

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

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

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## THOUGHT AND FEELING.

BY PAUL TYNER.

*"It is the heart and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain;  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest."*

—Longfellow.

Our English word *man* is derived from a Sanscrit term meaning "the thinker." It is as thinker that man reaches the highest development of the human estate. It is as thinker that man lives, and moves and has his being. As thinker, man knows himself; knows the universe; knows his relation to the world. "Life accompanies the will," says Balzac, "as the shadow the body." Man, it is conceivable, without the power of thought, might perceive and be acted upon by outward phenomena, and through contact with outer nature he might experience painful or pleasurable sensations. As a thinking, reasoning being, he begins to modify, and finally completely controls the influences upon him of objective sensations and experiences. He transforms the things that hurt into things that help, by seeing them in new relation, or through the agency of self-conscious activity directed to their transformation. So also, by thought, he places himself in such an attitude that what formerly caused pleasure may be made to cause pain; or where what once caused pain may be made to contribute pleasure. His entire capacity for both pleasure and pain is vastly enlarged. To be sure he is still acted upon by outer nature, its forces and conditions; but he is no longer merely acted upon, and utterly subject to these. He is now also an actor in the drama, no longer a passive instrument to be played upon by forces outside himself, an aeolian harp recording with plaintive moan the passing of every vagrant breeze, but himself the player to whose touch the universe thrills and throbs responsive.

With thought, man comes into possession of the *will*. Now, he not merely lives and moves, but also orders his life and action. He has power to do, and in doing to be; power to do or not to do. In every action and every refraining from action, he wills, chooses—and on his choice endless consequences attend. Good and evil, beauty and ugliness, wisdom and ignorance, ethics and esthetics, law and order in every realm—and with these health and disease of mind and body—all merge into conscious recognition only with thought. With the expansion of thought, life expands; with its shrinkage, life narrows. For as the life is more than the meat, so the will is more than the life. Not that one is possible apart from the other, or that one is before the other, for life is the constant companion of that will of which it is the constant shadow.

Recognizing the immense importance of thought as it affects man's relations to the outer world—to the action and reaction ever going on between man and the physical forces of the universe as he perceives them through the external senses, we must guard against the common error of *confining* the influence and activity of thought to this outer realm—the error of materialism and its deadening conclusions. If thought is essential to any degree of clearness in our perception and understanding of the objective world, it is not less essential on the subjective side of life. With Schopenhauer, we may agree that object and subject are alike the perceptions of a percipient: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Thought processes are inseparable from any right or wrong relation and understanding of perceptions and experiences in the inner realms or on the outer. Cerebration is inseparable from the simplest decision to action in connection with the everyday, outer life of an individual. Cerebration, likewise, accompanies the incidents and events of his inner and emotional life, whether these occur on the spiritual, the psychic, or the intellectual plane.

We hear much, on the one hand, of the sufficiency of the intellect as test and guide in our search for truth. Reason, (a term often unreasonably limited to the exercise of the reasoning faculty in connection with objective facts and phenomena) is enthroned in more than papal infallibility. And as the intellect, so limited, is exalted this sought to degrade the intuition. Out of this tendency has arisen a certain contempt for the emotions; they are distrusted as "dangerous teachers" and it is sought to "preach down the widespread development of the heart," we have as one result a certain pessimistic cynicism which, in fashionable circles, is sometimes displayed as evidence of cleverness. In literature and art it is even hailed as an attribute of genius. If so it is the genius of the decadence. Its natural accompaniments are boredom, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and "general debility." In extreme cases it develops into melancholia and other forms of madness.

On the other hand, we are not unfamiliar with a large class (by no means peculiar to our time or to the new thought, but common and conspicuous in the crude beginnings of every great movement) who, thinking thereby to exalt "the spiritual," decried the intellect as a mere adjunct of gross "materiality." Thinking is derided as almost a sinful indulgence, or at best as inconsistent with the exercise of the higher powers of the intuition.

We may be thankful that our day is witnessing the beginnings of a wholesome reaction against both these

tendencies. May we not help this reaction by emphasizing the truth that inner and outer are one? The intuition and the intellect are like the eyes to the body, both are indispensable to clear and accurate perception and judgment. In reality, we can never have the fullest and most symmetrical development of either intellect or intuition until both are cultivated together, used together, considered as counterparts, and given equal respect and regard.

The genuinely great leaders—the teachers and workers who have most profoundly influenced the progress of the race have been great lovers as well as great thinkers. It is a mistake to identify the intellect exclusively with the learning of the schools. The love of Abelard and Heloise, and not their learning, has immortalized their names; the love of the Brownings gives enduring vitality to their poetry. Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe and Emerson were great lovers as well as great thinkers. Our highest type of personality is found in the poet; but can we even imagine a poet not a lover?

Events are the product of the intellect of humanity as moulded and influenced by the feelings. The production of ideals is, therefore, the great end of human life. But intellect divorced from interest, desire, devotion, love, is barren intellect. Browning, in one of his letters, declared that love, in even its lowest and most brutal manifestation, has in it ever a germ of the divine. Shall we not find in the harmonious development of emotion and intellect together, the solution of one of our great problems—perhaps our greatest problem? If genius is impossible to mere brains, is it not equally impossible to the man or woman of mere emotion?

The endeavor to separate the intellectual part of man from the emotional, and then from the intellectual side alone to investigate and interpret nature, is an impossible task. The facts of nature—as well as the facts of the individual conscious life—are at least half feeling. As Edward Carpenter says: "The truest truth is that which is the expression of the deepest feeling."

Intelligence has its roots in feeling, and in the last analysis the report of the senses, the conclusions of reason—all the intellectual processes—must be referred back to feeling for final verification and confirmation. The appeal of the intellect, to be vital, must be to the heart not less than to the head. It is not written that as a man thinketh in his head so is he. We are all well aware of the fact that as a man thinketh in his head, so very often he *is not*. Not that the head is to be left out any more than the heart. If we are really to get understanding with all our getting, we must get it in both head and heart. Aye, we may even let the head bide its time, if we first take care to have understanding in the heart. Out of the desires of the heart are the issues of life.

For the most part, we have somehow come to consider intelligence as peculiarly a function of the brain and as pertaining pre-eminently, if not exclusively, to man and as something dependent on what we call "education." Hear what Edison says:

"The intelligence of man is, I take it, the sum of the intelligences of the atoms of which he is composed, for it is my belief that every atom is intelligent. The human body, I think is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between its atoms so to persist. When the harmonious adjustment is destroyed the man dies, and the atoms seek other relations. Every atom has

an intelligent power of selection and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms."

It will be observed that not only has the head no monopoly of intelligence, but that man shares this attribute with all creation animate and inanimate. Edison's statement that "every atom is intelligent," applies not only to the atoms composing man's body but also to the atoms in all bodies—animal, vegetable and mineral, solids, liquids and gases. Intelligence is omnipresent. Yet the most evident manifestation of this intelligence is dictated and governed by feeling. There is discrimination and selection that are determined by desire. "Every atom is always striving to get into harmonious relation with every other atom." What a beautiful illustration of the universal law of harmony.

Edison recognizes that health (the human body in its integrity) is dependent upon the harmonious adjustment, which it is the constant, persistent and intelligent effort of the atoms to maintain. This beneficent and intelligent endeavor is enormously increased and intensified in the healing of a wound, as one may plainly see by watching the process under a microscope. In fact the same tendency to maintain a harmonious adjustment which Edison finds a condition of health in the organism is distinctly manifested in the quickened tendency of the cells to repair and renewal, when the normal adjustment has been disturbed by a lesion, of the tissues by bruise, cut or burn. Yet this intelligent and natural process of repair and renewal may be helped or hindered by the individual's conscious or unconscious thought and action. It is here precisely that Mental Science finds sound basis and practical demonstration. Every healing method with any pretension to intelligence aims at "helping nature,"—encouraging and co-operating with the inherent and persistent tendency of the atoms towards repair and renewal through harmonious adjustment. But how immensely superior in points of simplicity, directness and efficacy is the mental method? Discord is not overcome by discord any more than hatred is overcome by hatred; but discord is banished by harmony as darkness is banished by light. The healer, controlling his own vibrations and responding to the patient's need, follows Nature's method. He sets up in his own organism the essential harmonic vibration. He lives, breathes and is, wholeness, health and harmony. By sympathetic contact present or absent, the healer is enabled to transmit and the patient to receive the vibrations needed to restore harmony in the patient's organism. The patient is soothed or stimulated, calmed or quickened as need may be. We find that the atoms in the body or any part of it may be thrown into disorder by the influence of fear, anger, grief or worry either directly or through exposure to the contagion of these emotions in one's surroundings. Similarly the atoms are called back to order by the influence of direct contact with order. Health is even more contagious than disease, as the positive is always more effective than the negative. Instead of giving or taking health by chance or accident, however, we may now through Mental Science learn to give and take health deliberately and at will.

This transmission of health by sympathetic vibration is a wonderful thing. But we are living in a wonderful world. The magnetization of a piece of non-magnetic steel simply by placing it along side a magnet or a piece



of steel that has been magnetized is wonderful. The responsive vibration of a cord in a piano to the vibration of the chord struck on another piano in an adjoining room, or to the note sounded on a tuning fork or a violin, is wonderful. The transmission of heat and light and electric currents through the "empty air" of our atmosphere is wonderful. All communication of thought and feeling from one soul to another by tangible or intangible means, is wonderful. Your present reception, appropriation and (I trust, perspicuous reader,) assimilation, of the thought winged with these words is wonderful. Not a whit more wonderful than any of these now familiar wonders is the restoration of harmony, health, poise, happiness, by the direct action of one mind on another. Its ways are no longer mysterious when we have taken the trouble to understand them. Thought and feeling are united in the sympathetic action of mental healing. It is such practical sympathy that demonstrates that we really are "all members of one body and one of the other."

### THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

[Thirty-ninth edition, cloth.]

We have created a demand for a more substantial edition of "The Conquest of Poverty," and have responded to the call by bringing the book out in good cloth binding, so "that it may be better preserved, and find its proper place as a standard work in every home and library."

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INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Florida

### HOME TREATMENT.

For every form of disease and every undesirable condition write to me. Consultations free. Letters confidential. Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.

### THE SEATTLE TEMPLE.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The readers of FREEDOM might be interested in knowing that the regular meeting of Seattle Success No. 1 of the Association of Mental Science classes met Sunday evening July 8th. After listening to a very instructive and entertaining lecture by Dr. W. W. Mallory, it was voted to adopt the new Constitution and By-laws of the Mental Science Association and form Seattle Temple No. 1, electing S. P. Chamberlain, President; M. Hardin, Secretary and Treasurer; and Mrs. Lena Wismer, Corresponding Secretary. A committee of five was appointed on Constitution and By-laws, and when this committee reports a permanent organization will be formed known as Seattle Temple No. 1. This Success now has the following members on its roll: M. F. Knox, Mrs. M. F. Knox, F. D. Wismer, Mrs. Lena Wismer, A. McClellan, Miss M. A. Steavens, Miss Mary Etenger, M. Hardin, S. P. Chamberlain, Mrs. S. P. Chamberlain, Dr. W. W. Mallory, Mrs. W. W. Mallory, Mrs. A. I. Young, J. A. Finch, Mrs. J. A. Finch, Miss H. A. Lumm, Mrs. B. C. Smith, F. M. Scott, Mrs. F. M. Scott, G. S. Price, F. W. Naurman, Miss I. Pirrett, Miss S. I. Peck, Dr. Jessie B. Connett, Mrs. C. M. Price, J. W. Maple, John Wilson, Mrs. John Wilson; Mrs. J. B. Weble, Mrs. E. J. Powell, Mrs. Hathaway, Mrs. E. Craig, Mrs. E. Humphreys, Mrs. E. Thomas, Miss R. Whitehead, L. W. Knox, G. S. Pierson, Dr. B. C. Pollman, F. S. Scott, Ella Armstrong, Mrs. Mena Schuemacher, Mrs. Louisa Rhodes and N. Michelson.

All are encouraged since the successful termination of the convention and wish to thank Mr. Burgman for his good work during the convention, and his pleasant visit afterwards.

LENA WISMER, Cor. Sec., Seattle Wash.

### NATIONAL CONVENTION OF MENTAL SCIENTISTS.

[From The Peninsula Breeze.]

Reports received from the National Convention of Mental Scientists at Seattle, Wash. are to the effect that it was a grand success, the newspapers gave glowing accounts of the convention and the interest manifested. Mr. Chas. F. Burgman, of this place, the representative of the Home office of the Mental Science Association was in attendance and delivered some of the finest lectures before large audiences. Mr. Burgman has received the highest praise from every quarter since on his lecture tour and has done much good work for Sea Breeze and Daytona and has made many friends for the interest he so ably represents.

Although neither Mrs. Post or the Colonel were present, they seem to have been the center of thought and interest. Mrs. Post was elected president and Colonel Post first vice president for terms of five years. We doubt if such an honor was ever conferred upon any one before by a national convention of such importance as this. Col. and Mrs. Post certainly have reason to feel proud of the honor conferred, especially since neither of them were present to in any way influence the body in its deliberations. The next national convention will be held in Sea Breeze during the fall of 1901. There will be a great crowd here, representatives from every state in the Union and every enlightened nation on the face of the earth.

We do not believe the people of Sea Breeze fully realize what great people we have among us, or comprehend what a great work they are doing.

History, ancient or modern, records nowhere any account of any such wonderful women as Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, who is the originator and founder of Mental Science and who by the able assistance of Col. Charles C. Post have made it an institution whose power and influence encircles the globe. Sea Breeze should be proud of these people for the rank they hold among the learned students of the civilized world, to say nothing of what they have done, are doing and will do for Sea Breeze.

## ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES F. BURGMAN.

Have you ever carried a stereopticon outfit with you, single handed, as a part of your equipment, while on a lecture tour? If not—try it, especially if you have mapped out a ten thousand mile journey and are an amateur in that line. It will put your patience and power of endurance to the supreme test and will prove to a Mental Scientist, who engages in that sort of an undertaking, whether his grasp of the philosophy, or the science, is worth the paper it is written upon.

Of course to the good fellow who "knows all about it, it is all easy enough," but to the beginner—well, that is a story which briefly told may interest the readers whom I desire to take into my confidence and whom I desire to assist in passing me on from town to town. I have passed the first stages of my apprenticeship and hope to be master of the situation, i. e. the instrument, before this reaches them.

There is the cartage of the box and "gas tanks" from the depot to the hall. "Be easy, Mr. Expressman, that box contains 'glass' and if you handle it roughly you'll cause a breakage." The equipment arrives safely at the hall, it is opened—there was no need to caution the expressman—the baggage fiend, that uncontrollable, unreasoning, destructive adjunct of every railroad company, had done his work—the appeal to "caution" and "handle with care" had acted upon his feeble understanding like the red rag upon the eyes of an enraged bull and when we lifted the lantern out of the box it was literally jarred asunder. Of course that meant hasty repair to which a good friend immediately gave his attention.

To adjust the twelve-foot screen "screw eyes" had to be driven into the boarded walls through which a stout rope is stretched forming an elastic frame to which the canvas is attached. This requires assistance, time and labor. At the close of the lecture every one present is on "tip-toe" of expectation to see the "pictures," the introductory illustration is thrown upon the canvas and while the speaker explains it—the light becomes dim, and gently, gradually, fades into shadow. He gives the valve of the tanks a turn with his key to increase the pressure and flow of the gas—it is of no avail—the shadowy outlines of the picture fade into complete darkness and the speaker, keeping a firm grip on his mental mechanism, turns to the audience and says: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am exceedingly sorry to state that through some unexplainable accident the gas has leaked out of my tanks—perhaps I used up too much in my discourse—it is impossible for me at this time to give this promised exhibition." Of course every one is disappointed, but all make the best of the situation, and, passing pleasant jokes back and forth, adjourn.

At another place I took my audience "along the road to Ormond" and displayed the scenic beauties of river and forest and sky, took them through the shaded avenues of Daytona, and on a gentle sail aboard the "Eleanor" up the Halifax River, describing the scenery, residences etc., situated along the banks of the Halifax peninsula. We cast anchor at the head of Ocean Boulevard and in front of the Casino, and we were just about to enter City Beautiful—when there ensued a hissing noise, succeeded by a report like that of a toy pistol,

and out goes my light. Our friends in that city await my return to show them City Beautiful.

But notwithstanding the few drawbacks experienced, the illustrations create a sensation because of the exquisite scenic beauties they present; and on several occasions at the close of the exhibition, people would ask somewhat hesitatingly "Are those pictures really true?"

Taking up the report of my journey where I left off more than a month ago, I will state that it has been impossible for me to write. The journey itself, the labor and incidents connected with the undertaking as I had planned and carried it out, left me no time to keep the readers informed of the progress of my travels.

Leaving Chattanooga, I remained over in Nashville, Tenn. and Louisville, Ky. My stay in either place was short; after visiting quite a number of our friends, interested in the cause, who are endeavoring to arrange for a public meeting, to be held in the near future, I boarded a handsomely equipped steamer, which carried us up the beautiful Ohio with its charming gentle slopes, wooded embankments and groups of fairy islands, which sink to sleep beneath the kiss of the rosy sunset and are tucked away by the gentle hand of all loving nature between the approaching shadows of twilight and darkness.

## CINCINNATI.

Arriving at Cincinnati at an early hour the passage to the hotel from the steamer brings us through the busy fruit and vegetable markets. The river affording free traffic to the truck farmer, brings the producer into direct communication with the consumer, and both are benefitted. Cincinnati is, perhaps, the most closely packed and densely populated city in the United States. Hemmed in on the one side by a succession of tall bluffs, which enclose the city in a semicircle, it is crowded close up against these bluffs by the Ohio river. And within this space the houses are packed as close together as the cells in a beehive. I did not see a tree worthy the name in the city proper, and the few plants brought under cultivation in an occasional patch of soil or a flowering pot, were smothered under the grime and smoke issuing from the countless chimneys. The business part of the city presents the hum and bustle of a crowded mart; the streets are often congested with lines of cars and vehicles and there seems hardly room for all the thousands of men and women who jostle each other. There are as yet comparatively few tall buildings, though several additions are now in process of construction. The quarters of the poorer classes are miserable in their compact density and dingy aspect. Every humanitarian and every devout lover of the beauties of nature will hail the time with joyful gladness when a broader education and more generally diffused knowledge will have worked its powerful lifting influence to such an extent that human beings will no longer consent to be crowded into such miserable surroundings.

Beyond and overrunning the elevations, back of Cincinnati, nature resumes her dominion, and amidst verdure, foliage and flowers, which cover everywhere in vigorous abundance the deep rich loam, are located the suburbs with the charming homes of the wealthier middle class and the luxurious residences of the rich. I was tendered the hospitality of their home by Mr. and Mrs. Black, who are located near Eden Park, and



called on Mr. and Mrs. Hesser who reside at the "Glenmore" Mt. Auburn, and who spent last winter at Sea Breeze.

Many, favorable to the new thought, and quite a number of FREEDOM subscribers, had left the city for their summer vacation, and for the time being it was deemed inadvisable to rent a hall for a public lecture. The very commodious parlors of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Glidden were placed at my disposal for an afternoon parlor lecture, which was well attended by those interested in the spread of the new thought, among whom were the following: Mrs. G. Glass, Miss F. L. Taylor, Mrs. H. L. Moon, Mrs. Rosetta W. Mercer, Miss Louise Conner, Miss C. C. Conley, Miss L. V. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Black and daughter, Mr. Jas. Riley, Mr. A. Elsenheimer and quite a number of others. Mrs. Glidden has been a FREEDOM reader for a number of years and is deeply interested in the spread of the present movement. Her husband, Mr. J. J. Glidden, is one of Cincinnati's prominent attorneys; their handsome and talented daughter proved an interested listener, and the home of the family bear the stamp of culture and refinement. Mr. A. Elsenheimer, a diligent reader of Helen Wilmans' publications, placed his time and service at my disposal of which I availed myself most gladly. I have promised to return to Cincinnati on my way homeward, when a larger meeting will be prepared for me. I will endeavor to reach Cincinnati on my homeward journey on September 17th, thus giving my friends ample time to make preparations.

#### INDIANAPOLIS.

Leaving Cincinnati one arrives at Indianapolis, via the Monon route, after a four hours journey. Indianapolis, "Queen city of the Hoosier state," is a very charming city indeed. Radiating from a common centre, a "circle," where the stately shaft of a handsome monument, erected to the memory of Indiana's sons, who fell upon the battle fields during the civil war, reaches three hundred feet toward the sky, the streets reach in geometrical uniformity toward every point of the compass. From the top of the monument the city appears as a vast aggregation of tree embowered residences; and indeed, outside of the immediate business portion, the houses are set back from the scrupulously clean and asphaltum paved streets and avenues, shaded by miles of stately sycamores, maples, lindens, poplars and other varieties. Grassy lawns, ornate with a luxuriant flora and trailing vines, lend a cool and inviting charm to the many thousands of homes. This city is an ideal spot for the bicycle rider and the automobile and both are much in evidence.

Professor Charles E. Ainsworth, of the School of Psychic Science, took me under his protective care upon my arrival and provided for my comfort during my stay in Indianapolis. The Church of the Spiritualists, a well appointed edifice, had been procured for my lecture and here I addressed a good sized and interested audience. There resides in Indianapolis a large number of people interested in the advance of the new science, and a Temple can be formed here in due course of time; and under the right leadership will bring together a strong membership. I found Dr. D. H. Snook of 921 Indiana Avenue deeply interested in the practical application of the philosophy and ready to give a helping hand. Professor Ainsworth, whose

offices are located in the Talbott building, and who has been for years a spiritual lecturer, is a bright and progressive man, who has taken a lively interest in the study of Mental Science; he is at present pastor of the Society of Advanced Thought of Indianapolis with quite a following. Mr. Theo. Cook, of 732 Fletcher Ave., rendered me valuable assistance in many ways which saved me time and labor and I herewith make acknowledgement of his kindly courtesies.

#### JEAN VALJEAN AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

What have these two to do with each other?

They have this in common, that both conquered through will power, expressed in heroic fortitude and divine love.

As far back as Plato the basic truths of Mental Science have at long intervals been grasped and put into words by master minds; and it is not surprising that France's mightiest son, Victor Hugo, should have apprehended some of these vital truths.

So we perceive his expression of them in Jean Valjean, his acknowledged master piece.

The word picture shows Jean Valjean, the wood cutter, the ex-convict, the ex-mayor in the presence of, and at the mercy of his deadliest enemy, baring his arm, and himself applying the red hot chisel to the naked flesh; and while the sizzling steel burns into the body of his arm, Jean Valjean, august, impassive, gazes in serene majesty on those who threaten his life.

This is the power of the subconscious mind that enables the Fiji Islanders to walk over red hot stones unhurt, and the Moki Indian to handle live rattlesnakes with impunity.

Joel Chandler Harris has lately written a remarkable story called "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln."

In this story two Southerners go to Washington for the purpose of carrying Mr. Lincoln to Richmond, fully believing that he is the heart and soul of the war, and could he be eliminated the National Councils would split into factions and the South be let go.

After a week's intercourse with Abraham Lincoln these Georgians fall so deeply in love with him that they give up their project in the very moment of successfully carrying it out.

Billy Sanders, the humorous conspirator, who has a soul near akin to that divine one expressed in the person of Abraham Lincoln, says to him, "If the plain people of the South knew you as we do Mr. President, this war wouldn't last much longer." And Lincoln replies: "If I know my own mind; I know no North, no South. All that I hope and pray for is the union; the union preserved and at peace, and all parties working together for the glory and greatness of the republic. I would I could take the South into my arms, and soothe her troubles, and wipe out all the old differences and difficulties, and start the nation on a new career."

Herein comes to life again the sweet old Eastern legend told:

"When round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit  
With grave responses listening unto it  
How Buddha, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
Met a fell monster whose awful voice the hills and forest shook.

The unarmed Buddha, looking with no trace  
Of fear or anger in the monster's face  
In pity said, 'Even thee I love,'  
Lo! as he spoke the sky tall terror sank  
Into the form and fashion of a dove.  
Circling above him, sweetly sang the bird  
Hate hath no charm for love, so ran the song  
And love, unweaponed, conquers every wrong."

VIRGINIA DURANT YOUNG.

### THOUGHT CONTROL.

Quotations from an address before the University of Montana:

Though learned in the lore of the ages, with a mind enriched by the brightest gems that ever fell from the crown of wisdom, he is not truly great who cannot discipline his intellect and analyze his powers.

He who measures himself by the achievements of others, whose environments he can never fully understand, gauges himself by an imperfect standard and aims either too high or too low to meet the proper conditions for his own intellectual powers.

Self-knowledge is the most important of accomplishments, if civilization demands the control of human actions for the conservation of the higher interests of the race.

This being true, he who is upon the threshold of life's activities should be taught to control that which is behind human actions—the machinery of thought.

No greater truth ever fell from the lips of inspiration than that, "as a man thinketh so is he."

If in recognition of this idea—in which science and religion and philosophy, and the practical experiences of mankind, are blended together like the summer sunshine and the velvet of the moss rose—it is deemed the better part of wisdom to tempt the growing mind with proper food, how much greater the duty to teach the power of thought control?

The metaphysics of the age in which we live would analyze the operations of the mind, delve into its secret chambers and turn the light of logic upon the hidden mysteries of the human soul, yet utterly fail to provide an adequate system for the control of thought.

Man has been taught to control his voluntary muscles at will, and he who proved himself incapable of this power would be unfortunate indeed.

Yet voluntary thoughts remain unbridled in the philosophy of modern sages, and are not placed in subjugation to the will by the scientific attainments of our day.

The evolution of education for centuries past has been in large part along lines other than those of original investigation of fundamental facts.

The scholar of the present day is an encyclopedia of facts discovered by the original investigators of these or other times, and the knowledge he acquires may be a feat of memory rather than a feat of thought.

If taught the application of logic or philosophy, or rules governing the higher mathematics, he is trained in the mental methods of established systems, and his mind may follow the grooves of the recognized textbooks of the day.

While this course is consistent with the demands which modern civilization may make upon the time and energies of the scholar, and is therefore not to be disparaged, it nevertheless is true that it is followed at the expense of the thought control to which every student is by right entitled as he ripens into contact with the activities of the world.

Metaphysics may teach and modern school methods apply systems of thought concentration more or less effective in carrying out the practical duties of life.

But the distinction between concentration of thought—the focusing of the mind upon a given topic—and thought control is a broad one.

Through the study of Greek and Latin, the higher

mathematics, or through any other system of mental discipline which implies a strain upon the mind, the power of concentration may be acquired.

But cerebral taxation to that end is inconsistent with the natural activities of the brain.

It invokes a reaction when long continued that results in mental weariness and possible injury to the brain.

The man who controls his power of thought only through the agency of a mental tax, soon discovers his inability to exercise that function in any other way.

He who would accomplish in the mental world all that his intellectual gifts make possible, through the power of thought concentration, must reap in the cerebral field the same kind of a harvest that is garnered by the man who keeps his nervous system at an unnatural tension for many years.

Nature is jealous of her gifts, be they physical or mental, and overtaxation brings forth the fruitage of sickness and decay.

To accomplish the most with the least expenditure of physical or mental energy—to bring into activity the forces of life without laying the foundation for their destruction—is the true end of individual effort in the practical civilization of our age.

I would take no issue with the excellent educational methods of the day; but I would supplement them with a system of thought control which would minimize the loss of cerebral energy in mental effort—a system which makes thought a pleasure by enabling one portion of the brain to rest while another portion is at work—a system which endows the mind with no new faculties and which cannot convert a muddler into a Milton, but which makes possible for utilitarian purposes the mental resources of the man.

In the mind of the average man—be he the product of an institution of learning or a thistle blossom from the by-ways of life—the voluntary thoughts are involuntarily exercised.

A thousand desultory, half-formed ideas, crowd at random into the corridors of his brain and flit hastily hence into the realms of oblivion to mock at memory's efforts to retain them and fret the patient soul of man.

Were one to permit his voluntary muscles to enjoy the wild, unbridled freedom of the brain, and exhaust their energies in worse than worthless actions, how soon would life forget the value of its living, how gladly would death's approach be hailed.

While some classes of physical labor require the expenditure of great strength, which amounts to an injurious tax on the physical system when long continued, much of the best physical work of the world is done by the delicate touch of the trained hand.

Whatever may be the vigor of its physical expression, there should be no sledge-hammers in the factory of thought, where mental equilibrium should sit enthroned.

Were you to teach the delicate physical graces of Delsarte you would not subject your pupil to the training of the pugilist.

To train the mind to that delicacy of action which calls forth its most subtle and potential powers, cerebral hardships are not required.

The man who can control his thoughts only by close application to the intricacies of some deep problem of



the hour, lives in a potpourri of discordant ideas when at ease.

Released from the strain of enforced concentration, the mind in reaction gathers its natural harvest in reckless and misshapen thoughts through the mental "gates ajar."

These worthless images prey upon the energies of the mind and contribute nothing to intellectuality, to memory, to character building, or to the mental strength of the man.

They fill the sacred scenic gallery of the soul with half-painted pictures which should have no place upon its divinely created walls.

That system of metaphysics which would rest the mind when weary of thinking in one direction by turning with ease to another, is a practical one, if properly applied.

It must enable the student to lay aside one set of ideas and take up another at will, without mental friction, and without converting his brain into a bee-hive for the buzzing ideas of the world.

To do this is to banish the worriments of life at will, when brooding over the mistakes of the past or the impossibilities of the future would canker the heart of a king.

It means that within the natural limits of a man's mental powers he can make the most of life, both as to work performed and happiness attained, for aside from actual physical suffering all there is of joy and sorrow rests in the mind of man.

He is happy or miserable in proportion to his ability to accommodate his thoughts to his environments.

Man is endowed with the sacred power of thought and in the nature of things he must think, building to his credit a temple of greatness or clothing himself with the rewards of mediocrity.

A victor in the Olympian games in the golden days of Greece fell dead just as the laurel trophy was about to crown his brow with the glory of a victory won.

In the present age glorious victors on the battlefields of thought, too, often wear their laurels upon their dust.

Disappointments, too, often bedeck the tombs of the truly great.

Their powers have ripened in the afternoon of life, and the rewards of the world come to the memory they leave behind them.

Who can measure the loss of thought energy and the power of mental accomplishment in the early activities of a great brain?

Absorbing knowledge which might have been moulded by thought control into great potentialities for the benefit of man, the mental forces were permitted to ebb and flow like the tides of a shoreless ocean, without a purpose or a port.

Show me a thinker who does not regret his wasted opportunities to think, and I will show you a man who has controlled his thoughts instead of permitting his thoughts to control him.

To acquire the power of thought control—a simple process partially acquired by the speculative philosophers of every age and clime—is to enjoy self-communion at the banquets of the mind.

It takes from the mental toiler the hungry plea for recreation, for mental rest, for extraneous agencies in the nature of pastime or excitement to lift his mind

from the pitiless grooves of thought into which it has fallen.

He who can dismiss his thoughts at will, making them the creatures of his mental discipline, rather than the tyrannical masters of his soul, can lay aside the worriments of the day and gather fresh mental strength for future use by wooing the sweet goddess of peaceful sleep "with the drapery of his couch about him."

Converting the capacity to think into a mental luxury, thought control tempts the intellectual appetite and enlarges the sphere of man.

Sidney tells us: "They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

If noble thoughts be company, alas, how many persons are invariably alone!

But time would be worse than wasted in my address to-day were I to dwell on the virtues of a system without explaining the merits I extol.

In the belief of Sir Thomas Browne that "Nature is the art of God," I devoted many years to the study of mind manifestation and the control of thought, evolving as the years rolled by a system for the management of mental impressions of value to many and of interest to all.

Regarding a waste of mental energy as a crime against the holiest of God's temples—the brain of man—I would exercise the powers of thought without friction and bring them within the absolute control of the will.

Along all the lines of human effort, in the practical civilization of the day, scientific minds have taught the conservation of energy and the economy of force.

But in the mental world—in the domain of thought—ideas are permitted to revel at random, like mobs in orgies, sapping the nerve force, building worthless bridges across uncertain currents, undermining the proper functions of the imagination and crushing the gentle dignity of a guiding will.

[Continued in next Freedom.]

### THE POPPIES.

They rode into battle at break of the day,  
With sashes and sabers and gonfalons gay,  
The clashing of harness, the flashing of steel,  
The beat of the drum and the trumpet's loud peal.  
Not a heart nor an eye but was merry and bright,  
And the poppies were white.

All crumpled and silken and snowy they grew  
In a tangle of grasses, starred over with dew.  
But the wheels of the cannon above them were rolled,  
The hoofs on the horses struck deep in the mould,  
And trampled and tattered at fall of the night  
Were the poppies of white.

They lay in the meadow distilling their sleep,  
Till the soldiers were wrapped in a slumber  
so deep  
That the call of the bugle would never uncloze  
To visions of glory their lids of repose.  
The mist drew a veil o'er the brows of the  
dead

And the poppies were red.

Both scabbards and sabers have crumbled to dust,  
And roses have bloomed from the bayonet's rust,  
But unbleached by the sun, and uncleaned by the rain,  
The crimson of blood must forever remain  
On the blossoms that over the battlefield spread.

For the poppies are red.]

—Minnie Irving, in *Smart Set*.

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## SELF TREATMENT.

PART SECOND.

The reason one must lift his thoughts in order to drop his old beliefs, is because, in lifting them he goes up into the region of ideality and out of the home of the animal faculties. But as he is a stranger in the high province of ideality it will be hard for him to remain there unless he watches himself very closely. And yet he cannot remain in this splendid chamber of the brain two hours without being lightened of all his troubles for a day or two afterwards. And indeed this lightening of his previous load will become permanent if he will hold his position and refuse to descend again.

The student must not be discouraged because these truths are slow in manifesting. It is a matter of growth and must be slow. If you can be patient in holding yourself above your old beliefs you will get on faster; the manifestation will be more rapid. Impatience weakens you all over and retards your advancement; lift your thoughts, therefore, in strength and hopeful patience.

The whole effort at self-salvation is nothing but a calm, steady pull out of the old beliefs born of the animal faculties; a steady pull upward into the ideal, which in the God man becomes the real.

For my part I have pulled a good deal like a balky horse; pulling and flying back, partly from over pulling

and partly from doubt, not quite knowing if I were on the right track. For the road I am traveling I have cut through an untrodden jungle all alone, and I have missed my way more than once and had to retrace my steps. But all the time I knew that in the main I was right and that the needle of my compass never deceived me. And now when I see so clearly that the way lies between the animal faculties, which are the basis of unconscious or animal growth—and ideality—which is the basis of conscious or will growth—my pulling is steadier though perhaps slower; but I am gaining much more rapidly on the whole and am never discouraged any more.

I am surely climbing to a higher place in the human brain than has ever yet been prospected; I am getting into the home of the will and get many an hour's rest in the calm perception of this mighty fact.

I can recognize the will only by recognizing its qualities. Prominent among its qualities are firmness, determination; therefore, when I am recognizing my own firmness and determination I am making my will manifest.

Good affirmations, then, are these: I am firm; I am resolute; I am determined.

Apply these affirmations to yourself individually and your very flesh will begin to take on new firmness, and your muscles to show forth new strength.

But the best of all is—by constant effort—to attain that reposeful attitude I have spoken of in the first part of this article. It is an attitude of certainty; an attitude arising from the fact that you know you know the truth; the truth that there is no evil, and that out of boundless good you may have what you will; an attitude that lifts your thoughts above the beliefs in evil, thus giving them a chance to fall out of your organization; an attitude in which you affirm of yourself as already possessing what you want; indeed you will soon see that what you want you really possess now, though you have not known it.

This is a wonderfully important set of directions, and I cannot leave them until I feel sure that the reader understands them. Therefore I will try and make them more unmistakable still. In the beginning of this effort to externalize the truths of Being you had better be alone for self treatment. Get your thoughts as composed as possible, and as much as possible under your own control. Then run over the whole Mental Science argument in your own mind until you know that all is good and that sickness, etc., are simple denials of it. When you come to this place, raise your thoughts to the upper part of the brain; in doing this you will naturally raise your eyes, though you must not raise them high enough to occasion discomfort.

Now your thoughts thus raised to the highest part of your body are full of the results of your reasoning on Mental science; they are full of conviction that there is no disease and no anything else you do not want. But here is an important point; your thoughts must be lifted with ease and lightness as if your convictions of the truth were so strong they had wings and lifted themselves (as indeed they will do in time) though not at first. In this position your old beliefs in evil begin to weaken and fall, and you will probably be relieved of any pain you may have previously had. But you must not stop here. You must—after a few days of these



denials—begin to affirm strength and freedom, and to assert the privileges and the power of the will.

Now the "I" is the central consciousness of the will; not that the "I" is not the will; it is the will; but it is the will conscious of itself; it is therefore both will and intelligence; it is the result of the at-one-ment that the ideas in this article has gradually led up to. So now, having located yourself in this high place you assert the "I" with such realization as you may be able to get of all the privileges that belong to the "I." And in the realm of Good all privileges belong to it, and it can get them by claiming them firmly, resolutely, and at the same time understandingly.

And now these signs go with the right self treatment. Just as soon as you lift your thoughts your breath will draw down and down until it seems to permeate the lowest part of your chest. Then you will take in a very full breath which will again draw down without any effort on your part. And this slow but full and deep breathing will continue as long as your thoughts are lifted above your old beliefs. And this breathing will be involuntary; it will be the result of the necessity the truth has put upon your organization to take in more oxygen for the building up of the higher life.

Physicians recommend deep breathing, and I have tried it thoroughly and know all about it. It is forced breathing that they recommend. You can compel yourself to take in and expel large quantities of air, and you will get more oxygen in your blood for the time being. But you cannot establish the system of forced breathing in your organization; and just so soon as you try it you rob the involuntary muscles of their function and supercede them by an enforced operation; the result is that in a few days the enforced action you have brought into play through your will power will give out; you cannot keep it up; and the involuntary action that did the breathing mechanically—having been thrown out of work—is slow to resume it, and you will positively almost cease to breathe; your breathing for days will be so weak that your whole system will seem too languid to move.

But in the treatment I have spent so much time in describing, the truth administered to yourself by yourself puts its own compulsion upon the involuntary muscles by demanding, for the purposes of growth, more oxygen; and the deep breathing will establish itself in your system independently of any thought on your part. Thus all minor things wait on the greater and become its willing servants. You need not trouble yourself as to how your old beliefs will be removed. Learn the truth, and lift it above the old beliefs, giving them never a thought if you can help it, and they will go, no matter how. And yet this new style of breathing which the truth establishes will give you a very good idea of how they go, if you care to descend to the—so-called—physical plane to watch the operation. The reason they go is because the fresh vitality supplied the blood by the great volume of oxygen flowing into it drives out every form of disease and weakness; it furnishes the whole system with higher and better food.

This deep breathing is the first and most marked external manifestation accompanying self treatment. But there is another manifestation coming later that seems rather strange also. It is this: After you have become somewhat habituated to lifting your thoughts above your

old beliefs, and feel that your hold on them is greatly weakened, you begin to get quite independent and fearless. You begin to feel a sense of coming mastery. Then you do not care to make any apology to your old beliefs for deserting them; you laugh at them a little and feel on safe ground in doing so. You have been affirming many good things of yourself also and have felt that there was no impediment in the way of their manifesting themselves; at last all the good things you have been affirming seem to roll themselves up in one compact bundle and to be labled with one letter "I," the synonym of the conqueror; and you begin to affirm the "I," feeling that in doing so you are affirming every particle of the power you have accreted in your long journey up from the beginning. You begin to analyze the "I" somewhat, and you perceive that it is a mighty magnet and exists under the law of attraction alone. You then see how it is that whatever you desire can come to you; nay, you see how impossible it is for what you desire not to come; and whenever this thought comes to you a chill will pass through you and the perspiration will probably start on your skin. This is caused by a slight drawing together of the atoms of your body under the thought you have just given to the law of attraction. For the law is responsive; you cannot think of it, or of yourself in your relation to it that it does not manifest instantly.

Now, physically speaking, all disease and all old age is the weakening of our recognition of the law of attraction within ourselves; of course our recognition has been of the unconscious kind, but it was recognition on the animal plane, recognition by use, and when we failed to recognize it by use, it began to weaken to our conceptions. Therefore, as soon as we begin intelligently to recognize the law of attraction and our relation to it as human magnets, it asserts itself instantly, by drawing the atoms of the body into closer relation with each other. At such moments you will see more clearly and all your senses will be quickened for the time being. To make this great effect permanent will probably require years of travel on the high road of truth. But let us be patient. Patience and faithfulness will surely pull us through, for I know that at last we are on the right road, and all the bars are down.

H. W.

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#### MIND IS MASTER.

"Thoughts are things." Thought transference is an established fact. The state of the body and the conditions that environ it are the result of the state of the mind, and the state of the mind can be changed by mental treatment.

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Suppose I change the name of this article and call it "A Private Letter to My Friend;" or "Managerial Experiences;" I am getting tired of "The Waste-Paper Basket;" "aint you?"

You don't need to tell me that "aint" is not good grammar; I know more things about the United States language than any one suspects; but the awkwardness of it is frequently quite distressing. "Are not you" for "aint you," and "do not" for "don't," and "cannot" for "can't"; when will the dictionaries be revised and the common words condensed?

It is absolute rest to swing out of an article that requires careful writing into one like this where your readers understand that you are going to use as much bad grammar as you please.

Yesterday was Sunday and in the afternoon I went out on the pier. Charley said we would not take fishing tackle because so many people were around, and the most of them were religious; they were serving God by gossiping and swinging and flirting; but the idea of fishing was not to be thought of.

But when we got out where fishing is always fine there lay somebody's fine pole and a lot of shrimp. The temptation was too much; I baited my hook and pulled in a whiting that was as heavy as I cared to lift. Then I got four more, and this was all I needed for Florrie's family and my own too; so I stopped.

There was a gentleman there who made some remarks about fishing on Sunday.

I laughed and asked him if he was afraid of old horny-hoof. He said no; but he had too much respect for what others believed to run against their opinions.

I got to thinking about it and said in reply that that same feeling had always controlled me, but it was unwise to permit it to do so, and I had made up my mind not to yield to it any more. For why, I asked, should we submit and let the ignorant take the head seat and fancy that in our yielding it to them we concede their superiority.

"It is a piece of deception," I went on to say; "people have got to realize what our true opinion of their beliefs is; they will not respect us until they do; one of the reasons why the opinions of the advanced thinkers of the day have not more influence is because we treat ignorant opinions with simulated respect instead of standing by our own opinions until we compel respect for them."

This fact explains the words of the Bible. "A prophet is not without honor except in his own country and among his own kindred." A prophet is always without honor unless he stands for his own ideas firm as a rock and faces the ignorant beliefs of his community. Nothing will establish your reputation for anything you want it established for, like standing for your own ideas and meeting the adverse ideas of your neighbors face to face with the staunchest contradiction. Your neighbors are not inclined to respect your opinions for the simple reason that they know you too ready to show a respect for the opinions of others. It is not in them to discriminate between the quality of your genius and that of the other members of the community, and the very fact of your putting forth more than ordinary claims antagonizes them.

"What, that fellow; why I have known him all his life!" This is about the extent of their judgment.

But why have I written all this? Simply because Charley said, "We had better show some respect for the ideas of the people." He had often said this before, and I had said it myself, but without thinking. But this time I began to think.

I kept up thinking and got to the point where I knew that I had really truckled to the beliefs of people by my pretended respect, and I resolved to stop it. So I found some bait and went to fishing again. Presently a man who was there reproved me for it. This just suited me; it gave me a chance to talk out my true opinion which I did without fear or favor.

There was a lecture in the evening by Charley himself. The subject was "Ancient Religions." The hall was packed; the music was more than good; it was superb. Miss Call, the daughter of Senator Call, who is spending the summer here, has a voice that is guaranteed to make a fortune for the family. She is looked upon as a rising genius in the musical world; for my part I never heard so many and such varied tones in one voice.

But I must not overlook Mrs. Carrie Lockwood, whose sweet voice received four year's training in Florence, Italy. She, too, sang and was accompanied by Mr. Merriam on the violin and Mrs. Spangler on the piano. Surely we have the right to be proud of our Temple meetings. I have never heard anything superior to them in any of the large cities. Among other things we had a lovely song from our charming local music teacher, Miss Voorhees, who is one of the most popular girls in town. Mrs. Michael played the prelude, and the interlude.

For such a small community as we are at this season of the year there is no doubt as to our liveliness. We keep things going all the time and are not the least bit dead. I am not only not dead but each day makes me feel farther away from such a catastrophe.

This morning at the breakfast table Jassamine was talking to Mr. Post. She was criticizing "The Youth's Companion." I was surprised at the maturity of her judgment. She said she had been reading out loud to Carl and the stories were so flat she could not keep it up.

Charley asked her what it was about. She said "Politics."

"Why," said he, "I didn't know you knew a politic when you saw him." "What kind of a politic was it anyhow?"

"This one," said Jassamine, "was an income tax politic, and from what I saw of him in the story I was reading I concluded that he was the stupidest one of his whole family, and as hard to understand as grand-mama's Mental Science."

"Why bless us and save us" said Mr. Post "It seems that you have some understanding of Mental Science also."

"Some understanding" she answered; "why I don't know anything else but Mental Science. I am as full of it as a stuffed goose is of dressing; I have listened to mama and Aunt Florrie read proof for FREEDOM until my brain goes round and round like one of the flutter wheels the children play with."

I don't know how deeply Mental Science has impressed her, but she certainly understands the principles of it admirably.

Thursday.—We were out on the pier again to-day,



and I believe there were forty persons there, all fishing. The fish come in schools, so that there will be plenty of them for an hour or two and then for another hour perhaps the fishermen will not get a bite. It happened to be a time of scarcity when we got there; so after fishing for quite a while we came home.

The weather is the finest I ever saw; divinely cool, or divinely warm, just as you choose to phrase it. The people from the interior of the state have arrived and every cottage on the beach is taken. This is Thursday night, and they are dancing in the pavilion. Being busy and under the dread of Major Britton's dulcet voice, as he calls for more copy, I remained at home to write this and something else.

H. W.

### AURORA.

This is the name of a Mental Science paper in the Scandinavian language, the first number of which has just reached me; two pages of it are in English, and they are good, as everything that Gusten Jungren writes is.

Gusten Jungren—the editor of this new paper—was one of my early students. As a very young man, scarcely more than a boy, he showed unusual powers of mind. He was resolute and patient. It was not in him to go back after having taken a step forward. He struggled with adversity in his chosen line—which was literature and the lecture field—for several years before his superb ability was recognized.

At one time he wrote for FREEDOM; and of all the writers who ever wrote for FREEDOM he was undoubtedly the most correct in his understanding of the principles of Mental Science.

Since Mr. Burgman started on his lecture tour he has met Mr. Jungren, and has written me most admiringly of him, both of his fine mind and his superior personality.

Friends, I want you to subscribe for the *Aurora* whether you can read it or not, you can surely find some Sweed or Norweigan who will. You will be helping to carry the new thought into fresh fields, and of planting its splendid powers where they have not existed before.

We want to make the Mental Science movement not only national but international, and it is going to take money and effort to do it.

The price of *Aurora* is \$1.00 per year. Send 25 cents for three months if you feel unable to send more. Address Gusten Jungren, 460 Jackson St., St. Paul Minn.

### HOME HEALING.

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

Have you ordered your palm tree set in the college grounds yet? They are at work setting now.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

### NOW.

This is the name of a monthly paper edited by Henry Harrison Brown, 521 Turk st., San Francisco, Cal. Price fifty cents a year. The reader need not be told that the paper is worth supporting; the name tells this. If the editor of the paper sticks to its name and brings the life forces into the present, he is bound to succeed. But how the new thought does spread!

And yet, friends, there is more work to do. We are in the midst of fetters and we are going to break them. Look how Prof. Weltmer has been treated; think how every patent medicine advertisement can get use of the mails, when an honorable man, simply because his ideas are ahead of the time, is threatened with the ruin of his business. It pleases me, however, to say that Prof. Weltmer is still going on with his business, and the charge against him did not hold good. It was a case of religious and medical persecution.

But we are all going to be subject to just such things unless we organize for freedom. Never mind the "isms;" it is freedom that we want. In freedom the "isms" take care of themselves; they have a perfect right to live until they die a natural death.

Now, friends, I have a word to say that I do not like to say, but it is true, and it stands greatly in the way of a harmonizing effort on the part of all of us to break the bonds that beset us. We Mental Scientists have become a numerous people; many of us have started journals of our own which we are pushing ahead to success; but we are not united; *there is jealousy among us*. I hate to say so, but it is a fact; and we can do nothing of much worth until we get rid of this most belittling feeling, and come into the broad sense of brotherhood where we recognize that our interests are *one*, and that it is absolutely essential for us to pull together or to continue to bear persecutions that are annoying and unjust and that may injure us very greatly.

### ORGANIZATION.

Here is the word that has the power to protect us to the utmost. I would not say this but for the fact that organization is the fundamental principle of growth, and our ideas are meant to grow. They are true, they are bound to succeed; but not even so powerful a thing as an idea, and a *right* idea at that, is going to succeed without effort. We have got to push it; we have got to centre our united strength on it.

Without we organize against the powers that are seeking to destroy our work—the ecclesiastical and medical powers principally—we are going to be held down for years, during which time, if we could be left free, we would make an advancement that would liberate public thought the world over from the clutches of ignorance that now seeks to destroy us.

The persecution I speak of is only just beginning at this time; it may cease or it may be made intensely bitter before it is through with.

For my part I am not going to turn the other cheek if I am hit; I am going to stand up for the right to send my thought broadcast, and in the end I shall succeed in breaking down every bar in my way. I shall do this, friends, whether you help me or not, but you surely will help me. Our necks are not fitted by nature to the boot heel of tyrannical opposition, and we are going to meet it with such organized thought as will take the form of organized effort. Some of the ablest Mental Scientists

in the United States believe with me in this respect; Paul Tyner, Eugene Del Mar, Mr. Muller, Gustav Jungren, Fred Burry and so many others it is sheer waste of time to try to name them.

I am also aware that many persons will say, "Let this seeming evil alone; don't touch it; be content to grow away from it the same as you grow away from disease."

But there is a wide difference between the spirit of persecution and disease. Disease is a negative thing which perishes as soon as the breath of belief is taken from it. It has no life of its own. But the spirit of persecution is infilled with a life which is constantly fed by a low grade of virulent and intensely vindictive acrimony, and it is going to sting every advocate of the new thought as long as it can find one. There is only one thing to do with it; it must be met by organized effort. It is not a thing to die without effort on our part.

My readers know that I believe in effort. I believe in thought as the suggestor of effort, but thought without effort is like the seed that fails to take root. The reason why so many students who started out with me have failed is because they made the effort to carry on business through the channels of thought alone, without applying thought to effort. They refuse to believe in the great necessity of *externalizing* thought; they mooned in "the silence" until they became as moon calves who could do little for themselves or others.

But now, friends, you will find that it is essential for us to make up our minds to bear nothing that is unfair, and to come into some mutual understanding as to the proper way to meet the shafts of hatred beginning to be hurled upon us by an ignorant horde, who would keep civilization back for thousands of years simply to secure the full purses which they worship, or to gratify their narrow prejudices born of their so great ignorance.

H. W.

Bishop McLaren may find that he has inadvertently stirred up a hornets' nest. In his last Sunday sermon the good Bishop said that "men do not obey the moral and social laws because they are selfish and estimate temporal advantages higher than future and an eternal happiness." Undoubtedly the Bishop is correct, and if he had stopped with this statement all would have been well, but in the next breath he says: "Wives disobey their husbands in spite of their marital vows because they would rather listen to some 'new woman' than to the teachings of Christ." This is a serious accusation and one which will make the new woman flare up. The new woman is everywhere just now—in the home, the church, and society—and in her aggregated and federated capacity she wields great club power. Cardinal Gibbons recently made statements of the same general character as those uttered by Bishop McLaren, and before a month had gone by wished he hadn't. The Bishop has made a mistake in particularizing the violation of the marital vows as due to the influence of the "new woman." If he had been content to say that women do not obey their husbands they would have cared but little, as that is apparent, but when he attributes it to listening to the "new woman" she will rise up and call him to account in a manner he cannot fail to understand. And she is everywhere.—*The Chicago Tribune*.

## THE SECRET OF POWER

### And How to Be Strong; Or Weakness: Its Cause and Cure.

BY THE DOCTOR.

"But Oh! fallen Cherub! To be weak is to be miserable."—*The Devil*.

Now I, the doctor, who am also a theologian of no mean ability, have no more faith in the devil than I have use for a drug.

They are both great delusions, one as much as the other; so that now, after all my experience with them both—and it has been long and tolerably steady—I could swear without any fear of committing perjury that I do not know which is the greater delusion of the two.

The one is the big bogie-man of the L. L. D.'s, who work him for all he is worth for scaring cowardly souls into "heaven," and who would never get there any other way, and by which they mean nothing but the church.

And the other is the fetich of the M. D.'s, the proper amount and kind of devotion to which will enable and insure its devotees to pass scientifically, orthodoxically and early into the beyond—by which is meant nothing but the grave, where the path of drug medication leads even more inevitably than the path of glory.

For although it sometimes leads a longer and a more circuitous route, and occasionally takes a little more time to reach the goal, it always "gets there just the same," or a little more so.

We are all of us, more or less, weak in spots and places, oftener more than less, and spotted all over with weaknesses many of us are, while for not a few the spots have all run together into one place.

But of all our manifold weaknesses the most manifest and intractable is our everlasting "kow-towing" to the inseparable Siamese twins of ignorance and superstition, the pestiferous pill peddler and the sanctimonious salvation's harp—otherwise, the doctor and the priest, the weapons in whose armory portable and itinerary are for one the drug and for the other the devil.

These two are one, and work together as one, and are among the "all things" that work together for good to them that love the Lord; and all the while the one is as impotent to harm as is the other powerless to heal either the soul or the body. Shun the devil as you should the drug, and shun the drug as you do the devil—is the advice of "the Doctor" who just now has the case.

But now if the saying quoted at the beginning of this essay was really said by the devil, as we have it on the authority of that highly poetical and equally preposterous fibber, Mr. Milton, that it was, then it would be no more than "giving the devil his due," to admit that for once in his long life he has told the truth, even though it be a sort of devilish truth, so to speak. For that to be weak is to be miserable is no more disputed in the world than the right of Selkirk in his island domain—there is none to dispute it. It remains unchallenged that it is terribly, tremendously, infinitely, and I had almost said infernally, true, that to be weak is but to be miserable.

In very truth, all, absolutely all, of the so-called "wickedness" of the world is nothing else in the world but weakness of some kind, through some defect of the organization, and with which the devil has nothing



whatever to do. There is no devil to have anything to do with anything—though as a theologian I have use for him; let my students understand that I invented him myself and know how to handle him safely, and will not let him hurt anybody in my class.

All the wars and fightings among men are but so many confessions of weakness, implied doubts of equal strength. Were all equally strong, or nearly so, no one would wish to fight—for the weak are always a temptation to the strong to impose on them, even as between men and women, while the strong are a constant warning to each other to keep the peace.

Half, or more than half, the domestic inharmonies and infelicities the world over have their origin and find their supply in mere physical infirmities or weaknesses of one kind and another, while health and strength to work at some useful and honorable occupation have saved many a good man from the gallows and many a virtuous woman from a fate still worse.

From the beginning until now there has been waged a ceaseless, though never victorious, war against the so-called animal propensities of human nature, on the mistaken theory that the propensities are too strong for the man, and in the erroneous practice of seeking to weaken them by direct assault. The theory is wrong to start with; there can be no such thing as to have the passions and lower propensities too strong. They are the foundation of the character, and there can be no strong and stable character without strong and stable foundation.

What is needed to produce harmony is not to weaken the foundation, but to strengthen the superstructure, not to make the animal weaker, but the intellectual stronger. If you had a horse addicted to breaking from your control and running away with you, you would hardly think of starving him so weak he could not run if he tried to, but you would rather seek by some means to strengthen your control of him, recognizing that it was not your horse that was too strong for you, but you who were too weak for your horse.

Yet this is precisely what the ascetic, the hermit and the recluse from the world have always sought to do, to weaken the animal. A bad theology has been responsible for this by making it appear that there are two natures in man, a good one and a bad one; and that the bad one is at war against the good one; this is where the devil came from originally; he is the bad one, personified. There is only one life in man, and it is all good, and only one kind of life in all his various parts, powers and faculties.

These are often out of proportion and then "the devil" is to pay. One set say the moral or the intellectual is weak, and another set say the appetites or the passions are strong and run away with the driver. Our theology has taught us then to crucify them, to kill and exterminate them. A wiser and better theology would be to think them all good, and then work to establish proportion by strengthening the weak, never by weakening the strong. The most foolish and the most futile thing a man ever did was to declare and wage war against himself. Strong characters are self-contained and non-resistant; they do not fight against themselves. They overcome evil conditions with good; they strengthen the weak places.

Now this essay is primarily intended to instruct the

physically weak how to become physically strong, and to stay so; but the foregoing remarks are the right theory of strength and of weakness, as between the faculties of the mind and the appetites and passions thereof, are thought to be appropriate to begin with, as illustrating a law.

In the next number "The Doctor" will trace the decline of the physical strength of the human race from the cliff dwellers and cave dwellers of the stone age, who were men and women of enormous muscular development and of immense physical strength, down to its present state of comparative physical weakness, as a slowly encroaching disease, which must be checked or the race becomes as extinct as the dodo.

For Nature herself abhors weakness of every kind as she does a vacuum, and sets her teeth and claws to exterminate it as speedily as possible whenever found; with her, the survival of the fittest means the survival of the strongest, and nothing more.

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Other return dates and places will be announced later. The friends living in the cities named are requested to arrange for the delivery of at least one lecture. Description of places and people visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman will be recorded from week to week in FREEDOM.

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