

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 Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,*

Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.—EMERSON.

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SYNOPSIS OF COL. POST'S LECTURES BEFORE THE HOME TEMPLE ON ANCIENT AND MODERN RELIGIONS.

[SECOND LECTURE—ZORIASTRIANISM CONTINUED.]

There appears to be two accounts of the creation in the books of the Zorastrian religion, just as there are in the book of Genesis in our Bible. In the one account Gayomard is the first human being, and from him, as containing both the male and female element, spring a separate male and female, the first sexed man and woman.

Their names are Masye and Masyaoi, and from them, through some forty generations, we have the genealogy of their descendants; just as in the Bible from Adam down, until the miraculous conception and birth of Zorastar, who was to be the Savior of the race.

The account of how the spiritual nature of Zarastus, or Zorastar, was prepared by the Deity, assisted by the archangels, is lengthy and not altogether clear, but it is connected with the production of a stimulant made from a vegetable growth called hom, or homa. This intoxicant was used in their religious ceremonies, being administered by the priests, apparently much as the sacrament is taken in Christian churches nowadays.

Then follows accounts of the efforts of the Kareps, wicked men and demons, to compass the death of the child. He is placed in the path of droves of cattle and later of horses as they go through defiles to their drinking places, but in both cases the animal in advance of the drove stops on approaching the babe and will not let the rest pass. Then he is placed in the den of a she wolf, but not only does the wolf do him no harm but a sheep enters the den and allows him to suckle.

At the age of seven he confounds the wisest one of the priests and for speaking insultingly causes his death. At thirty years of age, and frequently thereafter, he is called to conference with God, and converses with him much as the Bible asserts that Moses did. He asks God questions and is also asked questions by the Deity. As indicative of the character of Zorastar and his teachings being asked by the Deity what he most desired he replied, "Righteousness." Solomon, we remember, is reported to have asked for wisdom. To Zorastar's inquiry, "What are the three best things?" God replied, "Good thoughts, good words, good deeds."

In this account we find no suggestion of the fall, and no supreme conflicting good or evil Deities. There are demons, or evil beings which sometimes appear to have a fleshly form and sometimes not, but I find no reference to a supreme devil.

In the second account there appears two personages,

each supreme in their different characters of good and evil. The good one is Ormazd, the evilly disposed one Ahriman. Each understands that they are opponents and that there will be four periods of three thousand years each during which each will be victorious at times, and Ormazd, at least, knows that in the end he will win, the earth be freed from all evil, rejuvenated and made the abode of an immortal race.

The tale is interesting, I will give it in brief.

Ormazd, prince of Light, begins by creating a high mountain wherion he proposes to reside, and from which he throws a bridge across to heaven, or the heavens. In the abyss below resides Ahriman, prince of darkness. Preparatory to the coming conflict, Ormazd also creates the sun, moon and stars. To Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn and Mars are given command over the smaller stars in the four quarters of the heavens, and over all Venus is placed as in supreme command. The dog star is placed at the bridge to guard the approach to the heavens should Ahriman rise to the attack.

But Ahriman is not yet ready. He, too, is busy creating and marshalling his hosts. To match the strength of the stars he creates comets and puts them in position in the heavens, and for every good thing produced by Ormazd, he brings forth an evil thing, until the end of the first period of 3,000 years approaches when he rises from the abyss, but so resplendent is the glory of Ormazd and his creations that he is abashed and sinks back into the darkness.

Again each creates, the one good, the other evil.

Ormazd makes archangels, "Fravashi" or the spirits of good men yet to be embodied (for as yet the earth was not peopled) Ahriman creates numerous demons, demons of all conceivable horribleness of form and purpose. Ormazd creates chiefs of the seasons, and orders Jupiter to raise mists from the earth and return them as rain. He creates the primal bull, containing the possibilities of all animal life, and Mithra, goddess of vegetation. Ahriman seems to have some difficulty in keeping even, an evil for a good, but he does his best and at the end of the second period rushes to the attack and reaches the heavens only to find himself deserted; his followers had not been able to scale the ramparts.

And now comes perhaps the oldest tale of the serpent's entrance into story. Rendered desperate by the inability of his creatures to carry on the assault Ahriman jumps to earth, assumes the form of a serpent and enters into and pollutes everything. Even fire, the especial emblem of Ormazd and purity, now gives off smoke where before it had burned with a pure blaze. The bull is poisoned, everything polluted and weakened, and

again, confident now of victory, Ahriman attacks with all his evil hosts and has nearly taken the heavens when Ormazd rushes to the rescue and after a three months flight the evil host are driven down to earth and to its centre, out of which they tunnel.

The Bull, emblem of animal life, having been poisoned as related, now dies, but immediately there results from his death the first man, and all clean animals and plants. To offset these Ahriman creates unclean animals and plants. He offsets the sheep by a goat, the dog by the wolf, and so on.

And now the first man dies, but from his body springs a tree which bears, some accounts say one, some ten pair of human beings. Probably it was only one pair as but one appears in the account of the temptation and fall which follows and which resembles somewhat that of Adam and Eve as related in our Bible.

Again it was the woman's fault, she was tempted by being offered and accepting goat milk to drink, the goat being the creation of Ahriman and therefore evil. She also accepted and gave to her husband impure or poisonous fruit, and they thereby lost one hundred parts of their happiness, having but one part left.

Thus we have the story of the temptation and fall in probably its oldest form. One can but admire the powers of imagination of the man who, centuries before our era could draw so great a picture of the contending, though harmonious, forces in nature, for such it unquestionably is, though accepted by the ignorant as literal, and by a priesthood greedy for power, made the foundation for a religious system which still exists in greater or less purity in Thibet and has given color, the woof if not the warp, to nearly every later religion up to the present day.

Zorastar taught that at the final judgment Ormazd would sit at the bridge spanning the abyss, and would judge each as they appeared, whether they might pass to heaven or be plunged into the hell below. For then the abyss would be a veritable lake of fire.

Once more the contest between Ormazd and Ahriman will have been renewed, and in the scrimmage one of the combatants gets in a blow at the earth and though not exactly "knocking it into pie" does worse, melts its crust to a molten condition whereupon it all runs down the tunnel made by Ahriman, who, with all his hosts are thus plunged into a literal hell of molten lava.

A thousand and more years later this story of the imagination, this picture of a hill, retained in the memory of other generations and of their descendants in a far country, found place in a new religious faith destined to become for a time the faith of the most civilized nations—and from which it is not yet wholly eliminated.

But to return to our story of the conflict of good and evil.

Fire was to these people, the emblem of purity, or was the purifying element in nature, and, emerged in fire, the less wicked of the creations of Ahriman will become purified in three days and having prayed to Ormazd will be permitted to enter paradise. Others remain longer but may be assisted by the prayers and petitions of their friends. Even Ahriman after a very long time indeed, the end of the last three thousand years, will cease to be evil and be received into the favor of Ormazd, whereupon the earth will be entirely regenerated and become the abode of perfectly happy, perfectly pure and immortal human beings.

My next lecture will be upon Brahmanism.

HARRIET MARTINEAU AND MESMERISM.

Harriet Martineau was one of the first persons in England who investigated the phenomena of mesmerism and allowed her experience to be made public for the benefit of humanity.

The account of this which she gives in her autobiography takes on a special interest at this time when hypnotism is engaging the attention of so many doctors, and is so widely heralded as an agent of healing.

In the first volume of her autobiography she tells us how, at the age of forty-two, she found herself a hopeless invalid from an internal tumor whose nature was little understood by the doctors of that day. Sir Charles Clark and other eminent medical men had examined her case and pronounced it incurable. She had suffered intensely and had no prospect before her, save a painful, lingering death. At this point Sir Edward L. Bulwer Lytton wrote to her and suggested that she go to Paris and consult a somnambule about the nature of her disease and its treatment. A somnambule, it may be said, is a person who has the power of going into the psychological state; that is, suspending the action of the conscious mind and seeing, hearing, and knowing through the action of the sub-conscious mentality.

Miss Martineau replied that she had long been convinced of the truth of the insight of somnambules but she was unable to make the journey, and if she did, the result would be "loss of family peace and all medical comforts" owing to the prejudice against mesmerism. In the course of three weeks however she received several letters from friends urging her to try mesmerism. Her own sister wrote telling her that insensibility to pain had been produced under an operation and that the worst form of epilepsy had been cured after all other treatment had been tried without avail. This sister's husband was a surgeon and he became so much impressed with some phenomena of mesmerism that he urged Miss Martineau to try the new remedy. Her statement of her case is as follows:

"For between five and six years everything that medical skill and family care could do for me had been tried without any avail. The best opinions had declared that my case was hopeless, and the disease incurable. I had tried all the methods, and taken all the medicines prescribed without, as my brother-in-law declared, any effect having been produced on the disease."

Here is her summing up of the cure:

"I was first mesmerised on the 22nd of June, 1844. I was well in the following November. I went forth on my travels in January, 1845."

Then moved by her usual humanitarian spirit she wrote a series of letters on Mesmerism and offered it to the editor of the *Athenaeum*, a high-class periodical. She refused any pay for the letters and her one condition was that the letters should be published unaltered, and that they and herself should be treated with the respect due to a conscientious and thoughtful observer." The editor agreed to her terms and the letters attracted so much attention that each of the six numbers of the *Athenaeum* went through three editions. But on the publication of the last letter the editor showed his gratitude and sense of honor by appending "a string of insulting and slanderous comments." Meanwhile the medical world, with a few exceptions, was doing all it could to cast discredit on mesmerism, and Miss Marti-

neau's wonderful recovery. Even her mother and elder sister regarded her recovery as an unpardonable offense. One noted doctor reasoned that as her disease had been an incurable one she could not really be cured, that she must be in a state of exhilaration and infatuation and in six months she would be as sick as she ever was, and so on. Meanwhile Miss Martineau was walking from five to seven miles a day and was in absolutely perfect health. Finally she went on her journey to the East and then the wise doctors declared she had never been ill at all. Miss Martineau remarks wonderingly on the bigotry that would object to a sufferer getting well by means of mesmerism. "If any friend of mine," she said, "had been lying in a suffering hopeless state for nearly six years, and if she had fancied she might get well by standing on her head instead of her heels, or reciting charms or bestriding a broomstick, I should have helped her to try." She also relates the experience of Mr. Hallam and the poet Samuel Rogers many years before in Paris. They saw mesmeric facts which convinced and impressed them for life." On their return to England they mentioned what they had seen and were met by such insulting ridicule that they were compelled to be silent or quarrel with some of their pleasantest friends."

After Miss Martineau's return from the East, public interest again revived in her case and the physicians began to predict for her a mental collapse. At this time Margaret Fuller visited her in her home, and announced that she found Harriet Martineau thoroughly commonplace, a verdict which Miss Martineau says "was most acceptable while the medical world was waiting to hear of my insanity." It is said that Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, expressed amazement at the doctors of his country for not investigating the natural law that must underlie the phenomena of mesmerism, but, as Miss Martineau observed in her autobiography, "Human pride and prejudice cannot brook discoveries which innovate upon old associations and expose human ignorance; and as long as anything in the laws of the universe remains to be revealed, there is a tolerable certainty that somebody will yet be persecuted, whatever is the age of the world."

The metaphysical healers of to-day can bear witness to the truth of this prediction, and indeed her whole experience has been duplicated by hundreds of people who have resorted to mental healing after running the gamut of medical treatment and finding no help there. Mesmerism is still under a cloud, and for aught I know may deserve all the evil things that are said of it by the medical profession, and by some mental healers. But the facts in Harriet Martineau's case are worthy of study. She herself was one of the most intellectual women of her day, and a hard-headed, clear-brained rationalist without a particle of superstition. The people who recommended mesmerism to her were men and women of world-wide celebrity and the highest social position. She was mesmerised systematically for a long period of time, and not only was her physical health perfectly restored, but her mind was never impaired, nor was her will-power at all weakened by the many mesmeric trances into which she was thrown. She learned the mesmerist's art and made some remarkable cures of which she gives a full account. From mesmerism she was led into an investigation of clairvoyance

and many wonderful things are recorded in the "Atkinson Letters" which created such a disturbance when they appeared in orthodox England. Her purpose in making public the circumstances of her cure was "to lift up the subject out of the dirt into which it had been plunged, and to place it on a scientific ground, if possible." It has been the misfortune of hypnotism or mesmerism that it has never been firmly established on "scientific ground." A regular physician who investigates the subject at once loses caste in his profession and is likely to be ranked with charlatans. The hypnotic tricks of the street fakir have no attraction for refined and educated people, but when one reads the cool, dispassionate, scientific statements of a woman like Harriet Martineau he can easily believe that here is a field well worth the working. Every cure that is wrought is wrought on the plane of the sub-conscious mentality, and if the healing may be expedited by suspending the action of the conscious mind, the fact should be known and acted upon. Mesmerism is still debatable ground. Its advocates declare it is good and only good; its enemies say it is wholly evil, or that it is evil or good according to the character of the person who wields the hypnotic influence. Meanwhile the general public knows nothing about it and holds back from it in fear and awe as if it were a part of the Black Art and its practitioners votaries of the devil himself.

L. C. O.

THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

[Thirty-ninth edition, cloth.]

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INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Florida

THOUGHT CONTROL.

[Concluded from last Freedom.]

Quotations from an address before the University of Montana:

Were Henry Ward Beecher to describe a building, he would create a picture of it in his imagination, complete in all its parts, and hold it there while his eloquent tongue traveled over the details of its architectural beauty, and translated the vision into words.

By the same token, he who would with pen or voice, utilize the abstract ideas that have been stored away in the vaults of a retentive memory, should be able to reproduce them on call, properly clothed for public exhibition.

The man who merely thinks he thinks but whose brain is a fantastic play ground for cerebral absurdities to disport themselves in at will, and who is powerless to close the gates against them, can never realize his birthright of mental energy or reap the glories his soul may crave.

If it be a virtue to control the physical habits that cluster around the footsteps of the pilgrim, how much greater the glory in controlling the sources from which all actions spring.

To say nothing of the moral strength which this implies in making the man the master of himself, its practical advantages in the rough and tumble of life makes it "a consummation devoutly to be wished for."

To peacefully reap the richest fruits of possibility within the mental limits of our respective lives is to harvest a success which the glitter of gold and the glory of fame cannot measure.

He who would accomplish most within the boundries of his mental birthright must guard alike from rust and reckless action the mighty mechanism of the mind.

Nature's finer forces fan thought's finalities into fact, and mental dreams focus in the objective world around us.

The sturdy oak lies in embryo in the acorn, and all that gives to art its beauty, to eloquence its expression, and to poetry its rythm, rest within the latent potentialities of the inner self.

To woo the mental powers into honest action, gauging their efforts to the supremacy of the will, is to conquer that individual world in which every man must live.

In whatever form life may express itself upon its objective environments, man is the microcosm of the macrocosm—the soul epitome of the universe without.

The first duty of intellectuality is self-conquest, in the footsteps of which must follow the power to guide the cerebral energies of the man.

It has been said that "from the calm level of the sea all heights and depths are measured."

It is from the throne room of mental equilibrium that every edict of intellectual power must come.

He who can conquer the thoughts that would recklessly invade the sacred soul-world of his own life, can set to music on the battlefield of mind the heroic Achaian slogan of the land of Homer:

"Again to the battle, Achaians.

Our hearts bids the tyrants defiance!

Our land—the first garden of Liberty's tree—

It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free."

I remember reading in the Apocraphy that Daniel

once bursted a heathen god by ramming in its throat a wisp of starw.

In destroying the mystic gods from the land of fraudulent thought-forms—"Dare to be a Daniel."

Hamlet says: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

Let the moral courage of a mind controlled make a virtue of habit and distribute heaven all over this world of ours.

Let it heal the wound with the mastery of the mind, when the iron enters the soul, and extract speedy sunshine from the storm-ridden skies.

Let it resurrect the simplicity of childhood, without impairing the noble attributes of age.

"It is always blue in the baby's sky,
No matter how clouds are whirled;
The clear blue lens of a baby's eye
Makes heaven of all the world."

At the altar of education—in the temple of our better selves—the lessons of optimism should be learned.

In the lofty heavens of the long ago "the morning stars sang together" and "kindled into flame the god of day."

The music of hope was written on the human heart, and happiness became the natural heritage of man.

This inheritance is lost through reckless thinking, which compels us to meet circumstances that will never happen, conditions that will never arise—to cross bridges we shall never reach, to escape penalties that never have been imposed, and hunger for rewards that can never come.

Life becomes a feverish, fantastic potpourri of impossible ambitions and imaginary failures, until Death whispers its message into the despondent ear and another direlict on the ocean of aspiration goes gloomily down to the sea-weed and the slime.

One of the world's greatest poets has told us that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

He might have added—where wisdom is a comfort 'tis a crime to be a fool. But

"Enough of mournful melodies, my lute.

Be henceforth joyous or be henceforth mute.

Song's breath is wasted when it does but fan

The smoldering infelicity of man."

Happy is he who through self-knowledge, and an intelligent development of his powers, is able to peacefully seek Ambition's glowing torch at the summit of a stairway adapted to his footsteps in the measured tread of life.

If we owe our best work to the world we owe to the world the selection of a field in which our best work may be accomplished, and the contribution of a celestial instrument through which that end may be attained.

He who aims too high to ever reach the target is less successful in the total summary of his life than he who registers upon the roster of each succeeding day the determination to do his best.

A gifted hand has written that "all paths to glory lead but to the grave" yet were I to paraphrase the words of the immortal Gough, and convert into ink the mighty deep, with every flower and every blade of grass a pen, with the vaulted heavens for a scroll, I could not write down the infinite possibilities of a human soul.

I would bespeak for those who go forth from this splendid institution of learning to-day, mentally equipped

for the great battle of life, a pathway undimmed by sorrow and free from broken hopes.

Around your lives will gather the fruits of those potential influences that have been harvested from the field of opportunity you have enjoyed.

The Duke of Wellington once said of the great Napoleon that his presence on the battlefield was worth 40,000 men as an inspiration to effort and augury of of success.

Let it not be said of your lives that as commandants in the world of wisdom you wear the trophies of unearned millions, and wring from the wreck of nations your coffers of blood-stained gold—but that in gentle purity and the walks of peace your crowns of glory have been won.

In mental soil that is ready for the fructifying influences of a busy world, I would plant a flower of hope that will give forth its odors and invite the sunshine and cheer the eye, bringing to the heart the incense of heaven when storms of sorrow rage.

That flower is thought control, the unfolding lotus of love to all, placing within the limits of the will that splendid empire of the soul—the mind of man.

A THOUSAND PERSONS SAW HER EXHUMED.

Lexington, Ky., July 12.—Either charlatanism or magic of the most wonderful nature lies back of the apparent raising from the dead here to-day of pretty, sixteen-year-old Maud Matthews.

In the presence of a thousand persons, unbelievers, scoffers and the skeptical, Miss Matthews was raised from a grave which she had occupied since last Monday, and when the coffin was opened she stepped forth and met the half-frightened onlookers with a cheery "Hello!"

The case has caused a sensation, and as the details are made public they almost pass the credible.

Last Monday morning the young girl was put under hypnotic influence. A coffin, such as is ordinarily used, was procured, and she was placed in it. The body of the girl was then borne to Woodland Park, and a grave having been previously prepared, the coffin was lowered five feet into the grave and the dirt and stones thrown in and over it. To make the affair as realistic as possible the earth was mounded over. Then the burial party left.

This morning it was advertised about that the grave would be opened to-day, and when the grave-diggers got there there was a great crowd present to witness the disinterment.

Laboriously the diggers lifted out the earth spadeful by spadeful, the crowd standing with bated breath and eager eyes.

The coffin was lifted carefully to the surface and the lid unscrewed. Miss Matthews was discovered in the same position as when buried. She looked as though in a peaceful sleep.

The physician who had hypnotized her before her burial stepped forward and uttered a word or two in her ear. Instantly she awoke, and stepping lightly from the coffin greeted him with a familiar "Hello."

In India burials alive, or while the subject is under hypnosis, is quite common. It is one of the star tricks of the dervishes and for years mystified the scientific world. In ages long gone by the trick was ascribed

to supernatural powers and was believed to be the work of the devil.

The Indian fakir, however, put much of the claptrap and sinister accessories about the trick, so that it might better deceive the ignorant or over-pious.

The trick was conducted by two men, one old and emaciated, carrying a native drum, the other young, well fed and fastastically gowned, and with a profusion of bells on his raiment.

The drummer began a wierd tom-toming, while the second man, with a tray in his hand, began to twirl about on his toes, gradually quickening the pace until he fell exhausted and rolled over in a cataleptic fit or trance.

The prone man was called a Joghee. The Joghee next was put in the coffin, the lid screwed tight and the burial affected. It was the custom to sprinkle grain upon the top of the grave and place a sentry to watch the spot. After the grain sprouted the Joghee was released from his coffin after a large crowd had been called to witness the father's resurrection.—*Ex.*

MR. AND MRS. DECKER ARE OLDEST BRIDAL PAIR.

Seneca Falls, N. Y., June 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Decker, who were married last week at Tyres, a small village eight miles north of here, are the oldest newly married pair in this State. Their ages added together make 172 years. Although they are not poor, they are far from being rich, but they have settled down to begin married life in their little cottage as if they had not a single gray hair.

Mrs. Decker is ninety-seven years old, her husband only seventy-five. They were both born in Seneca county, and for nearly half a century they have lived in Tyres. Mrs. Decker's first husband was named Preston. When he died twenty years ago she married Albert Corbin Brainard, who died several years ago. She has no children living. She boarded in the town of Magee, but this spring she moved back to her own little cottage in Tyres. She is in full possession of all her faculties, although she has lived nearly a century.

Samuel Decker is a farm hand in much demand among the farmers of Seneca county. He does an excellent day's work in spite of his seventy-five years. He helped the widow Brainard this spring to plant and cultivate the acre of ground around her cottage. She wielding the rake and he busy with the spade, they soon began to make love, and as the apple trees blossomed he asked her why he shouldn't always make garden for her. She blushed and said she knew of no reason why he shouldn't.

The ninety-seven-year-old bride was glad to sit before the camera of the world's photographer. She admired the picture.

"Some foolish man made a great deal of talk the other day," she said, "by getting up before a crowd of women and saying there's no such thing as love. That poor man simply showed that he is blind to love, just as some people are color blind.

"Samuel and I know there is such a thing as love. It is a good thing, too, and you can't have too much of it. We've both been married twice before, and our lives have been perfectly happy, except when we were left alone. Love is the greatest thing in the world."—*Ex.*

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

DONATIONS.

We want them, small ones from the poor, large ones from the rich. We need them for the purpose of carrying out the greatest enterprise ever undertaken since man appeared on the earth. We need a large amount of money for the materialization of the grandest thought ever conceived by man. The building of a college or university for the purpose of teaching man how to save himself by recognizing his own latent powers is so grand in conception and unique in purpose that it staggers the ordinary educational mind. Institutions of learning can be numbered by the thousands, but not one in which is taught that mind is master and controls the universe.

Helen Wilmaos and Col. Charles C. Post are the only ones among the foremost thinkers of the age who were bold enough to put their advanced ideas into tangible form. The work is already begun. They have deeded a tract of land that will ultimately give to the college \$200,000. The campus of ten acres is rapidly assuming a picturesque appearance. Over one hundred palm trees have already been set out. Palms are emblems of victory, and as one contemplates the change which has taken place in the last few months, transforming the scrubby land into a park of stately palms, he realizes the feelings of the palmer on his victorious return from a crusade to the holy land in the days when Christian was fighting the infidel. But a crusade against sickness, old age and death has been inaugurated, and of such magnitude that the crusades of old appear like puny affairs. Mrs. Wilmans and Col. Post are giving themselves and all their energies to this their crowning effort for the benefit of the race, but if they possessed millions they must not carry the whole load. This enterprise must be representative in character and owned by the believers in the philosophy of Mental Science. Every lover of freedom should have a voice in its control through their chosen board of trustees. Every Mental Scientist should have a part in this race salvation. Every liberal thinker should have, in this momental protest against old beliefs, a token of their deliverance from bondage.

There is no lack of money to build ordinary institutions of learning; why should not money in abundance flow into the treasury to build the first college for a further elevation of the human race? Let Mental Scientists and all advanced thinkers answer by liberal donations, and the purchase of lots that have been donated for the erection of an institution of learning to which will be attracted the best minds of the age. When the believers in the philosophy taught by Helen Wilmans fully comprehend the magnitude and importance of this great movement there will be no lack of means to carry out the plans already started. There must not be any wavering in this work, men of means and women of means must come forward and prove their faith by their works. Every one can help. Churches have been built by dime donations. Missionary ships have been sent over seas to foreign lands by the donations of Sunday school children. We are building more than a church and our mission to the heathen will be to teach him that he is a man, and to rely upon himself and utilize the latent power within him instead of leaning upon something for a support.

Is the bondage of church dogma more powerful than free action? Shall enthusiasm for liberation from bondage be less strong than for that which binds upon men the shackles of slavery? There is but one answer, the college will be built, and every man that stands for freedom of thought will own at least one brick in the great structure to which wise men from all over the earth will make pilgrimages that they may place an offer upon its altar.

C. ELDRIDGE.

COLLEGE FUND.

Total to-date.....\$2,425.00

TREE FUND.

B. F. Houston (letter A).....	\$2.00
Martha A. Rogers.....	2.00
Angelia Stowe Gullen.....	2.00
Mrs. E. J. Poor.....	2.00

DON'T.

Children get so tired of the unceasing Don'ts that we think it only fair to turn the table on the grown up folks awhile, and administer a few wholesome Don'ts to them.

Don't suggest to your child that a certain thing will make it sick. Tell it instead that mamma does not think it best to do that, and mamma knows what is best for it.

Don't always be telling the children to don't.

Don't tell them they will fall every time they climb up in a dangerous place.

Don't tell them when you start them on an errand that you know they will forget what you want them to get.

Don't always be suspecting them of wrong motives.

Don't give unreasonable commands and enforce them just because you are bigger than they.

Don't strike a child until you have tried every other means to obtain obedience.

Don't "break the child's will," but turn its force in the right direction.

Above all, don't forget that you were a child once yourself, and remember that children have a right to their own individuality.

Don't expect it to be like you in every respect.

—Suggester and Thinker.

In speaking of his trip to Sea Breeze, Capt., J. N. Strobhar stated to the reporter that no one had any idea of what a grand thing it was to go there unless they had been down and seen for themselves. While there Mr. Strobhar put up at the Clarendon Inn, run by Mr. Gill and he declares the service of the hotel is first-class in every respect. In describing the place Mr. Stobhar said it reminded him more of that famous old resort, Old Point Comfort, than any place he had ever visited.—*Guineville Sun*.

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.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you." Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven: aye, but how? Where? That is the burning question. A satisfactory answer would bring joy and peace eternal to thousands.

Too many of the higher thought writings are written above the heads of beginners. To be sure they are helpful and full of wisdom but too far advanced to be comprehended by those unacquainted with the theory. All hail to the writer who uses words so simple and easy of comprehension that it does not require great learning nor a dictionary at the elbow to understand them. Precept, concept, positive, negative, chemicalization etc., are well enough in their place, but many who are not well read do not know their meanings. Technical terms should be avoided as much as possible in writings intended for uplifting the multitude; or should be if used, explained frequently, even at the cost of repetition, so they may become clear.

Jesus said "Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven," and "suffer little children and forbid them not;" so let us make our teachings simple so that he who becomes as a little child can comprehend them. Let us not fear to appear lacking in wisdom because of short words and simple phrases.

Personal experiences have been, to me, more helpful than anything. It would be well if more of them were printed, as they give confidence. A theory which pleases us we are glad to have verified in fact.

Acting on my own suggestion I will relate a little of my experience. I became interested in this new thought—which means that a man can make and shape his life to suit himself—about two and a half years since. Some almost miraculous cures of illness were wrought among people I knew and I was obliged to believe in them, although I thought, as do most persons when first coming into the new ideas, that mental healers could not heal any but diseases of the nerves. Could they but know the law, they would see that it is a universal remedy.

At the time mentioned I was in a deplorable state; both mental and physical. From childhood I had worried, and from the old standpoint not without cause, for troubles brought about by misdeeds of a near and dear one made a heavy burden for childish shoulders, and with the years came other sorrows, until a naturally merry disposition had become a gloomy one; financial troubles pressed sorely, and I have even been cold and hungry. In such straits my mother persuaded me to go to a mental healer for treatment. This I did secretly. I had been thinking of breaking family ties and making a new start in life, and was almost in a state of nervous prostration. The first thing the healer told me was to go home and love my husband, love every one, love everything; forgive those who had injured me and see only the good in everything. These directions I did my best to follow and continued the treatment about a month. I was cured of a chronic bowel trouble which had bothered me for years, and it does not return unless I allow myself to remain out of harmony for quite a length of time; in fact I was wonderfully helped but I could not throw off fear about financial matters, and as I was getting trusted for my treatments I gave them up. Since then I have had many ups and downs, sometimes almost losing faith, then regaining it. But I had to give up

my home and return to my parents; still my husband made no financial headway, nor tried to. Perhaps my very fears prevented him, and I again became more and more discouraged. At last, less than a year ago, I gave up waiting for someone else to help me and returned to my old profession. After working about five months I took some treatments for health and finance of Mrs. Wilmans. In less than three weeks from their commencement my husband secured a good position and still retains it, and my health has improved.

In looking over the time since I came into the light I find that though my growth has been slower than some others, I have surely grown; but I was reared in pessimism and it is not the work of a moment to eradicate old beliefs.

I felt very secure when taking treatments of Mrs. Wilmans, but I also felt that it was time to rely on myself.

I find that many trivial things which I think of and desire are almost immediately granted. The things on which my heart is set are more slow; it must be because I allow myself to become anxious. I would like some abler pen to tell me and others some plain definite things to do to realize my hopes that yet hold themselves aloof, viz: getting a spirit of love, of harmony, getting into his "kingdom of heaven." I truly hope that this statement of my own affairs may aid some who are still struggling on the fields that I have passed. A. L. C.

WHAT BECOMES OF THOUGHTS?

If thoughts are things, as is claimed, what becomes of them; are they floating around without form and forever invisible? We are told there is nothing without form. If that is true, then thoughts must take on form of some kind, and, as there are many different kinds of thoughts, beautiful as well as ugly, some would have beautiful forms and others very ugly ones.

If they take on forms they are just as liable to take on one kind as another, all owing to the quality of thought generated. Some would take the form of a flower, others the form of a bird or animal. If thoughts form our own bodies, is it not just possible they form other bodies too?

Knowing that life is everywhere, filling all space, it does not seem impossible for thoughts to make themselves manifest in other shapes or forms, does it?

Suppose our thoughts do go to form some plant or animal, wouldn't that be just as pleasant an idea as the one claiming we came from the animals? For my part the idea of a man coming up through the animals is almost unbearable.

It is a noticeable fact that just as man advances so do the animals and plants. As man comes to a better understanding his thoughts are of a better quality.

I hope some one better capable of handling this subject will go at it and wear it out.

VIOLA BEESON.

HOME TREATMENT.

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

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

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

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TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

Will our foreign subscribers do us the favor of sending us the addresses of such of their friends as might become interested in Mental Science? Our foreign mail is large, and there is no reason why it should not be larger. It will be larger if we can get the names we need.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week there will be no issue of FREEDOM, it being the fifth week in the month, and—as the readers will recall—we publish only four papers each month, or forty-eight during the year. So you must not think your FREEDOM has been lost in the mail. It will appear promptly the following week.

THE CONSERVATION OF FORCES.

"With the proper understanding of himself, man is the greatest creature in the world. He rises into control over every function of his own body, and over every condition of his environment. He holds the reins of the universe in his hands to direct it according to his own will and opinion."

"The possibilities of an infinite are duplicated in man. Under the true apprehension of himself nothing is impossible with him."

"The one supreme trouble with man is that he has not yet learned the use of his faculties. He has not learned how to control his own forces; and through this misunderstanding of himself he becomes subjected to the caprice of negative laws."

"The proper use of our forces panoplies us with power to meet and master every condition of life, and to retain the functions of true being, so that we become masters, redeemers and saviors of ourselves."

"The body without the spirit is dead.' The body of man, rightly understood, is just as divine as the spirit. In fact the spirit and the body are one. The body is the garment of the spirit, or the spirit manifested. Man will always have a body, and the body will always be in accord with the status of the thought of the individual. Man has an unfortunate habit of separating the spirit from the body, with the result that the body grows decrepit, weak, aged, until it finally collapses, because there is not sufficient intelligence left to keep body and soul together. This phenomenon we call death."

[Ed. I must stop here to comment on the carelessness of writers in confusing terms. The author of the fine ideas I am quoting, begins the last paragraph by using the word "spirit." About midway of the sentence he changes it to "thought;" in the latter part of the sentence he again changes it to "soul." Now, different people put different constructions upon these three words. They really mean the same thing—though I do not think the author himself believes it—and I am quite sure that he does not believe that the body generates the thought, or spirit, or soul. But the body surely does do this; and this is, of itself, sufficient to warrant the assumption that body and spirit are one. This thing puzzled me for years. I kept wondering where the spirit came from, and if it was different in substance from the body. The true knowledge of the matter grew upon me very slowly; at last I reached the truth of it, and this truth is the result of an understanding of the evolutionary theory.

The body does surely generate the spirit or thought life; the thoughts generated by the body are—taken as a whole—what we call the spirit. "But," people keep asking me, "how can the coarser generate the finer?," My answer is, that this is just the process of evolution; in our long journey from cruder conditions, it has been the only method of growth; the coarser has generated the finer all the way up. Body and spirit (or thought) are one. Nature has been all these ages trying to establish this fact in man's perceptions; and as soon as she has done this, there will be no more separation of the body from the thought life (or spirit) which it has generated. It is the effort of Mental Science to have this mighty fact recognized, so that disease and death will cease to rule the race. When this is recognized the action of the body and the thought (or spirit) will be reciprocal; the body will generate the thought, and the thought will strengthen the body by its admission of the fact. The body and the spirit or thought will co-operate with each other, and perfect salvation will be the result.]

"The mind and the body must co-ordinate. Each must conserve the highest interest of its component part. There must be no estrangement of the two. The moment the soul or spirit is projected from the body, that moment the body is without support. Unless the spirit and body work in unity, chaos rules supreme. There should be no schism in the body., 'The spirit and the body should never be separated., But what separates the mind from the body? you ask. Anxiety, impatience, the haphazard life we lead. If we start out on a journey we project our minds ahead to the point of destination, leaving the body to drag itself along divested of its support, so that when it catches up with the spirit, it is all tired out, and we are so fatigued that we are unfit for anything. Matter itself cannot get fatig-

ued. A man's legs cannot get tired any more than a wagon wheel that turns all day long. It is the divorcement of the spirit from the body that produces the sensation we call fatigue. There is a separation where there should be unison, and this abnormal state produces a sensation opposite to that which would have been produced by the union of spirit and body. We do not utterly withdraw the spirit from the body in the illustration given, but partially so. If we were to utterly separate the spirit from its consort, the body, death would ensue. We only partly divorce it, therefore an approaching form of death, known as fatigue or weakness, is experienced. You see the logic of this. The spirit and the body as one manifest life. Separated utterly, death ensues."

"The belief that at some specific time in the course of our career we shall have a new, ready made body is a vagary. There is no logic to support it. Jesus Christ did not have a new body at the resurrection. He resumed his original body, and if there were improvements it was in that body. It would be useless to us to have another body until we know how to take care of the one we now possess. What is the matter with the one you now have? Is it discordant; is it uncomfy? Change your mind concerning it and it will improve. 'Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.'"

"Stop worrying over anticipated discords. Keep your mind in the present. You only intensify and hasten discord by worry, and at the same time you take from the present those forces which should be employed in the present, and which would fortify you against the anticipated discords. Job saw this philosophy when he said 'That which I most feared is come upon me.' If the spirit quickeneth as Paul declared, the body needs it in the present."

The above extracts are from a pamphlet called "The Conservation of Forces," by Frank Mason. H. W.

The relation between a person's mentality and his environment corresponds precisely. This is a tremendous statement and will startle more than one thinker.

To illustrate the idea; a thousand persons in Chicago are living on insufficient food; they are starving bodily because they are starving mentally. They do not know this and consequently do not know how to correct it.

I can trace this thing through every particle of my experience. I lived for years lacking many things that I desired. Why? Because my mentality was so negative that while I desired much I did not expect it; my environment was the projection of my me. The state of my thought was responsible for my condition; it created my condition.

The state of our thought always creates our condition and always will. Referring to the subject of "heredity" in Eugene Del Mar's recent article—heredity is a state of belief transmitted from parent to child. Whole communities are transfused by the same state of belief, differing only slightly in different individuals, and these communities project their surroundings. As soon as one person among them rises to a higher consciousness of his own power, his environments change to correspond with his changed thought. This is the law of growth, and what a tremendous thing it is.

H. W.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents,

AS THE PRESS AND PEOPLE REPORT MR. BURGMAN'S LECTURES.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—I want to thank you for the pleasure you gave us in sending Mr. Charles F. Burgman to visit our city. His lecture, "Mind the Master" was a great treat to the Mental Scientists, who were present, and really enjoyed by all. There were very few in the audience who knew anything of the new thought. The majority, I expect, never knew before that evening what the term meant, but they know better now. Mr. Burgman made everything in regard to the matter very plain and I think the seed sown that evening will bear fruit. I am sorry Mr. Burgman could not have lectured a few more evenings. I think he is the "right man in the right place." But the views, well, they were simply superb and were watched by the audience with the keenest appreciation. Sea Breeze must be a veritable "Garden of Eden." The pictures made one long to leave this dusty country, and spend the remainder of his days amid those tropical scenes.

Mr. Burgman called on us the evening he arrived in Auburn, and again the evening before he left for Nevada City, and his visits were a great pleasure; we heartily wish him and the cause success. Enclose find clippings from two of our weekly papers.

With best wishes for success in all your efforts, I am yours sincerely,

W. B. HUGHES,
Auburn, Calif.

C. F. Burgman of Sea Breeze, Florida, delivered a lecture at Odd Fellows' Hall Monday evening to a fair audience. Mr. Burgman was introduced by G. W. Armstrong as a Past Great Sachem of the I. O. R. M., of California, and for some years Grand Secretary of the order. Mr. Burgman opened with a complimentary reference to Miami Tribe, which he stated had furnished two Great Sachema, Messrs J. A. Fildner and O. F. Seavey. He also spoke of the female auxiliary, the Daughters of Pocahontas; and hoped that a wigwam of that order might be established in Auburn. His subject was "Mind the Master," and was along the lines of Mental Science. He is an evident devotee of the idea that most of our ills are imaginary. He gave numerous illustrations to show that a change from a fatalist belief was necessary in many cases to secure recovery. He spoke of the late Princess Kaiolani as having been literally prayed to death by the Hawaiians who feared she had imbibed sentiments that were not favorable to the islands. He closed with a series of views of Florida rivers and coast, and the "City Beautiful" which is the center of the Mental Scientists of that State. We may differ with Mr. Burgman, but he is a ready talker and carries a good string of proofs of his way of reasoning.—*Republican Argus*.

A word from the always splendid Lucy Mallory in *The Worlds Advanced Thought*, published at Portland, Oregon.

The Auditorium was crowded with the most cultured and intelligent people of this city, to hear Mr. C. F. Burgman, the Home Secretary of the Mental Science Association, of Sea Breeze, Fla., lecture on Mental Science, July 12th and 14th. The stereopticon views, showing the "City Beautiful" and its surroundings, the home of the Association, made those present long to know more of the power that could enable Helen Wilmans to accomplish such a wonderful work in so short a time. Mr. Burgman came to this coast to attend the Mental Science Congress at Seattle, Wash., which was successfully conducted. He goes from here overland to San Francisco, from there home, lecturing at different points along the way.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

What am I going to do with the Waste-Paper Basket when I have written everything I know and more too?

The other day, as we were rolling along in the six-seated carriage, behind the magnificent blacks, I got to telling Florrie's children what an obstinate little monkey their mother was when she was a baby. They were surprised, never having imagined that she was anything less than perfect; and I do not know but I had better have left their good opinion undisturbed.

Among other things I told them of a ride we took when Florrie was about two years old. She could talk quite well then, and her comments on everything we passed kept me laughing nearly all the time. But she was so frisky and stood up so much and jumped around so lively that I had to hold on to her dress every moment. And I had to conceal the fact from her that I was holding her dress. Every time she felt her dress pull a little she would flash her blue eyes on me and say, "Et me lone; done you touch me dweess; me tan hole on by me telf." After a while the carriage stopped suddenly and out she went. She was not hurt at all, but I never saw a young one so frightened. She was always timid in spite of her self will.

After we got the dust off her and started again she was not so frisky as before. She could not quite keep still but she concluded that she would be pretty safe if I should hold her dress. Well, I wanted some fun out of her and pretended that I could not hold her dress; it would keep slipping through my fingers. At last she got blazing mad and swore at me. It was the first and last time I ever heard her swear; she called me a "damn'd old tinner." I thought her father would hurt himself laughing; if ever a man enjoyed a good strong oath, he did; and to hear one from that baby mouth, the prettiest little mouth I ever saw, gave him unalloyed pleasure at intervals for days.

Now see the force of habit; when I first went to California the oaths of the men actually frightened me. And they were harmless oaths too. They were only used to give emphasis to the conversation; the most of the men were so in the habit of swearing that they were quite unconscious of doing it, and after a while I hardly knew they were swearing. All of my children except Florrie took one little turn at swearing and then stopped it; but her little swear on the one occasion I have recounted was all she ever tried. I spanked Ada to make her stop it, but it only made her swear the more, and I do not wonder. Then one of my neighbors told me not to take the least notice of it, which I did, and she soon quit it.

I was frightfully religious in those days and used to tell the children in all sincerity that the devil would get them if they did certain things. I noticed that they did not seem to care much, and instituted a course of questions which developed the fact that we had a thinker in the family who had more influence than I had.

Florrie said to me one day, "Me don't tare for ole debil; aint my debil."

"Why Florrie," I said, "where on earth did you hear that kind of thing? Who told you that fearful lie?"

"Aint any lie; its troof; Ada say so and she know."

Whatever Ada said was accepted by the others as truth. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy are conditions de-

pending on the bumps in the head. Ada had her father's head; eventually I caught the bumps myself.

One year when we lived on the farm the crops failed. We all depended on our wheat crops in that section. For some reason or other our farm was an exception, and we had a fair crop. The next spring when planting season came around the neighbors nearly all applied to us for seed wheat. They could not pay until the new crop came in. Wheat went up from two cents a pound to ten cents. The doctor could have made a fortune if he had taken advantage of the situation, but he sold out his entire crop on credit at two cents. The Lord rewarded his generosity by sending a second year's failure so that he got nothing out of the advantage he had possessed. This is the way generosity is usually paid. Given—so much generosity—returned in a certain number of kicks. I have known this always, and yet it has never had the least effect on me. I still blubber at a tale of woe and give away my last dime even when I know I am acting the idiot in doing so. My heart is softer than my head, and my head is too soft for anything. When will we learn the metes and bounds of exact justice?

But the thing I have been working around to in what I said about Ada's infidelity and the wheat crop was an anecdote illustrating one of the doctor's peculiarities. In selling his wheat to the people he never asked them for either note or security. "Pay me when you're able" was about his only injunction. One evening just about supper time a fine, big red wagon with two pair of handsome mules, swung round in front of the house; the driver, who was a fine looking man, asked if Dr. Baker lived there, etc.

Well, he wanted seed wheat, and he got it. Doctor helped him load his wagon after supper, and then everybody began to think of bed. The stranger, however, took a chair by the table and called for a Bible and hymn book. There was no hymn book, and I doubt if there was a Bible; neither was "Tarara-boom-de-aye" written at that time, and so the singing limped along rather lamely. But the performance went through well enough. Afterwards I supposed the doctor would show the stranger to his room; instead of doing so he called for pen, ink and paper and actually wrote out a note which the stranger signed very willingly. No wonder; it never proved to be worth anything.

Later, when I had a chance, I asked the doctor why he had taken that man's note when he had never taken one from any of the others who had purchased wheat.

Said the doctor, "It was because he was a d—d psalm singer, and I'll bet ten dollars that I never get one cent of the money he owes." And he never did.

Here is a good one about the higher education:

"Yes," mused Mr. Meddergrass, "we had an old hen that had a babit of settin' on hills of potatoes. Hiram, our boy, who has went to college, called her 'Rome,' because she set on seven hills, but I never could see the p'int, although Hiram always laughed a great deal every time he got the joke off."

It reminds me of our old gobbler, who was certainly the most domestic male individual I ever saw. He came very near being worth his keep (I do not mean to insinuate that the majority of masculines are not worth it; I do not quite know what I do mean; let us drop the subject). This gobbler was possessed with the idea of raising a family of his own; he had tried to raise one

for his wife; but as Kipling says, "That's another story."

It was after his failure to raise his wife's children that he took to driving the hens from their nests and setting on the eggs himself. He did not care what he sat on so that he could feel something hard and round under him. Finally the children put small cobble stones in his nest and left him alone. It was about this time that Claude came home from school. It only took him a half day to find out all the doings of the place, and among other things to discover the gopher. I asked him what he supposed was the matter with it. He said, "Well, mamma, I should think you'd know; he is evidently so weak minded that he considers himself a female." I threw a cold potato at him which struck within fifty feet of him and distributed itself all over the back porch. I have not forgiven him for that cruel insinuation yet.

I was telling Charley this morning that if it were possible to convince the public what a climate this is, that the people just could not be kept away. Actually it is simply heavenly; just right. The breeze is delicious; and all day and all night it is as perfect as anything can be. But what's the use of my saying so. It is taken for granted that this latitude breeds hot weather and mosquitoes and rattle snakes, when the fact is that it is more free from these objections than any place I ever lived in.

But I will tell you one thing that we have got; yes, two things. We have a mammoth grasshopper that often gets to be four inches long and thick in proportion, and he is all the colors of the rainbow. He is as beautiful as the rarest flower. Last Sunday I was out with Florrie and the children in the carriage, and we were simply searching for pretty things—koonta palms and ferns and wild flowers, when we came across several of these splendid insects; the children caught them and handled them very gently and then turned them loose. The other pretty creature was the dainty little lizard who changes colors as often as a New York politician. These little creatures can be tamed, and when they get acquainted with you will run all over you eating out of your hand.

Calling the grasshoppers "insects"—which I suppose is correct—reminds me of when the word was used in sheer desperation, the parties not being able to find another word that would do. It was when the first invoice of mummies—old Pharaoh and his family—were resurrected and shipped to America, the Custom House inspectors could not tell what name to pass them under. No provision had ever been made for such uncanny critters; and so they were put down in the bills as "insects;" and I believe they pass under this name yet. And why not? Probably they have wings by this time.

H. W.

The effort to reconcile religion and science is an absurd thing. I confess that I hardly know what religion is. It seems to be an emotional feeling based on fear; a dodging from anticipated calamity; a something that is seeking its own protection from imaginary dangers. It is the very opposite of science. Science is fearless. It marches forth, hammer in hand to find out what nature is saying and it takes her word for law. H. W.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

ON THE ROAD.

During my brief sojourn in Detroit I had the good fortune of meeting my good friend Mr. Thomas Harrison, editor and publisher of the *Indianapolis News*, Indianapolis, Indiana; who with his admirable wife had come to Detroit to attend the Great Council of the Improved Order of Redmen of Michigan. A carriage stood in waiting in front of Mr. Burrows, "mystic" temple to take myself and belongings to the Chicago-bound train at the close of that memorable meeting; but brother Harrison and wife would not have it thus. We spent several hours at the hotel in talking over earlier years, and friends and travels; and the next morning together we took the steamer and proceeded down the broad Detroit river out into and along the western margin of Lake Erie to Toledo, Ohio. As the handsomely appointed steamer forged its way through the waters of the beautiful river, I noted the difference in appearance between the shores on either side. On the western bank everything was bustle and human energy. Industrial and commercial activity was everywhere apparent. The smoke from hundreds of busy establishments ascended into the cloud flecked sky and the clang of the railroad bell mingled with the sonorous whistle of the passing steamers. On the eastern bank of the river, which is as broad here as the Halifax, there stretched a country in peaceful, pastoral repose; pretty homesteads were scattered among the verdure clad hills and many handsome residences, surrounded by stately trees and beautiful lawns, made their appearance along the river's bank as we passed southward.

"There," said Mr. Harrison as he pointed to the country on the eastern margin of the river, "there lies England's guarantee of everlasting good behavior toward the United States—that is Canada."

It took us five hours to reach Toledo; they were re-
poseful, pleasant hours, enjoyed amid ever changing scenery and with the most loveable of friends, who through the subtle chemistry of the heartfelt emotions, assisted in restoring the wasted energy of hard travel and disappointment.

CHICAGO.

Parting with my friends at Toledo we took the midnight train to our separate destination. Mr. Harrison and wife to Indianapolis and myself bound for Chicago where I landed at 8 a. m. and located at once with Mr. and Mrs. Barteau, of the Atlantic hotel, near the Rock Island depot.

I spent several months in Chicago during the winter of 1881-1882 when the first cable car line was in process of construction on State street. It was here I met Helen Wilmans again. I was returning from the first labor congress held at Pittsburgh in November 1881 where, as the Pacific coast representative of trades and labor unions, it became my pleasure and privilege to assist in the formation of what is now known as the American Federation of Trades; and where I carried off the honors as the second vice-president of an organization which at its very incipency represented a *bona fide* membership of 350,000; an organization which, during these last twenty years, has done much in lifting the standard, both material and mental, of the toiling masses, and of softening the very bitter asperities existing between capital and labor, engendered through the advocacy of only partially digested economic theories.

As stated, I met Helen Wilmans here again at that time; she had resigned the editorship of the *Pacific Greenbacker* published in San Francisco, to accept a position on the *Chicago Express* under Orlando Smith as proprietor. The moment we met she said: "Carl, your socialistic friends in San Francisco are playing a double game against you, they are jealous of your leadership and want to keep you here if possible; and by inducing the San Francisco Trade Council to withhold the remittance of your mileage money, make it appear that you do not want to come back to California. You must get back at the earliest possible moment. Furthermore, I left my two girls in San Francisco and I want you to give them a brother's care until I can bring them East." I discharged the duties imposed upon me by the San Francisco Trades Council with speed and returned to California. The lesson I had received through the peculiar attitude of my socialistic associates proved very valuable to me. It taught me that reform must begin with man himself—start from his very soul centre—and that all law and government responds to the demands of the reformed man; is in fact the very reflex of him. I fulfilled my promise to Helen Wilmans only partially in regard to her daughters. Ada married during the interim and had no need of my fraternal solicitude—but I have taken care of Florence ever since—when she did not have to take care of me.

My! how I have digressed. I started out to speak of Chicago of twenty years ago. Upon second thought I do not see the need of it; those who were there at the time know all about it and others may not feel interested. The city has undergone a tremendous change; the buildings in the business centre have grown into the sky until the tower of Babel would look dwarfed beside some of them. There is the rush and roar and clamor of tramway, steam, electric and cable cars; the rattle of thousands of minor conveyances and the tramp of a million men in the busy streets. From 450,000 twenty years ago the city had gathered 2,000,000 inhabitants and the citizens seemed surprised when the census man reported 1,800,000; they had not noticed the loss of 200,000 people during the last decade; so dense are the crowds in the thoroughfares. The city is the feeder to nearly twenty suburbs and business men travel twenty miles or more a day from and to their homes. Immense "skyscrapers" are still in process of construction and the great business buildings look as if they would stand the wear and tear of time for a thousand years. A thousand years—they will stand there then, if at all, as monuments to our commercial age and man will pass them by. Man will have no need for structures of such character in that future day. The rush and rapid pulse beat of the prevalent high tension, the commercial and industrial competitive fever, will have subsided and the fraternal, co-operative spirit, will have gained the mastery. Sanitation, health, beauty and longevity will be considered the dominating factors in constructive utility, and the merciless landgrabber, with all his mistaken evil brood which thrives upon the ignorance and helplessness of man, will rest with their feverish greed beneath the smiling green earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Barteau had, in anticipation of my coming, reserved a very comfortable room on the first floor of their hotel for me, and they made me feel very much at home indeed during my stay. Both had been

very active in making my coming known to the new thought people of Chicago and at their own expense had sent out printed circular letters announcing my proposed course of lectures, place and time of meeting, for which courteous acts I felt indeed very grateful.

Our mutual friend and co-worker, A. F. Sheldon, was the first to call on me, and together we trailed to to the Masonic Temple building to visit Dr. F. M. Doud, whom we found busily engaged with his patients in his handsomely appointed offices. For fifteen minutes we conferred together, we three of the Central Executive Committee, and found pleasure in each other's company. I ascertained that everything had been arranged to warrant a good display of interest and a large attendance at my lectures, which had been arranged to be delivered at Athenaeum Hall, 26 Van Buren Street.

Indeed the attendance at the three meetings surpassed my expectations, and all appeared to be thoroughly interested. The seating capacity of the hall was taxed throughout, and Mental Scientists, truth seekers, metaphysicians and many of the other schools of the new thought movement gave to the stranger in their midst their most cordial support.

The result of my presence in Chicago was the formation of a nucleus for a Mental Science Temple with the following associate members:

F. M. Doud, M. D., A. F. Sheldon, Emma T. Christianson, Mrs. V. A. Rhodes, Ida J. S. McNeil, Ida Healey, T. J. Healey, Frances Dusenberry, Mary M. Dyer, R. W. Miller, Mary Barteau, Mary T. Chaney, Marie Henrick, E. B. Meyer, Frank S. Blanchard, J. J. Kantrick, Cora Mel Patten, W. O. Martin, Rosalia Martin, Harriett Bent, Frances Dewey, Geo. Waterman, J. Elizabeth Tompkins, M. D., John Black, W. L. Barteau, M. N. Illiarn, August Olson, Mrs. J. H. Hinkley, Mrs. J. H. Hutchinson, Miss A. C. Smyth.

The organization proper will not take place until the beginning of the fall season, when all who had left the city for the summer season will have returned, and the meeting in halls or lecture rooms will be pleasanter than during the summer season. There is every indication that a strong and purposeful organization will be built up, and that Chicago will become one of the great centres for the promulgation of Mental Science.

My stay in Chicago was a very pleasant one. I shall hold forever in memory the kindly hospitality extended to me by Mr. and Mrs. Barteau, and also of brother A. F. Sheldon who proved himself a valuable guide and friend.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

STRANGE FREAKS OF RICH MEN WHO SEEK TO DODGE DEATH.

A man who while poor is not more afraid to die than most people, often develops a haunting terror of death after he has made a big fortune, and spends an unhappy life and huge sums of money is trying to avoid the coming fate, frequently hurrying himself into a premature grave through sheer worry and fear, says a writer in *Answers*. This passion has turned the brains of a good many wealthy people and made monomaniacs of them. They resort to the most childish expedients to keep death from their doors.

You remember Kipling's character who had his chair slung on ropes from a beam that the world might spin under him, instead of carrying him along to grow older,

There was an actual case very like this a few years ago, when John Islip, an Englishman, who made a huge fortune out of silver in Mexico, drove himself mad through worrying about his death.

After exhausting all the safeguards London could offer he bought a small rocky island called Brychil, on the West Irish coast, taking with him one faithful servant. Here, in feverish haste, he had four stone pillars raised, and a small one story cabin, with three rooms, rather like a houseboat, slung on chains from iron girders that cross the pillars, and swung clear of the ground. Once inside this he shut himself up, with some books and a pet jackdaw for company, and never left his swinging house till his death.

The attendant, who lived in a small house close by, used to row to the mainland—a mile and a half—when the weather permitted, for provisions. The master spent his time reading and looking out over the Atlantic from the cabin windows. His brain had given way, of course, and he imagined his life stood still while the earth revolved under him. He had no relatives to insist on his entering a private asylum, and he died three years later in the cabin, worried out of life by the fear of death. His hair was snow white, though he was only forty-three.

Another wealthy man, James Inglesant, though he had made a fortune by shrewd speculation, also gave way to the dread of death. He conceived the idea that all movement and effort wasted the tissues of the body, and this notion sunk so deeply into his mind that he went to bed in a quiet country house, and hardly moved hand or foot for years; if he even stirred a finger he did it with dread, believing it used up his vitality and shortened his life so much time. He spoke as little as possible, sometimes not opening his lips for days, and was fed by attendants with spoons. All his food consisted of "slops," to save him the fatal exertion of chewing, and his one amusement was being read to by the hour together, for he would not hold a book or turn the pages. Even the reading he did way with toward the close of his life, believing that listening shortened his existence.

One of the queerest cases was that of a Mrs. Holmes, a very wealthy widow, who had a terrible fear of germs and bacilli of all kinds. She had studied the subject deeply, and it affected her reason, to all appearances. The dread of death seized her, and she was convinced she would die by some wasting fever inspired by microbes. Knowing that cold is fatal to the average germ, she had two rooms adjoining each other fitted as refrigerators and kept constantly at a temperature of about thirty degrees, or just below freezing point. One would suppose this to be more trying than any quantity of microbes; but the owner was happy in her consciousness of freedom from germ diseases. Winter and summer the rooms were kept at the same point, and the adjoining rooms and hall were also kept cool, that no current of warm air might bring bacilli in.

This lady lived clad in furs throughout the hottest days that blazed outside, and her attendants and servants were obliged to constantly disinfect themselves before entering her presence. They lived in a perpetual atmosphere of carbolic acid, and their mistress had to pay very high wages to induce any servants to stay with her.

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