

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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THOSE BLESSED BACTERIA.

BY PAUL TYNER.

The microbe is a little thing—only in multitudes does he become visible under the microscope—but man's fear has endowed him with might. Scarcely a day passes in which the newspapers do not herald to a trembling world the discovery of some new terror in the line of germs. The bacillus has taken the place of the goat, which the ancient Hebrews once a year loaded up with the sins of the nation, and turned loose into the wilderness. There is never a new seven-syllabled disease that the doctors dig up—to say nothing of the old diseases made over with French names to keep them in fashion—that is not laid to the charge of some measly microbe about a thousandth of an inch from stem to stern. But instead of turning this microscopic scapegoat out to die in the wilderness, it (for the animal does not pretend to the dignity of sex) is let loose in the midst of our crowded civilization, allowed to run amuck like a maddened Malay. It is no longer the devil, but the black-hearted bacterium that goeth abroad like a raging lion seeking whom he may devour. Indeed, the old-fashioned devil was a gentleman compared to this skulking assassin of modern science, who, taking advantage of his size, lies in wait at every turn to pounce upon poor, helpless humanity.

A Kansas philanthropist, early in this new reign of terror, came to the relief of a startled world by inventing what he called, a "microbe killer," which he sold in nice, big stone jugs at five dollars a jug. His advertisements on the dead walls, in the "great dailies," and on all his labels and circulars depicted a lightly attired gentleman of Herculean build advancing with uplifted club on a ghastly, grinning skeleton struggling with a scythe. That the deadly microbe is knocked out in the next act—if not by a jugful, then by several jugfuls—I infer from the fact that the philanthropic Kansan subsequently moved to New York, built a palace on Fifth avenue and, so it is said, bought a seat in the Senate. At any rate, his microbe-killer was for a time the popular drink, especially among the church folk in prohibition towns. It did not take in Kentucky despite its outward suggestion of that commonwealth's most famous product. Blue grass experts seemed to prefer their microbe-killer straight.

In picturing the microbe as Death the Reaper, this benevolent distributor of jugs was singularly astray. No fact is better established than the immortality of the microbe. It never dies; it multiplies rapidly, by a process of addition, division and silence—one poor lonely bacterium will, in the space of ten hours, become

a merry million bacteria. In populating air, land and water, they are not bothered by any Malthusian theory. Although living by what they feed on and increasing in geometric ratio, they seem to annex all the food required, without perceptibly diminishing the supply.

The air we breath, the water we drink, meat, milk and butter, the dust and detritus of carpets and clothing, are represented as filled with lurking danger in the possible presence of the multitudinous microbe. On his account, kissing is now forbidden as deadly and disease breeding, although as I take my walks abroad these summer evenings in the park, I have not observed that osculation has gone out of fashion. Not kissing alone, but flirtation also seems likely to come under the ban of infectious practices. Dr. Pfeiffer, the discoverer of the influenza bacillus, says we must do away with the handkerchief because seventy per cent. of all colds and inflammations of the head, throat and nose are propagated by it. These particular bacilli are known by the poetic titles of staphylokoke and streptakokke—names strangely suggestive of rivers in Maine. They are small, rod-shaped critters, and Prof. Pfeiffer says we ignorantly play into their hands by collecting and preserving them in linen, lace or silk handkerchiefs. He holds up to us the example of the Japanese who wipe their noses on squares of paper, which they carry along in pads like "copy" paper, and throw away after using. We are learning many things from the Japanese. In their own country, it will be remembered, they never kiss, not understanding the game; but a young lady living in New Haven assures me that certain of the young Japs among the Yale students are not slow in picking up American ways.

As if it were not bad enough to cut off our kissing and handkerchief, the hand-shake—age-long symbol of the sentiment of friendship and good will—is also to be tabooed as a murderous method of infection. In handling the handkerchief, the hand comes in contact with miniature monsters; they stick to the palms and are transferred to our friends with our joyful greetings. At least, so the learned professor informs us.

Doctors disagree proverbially. The medical profession appears to be distinctly divided on this subject of the germ theory of disease. One section believes that the germs cause the disease, and the other that the disease causes the germs. Honors are even so far. My Boston friend, Charles Newcomb, has said some clever things about "mental microbes." As he looks at it, the only real microbes are "mental microbes"—little bits of fears and worries, frettings and fussings, criticism and complaint; the thoughts and words that nag and nip.

Being mental, they are, of course, susceptible to mental treatment.

I do not wish to appear dogmatic, but, to my mind, there is reason to believe that the widespread fear, aroused by all this learned talk concerning bacteria, has caused a thousand times more sickness and death than may honestly be laid at the doors of the micro-organisms. A young physician in Minneapolis recently swallowed a goodly quantity of the bacilli of all the deadly diseases produced for "cultures" in a laboratory—taking them one after the other—and he suffered no ill effects. This he did deliberately to demonstrate the utter harmlessness of the microbes in themselves. Such a doctor is bright and bold enough to be a Mental Scientist. What his experience really shows is that fear means weakness and disease; that fearlessness means freedom and power.

An extreme instance, but one that well illustrates the logical results of the microphobia so sedulously cultivated by the germ theorists, is described in a recent issue of a London paper. Mrs. Holmes, a wealthy widow, had a terrible dread of germs and bacilli of every order, having studied the subject deeply on the suggestion of her physician. She soon became convinced that she would die by some wasting disease produced by microbes, and this fear of death completely possessed her. Coming to the conclusion 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 30 degrees, or just below freezing point. Summer and winter the rooms were kept at the same temperature, the adjacent rooms and hall being also kept very cool so that no current of warm air might bring in bacilli. The lady lived in her refrigerator, clad in furs throughout the hottest days of mid-summer, never venturing out. Her servants were obliged to disinfect themselves before entering her presence, and lived in a perpetual atmosphere of cold and carbolic acid. Of course only the highest wages induced them to remain any length of time. After seven months of this sort of ante mortem frappe, the lady succumbed to her fears and climbed the golden stair, to that land which we may suppose to be free from microbes, as well as being proof against burglars, rust and moth.

On this very point the question seems to be up on a particular modern instance. The conclusion of the late lamented Mrs. Holmes that safety lies in frigidty is by no means generally accepted. Many "authorities" incline to the idea that only a very high temperature affords any protection. Milk is scientifically sterilized only by subjecting it to a great heat. The latest new "treatment" for all and every disease that has come into fashion in New York, is a sort of baking of the body in an asbestos oven. Stripped and rolled in a blanket, the victim is shoved feet first into the oven until only his head protrudes, and he looks like a turtle with his neck twisted. Then the oven is heated gradually until it reaches about 300 degrees fahrenheit. When the microbes are "done to a turn" the patient (deserving of the name surely) is withdrawn and his disease "cured" Mark Hanna is reported to have been a recent illustrious example of the efficacy of this treatment and the newspaper pictures of the Ohio Senator while baking, no doubt edified his political opponents

who desire to see him "in the soup." That classic phrase may, indeed, find new rendering, and instead of consigning an enemy whom it is desired to turn down to "the tureen," he will, with affectionate contempt be sent to the "oven."

But to return to the event in connection with which we find the microbe theory entering the domain of theology. As I write, Miss Rhoda Simmons, of Providence, (R. I.,) has been hauled before the elders of the church on charges of "blasphemy and sacrilegious conduct," based on her authorship of "a little pome" on the subject of microbes. The lady blushing confesses that she is fifty years old and has been addicted to poetry from her childhood. While admitting the authorship of the unlucky lines, and expecting to be excommunicated in consequence, she stands by her guns. The lines, she avers, may be lacking in the dignity to be expected from a Christian spinster of mature age, but they are true and express her sincere convictions. So she will not retract. In an interview with a *Boston Globe* reporter, Miss Simmons declared she had been greatly upset in mind and health over microbes. Her doctor had stricken from her diet everything she liked, on the ground that all contained microbes, certain pleasing beverages in the nature of birch-beer and currant wine being especially prohibited as conveyors of "the deadliest kind of bacteria." That my readers may judge of the gravity of the case, I append the offending verses:

There are microbes in the city, on the dusty, crowded street,
There are microbes in the houses by the sea,
There are microbes by the millions in everything we eat.
There are microbes in the fields and on the tree.
There are microbes in the brook, the brook that looks so bright;
They are in the darkest corners, and also in the light.
Microbes in the cellar, and in the attic we are told,
Likewise in the parlor are these invaders bold,
There is just a serious question which I really wish to ask:
If when we get to heaven, in eternal bliss to bask,
Shall we find on all our golden harps, and on our flowing robes,
Any of these pesky mites, that science calls microbes?
Will fire alone exterminate? Will some one let me know.
Upon the answer rests my fate; 'twill tell me where to go,
For if microbes are in heaven, and with the angels dwell,
I'll take my chances down below and fit myself for—well!

"Offenses grown to weakness smell to heaven," as Shakespeare says, and, we may assume, call down consuming fires. For the long suffering and much maligned microbe, justice is dawning. The trodden worm will turn, and every dog must have his day. "Our friend the enemy" is no empty phrase in this case, for the microbe finds at last a valiant champion in a member of the very profession that has so cruelly slandered him. Dr. Henry S. Gabbett, in the *Nineteenth Century*, bravely takes up the cudgels for the bacillus, justifying his cause and eloquently vindicating his reputation. "A germless world would not be worth living in," he declares, and then proceeds to show that without microbes there would be no beer, wine or brandy, while all bread would be made unleavened; cheeses would not ripen, our best butter would lack flavor and vinegar would become impossible. Our digestive powers would be impaired for lack of certain cellulose digesting micro-organisms now inhabiting the alimentary canal, while our textile industries would suffer through the absence of these same little cellulose decomposers now depended on for the separation of the tough fibres of flax and hemp after maceration in water. Saltpetre, and consequently gunpowder, could no longer be made, while the formation of nitrate beds, which have been the means of

fertilizing thousands of ancient acres and the source of several great fortunes, would cease. These would be a few of the more evident and direct consequences of the utter annihilation of all bacteria. More important far would be the indirect results. "If the soil were rendered 'sterile' in the bacteriological sense—that is, if all the lower fungi in it were destroyed"—says Dr. Gabbett, "it would soon be sterile in another sense also; our crops would perish and agriculture would come utterly to an end; and as animal life is ultimately dependent on plant life, the fatal consequences would not be confined to the vegetable kingdom."

Dr. Gabbett insists, indeed, that the activity of the lowly microbe is a condition essential to the continuance of higher life on earth. The amount of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen available for the composition of living bodies, he points out, is not an unlimited quantity, but is constantly utilized over and over again in nature's economy. All the processes by which organic bodies, vegetable and animal, are converted after death into simpler combinations or into their ultimate elements—the processes known to us as putrefaction and decay—are absolutely dependent on microscopic organisms, especially bacteria. If such decomposition were to cease, it is plain the supply of such available elements would soon be exhausted, and life itself would come to an end.

So we have high medical authority for thankfulness to the blessed bacteria. It is comforting, certainly, to have the assurance of science that the extinction of our little friends would be not only a consummation devoutly to be deplored, but also one entirely impossible. To the continuance of the microbe in nearly all his forms we owe the aversion of no less a catastrophe than the annihilation of life on our planet. And in this new light it appears that we would not have a germless world if we could, and we could not have such a world if we would. Long live the microbe!

It will be noted that Dr. Gabbett cautiously admits that "at present all living things die and return to the earth from which they are derived." He evidently has a glimmering of the truth that men will not always die, although he does not see that neither men nor animals have to die in order to "return to the earth," whatever they derive from it. That bodily immortality is fast advancing to distinct recognition in modern science is, after all, due in large degree to the attention bestowed on bacteria recently. The latest investigations of the world's foremost bacteriologists tend to establish, to the scientific mind, the near probability of the conquest of death. These "savants" are leagues behind the occultists and Mental Scientists in recognition of man's inherent immortality. Yet a single step in this direction taken by material science will do more to prepare the race for acceptance and realization of the truth, than could a thousand years of occult and philosophical thought and speculation. As the mind of the average man is at present constituted, it does not take in a truth, or even admit its possibility, until it is given concrete and practical form on the material side of things. I do not believe the savants are pursuing the correct method—to my mind it is plain that bodily immortality is to be demonstrated on lines differing from those at present followed in the laboratories of Virchow, Metchnikoff and Charcot. Still, all the harm done by the bac-

teria scare is likely to be atoned for. Our dangers often prove to be our opportunities, and whatever the shortcomings of merely material concepts and methods, we have the germs to thank for helping the race a long step forward on the road to realization of its mastery of life. But that, as the genial Kipling remarks, is another story, and one I will be glad to take up in my next article.

OPERATING ON DEATH.

It appears that the surgeons, having operated on all diseases, are now operating on death. Yes, and with success. The facts are incontestable; they have brought several dead people back to life. The eminent Dr. Dieulafoy has just reported two extraordinary facts to the French Academy of Medicine. One is the case of a young man operated upon for appendicitis, and who, four days afterward, succumbed from syncope. None of the usual means of resuscitation had any effect; the heart had ceased to beat, the man was dead. Then the surgeon opened the dead man's side and seized the heart in both hands, and made from sixty to eighty rhythmic compressions. Soon the pulse began to beat, the dead man opened his eyes, turned his head, looked round him, and recognized his physician. After some minutes the pulse grew feeble and stopped again. A new pressure brought a new awakening, which did not last, and a third attempt was without effect. The autopsy showed that one of the pulmonary arteries was clogged, and it is thought that but for this the resuscitation would have been definite.

The other case is of a man who died in the midst of a cranial operation for brain-abscess. Several of the assistants, seeing that the man was dead, left the room, but the surgeon continued to operate. Exploring the cranial cavity, his fingers encountered the bulb called the "vital knot," which scarcely had he touched when, to his own and his assistant's surprise, the patient, now nearly a half-hour dead, breathed a long, noisy sigh. The finger removed, the breath stopped; the finger replaced, it commenced again. With continued pressures it became regular, and the dead came to life. He lived forty-eight hours; and died over again from his abscess. These are but preliminary excursions into the Over-yonder; who can say where the end may be? The surgeons have not the habit of stopping on the road.—*London Sketch.*

ANOTHER TEMPLE ORGANIZED.

A Mental Science temple was organized at Portland, Oregon, July 24. The secretary reports the following list of members, with expectation of numerous additions speedily:

Mr. W. S. Hufford, Mrs. Belle J. Morse, Mrs. J. C. Barton, Mrs. L. B. Salmon, Mr. Wm. Candlin, Mrs. L. M. Candlin, Mrs. M. Tilden, Mrs. Clara Parsons, Mrs. E. L. Poulterer, Mrs. Christina Johnson, Miss Sadonie V. Johnson, Mrs. Rose.

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.*

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

[THIRD LECTURE—ZOROASTRIANISM CONTINUED.]

Zoroaster is supposed to have died at the age of 77. His religious teachings, probably conceived by him in a spiritual sense, but accepted by an ignorant people in a much more literal one, were, on the whole, elevating, at least to the people of his day. Later, differences sprung up among his followers, a division occurred and a priesthood was formed which corrupted the purer teachings of the founder of the religion, and made it a religion of caste, with the priesthood at the head, even above the king, who was from the second or warrior class; while below the warriors was that of the agriculturalists, artisans and traders; below these the sudras, or servants, who were virtual slaves.

The moral teachings of the priests or Brahmins, were still high, if we consider only the language of the text of their moral code.

The king, for example, must be a father to his people, must shun vice and encourage virtue; if he went to war he must act honorably in accord with the rules of war: must not use poisoned arrows—must not strike a foe that was fallen, or one who asked for quarter. He must collect revenue, but not in excess, and he must respect the Brahmins.

Their rules concerning civil and criminal law were much like ours. They had a table of weights and measures and laws allowing interest to be taken up to five per cent. And their religious ceremonies became identically those of the Catholic church of to-day. The names of the Deities were, of course, different; but the ceremonies were in all particulars those of the present church of Rome. Both Father Huck and Father Bury, Catholic priests who early penetrated into Thibet and China, reported that in the garments worn by the priests, in the use of the cross, of holy water, the construction and use of the censer, in the manner of pronouncing the benediction, in all things the Thibetan church was like that of Rome; that in fact the devil had stolen the whole machinery of the church, and taught it to these strange people whose head was the Grand Lama instead of the Pope, whom they, of course, regarded as the vicergerent of God, and the only one to whom authority on earth had been given.

The fact undoubtedly is, that the early church at Rome copied its ceremonies bodily from these more ancient people, and established a new organization with a new center of authority, so far, considering means of communication, from the old one, that few, even, of those given authority in the new organization, knew the facts in the case.

The Hindoo conception of the creative power, and of man's relation thereto, was, however, different from that of any other people; and it is undoubtedly due in very great measure to such conception that the Hindoos have remained behind in the onward march of the race.

The Brahmin's God is an intelligence without attributes, absorbed in a sea of contemplation, an object neither loved or feared, and, therefore, not worshipped, although divine.

All things that the senses take cognizance of are appearances emanating from God, however, and therefore

are divine in a sense and may be worshipped. But since they have no actual existence, it is proper to give form to the higher powers which seem to exist; hence their worship of idols, with which the shrines of the different gods of the Hindoos are filled.

The Brahmins correspond in a way to the ancient priesthood of the Israelites, or more properly, the Israelites copied the idea of a class born to the priesthood from the Brahmins. Even as all of Aaron's family and descendants were born priests, so all Brahmins were of the priesthood. They were called twice-born men; that is, had first been formed in the spiritual, and afterwards in the physical body, and were holy.

Even the king might not order one killed or whipped, no matter what offence committed, though he might send him out of the country, provided he sent all his goods and chattels with him.

On the other hand one who injured a Brahmin should have a triple punishment; and for a sudra to even get the better of an argument with a Brahmin was a grave offence to be severely punished. A Brahmin was expected to make the study of the religious books a large part of his life work. The first twelve years, if he desired to truly follow the law he gave to study of the Vedas under a teacher, an older Brahmin. Him he must serve also, not as a sudra serves, who is of the lowest class, but more as a son. Then he may marry and live at home for another twelve years, but if he is really and truly devoted to his religion, and would escape into Nirvana he should abandon family and friends and live in the forest, giving himself up to austerities, and contemplation, begging his meals of rice, fruit or roots, eating but once daily, and then sparingly. By so doing he hopes to destroy all desire of whatever nature, and so be fitted to be reabsorbed into the infinite principle of being, and be forever at rest. No religious faith could be more destructive of effort than this. And as progress without effort is impossible the people who have adopted this belief have remained virtually as they were a thousand years ago, if indeed they have not retrograded.

Under the fostering care of missionaries, however, the faith spread into different portions of India and China, and emigration and war followed then, as now, the missionaries.

This was natural.

Penetrating into heretofore unknown countries, the priests returned with stories of the people and the resources of the lands they had visited, and quite possibly, as in the crusades of the eleventh century, urged that the temples and the gods of the heathen be overthrown. There can, I think, be no question that large emigration from Bactria and the region farther north took place at two distinctly separate periods, and that, as I stated in my first lecture, it was the returning tide from the first one, that met the second upon the plains of Arabia and Persia—met and mingled now in war, now in peace; as allies now, as deadly foes to-morrow; in such manner the most ancient of all religions, corrupted by a priesthood ravenous for power, was met and leavened by the teachings of Buddha Gautama and Jesus of Nazareth.

Buddha antedated Jesus by at least five hundred years.

The accounts of his conception and birth as given in

the Hindoo Bible differ from those of Jesus of Nazareth as found in our own Bible only in matters of detail.

The mother of Buddha was named Maya, that of Jesus, Mary; but the earthly father, instead of being a carpenter was a king, and instead of an angel announcing the coming birth of a Savior, the Holy Spirit descended upon the mother of Buddha in the shape of a white elephant, and she knew that she was to bear a babe who was to become a Buddha, or a Savior of the world.

She then retired to the king's garden where the child in due time was born beneath a tree, whereupon the spirit of the tree came forth and worshipped the child, who at once took seven steps and announced himself as a Buddha—one who should not need to be born again.

This expression "to be born again," though having a totally different import to those of the Christian religion from that given it by the Hindoos, is yet unquestionably borrowed from this more ancient religion. As they believed in reincarnation—that is, in repeated births in different bodies—the meaning to them was literal, while to the Christian of the nineteenth century it means a change of disposition or desire with relation to spiritual things.

We have the same account, though in different and more exaggerated language, of the coming of the wise men, the singing of the angels, the obeisance of the animals, contained in our own Bible.

The Buddha, or as he was named Siddhartha, grows to manhood under the care and tutelage of attendants who conceal from him all knowledge of the existence of sorrow or pain in the world, and marries a most beautiful maiden.

Later he is taken upon an excursion during which he sees those suffering from disease and the decrepitude of old age, and inquires if these calamities must come to all, and is told that they must and that death also is the heritage of all alike. With sinking heart he returns to the palace to brood over what he is told is the inevitable fate of all. Every effort is made to arouse him and cause him to take an interest in life and the affairs of life. He is surrounded with the most beautiful women that can be found; the counselors of the king, his father, strive to arouse in him an interest in the affairs of the nation, but all in vain; he sees only the inevitableness of death at the end of a life which at best is full of trouble and short, and finally he leaves the palace at night, the palace gates opening of their own accord and his favorite horse coming to meet him fully accoutered for mounting without being led. All night he journeys and at morning has reached a forest where are others seeking by contemplation and an austere life to destroy desire and so come into harmony with the universal immaterial and unfeeling life—Nirvana. Passing through many experiences, including temptation from the prince of demons, living for six years upon one grain of rice daily, during which time he became so emaciated and weak as to be unable to more than rise from the earth, which is his bed, he decides that such life is not the way to knowledge of the infinite, accepts food from a Mary Magdalene, is refreshed and perceives the correct path to be that of a purely intellectual perception of the connection of the finite with the infinite, and so discourses to those gathered about him.

And now he prepares for his death and union with

the infinite; in the language of the text, he "yields up his years."

I quote now from the Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King, one of the sacred books of the East. Note how closely it corresponds to the account of the crucifixion of Jesus:

And then, as Buddha died, the great earth quaked throughout.

In space, on every hand, was fire like rain, no fuel, self-consuming. And so from out the earth great flames arose on every side.

Thus up to the heavenly mansions flames burst forth; the crash of thunder shook the heavens and earth, rolling along the mountains and the valleys.

Even as when the Devas Asuras fight with sounds of drums and mutual conflict. A wind tempestuous from the four bounds of earth arose—whilst from the crags and hills, dust and ashes fell like rain.

The sun and moon withdrew their shining; the peaceful streams on every side were torrent-swollen; the sturdy forest shook like aspen leaves, whilst flowers and leaves untimely fell around, like scattered rain.

The flying dragons, carried on pitchy clouds, wept down their tears; the four kings and their associates, moved by pity, forgot their works of charity.

The pure Devas came to earth from heaven, halting mid-air they looked upon the changeful scene (or the death scene), not sorrowing, not rejoicing.

But yet they sighed to think of the world, heedless of its sacred teacher, hastening to destruction.

The eightfold heavenly spirits, on every side filled space.

Cast down at heart and grieving, they scattered flowers as offerings. Only Mara-raga (the Evil one—Ed.) rejoiced, and struck up sounds of music in his exultation.

Whilst Gambudvipa, shorn of its glory; as when the mountain tops fall down to earth, or like the great elephant robbed of its tusks, or like the ox-king spoiled of his horns;

Or heaven without the sun and moon, or as the lily beaten by the hail; thus was the world bereaved when Buddha died!

LOVELY SEA BREEZE.

[Gainsville Daily Sun.]

Sea Breeze, Fla., Aug. 13—This delightful resort is crowded at the present writing to its utmost capacity. In fact, many people are kept away on account of the lack of accommodations. The Colonnades hotel is not open this season, but the genial proprietor, Col. Post, has kindly placed his rooms at the disposal of the proprietor of the Clarendon Inn, for the accommodation of those who will consent to room at the Colonnades and take their meals at the Inn.

Sea Breeze is most advantageously located, being situated on a strip of land with the Atlantic ocean and beach on one side and the Halifax river on the other. No more delightful climate, both summer and winter, is to be found in the United States. So popular has it grown in public favor that by next summer, it is currently reported, the Clarendon Inn will be enlarged to double its present capacity, and a hundred-room hotel will be erected by the Stewart brothers on the site where the Seaside Inn formerly stood. They will also build a long pier out into the ocean and construct an elegant pavilion and amusement hall. * * *

Ocala, Orlando, Monticello, Live Oak, Titusville and Palatka are represented at Sea Breeze by large contingents of their best citizens, while people from nearly every other town in the state have put in an appearance here during the week.

ON THE ROAD.

DULUTH.

Leaving Chicago I traveled direct to Duluth, Minn., to respond to a very urgent request to lecture there. Upon my arrival in that thriving northern city, I found the meeting for my lecture thoroughly advertised. Quarter-sheet cards had been placed in the store windows and banners announcing the meeting had been attached to the sides of the street cars, and the several newspapers of the city had published very kind and favorable notices. The city armory, a very spacious structure, had been engaged and everything looked exceedingly favorable for a large attendance. I found that the foremost and leading spirit in this display of energetic enterprise was Mrs. G. S. Brown, who had assumed all the labor and financial responsibility to carry it out. The effort certainly deserved the highest commendation and to be crowned with the best of success.

During the afternoon of the day, when the meeting was to take place, the hall had been rented to the republican county committee for the convening of the county convention to nominate candidates for county offices. This convention was to adjourn at 6 p. m., and clear the hall for our meeting. At 4 p. m., the petty politicians got into a rangle about nominations and long-drawn out acrimonious discussions followed. As a consequence it was 9 o'clock before the delegates cleared the hall, notwithstanding our appeal to the chairman that the hall had been paid for, and belonged to the promoters of our meeting. People came in crowds in response to advertisements for our meeting. But when well dressed ladies, and their escorts, saw the groups of excited men enveloped in dense clouds of smoke, and the floor littered six inches deep with paper ballots and cigar stumps, they naturally turned about and walked away. About seventy-five people out of the thousand or more who came into the building had courage enough to face the condition of the hall, and remained. Of course I stood at my post and delivered my lecture, and gave the stereopticon exhibition, as though I had never seen a county politician in Minnesota. Of course the meeting fell far below the rightful expectation of its promoters, and the financial responsibility especially heavy upon the shoulders of Mrs. Brown, who bore her disappointment over the whole affair with a remarkable degree of good humor and equanimity. There is a fine field for Mental Science in Duluth, but it requires cultivation.

ST. PAUL.

A five hours' ride southward brought me to the charming city St. Paul, with its trim buildings, clean streets and its general appearance of busy activity. The first one of our friends to bid me welcome was Gusten Jungren, tall, handsome, clean-limbed, bright of mind and a very prince of men. He had cancelled a number of lecturing engagements elsewhere, and trailed to St. Paul to assist in the preparatory arrangements for my lecture there, as well as in the sister city of Minneapolis.

The city was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, and streamers galore in honor of the order of Elks, who held their state carnival here at that time. A whole street had been temporarily dedicated to their use, and the merry throngs passed through there, night and day, and made the welkin ring with joyous sounds and happy laughter.

It was thought that the carnival celebration would

seriously interfere with the attendance at the Mental Science meeting, but to our surprise the Pythians Castle in Bolby Hall was well filled with a very attentive audience, when the time arrived for the delivery of my lecture. I took, by request, for my subject, "Man the Masterpiece," as an introductory to the two subsequent lectures, "Mind the Master" and "The Chemistry of the Emotions," which had been arranged for by our friends, to be delivered in the sister city Minneapolis, on the next day, Sunday. The audience made me feel comfortable and very much at home from the beginning, and received my discourse, as well as the exhibition of the views of the City Beautiful and other Florida scenes, with hearty applause and warm enthusiasm.

Among those present at this meeting were Mr. P. Zumbach, Orin W. Smith, E. Gertrude Smith, S. Grant Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ludwig, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Goldsmith, Mrs. Dora E. Fay, Mrs. H. E. P. Ward, Mrs. Joetta Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson, C. A. Anderson, Mrs. Laura B. Anderson, Gusten Jungren, Mrs. M. A. Mills, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. I. Carmichael, Mr. S. Bayley Carmichael and the Misses Mabel A., Elspie M. and Jennie Carmichael.

During my stay in St. Paul I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, and take this opportunity of extending my sincere appreciation for the kindly courtesies extended to me by them.

MINNESOTA.

Dividing the "twin cities," St. Paul and Minneapolis, there rolls slowly and calmly the "Great Father of Waters," the Mississippi. It is true the river here has not yet gained the great volume and magnificent proportions which come to it further south, in its steady and irresistible march to the sea; yet through its erosive power, exerted through the passing centuries, it cut a deep scar into the fertile country through which its waters flow, gaining power and volume through the absorption of rivulets, brooks and streams which pour into it. Spanning the river's bed here are several magnificent bridges, which join the two cities in a steady hand-clasp and friendly rivalry of commercial, industrial and agricultural development.

One hour's ride on splendidly equipped electric cars brings the traveller from St. Paul to the very business centre of Minneapolis, with its wide, clean streets and fine business blocks and beautiful residences. It was a Sunday morning when brother Gusten Jungren guided me across the river and to the Grand Army hall, located in the beautiful building of the Masonic fraternity. The hall, with a seating capacity of four hundred, was well filled with a fine audience which included a goodly number of our friends from the city of St. Paul. I felt the friendly interest of the audience towards me the moment I stepped upon the platform. And throughout the discourse, both during the morning and evening lecture, all present gave the closest and most gratifying attention, while the display of stereopticon view disclosed a lively interest in the developments going on at City Beautiful.

There were present at the meeting, interested in the new thought, the following friends: Prof. Chas. Adler, F. G. O'Brien, Dr. E. M. Johnson, Mrs. A. A. Pierce, Mrs. S. Eastman, Mrs. E. Gertrude Smith, R. Collier

Mrs. Tinsley, Mrs. W. Reesie, Mrs. Emma Timmerman, Mrs. E. S. Chipman, Mrs. Jas. Farrington, Mrs. M. S. Mathews, Mrs. Kate Arnold, Mrs. Jas. E. Treat, Mr. P. J. Landin, Mr. C. Treat, Mrs. C. M. Clark, Mrs. H. A. Humiston, Mrs. M. E. Breeden, Mrs. S. A. Penfield, Mrs. Alta Leonard, Mrs. N. O. Kirkwood, Miss Annie Kirkwood, Mrs. C. H. Hagemier, Mrs. W. W. Bill, Mr. J. A. Dahl, Thos. A. Linander, Mrs. C. S. Engelbrecht, Mrs. A. E. Wadsworth, Hon. H. H. Potter, Mrs. Florence L. Potter, Mr. A. H. Potter and Mrs. J. A. Dahl.

My two days' sojourn at Minneapolis was enjoyed at the home of Hon. H. H. Potter and family, who occupy a beautiful residence on the shore of one of the several pretty lakes located about this region. Mr. Potter served as District Attorney at Aberdeen, South Dakota, prior to taking up his residence in Minneapolis, where he enjoys a lucrative law practice. The evening prior to my departure quite a number of friends assembled at the Potter home to formulate a nucleus for the organization of a Mental Science Temple, which promises to become a power for good in that splendid city.

Gusten Jungren who has recently sent out the first issue of *Aurora*, a monthly journal of Mental Science, published in the Swedish language, writes me that Mental Science Temples will shortly be firmly established, both in St. Paul and Minneapolis. I would in this connection request our friends, who are familiar with the Swedish language, to send to Gusten Jungren 460 Jackson street, St. Paul, Minn., for a copy of *Aurora*; or better still, encourage him by enclosing one dollar for a year's subscription.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

STRENGTH.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee."

The principles of art have their foundation in spirit; they rest upon the infinite and are laws through which the finite manifestation of all beauty takes place.

One of the formulas of Delsarte was, "Strength at the center, freedom at the extremities." This is applied to the body by developing the torso or trunk and freeing the head, arms and legs through exercises adapted to stretching and rendering flexible the muscles, and especially the tendons which cover the articulations. Every measure which will increase strength is used, because it is expected by that means to increase vitality, and the need of the race is more vitality.

Now, we know much can be done for the physical body by these external methods. — And if we are not "beautiful within," by putting the body in attitudes of grace, and the mind in the sphere of beautiful thoughts, these things will cultivate the personality, giving it greater ease, better presence, and more power. But Delsarte's principle has a deeper significance on the unseen side of things.

If you know that to be self-centered means to be strong in the center of your own consciousness, loyal to the truth revealed to you, standing by the *I* of you, you have come a long way in understanding, and have realized strength.

But to have "strength at the center" only, is but half the work. To give "freedom at the extremities" implies something to be carried into the uttermost parts of our realization—is really a gracious quality of our thoughts and finds expression in our relations with others. The

point for us is that we are each of us members of the same body, and while strong within ourselves we must give absolute freedom to all others.

It is a powerful truth that when we are strongest we not only love freedom most for ourselves, but we desire it for every creature. When we receive a revelation it becomes both duty and pleasure to reveal the "glad tidings." Life seeks individualization, and the true individualist believes in the noble integrity of every other individual. Strength glories in manifestation; weakness would suppress every form not exactly like its own.

We have all seen the beautiful blending of strength and grace in a physical body. That is Delsarte's idea realized in the flesh. We may all experience the peace and exultation that the realization of conscious soul strength will bring to us when we accept the proper attitude of mind. It is our right, our destiny to stand in the flesh clothed with the power of the conqueror, and externalizing the ideal in lines of grace, beauty and that sublime strength which has passed into immortality.

Understanding this principle as an interior truth will not only give us freedom mentally, but it will free the atoms of the flesh until they go on a joy dance, polarizing themselves anew according to the laws of symmetry and youth, illuminating them with the new light, lifting the mental horizon, until we find ourselves "walking in newness of life," really citizens of "the plains of peace."

FLORA J. ROBERTSON.

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Send 50 cts. to Prof. M. F. Knox, Seattle, Washington, for full report of the first Mental Science Convention. Do not delay. You want the report and the Professor needs the money to pay expenses of publication.

AWAY FROM HOME.

It seems that the Georgia papers reported me as being in Atlanta teaching classes, and prophesying that I would be away all winter on a lecture tour.

Some of my patients and students reading this are already writing me strange letters. They had better find out the truth of a thing before they begin to lose their equipoise.

I was in Atlanta a few days. I made one little speech there some two Sundays back. I completed my business and have been home now for a week or more.—H. W.

Man is an intelligent being. He is all intellect—or mind; every atom of him engenders thought, and the thought thus engendered is the spiritualizing and the uplifting power of him. That which deadens thought or nullifies the effect of it, deadens or nullifies the man.

The man being purely an intellectual creature must live and grow by the gaining of knowledge. It is not bread and meat that feeds him; it is bread and meat transmuted—through that laboratory of involuntary intelligence called his digestive system—into more intel-

ligence, that feeds him. Anything that shuts off the transmuting power of this laboratory leaves the man in his irrational animalhood. The world's old belief shuts this off.

How? By doing away with the necessity of thought; by saying to the man, "Here is what you want to think already thought out for you thousands of years ago. Take it and be satisfied with it always."

Then it becomes the chief effort of the man's life not to think for himself, but to stop thinking, and to conform to the thought ladled out to him and rammed down him with a "Thus sayeth the Lord."

And so man—not yet emerged from the world's childhood of intelligence—being still under the influence of the race's early superstitions, is more or less in the dominion of fear, and *dare* not think on this one matter that he considers of the most vital importance; the most vital because he thinks that it involves the salvation or damnation of his soul after death. And while he gives his intellect full scope on every other subject, and gradually evolves from himself and incorporates in his body one truth after another, each of which stamps its impress upon his character to be expressed in new bodily function by his children, he remains at a dead standstill as regards the inherited superstition which he calls his religion.

Religion is not the subject of intellectual investigation. It claims a divine authority that places it above the region of intelligent criticism. Thus discounting the intellect, it reigns supreme in the emotional nature of man. The emotional nature is that part of the man which has not been brought under the influence of the reasoning powers; it is the uncultured intellect turned loose without rudder or compass, in search of something afar off, that it believes to be a cure-all for every present ill, and about which it raves in a frenzy of joy when it is deluded into the conviction that it has at last found the pearl of great price. As the whole thing is a fever of the blood, the pearl of great price being a pure hallucination born of a diseased condition, it is sometimes visible to the eyes of its possessor and sometimes invisible. It is always visible during revivals, and usually subsides from sight between revivals. It has no foundation in man's reasoning faculties; it would be a substantial thing if it had, and could be seen whenever a thought was turned upon it. As it is, it is the dodgiest dodger that ever dodged inspection. In other words, it is an emotion, and not an intellectual deduction.

As an emotion, it would be as harmless as any other emotion but for the fact that it is founded on fear. This is its stronghold; it is afraid to let go of its unreasoning position; it is afraid to trust the intelligence that contradicts the necessity of its existence; it believes in evil, and that continually; it refuses to see the natural good in man, much less to trust it; therefore the natural good—which if it was recognized and brought forth would obviate the need of a personal God and the atoning blood of Jesus—goes undiscovered, and the race perishes.

Perishes in torments; its mistakes imputed to it as sins, for which it is tortured, instead of being educated; and its ignorance of the eternal harmony being called diseases, for which it is poulticed and purged and plastered and poisoned out of existence.—H. W.

It requires much effort and endurance to be permeated with a knowledge of this fact that the supply can never

be inferior to the demand; a desire—the mother of demand—being a finite expression of the infinite purpose.

For a time, long after I had first reasoned it out in my mind, and since I had thought myself perfectly convinced about this statement containing an incontrovertible truth, I doubted and disbelieved it.

Conditions which I, with apparent persistency, had been long desiring, demanding and working for, did not manifest, and I began to suspect that what I had called reason was sheer delusion.

As I learned to investigate my interior, however, more deliberately, I became aware that a great portion of my system was subject to a most aggravating state of indolence and indifference, instead of entertaining any really fervent desires. And so firmly fixed was this inner negative condition that when I, in the act of "taking a self-treatment," had sunk into my inner self and aspired for "independence," the unspoken word changed into "indifference" in spite of my efforts to the contrary.

When the comparatively fleeting desires of my surface mind, so to speak, caused largely by contact with the outer world, were blended with the inner indications of a more dull character, they were neutralized, and I found the bulk of my desire to be at a much lower standard than I had previously imagined it to be. This was the real cause of my inability to arrive at expected results. I was simply divided against myself, and the law of supply and demand remained infallible.

Such a state can only be due to a non-recognition of the link of oneness between the inner and the outer. The inner and the outer, or in another sense, the body and the thought, must constantly co-operate, sustaining the relation of supply and demand. This is to say, that any desire (demand) whatever has to be granted from an inner supply, in the first place; only in the second place comes the gratification from the outside—if the desire be of such kind.

The experience I related above might be peculiar to me and me only. Still, most people must be in the condition resembling the one I have tried to make plain; for, if they were not, their desires would express the activity and effort necessary to attain that which they are longing for. As a rule they do not, however, until necessity drives them. We are like isolated steam boilers—the power escaping all the time because the engineer—our intellect—does not know how to make the connection between the boiler and the engine.

It is only in babes we see this perfect union of desire, thought and action which makes a healthy and self-centered unit of the human being. But as the child grows up and acquires civilization their union becomes weaker; he gets his knowledge at the cost of his ease. The mind is strained, with those who get "education," to a high standard without being taught its origin; and it, therefore, loses its grip on the inner source from which it came. Add thereto the imbibing of creeds, which, at the risk of damnation, forces the belief into their minds that they are entirely depending upon an outside force. Is it, then, any wonder that the barely matured woman and man, endowed with all the world regards necessary to happiness and success, hear—whenever stopping a moment to reflect—a voice,

the dreary voice within, asking, "Oh, what is there to live and strive for?"

There is, indeed, more truth than we can now comprehend in the saying that we must become as little children in order to enter the kingdom of heaven (happiness).

The knowledge of this law about the relation of supply to the demand does not benefit any one unless it so permeates him as to practically be faith.

The supply is equal, always equal, to the demand! Oh, wonderful, world-saving truth! Can faith ever demand a more solid, unshakable ground on which to lay the foundation for its sky-reaching pinnacles than the understanding of this simple, but tremendously important truth?

H. W.

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DEEP BREATHING AN AID TO MENTAL AS WELL AS PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Very few of us breathe properly, or appreciate the nature of such exercise. Perhaps there is not a reader of this journal who could not verify the above remarks, were he or she called upon to do so, and who before rendering an opinion would make sure as to the correctness thereof.

Many of us make the mistake in thinking we breathe correctly when the muscles, lungs, etc., concerned in this function, are doing but half their duty. The erect position of the body, the shoulders set well back, admits of the most natural, scientific form of breathing. There are many air cells of the lungs unused, or at best only half so, and this condition of affairs is liable to lead to grave disorders—not the least among them being pneumonia and consumption.

Hunt for the purest air to be found as many times as you can; follow closely the above directions, repeatedly filling and refilling every air cell, thus gathering the oxygen, ozone, etc, with which to impart strength and vitality to the physical system, thereby building a sure foundation for mental development.—*Suggester and Thinker.*

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.

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THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Ambrose Bierce seems to understand the Chinese pretty well. He calls the Chinese minister an adept in the black art of oriental duplicity. Then he goes on in a splendidly written article to say things which, if true, stand out as strong and incontrovertible reasons for Mr. McKinley's defeat for the second term. I would like to print the article just for its strength of diction, only I don't want a whole hat full of letters coming in, accusing me of taking a hand in politics and being on the wrong side.

Plenty of my friends are interested to know whom I would vote for if I were a voter—as I surely ought to be. Well, I would vote for Bryan. I'd like to see a complete change in the administration.

As to Chinese character. I am quite well acquainted with one class of Chinamen, and in regard to their duplicity—well, may the Lord help the people they dwell among. The Chinese are the first people I ever saw who would not rather tell the truth than a lie, if the truth was better suited to the subject in hand. In all my experience with the Chinese of San Francisco I never found one that was innately clean. They seemed to be clean; their aprons were spotless, and so were their white muslin stockings and their blue clothes, but after having one in the house a few weeks everything began to have a wet-dog smell; table cloths, napkins, towels, all got that peculiar odor. And they were not able to discriminate between neatness and the reverse. To wash their feet in the dish pan, using the dish cloth to wipe them with, was a common habit. To spit on the silverware when cleaning it was also an every-day performance.

To tell them of it and to instruct them properly was only to make them secretive without remedying the trouble. I have heard occasionally of one who was kind hearted, but I never saw one. They were brutal and would rather do a cruel thing than not.

There were sixty-five thousand of them in the very heart of San Francisco when I was there, and I say that no person can come thoroughly into a knowledge of their ways and not feel a great disgust for them.

That they are fine cooks, and that all cook alike, is because the six Chinese Companies that import them from China, have them instructed in cooking at the same school; it is a school that produces perfect results except as regards cleanliness; and it actually seems to be impossible for them to be clean.

One day I was going down street in San Francisco and met a number of immense express wagons loaded down with Chinese emigrants. A ship had just got in from China, and had unloaded her passengers at the wharf. I had no idea where they were going, but it must be that they had a place prepared for their reception before they arrived. There were hundreds of them of all ages from three years to fifty. There was not a woman among them, and it seemed awful to see so many little boys quite motherless. These babies were placed in white families, and trained to work. Many of them were the prettiest little creatures I ever saw; and it often happened that the families who took them in just loved them as if they had been their own, and brought them up so tenderly that one would suppose there would have resulted a strong reciprocal at-

tachment; but actually they were not capable of it. I never heard of an instance where the least gratitude was manifested by one of them. They were Chinamen all the way through; sly and deceitful, unwholesome and untrustworthy. Of course there must have been an occasional exception, though I never knew of one.

The character of the Chinaman betokens a dense ignorance, and in the evolution of the higher civilization it must be wiped out, and will be. Just ahead of us are times to try the soul of every humanitarian on earth; the worst passions of other races besides the Chinese are being evoked, and the air is full of death and murder. Ignorance of the lowest character is being brought to light in order that it may be met and corrected by intelligence. It must be. We are passing through hell on our way to Heaven. Hell—which is ignorance, must be conquered before Heaven is attained.

But oh! the world is growing; it is gaining the knowledge that elevates; and what happiness this thought brings us.

But I forget. I am not writing sense in this department, but nonsense. Nonsense seems to be a scarce article. Of an evening when we are out on the front porch we have no trouble to wake up a good deal of it, and keep laughing for hours. I often think at such times, "Now, I shall write this out for the waste-paper basket;" but I never do. It seems as if we take the soul out of a joke when we recount it so that only the shell is left. Sometimes I ask Ada or Florence to prompt me; but they only say, "Mama, give something out of your past experience; you have lived such a full life; you have gotten so much out of it; turn loose and give us a chance to laugh at things that you laughed at long ago." But those things seem dead now; it is an evidence of my present vitality that I do not live in the past; I have left it and its ignorant beliefs behind me, and am glad to go ahead and prospect for new things, and above all for new knowledge.

Have you observed the excitement the papers are kicking up about the shirt-waist man? They are making almost as much fuss about it as if women had taken to pants. Really it is a beautiful garment for men; much more so than for women; but the prejudice it is exciting seems in a fair way to kill the movement. There is one thing, however, in its favor so far as making it a permanent thing among the fashions; the women endorse it; it is the men who oppose it; the old fogies among the men too. But I hope the thing will prevail against all opposition. To be sure I have not seen a sample of it yet except in pictures, but it is beautiful, and above all it is cool. It seems too bad for men to be compelled to wear vests and coats at a time when our thin, delicate shirt waists are about as much as we can stand. It is time for men to revolt against a custom that renders them so uncomfortable. One day last week thirty men dropped dead in the city of New York from over heat. I wonder how many of them owed their death to the heat of their garments added to the heat of the sun?

Let us all wear what is comfortable. For my part I shall do it in spite of everything. I was on the streets of Washington last summer on a blazing hot day, and wore a thin dress made empress style; that is—unconfined to the figure from the arms down. I had worn this style of dress so much at home that I felt per-

factly natural in it; but the way the women looked at me was a curiosity. A pet bear would not have attracted half so much attention. It would have pleased me to make a speech to the crowds I saw in a fashionable store, but I was contented simply to know that I dared do as I please without the least embarrassment. And my dress was very beautiful, and I knew that if submitted to a company of artists I would have gotten the premium for being the best dressed woman present. But simply because I was not cut in two at the waist line, I was stared at as something phenomenal. This is about the experience our shirt-waist men are going through. They are being refused admission at the theatres and hotels and other public places. Can they live such treatment down or will they succumb? I hope they will exhibit at least as much grit as one little woman did in the city of Washington. No amount of public opinion is going to put her ribs in a whalebone trap.

H. W.

MR. BURGMAN WILL LECTURE.

Mr. Burgman has completed his far western tour and has now turned his face eastward once more. He will speak in Kansas City, Mo., Chicago, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chattanooga and Atlanta.

His exact date in Kansas City and Chicago we do not know but he will leave Chicago Sept. 7th. In Milwaukee he will lecture under the auspices of the Great Council of the Red Men who hold their national meeting in that city. In Indianapolis he lectures twice, on the 15th and 16th of September, goes to Cincinnati on the 18th and remains until the 20th., lectures in Chattanooga on the 22nd and 23rd, and in Atlanta on the 25th and 26th.

Friends will please make the necessary arrangements and take such steps for making his coming known to the public as they deem best. Mr. Burgman's lectures have been widely and most favorably noticed by both the daily and weekly press in nearly every city he has visited, and we are sure that there are many people in the cities he is yet to visit who will wish to hear him if made aware of his coming.

THE "TELEPLASTIC."

Two engineers of Berlin have recently invented an apparatus which transmits to a distance the relief of a figure, either living or inanimate; the apparatus has received the name of "teleplastic." The relief may be received in full size, or may be enlarged or diminished at will, being quite exact. The transmitter consists of a frame containing a great number of metal rods placed side by side, and movable back and forth. The receiver is a similar apparatus, in which the rods are moved by a series of electromagnets, when a relief is pressed against the rods of the transmitter a series of contacts is established which causes the receiver to reproduce the relief by means of its rods, whose movement corresponds exactly to that of the transmitter. It is expected that this apparatus will render service especially in the pursuit of criminals, as it will give an exact reproduction of their features.—*Scientific American*.

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

MENTAL HEALING.

Having suffered from many acute attacks of rheumatism, my limbs, with each attack, had become more drawn and set. Finally I was given up by the best physicians that our Northwest can boast of. I have since tried many so-called "faith cures;" for that thought seemed innate that faith could work wonders; although I was not benefited any, yet I assiduously scanned the "dailies," wasting stamps and strength in answering advertisements, much to my brother's disgust, for he positively declared their worthlessness—when lo, one day my eyes caught at the glaring headlines: "Flowing robes and ditto hair." Credulously I read of the miraculous cures, and though bedridden and thirty miles from city, yet I resolved to go, and go I did. Although I had to be carried, and indeed you will understand the vigor of my faith, when I say that in my traveling paraphernalia were shoes, rubbers, kid gloves and my umbrella. I laugh now at my blind, illogical belief. How could it be possible for one who has not had the use of her limbs for many years to get instantaneously cured? Impossible. And I make bold to state, such a cure never can be brought about on this terrestrial ball.

Foiled as I was in my happy anticipation of regained health, I now became just as headstrong in my disbelief, and firmly avowed that all faith-healing was "fake."

At that time a friend sent me a dozen copies of FREEDOM; as reading was my only pastime, I appreciated whatever literature I could get. I commenced to con the pages of FREEDOM and soon—as I believed—found the drift of its doctrine. I then deliberately tied them up and had them put away, for I had no desire to get hoodwinked again; so touch them I would not. I was still confined to my room and bed, and in such a dormant state, that I was indifferent to whether my illness terminated in life or death. My friends continually advised me to doctor, for I was still in the prime of life. But I said no. I had already spent a small fortune on doctors, and having no income I wanted to keep my small remainder, for some few necessities. My friends, however, were persistent, and at last I yielded, not because I thought I would be benefited, but merely to satisfy friends. I knew absolutely nothing about the doctor, and neither did I care to find out anything. The doctor—a powerful man, the very personification of health—was, as I found out later, a Mental Healer.

The stagnant waters of Bethesda were disturbed and the commanding voice, "Step thou in and be made whole," reverberated and vibrated, through my every fiber, and I can now affirm that marvelous (not immediate) cures are created through intellectual growth, and "God within" can bring about perfect and sublime order from the utmost confusion. I had not been able to step on my feet for three years, and now after four months treatment am able to walk a little with the aid of crutches.

And to-day as I perused the last pages of "The Conquest of Poverty"—a grand production—I feel it is the very incentive to life, yea, and a life more full and beautiful than the one hitherto eked out, and as I close the book I dare assert that "I can, I will, I dare, I do." Yes, and I too intend to draw from the exhaustless beneficence that environs me, and may the illuminating light of Mental Science shine for all humanity, as brightly as it bids fair to shine for me.

ROSANNA.

WHY YOUNG MRS. HARDING GROWS OLD.

To be beautiful is the great desire of Mrs. Harding. To improve her complexion, she spends hours every day rubbing, pulling and manipulating her skin. She takes a hand glass, and stands beside the window in the privacy of her own room, and bemoans the ravages which time has made; she counts the wrinkles and with a sigh recalls the days of her youth, when her face was fair and smooth, when there were no lines or "crows feet" to mar the beauty of her eyes. She looks at her hands; a few years ago they were plump and firm and white; now, although she does no work and follows faithfully the rules laid down in the "Guide to beauty" the blue veins are unsightly and the skin is loose and flabby. She shudders at the sight of a few silver hairs and with trembling fingers draws the wavy locks over a tiny bald spot, daily growing larger. She holds the mirror nearer, in a stronger light; she notes with pain the drawn look about the mouth and the pinched nose; and she sighs and asks the question why; she sinks into an easy chair, still holding the mirror in her hands; she glances about the room; everything is luxurious; no money has been spared in furnishing; she glances into the dining room; her table is bountifully spread. She is in a retrospective mood. She thinks of the years that have passed since she left her girlhood home; of the quiet wedding in the little church of a distant village; of her brief sojourn in foreign lands and the return to her own beautiful city home; she has come to a house of wealth; there is no lack of money, she can have what she wants, and go where she will without counting the cost. She smiles as she thinks of the well filled purse her husband threw in her lap, saying lightly "When that is gone there is plenty more." She glances in the mirror again and starts back at the reflection; her eyes are dim, her complexion dingy and sallow. Why this look of age! She has everything to make her happy—a loving husband, beautiful children and an abundance of means. Just then the thought of Harry, her oldest son, comes into her mind. He is off yachting with a party of young men; he left her early in the morning and she sees him now as she saw him then, bounding with joyous strides over the lawn, laughing and throwing back kisses until out of sight. A thought comes to her, and her face is blanched with sudden fear; rising hastily she goes to the window and looks at the sky; it is clear and blue, but there are a few clouds. She gives free rein to her fears. In imagination she sees a storm coming up. She hears the thunder roll; sees the lightning flash; the wind comes rushing on, the boat is capsized and her boy drowned; she even pictures the home coming—the slow procession, her boy on a stretcher, borne by loving companions; she sees it all, her darling boy dead. She even wonders if it really does occur how she shall get word to her husband who is away on a business trip, or to her daughter who is spending her vacation with a college friend at her home in the country, miles away from a telegraph station. And thinking of her daughter another fear comes to torment her. When Mollie wrote she had a cold; what if it should settle on her lungs and develop into pneumonia, or quick consumption? What if—what if—but she could bear no more; her excited imagination had done its work and she fell fainting to the floor.

The problem is solved, the question answered—her

eyes had grown dim, her face haggard and old, because she had allowed herself for many years to worry and fret over trifles; she had lived in a constant state of anxiety. No woman can be beautiful who allows her nerves to be paralyzed with fear over real or imaginary ills.

EDITH.

FAMILIAR LETTER.

DEAR HELEN WILMANS:—Your spicy paper is a welcome visitor in my home. It is refreshing to know there are unfettered minds that dare to strike out for true liberty of thought and life; and thus daring, are a potent influence for good, in intelligent circles. With the great mass of evidence before us, and the constant accumulation of the wonders revealed through science, we ought not only to be thankful that we are alive today, but realize that we live on the eve of still greater advances, and more wonderful discoveries in the realms of science that will eventually, and probably at no distant day, be utilized for the benefit of humanity.

And, when we think of wireless telegraphy, long-line telephones, audiphones, graphophones, Roentgen rays, sub-marine ships, automobiles, the almost perfected flying machines and new lightning-speed of railroad cars; why should we doubt that a corresponding improvement and advance may be made in individual human lives? Physically through mental supremacy, and spiritually, in the uplifting of all that is purest and best in our natures, we might have sound minds in healthy bodies, cleanly habits, high aspirations reaching to the divine, of which we all are a part; thus transfiguring our lives and making this earth a veritable Eden in contradistinction to the old garden myth, so long believed by good Christian delusionists.

These bodies of ours, have too long been slandered and maltreated as a pious duty, when they should have been honored rightly, cared for intelligently; and thus made temples of strength, beauty and purity fit to shine as the perfect work of the Supreme builder.

We may talk of the "coming millennium" until doomsday, but so long as human beings are living on a low animal plane, ruled by gross propensities, selfish greed for gold and unscrupulous ambition for place and power, no millennial day will ever dawn on this world—this good old world of ours that has been so maligned by those who ought to know better.

I am glad that you stand squarely on the platform, not only for human freedom, but for the joy of living the grand possibilities of human lives; for the banishment of all evil shadows, and that, too, by the competent force of human will, in a current, clear and strong, sweeping away every cloud and letting in the continued sunlight of divine healing and divine love.

This life, made sweet and happy to the end. Yes and so it may be. Unnecessary strifes, worry, sickness, pain and sorrows, form the largest portion of the troubles of humanity. Once these are understood and banished human life will be regenerated, prolonged and made joyful. But what of living forever here on the earth? (Pardon the seeming egotism as we smile indulgently at the idea.) Well, I cannot say I think this would be desirable. A higher spiritual organism, even than perfected physical bodies, would be more in unison with my best aspirations. After a long, healthful, useful life spent here, the longing to meet and mingle with beloved ones just over the border—ah! what could satisfy deathless affliction like the heavenly bliss of such reunions?

M. C. B.

MIND AND BODY.

There is an intimate relation between mind and body, every mental act producing a concurrent bodily change. Certain facts such as the following show that the connection of mind and body is not occasional or partial. The stare of astonishment, the glance of tenderness, or the frown of anger, is united in association with the states of feeling each indicates. So constant are these appearances, characterizing the different emotions, that we regard them as part of the emotions themselves. On this uniformity of expression, or out-picturing of thought, depends our knowledge of each other's characters. The constancy of these emotional expressions is well illustrated by the painter and sculptor. When we see a statue or painting well executed we know at once the feeling of each person portrayed. The loftiest, the noblest, the holiest of emotions, have their marked attitude and deportment.

A second class of proofs of the intimate connection of mind and body is furnished by the effects of mental changes on bodily states. It was once thought that the bodily condition influenced the mind, but most metaphysicians have now disregarded that theory. For instance, it was once thought that the mind was influenced by the condition of the stomach, old age, disease, etc. The Mental Scientists have, however, conclusively proven that the origin of every bodily condition is mental, and that the condition of the mind is influenced by the thoughts of the individual, his environment, and stage of growth. If the body influences the mind, why cannot it exist consciously without the mind? The fact that the mind can exist, independent of the body, is easily proven by so-called psychic phenomena. In the personification of our early piety the various passions are described by the marks their long dominance leaves on the body. Sadwille describes "Dread" as follows:

"Next we saw Dread, all trembling; how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffered here and there—
Benumbed of speech, and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale, and dread for fear."

The influence of mind on body is supported by great force of testimony. Fear paralyzes digestion, anger retards it. Sudden outbursts of emotion derange the bodily conditions. Great mental depression enfeebles all the organs. In considering minutely the evidence of connection between mind and body, we perceive that the brain is the organ most intimately associated with the mind. The facts that prove the connection of mind and brain are numerous and irresistible. After great mental exertion there is an increase of nervous waste. The alkaline phosphates removed from the body by the kidneys are derived from the brain and nerves, and thus are increased after severe exercise of the mind. Most decisive of all is the wide experience of the insane. Among the principal causes of insanity (which is a brain disease) must be reckoned excessive drafts on the mind, such as severe mental exertion and sudden mental shocks. The association of brain derangement with mental troubles is all but a perfectly established deduction.


By this course of reasoning and a careful study of the brain under different mental conditions, we see that the cause of insanity is in the mind. Likewise can we prove the cause of every physical condition is mental. Verily all is mind.

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MRS. HELEN WILMANS,
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HELEN WILMANS,
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CAN POVERTY BE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED?

Why not? Poverty is one form of weakness, not far removed from disease although so different.

Poverty is caused by the absence of self-confidence and will power; back of these is the lack of vitality; not the lack of animal force, but of intelligent force.

Intelligent force, self-confidence and will power can be successfully induced by one who is sufficiently established in mind control as to be able to speak the creative word with a power that never takes "No" for an answer.

When I first came into a knowledge of the power of mind to control matter I said to myself, if there is anything in this thought for me it must express itself in money. I am tired of being poor. Poverty is a bitter thing, and it is natural that we should desire to get away from it. I wanted freedom, and no person can be free who is in the thralls of poverty.

I began to think along the lines that develop the qualities I have enumerated until I became like a giant in that one particular form of power. I spent years in earnest study before I felt myself so fully developed that I could impart it with certainty; but now my treatments in this line are successful; and not in a single instance have I had a complaint from a patient.

Persons writing for treatment must be explicit, and give their addresses carefully. Terms reasonable.

Helen Wilmans,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

FREE.

Elegant and beautiful photographs of Sea Breeze, the headquarters of the great Mental Science Association. Daytona and the East Coast of Florida. Views showing location and improvements made by the founders of Mental Science, the beautiful new home of Mrs. Wilmans, the elegant Colonnades Hotel, the Ocean Pier and Pavilion, beautiful boulevards lined with palms, and many other interesting views. Send for full list and descriptions. These photographs are 5x8 and 8x10 inches, and all worth 50 cents each. For thirty days we make the following offers:

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