

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*Who dares assert the I  
May calmly wait  
While hurrying fate  
Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELM 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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## IMMORTAL PROTOPLASM.

BY PAUL TYNER.

"There is no death in God's wide world,  
But one eternal scene of change;  
The flag of life is never furled,  
It only taketh wider range."

Protoplasm, to use Huxley's felicitous phrase, is the base of all life, the clay of the potter which, mould it and bake it as we will, is the same in the cryptogram on the rock, whose delicate tracery seems part of the rock itself; and in the brain of the artist beholding and admiring it.

As I walked along the beach this morning, I touched, curiously, with my shoe toe, bits of this basic stuff in the familiar form called "jelly fish," bits left stranded by the retiring tide. Shapeless masses of transparent viscous substance they were, varying in size from that of a hen's egg to that of a hat. At a little distance they seemed mere wet spots on the sand. Like lumps of transparent glue, "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans hair, sans everything"—without organs or senses, yet living from the dawn of life on the planet, so far as we can see, incapable of death, feeding, growing and multiplying by dividing constantly—this life in lowest form presents to man the great problem of indefinite perpetual continuance of life in concrete shape. With Weissman's discovery of the immortality of the protozoa, the scientific world found itself confronted by the problem of accounting for the phenomenon of death in the higher forms of life. Until then it was taken for granted that men die because they must. Death, so far as was known, was universal, inherent and inevitable. Up to that time, it was generally believed that death was the inevitable and universal end, not only of all the higher forms of organized life, but of the lower and unorganized forms as well. Weissman's discovery, proclaiming and proving that death is not inherent in living matter—at least, in its lower forms—made it necessary, for the first time, to account for death in the higher forms. Most of the attempts that have thus far been made in this direction, seem to me, decidedly weak and unconvincing, when they have not been mere evasions. Weissman, himself, asserts that the protoplasm of the higher tissues has somehow acquired mortality. Elaborate attempts have been made to show that the breakdown and decay, we call death, is a natural consequence of the transformation of the immortal ameboid cell into a specialized cell, bringing it into complex organization and relationship, and so subjecting it to destructive conditions of wear and tear and strain and stint. This, of course, is to aver that the immortal life inherent in

living matter, and its chief characteristic, is lost when that life is, through evolutionary processes, brought into order and arrangement, which in every other respect means growth, enhanced power, effectiveness and importance of form and function. Or Science truckles to Sentiment and begs the question by emphasizing the great truth that seeming death is only "transition"—that, in accordance with the doctrine of the conservation of energy, the vegetable or animal form, is, by death and decay, simply resolved into its elements and furnishes material for new forms—"the individual withers but the world is more and more," and the propagation of species is said to take the place of individual continuous immortality, fulfilling the same great end of the perpetuating life.

And all the time the living particles in the ponds and seas, serenely preserving their direct continuity of life, year after year and century after century; the yeast plant that raises every loaf of bread and produces fermentation in wine and beer; even the much abused microbes of disease that are accused of nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to—all these humble relations of ours in the simple cell, persist in keeping the question before the house: *Why do we die?*

If life in its essence as a force is indestructible and continuing; if the stuff and structure of life in its primal material manifestation in the simple cell is equally immortal, shall it be said that death is inevitable in man, the highest organization of life on the planet; in man made of this immortal protoplasm raised to its higher power? Or is death merely the penalty of ignorance, the friendly bringer of light and teacher of truth that shall, through experience and awakened intelligence, put the sceptre of power into our hands and establish us securely on the throne of sovereign mastery of life?

Probably no name stands higher in the science of our day than that of Professor Virchow of Vienna. A reputation earned by solid achievements in the field of scientific analysis and research extending over nearly a quarter of a century entitles him to speak and to be heard as voicing science speaking from its latest and highest eminence. In the International Medical Congress at Moscow in 1898, he avowed his belief that we are on the verge of discovering the last secret of life; how to keep the body alive and defend it against the assaults of disease effectually, and for an indefinite length of time. His utterance marked an epoch in human progress. It is not merely that he startled the Philistines by the novelty and the strangeness of his announcement. "Let the world beware," said Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker." Coming from

Prof. Virchow, the idea of living forever in the flesh has taken hold of the minds of men as it never would otherwise. To thinkers and investigators along scientific lines, Virchow's prediction furnished a new working hypothesis for study and research—new basis and new incentive. This in itself must be deemed an inestimable service to the cause of human progress. It means much that at this very moment, in the leading laboratories of the old world and the new, men of training and talent are at work on this grand problem of demonstrating the *modus operandi* of bodily immortality. To be sure, these men of science are for the most part in the very nature of things inadequate to, and inconsistent with, the object in view. In this they seem even to disregard the suggestion as to the true direction in which our exploration should be pushed, offered by Prof. Virchow's own words on the occasion referred to.

"Life has no other origin than life itself," said the savant, "and this is one of the great truths which the labors of pathologists and biologists of the present century have established beyond the possibility of a doubt. If the life that is taken from life is taken from a highly developed life, so will be the life that is taken. My earnest hope and belief is that the final mystery of life, the key to life, the principle which keeps it alive, will be solved by the biologists and pathologists before all the members of the present Congress are dead."

Perhaps the most notable of modern attempts to conquer or, at least, indefinitely defer death, and to prolong life by purely physical methods is that which ten years ago or so blazoned into fame the name of Dr. Brown-Sequard of Paris. As the result of exhaustive and prolonged experiments on the lower animals and in hospital clinics, it was announced that he had succeeded in producing a veritable elixir of youth in the shape of a lymph made from the tissues of the reproductive organs of various animals—the bull, ram and goat, more especially. Injections of this lymph were said to be effective, not only in retarding decay, but also in the cure of senility, paralysis and other characteristic accompaniments of "old age." The new treatment became the fad, and spreading to this country, was taken up with avidity. A former Surgeon General of the United States Army (since deceased) went so far as to establish a great sanitarium devoted entirely to the Brown-Sequard treatment, and entered into the manufacture and sale of "animal extracts" on a large scale. In a few years the fad subsided, being hastened to oblivion by certain "unfortunate results" in the cases of victims inoculated with these decoctions of dead and decayed tissues. Strange to say, the treatment has recently emerged in a new shape after years of disrepute, a Western physician claiming to have solved the problem of disinfecting the germinal vesicles, stolen from the Rocky Mountain goat, so as to eliminate the poison and disease producing elements. His "lymph" is now heralded as the sovereign remedy for senility. Regular doctors of medicine to the number of 200 or more are said to have endorsed and adopted this "animal therapy" in a large class of cases. I would not be surprised to hear that some of their patients were cured. Only fifty years ago prominent physicians in New York cured the toothach with doses of baked and powdered cock-roaches. There never was a "pathy" or an "ology"

so wildly absurd as in all cases prevented mind from getting in its healing work.

The fact that the reproductive protoplasm is immortal in the same sense that the protoplasm of single cells is immortal—the reproductive cells forming a living and continuous chain that connects the animals and plants of to-day with the animals and plants of the remotest past—is probably the assumed basis for all this line of investigation in search of the *Elixir vitae*. Sex, in some way yet to be definitely ascertained—we feel instinctively—holds the key to the perpetuation of life, individual as well as social. But to imagine that the life of the sex-cells may be preserved and perpetuated in tissues obtained by the maiming and mutilation of an innocent and unfortunate goat, and transferred to an old man's blood, is really as unseemly and unlikely a process as would be the attempt to restore a blind man's sight by transferring to his sightless sockets the eyes of an outraged sheep, or as it would be to seek to improve a deaf doctor's understanding by tacking to the sides of his head a pair of ears removed from a jack-ass. Neither the sex function nor any other function in man or the lower animals can be transferred by the separation and transference of the organ that serves that function, or of any product of that organ. Organs cease to be organs when separated from the organism to which they belong. Their power and efficacy depend always on the maintenance of their orderly arrangement in relation to the whole structure of which they are parts. This is a truth so obvious that it should rarely need stating; yet it is a truth that seems to be entirely ignored by those scientists who follow Brown-Sequard's lead.

[To be concluded next week.]

#### 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.

#### 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.



## THE EFFECT OF FEAR UPON CHILDREN.

BY CHARLOTTE SHERWOOD MARTINDELL.

"Fear of evil has produced the effect of evil."

Two boys were playing in a tent. The flaps were closely drawn and the boys were crouched in the farthest corner. A lurid glow, a snap, and a faint odor of sulphur. A flame shoots up. Boy number one flies for the barn and hides. Boy number two moves like a flash, throws a pail of water over the floor-rug and throws the rug against the flaming canvas. In a moment the fire is smothered, while a dull smoke fills the tent.

Both boys acted logically and in exact accordance with their bringing up. Number one deserves no blame. The blame rests farther back. The boy's grandparents are gray-haired and set in their ways, and its no use turning on them; but the boy's parents are still young and anxious to be of all the help possible to their boys and girls, so that an appeal to them is almost sure to bring good results. They are ready to admit that "the old way is not the only way," and that they have been busy about so many things that they have not taken as much time as they should in trying to help the children, and to understand their needs. Bless these parents as well as their children. The best things in the world come about by their trying to do the square thing by the little ones.

History cites many instances where great fear has caused death, and others, where the hair has turned gray in a single night of terror. If great fear causes such serious results, it stands to reason that the thousand little fears which beset us each day must also have an injurious effect. Great fears may cause death, but small fears are "the little foxes which spoil the vines," tracing the fine lines of anxiety on the tender mother-face and engraving deep furrows of care on the rugged father-face.

The truth is, we are conceived, born, and brought up in a hot-bed of small fears. We have no conception of the drain these make upon the physical and mental forces of each individual; but children, feeling fear more acutely and being less able to withstand the nervous strain, are the greatest sufferers.

Strangely enough the injurious effects of fear have not been suspected until recent years. Suddenly, physicians and thinkers are waking to the fact that we are dominated more by fear than by hope. Our fears are real, powerful, ever present; our hopes are weak and visionary. Fear seems woven into the very fibers of our thought and bodies. We hug our fears close, discuss and exaggerate them, until the mole hill is a mountain. We are afraid of a draft of air, of wetting our feet, of getting chilled, of the food we eat, of the water we drink, of the air we breathe. We fear accidents, disease, poverty, failure in enterprises we undertake, adverse criticism. Indeed, there is no end to the needless fears which haunt us, sapping our vitality and joy, because we have not realized their hold upon us, and have not firmly set our faces to conquer them.

Whether our children live in fear of parental wrath, fear of an imaginary bogie-man, or fear of the scissors-grinder clipping the ears of disobedient children, the nervous strain is the same, actually changing the chemical composition of the blood, and, in time, impoverishing the whole system. Any shock produces partial paralysis of the blood vessels, as well as a chemical change in the blood. Medical records contain a number of cases where

fear or intense anger on the part of a nursing mother has caused the death of her babe or has brought on spasms. The change in the blood poisoned the mother's milk. We see in these cases the interdependence of the mental and physical emotions, and that the state of mind has a powerful influence over the body. Many pale, nervous children are the victims of fear through injurious management rather than through any real, physical ill.

Among the first sensations the child experiences is fear. When the babe is but a few days old, he will start in his sleep at a sudden noise in the room where he lies. We do not attribute this to fear just yet; we call it a slight nervous shock, but it shows the predisposition to fear which every child inherits. A few weeks or months later, the babe will not only start at a loud sound, but will often scream out, cling to his mother and show every sign of fright. A young babe I know will scream out and cry for a few minutes as if in pain, when he hears coal being put into the stove, so that the mother takes him to a distant room while the stove is being filled, to save him the unnecessary shock.

As children grow older, they conceal their fears more or less, being ashamed of them and dreading a word of ridicule. Nevertheless, all children are more or less tortured with various fears; and, with the more sensitive, self-contained little ones, it often amounts to agony and undermines the health.

Several years of Kindergarten work afforded me ample opportunity to discover the besetting fears of many children, of widely different parentage and environment.

Some children were terribly afraid of large dogs, many others of thunderstorms and the dark; still others suffered torments through fear of the big, friendly policeman. Others lived in constant dread of a whipping or of fault-finding for having soiled their clothes, played a few minutes on their way home from school or other slight misdemeanors.

One little girl cried piteously one noon, refusing to go home. She seemed afraid to confess to me the reason, until the bell of the scissors-grinder was heard close to the schoolhouse, when this small, fragile child threw her arms about my neck in a frenzy of fear, crying, "Hide me, hide me; he'll cut off my ears; papa said so, 'cause I didn't mind him!"

For a few moments, I seemed to have but one all-absorbing idea in life, which was to see the brute whom this child called "papa," and tell him what I thought of such a father. He no doubt was a good man, but criminally ignorant of the effect of fear upon little children, and of the reality which the careless jests of older people sometimes have for little ones. Jest and threats of servants and older children often cause untold suffering, and parents can not be too watchful. Last summer, several nurse-maids with their small charges spent an afternoon on the lake shore, in front of a cottage where I was staying. One small girl of three seemed to be very unhappy, and cried steadily for over an hour. My feelings were wrought to such a degree that I finally went to the wee babe and asked her what the trouble was. She clung to me and said, "O! when they go home, Mary is going to put me in a hollow tree and leave me there all night and the squirrels will gnaw my toes." Such threats as these are not unusual, but very common

among nursemaids; and mothers, when told of them often dismiss the matter lightly, saying to the child, "O! you ought to know better than to believe Mary when she tells you such nonsense." But the child does believe for the first few years when the effect is most serious; and when he is older and has ceased to believe, it is too late to undo the damage done him, physically and mentally.

Superstition and ignorance go hand and hand, and servants seem to possess a fund of ghost tales and uncanny happenings which fascinate through their very gruesomeness. As a child, I listened to these tales from nurse-maids and others until I was afraid of my own shadow, and my whole being seemed paralyzed at the least sound after I went to bed. My parents never realized or suspected that genuine harm was being done; but it is time parents should realize these things, and should look into them seriously. We may try to comfort ourselves with the thought that the children will soon outgrow these fears. It is the comfort offered by ignorance. A child never outgrows a single impression made upon his mind when in its most plastic, impressionable state. Reason may assert itself, and he may come to say of this and that, "I know it to be utter nonsense;" but the impression and its effect for good or evil remain forever.

To illustrate; when I was a small child, my nursemaid taught me to believe implicitly, that to see the new moon over my left shoulder would bring bad luck; or if seen over my right shoulder, good luck would result.

I heard others say the same thing, seriously or in jest, and I was eleven or twelve years old before I began to see the absurdity of it and to finally abandon all faith in the moon's power over my existence.

Yet, so strong was the childish impression, that after all these years of reason, I still feel a momentary depression, as of an omen of evil, when I suddenly look up and see the new moon over my left shoulder.

I am ready to laugh at this fear the next moment, but it illustrates the hold upon the mind which things learned in childhood possess. Jean Paul Richter says, "Every impression made upon a child's brain grows deeper with years." We all know the events and experiences of childhood are those which are clearest to our memory; and stay with us through life, and the old man returns to live over again the years when he was young.

Perhaps enough has been said to show the injury which fear may cause the child. The next step is to find ways and means to counteract this, and to establish from birth that strong confidence and self-reliant courage which is one of the greatest needs and most valuable acquisitions that man can possess. Let us realize that any trait born in us or out of us can be cultivated to almost any extent which we desire and earnestly work for. Beginning with the young child, everything desired for him is possible of realization with right conditions. Hope without fear can alone establish conditions where success naturally follows. I have heard parents say they were glad their children were timid, as it made them cautious and kept them out of danger. When danger comes, it is ever the timid ones who are its victims, while the daring, calm-minded person is the one who escapes. It is the fearless hand which guides

the boat safely through the storm. It is the fearless hand that controls and calms the frightened horse and prevents disaster. To master an animal absolute fearlessness seems to be the one necessity. The brute yields to the hand that is firm in its fearlessness. Daniel in the lion's den is, no doubt, an illustration of this. The snake-charmer is another. Yet, in face of these facts, parents will say they are glad their children are timid, not realizing that this very timidity is at once their greatest danger and worst enemy. Our boys and girls should learn to be sure-footed and sure-handed, confident and courageous, but neither doubtful nor reckless. Unless they climb trees, walk on stilts, slide down the banisters, and do a hundred other Tom-boy and Tom-girl tricks, they miss valuable opportunities for development and the best kind of physical and mental training.

With the young child, all knowledge and self-control comes through his physical experiences. He has not reached the age when knowledge can be absorbed abstractly. Self-confidence averts danger, saves children many falls and mishaps and eventually makes the successful man or woman. Why, then, are we doing so little to cultivate this quality in our children?

When I was a child of nine or ten, I was one day jumping over some logs which were washed up near the shore of a lake. I had jumped them six times without a thought of missing, when a small boy cousin appeared on the bank and remarked sneeringly, "You can't do that again without falling in." I immediately tried it, but glanced down to see how deep the water was, missed my footing and slipped in. I only wet one foot, however, and jumped up and tried again with the same result. It was no use, my confidence was gone, shaken by the suggestion of failure from the small imp on the bank, and I could not jump the logs again. This little incident seems to give the key-note for procedure with our children, viz., never suggest to them the possibility of failure in the things we desire them to succeed in. Let their whole thought be fixed on gaining the desired goal, instead of weakening and scattering their forces by thoughts and fears of failure. We should help them not to stop and count the cost (looking down to measure the depth of the water into which they might fall) but with eyes fixed calmly on the log ahead, jump with that confidence which always brings sure success. I certainly believe that many of our school-children spend more precious time dreading and worrying for fear they won't pass their examinations than they spend on earnest study preparing for them. Who is to blame? Both parents and teacher. We are forever telling the child, "You would better study or you'll fail, sure as fate," and the child begins to think more about failing than anything else. Why not say, "Better study hard, John, so you will pass high," dropping from our language and thoughts the very name "failure." Is not this the kind of stimulus our children need in school and out, in place of the paralyzing, disheartening, direful threats of sure failure? You may say, "Oh! but the disappointment would be so great, if failure came after such a course." Very good; the greater the unexpected disappointment, the greater the effort to avoid it next time. It is these long expected disappointments which do not rouse us to



new effort; and I know failures would be much less common under such a course.

Beginning with the babe, we can use some simple methods from the very first to counteract the tendency to fear, and to give him confidence. I suppose that the very skill, gentleness and sureness with which the babe is handled, dressed and bathed does some thing to establish its confidence. Any prick, fall, or hurt of any kind does something to lesson it, to make the child fearful. Give a baby food too hot for its tender mouth just once, and weeks may be required to restore the babe's confidence in its mother's assurance that it is not too hot. He has learned by experience to have some suspicion and he will not soon get over it. Once put him into water too hot or too cold for the sensitive skin, and he will take his bath under protest for some-time afterwards and may never lose a slight dread of the tub.

It is for these reasons, seemingly so small, but of such vital importance, that it is unsafe for any mother to trust the care of her tender little ones to the careless hands of the average nurse-maid. The slightest details of the child's life need the wise and loving supervision of the mother. She may have others to assist her, but the main care falls on her by divine right; and, difficult though it may be, no other care in life brings so sweet and rich a recompense.

Love opens the mother's eyes to little needs of the child which the most faithful maid would never see. Love makes the mother see through eyelids closed in sleep; hear, when thick walls intervene; feel, when the need is invisible to all other eyes; understand, when no sign is given. The little ones need her care above all else; and yet we see, so often, mothers who scarcely know their own children, so little time do they devote to them.

[Concluded next week.]

#### PROF. SERVISS SAYS A WOMAN HAS HELPED TO DETHRONE THE ATOM.

It is rare for a woman to make a great name in science. Astronomy has furnished several such examples in two thousand years, but one must search the records of other branches of science very carefully to discover any names of women illuminating them. The nineteenth century closes, nevertheless, with one of its brightest stars of science bearing a feminine appellation. Mme. Curie has made the Gallic nation proud of her, and an admiring world of savants gallantly lifts its hat in honor of the great female physicist. It is true that M. Curie has assisted Madame in her researches, but what does a husband count for in such a case?

Moreover, the work that Mme. Curie is engaged in is in some respects, the most wonderful product of modern science. It is opening a new field of knowledge which not only lies beyond any thing hitherto explored, but which apparently offers contradictions to principles supposed to be as firmly based as the granite hills.

The time is rather to be reckoned by months than years since the world was made acquainted with the so-called radio-active substances which, in opposition to all precedent, seem to be striving to tear themselves to pieces. It was M. Becquerel who began this series of discoveries four years ago, when he found that the rare metal uranium and its compounds possess the property of emitting rays differing from the celebrated X-

rays of Professor Roentgen, but capable, like them, of impressing a photographic plate. The marvel about these rays was that they needed no excitation in order to manifest themselves. It was not necessary to apply an electric current or to have an apparatus of any kind; simply put the photographic plate near the uranium, and the thing was done. The mysterious radiation was incessant, although invisible. It was capable of traversing black paper or thin sections of metal. It was more inexplicable than the X-rays, because it seemed to arise without a cause.

At this point Mme. Curie and her husband took up the investigation, and they soon discovered that there were substances, whose existence had never been suspected, which possessed the same strange activity, but a hundred thousand fold greater than in the case of uranium. One of these substances, extracted from pitch blende, they called "polonium." Another received the name of "radium," and a third that of "actinium." These substances, which exist in extremely small quantities mixed with various minerals, all emit invisible rays of surprising photographic and penetrative power. No energy has to be employed to develop them. If they were luminous they might light our cities without expense, provided that a sufficient quantity of radium, polonium, etc., could be obtained.

Now what are these mysterious rays? A complete answer to that question is what Mme. Curie and her associates—for many are now working along the same line—are striving to obtain, and when it is obtained it is likely that some of the present bases of science will have to be reconstructed. Consider one marvellous property of these rays. They can be drawn aside by magnetic attraction, as if they were composed of a stream of material particles. In one instance a stream of rays was turned around by a magnet until it had described a complete circle. Then, their velocity is prodigious—probably as great as one-third of the velocity of light, which is able to come to the earth from the sun in eight minutes. The natural conclusion seems to be that the rays really do consist of flying particles, and many savants have already adopted that conclusion.

But then another mystery arises. Whence come these particles, and what sets and keeps them going with such tremendous speed? Clearly they must be particles of the substance that gives them off, yet the most delicate tests fail to detect any diminution of the weight of that substance. The only way to account for this is by supposing that they are almost infinitely minute, perhaps thousands of times smaller than that time-honored infinitesimal of science, the atom. The atom has seen its day. It no longer reigns as the ultimate unit. It is altogether too big. The electric corpuscle has usurped its place.

And what causes these mysterious radiant substances, which seem to be distributed through ordinary matter, to cast off their particles in ceaseless streams, and thus slowly dissipate themselves? There lies the deepest mystery of all. Is self-destruction also a law of nature? One thinks of those marvellous flying stars that are to be found here and there in the heavens, moving so swiftly in apparently straight lines that the theory of gravitation can give no account of them, and one wonders if they are a grander illustration of a similar principle, applied in the scattering asunder of the starry universe.

### THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

While reading a story, to-day, one section impressed me so greatly with the fact that all is mind, and the visible is shifted and shaped exactly after its mental pattern, that the secret of perpetual youth was revealed to me more plainly than ever.

The story was of a man belonging to an aristocratic family. He had been a recluse for seventy years, bowed beneath the weight of a terrible crime—the murder of his brother-in-law. The shock caused the death of his own wife, and from that time he had never spoken nor mingled with the world. No one had ever suspected him of the crime, and he had passed seventy years in silence with no apparent interest in any thing in life.

At last, the great-grand-daughter of the murdered man discovered, from old letters, that he, her great-grand-uncle, was the guilty party. Her own sweetheart was the murderer's great-grand-son, hence she readily forgave her ancient relative. In her tender words of pardon she used the name of her departed ancestor, which aroused the recluse to himself. He spoke and acknowledged his great wrong. The story thus leads up to the following paragraphs:—

"Then a strange thing happened. It happens often with the very old that in the hours of death there falls upon the face a return of youth. The old man's face became young; the years fell from him; but for his white hair you would have thought him young again. The hard lines vanished, with the crow's feet and the creases and the furrows, the soft color of youth re-appeared upon his cheek. Oh! the goodly man? He stood up, without apparent difficulty; he held Constance by the hand—but he stood up without support, towering in his six feet six, erect and strong.

"Forgiven?" he asked. "What is there to be forgiven? Let us walk into the wood, Langley. Let us walk into the wood. My dear, I do not understand. Langley's child is but a baby in arms." His hand dropped. He would have fallen to the ground but that Leonard caught him and laid him gently on the chair.

"It is the end," said Constance. "He has spoken."  
"It was the end. The recluse was dead."

I seemed to see the aged man released from an awful tension—seventy years of continued strain—and having been so long unmindful of the ordinary race beliefs, his relaxation was complete. The principle of the man—the I—was free to manifest itself, in its ever changeless perfection. Had he possessed the knowledge whereby he could have consciously recognized *himself*, as he stood thus, he could have held his life in that rejuvenated state.

But why need to wait for death, to gain a glimpse of self? The elixir of immortal youth is established in each individual life. The only power preventing the atoms of the body from representing the principle of being, in its fresh, rounded perfection at all times, is the various mental conditions reflected upon them, because of the fears and anxieties of life. All fears and anxieties arise from the race belief of *pleasure in excesses*, this in turn resulting in its seeming limitations.

Were life activities regulated consciously, according to natural harmony, the repair of the tissues would always equal the waste from use; in other words, the law of *Enough* is the great governor and denotes the climax of happiness, and greatest good to be derived from any line of action.

The point of *enough* has been, with all philosophers,

the mooted question. It is now known as the highest limit of the capacity for enjoyment, or use, in proportion to the present development, without the loss of self-control.

Excessive effort consumes the physical cells more rapidly than Nature removes the debris, or supplies the loss, thus creating small particles of poison and clogging the system, until its harmony is obscured. It is a law inevitable that continuation must lead to dissolution, as surely as an uncontrolled locomotive runs to its destruction.

Perceive the mad struggles of humanity! The race is lost in its passions, excessive emotions and uncontrolled ambitions. Death is so apparent—self destruction—why follow its headlong course in ignorance? Why poultice and plaster the effect of violated law, and boast of wisdom?

Pause for a moment! Behold the law of life flash before the mental vision! Obey it and the previous ills must disappear. Is not this more reasonable?

Within this law of action is perpetual motion of the human life with unlimited possibilities, for the standard of power is raised as self-control is gradually increased. All doubt, fear, speculation—are laid aside, as the fulfillment of a law is not a matter of faith but *positive knowledge*—knowledge of power, of love, of opulence and of justice. Within this harmony the result of every act is unalloyed happiness. Business success is sure, all desire is fulfilled, ambition is satisfied, the mysteries of life are solved, and new avenues of pleasures revealed to the cleared vision.

It is the ideal. Not a retirement into desert solitudes for purity, but an understanding of the laws of being for practical use in the ordinary details of daily life, that it may glide on century after century with ever increasing vitality. It is man's perception of his own principle of being, that he may know the rock upon which he stands is eternal, and enter into conscious life.

Laura N. Brown.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—While reading the closing sentences of a book ("Loma") this morning, you and your progressive paper FREEDOM passed before my mind. I said to myself: "Since these paragraphs express the realization of Mrs. Wilmans' anticipations I will copy them, and, if they find favor in her eyes, ask her to give them space in her valuable paper."

Here they are: "There is nothing mysterious about the process of translation. The ability to sustain it is merely a question of the power of a complete and educated brain to generate a sufficient quantity of magnetism to sustain itself against the drawing power of the electrical receptivity of the earth's sphere. How to overcome the attraction of gravitation has been the greatest problem with which your scientists have grappled, but they will not solve it until they develop complete brains. Then they will find it very easy to walk on the water as Jesus did, and as Peter could have done if he had had a better brain. You will remember that when Peter began to sink, Jesus caught him by the hand, after which he had no difficulty because the magnetism developed by the complete brain of Jesus was sufficient for both when the connection was established. "Now, the repulsion of magnetism being sufficient to



sustain Jesus and Peter upon the water, you can readily understand that if the power of repulsion can be sufficiently increased it would sustain them in the air, or in interstellar space. It is this repulsion of magnetism which enables your spiritualistic mediums to develop the weak phenomena of table tipping, etc. Now it is simply this principle we use in translation from Venus to the earth or from the earth to Venus."

I also copy you two or three definitions as used by Prof. Windsor on page 403.

"All things whatsoever are included in existence.

"Existence is composed of two prime ungenerated potentialities, space and matter.

"Space is unlimited, continuous, persistent and immovable. It is prime, ungenerated, negative, female parent of all that is.

"Matter is limited, divisible, consistent and movable. It is prime, ungenerated, positive, male parent of all that is."

His definitions about intelligence, electricity, magnetism and growth are very striking too, and give much thought for reflection, but, of course, I throw these definitions only in incidentally. You have so often expressed the probability of human beings to overcome all obstructing powers, and move at will from planet to planet, that I was strongly impressed with the thought that your many thousand of readers would most assuredly be delighted to see your suggestions confirmed by other great thinkers.

The thing seems so immensely probable to my mind that it requires no stretch of my imagination at all to accept it.

Then, is it not psychologically true too, that whatever the human mind can conceive of is a possibility? And is this not in harmony with what Jesus is reported to say, "According to thy faith so shall it be," and again, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything," etc.

I am very desirous that it shall come to pass, and that soon. And I hope you will constantly invite and urge through your paper, all the thinking people in the land to use their best and strongest efforts to bring it about. What would immortality be without this grand qualification?

Oh! and how handy it would come in from a financial standpoint. For instance, I have decided that in the middle of next month, I shall cross the Atlantic ocean for a year's visit to France, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. Just suppose now, that instead of spending the hundreds of dollars for fare only, one could as with the power of lightning and according to his own choice move from place to place, and from country to country.

See what time, money and energy might be saved! And as to sight-seeing—nothing needed to be lost. At his greatest convenience one could attend to it all.

By the way, when I am there I shall send you my address and money for postage, for, indeed, I would be lonesome without your FREEDOM.

And no doubt some of my English speaking friends will be easily persuaded to subscribe for your live paper.

Just now the thought comes to me, "I wish that 'Conquest of Poverty' were published in the Dutch Holland language, so I could encourage a good sale of it there." (For Holland, my native country, is the place where I shall spend the greater part of my time.)

But I must close. The paragraphs copied for you are

found on page 392 and 393, in a book entitled "Loma," written by Prof. Wm. Windsor and published at St. Paul, Minn., by the Windsor and Lewis Publishing Co. Price \$1.50. I am lovingly yours, LUCY HOVING.

COLLEGE FUND.

Amount previously reported.....	\$2,425.00
Geo. A. Street.....	2.00
Elizabeth Fleming.....	3.00
Mrs. G. J. Squires.....	.50
Total to date.....	\$2,430.50

TREE FUND.

Mrs. Sam Matthews.....	\$2.00
Elizabeth Fleming.....	2.00
N. Cornue.....	2.00

DREAMS.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—The 30th day of July, 1900, I had a dream and in that I saw you. I am not able to describe the whole of it. But I would like to know if you put any stock in such things. I never saw you until that time. Will you please write something about dreams? Yours very truly, GEO. SWARZ.

What I do not know about dreams would fill a large, a very large volume. That means that there is something in dreams, or in what are called such. The ordinary dream, a vision of the night, is unquestionably nothing more than the confused recollections of the day's events, due to imperfect sleep, due in turn to something a little short of perfect health or peace of mind. That there are instances, however, where the intelligence, the "I," passes into a state where it perceives things transpiring at a distance, if not indeed things yet to occur, is too well attested to dispute. Whether the inner consciousness, the "I," actually leaves the body in such cases, or whether in some way it is brought into harmony with the universal life and sees whatever it desires to see—all these things are mysteries.

Yet they need not remain so. Whatever is in the universal may be known and expressed through the individual. The individual is an expression of the universal, and may become "at one" with it, just as one portion of our bodies may be in harmony, "at one," with every other member, and may know what each member desires.

We know so little where it is possible to know so much.

I would not advise any one to depend upon dreams for guidance, however much he may feel impressed to do so; neither am I disposed to laugh at impressions thus received. There is a law governing all things, and a connection always between effects and causes. What I deem to be the wise course to pursue is to accept phenomena of all kinds as hints at existing causes of which we know little, but of which by careful observation and the use of practical common sense we may learn more. H. W.

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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HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

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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.

## THE SEATTLE CONVENTION.

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.

It was a fine notice the *Saturday Review* gave me when I was in Atlanta; but it got me in some scrapes in spite of its good intentions.

I was there on business only for a few days. I can't leave home long on account of my numerous correspondents; but a number of them imagined themselves deserted, and the way they pitched into me was curious. I guess I have made it all right with them since I returned. I was in Atlanta only one week. I could have had a fine class there if it had been possible for me to be away from home for any length of time; but it was not.

I like a compliment as well as anybody; in fact, I acknowledge to being a little spoony about pleasant words. Mrs. Patton, the editor of *The Saturday Review*, is making a fine paper. I see no reason why it should not become one of the most popular papers in the state. It has started on broad lines, and it is vital and brilliant; there is not a dull line in it. On Sunday Mrs. Patton collected me an audience and I gave them a talk that I hope did not bore them more than they were able to

stand. I talked to them about fifteen minutes on the creative power of thought, and I made the subject so clear that it evidently aroused an interest; and then I made the rest of my talk on personal subjects. I told them what we came to Florida for, what our hopes were, and how we were actualizing them. I have found out that people had rather hear about what you are doing than what you are thinking. This is a very practical world and it grows more so every day.

Here is what Mrs. Patton says about me:

"Helen Wilmans, the celebrated founder of the cult known as Mental Scientists, and the author of many books, is spending some weeks in Atlanta. She met a number of the adherents of that phase of new thought at the Woman's Club on Sunday afternoon, and gave one of her characteristic talks. Mrs. Wilmans is a wonderful woman—'seventy years young,' strong and vigorous in mind and body, sure of the great truths that she teaches, and demonstrating them in her own person and her surroundings. She has come out of conditions of poverty and ill-health through the application of the universal law that is being presented to the world under so many different names. Her beautiful home in Florida is an evidence of the power of the law to bring material good, and her health and youth show what one can attain through coming 'in tune with the infinite.

"Mrs. Wilmans' 'Conquest of Poverty' is a most stimulating book—positively dynamic in its effect upon the sick and discouraged, and ought to be in every household. Her latest and greatest work is 'The Conquest of Death,' now in press. Mrs. Wilmans will be pleased to see her friends at the Majestic."

I thank her most cordially for her kind notice and will long remember the warm greetings I got from her and the friends of Mental Science in the lovely city of Atlanta.

The climate in Georgia is fine; though never to be compared with the East Coast of Florida, it is still a splendid state.

But I am not searching for heaven now. I have found out where it is and I take it with me wherever I go even for short trips. At home or abroad it is always within reach, and it is the handiest thing I ever "toted" about the country.

The word "toted" reminds me of when I first came South. I did not know that our friends would meet us at the train, but they did, and they squeezed my hand until it ached. "I am mighty glad to see you, Mrs. Wilmans," was the greeting of nearly every one of them. Since then that word "mighty" seems to represent cordiality, loving interest, affection, rather than the old and true meaning, and I find myself using it sometimes.

But then I am not one who makes a great fuss over a slight mistake in the use of language, either in conversation or print. Some of the readers of *Freedom* are going to considerable trouble to mark its errors and send it back to me. If they knew how little good it did they would spend time more profitably; I am not the proof reader, and there are very few proof readers who are all the time correct. Moreover, I have never known one of them who had any ideas. To read proof the readers must scan every word; in doing this they miss the sense except as it is related to the construction of sentences. A regular proof reader may read *FREEDOM* ten years and have every page correct, and yet know nothing of Mental Science. It is just so with the printers; they set up the paper, but they deal in letters, and not in ideas.

When I read proof I read it as it ought to be, regard-



less of what it is. I get the sense right whether the spelling and construction are right or not. The reason I get the sense right is because it exists correctly in my mind, and I am reading more from my mind than from the proof sheets. I frequently read an article and see no mistake in it, and then after it comes out in the paper I read it again and see mistakes sticking out like crab's eyes, an inch long, and the most impudent things in the world. In the first instance, I was reading from a positive state of mind where the ideas predominated; in the latter instance, I read from a negative state of mind where the sense was not predominating, and the errors jumped up in the columns and threw mud balls at me.

Never mind the errors in FREEDOM. I think the readers can get the meaning of the articles, and if they do this they surely will get their dollar's worth of ideas in the course of a year.

Of course, I would like to have my paper absolutely perfect, but if any part of it is neglected I would rather it would be the mechanical part. Anybody can set up type, but ideas require brains. H. W.

### MR. BURGMAN AT SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN DIEGO, CAL.

[From San Francisco Daily Call.]

Helen Wilmans (Mrs. Col. C. C. Post) the great apostle of Mental Science, is famous the world over for her writings on Mental Science and her marvelous cures of the sick in mind and body.

The City Beautiful, as Sea Breeze, Fla., her home, is called, is to be the seat of a great college of learning for the promulgation of these great mental ideas, which even material scientists now teach are the basis of all being. "The mind is all," she says; "the body being its manifestation, must present only what the mind admits, permits or demands."

Mental Science now has a vast following all over the world; her theories are being expounded and lived up to; not only the "common people hear gladly," but also the rich, the scientific, the truly great minds of the earth are studying and practicing this all powerful exposition of the might of man through his own will power. Selfhood is taught as the antithesis of selfishness, being the divinity within, the only true God; so following our own inspirations we will be led aright, into all knowledge, all power, all wisdom and wealth. Mr. Charles F. Burgman, the secretary of the home organization of Mental Science at Sea Breeze, Fla., is now in the city, and will deliver a series of free lectures before the First Mental Science Temple of this city at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter St. The lecture on Sunday evening will be illustrated with fine stereopticon views of the City Beautiful and its immediate vicinity. Mr. Burgman is a lecturer of great ability and will present this interesting subject in a most entertaining and instructive manner: music under the direction of Mrs. Marriner Campbell. It is a great opportunity to learn more of this vast subject which is receiving so much of the attention of our Eastern and European neighbors of an inquiring turn of mind, who are looking for more light upon the subject of human possibilities and progress. Mental Science is the result of evolution. Man has arrived at this stage of life from the protoplasm and ex-

pects to move on to higher and great results. The future means growth, eternal life here.

[From San Diego Sun]

Mr. Charles F. Burgman, home secretary of the Mental Science association, lectured to a full house at Unity Hall last night on the subject of Mental Science, which he said "is not a religion, and as such does neither support nor antagonize the various religious beliefs from the platform of creedal or anti-creedal partisanship. It is the science of race development through the constant acquisition of knowledge from whatever direction the human mind is capable of reaching for it. It applies definite rules to procure definite results, and can therefore be safely classed with the recognized and established sciences of our day."

In tracing the evolution of the mind Mr. Burgman stated that on the physical side of life evolution had come to a halt. Man is the crowning effort of nature, and beyond him she does not go in the perfection of organic life upon this planet; she continues to unfold and improve upon the lower forms, but beyond man she creates nothing new—he is the king of creation, the crown of all her efforts, through the immense evolutionary cycles which stretch away back in the dim and distant past. In the perfection of the physical framework of man, nature laid the foundation for the evolution of the perfect mental or spiritual expression of these forces latent in nature; for it is only the physically perfect which is capable of expressing the mentally perfect; the two are absolutely interdependent, and in their final analysis are one; as matter without mind would lack cohesion, and mind without matter would be without expression.

The highest perfection of the body would therefore mean, as a natural sequence, the highest perfection of mind.

Recognizing his power over the physical forces of nature, man must go forward another step and realize that the proper use of his mental power may bring him health, wealth, happiness and long life, and that the improper use of the mental forces at his command may keep or plunge him into sickness, poverty, despair and premature death.

[From San Diego Tribune.]

Unity Hall was over crowded last evening to hear the first lecture of Mr. Chas. F. Burgman, secretary of the National Mental Science Association. \* \* \*

Mr. Burgman will lecture again this evening at the same hall on "The Chemistry of the Emotions," and will conclude the course Sunday evening at the Fifth street theatre with "Thought Concentration as a Guide to Health and Business Success."

[From Los Angeles Herald]

Mr. Burgman lectured before a fair-sized audience, both yesterday afternoon and evening, his discourse being entertainingly punctuated with musical selections, and the program concluding with an assortment of stereopticon views of tropical scenes from the east coast of Florida. \* \* \*

AN ABLE LECTURER.

[From a three-column article in Los Angeles Union.]

A fair-sized audience greeted Mr. Chas. F. Burgman at the Fifth street theatre last evening and all manifested much interest in the discourse on "Thought Concentration, as a Guide to Health and Business Success." \* \* \*

In his peroration Mr. Burgman said that society is not retrograding but advancing; that man is steadily climbing the ladder of inspiration; that thought is the great and world-moving power of nature; and that we are developing into a civilization in which ignorance, poverty, sin, sickness and death will be unknown.

This was Mr. Burgman's closing lecture and he proceeds shortly from this city to Chicago.

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

[FOURTH LECTURE.]

### RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN.

The religion of the early German and Scandinavian races is interesting, as illustrating, in comparison with more southern nations—the effect of conditions and environments upon a people's conception of what is desirable.

Our knowledge of the early Scandinavian theology, or, if you choose, mythology, and worship, is largely drawn from the Eddas of the Icelanders. The word Edda means "great-grandmother." Of these Eddas there are two, one in the form of a poem, the other in prose. They relate to the early Scandinavian mythology, and the more or less mythical accounts of the ancient heroes of the race. Doubtless the word "Edda," with its meaning of "great-grandmother," was given these works of the Icelandic scholars purposely to imply that they consisted of legends gathered from the fireside stories of the oldest of their people; that while they embodied the beliefs and teachings, and possibly something of the early history of the race, their authors, writing in a somewhat more enlightened age, wished them to be accepted as what they were—grandmothers' tales of generations centuries past and gone.

Iceland, it will be remembered, was settled by Scandinavians in the 9th century, and it was owing to their virtual seclusion from the rest of the world that here was longest preserved in their purity the customs, habits of thought and early traditions of the race.

The religion of the Chinese, Confucianism and Taoism, bears little resemblance to that of Zoroaster, of Buddha, or indeed of any other people, either ancient or modern. The Mongol race is unlike other races and seems never to have known what we may call "the religious feeling"—the disposition, necessity—for worshipping some higher power. As explained in my last Sunday's lecture, Confucianism consists principally in a moral code, not perhaps greatly inferior to that proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth, and in the worship of the spirits of ancestors, but takes no account of a Deity—a religion, if we may call it a religion—tending with almost irresistible power to a conservatism which holds things as in a vice, immovable and non-progressive. Such is China; such she has been for forty centuries, such she will continue until in the inevitable course of events her conservatism is broken into by outside pressure, and her people through compulsory mingling with other nations and races imbibes something of the progressive views of others.

China has her just grievances against the Christian nations of Europe, a fact as clearly apparent as much to be regretted, and Christian Europe is to-day reaping the reward of her unjust dealings with what she has been pleased to term a heathen nation. The blood of every European nation has crimsoned the soil of the flowery kingdom and will continue to flow, for the end is not yet. Neither will China be less dangerous when her territory shall have been divided between the powers, and her people, having lost their sense of national unity, begin to flood the outside world with a tide of emigration which it may be impossible to suppress even if it were desirable to do so, owing to our own possible

internal dissensions. Capital demands cheap labor. It will be easily able to obtain it when China boils over.

And yet it was in the natural order of things that what has been, and is, should be. In the natural progress of events the non-progressive must give way to the progressive.

Increased and increasing facilities for communication and exchange, rapid transportation, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone—the great wall of China, which held back the Tartar hordes of other centuries, was not broad enough or high enough or strong enough to hold back the quickening forces of the closing years of the nineteenth century, and the allied forces have entered Peking. The Anglo-Saxon is paying in blood and gold the wrong his greed prompted him to commit. China pays the penalty of a non-progressive policy.

It is better so—better, because inevitable and because, through however much of sorrow and suffering and blood,

"Ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever in justice done."

In all religions, other than that of the Chinese, there is more or less similarity, and all later religions are growth, having their roots in those of an earlier and more ignorant age. In the religion of the Northmen we have the same conflict between the good and evil forces that we have in the religion of Zoroaster, and will find in that of the Egyptians, and that is personified in the God and devil of the Christians. But different environments suggest different characters controlling the destinies of men.

All native religions have their roots in the dispositions of men to worship those powers in nature which are apparent to the senses, but whose workings they do not understand. All religions start in a kind of nature worship, and the good or evil character of the Deities partake of the nature of the elements by which the people are surrounded, and with which they have to contend.

With the Northmen evil was the representative of ice and cold; good, of warmth and light. Their gods were constantly at war, even as winter succeeded summer and night the day. The gods of light and heat were their friends; those of cold and darkness, their enemies—as in Egypt Typhon, who represented the extreme heat of summer, when the waters of the Nile reached their lowest stage, and vegetation perished in the hot glimmer of the sun's rays, just as Typhon was the evil spirit of the Egyptian, so the Jotuns or ice-giants were the evil spirits of the early Scandinavians and their gods were personifications of those elements in nature which enabled them to continue existence in their inhospitable climate.

The Adam and Eve of the Scandinavians were named Ask and Embla. The gods, Odin, Honir and Lodur found them lying without souls, sense, motion or color. Odin gave them souls, Honir gave them intelligence, and Lodur blood and colored flesh.

There is no story of the serpent or of the fall. How could serpents exist amidst mountains of ice. The serpent belongs naturally to hot climates, but the legend of the creation is such as we might expect from the natural environments of the people.

The world was one vast abyss. The sun, so goes the



Edda, had no palace, the stars no place, the moon no power. Then a world of bright colored flame sprung up in the South, and another of vapor and darkness in the North. Torrents of venom shot forth from the dark cloud, flowed into the abyss and froze, but, melting before the warm breath from the South, there was formed the giant Ymir, from whom sprung a race of wicked giants, and from these came the children of heat and cold, and the mundane cow whose milk fed the evil giants. In this mundane cow we have a repetition of the story of the primeval ox of the Bactrians, an account of which I gave in my lecture on the religion of Zoroaster.

There also arose in some miraculous way the god Bor, who had three sons, Odin, Vili and Ve, who finally killed the giant Ymir and made heaven and earth out of his body. They then proceeded to make the first man and woman whose names were Ask and Embla.

You remember that in the Bactrian legend the god Ormazd built a bridge from earth to heaven and placed the dog star to watch over it, lest the evil spirit Abri-man assault thereby. With these Northmen the rainbow was the bridge by which the gods ascended from earth to heaven. The red color in the rainbow was thought to be fire which kept the ice giants from ascending, which otherwise they would do. The sun and moon were brother and sister, and they drove round the earth continually, being pursued by two wolves that came up from the world of darkness.

There are numerous other gods, both good and evil, and there is a trace of a belief in a trinity, a union of three in one. Not so clear as in the religious teachings of the Hindoos, where Brahma is the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, but the idea of a trinity evidently existed.

Their nearest approach to the Christian idea of a redeemer is shadowed forth in the tale of the death of Balder, the good, and in a legend that there once lived a personage half god, half man, his mother being of earth, his father a Deity.

Balder was one of their gods, but not immortal, and he dreamed a dream which filled his mind with fear. He consulted the other gods who united in putting all things, both animate and inanimate, under oath not to do Balder an injury. But Lodi, the evil spirit, was determined to compass his destruction. He made investigation and learned that of all things only the mistletoe had not been put under oath, and he induced one of the gods to throw a sprig of mistletoe at the good Balder. It pierced his heart and he died, and his spirit went to the regions of darkness. Then the gods petitioned Hele, the queen of Hel, to release him and she replied that if it was true that all objects, animate and inanimate, loved Balder she would do so. So the gods issued a proclamation asking all things to mourn for Balder, and all things did. The foliage wept dew, the animals and men bowed their heads in sorrow. All nature wept. But as the messenger was returning with the news that should release Balder, he met an old woman who was dry-eyed, and being requested to weep for the god refused, saying, "Let him stay in Hel; it is not my affair." This they knew, or mistrusted, to be the queen of the lower regions herself, who had assumed the form purposely to deceive, but they were powerless; there was one who would not weep for Balder,

and he must remain in darkness until the end, when the world would be destroyed and rebuilt after being purified.

The idea of the atonement creeps out also in their belief that salvation cannot be expected from the justice or mercy of the supreme judge, unless a sacrifice be made by a divine being, and they believed that among the gods was one who could feel suffering and pain, and who could be put to death.

As day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold, storm and calm, the ebb and flow of the tides followed each other incessantly, so they saw their gods forever at war, and as their religion taught so were they.

Courage they esteemed the greatest virtue, cowardice the worst, if not the only vice. To die upon the battle field, with face to the foe, was to insure happiness, for did not the god Odin send couriers to every battle field to invite the brave who fell to become his companions? Such was their belief, and no braver, fiercer men ever drew weapon, and I am sorry to say none ever spread wider devastation in proportion to their numbers than the Vikings of the Scandinavian peninsula. For centuries they ravaged England and the coast of France, and finally made more or less permanent settlements in both countries. It is largely to the infusion of the blood of the Norsemen that England and English-speaking people owe the fighting qualities which have made them virtual masters of the new world, if not of the old.

#### THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

[Thirty-ninth edition, cloth.]

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

"The Conquest of Poverty" revised, enlarged and illustrated, is now ready. It is handsomely bound in cloth and the price is one dollar, post paid. The first edition of the cloth-bound book will bear on its title page the announcement, "Thirty-sixth edition." What will the readers of FREEDOM think of this? Will they not take courage and increase their energies, in pushing the sale of a book that has carried so much happiness into the homes of poverty?

The price is double that of the paper-bound book, but it is much cheaper in the end, for it will last for a generation, while the paper-covered book is soon soiled and finds its place in the waste-paper basket.

We have in this book something profitable for the agent, for there is no book more popular than "a dollar book." Taking into consideration the large sale of this book in its cheaper form, and the reputation already gained, it will be a harvest for the agent who will devote his time to selling the cloth-bound "Conquest of Poverty." Many who have bought the paper book will be glad to purchase the cloth, with its handsome cover and illustrations.

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Send in at once for terms and territory for the new book. Every agent knows the advantage of selecting his own field of labor.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Florida

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

My last book, "The Conquest of Poverty," is proving decidedly electrical. Written and published in a little country office entirely exempt from the advertising facilities afforded by the large publishing houses, it actually passed through forty editions in a few months, and is still selling as well as ever.

What does it mean?

It means that the book is of great practical use to the people, inasmuch as it teaches the true methods of conquering poverty. It teaches how self confidence, will power and vital force may be acquired and applied to business in a way that will bring splendid results from every practical effort.

I wrote the book from my own personal experience. My life was a continual struggle with poverty, until the knowledge of how to strengthen my will, and all my vital forces, came to me. After this every effort I made succeeded until all my needs were supplied; not only substantially but richly and elegantly; and whereas in my former life my days were constantly overshadowed by the want of money, I am now free from anxiety and as happy as it is possible to be.

It is not sordid to desire wealth. Wealth means freedom; there is no freedom without it; and life without freedom is not life at all, but a slow, half conscious death.

It is not wealth that creates an abject or disintegrating mental condition; it is the absence of wealth that does this. It is not the wealthy person whose mind is contracted by a sense of possession; the sense of possession enlarges, frees. It is the poverty-stricken one who cannot take his thoughts away from the squalor of his surroundings, until at last he becomes submerged in them.

I am just back from Atlanta, Georgia; was there only a few days. The weather was hotter than it is here, and scarcely a breath of air. Then, too, there was an atmosphere too heavily impregnated with coal dust to suit us. Ada and Jessamine were with me, and we were so glad to get back home. How beautifully clean everything looked when we stepped on the Daytona platform, and with what a thrill of pleasure we greeted the splendid carriage team; a pair of thoroughbreds from Kentucky; the proudest looking creatures I ever saw. Their necks are arched and their whole bearing is one vital expression of the joy of life; and yet they never had a check rein on in their lives. Nothing hurts me much more than to see the way horses are tortured with check reins, and with the cutting away of their tails. There should be a law prohibiting this cruelty.

If I were president I would make several changes in things, and this would be one of them.

For some time I have wanted to write a few lines about the wild flowers of this state. At first appearance one is disappointed in them; they do not seem to equal those of the north; but by slow degrees my eyes have opened to several peculiar things about them, and my appreciation of them has risen in proportion. Among their leading peculiarities is the power to grow in the sand without fertilizing; and the ability to do almost entirely without water. I think it is about three years ago that I was driving on the ocean beach, with the sand dunes rising on my left as dry as anything in the world could be, and nothing apparently but clean, white sand for anything to grow in; but rising out of this sand in

great profusion and luxuriance I saw the most exquisite red flowers. Examination showed them to be the tree cypress. Individual stalks of them were ten feet high and the flowers frequently covered the stalks three or four feet from their extremities. They were a gorgeous sight; but we hardly learned their value until recently, and our knowledge came about in this way.

We have discovered that almost every flower we planted became a wild flower after the first year. That is, the seeds scattered from the first planting, and took root wherever they found a bit of sand, and set up business on their own hook. So the very fields became wildernesses of beautiful northern flowers that grew as luxuriantly among the woods and without attention as they did at home under apparently more favorable conditions. And now there are acres of phlox; and endless bunches of callopsis, most brilliantly colored and full sized blossoms. The lantanas make immense bunches of rich blooms and never know when to take a rest, unless a frost comes along to quench their ardor.

One season, not long ago, I planted a new variety of sun flowers in an off corner of the garden. It is a variety the leaves of which are covered with something like Angora wool. Jessamine calls it the Angora sun flower. The flowers are not much larger than a tea cup, and single.

This flower attracted some attention and the neighbors got seed of it. And now it is everywhere, the very roads are full of it; and a more brilliant display could hardly be imagined. I hope the reader sees at once what it took me so long to see. What I now see is the fact that natural conditions exist here that will enable us to beautify this apparently "dry-as-dust" peninsula, until it shall become a veritable garden from one end to the other and from river to ocean.

And now about the ride I took yesterday; the blacks were so full of life that they had to kick a little in order to equalize their overflowing vitality; they did not mean any harm, and begged for sugar as usual. We were afraid the season for tree cypress was over, but we were going to search for it all the same. We found quantities of it in the same sand dunes where we had seen it years ago. Some of it was blooming gloriously, and some had gone to seed. It was the seeds we wanted. They are not larger than a mustard seed, and white in color. I gathered a pint of them, and when the time comes I shall plant them on both sides of every boulevard on the peninsula.

I have only mentioned a few of the flowers that grow wild here. This is the natural home of the verbena and of many varieties of morning glories, some of the vines of which grow a hundred feet in a very short time, taking root in the sand at every joint. The passion vine is another flower that is extremely abundant.

There is a row of palm trees Mr. Post planted near the Colonnades; at the foot of each tree he placed a wild vine dug up out of the woods. The vines grew luxuriantly and have been hanging heavily with splendid masses of dark red flowers for months; and they promise to continue blooming indefinitely.

It is a point of genius to catch on to natural advantages. *I am a genius* I don't like to say it, but I simply have to, because nobody else will. Proof of me being a genius could be found in this article if my readers have genius



enough to see it. It takes genius to recognize genius. But here is the point. There is nothing to prevent us from making a veritable paradise of this place. I have found that some conditions here that I formerly considered unfavorable, are really such as we most need in the development of the spirit of beauty which we are pledged to unfold in this place. I do truly believe that this is the most wonderful spot on earth, and the most wonderful climate. Think of how we have been enjoying the delicious breeze here for six months, and sleeping under a light blanket at night, while the people of the north have been sweating and swearing and patronizing all the scratching posts in the country to relieve their prickly heat. Come to Florida—come to the ocean beach right here and be happy. H. W.

**DID NOT SEE ANY OF THE BIBLE FOLKS.**

The Eastern papers are commenting on the report of her visit to heaven, made by a little girl named Sophie Fowler, who lives with her parents in Milford, Conn. Sophie was found in her bed in trance state one morning and so remained for five days in spite of all efforts to awaken her by physicians.

The following is Sophie's statement of what she saw as given to the reporters:

"I was in Heaven five days. The doctor says my body was in a trance. That is, it didn't have me in it, because I was in Heaven as an angel, and so my body couldn't open its eyes, or eat, or play, because I was away on a visit.

"Heaven is a nice place, full of music and gold and silver things and stars. I didn't meet any of the Bible people. I'm too young, and I suppose they didn't want to be bothered being introduced.

"But I saw a lot of children, and we all played games. I shall be a much better girl now than I ever was because I want to go back to Heaven again when I die.

**HEAVEN A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.**

"There is no dirt in Heaven at all. Everything is made of gold and silver and diamonds. I played all the time I was in Heaven. There are a lot of little girls there. I didn't see any of the Bible people. I guess I'm so little they didn't want to be bothered with me.

"I don't know how it is I'm back here in Milford. I didn't know that people died and went to Heaven and came back again. I guess I died by mistake, didn't I and then when God found it out He thought He'd better send me back.

"This wasn't one of those dreams. When you stick your face in the pillow you see stars and gold and silver shiny things, but this wasn't that. It was really Heaven, because I walked about for a week.

"And, mama," said Sophie, "I guess I'll be a better girl than I was before I went to Heaven. I want to go there again and I want to make sure they'll let me in. I always thought Heaven was a place where you had a lot of cross teachers to make you mind, but it isn't. They just let you do whatever you like just as long as you're good."

The little girl has recovered her health completely. Dr. Tuttle said she was in a normal condition. Her heart beat was full and regular. She was slightly exhausted after her five days' trance, but that was all. The child is the marvel of Milford.

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

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Would you rather come here to be healed, or taught, or both, than to have me give you absent treatment or to teach you by correspondence?

Some people want to be healed simply; they do not care to study the science. Others wish to study the science, who have no need of being healed. Others still want to learn the science while being treated for some disease or weakness. I have now made arrangements to accommodate all who want to come here for either or both purposes, and these arrangements are going to prove very satisfactory, and even lovely. I would not offer to bring people here, if I did not know that I could content them perfectly. You all are aware that I heal my patients in their own homes, and that I never have so many at one time as to neglect any one of them. I read every letter that comes from them, and either answer personally or instruct my clerks so carefully as to be about the same as if I did answer personally. I have but three clerks, and they are all thorough Mental Scientists, whose connection with my business adds to my power, and helps to form the battery that has given me my reputation as a healer.

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