

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

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

VOL. VIII., No. 1.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, MAY 23, 1900.

SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

ART, THE PROPHECY OF LIFE.

BY FREDERIC W. BURRY.

Art is the prophecy of the actual life of the future. In the midst of ignorance and darkness, humanity has struggled through ages of vicissitudes and trials, thus being educated in life's realities, thus coming into the consciousness of Truth. During these vast periods of man's evolutionary solutions, the ideal of harmony and beauty has remained with him, always guiding him into paths of valuable experience; which alone could create the conscious expression of life that would make the ideal become the real.

Yes, through the past ages of only half-awakened life, man has not been left entirely void of harmony. Out of the realms of his imagination have emerged, from time to time, celestial dreams of loveliness, gifts of genius to a world passing through the shadows of a negative period, those precious portrayals of the ideal—the fine arts.

For how many unknown centuries has man been gifted with the crown of genius. The untold depths of the mind of man are expressed in the ancient relics of days which we have called barbaric and pagan. Those ideals, which for so long have been with men,—why have they not become expressed in daily life? The incomparable images of the great painters and sculptors, the heavens of the poets and philosophers—compare them to the actual life of the world to-day, and after all these centuries.

The reason of this non-expression of the ideals of genius, is that men have not believed in them. They have treated the arts as so many toys and playthings, and frittered away their time in a mere nonchalant patronage of those idealists, those artists, whom they called "the masters."

Art has been raised upon an altar, as something above mankind, something to be worshipped from afar, something that is not of this world—intangible, unreal, a mere dream. The ideal has been divorced from the real. The mind of man has been cut off from the body. And in this state of general disunion, the world has of course blundered along all these centuries, just kept alive by the occasional gifts of a few individuals whose minds were illumined with the vision of a better life.

It has been the hope of the future, which has kept humanity from complete stagnation. This hope has truly crystallized itself into many grotesque religious forms, and the ideals have ignorantly been personified into supernatural gods and angels. Still, these very superstitions have kept alive the instinct of beauty in man—crude as our forefathers' hopes have been, they

have served to arouse the imagination of man, which in due time would express in material form all desirable ideals.

And the time for expression has arrived. After all these ages, the minds of the masses are at last becoming aroused with that vigor, which at one time belonged only to a few. The restrictions of man-made laws, manufactured in ignorance, are fast disappearing, and with this new birth of freedom the long pent-up energies of men's minds are giving expression to their native ideals. Out of the recesses of the subjective dream-land, the ideal is being born into the expansive realms of the object-world. Life itself is now becoming an art.

How many times have we closed our eyes to the discords around us, that we might enter the kingdom of our imagination, and create for the time being a little world after our own heart. We did not know, at first, that there was any real creation on our part when we built up our dream cities and countries. We thought it was only a little harmless amusement. But we sometimes found that our dreams materialized; that things we longed for, actually came to us in bodily form—and so at last the great truth of Mental Science dawned upon the world—that all things are creations of the mind. The philosophy of idealism had had many exponents in the past, but its teachers generally failed to make their ideas very practical. They had not grown to that height of consciousness, when the world within and without was to be recognized as one world—when life subjective and objective, mental and physical, was to be seen as one life.

We now know the ideal and the real to be one. Expression, creation, is but the evolution of mental energies. Growth, development, is an indestructible principle of being. Nothing can prevent the inherent tendency in life to express itself.

O! thought sublime. What a blessing to know that after all, the worst a man can do is to retard his own development. And it is just this that he has been doing through past centuries. While here and there a solitary enthusiast has risen out of the depths of the general human ignorance, with a message of new life—the race has gone on, generation after generation, stupidly regardless of its mistakes, blindly treading in the same old ruts, year in and year out.

At last the race is awakening. Sick and tired of its many failures, it is at last coming to itself, and recognizing where its faults have been. Men throughout the world are now beginning to see why existence has been so filled with discords. Yes, at last aroused from its lethargy, the mind of man is now universally assum-

ing its heritage of conscious creatorship. The ideals, for so long submerged and deadened, are now reinvigorated, and from the brains of thousands of the earth's citizens are being born those creations of life, which for so long have been but the occasional expressions of a few individuals.

So the coarseness which we have called evil is leaving the world. Beauty, the image of harmony, is gradually becoming imprinted on all man's activities. Art, the flower of existence, the image of nature, the very portraiture of the infinite life, is being born and expressed in all mankind.

Oh! we never dreamed that our ideals were for this world. Everything around seemed so corrupt and evil, so meaningless and purposeless, that we prayed for salvation and a heaven beyond the grave. We tried to pierce the clouds and imagine some elysian kingdom up there, and with our arms out-stretched we appealed to the God in the sky, that he might deliver us from the snares of the world.

How could we manifest harmony in a world which we had pronounced corrupt? How could we expect happiness to be ours, when we had placed the stigma of evil on our mother earth? No God bent down in kindly succor to temper the storm of our afflictions—only out of our own infinite nature were the celestial comforts to issue forth and quiet our poor troubled minds. We had to go through our harsh experiences, and learn by our sufferings to come to our senses and help ourselves.

And now we can see the value of it all—even the difficulties and hard knocks of our varied experiences. We feel in a degree, victorious. We have come thus far through many severe shocks, and with the new-born consciousness of our power, we know the future will be easier for us. Not that there will be nothing more to conquer—but we shall override all obstacles without fear, and with the knowledge of certain achievement.

It was only the ignorant terrors of the past, which made the old life so hateful. We were negative, we were like infants, knowing nothing of our infinite nature. We were always seeking help from outside, instead of relying on self. We had not then reached the stage of mental maturity; therefore it was impossible to know of the infinite character which belonged to one's self.

Anything, anything but self was exalted. The most trivial image of the mind might be lauded and praised, but self, never. Now we can understand that such a position was one of impotence, since all creation must evolve from within; since there is no other source of life but that which forever resides in self.

We now proudly exalt our nature. Not in any mere conceited sense of personal superiority, but as the conscious recognition of man as the personification of all nature.

Pure art springs from the recognition of unity. The artist merges his personality, so to speak, into his ideal. What he portrays is then full of life; it is alive with his own individuality. When a man thus puts himself into his work, his creations become artistic, works of beauty. In the future all the labors of mankind will be stamped with art. Every worker will be an artist in his particular line. And the art of the future will be the expression of Nature—life glorified,

resplendent, the manifestation of the ideals of man.

The time is coming when our factories and workshops will be temples of delight, when all labor will be a pleasure.

All labor is indeed a pleasure when it is free labor, not a hard, wearied grind; even hard work may be an amusement when a man is strong and healthy, and, above all, free both in mind and body. What else is health, but freedom—what else keeps the race in negative conditions but its bondage to long dead habits and customs?

And, to-day, for those who are prepared to face the conditions, may a new life be born in the midst of all existing imperfections. Surely it is only a privilege to be in the vanguard of the race's emancipation, making new paths for humanity to tread in. This is better than being carried without an effort, into some realm of bliss. Yes, it is far better to create our own heaven, to live in a new world fashioned after our own ideals.

Our eyes are being opened, our minds are being clarified. We are beginning to discern what immeasurable depths exist in the creation around us. Our old world contains so much for us, we know it is a plane of infinite potencies.

The little things now speak to us in unmistakable language. The flowers of the vegetable kingdom suggest to man that he adorn the earth with blossoms of love, that he give the charm of natural beauty to all his creations.

This is real art. The conventions of the age are anti-natural. Our cities, which offer such opportunities for the portrayal of art—how hideous, in many respects they are! True they have their noble buildings, many choice specimens of architecture—but the wretched slums, the miserable business methods—what is there artistic in these modern features of civilization? And the temple of the body—how few have learned to beautify that structure!

Our whole life must become an art. Things around us are instruments, symbols, to be used. The ego must stand always above these things, always master. To demand, to command, is the privilege of man, awakened—to be king supreme in the realm of his individuality. His mind is now to be recognized as the storehouse of every energy that he will need for the extension of his life—not stored as in the confines of a limited compass, but in the unbounded depths of a nature that reaches back and forward beyond the finite measurements of time and space.

Greater and ever greater expression! To give birth to new ideals day by day, to watch their embryonic formation, their birth, their growth, their maturation, and their extension ever out into material expression, in fuller and fuller abundance. To be an outward personification of our ideals, manifesting in our bodies, by our sincere and frank recognition of truth, all life, health, beauty superb! O! matchless art of arts!

Love is the art of life. Love is the artist, which governed by intelligence, shall now send its influence throughout all the realms of mankind's activities, and give to every creation of man the embellishments of celestial beauty. Our life we can now perceive in its reality. Travelling away from the comfortable ignorance of a mere vegetating animal existence, out into experiences often painful and severe, seeking—ever

seeking at any cost, greater light, more consciousness—the ego has advanced, until to-day a new world opens out, a world of joy and peace. This is the kingdom which we have earned by our conquests through past ages; our lessons have been hard, but the reward is worth them all. Our compensation is indeed complete. Our eyes are opened, and lo! by a great transforming process the world around us appears filled with beauty and order, where before there were ugliness and chaos. The world becomes renewed. The ideal now merges into the real. Our desires have been fulfilled—the echo of response has come to us from every direction. The forces of our being have thus done the whole work. We have laid the foundation for a new world—a world, a life of art and beauty.

“Ye are the salt of the earth.”

The salt of the earth has lost its savor or is not abundant; at times we can barely get enough to season our porridge! 'Tis thus the pessimist views every slight discomfort, and through lenses that magnify until trifles materialize and grow into real obstacles.

A perfectly smooth road is not well for any soul; who idly waits for one loses his grip on the usages of life. We cannot grow physically or mentally unless we face the impediments that confront us and surmount them; they are the implements of our training school, the means by which we gain power to mould our environment; by them we may train the will for all noble achievements.

Life is for action, not for sloth or self-indulgence; these result in torpor or in death. If the doctrine of reincarnation is true who would not earnestly desire to escape the gruesome experience of frequent exits from this scene of life.

With eyes blinded by selfishness and ears deaf to harmonies divine, how can you enter the contest for victory over death?

You may do so hopefully when you have learned to be faithful over the few things entrusted to your care. The things we are to be faithful over are not insignificant; it is often an arduous task to eliminate from our minds all selfish aims that prompt us to rise regardless of the discomfort we may cause others who seem to be in our way.

Be thou faithful unto death, the death of all ignoble aims—and thus secure the crown of life.

E. S. HILL.

DON'T.

Don't what? Don't mix your orders. For anything connected with healing or with the paper FREEDOM, address Helen Wilmans.

The book business belongs to the International Scientific Association and Mrs Wilmans has nothing to do with it. Don't increase our work by sending us mixed orders. We ask this as a special favor.

Please notice address on your wrapper. The figures 19 stand for the year 1900, and notify you if you are in arrears for FREEDOM. If you wish the paper continued please let me hear from you.

H. W.

HIS PREDICTION FULFILLED.

John Vetter, of Ludlow, Ky., predicted on New Year's day that he would not live through this year. He died recently and it is stated that his condition of mind more than his condition of body caused death.

NO PERSONAL SAVIOR, SAYS DR. SILVERMAN.

In speaking of the doctrine of vicarious salvation during his sermon on “The Messiah” in the Temple Emanuel yesterday, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman said:

“No one can be the savior of any other man, much less of the souls of multitudes of men or of the world. The doctrine is simply unthinkable. Not to save souls, but save lives is our mission—to make men able to live better, happier, nobler lives on this earth, irrespective of any future outlook:

“One of the greatest popular errors regarding the Jews,” said Dr. Silverman, “is the common belief that one of the essential articles of the Jewish creed is the doctrine of a personal Messiah, who is to be anointed of God, and save Israel and the world from sin and perdition. On this error was founded the doctrine that Jesus of Nazareth, having fulfilled, as was supposed, the alleged conditions of Messiah, was the long expected savior of Israel and mankind.

“The fact of the matter, however, is that the doctrine of a personal Messiah or savior never formed part of the Mosaic religion. When Judea was a Roman province under the jurisdiction of the Procurator Pontius Pilate a sigh went up from suffering Jews—a cry rose to Heaven for a King, a Messiah, one who would redeem them from the tyrannous rule of the foreigner.

“In this hour Jesus came to Jerusalem. He had been preaching of a Kingdom of Heaven in Galilee. He had there been proclaimed as a Messiah. You see there was a vast difference in the meaning of the word in Palestine and Galilee. To the one he was to be a political savior, to the other a spiritual redeemer.

“But Peter and some of the other Apostles cared not for such fine distinctions. They saw the opportune moment caused by the confusion of ideas and of hope and they proclaimed Jesus the Messiah, hoping to satisfy both sides; but he himself declined that honor in Palestine, though he had accepted it in Galilee, for he knew that in Palestine Messiah means king, a political redeemer, and that to assume such a role there involved treason against Rome and death. The drama reached its climax, and Rome stepped in and made of it a tragedy by pronouncing the new king a traitor, and sentencing him to death.

“The Jews were consistent throughout. They could not afford to rebel against Rome. They could not accept Jesus as a spiritual savior after his death because the doctrine of vicarious atonement is contradictory to the entire Jewish idea of sin and atonement.

“How can any man save my soul? He cannot even save my body! How can any man atone for my sins? Such a doctrine is simply verbal, merely satisfies the imagination, and is entirely barren of results. It is fascinating to some because it is so easy of acceptance.

“That doctrine of vicarious salvation has not freed the world from sin and has not made man better. The blood of one martyr or of a million could not blot out the stain of one sin or remove from man the inclination to sin.

“Israel having ceased to be a nation, even beyond the hope of resurrection, does not to-day hope for a political Messiah or savior, and therefore, eliminates the entire doctrine of a personal Messiahship from the principles of its religion.

“We form to-day merely a religious community, and as such, look forward to the salvation of the individual and of the human family from all forms of sin, from falsehood, superstition, ignorance, immorality, scepticism, poverty and disease.”

IDEAL EDUCATION.

No Child is Conceived in Wickedness or Born in Sin. His Origin is from the Universal Source. He is the Image and Likeness of God! The Business of the Educator is to Make this Image and Likeness Manifest.

BY ALICE B. STOCKHAM.

CHAPTER ONE.

Ideal education is founded on Froebel's law of unity. In this the child is the curriculum. The child's needs are the first consideration. He should become conscious of his innate powers, and should learn application and expression in the Kindergarten and lower grades. If through and by this education he is easily absorbed in any subject, and works out its principles in some form of expression, in some creation, then he is ready to take up any topic of life that he has not heretofore considered. If he has not already this ability then the teacher's duty is to interest him and find that point in his character where he can rivet his attention.

By many, manual training is considered as representing the most advanced ideas in education, but ordinarily even this is inadequate to meet the needs of the child. Best education reaches beyond technical or industrial training. It even goes beyond artisanship and becomes true creative art. In one sense it is laboratory work, giving the child an opportunity to work out ideas that he has been led to consider, and pursue ideas bearing a direct relation to the entire plan of investigation.

The child may be reached through nature studies—birds, trees, flowers or rocks. From his interest in these he can be led into physics and laboratory work. If his attention is first arrested by the bloom of foliage of a tree, he can soon be led to investigate the grain and fiber of the wood. To know the character of this positively for himself, he must put the plane and saw into it. He would be remarkable for dullness if he did not then desire to transform his piece of birch, maple or pine into some article of use or ornament.

Those advocating nature studies, manual training, etc., have been accustomed to condemning books and book work. As flour, salt and sugar are staples in groceries, reading, writing and arithmetic are staples in education; but let these staples be for the child, not the child for them; not ends of study, but means for study; let them be tools of service, implements for opening the gates of wisdom, for throwing wide the portals of discoveries and activities within the growing reach.

Books are labor-saving tools. Remember book knowledge is not education, only an aid to education.

Some girls and some boys see no relation between the printed page and the activities of life. Such a boy or girl may become interested in the mechanical or kitchen laboratory. If wisely bent to work out problems they will find that books are not only available, but essential to the acquisition of knowledge.

A girl or a boy learns that one quart of water, three pints of entire wheat flour and a cake of yeast combined at a certain temperature will make three loaves of bread. The ordinary child will soon ask why you have yeast, why a certain temperature, why you use wheat flour, and what is entire wheat. In your answers and questions you lead him to the wide field of practical infor-

mation of all cereal products. You send him out for oats, wheat, rye and corn and he becomes eager for knowledge of these. You teach him to make biscuit, muffins and griddle cakes; he learns to cook avena, rolled wheat purina. He becomes interested in granola, granose and shredded biscuits. He soon discovers that he must delve in books to supplant the teacher's lessons in chemistry and microscopy, as well as his own investigations.

Through his researches and laboratory work he is not only prepared for the kitchen and camp, but he has what is more valuable; he has revelations of power. He has ability to engage in other and greater creations. He has learned to do by the doing.

In Boston no girl can pass from the grammar grade of the public school to the high school until she can at home make a good loaf of bread. It is not only that she has the ability to produce this bread, and for this reason will always be better prepared for a home maker, but she has had practice in attention, concentration and expression. It is evolution of power, the bringing forth of inherent creative energy.

Ideal education is eminently optimistic. Teachers and parents are learning to overlook the mistakes and errors of children, and to look beyond into their inmost nature, to recognize the union of their souls with the universal source.

We are even blotting out from our vocabulary the words, sin, satan, devil and evil. It is not impossible that they may in time be obliterated from our lexicons entirely.

Do we see a child taking the wrong road, we set him at some delightful task that leads him on the right road, until his feet have become habituated to tread in that path. Does your child purloin change to supply himself and his mates with sweets, you fascinate him with the manufacture of confections and he becomes delighted with the process, and soon forgets that the more inferior article is obtainable with purloined pennies. Does your child run away, when you send him on definite and difficult messages that require thought and command his most concentrated action? He is made to know that he is responsible, and by the responsible act has a consciousness of belonging to the co-operative community.

Through processes and application of principle the divinity is brought forth in accomplishment of purposes, in effective thought, in sweetness of character.

All negative conditions are ruled out; fear of failure, fear of fatigue, fear of being the laggard, lose their influence. Every child is imbued with his claim upon the universal source from which he can draw. It is his for the taking, as a feast spread upon a table.

He must know that the wide field of knowledge is for him, and as he grows and lives in nature and in the atmosphere of scientific research, he is made to feel his powers and his ability for attainment. He learns that investigation always brings reward. Self consciousness is lost in natural development, for the soul in its expansion knows its right to fullest bloom. It gives out its fragrance in artistic creations—in the poetry of a Lowell, in the architecture of Ruskin or the inventions of an Edison. These are culminations—not of genius, not of the few favored ones, but of every soul led to show its inherent divinity.

[To be continued.]

THE EFFORT TO GET RID OF HELL.

[From The New York Sun.]

The demand of so many Presbyterians for a revision of their confession of faith is simply a symptom of the prevailing confusion of religious thought at this time. Practically that standard expresses orthodox belief generally prevailing before the rise of the present religious skepticism, at least so far as concerns the essence of the doctrine to which the current objection is made.

At bottom, it is simply a logical consequence of the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments, a taught in the Bible and professed in every orthodox religious creed. This, however, being a period of keen sensibility to all suffering, the thought that God has condemned, or will condemn, a great part or any part of His creatures to everlasting torment in hell is horrible to many people. Societies for the prevention of cruelty, not only to children, but also to brute animals, have been established. Senator Hoar, mistakenly supposing that the feathery garniture of women's bonnets involves cruelty to living birds of fine plumage, has introduced in the Senate a bill to prevent it. Cruel and unusual punishments have been abolished throughout civilization. The method of administering the death penalty prescribed by law has been changed in this State on grounds of pure humanity from hanging to killing by electricity. It has also been made secret, and the time when the execution of the sentence is to be carried out has been made indefinite, so that the assumed public demoralization by the old manner of hanging and the shock to the public sensitiveness caused by it shall be diminished. Meantime at nearly every session of the Legislature of this State earnest efforts are made to secure the abolition of the death penalty as a remnant of savagery, and in five States it has already been abolished actually. Even in war Red Cross activities are expended to mitigate the miseries, to inflict which is the purpose of war. People nowadays suffer sympathetically whenever they see suffering. They turn away with revulsion or indignation when a horse is whipped. So keen is this sensibility in many people that they will not even read of cruelty practiced or endured.

At such a period the doctrine, once universally accepted by Christendom, that never-ending torture is to be administered by God to the condemned denizens of hell becomes inexpressibly revolting to sensitive souls. They may declare in formal creeds that they believe in it, but in their hearts they reject it as impossible.

This doctrine of hell is thus expressed in the Westminster Confession, and as there formulated it is essentially that of Christendom generally:

"God hath appointed a day wherein He will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ, to Whom all power and judgment is given of the Father. * *

"The end of God's appointing this day is for the manifestation of the glory of His mercy, in the eternal salvation of the elect and of His justice, in the damnation of the reprobate, who are wicked and disobedient. For then shall the righteous go into everlasting life, and receive that fullness of joy and refreshing which shall come from the presence of the Lord; but the wicked, who know not God, and obey not the Gospel of Jesus Christ, shall be cast into eternal torments, and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power."

It is the revolt of the keen sensibility of this time at such a possibility which is the real motive of the pres-

ent Presbyterian outcry for the revision of its confession of faith. Ostensibly the assault is on the doctrine of election, but actually it is against damnation altogether; for, logically, the two are inseparable, and the first cannot be got rid of without getting rid of the second. The one, too, is not less repugnant to modern sensitiveness than the other, for its revolt is against the administration to anybody of unending suffering so awful; but the only escape from either is in flat denial that there is a hell.

If the question of the doctrine of election comes up for consideration by the Presbyterian General Assembly at St. Louis next month, it will force a preliminary decision of the question, Does the Bible teach the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments? And the decision must be in the affirmative, for that it does so teach is the consensus of the professed religious belief of Christendom, with the exception of a relatively insignificant fraction.

Then, if the demand for the expunging of the doctrine of election is persisted in, there must come up logically the question, Is the Bible an infallible authority upon that matter or upon any other? That is the end to which this discussion must tend, for the present revolt against hell is due to the unsettling of religious belief, caused by the assault made upon the authority and authenticity of the Bible by so large a part of the theologians themselves. The outcry against the doctrine of election particularly is only an incidental consequence of this overthrow of belief in the Scriptural infallibility upon which all Christian theology and Christian creeds are necessarily based.

Such being the case, it is not propable that the movement for revision will make much headway in the General Assembly. An attempt to secure revision, which was based on the same ostensible grounds, a few years ago, produced no practical result and that experience is sure to be repeated now and the whole battle to end in smoke merely until the time comes when orthodox Christianity is forced finally to meet the great issue, and decide whether it accepts or rejects the inspired infallibility of the Bible, as squarely as it has been decided by the Pope for the Roman Catholic Church. Having gone so far, the Presbyterian ministers who are organizing the revolt against the doctrine of election will be compelled eventually to go much farther, if they do not turn away from a road which leads straight to the rejection of the sole authority on which their faith is based.

TREATMENTS FOR FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

These treatments are really for the upbuilding of business courage, self-confidence, and the vitality that suggests new ideas and new business enterprises, out of which success is sure to come. They are for the overcoming of that doubt men often cherish concerning their own power to do things as great as others have done. The fact is, these treatments for financial success are treatments for the making of men. They strengthen the man all over; they enable him to see his own worth and give him the essential faith to work out his own ideas to any desired result. It was by the strengthening of self that I won the victory over poverty; you should read my book "A Conquest of Poverty." It is a splendid thing if I do say it myself. You will gain force of character from reading it. If you wish to be treated for the qualities I have enumerated as necessary to you in a business career, you can write for terms to

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

DEED OF PROPERTY MADE TO THE COLLEGE.

Charles C. Post and Helen Wilmans Post, his wife, of the County of Volusia and State of Florida, of the first part, and The Scientific, Philosophic and Ethical School of Research—the same being an incorporation duly organized and chartered under the laws of the State of Florida, of the second part:

Witnesseth: That the said parties of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar, lawful money of the United States of America, to them in hand paid by the said party of the second part, at or before the enrolling and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have Granted, Bargained, Sold, Aliened, Remised, Released, Conveyed and Confirmed, and by these presents do Grant, Bargain, Sell, Alien, Remise, Release, Convey and Confirm unto the said party of the second part, and its heirs and assigns forever, all those certain tracts of land lying and being in the County of Volusia and State of Florida described as follows; to wit:

All of lot three (3) of Section thirty-six (36) Township fourteen (14) south of Range thirty-two (32) east, in Volusia County and State of Florida, containing eighty-seven (87) acres, excepting three hundred (300) feet frontage of lot three (3) of Section thirty-six (36) Township fourteen (14) south of Range thirty-two (32) east from the Halifax River to the Atlantic Ocean; the south line being three hundred (300) feet from and parallel to the south line of said lot three (3).

Also that portion of lot four (4) Section thirty-six (36) Township fourteen (14) south Range thirty-two (32) east, lying between the north line of said lot according to the United States survey of Florida, and Halifax Ave., and University Boulevard as such Avenue and Boulevard are shown on the recorded map of East Daytona and Post's Addition thereto. (Note: The 200 lots promised, also the Campus Grounds of over ten acres are included in the above description.)

Also the following described land subject to an incumbrance of (\$2000) to be paid as follows: One thousand dollars (\$1000) on or before May 26th, 1900; five hundred dollars (\$500) on January 22nd, 1901 and five hundred dollars (\$500) on January 22nd, 1902 with interest at six (6) per cent.

The north one-half of south six hundred (600) feet of lot three (3) Section thirty-six (36) Township fourteen (14) south of Range thirty-two (32) east.

[Note—There are 75 lots in this tract. The sale of four of these will pay the \$2000.]

Together with all and singular the improvements, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and also, all the estate, right, title, interest, dower, and right of dower, separate estate, property, possession, claim and demand whatsoever, as well in law as in equity, of the said parties of the first part, of, in and to the same, and every part and parcel thereof, with the appurtenances:

To have and to hold.

Here follows further legal verbiage such as is usual in documents of this kind.

Signed

CHARLES C. POST.

HELEN WILMANS POST.

Witnesses:—Ada W. Powers: L. S. Morrison.

It was not our intention to include this tract of seventy-five lots on which is an incumbrance of \$2,000 in the donations made to the college, but when the survey came to be made the tract proved to lie in such relation to the other grounds which it was intended to donate, that it seemed desirable that it go to the college along with the rest, and we have therefore deeded it, subject to the claim against it which the sale of four lots will pay, leaving seventy-one lots clear in addition to the two hundred first promised.

Deeds can now be made to purchasers of lots without delay. If any one should chance to select a lot from among those on which the incumbrance rests, the money will be applied to the payment of the mortgage, and a release of all claims against the lot purchased will be obtained. The two hundred lots first promised are free of all incumbrance and the deeds conveying them is an absolute warrantee.

Now will not friends everywhere fall in and boom the college? We feel that we have done our part—at least for the present. The property donated should net the college at least a \$100,000 above cost of improvements of grounds, streets, etc. It is a good starter; if others will do what they can in the way of donations, or will purchase lots, either for ready money or in payments of \$100 per year, the first building can be begun within ninety days and completed in time for a winter term.

Altogether now—let's up with the building. We hope to be able to report some added donations, and also the sale of several lots in our next issue of FREEDOM.

GOING TO TRY FOR IT.

The following announcement of the action of the Century Club of New York is made through the daily papers. It is gratifying to see the spread of the idea that death may be overcome, and it is natural that once the idea has taken hold of the public mind there should be many theories and many experiments by many people.

While the members of the Century Club are off of the straight track, they are seeking, and will, I sincerely trust, eventually find. It is a great deal, and promises very much to the race, that a body of so intelligent and prominent people should have announced their belief in the possibility of conquering and of their determination to make the attempt.

But here is the statement of the club, as clipped from a New York daily paper.

The secret of prolonging human life to the century mark, it was announced last night at a meeting of the Hundred Year Club at the Hotel Majestic by Theodore Sutro, the lawyer, has at last been found.

Mr. Sutro, who presided, declared that the attainment of the object of the club had passed from the theoretical stage to the practical.

Accordingly, the members of the club will place themselves under treatment by which they believe they will be able to practically annihilate time and live as long as they please.

A medical bureau of specialists will be formed. Every member of the club will undergo a physical examination by the bureau, and, if it is thought necessary for the prolongation of life, changes in diet and mode of living will be made.

Mental tests will play an important part in the treatment, and if one's trend of thought is not conducive to longevity this will be altered by hypnotic influence.

The paper of the evening, read by Miss Jessie A. Fowler, was on "How to Increase Our Faculties and Live usefully One Hundred Years." She said experiments showed that the brain cells could be increased by education and exercise, and that on their development depends the length of life.

"Our capability to live long," she said, "depends upon what we eat and drink. No two people ought to eat and drink alike. Nor should they think alike. Their capacity to think depends on their physical characteristics. People die before their time because they use their brains unwisely."

A resolution was passed to hold a convention of all interested in the study of longevity at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1902.

I CAN—I WILL.

"I can—I will." 'Tis this, the very thought,
That felt and uttered by the soul in need,
Frees it of all those fetters fear has wrought,
And makes it strong indeed.

The soul arises, when those words are spoken,
In sovereign majesty of might divine;
The prison doors of ignorance fly open,
So truth within may shine.

Enhaloed, forth it comes on outstretched wings
Of faith; and lo! it like an angel seems;
Whilst with a new-born joy, aside it flings
Old doubts and hideous dreams.

"I'll dare—I'll do." And thought's mysterious powers
Call unseen forces ever to its aid.
On every earnest worker nature showers
Her wondrous wealth when prayed.

O! learn to look within. O! search thy soul.
Doth life, the soul of love, reign there for naught?
Lift but the veil. Self-knowledge points the goal—
Self-power—'tis won when sought.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

It is to be hoped that the good Americans who believe in the efficacy of a tight-shut Sunday will not be unduly grieved by the decision of the French exposition authorities. All the American exhibits must be open on Sunday. This is the decision. If a good exhibitor wants to close his show the French officials can under a by-law open it, pull off the concealing cloths and compel the breakage of the Sabbath.

This is the French way. These fribbles never competently understood the sacred value of gloom and discomfort. They never appreciated the disciplinary uses of Sunday clothes or the sactimonious walking-stick—and nothing to do on a holiday. They have not learned the elevating influences of sitting around after church and a heavy midday meal, yawning in one another's faces, wishing for night to come, for Monday morning and work—for anything that will put an end to the ennobling experiences of a Puritan Sunday.

The French are "funny that way." Sunday is their great outing day. After the morning church they escape into the country and enjoy the woods, the alleys of St. Cloud, the green carpet and the "great waters" of Versailles; or they go to the picture galleries, or listen to the delightful concert at the Jardin des Plantes, to which they are admitted for a modest sou. To them Sunday will be the great exposition day of the week, and to rob them on that day of the delights and instruction of the American exhibit would have a taste of cruelty in it.

Those who cannot yet surrender the direful Sunday, which is not that of the early Christians but of the later Puritans, can find a grain of joy in the gracious consent accorded to Commissioner Peck to close our own pavilion, so if they should perchance venture into the exposition grounds on Sunday they can be reasonably uncomfortable.—*Ex.*

What are you going to do to help on with the *Col lege*?

IS ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY DECLINING?

In the light of the new astronomy our earth has dwindled. We have learned that we live on the outer shell of a little globe, which is but a mere speck of dust amid the infinities, not as we formerly supposed the centre of the universe. We pigmies dwell in a few protected nooks of this outer shell of the earth. A little too much heat or a little too much cold and we perish. Underneath our feet still blaze the eternal fires that were kindled when this earth lay on the bosom of its parent sun. Above our heads we can see the unending array of young worlds and old worlds and dead worlds.

This new conception of the earth does not logically contradict the old dogmatic beliefs, but it creates an attitude of mind unfavorable to them.

For instance, the orthodox doctrine of a redeemer rests upon the assumption that a man must be perfectly good in order to be acceptable to his maker. This doctrine implies that a man is either altogether good or not good at all. It is plainly contrary to the modern idea of development, which teaches that the impossible is not required of us. Absolute perfection is unattainable, but we know that the road to perfection lies open and that if we would be men in the highest sense we must travel it.

The early Christians knew that no human being could be perfectly good, and yet they believed that perfection was required of them. Hence a redeemer who could impart to them his goodness was necessary. With the wider outlook which we have to-day we see that such a miraculous intervention is not needed. Our idea of perfection has been modified by the discovery of the laws of human development. Just as we perceive that it is nearer to the truth to believe in a boundless instead of a narrow world, so also we accept the idea of progress and character culture. In short, a new temper of mind has been created, which is unfavorable to the acceptance of the old dogmas.

Many are unable from sentimental reasons to give up the old beliefs, even though they have accepted the new teachings of astronomy and biology. Others draw a curtain over the dogmas and declare that action is more important than belief.

But in the latter case the dogmas are only kept in the background, not abandoned. Again, the ministers of too many churches take their ideas of good from the mere surface of things. They preach socialism to-day and imperialism to-morrow. In fact, the pulpit tends to become in too many cases just the echo of the newspaper.

We must constantly be prepared to receive new ideas and entertain new outlooks. The contribution which Jesus made to the moral teachings of the world is invaluable, but it is not final. There is room on the ethical tree for a higher branch.

There is an intrinsic flaw in the mind which will not allow us to conceive of infinity. We cannot imagine what an infinite being is. We cannot think of a God like us, and therefore we cannot in any adequate sense take an infinite being as a pattern. Man cannot be godlike; but he can feel that he is susceptible to influences that come from a divine source. More and more we are learning to rely upon human effort and not upon miraculous interference. We depend upon the development of our own ideas and powers, not upon any special revelation or imputed righteousness.—*Felix Adler in the New York World.*

FREEDOM

WEEKLY.

IN AMERICA : : : : \$1.00 PER YEAR.
IN EUROPE : : : : \$1.50 PER YEAR.

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Please take notice that 48 copies count for one year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sea Breeze, Fla., as second-class matter, August 28, 1897. Removed from Boston, Mass.

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

CAUTION.

Here is a word that should be stricken from our vocabulary, or given a new and better application.

In the past it has been the representative of conservatism, the weapon of orthodoxy, the refuge of the fearful.

"Be cautious how you accept of new ideas, new ways of thinking, new theories about this life and its duties or about the life to come." This song has been sung into the ears of every generation of the children of men from the time of Adam down to the present day, and has kept the race from recognizing its own ignorance, and from the saving knowledge which it might have possessed if only it had not been "cautious," distrustful, of every idea and thing that did not bring a certificate of good character from somebody that was dead. And the longer the giver of the certificate of character had been dead and buried out of sight the more importance has been attached to the certificate of good character, all of which appears very strange and ridiculous when we stop to consider the matter in the light of the fact, that every advance of the race has been made by refusing to longer accept of the opinions of dead men.

The only point in the language where the word has any rightful place is in regard to the acceptance of things that are old. We ought, naturally, to be "cautious" about accepting the opinions of any one, but especially should we be cautious about accepting the opinions or evidence of men that lived in past ages. Whatever, in the past, the race has believed, is subject for suspicion, or ought to be, from the very fact that the race is growing in intelligence day by day, and that men and women are wiser to-day than ever before, and should, therefore,

subject to the severest criticism the opinions of those who lived in other and more ignorant times.

What did men, who lived a century ago, know about the forces in nature, or about the laws governing them, as compared to what is known to-day?

Stephenson was bidden to be "cautious" about trusting his life to the running of the first railroad engine which he had built, and Morse was laughed at for believing that an intelligent message could be sent over a wire, and when the evolutionary idea was first presented to the public the different church organizations of the entire world almost forgot their denominational quarrels, to unite in one common cry of "caution" against accepting, or even listening to, the new and unorthodox idea of man's creation and his relation to the rest of the universe of things, assuring him that in thus giving ear to the new and strange doctrine he was risking his soul's salvation.

It is time that the race waked up to the fact that it has passed the last mile-post that marks the boundary line between the old and the new, and that while we have yet much to learn, we have much greater need to be cautious of old than of new ideas.

Growth consists in the casting off of the old and the taking on of the new. This is true of the body; it is equally true of the mental creature. It is the universal law running through all things, and through obedience to which all things grow and increase. It is not only the law of growth, but it is also the law of life, for growth and life are one. That which cannot grow more, has no excuse for continued existence and must therefore die. That is the law and there is no possible escape from it. Not to strive to grow is to bury the one talent which is the common heritage of all men and things, and from whomsoever or whatever does this, the talent which he hath shall be taken and given to another.

If you want to live you must continue to grow, and in order to grow one must receive and digest and assimilate new ideas. This does not mean every new theory presented is to be swallowed whole, bolted without chewing, but that at least as great caution should be exhibited in rejecting the new without due consideration as in accepting it without thoughtful examination of its claims. It means that prejudice and preconceived opinions, together with inherited beliefs, and not new ideas, are the things to be most cautious about, if we would learn the way to a true growth within the law.

H. W.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

It begins to be an undeniable mark of ignorance to deny the power of thought to heal. A lady in Fort Worth, Texas, writes to me about the power she exercised over her child. The child was subject to boils; it had numbers of them at certain seasons of the year, just as if its blood was full of poison. The first season she did not know how to stop them; the next season

she began the mental treatment for them, having acquired considerable knowledge of the power of mind.

She told her friends, who laughed at her, and advised her to *do something*. What she did, was not the thing they advised her to do. She simply reasoned herself into a firm conviction of the fact that boils had no source of supply. The next day several large half-grown boils were withered, and in a few days they were all gone and never returned.

Do I doubt this? Not one particle of it. One day a woman came to me with a felon on the forefinger of her right hand. The felon had reached its most painful stage, and the finger was swelled nearly as large as an ordinary wrist. She groaned incessantly as I treated her.

In my treatment, I reasoned that she was stronger than a felon, and did not have to have it. I made a mental stand against pain. She was suffering agonies and her trembling nervous condition almost unsettled my own nerves; finally I told her there was no feeling at all in her finger. I kept insisting upon this one point. As I did so her groans gradually ceased, and presently she said the pain was all gone.

She went away, and I saw no more of her for six months. Then one day she came again. This time she told me that after she left me the first time, her finger felt dead. In this deadened condition it went on to a head and opened and discharged, after which the swelling went away and the finger healed completely. But even after healing the deadness continued; she could use the finger automatically, but she had no feeling in it. I then gave her another treatment for the restoration of the sense of feeling. It was only a day or two before she noticed a change, and in a week her finger was as natural as ever.

Now think of the power of the spoken word as manifested in these two cases.

Nobody dreams of the extent of this power. We are only beginning to be aware of it. I am perfectly sure that it will not be long until we can speak the word for a third set of teeth or a youthful complexion, or dark, abundant hair, physical strength and vital power; and get what we speak for.

We have this power now; but the fact that these things have not been done to any great extent, creates a doubt about the possibility of doing them; and so the word we speak to this effect is killed. But we are getting over this doubt. The more we see of the power of thought the nearer are we approaching the point where the word we speak for the banishment of old age, and the restoration of strength and beauty will be possible. I feel its approach throughout my entire body, to such a degree that at this time when I treat a patient, I have a dim perception of beautiful baby flesh all over my body, and especially my face and hands. I make no effort to get this perception. I will not be treating myself nor thinking of myself, but down below the current of my thought at the time when it becomes clear to my understanding that the patient is free, in obedience to my spoken word, I seem to see myself clothed in the beauty of new and exquisite flesh. It is a strange thing, and an entirely new phase of experience.

Everything means something. I have been growing more and more into the power of truth for many years. That this recent experience has come to me as a new

development in my growth I cannot doubt. I am watching it with interest. I believe it to be the first evidences of the external manifestation of what I started out to accomplish so long ago—the reformation of my body.

H. W.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE NEW PAPERS.

As I go through our exchanges I get a smile on me beginning with about three inches and gradually increasing to six, or thereabouts. And why? Because I keep thinking what the editors of the so-called "Popular Press" of the country are thinking about as they read; for they must read enough to see the unmistakable trend of public thought. And if they read they smile derisively; smile because they are not yet scared; but they are going to be before long; their smile is going to change to a well puckered frown, as soon as they see the unmistakable drift of things toward the new light just dawning.

Some six months ago I kept saying to Mr. Post every few evenings, "Why, here is another Mental Science paper." I thought I would report them all in FREEDOM as fast as they made their appearance, but I did not; being always so rushed with my work. I mentioned a few of them occasionally, but not nearly all. To-night in looking over the mail I find three new ones. The first is called *The Advanced Science Journal* devoted to the attainment of physical immortality and its natural accompaniments—health, happiness, opulence, beauty and wisdom. It is published by Harry Gaze, San Pablo Ave., Oakland, California, \$1.00 a year. I herewith give a quotation from him on the subject of

PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY.

The grandest truth before the world to-day is that we may, by a comprehension of certain simple laws, attain physical immortality. By the power of science we can now, thrust aside the grim hand of disease and death and fill our bodies with vitality and beauty. For ages men have dreamed of a coming heavenly condition, but so inexorable has death seemed, that they have imagined that their heaven could not be realized until after death. But reason encouraged by past triumphs has arisen, and in all the glory of a new victory exultantly declared "Death is not the inevitable heritage of mankind, for here and now man may realize the joys of eternal existence. This is not an idle dream; it is a vital fact of such world-wide importance that it should not escape your most earnest consideration. Change, which is nature's infallible law, is not ignored in the theory of perpetual life, as some might at first imagine, but in the reverse, the law of change is recognized and co-operated with, for it is by intelligent co-operation with this law that we gain physical immortality. Under the influence of suggestion in the desired direction, molecular change is made normal and permanent, under which condition nature finds no necessity to cause the systematic change we call death. Death is inevitable only so long as we deem it so. Expectancy of death, by an ever acting law, causes the vital functions to gradually cease their work. The symptoms of approaching death then appear, symptoms which are generally mistaken for the actual carcases of death. If we will study this subject, we shall soon see the fallacy of the idea of the inevitableness of death. We shall soon know that death may indeed be abolished. It will then not be long before we gain the idea that we may demonstrate over death in this incarnation, and this idea will soon grow into a positive expectancy of physical immortality.

Another paper from Riverside, California, just the size of FREEDOM when FREEDOM was a baby, is here.

It is a four-paged monthly, price 50 cents a year and is called *Triumph*.

Triumph says:

We already have a surplus of knowledge. That is the reason that we are in such a continual state of commotion. We have got to make use of the knowledge we have on hand before we can gain any more. Nature not only abhors, she will not tolerate a vacuum, and when that knowledge with which even the humblest life is replete is properly utilized, then and only then will more knowledge come to us, and it will be better, richer, stronger in proportion as we have faithfully harvested our former crop.

Shall we make a grand color scheme, that catches and enthralls the eye, the souls of men, with its glorious masses of harmony, or shall we make a promiscuous collection of anything and everything, that fades and withers with the passing fancy of the hour?

Genius is concentration; concentration is nothing but fidelity to a single purpose. If, however, after a few attempts you are convinced you are in the wrong road, don't stick to it just because you happened to start on that road. That is not fidelity to your purpose at all. It is nothing but bigotry. The only way that knowledge ever came to any one was by making mistakes. Mistakes are glorious successes. They are the saviors of the universe, providing they are recognized and acknowledged to the extent of correcting them. Don't expect any great success to follow your efforts as long as you are continually afraid of making mistakes. Neither need you anticipate any great results, so long as your course of action is dependent upon the opinions and criticisms of other people. Success comes to the one who dares to stand erect, among the jostling, leaning throng—to the one who feels the majesty and the potency of a soul self-poised.

The Independent Thinker is the third of the publications I am talking about. This is the fourth number. The first three escaped my observation or were not sent to me; upon examination I find that this is not really a Mental Science magazine, except in the fact that it is scientific in its character. I am inclined to think from a casual reading that the editor possesses the true metaphysical mind, and that he has the ability to make his ideas understood. I should like to quote his leading article, "What is Matter?" but it is too long for the present number of *FREEDOM*.

The Independent Thinker is published by Henry Frank, No. 27 West and 42nd St., New York City. Price \$1.00 per year. On the back of this magazine stands the following magnificent quotation from Lowell:

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

MRS. WILMANS:—I send \$1.00 for *FREEDOM* for another year. I consider it worth twelve times this amount to any one who can be reached by mental development, or who can learn thought construction. I had rather live on one meal a day than do without your paper. May it ever progress, and may its owners at the end of a thousand years be younger than they are now. And may the college prosper; I am sure it is bound to do so and that it will attract to its halls thousands of bright minds who will learn the true secret of unending life.

J. WESLEY BROOKS,
456 East 23rd St., Chicago, Ill.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

[Fred Barry's Journal.]

Sir William Crookes, who formulated the theory of the fourth dimension of space, has given to the world the germ of a glorious truth, which will be like an X Ray for those who are seeking for releasement from the present imprisoning conditions of existence.

The fourth dimension theory lifts the soul out of its horror-stricken consciousness of bondage, and gives to material environment a new meaning.

At present we are bound by the limits of three dimensions—length, breadth and depth. The new hypothetical dimension has been called "Throughth." This is a very suggestive word, and foreshadows an extension of man's consciousness into a realm where he knows he is one with life.

A man built on a plan of two dimensions, length and breadth only, would have no conception of up and down. As Mr. Alfred Barnett says, in April *Suggestive Therapeutics*, "He would be like a photograph, perfectly flat, and to draw a line around him would be to enclose him in a perfect prison; and if a being of three dimensions lifted him up and placed him out of his prison, he would have no idea how he got outside the circle, without breaking through it. In the same manner, if a man of three dimensions were imprisoned in a spherical shell of steel, he would be in precisely the same predicament as a two dimensioned man enclosed in a circle; and escape would appear impossible, yet a fourth dimensioned man could do it."

Nothing but an escape from the limitations of our present objective consciousness will satisfy the longings of the race. To grow beyond the finite realm, into the infinite kingdom of life, to be consciously immersed through and through in all—this is the consummation of existence surely. This is the extension of Love, which alone can satisfy the great cravings of our new born intensified nature. This is the goal of life; when not dispensing with our material bodies—we shall rise beyond them and be masters of them in a most wonderful manner.

This is a marvelous age. Surely the great seers of the past centuries are reborn in some way in our midst to-day. Just consider how bodily emancipation is now demanded by mankind; how the mind of man is seeking to personify its ideals in flesh and blood now and here; to destroy suffering, poverty and death itself by the recognition of the will. Helen Wilmaus is the genius who has perhaps so far done the most thorough practical work in leading the race to a sense of bodily security. Bravely dashing beyond the race-thought of death and negation, she has sounded the clarion-note of physical emancipation.

Into the realms of the fourth dimension! Or at any rate beyond our present three dimensions!

Clairvoyance, clairaudience, mind reading, telepathy and all the other phenomena of the age, are shadows of the fourth dimension. In the new realm—the kingdom of heaven itself—we shall surely be inside the life of all things.

What a consummation!

And this is no dream—it is science—the new science the science of life, which is also the art of life.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

It is a real pleasure to me to be able to give my readers such articles as those of Gustav Muller.

I am under the firm impression that Mr. Muller and his lovely family will be members of our town before a year. What causes me to think so?

I just feel it in my bones; that's all. We want him here, and we think a place will be made for him. We have no idea what it is; but like Mr. Burgman, Captain Eldridge, Fred Sheldon and some more of us, he is going to find room for action here, and no doubt the room is now developing, though we do not see it.

A good many people are treating us very kindly now days; a number of the papers and magazines are very friendly; some of them are not, but I hope they will become so eventually.

I sometimes think it decidedly queer the way I feel about these things; and really I am disposed to congratulate myself concerning my natural or acquired disposition in relation to the treatment I get from other people. If they say ugly things about me, I don't seem able to remember them; but if they speak kindly of me I never forget it.

Everybody seems to be getting mad about the way the birds are being killed. It is awful. I now have a bird of Paradise plume on hand. I bought it in a moment of insanity, I guess. It was so pretty I considered it irresistible. In fact, the matter of killing birds had not entered my consciousness until recently, and I bought the feather carelessly. But I will never buy another one. I will wear my hats untrimmed first; I'll wear Charley's hat and let him go bareheaded if I cannot get along some way without sacrificing those innocent, happy little lives.

And just think of it—I have got a bird in a cage. It is the only one I ever owned, except a crow. This bird is from California, and is a wild mocking bird. Claude's wife brought him when she came. He is a scandalous bird; he killed his wife and has been going nearly naked ever since; there is scarcely a feather on him, nor has he had any for many months. But he sings away, and is as happy as if clothed like a dude of the New York Four Hundred. I am waiting for his feathers to grow, so that I can let him out. He has acquaintances around here now who sit in the trees and keep him company, and it will not take him long to become a wild bird again. I shall miss his sweet little voice; he is a lovely singer.

The night I made the lecture at our Temple, the hall was packed full of people. The attendance has become so great that we may be forced to get a larger place before long. What a future there is before us! The formation of the Temples in various place will render things extremely convenient for lecturers. They will be the means of developing some splendid speakers and teachers, I am sure.

The opposition at first awakened by the idea of organization has ceased, I believe. Our friends are looking at the thing from what I consider the right standpoint now. They no longer suspect a Pope Mary establishment with me at its head. Without any special affirmations or denials on my part, they are learning that my ambition is not personal. Personal ambition is a thing warranted to defeat itself in the end. Let us

look at the position of Mrs. Eddy dispassionately and in perfect justice. I shall assume that the first principle of true growth is individualism. Mrs. Eddy asks that her students resign their own individualities in order to swell her individuality. This would seem to make her a mighty woman, and to establish her in a very enviable position. But the position is a false one, and Mrs. Eddy is not truly magnified by it. No one can be magnified except from the inner growth of selfhood, independent of exterior conditions. What is the case with Mrs. Eddy? Has she this consciousness of inner growth? No, she has not. She depends upon the adoration of dupes whom she has deprived of individuality to swell her out in her own estimation, until she is in danger of exploding—not with the bigness of a self-conscious power—which ought to extend to every member of the race, but with a bloated and unnatural condition—that has already placed her upon the verge of doom.

Individuality is the first great necessity. The individualized person in recognizing his own power, recognizes the power of others. In believing in his own genius he believes in the genius of others; in believing in his own right to develop his genius he believes in the right of others to develop theirs.

There is something strange—yes, wonderful in the way a constantly strengthening individualism develops the *motherhood* of the person. As the true mother could never bear to see her child deprived of any chances that legitimately belonged to it, so the individualized man who has come through a sense of his own power to a position of undisputed strength—a position of fearlessness—wants to see absolute justice prevail in order that his children (all the world having now become his children) shall have the same chances of development that he has had, or better ones if they are to be obtained.

True individualism is indescribably noble. It does not foster personal ambition. He who is truly individualized is so sure of himself through his knowledge of the Law of Attraction, and of the creative power of the spoken word, as to be too indifferent to care for the applause of the world. He has achieved a sense of security where the small, impatient, self-destrorying desires for notoriety (for it is notoriety rather than true greatness) do not disturb him. He is the world's mother, and the race has become his developing children.

The advancement being made by the race to-day is in the direction of a heretofore unknown factor; that of motherhood. Who would suppose that the great fact of individualism was the capsheath of this feeling of motherhood?

True motherhood is not confined to woman alone; the grandest, the most god-like men I have known, have been magnificent representatives of this most just and loving and powerful feeling. What tremendous impulses for race advancement are beginning to spring from it at this time! Mental Science is already becoming the prime developer of this factor. Who can mention personal ambition in connection with this idea?

Really, the condition of the race would make me sick if I permitted my thoughts to dwell upon it. I keep them fixed on the other side of the matter as firmly as I can—the side that promises the growth of health and prosperity among the people.

It is a four-paged monthly, price 50 cents a year and is called *Triumph*.

Triumph says:

We already have a surplus of knowledge. That is the reason that we are in such a continual state of commotion. We have got to make use of the knowledge we have on hand before we can gain any more. Nature not only abhors, she will not tolerate a vacuum, and when that knowledge with which even the humblest life is replete is properly utilized, then and only then will more knowledge come to us, and it will be better, richer, stronger in proportion as we have faithfully harvested our former crop.

Shall we make a grand color scheme, that catches and enthalls the eye, the souls of men, with its glorious masses of harmony, or shall we make a promiscuous collection of anything and everything, that fades and withers with the passing fancy of the hour?

Genius is concentration; concentration is nothing but fidelity to a single purpose. If, however, after a few attempts you are convinced you are in the wrong road, don't stick to it just because you happened to start on that road. That is not fidelity to your purpose at all. It is nothing but bigotry. The only way that knowledge ever came to any one was by making mistakes. Mistakes are glorious successes. They are the saviors of the universe, providing they are recognized and acknowledged to the extent of correcting them. Don't expect any great success to follow your efforts as long as you are continually afraid of making mistakes. Neither need you anticipate any great results, so long as your course of action is dependent upon the opinions and criticisms of other people. Success comes to the one who dares to stand erect, among the jostling, leaning throng—to the one who feels the majesty and the potency of a soul self-poised.

The Independent Thinker is the third of the publications I am talking about. This is the fourth number. The first three escaped my observation or were not sent to me; upon examination I find that this is not really a Mental Science magazine, except in the fact that it is scientific in its character. I am inclined to think from a casual reading that the editor possesses the true metaphysical mind, and that he has the ability to make his ideas understood. I should like to quote his leading article, "What is Matter?" but it is too long for the present number of *FREEDOM*.

The Independent Thinker is published by Henry Frank, No. 27 West and 42nd St., New York City. Price \$1.00 per year. On the back of this magazine stands the following magnificent quotation from Lowell:

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

MRS. WILMANS:—I send \$1.00 for *FREEDOM* for another year. I consider it worth twelve times this amount to any one who can be reached by mental development, or who can learn thought construction. I had rather live on one meal a day than do without your paper. May it ever progress, and may its owners at the end of a thousand years be younger than they are now. And may the college prosper; I am sure it is bound to do so and that it will attract to its halls thousands of bright minds who will learn the true secret of unending life.

J. WESLEY BROOKS,
456 East 23rd St., Chicago, Ill.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

[Fred Barry's Journal.]

Sir William Crookes, who formulated the theory of the fourth dimension of space, has given to the world the germ of a glorious truth, which will be like an X Ray for those who are seeking for releasement from the present imprisoning conditions of existence.

The fourth dimension theory lifts the soul out of its horror-stricken consciousness of bondage, and gives to material environment a new meaning.

At present we are bound by the limits of three dimensions—length, breadth and depth. The new hypothetical dimension has been called "Throughth." This is a very suggestive word, and foreshadows an extension of man's consciousness into a realm where he knows he is one with life.

A man built on a plan of two dimensions, length and breadth only, would have no conception of up and down. As Mr. Alfred Barnett says, in April *Suggestive Therapeutics*, "He would be like a photograph, perfectly flat, and to draw a line around him would be to enclose him in a perfect prison; and if a being of three dimensions lifted him up and placed him out of his prison, he would have no idea how he got outside the circle, without breaking through it. In the same manner, if a man of three dimensions were imprisoned in a spherical shell of steel, he would be in precisely the same predicament as a two dimensioned man enclosed in a circle; and escape would appear impossible, yet a fourth dimensioned man could do it."

Nothing but an escape from the limitations of our present objective consciousness will satisfy the longings of the race. To grow beyond the finite realm, into the infinite kingdom of life, to be consciously immersed through and through in all—this is the consummation of existence surely. This is the extension of Love, which alone can satisfy the great cravings of our new born intensified nature. This is the goal of life; when not dispensing with our material bodies—we shall rise beyond them and be masters of them in a most wonderful manner.

This is a marvelous age. Surely the great seers of the past centuries are reborn in some way in our midst to-day. Just consider how bodily emancipation is now demanded by mankind; how the mind of man is seeking to personify its ideals in flesh and blood now and here; to destroy suffering, poverty and death itself by the recognition of the will. Helen Wilmans is the genius who has perhaps so far done the most thorough practical work in leading the race to a sense of bodily security. Bravely dashing beyond the race-thought of death and negation, she has sounded the clarion-note of physical emancipation.

Into the realms of the fourth dimension! Or at any rate beyond our present three dimensions!

Clairvoyance, clairaudience, mind reading, telepathy and all the other phenomena of the age, are shadows of the fourth dimension. In the new realm—the kingdom of heaven itself—we shall surely be inside the life of all things.

What a consummation!

And this is no dream—it is science—the new science the science of life, which is also the art of life.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

It is a real pleasure to me to be able to give my readers such articles as those of Gustav Muller.

I am under the firm impression that Mr. Muller and his lovely family will be members of our town before a year. What causes me to think so?

I just feel it in my bones; that's all. We want him here, and we think a place will be made for him. We have no idea what it is; but like Mr. Burgman, Captain Eldridge, Fred Sheldon and some more of us, he is going to find room for action here, and no doubt the room is now developing, though we do not see it.

A good many people are treating us very kindly now days; a number of the papers and magazines are very friendly; some of them are not, but I hope they will become so eventually.

I sometimes think it decidedly queer the way I feel about these things; and really I am disposed to congratulate myself concerning my natural or acquired disposition in relation to the treatment I get from other people. If they say ugly things about me, I don't seem able to remember them; but if they speak kindly of me I never forget it.

Everybody seems to be getting mad about the way the birds are being killed. It is awful. I now have a bird of Paradise plume on hand. I bought it in a moment of insanity, I guess. It was so pretty I considered it irresistible. In fact, the matter of killing birds had not entered my consciousness until recently, and I bought the feather carelessly. But I will never buy another one. I will wear my hats untrimmed first; I'll wear Charley's hat and let him go bareheaded if I cannot get along some way without sacrificing those innocent, happy little lives.

And just think of it—I have got a bird in a cage. It is the only one I ever owned, except a crow. This bird is from California, and is a wild mocking bird, Claude's wife brought him when she came. He is a scandalous bird; he killed his wife and has been going nearly naked ever since; there is scarcely a feather on him, nor has he had any for many months. But he sings away, and is as happy as if clothed like a dude of the New York Four Hundred. I am waiting for his feathers to grow, so that I can let him out. He has acquaintances around here now who sit in the trees and keep him company, and it will not take him long to become a wild bird again. I shall miss his sweet little voice; he is a lovely singer.

The night I made the lecture at our Temple, the hall was packed full of people. The attendance has become so great that we may be forced to get a larger place before long. What a future there is before us! The formation of the Temples in various place will render things extremely convenient for lecturers. They will be the means of developing some splendid speakers and teachers, I am sure.

The opposition at first awakened by the idea of organization has ceased, I believe. Our friends are looking at the thing from what I consider the right standpoint now. They no longer suspect a Pope Mary establishment with me at its head. Without any special affirmations or denials on my part, they are learning that my ambition is not personal. Personal ambition is a thing warranted to defeat itself in the end. Let us

look at the position of Mrs. Eddy dispassionately and in perfect justice. I shall assume that the first principle of true growth is individualism. Mrs. Eddy asks that her students resign their own individualities in order to swell her individuality. This would seem to make her a mighty woman, and to establish her in a very enviable position. But the position is a false one, and Mrs. Eddy is not truly magnified by it. No one can be magnified except from the inner growth of selfhood, independent of exterior conditions. What is the case with Mrs. Eddy? Has she this consciousness of inner growth? No, she has not. She depends upon the adoration of dupes whom she has deprived of individuality to swell her out in her own estimation, until she is in danger of exploding—not with the bigness of a self-conscious power—which ought to extend to every member of the race, but with a bloated and unnatural condition that has already placed her upon the verge of doom.

Individuality is the first great necessity. The individualized person in recognizing his own power, recognizes the power of others. In believing in his own genius he believes in the genius of others; in believing in his own right to develop his genius he believes in the right of others to develop theirs.

There is something strange—yes, wonderful in the way a constantly strengthening individualism develops the *motherhood* of the person. As the true mother could never bear to see her child deprived of any chances that legitimately belonged to it, so the individualized man who has come through a sense of his own power to a position of undisputed strength—a position of fearlessness—wants to see absolute justice prevail in order that his children (all the world having now become his children) shall have the same chances of development that he has had, or better ones if they are to be obtained.

True individualism is indescribably noble. It does not foster personal ambition. He who is truly individualized is so sure of himself through his knowledge of the Law of Attraction, and of the creative power of the spoken word, as to be too indifferent to care for the applause of the world. He has achieved a sense of security where the small, impatient, self-destructing desires for notoriety (for it is notoriety rather than true greatness) do not disturb him. He is the world's mother, and the race has become his developing children.

The advancement being made by the race to-day is in the direction of a heretofore unknown factor; that of motherhood. Who would suppose that the great fact of individualism was the capsheath of this feeling of motherhood?

True motherhood is not confined to woman alone; the grandest, the most god-like men I have known, have been magnificent representatives of this most just and loving and powerful feeling. What tremendous impulses for race advancement are beginning to spring from it at this time! Mental Science is already becoming the prime developer of this factor. Who can mention personal ambition in connection with this idea?

Really, the condition of the race would make me sick if I permitted my thoughts to dwell upon it. I keep them fixed on the other side of the matter as firmly as I can—the side that promises the growth of health and prosperity among the people.

Jesus carried the sorrows of the race. I ask—in the light of later thought—if this was wise? We know now that to carry sorrow in our minds is to perpetuate it.

Is this the Waste-Paper Basket or not? I shall have to look at the heading to see. If I have not got the natural disposition of wandering Mike and Dusty Rhoads, I don't know who has. Just think how I have strayed off into philosophy in the last few pages; and imagine little "ums" trying to wade through the long lines to find something about a cat or a dog. Like Jo Gargery, who knew two letters of the alphabet, and who told Pip confidentially—when conversing on the subject of newspaper reading—that when you *did* come to a J and an O, and a J O Jo, it was interestin'.

So, many a small "ums" looks for cat or dog in the column of FREEDOM; that part of the paper devoted to family happenings, and light reading generally.

Yesterday it rained, and Florrie's long-haired, snow-white goats cried for her most pitifully. They were tied away from the house, and she did not hear their plaintive little voices calling, "Ma! ma!" and watching for her in the direction she would come in order to reach them.

By the way, "ums" is a generic term in this family and means baby, or anything that is small and dependent. Bob bird is called "ums," and sometimes Rags. The goats are called "ums" when they are good, which is not often. Starkey's two baby boys are always "ums" because they are so beautiful and sweet. Jessamine invented the word; to fully understand it, one must hear it in connection with a sentence, as for instance this; imagine the sweetest pair of innocent eyes looking smilingly into your eyes in expectancy of loving words, and then you just naturally say, "Ums" is de pootiest baby and sweetest that ever lived, etc.

Jessamine loves little children, especially little boys. She says she seems to be following Grandmama's lead; that all her prospective husbands are so much younger than she is. The young Starkeys, for instance, and young Sheldon who is only about six months, and one of the finest looking babies there is of that age. It is almost painful the way "grown ups" love the children; it stretches the heart and makes it ache. There were quite a number of exquisitely lovely children in the hotel this winter. One little fellow in knickerbockers thought he would "snap shot" the goats and get a picture. Just as he was ready Mr. Billy stood on his hind feet and observed "bah" in the deepest contralto, and knocked the little man down. The child was not hurt, but he was frightened nearly to death; his screams were almost inaudible from weakness. He barely escaped the goat to again escape being devoured with kisses by his rescuers. He said later that he "spised tisses, but he'd rozzer be tised as tilled by a Billy doat."

Surely the Billy goat is an original; I am not well acquainted with this kind of gentry, but I had no idea there were such queer folks in existence; and Florrie says I am not half acquainted with them yet. There are two of them owned and engineered by her youngest son; they quarrel with one another until they come to blows, and their blows do not amount to anything, though their quarreling is vigorous; after bumping their bodies against one another, as they stand at the feed tub, where one of them growles incessantly, making a noise

something like a cat, they walk off close together for some distance, one of them still growling, and then stop and turn squarely face to face. Their next movement is to raise on their hind feet and bring their heads together. One would naturally suppose after all the snarling and threatening they had gone through, that they would come together like two small cyclones. But a pair of babies could not meet more gently in a kiss; their horns just barely touch in an easy click; after which they walk back to the feed pan as kindly as the best of friends. They rarely eat a meal without going through the performance I have described, and often they repeat it two or three times at one feed.

I think Florrie felt badly yesterday—as any natural mother would—when I told her how the goat children cried for her during the storm, and how they looked in the direction of her house. I am going to chop this off, if I have to chop a sentence in two in the middle.

H. W.

C. F. BURGMAN'S LECTURE TOUR.

Mr. C. F. Burgman, Home Secretary of the Mental Science Association, will attend the convention of Mental Scientists to be held in Seattle, Washington, beginning July 1st. He will leave here as early as June 1st and will deliver either a single lecture or a course of four at different points on his route, both going and coming, as may be arranged for him. The course will include the following subjects: "Man the Masterpiece," "Mind the Master," "Thought Concentration," as a guide to business success; "Mental Healing" or the control of bodily health through mental process. These lectures will be concluded with an exhibition of one hundred superbly colored stereoptican views, representing the unrivaled scenic effects of the East Coast of Florida—Daytona, the Halifax Peninsula and "City Beautiful," the home of the Mental Scientists of Sea Breeze. Mr. Burgman is a man of fine ability, accustomed to the lecture platform and goes as the well equipped representative of the Mental Science Association. Friends interested in the work who would like to have one or more lectures from Mr. Burgman in their towns should open correspondence with him at once.

The following cities will be visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman en route to and from Seattle:

Atlanta, Ga. - - -	June 4	Portland, Ore. - - -	July 12
Chattanooga, Tenn. - - -	June 6	Yreka, Cal. - - -	July 16
Louisville, Ky. - - -	June 8	Redding, Cal. - - -	July 18
Cincinnati, Ohio. - - -	June 10	Sacramento, Cal. - - -	July 20-22
Indianapolis, Ind. - - -	June 12	Auburn, Cal. - - -	July 23
Chicago, Ill. - - -	June 14	Grass Valley, Cal. - - -	July 25
Milwaukee, Wis. - - -	June 20	Nevada City, Cal. - - -	July 26
St. Paul, Minn. - - -	June 22	Vallejo, Cal. - - -	July 30
Minneapolis, Minn. - - -	June 24	Stockton, Cal. - - -	Aug. 1
Miles City, Mont. - - -	June 27	San Francisco, } Oakland, } San Jose, Cal. }	Aug. 3 to 10
Helena, Mont. - - -	June 28	Pasadena, Cal. - - -	Aug. 12
Spokane, Wash. - - -	June 30	Los Angeles, Cal. - - -	Aug. 14
Seattle, Wash. - - -	July 1	San Diego, Cal. - - -	Aug. 16
Victoria, B. C. - - -	July 6		
Tacoma, Wash. - - -	July 8		

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

After June 1st. all letters relating to route of travel and invitation to lecture should be addressed to C. F. Burgman, care Prof. F. M. Knox, 310 9th Street, Seattle, Washington. After July 1st. address all such letters to C. F. Burgman, care Porter L. Bliss, 320 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

COLLEGE FUND.

Amount previously reported.....	\$1,865.00
Albert Key Klingender, Statesville, N. C. .	2.00
Total to date.....	\$1,867.00

THE COMING DEMOCRACY.

Under the above title, Major O. J. Smith, at one time prominent in New Party politics, and now President of the American Newspaper Union, gives expression to his views upon past, present and future economic conditions. The work is very prettily bound, and needless to say, well written. The style is simple but clear. No one who reads will fail of understanding what the author intends to be understood as saying. The conclusions arrived at are, that a great change must take place in our methods of learning and executing the will of the people before we shall have a real government of the people, by the people and for them; that the constitution so much lauded by the past and passing generation as the bulwark of all our liberties, is, to-day, because of changed and constantly changing conditions, and because of the almost impossibility of amending it, the greatest obstacle in the way of adopting a better method of popular representation, and the strongest weapon of those who would concentrate all power in the hands of wealth. He advocates what he terms "a free man's ballot," the reduction of the numbers of those into whose hands authority is given in order that they may be unable to hide behind others, as, where power is divided between different departments, and the ownership, by the public, of all public utilities. He believes the mass of the people to be better and more honest in their desires for honest government, as opposed to party success, than they are generally credited with, and that under better systems of representation this would immediately appear in the shape of results beneficial to all classes alike. And these changes, he asserts, must come. The only question which he asks under this latter head is, whether the more intelligent and influential will do the work necessary to produce a natural and peaceful evolution, or whether they will delay until from the very weight of wrong and error the present systems which are rapidly transferring all wealth into a few hands, ripen into revolution.

The price of the book is \$1.00, and the publishers are The Brandur Co., 220 Broadway, New York City.

I have just finished "A Conquest of Poverty," which is, undoubtedly, the best book I ever read.

E. WESTLEY,

5 Barton St., Westminster, London, England.

One of the strongest affirmations of the doctrine of reincarnation is to be found in Proverbs 8:22-31. The writer says: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no foundations abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth; while as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When He prepared the heavens I was there; when he established the clouds above; when He strengthened the foundations of the deep; when He gave to the

sea His decree, that the waters should not pass His commandment; when He appointed the foundations of the earth—then I was with Him, as one brought up with Him; and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of the earth; and my delights were with the sons of men." If this be taken as authority, Solomon had lived in the physical in former incarnations and had not merely existed in the foreknowledge of the Creator, as modern religionists try to explain. This doctrine is common in the sacred books of all the great religions of the worlds. This belief in a pre-existence has existed in all ages, in all religions, among all nations, and is the leading thought of modern theosophy. Has it survived because it was true and therefore the fittest or because it was a fallacy?—*Equity*.

LIVED MANY YEARS.

Goutor McCrain is said to have celebrated 180 Christmases at his home, on the island of Jara, one of the Hebrides, and died early in the seventeenth century, during the reign of Charles I. Back of that is the record of Johannes de Temporibus, who died in 1014, at the age of 361 years. This case is not nearly so well authenticated as that of the countess of Desmond, who died in England about 1620, and then not from disease, but through an accident. Though 146 years old, she was agile enough to climb a cherry tree and fell, killing herself.

An unquestionable case of remarkably long life is that of Thomas Parr, who died in his 153d year. He was born near Shrewsbury, England, in 1483. He cultivated a small piece of land inherited from his father, and was sufficiently prosperous to take a wife, for the first time when he was 80 years old. Years elapsed before Parr in any wise showed the weight of his advanced age, and it was the current rumor that he had been omitted from the records of the angel of death. The old man left no children, though there are stories that he did, and that some of them lived to be exceedingly old. It is said that he used tobacco in small quantities, ate wholesome food regularly and was a great sleeper.

There was Henry Jenkins of Yorkshire, who died in 1670 and was buried in Bolton churchyard, after he had completed his 169th year. He had all his life been a hard-working man, and hardly knew what sickness was. There are many other cases, the best authenticated being those of James Bowles, who died in 1656 when 152 years old; Lady Ecclestar of Ireland, who died in 1691, at 143 years of age; James Schiel, who lived to be 136 and died in Ireland in 1759. William Ellis of Liverpool, who died in 1780, when in his 131st year, Martha Rörke, who died at the age of 133, in 1840. Some others there are who got well past the century mark, but not beyond the age of 125.

As to centenarians, there are thousands of such living in our own time. In 1898 Ireland boasted of 578 centenarians of authenticated age; Spain, 491; France, 293; England, 146; Germany 75, and Scotland, 46. Our own country lacks verified records of centenarians, although it is quite an ordinary thing to come across the obituary of a centenarian, or to read of birthday anniversaries of persons whose age exceeds the century mark.—*Chicago Daily News*.

A CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

No book teaching self-reliance has ever been received by the toiling masses with so much pleasure and profit as "A Conquest of Poverty." Its teaching is practical and so comprehensive that every reader easily grasps the principle set forth by the author.

This little book has found its way with astonishing rapidity into every English-speaking country on the globe. Toilers, on the Fiji Islands receive inspiration from its pages. The New Zealander finds food for profitable thought, while the Australian recognizes through its teaching that inherent in himself is a latent power that makes him master of the situation. From Africa comes the words: "You are solving the problem of life and creating an Eden on earth."

Reading this book has caused men to think, and thought is all powerful. It directs the mind in the right channel which develops the latent power of the brain, and enables it to conceive new plans for the betterment of man's condition. Thought stimulates action that changes man's environments and leads him to success. That this book is arousing men from their lethargy, and infusing new life and hope in those who have been weighed down with the accumulated errors of centuries is demonstrated by the letters of praise and gratitude that are received in every mail. Our last edition of thirty thousand copies is nearly exhausted and we are preparing to print another large edition. The demand for a cloth-bound book is so great that we must respond. Men of thought urge that "A Conquest of Poverty" be more substantially bound so that the book may be better preserved, and find its proper place as a standard work in every home and library.

The sale of the Home Course in Mental Science is also increasing. This together with the sale of other books published by this Association indicates that the public sentiment is changing in favor of something more substantial than the old dogmas, and is eager to investigate on some other line of thought. The time is now ripe for the believer in Mental Science to interest his neighbor, who in turn will communicate the new idea to others, and thus like an endless chain reach every dweller on the earth with a new hope—the conquest of poverty, disease, old age and death.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have just finished "The Conquest of Poverty" and to say that I am delighted, is only to express it mildly. I never met with anything like it on paper in all my experience of reading; but still must acknowledge that thoughts something like yours have been in my brain before, and whenever I gave expression to them, was laughed at.

In my opinion the book should be bound in gold, and spread broadcast over the land, because it is what the world needs to learn, to know that it can do away with that cursed of all things, Poverty, both in money matters, health, etc. etc. I have been practising it faithfully as I could since the perusal of the book, and intend with your assistance, to continue doing so until I am perfection perfected.

I sent for a copy of FREEDOM yesterday, and am looking forward to its reception with much anticipation of devouring it; am positive it will result in my subscribing for it yearly. Kindly let me know the best terms for twenty (20) small pamphlets that you issue.

Thanking you again for the pleasure you have caused me, I remain, very sincerely yours, M. A. BOWDEN.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—First, I want to thank you for *living*, secondly, that you have had the power and forethought necessary to write such a book as "A Conquest of Poverty." For three years I have had to earn my living. Every dollar stolen from me. The past six months have been in business. Late met with loss financially, no one to rely upon for any amount of assistance, etc. Your book is great. I am not one of the easily discouraged ones knowing I have the physical and brain to accomplish things, and I want you to put me on the right track if possible. I must make money;

I am a hustler and I need your kind advice and assistance. May I have it? Sincerely and admiringly,

FLORENCE HYDE JENCKEN, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am studying your "Home Course in Mental Science" and must say I never read any book more truthful and more touching than the Home Course. I will close hoping you success, and I know you are doing a great deal of good. If all could see as I and some others do this would be a different world. Yours truly,

J. W. STRUPEL, Hill, Mont.

If you who are reading this article have not already sent in a trial order, do not put it off any longer. Send for from 8 to 24 copies anyway, keep one for your own use, and, if you do not care to distribute the balance personally, hire some one to do so and at a profit to you, thus getting a copy free, making a profit beside, and at the same time giving some one something to do. Aside from all this, the truths of Mental Science are in this way spread by your efforts, in a way more effective than any other.

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The titles of the above books indicate their character, except the one called "A Blossom of the Century," this is a Mental Science book and really should be called "Immortality in the Flesh." It is a powerful appeal to reason and in substantiation of the belief that man can conquer death here on earth.

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