

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

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

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THE TYRANNY OF OLD THINGS.

A railroad magnate was asked, "Why is it that electricity is not put in the place of steam as a motive power for train service?" He replied, "Because there is too much money invested in the present motive power, and the machinery to which it applied." Therefore the better way must stand aside.

It is natural that in the struggle for wealth, or even for the necessities of life, new methods, new measures, new agencies, evolved from the ever growing light of truth will be opposed and bitterly fought by the tyranny of every old thing which feels its usefulness in danger.

When the Roman Church felt its power beginning to give way under the light of a general study of the New Testament history became a painful record of massacre and torture. The Protestant churches resisted every encroachment on their doctrines and power by methods of the same sort. The Inquisition under Torquemada presents nothing more horrible than the murder of Michael Servetus in Geneva under the influence of John Calvin, while the Church of England sought to enforce her authority by methods no more cruel in the reign of "Bloody Mary" than in the reigns of her sister Elizabeth and her Protestant successors.

Yet out of the struggle the truth came victorious.

In regard to all subjects truth has had to fight its way; light has had to force its way through fogs and darkness; of interested ignorance. No empire goes to pieces without a struggle; no reigning power goes down without bitter resistance. Those whose prosperity and very life are a part of prevailing ignorance, or rather, prevailing error, are too biased by personal conceit or interest to realize the error, or to accept the intrusive new light. And so it transpires that any new discovery or revelation of a better way is bitterly fought with ridicule; the bitterness being in proportion to the successful force with which the new revelation makes itself felt. To a layman the history of the practice of medicine is a long series of relentless warfare against every new idea or agency, waged by the tyranny of old things. For ages the treatment of disease was relegated to the priests. Every sort of sickness was an infliction by satan. Instead of sending for a physician (even if there had been one) the priest was sent for to exorcise the devil. We all know what a struggle the priests made before they surrendered a business that had brought them a rich return for charms, etc. Then it is amusing to read of the articles used as therapeutical agencies.

But those remedies were successful as cures, probably

as successful as remedies used to-day, for reasons to be mentioned later on.

When the "*similia similibus curantur*" theory was promulgated, it received the usual opposition. But the homeopathic doctors grew in number and influence, and no doubt cure as many diseases as old school doctors cure. All through this history we see an ever increasing and awakening of people to the fact that the curative quality of medicine is the effect it has on the mind of the patient. A man believes that pulverized alligator teeth, or a broth of dried frogs will cure him. He believes he is cured, and he is. Patent medicines come in for their share of abuse. Physicians who put such articles on the market were set at naught by the other doctors. They were too successful. These medicines cured. Why? Because the manner in which they were advertised so affected the mind of people that the cure was accomplished before the stuff had undergone the process of digestion.

Homeopathic doctors cure by so attenuating their medicines that there is really no medicine taken into the stomach.

Flash after flash comes the light. And even the doctors who ridicule Mental Science adopt its theories. They tell the patient this medicine will have a certain effect; it usually succeeds. They often give what the patient believes to be medicine, but is nothing more than a harmless preparation to cure the patient's mind.

Mental Science has had its share of ridicule. No doubt this is in part owing to the fact that unscrupulous parties have made use of the name very unworthily. But the thoughtful reader of history, the careful observer of his own experiences, the critical reader of the workings of his own mental machinery must gradually perceive that the mind is the man, and properly used can procure him any good result he may desire.

We accept new things so slowly. It was long years after ice was first artificially made in college laboratories before it became a luxurious commodity in every tropical climate. When one of the wise men of Greece (Thales, I believe) discovered that by rubbing a piece of electron (amber) electricity was developed, it was more than twenty-five hundred years ago, and only ten years ago did we have electricity as a useful agent for commerce and comfort. In old works on mental philosophy we find credible accounts of the wonderful effects produced by the power of the mind, even death caused by harmless agencies. It is well known that persons have been relieved of pain by injections of cold water, believing it was morphine. People who have grown gradually weaker under the

afford to the comparative anatomist some extremely interesting material for study.

The remains referred to were found in the river bank near Trinil, in the central part of the island. They lay in a bed of rock about forty feet below the top of the bank, and the pebbly gravel surrounding them had turned to solid rock since they were originally deposited there. It was a left thigh bone; the tooth resembled that of a monkey in some respects, and the capacity of the skull seemed to have been about two-thirds that of a man of to-day. The shape of the thigh bone showed that the creature must have walked erect. Dr. Dubois has described it as "a new prehistoric form, not human, but in size, brain power and erect posture much nearer to man than any animal hitherto discovered, living or extinct."

"The discovery of a reasonably satisfactory skeleton of Pithecanthropus would shed a flood of light upon a most interesting problem—namely, the order in which certain attributes which we recognize as human were acquired by the early progenitor of mankind," said Prof. W. J. McGee, of the bureau of Ethnology. "Among these attributes are to be mentioned the erect posture, the shortening of the jaw and the lessening of the length of the fore limbs. It would be most interesting to know at what stage in his development the ancestral monkey-man dropped his tail."

"Is it quite certain that the Missing Link had a tail?" asked your correspondent.

"It is hardly scientific to speak of the Missing Link. We do not recognize him. It may be taken for granted, I think, that Pithecanthropus had no tail, though no bones have been found to give an indication on that point one way or the other. But to answer your question, it may be said emphatically that the very early human ancestor did have a tail. If you want to be convinced on that point, you need only look at a modern human skeleton, which shows an obvious vestige of a caudal appendage.

"Though we know that the human prototype had a tail, we are unable to say when he lost it, and upon this important point light may be thrown by a discovery of a skeleton of Pithecanthropus in Java. My belief is that the tail was dropped long before the erect attitude was assumed. You will observe that the great anthropoid apes—the gorilla, the chimpanzee and the orang—have no tails, and yet they do not walk erect. Loss of the tail was one of the first steps probably in the development of mankind.

"More important than the study of the bodily evolution of man from the ape is the tracing of the growth of the mind. *How did the ape mind transform itself into the human intelligence?* That is a question that promises more interesting and instructive material than the pursuit of facts relating to mere body metamorphoses. Something, though it is only a little, we may learn from the skull of Pithecanthropus, which is relatively large, showing that the animal must have had a brain much bigger than that of any of the great ages, though decidedly smaller than that of man."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

We must expect no income besides our out goes. We must succeed now, and we shall not fail hereafter. So soon as we begin to count the cost, the cost begins. —*Thoreau*.

BORDERING ON MENTAL SCIENCE.

[Sent by a reader of Freedom.]

"Will is a great life preserver, if one only knows how to use it."

It was John J. Overton of Long Beach who spoke, and his words were calculated to carry considerable weight, for Mr. Overton is one hundred and three years old and still a well man, in possession of brighter mental faculties than many a man of fifty years.

John J. Overton has been attending the G. A. R. encampment at Long Beach and he enjoyed it as much as anybody. He has seen much of camp life, and that which is suggestive of war since his boyhood. He has been through three conflicts—the Blackhawk, the Mexican and the civil wars, and his only regret is that he could not have joined the boys in their fight with Spain. "I almost believe I could have persuaded them to take me, only that I am somewhat deaf."

He attributed his deafness to a wound received in the civil war, when the tip of his ear and part of his cheek bone were torn away by a bursting shell. If you should suggest that a man of his age could not expect to hear as well as younger people, he would look at you in astonishment, and pity your ignorance concerning the possibilities of human life.

"Why," he said, while speaking yesterday about his age, "I can read as well as I ever could, and I never used glasses in my life." The fact that he never used glasses is vouched for by his family and others who know him, and that he can read without spectacles is a self-evident fact.

Mr. Overton is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventeen pounds. His hair is as thick as when he was a boy and is only partially gray. He wears a short beard which is by no means white, and his step is agile, while his hands are as steady as those of a healthy man of thirty.

"The palsy of age has not taken possession of me, you see," he said proudly. "Well, it is all a notion, anyway, this growing old and getting shaky. There is another fellow somewhere in Long Beach who is rather up in years; he is one hundred and two now, but he can't hold his hands still and he cannot take a step without running. He is just tottering on the edge of the grave, as it were, and expecting that the end will come at almost any time.

"I tell him to brace up and strengthen his back. He could steady his nerves if he only exercised the will power.

"Do I look forward to many more years of life? Well, I am not looking forward to death. I am as strong as I was ten or twenty years ago, and I can see no reason why I should not continue to live another hundred years, considering the present indications.

"In about three weeks I shall start East on business, but I shall manage to get back in time to vote for McKinley. Yes, I voted for McKinley at the last election and I am a staunch republican. Wouldn't miss my vote for anything. Going alone? To be sure I am; what do I need of any one to go East with me to take care of the old man? Don't you see how spry I am?

"Speaking of voting, though, that reminds me that the first presidential candidate for whom I ever voted, was Jackson.

"Yes, I have seen a great deal of the development of

THE VERSATILITY OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

Much has been written upon this lovely, all-absorbing topic—so much, indeed, that the present article may be regarded as a superfluity, and find easy transportation to the omni-capacious waste basket.

However, there is a feature of the Science—its versatility—which appears to me to act as its spokesman, and I undertake the task, glad, for once, to voice as nearly as possible the situation as viewed from my angle.

Mental Science, from its incipiency, has stood for health, opulence and an all-round optimism, that is responsible for more genuine happiness than can be vouched for under any other system of philosophy that the world has ever known.

It has advanced the rights of the race as a whole, and the individual in particular, releasing him from shackles under which he has groaned for centuries, and from a "poor worm of the dust," has transformed him into a god, with powers far transcending his grandest ideals.

Mental Science has a transmuting force that renders it irresistible and unquenchable in its operations. It is a fire which burns out the dross of superstition, leaving a pure metal of life, which passes current everywhere in the universe and capable of purchasing any desired thing.

Instead of relying upon musty creeds and traditions, it bids the individual learn well the lesson of himself, rightfully assuring him that within the domain of his own consciousness, may be found the key to every problem of life, and particularly, the solution of his own destiny, as a factor in the grand aggregate of the universe.

No tenet of the science is more precious or more unerring than that which points the student to Nature as a guide and teacher to the seeker after truth, and it is herein that the versatility, which is the caption of this article, becomes apparent.

No tree, no flower, no grain of sand, no insect or animal which does not contain a lesson—an eloquent tongue portraying in unmistakable language, the strongly flexible powers of microcosmic man.

What lessons are to be learned from Nature? you ask. Well, here is one, and its application shall follow.

A tree is covered with leaves and blossoms, and, subsequently, with fruit. A casual glance suggests that the leaves, blossoms and apples are all, in their respective kinds, alike; but a close scrutiny reveals the fact that no two, in any of these, are exactly identical in color, outline or weight.

The same is true of the countless millions of grains of sand upon the seashore; of the stalks and grains in a field of wheat; the trees in a forest of pines, and of animals of any distinct kind. There is a resemblance, but they are only approximately alike.

Man, no less than other species, shares in this wondrous diversity in unity. Twin brothers and sisters may so closely resemble each other as to almost defy the identification of one from the other, yet thorough inspection will reveal a diversity in these, as in twain of any other.

There is, there must be, a reason for this; and Mental Science will reveal it. And here it is as it appears to the writer, after a period of consecutive thought.

Infinite intelligence, as cause in all manifest crea-

tion, has never made a single error in its multitudinous variety of expression, and it is to the fulfillment of this purpose that the race under evolutionary pressure is tending.

Not for nothing are men unlike both in form and mental attributes, to which this law also extends. There is a *work* for each individual as diverse in its character as are the outlines of different individuals when physically compared. This work has a talent corresponding to it, which is active or latent in all. The cultivation of this talent will bring the service and ability of its owner into demand from those who have other talents, and hence, without opposition he can push forward upon the line of his adaptation to a perfection, which as yet is beyond the power of comprehension.

Herein is the sequel, the key to success. It is the proud boast of Mental Science that its teachings will enable its adherents to achieve all desirable success upon planes above those of the brute competition, which has hitherto characterized the race in its various departments of activity. He who is fearless enough to mould his life upon lines consistent with what an impartial self-study will reveal, has within his grasp the success he covets; has within his power the element representing his full share in the destiny of the race.

There need be no confusion, no fear that some one else will imbibe your idea and some day foist it as his own. Just study to learn your highest capacity and in it find that which, so far as you are concerned, will enable you to command all fate and all of fame and fortune. This power is distinctly your own. Your neighbor's talent is different, and from him you have nothing to fear; so delve within and find your own. When you have found it, exhibit it, and you can command the revenues of princes, and the adulation of all the world besides. Your own will come to you. Out of the depths of being, respondent to your touch, will shine the star whose resplendence will entitle you to your place in the galaxy of the world's bright morning.

For long centuries music has soothed the world by its harmonies, and poetry with stately, rhythmic numbers has sung the passion, patriotism and love of the race. Sculpture and painting have adorned what labor has constructed, and oratory has portrayed in masterful eloquence the achievements of church and state. But latent in you, and in me, and in all, is that which shall transcend these arts and stir the race to higher, nobler attainments. Somewhere within us is the mystic word, which, when spoken, will confer upon us immortal youth and health and beauty—a word whose golden sequence will mean the conquest of death and a victory of life forevermore.

This is all possible—susceptible of verification. The rudeness of aboriginal beginnings has no place in the perfected arts and sciences of to-day, and these latest findings will be but steps far down in the ladder in the world's future reckonings. Invention, the pole-star of the faculties of the race, shall plant the banner of progress day by day upon new heights of attainment, until the race, individually and collectively, shall stand transfixed upon the outpost of its farthest reaching thought.

Only Mental Science, with its magic eye for seeing the good, its introspective ear for hearing the word, its transcendent intuition for sensing the eternal fitness of things, can bring these possibilities to realities. Its watchword is look within; its motto, learn well the lesson of yourself. Heed both, and all things are yours.

D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX.

Lecture Delivered Before the Home Temple of Mental Science at Sea Breeze, Fla.

BY CAPTAIN C. ELDRIDGE.

Years ago, how many will not interest you, in company with three young naval officers, I made my first visit to the land of the Pharaohs.

Egypt, the magnificent, the golden bridge, ten thousand years long, glorious with temples and pyramids, illuminated and illustrated by the most complete and continuous records of human history, along with the civilization of Atlantis, in a great procession of kings and priests, philosophers and astronomers, artists and artisans, streamed forward to Greece, to Rome, to Europe, to America. As far back in the ages as the eye can penetrate, even where the perspective dwindles to almost a point, we can still see the swarming multitudes, possessed of all the arts of the highest civilization, from out that other and greater empire, Atlantis, of which even this wonder-working Nile-land is but a faint and imperfect copy. I looked upon the records of Egyptian greatness as preserved in her works. The pyramids, still in their ruins, are the marvel of mankind, as well as the River Nile, which was diverted from its course by monstrous embankments to make a place for the city of Memphis; and also the artificial lake of Moeris which was created by the genius and labor of man as a reservoir of the waters of the Nile. It was four hundred and fifty miles in circumference and three hundred and fifty feet deep, with subterranean channels, flood gates, locks and dams, by which the wilderness was redeemed from sterility. I gazed in wonder upon the magnificent mason work of this ancient people. The joints of the great pyramid are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of paper, and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casting-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. I visited the ruins of the Labyrinth, which aroused the astonishment of Herodotus; it has three thousand chambers, half of them above ground and half of them below—a combination of courts, chambers, colonnades, statues and pyramids; and the Temple of Karnac, covering a square, each side of which is eighteen hundred feet, and was unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime works inspired me. I was astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship here to be admired. Courts, halls, gate-ways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension. It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, the reality of the existence of so many buildings collected on a single point—in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and the incalculable expense of so much magnificence. There are lakes and mountains in the periphery of the sanctuary. The cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, could be set inside one of the halls of Karnac, and not touch the walls. The whole valley and delta of the Nile, from the catacombs to the sea, are covered with temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids and pillars. Every stone was covered with inscriptions.

But the Sphinx; I shall not attempt to describe my

feelings as I stood in reverential awe before the greatest wonder of the world. Everything else in comparison sank into insignificance; the Great Pyramid was simply a huge mass of stone, representing the ambition of some king; a monument to his greatness and pride; made possible by the despoiling of nations, and constructed under the lash by thousands of captives. This silent monster—one hundred and seventy-two feet long, fifty-six feet high, hewn out of the solid rock—to me revealed a genius of another order, back of which was a history shrouded in mystery. In this representation, the body of a beast and the head of a human being, there was something more than ambition and pride. So absorbed was I in contemplating this mystery of mysteries that I was lost to everything around me, until aroused by one of my irreverent companions who, in a solemn tone, said, "Let us pray." Looking around I realized that they were making sport of me. It broke the spell, but I disdained to make any remark. From that day I have eagerly devoured every scrap that could throw any light on the origin of that lonely sentinel of the desert, and I believe that at last, through the discovery of Dr. Le Plongeon, the key has been found which will unlock the secrets of the Sphinx. In my lecture on the Lost Continent I showed the relations which once existed between Atlantis, Egypt and Central America, and from the records inscribed on the walls of the palace in Chichen, is traced in the Maya language its confirmation.

Dr. Le Plongeon in his very interesting work, gives a graphic history of Queen Moo from her infancy until she became a widow by the treachery of her brother, and was forced to flee to Egypt. The history of this famous woman is described in detail even stating that she was coquettish, and had many suitors for her hand, but finally married her brother, Prince Coh, which was the custom of that time among those of royal blood. We find that this same custom, royal brothers marrying their sisters, prevailed to a much later date in Egypt and Greece, which would seem to indicate their common origin. The Mayas inhabiting the peninsula of Yucatan were once a mighty nation, but after Prince Coh, their greatest ruler, was slain by his brother, civil war broke out, and the inhabitants, once powerful and happy, divided, some remaining loyal to the Queen, while others entered the service of the rebellious brother, the murderer of the rightful king, and were for many years engaged in deadly strife. The army of the Queen was defeated; victory perched on the banner of Prince Ace; Queen Moo was captured and ill treated by her brother, until she, with a few of her faithful followers, escaped and finally reached Egypt.

During this war and while Queen Moo reigned in the capitol of the nation, she caused the erection of a memorial hall that she dedicated to the memory of Prince Coh, her brother and husband; and in it she had the principal events of his and her life painted in bright colors on the walls of the funeral chamber. Not satisfied with this mark of her love, she had raised over his remains a mausoleum that would be an ornament to any of our modern cemeteries or public squares.

The four sides of the monument were ornamented with panels on which were sculptures in relief. On the frieze is represented a dying warrior on his back. His head, covered with a helmet, is thrown backwards. From his parted lips the breath of life escapes in a slen-

der flame. In his right hand placed upon his breast he holds a broken scepter, composed of three javelins, typical of the wounds that caused his death, and of the weapons with which they were inflicted. The upper end of the scepter is ornamented with an open flower, with a half open bud in the center of the corol; this signifies that the dead warrior was killed in the flower of life, before he had time to reach maturity. The lower extremity of said scepter is carved so as to represent a leopard's paw. This is intended for the name of the dead hero, Coh, or leopard.

On the panels that adorned the architrave were carved two figures, the one a leopard, the other a macaw. The first is the totem of the warrior to whose memory the mausoleum was erected; the other that of his wife, Queen Moo, by whose order it was constructed, and who dedicated it to the memory of her brother and husband.

The mausoleum was crowned by a most interesting statue. It was that of a dying leopard with a human head, a veritable Sphinx; the prototype, maybe, of the mysterious Egyptian Sphinx, the most ancient monument in the valley of the Nile. This Maya sphinx had three deep holes in its back, symbols of the three spear thrusts that caused Prince Coh's death. Thus it has come to the knowledge of succeeding generations that the brave Maya warrior, whom foes could not vanquish in fair fight, was treacherously slain by a cowardly assassin—this assassin his own brother; just as Osiris in Egypt is said to have been murdered by his brother, and for the same motive.

Osiris, in Egyptian history, comes to us as a myth. Prince Coh is a tangible reality; Dr. Le Plongeon having in his possession the charred heart of the murdered Prince, part of which was analyzed by the late Prof. Chas. O. Thompson, at the request of Mr. Salisbury, now president of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass. Besides, the doctor has also in his possession the very weapon with which the murder was committed.

From all antiquity the Egyptian Sphinx has been a riddle. It is still the enigma of history. The name most conspicuous on the tablet in the temple between the paws of this wonderful statue is that of Armais. When and by whom was the colossal statue erected, and what was its signification?

I will call attention to certain striking analogies existing between the Egyptian Sphinx and the leopard with the human head that crowned Prince Coh's mausoleum. In order to better understand these analogies, it will be necessary to consider not only the meaning of the names of the Sphinx, but also its position relative to the horizon and to the edifices by which it is surrounded.

It is placed exactly in front, and to the east, of the second pyramid, overlooking the Nile, towards the rising sun. It represents a crouching lion, or maybe, a leopard, with a human head, hewn out of the solid rock. Above the head and face, though no where else, there is much of the original statuary surface still painted dull red.

The mausoleum of Prince Coh, in Chichen, stands in front and to the east of the Memorial Hall. The statue on top was that of a leopard with human head. The color of the Mayas was red-brown, judging from the fresco painting in the funeral chamber, and Landa tells us that even to the time of the Spanish conquest they were in the habit of covering their faces and bodies with red pigment.

[Concluded next week.]

CURIOSITIES OF MATRIMONY.

Mrs. Eleanor Linter divorced five husbands, and married the sixth at Providence, R. I., on December 30, 1896, within the brief space of ten years. At her last marriage four of the divorced husbands were present, and the fifth, who sent a handsome present, would but for a severe illness, have been also in attendance.

It is recorded that in 1678 Thomas Watson, a native of Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, buried his eighth wife; while in the person of James Gay, who died at Bordeaux on April 28, 1772, we have a veritable Bluebeard, for, in a long life of 101 years, he had espoused no fewer than sixteen wives.

In September, 1894, Dr. Mary Spencer of Bourbon, U. S. A., was married at Neath, Wales, to her eleventh husband, the most singular feature in the case being the lady's age, which was only 44. Her first marriage took place when she was but 15.

A few months since, in America, a Mr. Drew was married to Miss Muir. Both were elderly people, the bridegroom being 82 while the lady of his choice had passed the allotted span of three score and ten; they had each had considerable experience in matrimony, the present occasion being the husband's ninth and the wife's twelfth appearance at the altar as principals.

Last year there died at Budapest, at the age of 89, a man named Czuczor. He had been married fourteen times, and it is said that his death was accelerated by the rejection of his suit at the hands of a widow whom he was desirous of making his fifteenth wife.

In the autumn of 1889 one Pierre Dupont died at Brussels. Though he had had but twelve wives he had been married thirteen times. When quite a youth he had espoused a certain Marie Baetens, who, however, proved fickle and eloped with a cousin. Young Pierre regarded his loss with philosophic resignation and proceeded to make other ventures in matrimony, until, at the age of 76, he had buried eleven wives. A year later he met a very nice old lady, whom he courted and won, to find, a few weeks after the knot was indissolubly tied, that he had remarried in the person of Mme. Doubleacre, his first love, Marie Baetens.

Senora Ray Castillo, a Mexican lady, lost, between the years 1880 and 1895, no fewer than seven husbands, all of whom, strange to state, met with violent deaths. The first was killed in a carriage accident, the second was poisoned, the third perished in a mine explosion, the fourth committed suicide, the fifth succumbed to a fall while hunting; the sixth was killed by a fall from a scaffold and the seventh was drowned.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Mr. Del Mar, in his magazine *Mental Science* says:

It is the purpose of this magazine to bring into prominence the great principles which must underlie every phase of the New Thought movement. It recognizes that each school and leader represent some aspect of the truth, but that none have a monopoly of it. It finds good in all, and seeks for unity in diversity.

A sample copy of this magazine will be forwarded on application to *Mental Science*, room 1108, 27 Williams street, New York City. Those who would be glad to see it flourish are invited to give expression to their desire by subscribing for it.

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MENTAL SCIENTISTS AND THE GOD IDEA.

I have not a doubt but I shall hear from Hugh O. Pentecost's article on "Superstitions of Mental Science." Correspondents will be asking if I approve of it. I shall answer in advance. Yes I do.

I have refrained from expressing myself to any great extent on this matter; but I think the time has come when I had better speak plainly.

I have said more than once that—used in connection with Mental Science or any other science—the word God was meaningless, and for many years I have not used it.

Many of my readers who understand Mental Science as well as I do, still use the word God in their writings, meaning the Life Principle, the Universal Vitality, the Law of Attraction, and thinking, no doubt, that they would be understood as meaning this. But while a few do understand it so, the great majority of people give the word their own interpretation, based on the ignorant beliefs in which they have been educated. They take it for granted that the writer or speaker who uses the word God in this way is more or less of a Christian and endorses the Bible idea of God's personality.

Nothing could be farther from the Mental Science belief than this. The advanced student in Mental Science is not a Christian; cares nothing for the superstitions of religion; believes in proven facts and in the power of the human brain to unravel more facts from the tangled skein of the world's thought, and to keep on doing this until the whole mighty system of growth shall stand revealed so clearly, that we will know ourselves to be masters of it from the simple fact of our understanding it.

Man is always master of that which he understands; and he is master of nothing, and abjectly helpless in the smother of ignorance, until he does understand. Therefore, the Mental Scientist is searching for facts, and he is expanding his reasoning powers daily in forming an estimate of the things that pass through his mind, separating those which his experience and observation have taught him are rational from those he has seen to be irrational.

Take, for instance, the God idea. Children are born with the popular Christian belief of God knit in every fiber in their bodies. They do not think of examining it, and are horrified at the immorality of any one who questions it. And yet when we do question it, what do we discover?

First, this; that God, who it is claimed is the creator and savior of the race, has never created or saved a single member of it. The study of evolution has overthrown the first claim by showing from a book that cannot err—the book of Nature—that man is a growth, and not a creation. The second claim—that God is our savior, has been disproved by our experience every hour of our lives for two thousand years and longer.

God has not saved us, because we are not saved. Death is as certain now as it ever was, and our prayers have always had the "cold shoulder." Where prayers have seemed to be answered, the supplicant's mind has done the work. These things we—who have devoted our time to thought in the effort to discover truth—*absolutely know*, as all others would know if they too would think and use their reasoning powers after freeing them from the superstitions they were born with.

Mental Science, as expounded by the dozens of magazines starting up all over the country, is not in any sense scientific. These magazines are—whether consciously or unconsciously—founded on the Bible, and are as full of superstition as the churches. They give their Bible lessons with great regularity and talk incessantly about being filled with the Christ spirit. They do not know that the Christ teachings were in direct antagonism to the principle that really saves men. It is individualism that saves; personal knowledge of one's own power, and reliance upon it. Did Jesus teach this? No, he taught the reverse; he—of all the men who ever lived—taught most strenuously the saving merits of self sacrifice. He taught that men must efface themselves rather than strengthen themselves. He walked barefooted over the hills of Judea, when he might have saved his feet by wearing shoes or sandals. Thousands of women have shed tears over this fact, while their own children were suffering with stone bruises and crying their little selves to sleep unsympathized with and unattended to.

The system of Jesus would beggarize a world; has beggarized the part of the world we live in; it has made

poor, helpless things out of what might have been noble, independent men and women.

Had it not been for the fact that the human brain has progressed in spite of such teaching as that of Jesus, there would have been nothing but complete ruin for the race. Jesus taught the disestablishment of the human mind, instead of how to cement its functions into one harmonious and wonderful and powerful whole, and to show the relation of that whole to the infinite influx of life generated by the Principle of Attraction, and expressed individually in desire.

The teachings of Jesus are in almost every particular the opposite of the truth that develops animals into men, and men into gods; that they are moral in their character is not disputed; but morals without a knowledge of the principles underlying the foundation of life will not permanently save. Their tendency is to bring harmony to the animal plane; but not to raise the animal plane to the intellectual plane, the only plane where salvation is possible.

It is timesome onspoke the truth on this subject without fear or hesitation. The church dogma is that man cannot be saved without the Christian God to save him. Mental Science announces something diametrically the opposite of this. It states boldly that there is no such God as the Christian God, and that man's salvation—which is from his ignorance alone—can only be accomplished by the cultivation of his intelligence.

I shall speak a word here for this paper, FREEDOM. There is no publication in the world more free from the old ruinous prejudices than it is. There is none that dares speak more boldly for newly discovered truths; there is not an intellectual light on earth that shines with a clearer flame; the truth, and nothing but the truth, has been its watchword always. And why? Was it because its publishers were so devoted to the investigation of the higher law that their entire interest was absorbed in the study? I answer frankly, no.

It was self interest.

It was a determination to break the bonds of death. It was the beginning of life triumphant over the grave.

Death is the hell toward which the race was descending, in spite of the fact that heaven was the place toward which its aspirations pointed. Its aspirations were so beclouded with ignorant, inherited superstition, and its fears were so influential in holding it in the eternal darkness of a prejudice so great as to prevent it from using its reasoning powers—that its growth was slower than it would have been, had there been no belief of a vengeful God, and his ally, the devil, to terrorize it into a condition of mentality where scientific thought was impossible.

But the clouds are passing from the human brain, never to return. The age of reason is coming on rapidly. I am in a position to know this. In a town where I lived some years ago, we had a wild, rampant preacher who lay awake at night to find ideas with which to terrorize the people into getting religion. He would even pour out his obsolete ideas to me, while I yawned and went almost to sleep under the infliction. This did not happen very often, of course; I had learned quite early in my experience to hedge off bores of this kind. But on the day I speak of he caught me in the cars on my way to Atlanta. He roared his platitudes in my ears for two mortal hours; and how he rebuked

the people for their coldness and indifference to the Gospel teachings; but he said one thing that I have never forgotten; it was full of despair to him; it was full of hope to me. "Why, Mrs. Wilmans," he exclaimed, "there was a time when one sermon would convert a hundred people; now a hundred sermons will hardly convert one person.

This was a tremendous assertion, coming from the source it did, and I have never forgotten it. How forcibly it expressed the trend of public opinion; the grand change going on in the thought of the race! This same spirit of progress is going on now even more rapidly than then. The whole world is on the move.

H. W.

THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

[Fortieth edition, cloth.]

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

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

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

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

We want one competent person in each locality who will agree to faithfully solicit for orders with this new book, and we guarantee that any one with a little experience, such as he has gained with the paper-cover, will find a good paying business.

We will protect agents in territory assigned as long as their orders indicate that they are working it.

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

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

HOME HEALING.

Send and get my pamphlet on this subject. Ask for The Mind Cure Pamphlet. It is now called "The Highest Power of All." It will cost you nothing; ask for several copies if you have friends to whom you could give them. There is wisdom in this pamphlet; and many powerful proofs of the ability of the mind to control every form of disease and weakness. It will do you good simply to read it. It will give you strength and encouragement.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I, the masculine head of this family, am writing "The Waste-paper Basket" this morning. Helen is getting to be too trifling for anything. She went out into the hammock yesterday, taking Mr. and Mrs. Burgman, myself and Dick Lyle along in the carriage. Dick had a spade. Her object in taking Dick and me was to make us dig things. Dick said he knew where there was some maiden-hair ferns. We crossed the river, drove a couple of miles north along the river road, and turned into the woods on a country road that runs along the embankment made by the earth thrown from an old canal, cut more than a hundred years ago. There are numbers of these canals at different points, the purpose of which was to drain the low lands lying back from the river. Their depth varies; in places it is ten or twelve feet; in others, possibly not more than half as great, while the width is probably fifteen feet at the top; but so luxuriant is the growth of vegetation along the banks that in places the canal is entirely covered over with the branches of trees and shrubs, so interlaced with vines that one can scarcely see the bit of running water in the depth below. In other places it is more open, and one gets a view of a bank of ferns, their feathery leaves reaching up to the light, or hanging gracefully outward and downward toward the water. We drove for three quarters of a mile along the banks, stopping often to admire this or that bit of nature, to gather flowers, and dig such plants as ordered by the two ladies in command. We found one especially beautiful plant, half shrub, half vine, that I had never seen before, though others of the party had done so. It grew in places on the canal bank in great luxuriousness, often extending from one side to the other and upwards several feet, given support by other growths, and being thickly sprinkled with most beautiful clusters of flowers of a purple center, fading into a kind of old rose at the edges, the bloom being about an inch across when fully extended. We secured one root of this, but whether we can give it the conditions it requires near the house, is questionable. Some plants thrive only in places where, while not denied their natural subtenance, their roots are yet kept in shade. We will see what we can do with it. Among other curiosities we found several of "nature's flower-pots." Imagine the stump of a palm tree, six inches or a foot high, quite round, but with oval or swelling sides, the center entirely decayed while the outer rim remains intact, and inside this, as naturally as in a pot in the greenhouse, ferns and other plants grow. These are not at all uncommon in the palmetto forests. Palms make their growth by accretions to the interior of the tree, and not by a flow of sap under an outer bark, and hence, until the tree becomes very old, the center is always of a more or less spongy character; and when the tree dies or is cut down, the center rots first, and very quickly, leaving a hard outside shell, which remains intact for a very much longer period. A very old tree becomes quite hard to the center for a distance up from the root and will even take a fine polish, but is of no value except for ornamental purposes.

We saw several abandoned orange groves, valueless since the freeze of 1886 and later. In one stood a flowing well, such as most everybody puts down now,

getting a flow at about one hundred and eighty feet. This well had doubtless been flowing unused, except by an occasional passer-by who stopped to put his mouth to the pipe for a drink, for years. It stands at the edge of the ground formerly occupied by the orange groves, and beneath the shade of a cluster of mighty oaks, whose branches stretch out like the arms of giants, and in the midst of them stands a tall magnolia with its polished leaves of dark green. Such timber indicates the soil in which it grows. There are thousands of acres of such lying back of us, and stretching up and down the river for many miles. If it could only be gotten into market at reasonable prices it would furnish a thousand families with homes and farms, on which can be grown fine crops of nearly everything grown in the north. A large portion of it was in cultivation in sugarcane a century ago. The forest is no older than that.

We never reached the spot where the maiden-hair ferns were reported to grow. Before the distance was covered the carriage was packed in every available space with various collections, Dick Lyle had fallen in the canal in a venturesome scramble down the bank after something the ladies wanted, and to go farther or remain longer meant nightfall before we could reach home. It was agreed that the next time they started for maiden-hair ferns they would drive there first and work back, instead of loading up as they went.

And now Helen has left me to write the "Basket," while she and Mrs. Burgman have gone over to town for pretty pots and things to put the collections in. That's what I get for helping them dig things. If I had made her stay at home yesterday she would not have wanted to go to-day; consequently, I should have had time to go fishing, instead of writing this. It doesn't do to give a wife too much string; she is sure to take advantage of it to impose on one.

I have one consolation; we are to have venison for dinner. While out in the woods we ran across a couple of neighbors bringing in a deer they had killed, and this morning they have sent us a piece. Things do average up, after a fashion, most always.

Mr. Vining, the manager of the Colonnades, is here, and the force will follow in a few days. We open on December 10. There are already people standing around and waiting, so to speak, for us to open so they can get rooms. That is, some have not yet left home; others are delaying at places along the route, and a few are at other hotels here for the interval, having engaged rooms with us after the 10th.

If any of the readers of FREEDOM think this is a good "Waste-Paper Basket," which I doubt, please don't say so to Helen, or she will make me write it every week. She is getting to be awfully trifling. C. C. Post.

P. S.—I am going to send this to the printer before Helen gets back. It is safer to do it. Nobody ever reads his own articles in a paper, and by the time the next issue of FREEDOM comes from the press, she will have forgotten that she did not write the "Basket," and so won't read it, and will never know that I have called her trifling.

Are you talking up the forming of a Temple in your community?

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

THOUGHT.

The brain is the "power-house." The thought it generates is the power. This power must not be wasted in attempts to investigate the world's false and feeble beliefs. It must be put into the body in order to strengthen the body. The beliefs of which I speak are not worth the expenditure of thought it takes to investigate them. Have they not been too long already the one subject of consideration by the world's thinkers, and has any *saving* grace as yet been evolved from them? Have they added to the vitality of the race, or saved a single soul from death? No; they themselves are the dearest things on earth. Let them alone; turn ye to the living; search for the fountain-head of eternal life in your own bodies, where it lies covered up by these same dead beliefs, and give your attention to the saving power of that infinitely vital force which your own bodies generate—that force known as *thought*.

Thought—the power—possesses two distinct characters. It is either hopeful of itself (of its own power) or doubtful of itself (its own power); and therefore unless the brain has developed to the place where it perceives its own greatness; its own unlimited ability of endless growth; and thereby establishes within itself a fixed condition of hope or faith so strong as to banish doubt, the thought in its descent into the body will be as liable to do harm as good. For instance, if the thought engendered by the brain has not been purged of the race's fixed beliefs in disease and death, it can plant these beliefs in the body, where they will show forth in the disease or condition there implanted; just as has been the case from time immemorial.

But if the intelligence has been cultivated to a point where it perceives its own mastery—where it feels itself superior to race beliefs; where it knows that it does not have to accept them, but can choose for itself what it will have—then the thought generated—upon descent into the body—will carry the positive condition of health and strength.

Moreover, when this condition of self-mastery becomes so established in the brain as to have built the body into a normal condition of health and strength, it can go still farther and build the body into a position of the most superb activity and beauty; in which people will be completely disenthralled from the ideas of helplessness that now hold them so firmly to the ground and the deadness of our present earth life. We will then be free from every form of negation of our own individual power (all of which is deadness in some shape or other) and we will continue to become more free all through the eternal ages.

All progression is achieved by means of our power to free ourselves more and more from the thralls of ignorance. And of what do you suppose this ignorance consists? It consists in nothing in all the world but the fact that we have not found out what great creatures we are; the fact that *we ourselves* are the germinating centers of all possible greatness; of all possible achievement in strength, vitality and beauty.

Life is sweet. The only trouble is, we have not enough of it. The want of more of it encumbers us; hangs on our perception like a dead weight, so that we say, "What a miserable drag this existence is!" In our present condition we are just enough alive to realize our deadness; but, oh! thanks to the "power-house," now becoming capable—through the enlightenment of the new knowledge—of generating more vitality, and of pouring it into these weary and faded and dying bodies; with its capability of refreshing them, even as the traveler in the desert is refreshed by water—we are no longer tired of life, and no longer half starved for the lack of it. We feel our nerves quicken, our blood vessels fill and our muscles strengthen with each new draught poured into our bodies by the growing thought, now quickening into fresh activity the growing sense of our own greatness—of our own unlimited possibilities as the seed germs of infinite development. H. W.

SEA BREEZE EVENTS.

Travellers from the North are arriving daily.

Cottages and residences are being "spruced up" to receive their winter occupants.

The Hotel Colonnades will open December 10. Accommodations will be strictly first-class.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Brown and son of New York city have arrived and will remain for the season.

Surveyor Rodgers of Daytona spent several days last week at City Beautiful, surveying newly sold lots for building sites.

People are coming to Florida by train loads. Every south-bound train out of Jacksonville on the east coast line is crowded.

"Surf Crest," on Ocean Beach, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Spangler, is being enlarged to afford greater accommodations.

Architect Starkey's new home is nearing completion and will be an attractive addition to the residences on Ocean Boulevard.

Hon. Chas. L. Smith, recently elected a member of the Florida Legislature, is attending the present session of the Circuit Court at De Land.

Mr. Eugene Del Mar of New York, secretary of the New York Temple of Mental Science, will come to Sea Breeze about December 15th.

A two-story house is being built on the old site of the Sea Side Inn, which was destroyed by fire two years ago. Mr. L. E. Johnson has the contract.

Mrs. Louisa Southworth, of Cleveland, Ohio, will arrive at Sea Breeze about December 15th, to remain a guest at the Colonnades for the winter.

Eliza Roth, author of several Mental Science books published in the German language, is on her way from Leipzig, Germany, to visit Sea Breeze.

Dr. and Mrs. Esch, Mrs. Rice and Miss Stratton of Huron, Ohio, have returned to Sea Breeze for the winter, and are occupying the Doctor's winter home on Valley street.

The east wing of the Hotel Clarendon Inn fronting the ocean is completed. It gives the hotel a more pretentious, attractive and symmetrical appearance, while adding largely to its capacity for accommodation.

The last great catch of sea bass was made several days ago from the Ocean Pier. Over thirty fish were caught, whose aggregate weight amounted to more than six hundred pounds. This was the result of one afternoon's catch.

Helen Wilmans has just had her beautiful home carpeted from top to bottom. The carpets are of the richest patterns and most handsome designs. Many new and elegant furnishings have been added, making her home one of ideal beauty and comfort.

Mr. W. S. Osbond, who has been connected with the Hill Printing Company for the past five years, is in Sea Breeze for the purpose of becoming interested in the Breeze Publishing Company. Mr. Osbond is known by every lover of fine printing in Florida, and has the reputation of being the most artistic printer in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Vining have arrived. Mr. Vining, who has been the efficient and popular manager of the Hotel Colonnades, is putting a force to work to get the hotel ready for the reception of winter guests. Every mail brings letters of inquiry regarding accommodations at the Colonnades for the season, indicating a great influx of winter-visitors.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The purpose of this association is to spread, through organized effort, the doctrines and teachings of Mental Science. All who are interested in this work, of whatever sex, creed or color, are invited to co-operate by association, either as a member at large or by affiliation through local Temples wherever they may be organized. For further particulars address the national secretary, box 17, Sea Breeze, Florida.

HELEN WILMANS, National President.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, National Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Helen Wilmans, C. C. Post, C. F. Burgman,
C. Eldridge, A. F. Sheldon, M. F. Knox.

CENTRAL ADVISORY BOARD.

F. M. Doud, M. D., Chicago, Illinois; Louisa Southworth, Cleveland, Ohio; Clara Foltz, San Francisco, California; M. F. Knox, Seattle, Washington; Frederick W. Burry, Toronto, Canada; Paul Tyner, New York City; Hon. Henry A. Coffeen, Sheridan, Wyo.; Mrs. M. E. Bishop, Navua, Fiji Islands; Gusten Jungren, St. Paul, Minn.

TEMPLES ORGANIZED.

Home Temple, Sea Breeze, Florida. Meetings every Sunday evening.
H. M. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

New York Temple, New York City. Meetings every Sunday evening.
EUGENE DEL MAR, Secretary, 27 Williams St.

San Francisco Temple, San Francisco, California. Meetings every Sunday morning.
ANNA K. LAIDLAW, Secretary, 1000 Golden Gate Ave.

Los Angeles Temple, Los Angeles, California. Meets every Sunday.
G. W. OWEN, Secretary, 114-116 Potomac Building.

Seattle Temple, Seattle, Washington. Meets every Sunday.
MRS. LENA K. WISMER, Secretary, 773 Harrison St.

Portland Temple, Portland, Oregon. Meets weekly.
SIDONA V. JOHNSON, Secretary,
303 Chamber of Commerce B'ld'g.

Chicago Temple, Chicago, Illinois. Meets weekly.
J. WESLEY BROOKS, Secretary, 392 E. 63d St.

ON THE ROAD.

On reaching the city of Sacramento we are placed at once in the very hub and centre of California pioneer history. Three miles north from the business centre of the city out on J street, is Sutter's Fort, which for many years had fallen into decay, but which was restored during 1892-3 to its original proportions and appearance by the collective efforts of the society of the Native Sons of the Golden West, in order to preserve to future generations one of the most notable monuments of the earlier history which antedates the discovery of gold in California.

It was here that General John A. Sutter located with a small band of followers in 1839, with a view of establishing a Swiss colony. He soon constructed the famed Sutter's Fort and took possession of the surrounding country, naming it New Helvetia. This portion of upper California, though fair to look upon, was peculiarly uninviting and solitary in its isolation and remoteness from civilization. The valley of the Sacramento had not yet become the pathway of emigrants from the East, and no civilized human being lived in this solitary region or roamed over it, if we except a few solitary hunters or trappers of the Hudson Bay Company.

Out of this solitude and isolation, General Sutter, as if with the magician's wand, changed all this; he brought forth wealth and evolved for himself a veritable little kingdom; for by successive land grants by governors Avarado and Micheltorena, and by purchase from the Russian government, he acquired vast possessions. With

the help of his faithful followers, whose numbers were gradually augmented, and the labor of hundreds of Indians, whose friendship he acquired by just and kind treatment, he bred vast herds of cattle and brought thousands of acres of land under cultivation. Around his fort a town gradually sprang up and quite a population gathered. The population of Sutterville formed the original nucleus for the city of Sacramento.

In the building of houses lumber was needed. Several lumber mills were established, and in the building of one of these a gold nugget was found by one of Sutters employees, and immediately a stampede ensued for the gold fields. The subsequent events are known to all the world. California became the modern Eldorado and an immense tide of emigration poured into the Sacramento Valley in 1849, the year after the gold discovery, and Sacramento speedily grew into an important city with a population of 11,000 in 1851, and 120,000 in the remainder of this vast state. It was at Sacramento that all the overland ox trains arrived with gold seekers, and it was at Sacramento they fitted out for the mines. This period is replete with the history of stirring and interesting incidents, with which are connected names now well known to the world; for the ablest men who came to the state naturally drifted to Sacramento. In the development later of the great trans-continental railroad enterprises Sacramento figured pre-eminently, and for a time constituted the western terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, which had been planned and projected by four of Sacramento's merchants; Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, C. P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins. In the centre of the city stands the State Capitol, built of white marble and granite, superb in proportion and magnificent in appearance, and the grounds surrounding it surpassing in extent and beauty those of any capitol grounds in the United States.

I gave a lecture at Pythian Hall to a small audience. Arriving at the very height of summer, I found that many of our friends had gone to the mountains or the sea shore, and the responsibility of arranging fell upon Mrs. Elvira H. Parsons, who did all in her power to interest people in the philosophy of Mental Science. Two days later my friends of the Improved Order of Redmen and the Degree of Pocahontas tendered me a public reception in their wigwam, and it gave me genuine pleasure to grasp the hand of the many friends who gathered there, and to look again into old familiar faces. I had been, up to the time of my departure from California, the Great Chief of Records (Grand Secretary) of this fine benevolent fraternity and had become personally acquainted with its thousands of members, organized into tribes (branches) throughout the state, which it became my duty and pleasure to visit from time to time during my six years incumbency. I gave here an exhibition of our Florida scenes which were much admired, and a statement of the tenets underlying Mental Science which was attentively listened to.

Among those interested in the philosophy of the new thought at Sacramento are Julia A. Barber, F. M. Katzung, Mrs. E. Hawes, Mrs. Bell Prosimy, Mrs. Chas. A. Palm, Elvira H. Parsons, Mrs. I. Monsh, Mrs. C. V. Watson and Mr. and Mrs. J. Domingos. From Sacramento I took the train to

AUBURN

nestled quietly and securely in the foothills of the

hastily improvised, was so well attended, and those present appeared to be so well pleased with my discourse that it was decided to procure the Free Church, a very commodious meeting place, for two additional lectures and the exhibition of my stereopticon views. Both of these meetings were quite well attended.

Among those who displayed an active interest in my presence and the promulgation of the Mental Science philosophy during my stay in Tacoma were Mrs. J. Q. Mason, Mrs. C. Van Ruyper and her charming daughter, Alice Van Ruyper, Mrs. W. Alexander, Mr. Geo. Schwartz, Mrs. O. W. Bailey, Mr. V. W. Mason, Mrs. Geo. W. Thompson, Mrs. F. A. Edwards, Mrs. N. C. Sanagest, Dr. S. F. Thompson and Mr. Abner J. Pope, of Lake Bay, an old-time friend of Col. C. C. Post, who left his farm eighteen miles distant to attend my lectures and render whatever assistance I might require during my sojourn in Tacoma. To all these friends I feel, indeed, very grateful.

Tacoma, like her rival city, Seattle, is located on rising ground overlooking the sound. An enormous quantity of lumber from the neighboring forests is cut here and prepared for shipment. The railroad built near tide water lately immense storage warehouses. New activity and new hope have of late been infused into the somewhat slow movements of the commercial and industrial life of the city, which has lagged behind Seattle in the onward swing of enterprise and population.

As a place of residence I would prefer Tacoma to Seattle. The streets are broader, cleaner and kept in better condition than those of Seattle. There is an element of quiet, home-like neatness about Tacoma that one finds not so apparent in Seattle. The population of Tacoma has risen from 1200 twenty years ago to 32,000 inhabitants at present, with a very bright future in store.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

THE AUSTRALASIAN SOCIETY FOR SOCIAL ETHICS.

MOTTO:—LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Object:—The unfoldment of character—individual, social, political, national, international, and spiritual.

This society is a combination of people who desire first of all, and without regard to sex, or creed, to do all they can to help their fellows to higher, more useful, and therefore happier lives. Its members see a great part of the world ignorantly striving for happiness infatuated with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, and they know that such sowing can only produce harvests of bitter fruits; therefore they are banded together to help to raise the ideals of those who live for self alone.

They desire to rouse a public conscience which shall (1) demand instruction for our youth upon the great subject of a more intelligent parenthood, and a wiser care of infant life; which shall (2) insist upon grave and immediate attention being given to the moral, mental, and physical decay, silently but surely threatened by the prostitution of thousands of our girls; which shall (3) consider how best to deal with our drunkards, and criminals, so that their forced detention in our gaols may be productive of good to themselves and to society. Besides these great subjects they will as opportunity offers deal with kindred wrongs, and give help and

sympathy to every society and movement working towards reform.

They desire to overcome evil with good; to kill apathy and indifference by provoking healthful activity and aspiration; to urge everyone with whom they have to do to endeavor to outvie and excel them in every good word and work; and so far as they can to set the world aflame with knowledge, zeal, and love.

The society will try to sow beside all waters the good seed of Truth. They will arrange for lectures anywhere on subjects of importance connected with reform, for the reading and discussion of essays bearing upon the same subjects, and for the printing and wide distribution of anything judged worthy of the world's attention.

They hold themselves bound to investigate, and if possible deal with any subject bearing upon the Divine Science of Human Duty and Human Privilege, and they lovingly invite the co-operation of the thoughtful and considerate everywhere, in order that they may conjointly discover and apply the remedy for the iniquity which seems almost omnipresent.

All those who sympathize with these objects are, by that sympathy, and without fee or election, adjudged members of the Society, and are hereby invited to send in their names, proposed methods of help, donations, etc., etc., to

W. E. GUNDRY, Hon. Secretary,

The Australian Society for Social Ethics,
"Bernice," Gower and Sloane Streets, Summer Hill,
Sydney.

SELF TREATMENT.

In the 1st and 8th of the August numbers of FREEDOM I published a long article in two parts with the above heading. Everybody seemed to like it, and the papers containing it were soon exhausted. As the demand continued and constantly increased, I concluded to reprint it in pamphlet form. It makes a neat pamphlet of 22 pages, and the price is 10 cents. Address FREEDOM, Sea Breeze, Florida.

Are you talking up the forming of a Temple in your community?

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