect he has scattered a large number of his publications broad-cast, for I hear of him quite often. People want to know who and what he is. I cannot answer this question; nor can I find any lucid explanation of himself in his paper. I do not understand the "Venusian" language. Here is his letter head:

"I AM THAT I AM."

"Annuncio Hierarchal. Pure Uniism is the stellar steadfast, the Universal Cosmo—Planetary Constant. Pure Uniism is the crown and capstone of the Mentoc Scientific Pyramida; the aeonic efflorescence of destinal decree. Robert J. Burns. The man from Venus. Mental Intermediary of the Harmonial Hierarchy. Hierarch to the submerged Venusians and Messianic Messenger to the multitude. The only individual on this planet who proclaims pure Uniism. Editor of *The Psycho-Harmonic Scientist*; a journal of pure Uniism. P. O. box 189, Pueblo, Colo. 'Harma no Harmaha!' The word of *Amara The Awakener*."

Now I do really get some sense out of this; enough to see that the man from Venus has made a serious mistake in saying that he is the only individual on this planet who proclaims pure Uniism. This idea is the bed rock of Mental Science, and has been taught in my lessons from their first appearance, nearly twenty years ago.

Moreover the idea was not original with me; there is a superb magazine called *The Monist* in which this idea leads. But no matter about that; any person may make a mistake; and it is not to be supposed that an inhabitant of Venus precipitated upon another planet, and a stranger to its ways and to much of its literature, should fail to hit the mark sometimes;

But I wish he would learn to use United States language. Here is a quotation from his paper:

"Lois is a loud talker, and I am already beginning to catch echoes, and the answering thunder of my own not inefficient utterances strikes the shimmering ambience of her aural circumference with rolling rythms full-voiced and in full alignment with the Norm—Harmonical."

He means by this that he and Lois are both chewing on the same piece of gum; but why cannot he say so?

It seems that Col. Post must have told him about the big words he uses. The Colonel's language is the soul of simplicity, as the readers know; any person can understand all he says or writes. So I am sure that the subject was mentioned between them, for a letter came last night from this Venusian in which he offers to teach the Colonel the meaning of words; but why not produce the letter?

"Brother Charley: Beloved: I would advise you to take treatment from me for mental exaltation, or study the Dictionary, and then you will easily comprehend my language." [This is the first time I have heard that the dictionary was the source of mental exaltation, but then as we Florida crackers say, "I sure don't know it all."] "You should read Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer and master the English language and the art of ideas. In FREEDOM I find the following: 'The college will be a unique institution in one respect—there will be a corps of professors that will not be afraid of an idea because it is new.'

"I have offered you many new ideas which, in direct contradiction of your avowed principles, you have refused to present to the world, thus helping to hold the world from the knowledge of truth, and leaving yourself open to the lowest charge upon the upright-hypocrisy—false to avowed principle."

[He is mistaken about offering us new ideas; he has given us nothing new but new words; the only new things he has offered besides the long hard words in which he clothes ideas that are ages old, and that we have been teaching and practically demonstrating for twenty years, is the assertion that he comes from the planet Venus; and this we do not accept and cannot, until he brings better evidence of his claim than he has yet brought.]

"But," he continues, "I shall advertise your college whether you respond or not." [I believe the boy is as generous as all out of doors if one could get down past his nonsense to the hard pan of his character.] "And the load of obligation," he continues, "which you are already under to me, will increase proportionately."

[I suppose the obligation we owe him is for the new ideas he thinks he has given us. This is one of the delusions under which he labors.]

"Now," he goes on to say, "will you kindly retract the above quoted statement as to not being afraid of an idea because it is new—because you can no longer honestly and truthfully avow it?"

"Helen in her letter to me," [relating to his claim as coming from Venus] "says she can overlook a sensible lie, and I believe it.

"Now if you refuse to reciprocate on principle for the benefit of the world, or fraternally to one who has heaped favors upon you"—for the ideas that he has given us; there have been no other favors that I know of—"will you stand true to your offer made some time

ago" [before we knew how queer he was] "and insert my *pre-paid ad at your usual rates?* If you have closed the doors to appeal to the Diviner I will salve your sordidity to save the few in your ranks who are ready for my message.

"Does your former acceptance of my advertisement stand good? If I could trust your adherence to principle, I would not need to ask this question; but, swerve once swerve twice. How is it? Audibly as ever, with blessings and benediction, I am yours lovingly,

AMARA."

Why, it's this way. I don't like to compromise FREEDOM by carrying so cranky an ad, and one that I know—whether Mr. Burns does or not—to be untrue. I refer to the claim of his being the only individual on this planet who proclaims pure Uniism. My "sordidity," great as it is, cannot succumb to Mr. Burns' munificent offer with regard to pay. He will find the whole of his ad, and more too, in this article; and I trust that it will cancel our obligation to him for teaching us what we have already known since (probably) before he was born.

For I take him to be a young man; very young indeed, I guess. And I am writing this in consideration of just one thing. I cannot forget the poem he sent me. If that poem was original with him he is a genius well worth accepting in the Mental Science ranks. But if ever a genius did need combing down and "ridding up" as Aunt Sally used to say about getting her house in order, the man from Venus needs it.

I made Ada search the dictionary for some of his words with the result that they failed to be found within the lids thereof; but I take the man to be a Mental Scientist so sensitized as to be almost vaporized into sublimated etherialization. Perhaps a few more metamorphostical metamorphoses will precipitate a metaphosphate so substantial as not to elude our continual and unequivocal efforts to find out something about him.

H. W.

PUBLISHERS OF FREEDOM:—Trusting that a word of honest commendation from this far North-land of blizzard and cold may be found, neither too obtrusive of space, nor too chilly in sentiment for warm greeting to the propagators and friends of FREEDOM, we desire to thus offer our earnest word of encouragement.

We have been, for upward of two years, a constant and appreciative reader of FREEDOM, and find it a fearless exponent of the irrefragable Truth as it exists in Nature, and as it will yet prevail in the ego self of man when once that potential self is absolved from the bonds of mental darkness.

And while we are in close accord with the teachings of FREEDOM, yet we cannot claim the honor of being a convert to those teachings, having for many years thought, and spoken, and written along the same lines it so ably advocates, a volume of essays by the writer, and upon the subject-matter of entire mental freedom being now in the hands of a Chicago publishing house.

We long ago threw aside those shallow assumptions of pagan thought, that our universe of Nature and its unbroken chain of co-related phenomena are the effects of the creative fiat of a personal deity whose volition wrought the infinite something out of nothing. It has long been the basic article of our faith that our univer-

sal All of Nature is an infinite Something; that throughout its boundless amplitude there is no nothingness, no void, no extinction, no death—for death is only change, the recession of attraction, or, as we realize it, the relaxing of desire.

Our faith postulates the eternal, uncreated, cosmic ether, the world-mist, the infinite plasm of spirit something from which all things are the concreted effect, and in which all things are poised.

That infinite essence is an inseparable monism of Mind, Life and Matter, each infinite in aspect, yet indissoluble in reality. Its basic unit being the elementary atom, too volatile for our sensory knowledge to grasp, yet immanent with the eternal principles of uncreated Life, uncreated Mind, the uncreated Logos or Law.

Our faith postulates that out of that infinite God-essence has come the being man—man its highest unitary expression—man the embodiment of all the energies, and forces, and elements in nature—man the legitimate and demonstrated heir apparent to all natural possibilities and actualities, inseparable from Nature in destiny.

Have we not, then, most high lineage—a most exalted heritage? Shall not man, woman and child, awaken from that lethean bondage of soul which we now realize as ignorance, awaken to that "newness of life" we begin to feel, and which is so aptly prefigured by the theological assumption of the resurrection of the dead?

Shall not each ego self, thus realizing that the mighty trend of all evolution is toward the perfecting of the individual, and reaching outward through divine desire to grasp more and more of the infinite reality—shall we not thus reach literal exaltation through the verities of our potential beings?

We may not, within our present conditions and environments, be able to evade indefinitely that apparently inexorable change which we know as death, and which but relegates the individual, of whatever kind, back into its primal source, the infinite Spirit Something.

But the individual may rise through thought to that normal plane from whence it may justly claim, all that is, is mine; I will assimilate that afflatus of Truth and live.

The history of our human race is an unbroken record of evils arising from ignorance.

Hitherto, that race has consisted of two great divisions; the one, a mass of soulless, servile slaves in ignorance from the utter want of thought; the other, a dominating despotism of ignorance through wrong or perverted thought.

The former division, if thinking at all, conceived that Nature was an infinite cosmos of pain and suffering, rendered such by the overpending curse of an impotent and alienated deity. The latter division should be again divided into two classes; the one, representing the despot kings and emperors of the earth, and whose caprice was law without appeal, and who ruled a groveling humanity through the posthumous assumption of a "divine right."

The other sub-division consists of the priestcraft and other ecclesiastical fraternisms of the world, and whose tyrant creeds, and isms, and supernatural assumptions have not only made our earth a charnel-house of innocent slain, but have set back the natural evolution of human thought for a thousand years.

But a time was to come, in the ever accelerating tide

of evolution, when man must awaken to the immutable purposes of that evolution. Here and there throughout the world arose the master minds of the Darwins, the Humes, the Huxleys, the Spencers, the Paines and the Ingersols whose mental might smote the mighty incubus of ignorance and superstition with the potent brand of reason. Then, a groveling world first stood aghast at what it deemed blasphemous presumption; next, it frantically strove to smother those stentorian voices of reason with vindictive, ecclesiastical persecution; then considered—finally accepted.

And now? now from the two great centers of supreme civilization and enlightenment, England and our own land of freedom, roll the sentient tides of evolving thought, the afflatus of that social, civil, and mental evolution which few may deny but none may combat. Shall we then cry out against that which, at first sight, may seem an arbitrary use of power in the Philippines and the Transvaal?

Rather let us realize the ruthless slaughter of the past in which the countless millions of the unthinking went down into the merciless, purposeless vortex of ignorance and superstition—realize that “the fittest only shall survive.”

But our article grows long and we will desist.

So we cry, hail and fraternal greeting to our brave little FREEDOM, one of the best out of many of its kind in our land, and whose potent mission, clothed in the highest and truest language that ever came from the pens or tongues of men and women, is to lead an awakened humanity “To the true kingdom of righteousness!”

LYMAN M. JONES.

Charter Oak, Iowa.

### METHODISM FADES.

During the past year there has been an actual decrease in the membership of the Methodist church, counting both communicants and probationers, of 28,615. The bishops have become alarmed and have appointed a week of prayer to begin March 25, “to implore such an outpouring of grace as will revive interest in the work of the church and stimulate its growth.”

Bishops Fowler, Ninde and Joyce have figured out the causes of this alarming decrease as follows:

“Labor troubles and the Church standing aloof from a solution of them.

“Neglect of the submerged tenth. Methodism above its business and permitting the Salvation Army to do its work.

“Speculations and vagaries of Christian Science.

“No more camp meetings.

“Light Literature.

“Character of amusements and too many of them.

“Sidetracking of moral and spiritual forces necessary to build a church, and lack of self-denial.

“No more revivals; given up because some people make fun of them.

“Criticisms of preacher and of sacred things.

“Higher criticism of the Bible.”

The days of the old sensational, whoop-em-up revival meeting methods are numbered. People are appealing more to reason and education for salvation. The hell scare is dead. Heaven as a place of idle psalm singing is fast fading away. These are more potent causes.

The church dignitaries and preachers are beginning to realize the fact that they must crawl forward a century or two, and revise their creeds and their methods

and make a bon-fire of their old sermons and awake to a fuller realization of the fact that the world moves. People cannot be shackled and hoodwinked by the superstitions of the past forever, it matters not how venerable may be the dogmas sustaining them.

It is to be hoped that the week of prayer will result in opening the eyes of the bishops and elders to some of the light of this great, glorious, marvelous era. It certainly will not result in drawing back the car of progress to the dark days of a hundred years ago.

The wheels of the chariot of Light roll on and superstitions fall away from the minds and hearts of men, Sectarian lines are becoming obliterated. The universal church of Reason, Inspiration of Truth and Character rapidly increases in membership, while the little isms and creeds of the days of ignorance and fear pass away.

The world is growing wiser and better; this is why the isms are losing ground and the dogmas cease to be accepted as gospel.—A. P. Barton, *In The Life, Kansas City, Mo.*

### THE MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

We reproduce the following from the April number of *Fred Burry's Journal*:

The great work of propaganda, pursued for some years by Helen Wilmans and C. C. Post, has at last evolved into a more definite organized method, and under the Mental Science Association this will, doubtless, in future, find a more extended scope than ever.

The glorious principles of Mental Science, which Mrs. Wilmans has done so much to bring before the world, are to be incorporated in an institution or school, which shall have centres, called Temples, throughout the world.

There will also be a college, or university, at Sea Breeze, Florida, where the headquarters of the new Association are established.

In no sense is this new organization to be another Church. The principles of Mental Science are as broad as the potentialities of the mind of man; they are summed up in one word, Individualism, which is freedom.

The average school is a narrow creed and custom-bound institution, where men's mental faculties are often paralyzed rather than developed. A school that will teach the doctrines of the New Thought, as well as all things in the realms of art and science, will indeed be a boon to the race. It is a very broad field that the new college at Sea Breeze is to cover.

And the various branches of the Mental Science Association throughout the world are to be fed from this central college. The scope of the work is thus seen to be both a large and well-planned one.

I believe that Mental Science will receive a vast impetus from the inauguration of the new school. For the majority, it is evident at our present time, that organizations and schools of some kind are absolutely necessary. Thus we find our churches and sectarian schools filled with people who are decidedly free thinkers. They pretend to believe doctrines which they positively ridicule, for the sake of many privileges that such institutions offer in various ways. The Mental Science Association will offer the privileges of education and social life without the absurd superstitions of many of our churches and the narrow conventions of many of our schools.

Evolution has got to proceed slowly. The churches are not going to be emptied by clamor. They will stand as long as people find some interest in them. So this new Association is no proselytizing institution to convert people from the error of their ways. It is a Society *only* for those who *want* it.

*All is good* is the fundamental doctrine of the New Thought—so the churches, the schools, the clubs, as well as individual efforts, are all good. Only, The Mental Science Association stands as an exponent of *positive good*, whereas the very character of many of the old schools was distinctly *negative*.

# FREEDOM

WEEKLY.

IN AMERICA : : : : \$1.00 PER YEAR.  
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HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

## ADVERTISING RATES:

For advertising rates address E. F. BRITTON.

To secure prompt attention address all orders for FREEDOM and all applications for treatment to HELEN WILMANS, Sea Breeze, Florida.

Subscriptions received in money order, bank draft, cheque, express money order or currency. Stamps also received, but those who can send remittance in other form will oblige by so doing.

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

## 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.

## ORGANIZATION.

I am writing this article for the purpose of making our proposed plan of organization understood.

What is organization? It is individualized form. It is the unformed and comparatively helpless and ineffective elements drawn into close contact where the life forces become interactive, with the result that a working body with power to operate on the external plane has been created, and can become an operative force or a working machine for the execution of such enterprises as the brain may suggest.

This is what a man is. He is an organized form drawn out of the negative elements. He has a purpose, which the negative elements out of which he was drawn did not have except in latency.

All potency of execution lies in organization. The primordial elements exist; earth, air, fire, water, electricity, magnetism; the universe is full of them, but of what use are they unless drawn together into shapes that can recognize individual conceptions of something to be done, and can feel within themselves the ability to do it.

Mechanisms; tools to work with; these are the result of organization. Just such tools are these bodies of ours without which we would be nothing but the loose, wandering, inconsequent, meaningless elements, instead of

the working forms we now are. A pair of hands with a brain to suggest what they can do is of more practical service than all the unorganized forces lying between here and the sun. A man is made of these forces; he is the forces themselves; but in him they are drawn to intelligent cohesion through the organizing power inherent in all substance.

Organization is the first necessity of being. First comes the organization of human beings in bodily form; and then the organization by human beings into forms of government necessary to their peace and protection.

Finally as intellect developed and wants increased there came to be hundreds of organizations inside of a national organization. At this time there seems to be no real power outside of organization. No matter what the enterprise may be, whether large or small, men are called together to form an organization to serve the combined interest.

We see the power of organization in all the business of the time. It develops the spirit of every age, and of every idea; there is no strength of any consequence outside of it.

Look at the churches. What holds them together at the present day when the soul of them—a deep-seated fear of the devil—has departed. It is their organized forms. With their organizations, even without a central truth to believe in any longer, they are still a power in the world; a very great power indeed. And they owe their present existence simply to the fact that they existed in the past, and to the farther fact, that their members do not think. They may be called the organization of the unthinking. That they are the most powerful instruments in the world for holding the people in bondage cannot be denied; and every particle of their power lies in the fact of their almost perfect organization. Destroy the churches and the church meetings, and in a short time not a fag end of their belief would be left as a reminder of them.

Look at the colleges, those mighty organizations for the perpetuation of dead ideas, and whose existence is fostered by church influence with a worldly wisdom that we on the outside would do well to take lessons from.

And this brings me to another point of great importance to be made in this article.

Some of my readers think that I have been opposed to organization. This is a mistake. I have not been opposed to organization, for I recognize it as the very spirit of growth, and an indispensable necessity on the road of progress.

What I am opposed to is not organization, but the character of nearly all existing organizations. Take for instance Mrs. Eddy's organization. What does it mean? It means that her thought has passed into the crystallized stage, and just as it is she intends to hold her adherents to it as long as she can. Do I approve of her organization? No. Then why am I trying to organize Mental Scientists?

To which I answer that while organization is the mighty force by which growth is directed and quickened, there is a difference in the character of different organizations. Mrs. Eddy's organization like that of the churches is for the purpose of holding the people to one idea; it is for the purpose of restraining their farther development. This is the only kind of mental organi-



zation in existence to-day; the organization that restrains growth instead of advancing it.

Does the reader see the point? Mental Science proposes to organize for *freedom* just as all past organizations have organized for bondage. Mental Science proposes to organize for the purpose of breaking bonds and establishing the right of every person to do his own thinking. Such an organization will be the exact opposite of Mrs. Eddy's organization.

All organizations must have a purpose, else organization is not possible. While past organizations have existed for the purpose of restraining individual thought, our organization will be created for the opposite purpose. It is growth organizing against stagnation; it is life organizing against death.

A letter came here a few days ago asking if I were following Pope Mary's lead, and if my ambition was to become Pope Wilmans. The question was an outrage against every principle of my life. I, who have done nothing but break bonds and work for *individuality* all these years to be so unjustly accused! Those who know me, know that I respect the rights of the frailest of the race, and long to see every one expanding intellectually, and growing towards a noble individualism. I have recognized more in the people than they have recognized in themselves; I have seen their brain power even when they have believed themselves to be almost destitute of it, and have felt themselves absolutely helpless in consequence. I have encouraged them to do their own thinking when they were willing to pay me money to think for them. This being true it seems a strange thing for me to be accused of personal ambition in the matter.

I am not personally ambitious. I do not crave the result of personal ambition. What is it but a little blind worship from persons who have not advanced sufficiently in the power of thought to know that they are the full equals of the temporary god they are kneeling to? Do I want these worshipers? Indeed I do not. Why, already I am feeling the inconvenience and annoyance of this kind of thing. Even now I am a dime museum, minus the dime. My work is constantly interrupted by squads of people from different parts of the Union who want to see me out of pure curiosity. They nearly all tell me the same thing. "We could not go North again without being able to tell our friends we had seen you."

If I were personally ambitious this would be a gratification; for really it is a sample of the great result of personal ambition—just the privilege of being bored and hindered by curiosity hunters who "want to tell" their friends they have seen you.

For a long time after I began to send out the Mental Science ideas which at last have become well known, I was opposed to organization. There were too few thinkers on this line of thought to make organization a success. Individuals had to be educated in the thought whose bed rock statement was a declaration of personal power amounting to personal creativeness. This idea was so opposed to the world's ideas of a God-made race, and of an outside power upon which man was hopelessly dependent, and whose chief function was expressed in the cultivation of the spirit of self-depreciation amounting to abject humility, that there were only a few persons bold enough to dare entertain it for a

moment, and fewer still who were courageous enough to declare it publicly.

But gradually the very atmosphere became permeated with it; thousands accepted it and became so liberated in their own thought and feeling that they felt like new beings, and knew that life was just begun for them. No longer dependent upon some arbitrary power outside of themselves, but instead of this possessing the creative power in their own brains; what a change!

And now this belief is moulding public thought with greater rapidity than ever before. So much so that it has become possible to organize it in various communities.

That there exists some opposition to the organization of this thought is because the power of organization is not understood, and more especially is it a fact that the *character* of organization has not been taken into account. When this last point has been considered by our readers I am sure it will put a different face upon the matter in the minds of all.

Then there remains but one more objection to the Mental Science organizations we are now proposing to start all over the United States; and that is that we propose to send out the lectures to be read at the meetings. This point is supposed to be rather arbitrary, and too much in the line of Mrs. Eddy's actions.

Let us consider it a moment. Let us suppose that a meeting of the organized Mental Scientists has convened; no one present can deliver a lecture of sufficient interest to hold the hearers' attention, or rather to establish confidence in what he says. Half the audience consider themselves better qualified to deliver the lecture than the lecturer; arguments arise; a division ensues and the organization breaks up. There are a few exceptions to this kind of occurrence, but it is the common experience. Occasionally there will be a member fully capable of holding the attention of the meeting, and who will bring it to a satisfactory close without permitting the discussion that almost always ends in hard feeling.

There are apt to be small personal jealousies among a few of the less intelligent members that works like yeast throughout the organization. It is this thing that must be avoided; and I ask the members of all the organizations to bear with the present arrangement as proposed by the Central Association until the whole effort is established on solid ground, and a change of detail can be made without endangering the general plan.

I do not doubt that at first if a vote of all the organizations could be taken I would be appointed as speaker and leader. This will not always be so, because the bold thought on which Mental Science is based, and which leads to the most powerful individualization of members is going to bring from the organizations speakers, orators and teachers of great power. But at this time these persons—so endowed with latent genius—are not fully fledged for the mission they will eventually fill so grandly. And because of this it is better that the people accept my printed lecture from week to week until they want to do without me.

Friends, do not imagine that this plan of organization was jumped into without thought. A few of the best thinkers I have ever known are here at this place. They have had experience in the matter of organization. They, as well as myself, went all through the early reform movements when labor was trying to make a stand

for itself, and could not, because torn to pieces by internal dissension. We have learned by many hard knocks how difficult it is to combine thinking people into working forms; and the plan we have now presented to the public is the result of much consideration as well as experiment.

We simply must organize. We must meet organized ignorance by organized intelligence. We must meet the spongy and water-logged ideas of the dead past by the substantial new truths which teach men their own power and establish them in the self confidence that will give them such a mastery over the things of this world as they little dream of now.

And tell me, how will it be possible for me to establish a Wilmans dynasty in the realm of mind, when the entire Wilmans teaching is in the direction of pure individualism? But I do believe that I can do much in teaching the people how to think, and in showing them the foundation on which their power rests. I believe I understand this matter perfectly. Nothing could be clearer in any mind than the teachings of individualism are in mine; and in placing myself in advance—just for the present—I do it simply because I feel my capability. What is more, if I knew of another person who was more capable I would take a back seat and let that person proceed. I am only ambitious for the good of all, and I am acting on my best judgment in trying to manifest the good.

HELEN WILMANS.

Read "Methodism Fades," by that always fine writer, A. P. Barton.

I have just read a number of the admirable new magazine called *Secular Science and Common Sense*, published at 35 and 37 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. If the number which I have just read is an indication of what we are to expect from it for a year, then the one dollar charged for it is far too little. It does not pretend to be a Mental Science publication, but it is almost one, and it is a long ways ahead in truth and hard sense of half the magazines which call themselves Mental Science, Christian Science, Divine Science, etc. I am greatly pleased with the tone of this new publication. I believe it is going to exert a tremendous influence for the enlightenment of the masses, and I sincerely hope it may get tens of thousands of subscribers. I am printing an article from it by Uriel Buchanan. Read it.

Among my exchanges I get regularly *The Washington News Letter*. It is the strongest Christian Science magazine published. It is directly on the line of Mrs. Eddy's ideas; true as steel to them, but not true to Mrs. Eddy herself. It does not worship blindly at her shrine even though it accepts every word she has written as gospel truth. The position taken by Col. O. C. Sabin, the editor of this magazine, is so broad and noble that it ought to place him at the head of the Christian Science movement. The movement is too big for Mrs. Eddy to carry; it needs a bigger person in her place. I am almost as far from being a Christian Scientist as I am from being a Catholic priest, but I know a mental giant when I see him, and I see one in Col. Sabin.

The new thought is arousing the people's brains and bringing some powerful men and women to the front. There is Frederick W. Burry for one; he is a fearless

writer and an independent thinker. The readers of FREEDOM will be glad to know that we have engaged his services as a contributor. His brilliant articles will surely add to our attractions.

We are going to double our efforts to make FREEDOM a great paper. We are hoping to have a series of articles from Paul Tyner on the subject of "Immortality in the Flesh." Mr. Tyner uses his big brain to startling effect. He is not afraid to say what he thinks. We cannot too highly prize the great mental courage that begins to be on display at this time. The like of it was never seen before.

Sometimes I get a letter ordering FREEDOM discontinued. I have the feeling that the person is signing his own death warrant when I read it, and it almost frightens me. Of course, this does not prove anything but my own intense faith in the ideas we put forth in our paper; and I suppose other editors who are as deeply in earnest as I am feel the same under similar circumstances. The hope of a prolonged life, and how to attain it! This is what we are trying to teach, and if the people valued themselves as much as we value them they could not refuse the visits of our paper. But people have been blind to their own interests always. When will they open their eyes?

The *New Order*, published in The Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill., speaks most kindly of my book, for which I return my best thanks. This magazine says:

"A Search For Freedom' is an autobiographical account of a life in no respect marvelous, though the narrative holds the interest without abatement from start to finish. The incidents of the author's early childhood, though neither dramatic nor tragic, charm one because of the spirit of bubbling humor which characterizes the recital. It is the story of the struggle for liberty of a naturally bold and daring intellect hedged in by the conservatism of others. Gradually, one by one, she bursts material and intellectual bonds, the climax being reached when, a journalist engaged on an ably-conducted weekly paper published in Chicago, she leaves her employer and blazes a new pathway for herself into the unknown into which her unfettered thought has led her. With but 25 cents in her purse, she turns her back not only upon her position, but also on the only friends that stand between her and the terrors of a great city, and fearlessly expresses the thought which her former conditions prevented her from giving free vent. The last chapters of the book merely hint at the radical thought to which the author has since given free expression. This volume is an inspiring recital of facts which will interest if not convince the reader. The writer's belief in the potential force lying latent in every individual and only awaiting expression is startling in its intensity, especially in view of the ultimate conclusions to which it impels her."

I had an appointment with three ladies whom I did not care to meet. They belonged to the most straight-laced of the orthodox churches, and their purpose in seeing me was to demolish me utterly. I rather enjoy an interview of this kind, but lately I have been too busy. It is a long and difficult job to make my opponents understand my position; and as I already understand theirs perfectly, it naturally follows that their talk bores me. As the colored folks say, "I don't want no mo'; I dun got nuf already."

I am bound to say, though, that whenever they give

me a hearing I make an impression on them; I am sure to give out some ideas that take hold of them. They talk to me from their emotions, just where their religion has placed them, and they sometimes lose their temper. I reason with them calmly, and good-naturedly, show up their ideas as paradoxical and inconsistent, so that they get glimpses of the situation. I make them see that I do not deny what they call "God," but that I have a grander conception of "God" than they have. I show them the impossibility of his personality and make it clear to them that He, "God," the Infinite Principle of Being exists *in us*; that we are a part of Him, (It) and that we cannot call ourselves sinners without impugning His goodness.

I work on this idea until I make them understand it to a certain extent; and they go away with the seeds of new truth planted in their minds.

And always I give them a few ideas on *prejudice*. I show them how they cherish it at their own expense, and what a heavy expense it is. I can talk on this subject, and I can make people more afraid of prejudice than they are of the devil, thus putting the devil's nose out of joint, as it were. When a person becomes thoroughly afraid of prejudice he is at the beginning of wisdom.

It would be easy to break the masses out of the old ruts of thought if the teachers would go at it properly. All the teacher need do is to smile angelically at the insults he receives, and then in a smooth, clear and earnest way give them their first lesson upon the subject of closing their minds against new ideas. And there are a hundred things to illustrate the foolishness of doing this, all of which are convincing. All I want is to get a person's honest attention in order to impress him with the importance of farther investigation in the new lines of thought. The people are not fools, and they are honestly seeking truth by the best light they have.

H. W.

### C. F. BURGMAN'S LECTURE TOUR.

Mr. C. F. Burgman, Home Secretary of the Mental Science Association, will attend the convention of Mental Scientists to be held in Seattle, Washington, beginning July 1st. He will leave here as early as June 1st and will deliver either a single lecture or a course of four at different points on his route, both going and coming, as may be arranged for him. The course will include the following subjects: "Man the Masterpiece," "Mind the Master," "Thought Concentration," as a guide to business success; "Mental Healing" or the control of bodily health through mental process. These lectures will be concluded with an exhibition of one hundred superbly colored stereoptican views, representing the unrivaled scenic effects of the East Coast of Florida—Daytona, the Halifax Peninsula and "City Beautiful," the home of the Mental Scientists of Sea Breeze. Mr. Burgman is a man of fine ability, accustomed to the lecture platform and goes as the well equipped representative of the Mental Science Association. Friends interested in the work who would like to have one or more lectures from Mr. Burgman in their towns should open correspondence with him relative to terms and dates at once.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

### THE COLLEGE FUND.

The college fund grows apace and gloriously.

Since last report Mrs. Louisa Southworth of Cleveland, Ohio, has sent one thousand dollars for the purchase of lots, and we have received besides, from Mrs. Elizabeth Marsden, Pawtucket, R. I., \$1.00; R. T. Butler, Sea Breeze, Fla., \$25.00; Chas. F. Wentworth, Washington, D. C., \$20.00; making a total of \$46.00 as contributions since last report; or a total of contributions received of \$96.00, and for contributions and the sale of lots combined of \$1,796.00, with \$800 to come on deferred payments on lots. Several others have written that they will purchase lots soon, and many others are making inquiries that may lead to purchases while every mail brings words of cheer and encouragement. Here is one from B. O. Flower, who is perhaps as well, if not better known, than any other writer upon general reformatory lines, and who is now publishing one of the very best of living magazines, *The Coming Age*:

MR. C. C. POST AND MRS. HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.:

My Dear Friends: A few days ago I saw a circular letter which you had sent to our house calling attention to the new plan of establishing a school or college for liberal thought at Sea Breeze. A few years ago I wrote you expressing my hope that such a school and movement could be inaugurated, and it is needless for me to say how rejoiced I am to see that there are prospects for this. I most earnestly hope and trust there will be an industrial department. It might be well to have an experiment station for the cultivation of some tropical fruits and flowers, and also a printing office where the scholars might be taught composition and printing. The industrial work, of course, could be extended as the scholars progress. There is another thing that I would suggest, and it might be well to make an appeal at once; that is, that any person who felt so disposed would contribute books for a library; a library could not be started too soon, and a fine library in any resort is a great attraction, as well as a great help. I believe there would be several scores of people go to Sea Breeze of a winter rather than other places, if there they could gain access to a library, so that they might pursue the reading of interesting subjects during their leisure moments.

I look forward with strong hopes that I shall be able sometime in the near future to come to Sea Breeze for at least a part of each winter. As I have written you before I know of no spot in Florida so attractive and in every way delightful. I do not know whether I ever gave you a copy of my "Persons, Places and Ideas" containing an illustrated article on Florida, but in case you have not the book, I send you one of the few remaining copies of the book with my compliments.

Give my kind regards to all friends who may inquire about us. Cordially yours,  
B. O. FLOWER.

Mr. and Mrs. Flower spent a portion of the winter here when we were just starting our improvements, and know the beauty and natural advantages of the place, and have always wanted to return and build a cottage.

And here is what Mr. Wentworth says. It is short, but to the point:

Washington, D. C., April 3, 1900.

COL. C. C. POST, Sea Breeze, Fla.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Herewith I send \$20 (draft \$15 cash \$5) as a particle of encouragement to the college. Your great and worthy project enlists my best wishes. Yours truly,  
CHAS. F. WENTWORTH.

The work of clearing the campus grounds is progressing with considerable speed. We now have seven men at work grubbing, and two chopping into stove wood such of the trees as it is not desirable to leave standing.

This wood will be sold for the college fund, and so help a little on the expense of clearing the ground.

Northern people will hardly understand our manner of clearing ground in Florida. It has all to be grubbed over by hand. It is the only way. That is, it is the only way of clearing palmetto land. I did not believe this until I tried Northern methods—a big breaking plow and mules enough to pull it. Then I found that the palmetto roots either broke in two, or shoved ahead of the plow in the light soil and caused the expense of team work to exceed that of hand labor. It makes the clearing of land expensive but it is the only way it can be well done. A good man, skilled in the use of a grubbing hoe, will clear an acre in from thirty to fifty days, according to the nature of the ground. Sometimes the saw palmetto roots, the main branch of which is from four to five inches thick, of any length from two to ten feet and with scores of secondary roots of the size of a clay pipe stem, will almost completely cover the ground, or lie embedded a few inches below the surface. A "man with a hoe" of peculiar make is about the only thing to conquer them. On the pine lands the work is much easier, and if a large body of this lay by itself it could be broken up northern fashion, but the palmetto roots "beat the band"—that is, the breaking up plow.

We are now supplied with maps of the college property showing campus, and relation of the same to college lots and our own property. These maps cost one dollar. We will sell them at that or will send one to be returned after examination on receipt of five cents postage.

C. C. P.

### PLANTS PROTECT THEMSELVES.

In the dry South African region where every green thing gets nibbled down in the rainless season certain plants and milkweeds have the tricks of forming tubers or stems exactly like the pebbles among which they grow, so that when the leaves die down in the dry weather the tubers are not to be seen apart from the stones. These tubers carry the plant over till the next rainy season.

Plants protect themselves by terrifying attitudes just so do insects. One of the uses of the movements of the sensitive plants is to frighten animals. A venturesome browsing creature coming near it is afraid to touch a plant which so evidently is occupied by spirits.

The squirting cucumber of the Mediterranean alarms goats and cattle by discharging its ripe fruits explosively in their faces the moment the stem is touched. The cucumbers contain a pungent juice, which discharges itself into the eyes of its opponent and the smarting sensation which results is hard to bear.

The dainty grass of Parnassus is beautiful but dishonest. It is a bog herb and has glossy green leaves and pure white blossoms, and is supposed to be the poet's flower. Its milk-white flowers are among the loveliest of England, yet they are deceivers. The drops of honey which bees and insects fancy they see inside the petals are solid, glassy imitations of honey, which fool the busy gatherers who are lured in this way that they may curry off the pollen to other blossoms.—*Chicago News.*

What are you going to do to help on with the College?

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

### MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

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

HELEN WILMANS, President.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, Secretary.

#### CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Helen Wilmans, C. C. Post, C. F. Burgman,  
C. Eldridge, A. F. Sheldon.

#### CENTRAL ADVISORY BOARD.

F. M. Doud, M. D., Chicago, Illinois; Louisa Southworth, Cleveland, Ohio; Clara Foltz, San Francisco, California; M. Knox, Seattle, Washington; Frederick W. Burry, Toronto, Canada.

### THE HOME TEMPLE MEETING.

The first public meeting of the Home Temple of the M. S. A., was held in the public school room of City Beautiful on Sunday evening, April 8th, and attended by an audience consisting of one hundred and fifty persons or more. The hall had been handsomely decorated for the occasion with colored bunting, evergreens and large palm leaves, producing a striking, beautiful effect. Captain C. Eldridge, as president, welcomed the friends and neighbors from Sea Breeze and Daytona and the guests from the several hotels present, and complimented the committee in charge upon their efficient and artistic arrangement of the hall. Mrs. Michael rendered a musical selection upon the organ, after which the president introduced to the audience Helen Wilmans who made the following introductory address:

FRIENDS:—Mental Science is the science of mind growth. It is the science of race development through the acquisition of new knowledge.

A man becomes strong and great and powerful in proportion as he evolves new ideas out of his brain, and demonstrates the worth of these ideas in the practical affairs of life.

And yet men have been afraid of new ideas; they did not want their old ideas disturbed or broken into. They said virtually, "Oh! let us alone; what our fathers believed is good enough for us;" and so they remained in the same ruts of thought until actually forced out of them by the swelling tide of intelligence that rises higher and higher every day in spite of them.

A few people, however, have reached a place in development where they are willing to let the past days and the past centuries drop back into oblivion, while they go forward in search of new truth,

Mental Scientists belong to this latter class.

Not very many years ago we began a study that promised much, and that has more than fulfilled its promise. It is the study of man.

We believed, even in the beginning of this study, that man was a much greater creature than he himself dreamed of. We believed that he possessed powers which, if developed, would change his condition from one of weakness and comparative helplessness to a condition of strength and power, where, instead of being the servant of fate and circumstance, *he would be their master*; indeed, that his entire position could become one of mastery instead of servitude to an environment that he has always considered an inevitable necessity.

As we went farther and farther into the study of man it was wonderful what glorious prospects opened before us. We saw that man in his present condition is simply the embryonic beginning of what a man may become. We saw that man is simply the seed germ of a creature so much greater in every way than he is at present, that the contemplation is almost bewildering.

We take an acorn in our hand and look at it, and if

## 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.

This little book has found its way with astonishing rapidity into every English-speaking country on the globe. Toilers, on the Fiji Islands receive inspiration from its pages. The New Zealander finds food for profitable thought, while the Australian recognizes through its teaching that inherent in himself is a latent power that makes him master of the situation. From Africa comes the words: "You are solving the problem of life and creating an Eden on earth."

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.

Fill out or copy the following coupon and mail it to-day. The books will go forward at once.

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SEA BREEZE, FLA.

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Find inclosed \$..... for which please send ..... copies of "A Conquest of Poverty" by .....

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- A Conquest of Poverty, Helen Wilmans, paper. New Edition..... 50
- Men and Gods, C. C. Post, paper..... 50
- A History of Theosophy, W. J. Colville. Paper. Cloth..... 1.00
- A Blossom of the Century, Helen Wilmans. Cloth. Oh World! Such as I Have Give I Unto Thee, Helen Wilmans and Ada W. Powers. Two volumes, paper, each..... 50
- The Universal Undertone, by Ada Wilmans Powers, paper..... 15
- A Healing Formula, by Helen Wilmans, paper. Both of the above together..... 25
- Metaphysical Essays, C. C. Post. Paper..... 30
- Francis Schlatter the Healer. Paper..... 50
- Driven From Sea to Sea (55th thousand. Fiction), C. C. Post. Paper..... 50
- Congressman Swanson. (Fiction), C. C. Post. Paper..... 50
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- A Search for Freedom, Helen Wilmans. Cloth 1.50

The titles of the above books indicate their character, except the one called "A Blossom of the Century," this is a Mental Science book and really should be called "Immortality in the Flesh." It is a powerful appeal to reason and in substantiation of the belief that man can conquer death here on earth.

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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:

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

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze Fla.

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.

Name.....

Town.....

County.....

State.....

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.

### RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

In response to a demand we have gotten out an edition of a pamphlet Mrs. Wilmans wrote some years ago. It is called "A Healing Formula." Some of our friends assert that it is the most helpful thing she ever wrote. The price is 15 cents. (Also a pamphlet by Mrs. Ada Wilmans Powers, called "The Universal Undertone." It is one of the most beautiful things ever written. Price 15 cents. The two 25 cents. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

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Do you know of anyone who is adapted to agency work and whose time will permit him or her to take up the sale of our publications? Everyone knows of such people if time is taken to think about it. Young men can get a good training and make money at the same time in this way. We will have various publications for them to sell from time to time. Just now they can do very well selling "A Conquest of Poverty."

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.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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