

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*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

### How Science B

BY PAUL

[Concluded]

A line of investigation much more hopeful than those already discussed, is that opened up by the Bacteriologists, of which the experiments of Nikola Tesla and Prof. Metchnikoff are the most notable illustration. Based largely on the theory that break-down and decay are caused by the presence in the human tissues of micro-organisms of various orders, Tesla's method is simple and direct. He merely subjects the body at frequent intervals to the action of electric currents of high potency, so administered that the microbes are at once evicted by wholesale—"shed from the skin in showers"—leaving the system free and uncontaminated. Tesla does not claim that a single application of this electric treatment is sufficient to permanently renew one's youth and defeat old age and death. Admitting that microbic increase infestation is inseparable from modern life, he deems a monthly electrification as necessary and sufficient to keep clean and healthy. Tesla, himself, is said to be an admirable specimen of well preserved youthful form and vigor.

It is certainly more than a year since this discovery of the ingenious and imaginative Tesla was announced, yet I find in the current issue of an English magazine report of a "fresh discovery likely to be of great value to medical science," attributed to a dentist named Zieler attached to the Hygienic Institute of Wurzburg University, made famous by Rontgen's X-rays. Herr Zieler found, we are told, that "certain electric currents possess the quality of destroying bacteria, and can be used for healing diseases caused by infection through bacteria." This certainly looks as if the German dentist was stealing Tesla's thunder. There appears to be one important difference in their methods. While Tesla uses currents of high power, Herr Zieler's treatment requires only currents of the strength of one-thousandth part of an ampere. On this account the German treatment is said to be "painless and without evil consequences." It must not be inferred that the reverse is necessarily true of Tesla's treatment. The Italian electrician first came prominently before the public, it will be remembered, at certain public exhibitions in New York, when he allowed himself to be subjected to currents of a voltage several times greater than that ordinarily believed to be fatal. If I remember rightly, currents measuring, not merely "a thousandth part of an ampere," but a thousand amperes were passed

through Tesla's body, apparently without causing him the slightest inconvenience. The currents were continuous and the experiments were meant to demonstrate the immensely superior efficiency of the interrupted and alternating current. It may be that to these early experiences with powerful continuous currents we owe his later development of a renewer of youth.

Tesla's method is irresistibly suggestive of Rider Haggard's "She." In that novel, I may be permitted to remind the reader, a young Englishman, traveling in darkest Africa, meets a marvellously wise and beautiful queen, ruling over a barbarous people with absolute sway. She seems to be in the full flush and vigor of youthful prime, but reveals to the young man that she had really enjoyed continuous life in the flesh for three thousand years or so, awaiting the coming of the lover from whom she had been parted by death in that distant time, but who is reincarnated in the young Englishman. Now, he too, of course, is to be made immortal, that together they may reign forever over all the world. So she shows him the trick. Proceeding to a quiet, out-of-the-way cavern, the lady disrobes and drawing around her a mystic circle, is soon encircled by an intense whirl of flame, in which she at first shines gloriously new and brilliant. The excitement natural to the occasion causes her to stay a little too long in the fire with disastrous results. Of course, one must be careful in experiments of this kind. Those who are aware that Mr. Rider Haggard is an occultist of rare development, may read between the lines of the story and find suggestions pointing the probability that the dream is not all a dream.

Perhaps the nearest approach to a sense of the elements involved in any really rejuvenating treatment is that indicated in the newest development of the sun bath. It is called "photopathy," and is said to "inaugurate a new era in therapeutics." How frequent these new eras are becoming. Cures are said to be effected by focussing sunlight in greater or less intensity, and for longer or shorter periods, on the part affected. Certain it is that we are only in the beginning of any scientific knowledge of the properties of light. So all such development means advance.

Last and not least we come to Prof. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who has succeeded in identifying himself with the latest and most famous attempt to solve the great problem. It is now some six months since the cable dispatches informed us at length of the results obtained by Prof. Metchnikoff in his experiments. He was hailed as the discoverer of a serum which ensured absolute immunity from the effects of "old age." According to Prof. Metchnikoff, the body

normally is composed of two kinds of cells; the one anabolic or constructive and preserving, the other katabolic or inimical and destructive. These good angels and bad, are waging a perpetual warfare in the body. When the nobler cells predominate there is health and vigor; when the destroying cells predominate the man becomes a victim to old age and death. Prof. Metchnikoff's investigations, therefore, were directed to finding a means of so strengthening and reinforcing the constructive cells that they would predominate and keep the upper hand. It was definitely announced, in fact, that he had succeeded in producing a serum which would do just this. The report turned out to be premature, although it had sufficient basis in fact to arouse a lively interest among scientific men in Europe and America, so that the results of further experimentation are looked forward to with eagerness. In an interview last February with *The World's* Paris correspondent, Prof. Metchnikoff said:

"We are only in the theoretic stage at present, but the surprising success that has attended our experiments thus far gives hope that we soon shall be far beyond mere theory. Until the best serum for use to the end of strengthening and invigorating the nobler cells of the human body is found, we shall be defenceless against old age, but this once discovered, the cells needing it are armed for the conflict with their destroying neighbors. Then death will become less terrible, for we can adjourn the final hour until the tired body calls for rest. The time assuredly will come when we shall be able to maintain for an indefinite period the equilibrium between the constructive and destructive forces of the body."

Prof. Metchnikoff, according to his portraits, is the typical specialist—middle-aged, thin, of intense nervous temperament and near-sighted. It is interesting to note that he doesn't want to live forever and expresses the opinion that, "no one would want to live always; all of us will be glad of death at some time, just as we wish to stop eating when we are satiated." He doesn't appear to have heard of the noble Order of Immortals in the Flesh and quite leaves out of account the editor of *FREEDOM* and the present contributor, to say nothing of the thousands of readers of this journal of practical idealism in all parts of the world, who not only want to live always, but are taking definite means to that endlessness.

After a silence of several months, Prof. Metchnikoff has recently sent a communication to the Academy of Medicine, that is taken to indicate a forward step in his discovery of a rejuvenating principle. A lymph prepared by the Russian savant has been employed in certain cases of leprosy treated at the Pasteur Institute, "and so relieved the patients that they begged for a continuance of the treatment. Prof. Metchnikoff adds that although the experiments proved that the red globules of the blood were regenerated greatly to the advantage of the lepers, he does not think that his serum yet possesses all the specific qualities requisite in an antidote for old age.

Despite the learned Prof. Metchnikoff's commanding influence and position, I am convinced that he is on the wrong track and that while the world looks to him to solve the secret of life, it will look in vain. Almost in the same breath he speaks of the power of perpetual rejuvenation being within our grasp, and of adjourning the final hour until the "tired body calls for rest," which only the grave can give. He has not developed a desire for bodily immortality, nor awakened to a perception of that desire in the very heart of the race. His entire endeavor is based on the shaky if not exploded germ theory of disease, proposing to overcome the "old-age germs" in the body by the introduction of "youth germs." Old age is to be dealt with on the Metchnikoff plan as Pasteur proposed to deal with rabies, Koch with consumption, and Pfeiffer with influenza. It goes back, indeed, to Jenner's great scheme of injecting vaccine into healthy human blood virus taken from a diseased cow—to prevent small pox! To overcome one poison by putting another into the blood, it seems to me a little like trying to sober a drunken man by changing his whisky.

Although these various methods appear to me erro-

neous, I believe it of the largest importance that Mental Scientists should have clear and full comprehension of all that is involved in them. By a process of elimination we often get the right way in a thing; we exhausting the possibilities that prove the wrong way to be the wrong way. More than this, in all these various investigations and methods will be found distinct hint and suggestion of the direction in which we may reasonably look for success. Take Virchow's declaration:

"Life has no other origin than life itself." The Mental Scientist alone works on this basis. I do not say that he works as yet with the fullest, most exact comprehension of the life principle in its vital potency. He at least, works with the aliveness of mind and not with the deadness of matter. Prof. Metchnikoff rightly recognizes that "the equilibrium of forces positive and negative," is a condition essential to the perpetuation of life in health and vigor. He fails to recognize what to the Mental Scientist must be obvious—that this equilibrium is primarily a psychological state, and only secondarily a physical condition. The state of mind—the mental factor—is the primary and essential consideration. I do not say the mental factor is everything—although in the large sense "all is mind." Unrelated to its physical manifestation, indeed, the mental factor is nothing, is inconceivable. The equilibrium to be sought is, in the first place, mental equilibrium. Once desired, attained and set up mentally, it must register itself physiologically—in the condition of the body. This, of course, is in strict accordance with the healer's experience made axiomatic in the statement: Every attempt to alter pathological conditions is successful precisely in the degree in which a change of mental attitude has first been induced or influenced.

No sensible man would endeavor to renew or revive the activity of a steam engine when running down by injecting solutions of iron or steel into the boiler. He would not experiment with various kinds of water or fuel, for he would know that until fire was applied he would have no steam and the wheels would not go round.

All attempts to discover the secret of perpetuating life, of restoring vigor and renewing youth by merely material means must fail. They put the cart before the horse. To attribute life and the greater or less manifestation of life to the body itself, or to any or all the cells composing the body, apart from the mind in the cells and the mind of the man is like attributing temperature and the changes of temperature to the thermometer.

Magnetic and electric polarization of the forces and particles is important, because compensation is important; sunlight and heat are important, because the light of Wisdom and the warmth of Love are important; equilibrium of cells and currents is important because exact and equal justice is important. The air is important, because the breath is important—and the whole breath is the Holy Spirit which fearlessly in the man who receives and sends it forth announces itself.

"If ye will know me ye shall live, for I am spirit, and I am life."

### THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

In a recent number of *Mind* its talented editor seems to have fallen into a strange misconception concerning the "Treatment for Success" that has lately become a Mental Science specialty. He says, "The recently developed system of giving mental treatment for business success or worldly gain in no way accords with the true growth of the life of man." He ventures no statement or suggestion as to what this treatment is or why it does not accord with true growth; but after this general condemnation he intimates what he considers it is *not*, by continuing as follows: "Poverty is best overcome by treatment that goes to the heart of things, developing a man's soul, mind and body, bringing out his latent force and enabling him to cope with the problems of life as he finds them. Any treatment failing to do this



is superficial in the extreme and can bring no real or lasting gain." Very true indeed; but wherein does the "Treatment for Success" fail to go to "the heart of things?"

"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 another." So says Helen Wilmans. We must now inquire whether this lack of intelligent and vital force, and this absence of self confidence may be remedied through mental treatment. If so, then the conditions that Charles Brodie Patterson deems essential to the elimination of poverty may be brought about by the very mental treatment, which he, at the same time, frowns upon.

The Mental Scientist who treats for success does not advise his patient to remain in his room and *think* himself from poverty to affluence. He does not advocate physical idleness. While he places no limit to the power of thought, he is fully aware that the person whose poverty is a cause of suffering is not in a condition to exercise the higher powers of thought. He believes in the necessity of action, and in the stimulation of activity. And he knows that thought must ever precede and govern action; that "mental wealth is the only true root of external wealth."

To quote from Helen Wilmans' "Conquest of Poverty" and her other works: "This reaching out to take possession of what he wants is thought armed with intelligent purpose and equipped for effort in the field of activities. \* \* \* Creative thought will seek expression in noble, courageous action. \* \* \* Money comes through *doing*. But underneath the doing lies the mighty motor, thought. Thought builds man and man builds the world. \* \* \* A man can actually create wealth by the character of the thoughts he entertains. This creation must, at this time, be supplemented by courageous action, intensified by creative thought and knowledge of self; but such action is only a part of the thought. \* \* \* Energy is intensified thought expressed in action."

"Treatment for Success" is founded on the principle that "the quality of thought which we entertain correlates certain externals in the outside world," and on the knowledge that the thought we act is the intensely creative thought.

The mental healer not only advocates the accompaniment of thought by action, but he clearly understands the comparative weakness of thought that lacks the vitality of outward expression. "Belief becomes potent only in externalization. When we refuse to express or externalize our most peremptory thoughts they trouble us to such an extent that growth is stultified so long as this condition remains. \* \* \* I believe in effort. I believe in thought as the suggestion of effort, but thought without effort is like the seed that fails to take root. Many have failed because they made the effort to carry on business through the channels of thought alone without applying thought to effort. They refused to believe in the great necessity of externalizing thought."

Those to whom poverty is a complaint must work out their own salvation through action. But mere acting is not sufficient. It is the underlying thought that determines the intensity of action and controls results. It is the acting thought that tells, the thought so permeating the being that it demands outward expression.

There is no difference in principle between treating for physical health and for business success. Each stimulates and directs mental activity, and the power so generated is transmitted along the currents of desire. There is but one force and it may be used for any purpose. And the purpose it subserves at any particular time is that to which it is the most strongly attracted. Love is the only power of attraction, and desire is the

expression of love. Guided by desire, the power conferred by mental treatment may be used to conquer poverty exactly as it may be exerted to overcome disease, or, in fact, any form of discord. If we may generate within ourselves through our mentality, the power to overcome conditions of poverty, then whoever else can generate this power for us, may aid to bring about the very same result.

Steam may be used to generate force for any and all kinds of mechanical action, and thought may similarly be used wherever physical action is required. The power is the same, no matter for what purpose it may be employed. What it will accomplish depends upon how the power is directed. And like other forms of energy, thought force will always follow the line of least resistance, or that of the most intense desire, for it is desire that lessens friction and removes obstacles.

There is, therefore, absolutely no reason why "Treatment for Success" may not be beneficial, and its sweeping denunciation by so prominent a Mental Scientist is to be deplored, unless, indeed, it is due to an inadvertence or carelessness of expression, or to a belief in the blessedness of poverty. EUGENE DEL MAR.

### 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.*

### THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

[Thirty-ninth edition, cloth.]

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INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Flori<sup>da</sup>

## HOW THE WORLD TIPPED OVER.

### Lecture by Capt. Eldridge Before the Home Temple.

[Mr. Post's lectures on ancient religions will be resumed next week.]

The presentation of my theory on the cause of the deluge has created a desire on the part of many to learn more of natural causes, and the interest manifested by the large and intelligent audience to know why old mother earth was unable to maintain her equilibrium, and was forced to incline her majestic form twenty three and a half degrees towards the plane of her elliptic, is certainly indicative of progressive minds. Josh Billings says, "We would know more if we didn't know so many things that wasn't so," and I will add that our knowledge would rapidly increase if we did not lose so much time in unlearning what we have been taught, and would free ourselves from erroneous teachings more rapidly if we did not hold so tenaciously to old theories just out of reverence for their ancient lineage. If it takes some of the conceit out of us, which is only another name for ignorance, to admit that our conclusions have been drawn from wrong premises, and drop our pet theories just as soon as more reasonable ones present themselves, we would be building in the right direction, and the race would take a step upward.

In presenting this theory on the cause of the world tipping over, I wish to state that it is emphatically a speculation. It cannot be demonstrated by observation or established by mathematical calculation. It must also be admitted that from the very nature of the case a theory on the inclination of the poles must be devoid of direct testimony. All that any one can reasonably expect is a theory that will account for the inclination of the earth's axis, and it is hard to see what other kind of evidence would be attainable.

In order that you may better understand my position on the cause that tipped the world over and produced the flood, it will be necessary to again go back to the science of world building, and take the earth after it had passed through various stages, from the ether to a molten mass, and reached a consistency that would permit the formation of a crust. This huge bulk of molten matter was symmetrical in form and to the observer presented a vast expanding plane, level as the ocean's surface, but actually conforming to its rotundity; for the eye cannot discern the curvature on such a large arc, and a level on a globe is equal distance from the center. Just for a moment imagine that you are looking into a caldron of tar, boiling over a slow fire. Watch the bubbles as they break all over the surface of the thickening pitch, giving vent to the steam produced by the heat, and you have a fair idea of the earth's condition when we first pick it up. Now watch the contents of the caldron as the fire dies out. The bubbles diminish in number as the tar cools, but increase in size and break at longer intervals. Now change your position and take a bird's eye view of the earth as it rolls beneath; a seething, boiling mass of the same consistency as the contents of the caldron, but containing all the elements to carpet a world with verdure, plant it with trees, shrubs and flowers, stock it with reptiles, fish and mammals, and people it with races of men. To the eye it presents just the same appearance as the boiling pitch, only on a larger scale corresponding with the bulk of the molten mass, but giving no evidence of the life principle

contained therein. Watch it cool off; some of the bubbles grow weaker and cease; others grow larger as they vent the space undisturbed, which is growing thicker, and forcing the gases along the line of least resistance. The earth's crust thickens over the protected spots, but more pressure is brought to bear on the openings, which gradually increase in size.

This process went on for ages, the smaller vents closing up, the larger ones increasing in size until the whole earth was dotted with volcanic hills. As time passed on some of these miniature volcanoes became extinct; others increasing in height and area, with every outburst formed the volcanic mountains, which served for ages as safety valves for the world; but the internal pressure increased while the external resistance became stronger, until the natural chimneys of nature's furnace were no longer sufficient to vent the earth, and outbursts of increasing magnitude occurred. These upheavals slowly transformed the earth from its level plain-like appearance, and the mountain ranges were formed with intervening valleys and plains. In evidence of this the volcanic mountains are easily recognized, by their distinctive formation, from the upheavals that vented the earth, and were not disturbed again by the same cause. The crust of the earth continued to thicken while the numerous volcanoes, with the frequent upheavals, partially relieved the continually increasing pressure of the gases within.

At this stage man appeared on the earth, and for ages his nights were illuminated by a natural gas system on a scale of grandeur impossible to portray. Man multiplied on the face of the earth, little dreaming of the final catastrophe that would remodel his dwelling place and destroy him. He learned to utilize the element that had created his habitation, and the first fire to minister to his needs was taken from nature's laboratory, and kept alive in his home in the same manner as sacred fire, employed later, in many religious ceremonies. We read in the Bible the account of Nadab and Abihue who were stricken dead, while performing the religious rites of the Tabernacle, for using strange fire in their censers, instead of the sacred fire continually burning on the altar. So it would appear that these sacred fires have their origin in the infancy of the race, when primitive man knew of no other way to start a fire than to keep a supply on hand; but as nature's fire diminished and the race developed, man's necessity compelled him to devise a method to start a fire, and the result of friction was discovered; the inventive genius was born and fire was produced, first by rubbing two pieces of wood together, then flint and steel, until at the present time it is necessary, in tropical countries, to hide your lucifers to prevent the cockroaches from starting a fire on their own account. The knowledge of how to produce a fire by friction was more important to man at that age than the discovery of the law of gravitation in the time of Newton.

As already shown these volcanic upheavals became less frequent as the earth's crust thickened, but more violent as the resistance strengthened. The elevations forced up by the internal power beneath appear to have been fairly well distributed, as is evidenced by the mountain ranges throughout the earth; the lofty ranges of what is now known as the Eastern Continent



corresponding to the Rocky mountains of the Western, which extend, with a few exceptions, in one unbroken range, under different names, from Alaska to Cape Horn. These upheavals so equally distributed would not change the center of gravity, but during the ages in which the earth was forming her new topography the liquid earth contracted, while the solidifying crust expanded, offering a stronger resistance to the increasing energy imprisoned within, which must eventually escape at the weakest point. Where was the spot of the least resistance? Not in the mountain ranges, for they were piled up miles above the plain and served not only as a pressure on the surface that had increased in thickness equally with the rest of the world, but every upheaval had caused a portion of the already formed crust, which had been kept from a direct contact with the fire by the pressure of the gas, located between the inner side of the earth's crust and liquid mass, to fall in directly upon the fiery lava, and fill the space once occupied by the gas, forcing all subsequently accumulating gases away to some weaker point. Thus the whole earth with one exception had been strengthened and vented, and the gas that was not forced in another direction found an outlet in the few volcanoes that proved to be sufficient for the occasion. An examination of a physical map of the world will strengthen this theory, not only by the numerous extinct volcanoes, distributed over that portion of the earth subjected to these upheavals, but by many burning mountains that are active to-day, which also proves that the fires down deep in the earth are still burning, and the gas escaping through these natural outlets in exactly the same manner as in the beginning, but growing weaker as the internal fires subside. That the fires are burning lower is also proven by volcanoes that have become extinct in our own time. The one exception referred to, the only weak point of all the world where no natural provision had been made for the escape of the gas was that vast plain which originally extended from the Rocky Mountain range on the west, to the corresponding ranges of the east, and from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn on one side, and the Cape of Good Hope on the other. A glance at the map will give you an idea of this vast plain occupying a large portion of the earth's surface. This was the weakest point, and all the energy compressed between the inner surface of the earth's crust and the condensed liquid fiery mass was forced along the line of the least resistance to this spot, and when the resisting earth could no longer hold in confinement this mighty force, the masterpiece of world building was accomplished and the work was finished. This great convulsion of nature, instead of throwing up a mountain range, opened the earth producing a tremendous chasm, causing an unequal distribution of the earth's surface and changed the center of gravity. The water rushed to this new center; and old earth, like a sinking ship, gradually settled down under the increasing bulk of water until her equipoise was attained.

When we stop to consider that three-fourths of the earth's surface is water, and that this mass of liquid is thirty times the bulk of the land above water, we must come to the conclusion that the change in the location of this enormous bulk was a sufficient cause for the world tipping over. To give weight to this theory, one account of the flood is that the water on the earth disappeared in a huge chasm, and a temple was built near the opening that drained the earth. This theory will also appear to reveal the truth in another myth, "The Lost Atlantis." The name "Atlantis" appears to have been given to a country, and not to any special city, making it an easy transfer from the country of "Atlantis" to Atlantic ocean.

The world was modeled anew; what was once land be-

came the sea, and a new dwelling place for man was provided. It destroyed the race, but the changed conditions produced a better one, and under different environments, capable of greater developments, for man is a lazy animal and will not work, physically or mentally, unless forced to by necessity. The change of seasons compelled him to physical exertion to provide for his comforts, and his natural laziness agitated the molecules of his brain to devise plans to lighten his labor. Up to this time nature had worked and man had rested, but when the world had been turned out as a rough product, man must work to embellish it. That this statement is true one has only to visit any uncivilized tribe of the tropical regions, and study the habits of primitive man. Transport him to a cold climate, and he quickly learns that he must plant if he would eat, and provide covering to protect him from winter's chilling blast, and his physical activity of necessity compels co-operative mental vibrations, and he is started on a rising plane. While the rending of the once mighty continent was the greatest convulsion of nature, it is not reasonable to suppose that the Atlantic ocean and its coast lines present now the same appearance as they did at that time, for changes are continually going on.

One hundred miles from the New England coast lies the dreaded "George's Bank" where many fishermen have found their graves. The shallowest place on this bank is about twelve feet, and men now living will tell you that they can remember when that portion of the bank was out of water.

Sable Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, is yielding to the rugged embrace of old Neptune, and the light house has been moved several times within the past century. A few more years and old ocean in triumph will roll over its grave. Another spot that will confirm the constant changes going on is the "Virgin Rocks" on the great banks of Newfoundland where the water in one place is only three fathoms deep, and on this spot I have caught many a boat load of cod fish. To come nearer home, the town in which I was born the god of the ocean is grasping. The light houses built when my father was young have, in my generation, been claimed by the sea. New ones have been erected farther inland, and I was present when the old towers bid farewell to the earth as they plunged over the cliff into "Davy Jones' Locker." While old ocean has claimed a portion of the earth it has given something in return, as I can testify from a personal observation. On a voyage from Boston to New Zealand, after passing the cape of Good Hope, I shaped a course so as to describe an arc of a great circle with its apex towards the South pole. This in nautical parlance is called "Great circle sailing." This circuitous route, as strange as it may appear at first glance, is many miles shorter than a direct line between two points. This course carried me into strange waters, and I was constantly on the look out for land where man had never explored, and was not surprised when the man on the look out sang out, "Land ho!" The water had changed color some hours before, and was now of a dingy yellow. When quite near the land I hove the ship to, and taking my nautical instruments went on shore, and was the first man to step foot on this new-born island, and for once was monarch of all I surveyed. I claimed it in the name of the United States and planted the starry banner on the highest point, ascertained its location and altitude, and sadly sailed away from the biggest piece of earth I ever owned. Reporting my new possession on arrival to the United States, a surveying expedition was sent out, found the island and named it in honor of the discoverer, and now it is marked on marine charts "Eldridge Island."

In weighing the evidence in favor of my theory here presented it is necessary to take into account these circumstances, and if any one can present a better theory for the cause that tipped the world over, I will be the first to offer congratulations.

## ON THE ROAD.

After a hearty grasp of the hand and a parting salute to Mr. H. H. Potter, who had accompanied me to the depot from his residence, a distance of several miles, the train rolled slowly out of the Minneapolis depot at eight o'clock in the evening. Gradually the lights of the city faded into the distance and we were under full steam on our two-thousand-miles' journey towards the Pacific Coast. I retired to the narrow confines of a Pullman berth, and, consigning the body entirely to the swinging movements of the train, slept soundly until away past daylight the following morning, when we found the train passing through an undulating and extensive prairie country.

Thirty and forty years ago these were the grazing grounds of the buffalo which roamed over the expansive stretches by countless thousands. Here, too, the gentle, graceful, antelope browsed peacefully in herds of hundreds; the grouse, the turkey, and other species of the food and game birds, nested in the timber along the river margins undisturbed. The redman claimed undisputed mastery over this vast dominion and the only boundaries he recognized were the boundaries of tribal hunting grounds. Indeed, there was no one to dispute his claim until the "pale face" came. The land, the water, the air, the sunlight and all they produced were his; the wild herds of the plains, the game of the forests, the birds of the air and the fish in the rivers were his, and he was their master. They served in furnishing him with food, clothing and shelter, and he was a proud hunter and a brave warrior; a picturesque figure on the canvas of time. Then came the "pale face" with his seductive firewater and his destructive firearms, and the redman succumbed to both; and with him vanished the buffalo, the antelope, the deer and other game, which lived here, at this former time in such great abundance.

Oh! yes, I have seen the buffaloes, perhaps the last great herds of them, in the Red River country and the Panhandle of Texas, away back in 1873 and 1874, weird-looking, clumsy animals, of whom our horses were scared, but who would lead horse and rider a hard chase when once started on the run. Gregarious in their habits they would fall an easy prey to the man bent upon their destruction. I formed one of an escort to a party of U. S. army officers and English noblemen at the time, and the wantonness with which these high-bred gentlemen killed off these noble animals—just for the lust of killing—makes the hot indignation well up within me, even now, after the lapse of twenty-seven years. The reader can therefore place himself readily in the position of the primitive redman who saw all his game, upon which he depended for food supply and shelter, wantonly killed off and their carcasses permitted to rot by myriads upon the plains. He did not know, of course, that the professional buffalo butcher received a few paltry pennies for the animals' skins.

Yes, I met the redman too, when he was as yet a proud and stately warrior and not a mere reservation Indian without type or character, "swapped" blankets, knives and tobacco with him, for his robes and bows and arrows, etc.,—but that is a story I am not to tell here.

The train rolls on and on, the rolling plains stretch to the right and left, like a vast ocean of land with ponderous billows bearing down upon us. The cone-tented villages of the redmen have disappeared with the buffalo, and the towns and cities of the white man appear instead. The virgin ground has been broken by the plowshare and made to produce wheat and corn, and fruit and garden truck; a hundred white men live on ground that formerly gave subsistence to one redman only. This is the result when brain and brawn are put to intelligent use. The savage lives on the spontaneous products of nature and therefore his powers are limited; the civilized man compels nature to yield to him, from her limitless store house and measureless combinations, that which he desires and conceives to be to his advantage. He thus

becomes the master of his environments; and the boundaries of his mastery are only limited by the boundaries of his mental unfoldment.

Vast stretches of this great country have been put under cultivation to produce staple grain but, alas! the soil suffers for want of moisture—for a distance of over a thousand miles the ground looks dry and parched, the grain growing only a few inches above the ground became withered and brown and perished; not enough of the life giving moisture had fallen during the season to sustain the growth and maturity of the crops. In many places the farmers were at work re-planting their fields and reseeding them for other and later growing products, depending upon later rains to sustain them. And here again we note a distinction—the primitive savage would have appealed to the Great Spirit to appease his wrath and supplicate assistance—the white man bravely goes to work again knowing that such conditions as these are only temporary, and that "God helps those who help themselves."

The sun is gradually sinking as we travel westward. We have traversed the "bad lands" of North Dakota and entered the region of the Yellowstone and steam along the embankments of that historic river, as it flows placidly onward to join the Missouri in its march to the sea. Following the bend of the river the ground has gradually been lowered several hundred feet below the adjoining table lands, or mesa; and the sediment deposited by the river, has formed a deep, rich loam, north and south of the river's margin, from which the thrifty farmer derives abundant return for his labor. The channel cut by the river's flow has laid open the various geological formations, which are plainly traceable along the distant hills, among which fine veins of coal form a distinctive feature. The fuel supply of the United States is not going to give out for a few years yet.

The sun has set—it is 9.30 p. m. Florida time—and it being Tuesday evening, I could see, mentally, at least, the friends and home folks at Sea Breeze gathered about in the hall at their weekly progressive euchre game. The twilight in these Northern latitudes stretches out longer than in the South. It was 10.30 p. m. and not quite dark when the train man called out:

## MILES CITY.

We had traveled 744 miles since leaving Minneapolis during twenty-six hours without interruption, and, parting with some regret from my fellow travelers, I located at a handsomely equipped hotel.

For a "frontiers town" Miles City has a very modern and substantial appearance. Most of the buildings on the principal streets are of solid construction, and the display of stores and in show-windows is certainly not below that of many more pretentious cities. Located in an extremely fertile farming and grazing country, Miles City with its bright, up-to-date, and energetic citizenship is destined to become one of the leading cities of this great north-western territory.

Miss Louisa Cooley, an enthusiast, Mental Scientist and FREEDOM reader, had interested herself in my coming and on the following morning I started out to make my presence known to her—but found, after some inquiry, that she had moved into the country about twelve miles distant. I then visited Mr. H. G. Patten, editor and proprietor of the *Stock Growers' Journal*, who devotes his time and talent to the growing interests and development of this region through the medium of his well edited journal. Mr. Patten, who received me very cordially indeed, informed me, after some preliminary conversation, that the meeting which I came to address had been called and held at the Opera House on the 22nd of the month. It had been widely advertised through the newspapers and by means of the distribution of handbills; very many people had come from distant places in the country in conveyances, etc., and a crowded hall awaited my appearance, only to be disappointed.

It developed that our type-writer, in informing Miss Cooley of my date to arrive at Miles City, had made the



mistake in writing June 22 instead of stating the regular date, June 27. Of course nothing could be done to make amends; I could not remain over; my other engagements had to be responded to and I had to leave on the next train, coming in that night. During our conversation Mrs. Patten and Mrs. F. K. Remington arrived and they determined to call a parlor meeting for that afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Patten, to which the friends and those interested in the new thought were invited. At this meeting I had a very attentive audience, and here as elsewhere I was surprised at the interest manifested in the new line of thought. Among those present I take the privilege of recording the following: Mr. A. S. Wiley, Mr. C. B. Towers, Mr. S. K. Remington and the following ladies, Mrs. A. F. Furstman, Rena Whitney, Sarah Maples, Mary Robbins, Eugenie Bliss Wilburn, Arta Titus, Emma Trowbridge, J. S. Truscott, Lizzie Ingraham, Miss Mamie Berg, Miss Jennie Wiley, Miss Ida Wiley, Mrs. H. G. Patten and Mrs. Frank Shepard.

At the close of the meeting Mr. A. S. Wiley, whose carriage stood in waiting, drove me with his daughter and her baby through the surrounding country for a couple of hours, out where the thrifty looking farms are located, and which are sustained by irrigation. Back of the cultivated country are the cattle ranges, and here and there the working shafts of several coal mines. Mr. Wiley informed me that coal is mined there and delivered in Miles City at \$2.50 per ton; a very fortunate circumstance since timber grows very sparingly here, and only along the river's margin.

This northwestern country is one of magnificent distances. These distances convey no idea of their reach; you must traverse them before they impress you. From Miles City to Helena you travel a distance of three hundred and eighty-five miles, and find yourself still in Montana. I was reluctantly compelled to cancel my arrangements at Helena, and our friend, A. P. Newberry, met me at the depot to express his regret at my inability to remain over, but circumstances were inexorable and we had to part. After leaving Helena we entered the mountainous regions and for three hundred and sixty-two miles further traveled through Montana. At Hauser Junction we crossed the border line into the state of Washington, and had only twenty miles further to travel in order to reach Spokane. Anticipating to reach Spokane on schedule time, 11.35 p. m., no sleeping berth had been provided for; we would take a good rest at hotel after a seven-hundred-and-sixty-eight miles' travel from Miles City. An accident to the mechanism of the train occurred, which caused a delay of four hours somewhere in the wilderness, and we arrived in Spokane at break of day. That meant but a few hours' sleep, if sleep would come under the tension of physical endurance and nervous strain to which body and mind were subjected. At 8.30 a. m., I was on the streets ready to attend to whatever demand might be made upon me. After some inquiry I found Mr. Chas. E. Hulting, who at once quit his business and gave the entire day to me and the cause. I found him a very helpful and obliging gentleman throughout, and he remained with his self-imposed labor until we closed our meeting place that night at twelve o'clock. Mr. Hulting introduced me to Mrs. P. B. Stephens, who was at Sea Breeze several years ago for about eight months, and well known to all the folks at home. Mrs. Stephens took me at once under her motherly care and protection, but I could not accept her kindly proffered hospitality; there was much work to be attended to that day and rest was not to be thought of. We next called on Dr. E. R. Wingate—cousin Wingate—whom Mrs. Burgman admonished me to "look up." The doctor, a hale and hearty looking man of about forty years, I think, quit his profession after he became a Mental Scientist and entered the world of commerce and manufacture. Mrs. Wingate ordered out her horse and buggy at once, and drove me about

the city of Spokane and its suburbs; and a very fine city, it is, with elegant business blocks and superb residences; the streets are wide, well paved and clean, and everything here bears the stamp of progressive activity. The recurring gold fever, however, had spread throughout the city, and you could hear Nome, Nome, everywhere.

My coming had been well advertised, thanks to the intelligent use of printer's ink, by means of quarter-sheet cards displayed in show windows and through press notices. The First Baptist church which had been secured for the occasion was well occupied. I kept the audience for two hours and a half or longer, and not one left before the close of the meeting. Many members of the church were present and seemed quite interested. Mr. Curtis, one of the church trustees, paid me a pleasant compliment before he retired from the edifice with his family, and two doctors spoke very encouragingly to me of the lecture, saying that several suggestions opened a new line of thought to them. Quite a number of FREEDOM readers gathered about me, and they were enthusiastic in their expressions about the scenes displayed through the stereopticon. Thus the time ran past eleven o'clock; I was to leave on the one o'clock train for Seattle, and my instrument had yet to be packed, my one hundred "slides" to be returned to their receptacle one by one, my baggage to be shipped to the depot, my hotel bill to be settled and my dress suit changed for a traveling suit. Mr. Hulting, who had acted as cashier in collecting admission fee and as pay master in settling bills, took the twelve-foot canvas from the frame and folded it; several ladies helped by putting the "slides" into their box, while I took the instrument apart and with the help of brother Wingate repacked it. I sent Mr. Charlebois, who had come over from Butte to attend the meeting, for an expressman. It was now past 12 o'clock, we placed the baggage on the side-walk and closed the church; leaving Mr. and Mrs. Wingate in charge until the arrival of the expressman, I took leave from our friends and walked to the hotel six blocks distant, settled my bill, changed my clothing, and taking a carriage drove to the depot, to find the train one hour behind time. When it did arrive it was crowded with people bound for Nome, and more crowded into it.

I had bought a ticket for a berth in a parlor car. When I presented it on the train the berth had been taken. It was here that physical endurance had reached its limit; the nearly two-thousand-miles' journey from Minneapolis, the irregular meals, the loss of sleep, the constant exertion, the petty annoyances one is subjected to, between railroad employees, baggage and expressmen, and the attention to small details necessary to be given to have our meetings run smoothly—all these had begun to tell on me; every atom of my body seemed to let go; there was not even a seat to be had on that rolling train, and for more than an hour I put forth all my mental strength to keep my body from collapse, until finally, a berth was secured for me, and such as it was I secured the much needed rest.

Among the friends interested in the new thought, I had the pleasure of meeting, besides those already mentioned, the following:

A. A. Barton, of Pullman, Wash.; Mrs. F. A. Madison, J. W. Mitchell, Mrs. A. W. Chapman, Hermione W. Andrews, Mrs. Chas. M. Fassett, Mrs. A. G. Kallam, Mrs. M. F. Bishop, Mrs. Cora Lehman, Miss Edna Senfert, Mrs. J. C. Hanna, Mrs. M. M. Arant, Mrs. Jas. Maxwell, Mrs. J. M. Arant, Miss Clare Arant, M. M. Arant, Maude Elaine Puffer, Adolph Thomas, W. G. Goodner and Mrs. T. Thivaitte.

The religion that science condemns has nothing to do but to die. No amount of fanning can keep it alive any longer. Science has become the arbitrary master of every school of thought, and deserves to be at the head.

H. W.

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## 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.

The article in the present number of FREEDOM by Eugene Del Mar is splendid. It is as true as it can be, and ought to impress all searchers for knowledge and power.

Do not forget that the one object of this paper is to prove the possibility of conquering death.

The question has arisen, on what part of the body does the will act? It acts on the entire body beginning with the nerves. A new resolve generated by the brain flashes its strength into the nerves, and is conveyed by them to the blood vessels and built by the blood vessels into the bones and muscles. The will power is the only healing power.

People think they heal by some divine power, faith in God, etc.; but they do not do it. They heal by their own individual power; the power of the human ego—the will. When a healer fails to cure his patient it is because his will is not strong enough; the patient's disease or belief or whatever it may be, is too solidified in

ignorance to be removed by any ordinary effort of the will. It will require a sense of masterfulness that not one healer in a thousand possesses. But let such a healer bring his power to bear and the disease vanishes. The trained will is on top of all things.

It is the trained will that can conquer death. It first began by conquering disease; its next advance step will be the conquest of the signs and weaknesses of old age; it would be as easy to heal the patient of wrinkles, dimness of sight, weakening of all the senses, and every other symptom of old age *right now, to-day, and right here*, as it is to cure rheumatism, and any other disease, if the patient would only believe in it and try it. I have one patient I am making a test of in this matter; she is a decidedly old woman. I have been treating her four years and there is marked improvement. The first indication of improvement showed in her digestion; after two years' treatment she got the appetite of a child, and her skin lost its leathery look and began to get somewhat translucent; all of her senses improved except that of sight, and as I could not induce her to leave off her glasses I failed to make much headway in this particular. But taking the experiment as a whole, I consider it a success. A person of my patient's age is nearly dead. The nerves on which my will acted were almost dried up. I had to literally make her over before I could do anything with her. The making over began with the digestive system; the improvement in her digestive system had to go on for a long time before it rebuilt her nerves sufficiently to render them responsive to my will. Of course, they were slightly responsive from the first; otherwise I could not have reached her at all; at this time she is responding to the treatments faster than ever before, and if she holds on to me faithfully I believe I will bring her through on the right side.

I am absolutely certain that the power that conquers disease or anything else can go on increasing until it can create a world. This is the power that is vested in man, who as yet is too ignorant to know it, and who necessarily takes the consequence of his ignorance in weakness, old age and death. As for me, I do not intend to die. It is simply a matter of will on my part. I don't want to die and as I am not growing old I am not going to die. I feel that there is no power in the world or the universe that can conquer my will.

*Light*, the London Spiritualist paper, gives me a lengthy criticism on my belief in the power to conquer death. I guess I will print it, but I rather dread the hateful of postal cards that will follow its appearance, all saying, "Them's my sentiments." I am well aware that people as a rule are too lazy to believe in conquering death; it is too hard work. The cultivation of the will to this point of strength is simply the greatest accomplishment the human being can work out; and the indolent brain, unaccustomed to the elucidation of new problems and the undertaking of new mental effort, tumbles down in view of it and lies prone and helpless before it, hoping and praying that some other way may be provided for the perpetuation of individual existence. A vast majority of this class are content to rest in the belief of a future heaven, provided by a personal God. This idea satisfies them and lets their brains continue to



sleep. The spiritualists are not wanting in thought, and have not gone to sleep in their belief; they are wide awake on the erroneous side of the situation. They magnify the happiness of the next world entirely above any to be found in this. They believe so greatly in the power and beauty of the life after death that death becomes an emancipator to all their hopes. They fail to appreciate this life and this world because they so constantly look forward to something better. "Fields in the distance look green." But in this case there is no proof that the fields exist, and it, therefore, would seem sensible to enjoy every particle of the present by putting our minds in it fully to see what new wonders we can bring out of it. If the world and this life had been worked threadbare it would be different. But it is all fresh and new; its possibilities have not been disclosed even to the faintest extent as yet; and I know—dear Editor of *Light*—that we have got to work our way heavenward by the development of these same possibilities. There is no other way out of the present predicament of existence but by going through it. We are not going to be lifted above it by any power outside of ourselves; we are not going to be given wings, except such as our brains develop; we are simply going to stay where we are—even though we die by the million—until we conquer death with all the word implies—ignorance, disease, poverty and old age.

Life tends to the making of man. Life focusses in man. Its entire power is pointed in him. He is its directing force; and he is *himself*; self-constituted master of all things and the only God there is. This is the gospel of Mental Science as taught by the most powerful word yet spoken in the world; a word that is gradually unfolding itself to the conquest of all other thought.

H. W.

A friend says I am attempting the impossible. This is because he is ignorant of the power vested in man. There is no impossible. Development wipes the word out.

Mrs. Kate Atkinson Boehme has taken up the subject of Immortality in the Flesh; she does well in this respect. It is at the top of all the subjects under discussion to-day. It is going to lead the world of thought for the next thirty years, after which no soul will doubt it. It will be an accomplished thing. I print an article from Mrs. Boehme on this subject in the present issue of FREEDOM.

Heber Newton is doing great good. He is an exceedingly bright man. I do not consider him among the topmost thinkers, but he is getting there. He cannot throw his orthodoxy over-board—at least, not all of it—though he has freed himself and thousands of others of a great part of it. Speaking of Christian Science (not Mental Science, but Christian Science) he says:

"We know that it is a Church when we see the old instinct of human nature reproducing itself within a generation; and an orthodoxy arising within this newism, over against what it is pleased to call the "heresies" attending it. This new orthodoxy is showing all the ear-marks of the older and well recognized orthodoxies. It is becoming narrow, intolerant, and dogmatic. It is developing a new bibliolatry—a blind worship of the letter of its new Bible, "Science and Health." For, as though the old bibliolatry were not bad enough, it is foisting upon our nineteenth-century Christianity a new

sacred book, clothed with all the airs of infallibility which have so long surrounded the old Bible. It has commanded its disciples to confine their reading and study to these two books, the Bible and "Science and Health;" thus narrowing the intellectual horizon and dwarfing the mental stature of its followers. It is developing a new ecclesiasticism—a modern counterpart of the venerable Roman Catholicism of the Middle Ages. At the summit of this new ecclesiasticism is a Pope in petticoats. Leo XIII. is not more infallible to his Church than is Mrs. Eddy to her Church. The Italian Papacy does not direct the faithful more imperiously than does our Yankee Papacy.

Already, within a generation, the old tale of history is repeating itself; and the freshest and most progressive thought of the movement is to be sought among the heretics of Christian Science, rather than among its orthodox following. The larger, more truly philosophical, and more profoundly spiritual conception of the truth which is vitalizing this movement is to be found among men and women who are practically dis-fellowshipped from the new Church, because they cannot pronounce its shibboleths, and surrender their reason to the dogmatic authority of the feminine autocrat who rules so masterfully.

The name Christian Science is even now being dis-owned by an increasing number of those who best represent its thought and spirit, because of these limitations and defects in this copyrighted orthodoxy of spiritual healing."

Note Mr. Newton's strong point in his remarks; that the freshest and most progressive persons in the movement are to be sought among the heretics of Christian Science rather than among its orthodox following.

Being a "split off" from Mrs. Eddy myself, this passage has special interest for me. I studied Christian Science, as it seemed, rather to find out its errors than its truths. It was the darkness of it that pointed us in

the opposite direction to search for light.

Here is something good about Mr. Burgman's lectures in San Diego:

Mr. Chas. F. Burgman has just closed a very interesting and instructive series of lectures in this city. Interesting, because the speaker has become so thoroughly imbued with the import of Mental Science, that he had no trouble in convincing the multitude that listened to his theme, that in Mental Science was to be found all that goes to make life a success.

If we are looking for light, we find its scientific rays more penetrating than the rays of the noon-day sun, shining through all the little avenues of life and eradicating every thing that is of the nature of darkness.

If we are looking for health, we are shown that Mental Science not only removes the seed germs of disease, but also through a proper line of thought concentration, we can rebuild these temples (our bodies) in such a manner as to perpetuate or eternalize diseaseless life in these very bodies we are now in possession of—becoming not only immortal but ideal beings.

If we are seeking happiness, we find the greatest foundation of true, present happiness in the ways taught and traveled by Mental Scientists.

Nothing that is desirable is placed in the dim future, but we can and do realize its blessings now.

If we are traveling the road that has all the ear-marks of that most appalling disease called poverty, we are shown that even this arch enemy can be shuffled off, can be eradicated, can be cured, (for when we remember that we are mental beings, we realize that poverty must be treated as any other disease). Mr. Burgman made all these points impressively plain, and scores of us who listened to his address will not be slow in searching diligently for these hidden treasures. All

these great truths being so forcibly presented by Mr. Burgman, indeed made his lectures very interesting.

I stated that the series was both interesting and instructive. Instructive, because the speaker not only interested his hearers, but he spoke with the power of a teacher. Every argument was clothed in such language that we felt directed in the way that would bring us into a full realization of the great possessions that are ours when we know how to reach out and take our own.

While Mr. Burgman manifested great individuality, and spoke as a commanding general, still he made his personality so pleasant that we are loath to let him go. We are all led to believe that he is the "right man in the right place."

Only one thing is left undone that we feel should have been done, and that is the organization of a Temple. We are left in an unorganized condition. Men with the ability of Mr. Burgman should be given time to organize Temples in every city they visit. The machinery should be put in thorough running order by competent hands. But I presume that the old saying is true in this case, "The harvest is great and the laborers are few."

We are happy to report that the work in San Diego will not be left in untrained hands, for we have among us a very able Metaphysical teacher in the personage of Rev. Solon Lauer, who has promised to assist us in properly organizing a Temple.

We also found Mr. Burgman and his stereopticon, to be very entertaining, and while we will not call him a magician nor a necromancer, we wish to state to all who admire beautiful presentations of art, showing the admirable beauties of Sea Breeze and its surroundings, we most heartily commend Mr. Burgman and his fine stereopticon; and you will feel like repeating the words of the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

For the past week we have seen much of Mr. Burgman; he was our guest in our home; he attended to his correspondence in our office; he was our companion as we visited places of interest in the country, and we feel fully repaid for every effort put forth.

We have found in Mr. Burgman a gentleman, a scholar, a teacher, an entertainer and a companion. He departs to-day for Kansas City, Mo.

J. N. BUNCH,  
San Diego, California.

### 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.*

### THE EFFECT OF FEAR UPON CHILDREN.

BY CHARLOTTE SHERWOOD MARTINDELL.

When the young babe first shows signs of fear for any object, he should, if possible, be gradually accustomed to it and his fear replaced by confidence. A white kid fencing gauntlet, with black patent leather wrist, was the first object for which my own baby showed any marked fear. I at once took it from the room, but brought it back the following day, laying it on a table some distance from the babe. She looked at it for some time and finally began to cry. I again put the glove out of sight. The next day I held it on my knee, patting it and saying, "Papa's nice glove," but making no effort to have the babe touch it or approach it till she should do so entirely of her own free will. For ten successive days, I brought the glove into the room in order that the child might grow familiar with it, and on the eleventh day she touched it very cautiously. The twelfth day, I laid it among her favorite playthings and she seemed to have no more fear of it, shaking it by the huge thumb and saying, "Papa's nice glove." I felt that the child showed discrimination in fearing this particular object, for a more ungainly, uncanny "giant hand" could not be imagined. Thus, through her own experience, and gradual acquaintance with what seemed to her a dangerous and terrible object, she learned that it was perfectly harmless, and a valuable victory was won. For several months after this she seemed to feel no fear, until one day a child visitor gave her a card having upon it a hideous clown's head, having eyes arranged to roll back and forth. The baby shrieked at the sight of it, and I at once took it away and kept it out of sight for a week, till she should entirely recover from the shock. One day I said, "I will go and get the picture of the funny clown, with its funny eyes which make mamma laugh." I got the picture, held it close to my own face, laughing and talking to it and paying no attention to the child. She finally crept near enough to peep at it, and then quickly withdrew to the other side of the room. The next day I put the card on the clock, some distance above the baby, but in plain sight. In six days she was playing with the card, laughing heartily at the "funny eyes," and even kissing the old clown, she had become so fond of it. Possibly these occurrences seem trivial, but I believe they are of the greatest importance. The overcoming of all dislike and fear for these two objects, which had inspired real terror in the child, stands for much. The child now is as fearless as one often meets, albeit she is of a nervous, high-strung temperament, which is usually the most subject to all kinds of fear.

A little boy of exactly the same age who lives next door, a sturdy little fellow, too, has had no pains taken to overcome his fears, and he is afraid of animal toys, of rabbits, of pictures of negroes and of innumerable other things, which this wee girl enjoys and laughs over. Therefore, the result seems well worth the pains, thought, and trouble which have been required.

The method invariably used by parents in cautioning children as to falling, etc., is to predict a fall. "Johnnie, look out, you will surely fall." How often we hear this, and Johnnie usually does fall after it has been suggested and prophesied so emphatically. Now if we desire to establish confidence, poise, careful control of the body, we shall say instead, "Johnnie holds so tight and is so careful, he will not fall. He can climb anywhere because he looks where he goes and takes care." From personal experience, I can affirm that this method works wonders in making children confident and careful. The child who is not allowed to climb trees, go swimming, ride a horse, or row a boat, is the one who is in the greatest danger from all sides. He lacks experience, poise of body and mind, and is not prepared in any direction to avoid danger when it comes his way. The physical sure-footedness and confident control of the body exercises a direct influence upon the mind. The



interdependence of body and mind is being more forcibly demonstrated each day, until now we know that no experience confines itself exclusively either to body or to mind. Both are equally affected, but the body should be subservient to its master, mind. Fear makes the child's hand tremble, he misses his grasp and falls. Fear blurs his eyes and he stumbles. Fear confuses his mind; he loses all command of his faculties, which, if under control, would show him ways to escape. Fear makes him forget his lesson, make a blundering recitation, and makes him fail to pass his examination. His great need is confidence. How much of his training in life has been directed to inspire it? Who is to blame for this pitiful and widespread lack among our children and youths?

A good memory depends especially upon this quality of cool, collected self-confidence. The parent or the teacher who endeavors by harsh words or severe methods to have a child recall something that he may know, but has for the moment forgotten, only adds to the hopeless confusion of his mind. You may frighten everything out of a child, but you will never frighten anything into him. Calm methods and quiet, reassuring words are the best helps for the forgetful child.

Is it not fear also that makes children untruthful? I am not referring to those little flowery flights of imagination that children of a certain age are wont to indulge in, and which merely show the activity of the mind. But the child who deliberately says he did not touch such and such a thing, when he has, does it invariably from fear of reproof. Most children are treated so severely at one time, and so leniently for the same offense at another time, that they never know what to expect and are needlessly untruthful, often expecting punishments that are not thought of. We may call it a guilty conscience; but the fact remains that if the child knew that no one would care if he looked at a certain choice book, he would own up at once. Where, then, is the guilty conscience? The untruthful child is a victim of fear, and it is the parents' duty to overcome this as soon as possible. Better no reproof at all than the reproof which makes the disease worse instead of better. Untruthfulness is a very contagious disease, but it is only in adults, when it is concealed deep under the skin, that it is incurable. Like the measles, it looks quite alarming, when with some child, "it breaks out all over," but nursing and tender care will always cure it, while whipping and other punishments simply cause it to "strike in" and become deep seated.

The pious grief and horror sometimes affected by parents—usually more or less subject to the disease themselves—is a counterfeit the child always feels, even though he lacks power to express it. The truth is, we grown up people all "deflect from truth" when it seems proper, if only we were honest enough to admit it. Is it, then, not a bit inconsistent to blame children so severely? When Mrs. B. asks us if her new hat is not becoming, we assure her it is, and later remark, "O! but she looks like a fright in it, only I couldn't tell her so." The same day little Jennie is put to bed for actually saying something that was not true!

All weak, defenceless creatures are fearful. Nature indorses and assists deceit in lower organisms. Many such creatures feign death and thus escape it; others change color or form, pretending to be what they are not in order to escape the enemy. But the tender little children are wholly at the mercy of the giants who live with them. They must submit to all sorts of intentional and unintentional abuse, unless their small brain comes to their aid and by ingenious deceits, helps them escape what they have neither strength or power to defend themselves from. First they are blindly driven to deceit, and then punished for practising it.

Happily, all sorts of bodily punishments are growing less, as intelligence spreads. Floggings are far more rare than in the "good old day," when the Puritan children stood by the roadside rolling little hard mud balls in

their brown hands and saying piously, "Yea, verily, here cometh Hester Prynne and little Pearle; come, therefore, and let us fling mud at them." Nevertheless, whippings, shakings and arm pinchings are still very common, not only in the slums, but in homes of refinement as well.

In a certain beautiful, artistic home where Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" in soft brown, silk-lined chamois, rests upon the reading table with Spencer's Essays on Education not far away, I have heard from the cellar stairway the blows of the father's hand as it struck the small, frail daughter. What seems worse, these occasional whippings were given at the request of the mother, who "simply could not endure the child's actions any longer." Is it not a thing to shame a man or woman who stops to consider the utter cowardliness of laying hand upon one of these small, tender little ones who are trusted to our care—to inflict a blow upon the delicate flesh of a child—to leave the red marks of a great, strong hand on the sensitive skin—for a mother, a father, to have no better method of appealing to their children than by inflicting physical pain upon a being so small and weak that it cannot raise a hand in self-defense? To govern a brute by brute methods may be logic, but to govern a human soul by brute methods is a disgrace to mankind.

Sitting on the porch of a pretty California cottage one evening, the soft air, fragrant and heavy with the scent of white jessamine, I listened to a man almost curse the memory of his dead father for the floggings received from him during his youth. Turning to me, he said, "I would rather die now than think a child of mine would go through life bearing such bitter memories of me as those I hold for my father. My father was a good man, honorable and respected, but he belonged to the old school of 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' He never spared the rod and he almost spoiled all the goodness in one boy's heart, and planted a bitterness that it seems to me heaven itself cannot wipe out."

Whenever the odor of white jessamine comes to me since then, the words of that man come back, and I often wonder if some of these little ones growing up about us now, may not some future day have memories almost as bitter.

That child is rich whose legacy is the memory of a beautiful childhood; for it is said truly, "To make a child happy now is to make him so twenty years hence by the memory of it."

To obtain a child's obedience through love is to have developed the best in the child. This requires something more than the understanding and wisdom of Solomon. It is the crown of earth's best knowledge, and perhaps only those whose hearts are fed at the fountain of Intuition can guide children with the wand of love only. But we all may approach this perfection and, while cultivating true wisdom for our children's sake, grow nearer the goal ourselves.

To obtain a child's obedience through love is to have developed the best that is in the child; but to obtain his obedience through fear is to have gained the obedience that the circus dog yields the ring master, who snaps his whip as the dog jumps.

Were it not for the sympathy one feels for the child it would be amusing to hear a great, broad-shouldered man, say with evident pride, "My children obey me the first time I speak." You have heard this, haven't you? Such pride as he takes in it too!

Now fancy a man, who towers six feet into the air, being proud of the fact that the wee little daughter and small boy, not much higher than his knee, have been frightened into instant obedience? It would look as if the pride were a bit cowardly, with so great odds in size; and, moreover, any other brute can do as much. But to speak ten times, if need be, and have the final obedience come through voluntary desire of the child to obey, that would indeed be cause for congratulation. We who are so much larger can always obtain bodily obedience if we are brutal enough, but to have the mind and heart

obey is another story, and requires a higher kind of strength than muscle can exert.

One day I saw a little fellow of only five years' experience with the things of this earth whipped into lamb-like docility by the six-foot specimen of manly courage who was his father. He was a noble man in many respects, too, but expected his small son to exercise a degree of self-control which he, himself, was incapable of. The boy sat by the window, the picture of perfect submission, ready to crawl at his father's heels if commanded, so cowed was he from fright and pain.

His long lashes were wet, still, with the tears which he was bravely winking back as he choked down the convulsive sobs which shook his little frame. Having been given good cause to cry, he was forbidden to cry.

The father, having gained this victory over the small body of his son, left the house. The child looking from the window saw his father going down the street and all his baby rage at the injustice received, broke loose. He clenched his wee fists, his face grew purple as he sobbed out, "Oh! I'll kill Papa when I am a man."

Is this not one of the tragedies of childhood which are occurring every day? Severe words alone often affect a child as deeply as the infliction of physical pain. Could we but look ahead and see life as a whole, instead of seeing these fragments of separate days, we could deal more wisely with these children. The dress that is soiled, the glass that is broken, the errand which our boy forgot, look very large and serious when viewed through the day's hand-glass; but looked at through life's glass, they take on their proper proportion, and we see their relative importance unmagnified. The parent who feels pride and gratification in seeing his children ready to jump at his first word, uses only a hand-glass to view his child's life. Using a larger glass, he might even discover that this desire for instant obedience was more for his own selfish gratification than for any ultimate good of the child. The obedience to be desired and worked for is not that of the circus dog, but an obedience which involves the child's reason. The child who is asked to do only reasonable things, who is not a shuttle-cock to suit the parents' varying moods, who is treated as a reasonable being, and has had explained to him clearly and simply the reason for doing thus and so; such a child will grow early into that natural obedience which comes from knowledge and trust in the authority of those about him. Fear destroys all possibility for this higher and better obedience. It is also true that the child ruled by fear grows wholly unmanageable when he has grown somewhat self-dependent in size and years, while the child ruled by reason grows more and more obedient as his own reason shows him the justice of things. Fear requires a hundred rules to guard it. Reason is allowed free choice and liberty.

Before closing this talk on fear and its evil effects, I want to mention that a noted physician has lately made the statement that fear is the chief cause for contagion in diseases. We know that physicians and nurses seldom take any of the contagious diseases they are constantly exposed to. We also know they are not made of innocuous clay any more than we are. But they are fearless. A strong attitude of mind imparts the same strong attitude of body, enabling it to resist all encroachment from outside forces.

Fear is bad company, a tyrant to whom we are needlessly slaves. Let us then endeavor to banish it from our lives in all its different phases, and bring up our children to master their fears, and with these their fates. We can do what we will do; then let reason give room to fear.

[Concluded this week.]

The cold stone in the marble quarries has been changed into immortal beauty and adorns the palaces of kings, by the carving of the thoughts of the sculptor, who impressed it with the beauty of his visions.

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

The new book—"The Conquest of Death," will soon be out of press. It is to be sold through agents. An agent is a person who dares. He must know how to push, and he must not be afraid.

The first time I read the book in proof I thought it was splendid. I kept up such a racket in its praise that Charley would quietly close the door between us. "Yes, dear," he often said, "I know it is fine because I know who wrote it." He thought this bit of taffy paid me for shutting the door. Men think themselves awful deep, and the best thing a woman can do is to leave them alone in their conceit.

But I often feel sorry for men. They used to have their own way, and considered themselves the God-commissioned masters of the universe. Gradually there came a change. They did not know what ailed them during their weakening process, which lasted longer than the seven year's itch, and resembled this disease in other respects.

The matter was that the development of the New Woman had begun, and was proceeding quite rapidly. Women were kicking out of the traces; there was a universal movement of the sex toward greater freedom. Aunt Becky, who had found the limit of her energies in piecing quilts and taking medicine seven times a day, got to elevating her eyebrows when uncle John came in from the field tired and often discouraged, and eventually disclosed the fact that she had been thinking by remarking that if she was a man she'd find something to do besides follerin' a plow all her life. Uncle John and eventually thousands of uncle Johns, caught the trend of the woman's thought, and those that were strong enough began to get "a move on them;" the others fell back in the harness, and the women took the lead.

This was only the beginning. The women began to think, and then they began to act, and eventually I am afraid they will come out ahead.

"Afraid!" you say.

Yes afraid. I love the men the best and I don't want the women to get ahead. But even now there is every indication that this thing is taking place. Women are growing weaker and more incompetent every day about household work; and this work is far too hard for them. Their brains have developed to a point where they refuse—or they are getting ready to do so—to engage in domestic slavery any longer. As a result of this the men are going to have to do it. They are going to have to do it, not only because the women will not, and really cannot do it, but because they are so much more adapted to the business than women are. Not only in point of strength are they better adapted, but in every way one can think of. Their dress is better fitted for the work; but above all their ability to systematize things is far ahead of woman's. Actually there is a quality in man's brain quite lacking in woman's that takes hold of labor, no matter how broken and wearisome it is, and reduces it to harmonious action; it almost seems as if they can make one part run another part, until all they have to do will be to sit down and crow over what looks very much like perpetual motion.

Man, who has previously done the thinking of the world, while woman was his slave, is now going voluntarily to shoulder her burdens, simply because he



is tired of her incompetency, and at last we will have order and rest; rest for both man and woman.

And what is woman going to do?

She is going to spend her time in the department of art. She is to be the beautifier of the coming generations.

The world has now advanced to a point where life's uses are in process of speedily reaching a plane so high as to virtually emancipate both man and woman. This emancipation will not liberate them from action, but will enlist them in those activities suitable to the genius of each growing soul. The whole trend of the age is toward the manifestation of more and more beauty.

What a lovely thing it is to be met with genuine courtesy in your dealings with people; this is one form of beauty in process of cultivation now; a true gentleman; a true lady; well, I have always aspired to be the latter, but I doubt whether I have reached the notch. In fact I am sure I have not. I want to pick the feathers out of somebody or other just about half the time, and in this mood politeness is out of the question. I am a just woman, and I expect justice in others; and nine times out of ten, I don't find it; and when I don't find it, away goes my harmonious mood.

But only for a short time. I can control myself better than I once did.

Here lately I have had a fine example of courtesy in journalism, and it makes a strong impression on me. Thank fortune I am not too old to learn, and I have learned several things from the example referred to. My teacher in this instance is the editor of *Light*, a fine spiritualistic paper published in London. In reading his editorial comments I was struck with his evident justice and gentleness. In places where—if it had been I—I should have jerked my opponents bald-headed (metaphorically speaking) he handled them like a strong man playing with children; playing with them and laughing somewhat too.

He is never discourteous, as I so often feel like being, or as I used to feel like being before I began to read *Light*. How I did want to retort in the same spirit with which they attacked me; especially some of the spiritualists. The way they "lit into me" was outrageous; and I could not reply very strongly because I was pretending to be lady-like and polite. I remember writing some articles that I did not publish; they were wicked, but they had large chances for laughter, and really I can almost sacrifice my reputation as a genteel, pretty behaved editress for the sake of a laugh; I would often do it if the family were not so exacting as to cut such things out when reading the proof.

Oh! but don't I get hackled about my proof reading. One would suppose it was a matter of life and death, the way I am criticised by the readers of *FREEDOM*. At first this used to perplex me, but now I smile and drop the grouty letters in the waste-paper basket; not this one, but the other one. There is more objectionable stuff in the usual run of papers than faulty proof; faulty sense is a good deal worse, and this is the trouble with the most of them.

*Christian*, the "most peculiarest" journal of the whole batch of us has the following paragraph:

"Henry Harrison Brown announces that he is open for engagements to attend weddings and funerals; as an officiating minister, of course! What! A Mental Science editor making provisions for funerals? Tell it not to Helen, of Sea Breeze. By the way, he has removed his paper, now, to San Jose, Cal."

I don't wonder that Dr. Shelton criticises Mr. Brown's position. If Mr. Brown is a real Mental Scientist, he doesn't believe in death at all. And the idea of turning undertaker does look queer. But why keep the matter secret from me? Am I the great family scold among the Mental Scientists? Am I expected to lay down the law for the children to follow?

But to return to a question I asked in the first lines

of this article, and forgot to answer. It was about reading my latest book in proof. I read it twice. The first reading convinced me that I was undoubtedly the smartest woman in creation; but I read it again and was utterly discouraged with it and myself too.

What can be the matter with it! Friends, I have recommended a good many of my books in the columns of *FREEDOM*. Now here is one that I do not recommend. Buy the book, won't you? Read it and tell me what ails it. Is it crazy or am I crazy or had I a lapse of intellect at the time of my last reading? I would not read it again for anything. And yet I suppose I shall have to. If so I will strive to keep my mind on it, and to give my readers an idea of its meaning. But I want the opinion of other people concerning it. It is either the world's wonder, so far as mental power goes, or the most idiotic thing ever printed. H. W.

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

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

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control, my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better than for years." He had consumption.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Florida.

## WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

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.

Should patients and students come during the summer months, or in the early fall, they will find board much cheaper than it is in the winter, and the climate is quite as lovely—indeed, I think more so than in the winter months. In writing this I am only answering what seems to be a constantly increasing demand. I have always received letters from people who wished to come, and, except in a few instances, I have refused to have them do so; in several instances I have found it impossible to keep them away; they have come in spite of my refusal. This has been the case to such a degree recently that I thought it would be best to let as many come as wished to. Write to me on the subject. Address

HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.

## 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.

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