

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 Shakespeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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REINCARNATION.

BY CHARLES WILLING BEALE.

Few things are more difficult to accept, and none more thoroughly inconsistent with the teaching of Mental Science, than the doctrine of Reincarnation. That a man should be compelled by the action of any force outside of himself to return to earth and live again amid the scenes, trials and troubles that once confronted him, is an abhorrent thought, and one that would hardly have gained such hold upon the scientists of to-day, had it not been of foreign extraction. Being a tenet of Eastern philosophy it has been readily absorbed by those steering clear of the ruts of conservatism, but we should beware lest in our eagerness to embrace this ancient stranger of the dawn, we accept the improbable and indefensible as well. Buddhism, while hoary with the wisdom of ages, is not necessarily more reliable in all the details of its conclusions than other creeds, and it should never be allowed to hamper the judgment of those who have been earnest seekers after truth in our own more prosaic times. Reincarnation, as understood and taught by the Buddhist, may be a possibility, but in the light of modern investigation it can hardly be regarded as probable, nor even as a reasonable hypothesis in the evolution of the human soul.

That the individuality, the *I am that I am*, is eternal, without beginning and without end, is generally accepted as a fact among scientists, and it is not necessary to enter into an explanation of the grounds upon which that belief is based. The difference between individuality and personality, as taught in the East, is also understood and is well explained by the example of a string of beads, the string representing the individual, while the beads are the various persons through which the individual has passed. According to the Hindoo faith the beads would represent the incarnations, while the string itself is the real person, the individual, so that while a reincarnate man is undoubtedly another person, he is still the same individual. It might be said that he has simply changed his clothes, or the vehicle of his manifestation. Now there is but one possible cause that could bring the thread of individuality back to earth to be passed again through another bead, and that cause would be the desire of the individual. If that desire is not strong enough, the bead will remain unthreaded. This, I claim, is the teaching of Mental Science: *Mind is supreme, and the direction of the strongest desire marks the path of the individual career.*

But Mental Science teaches another truth equally profound and equally unassailable, and a truth which physical research has established beyond question, and

this is the fact of evolution; the fact that man is forever unfolding; that powers once dormant are awakening, and that he is steadily advancing toward a higher, nobler and more powerful plane of existence. This in no way controverts the teaching of fleshly immortality; it directly accords with it, for bodily dissolution is without doubt due to our ignorance of those powers which are now being awakened, and which, if awakened in time, will make us masters here, without waiting for that further unfoldment which must come to all in the event of death. But the march of evolution, whether here or hereafter, cannot cease, and we have learned through the study of mind-force, that even here desire and will power, understandingly exerted, are the agencies that shape our lives and bring into them what we would. Admitting then that the life of the individual is eternal, and that evolution advances with uninterrupted and orderly strides, it follows as a logical sequence that the man who has once discarded his earthly body is launched upon a higher plane of existence, and that he has come into a realization of powers that were quite unknown in his previous condition. This state could only have been reached through constant yearning; through the unflagging, uninterrupted, although often unconscious, action of desire, and through the unshaken conviction that it was not to be attained upon earth. It was not a state that was acquired through the operation of extraneous or immutable law, for evolution itself is the result of desire; and desire is within and universal and is an inseparable attribute of the infinite life which fills all space and every material object; moreover, desire builds where and what it will. But desire is forever reaching upward; it is always unfolding and introducing form into higher and more capable types for the exercise and enjoyment of life. Desire may and will result in our continued existence here, and man will one day awake to the grandest discovery since the dawn of the ages—the discovery that he is in the *spirit world now and that death is unnecessary.*

Desire, then, being the motive power that has brought us through endless forms in the lower world to our present exalted state, it is without question the power which is to bring us into still higher manifestations in the life to come. It would be altogether inconsistent and out of keeping with the known action of that power to draw man back through channels of energy, which have been already exhausted, or even to lead him into experiences inferior to those already attained. This would indeed be involution, but not evolution, a law which rests upon too firm a foundation of universal recognition to require either explanation or defense. If

man has gained anything by dying; if he is any freer; if he has any greater range of action; if he has come into the use of any power which was but dimly recognized before; if he has advanced along any line of development in the smallest perceptible degree—it is quite out of the range of reasonable assumption to imagine for one instant that desire could lead him back to the position he had formerly occupied. Nor is it conceivable that earthly incarnation, as it has been known in the past, with its barriers to progress, its disappointments, its prison-like delusion of the senses should hold any inducement to the individual who has once escaped them. I am speaking of the world as it has been, of the world as it would be remembered, if remembered at all, by one who had passed from it before the great awakening now pending; of the world of history; of the world now teeming with untold millions of reincarnate beings as taught by Buddhistic philosophy, but not of the world as it is to be; not of the world of to-morrow, for the future will doubtless develop here upon earth a condition so replete with mastery over natural law that it will be no retrogression to return earthward; for man will then live where and how he pleases, and move from planet to planet, and from sphere to sphere by the simple action of that desire which has placed him where he is to-day. But what has there been in the past to warrant a belief in reincarnation, and what, indeed, are the indications that the future will hold any conception of dissolution as we know it? Truly death may be the last enemy, but the day of its annihilation is not far distant.

Before the attainment of *Nirvana*, there are two possible states which the Hindoo teaches may be entered after death; the one is *Devachan* the other *Avitchi*. *Devachan* is an abode of rest and unalloyed happiness, wherein the soul of man is gratified with the fulfillment of every wish and the unhampered realization of every desire. Nothing that he has ever sighed for, no state or condition that he has ever striven after through the disappointments of an earthly career, is there withheld. It is a season of exquisite, inconceivable bliss, where every dream of earthly imagining and every yearning of the heart is more than realized. In this state of beatitude man may exist for some thousands of years, and in a condition which in some respects resembles the heaven of the Christian, only his enjoyments appear more rational, and more in line with the general aspirations of humanity. But there comes an end to these pleasures, and the time arrives when the subject of *Devachan* begins to look earthward and yearn again for the pleasures of materialism. Then follows the change when his individuality seeks a union with the body of some new born child and enters again the earthly life. Now here is the weak place in the doctrine of reincarnation, a conception not only in direct violation of the law of evolution, but contrary to the teaching of Mental Science and the experience of mankind as well. Does one ever desire to go backward? Does a man voluntarily become a pauper, or having tasted the delights of freedom, does he welcome the shackles of slavery? Having aroused and mastered those infinite powers so long dormant within, can it be possible that he desires to become again an inhabitant of that world he has left, and to crawl once more over its binding surface like some paralyzed insect upon a leaf? It is incredible, and yet we know that that desire must have existed and preceded the act of incarnation itself.

It may be urged that that phase of reincarnation described as the immediate rebirth of the departed spirit into some new earthly form, does not present the inconsistencies of a descent from *Devachan*. This may be true, and the theory might be admitted as a reasonable explanation of many of the mysteries of life, were it not for the overwhelming evidence that the dead have entered another world. Whence then are the spirits, the individualities of the newly born upon earth? Full well do we know that their persons are the product of infinite eons of evolution, and that they have come down through the ages always advancing, always improving, from the mineral, through the lower forms of vegetable and animal life to their present state; but whence is the go, the conscious *I am* that controls and orders these bodily forms, these human animals? I have a theory, which is this. There are worlds visible, and there are worlds invisible. There are worlds ethereal, and there are worlds more grossly material than our own. There are worlds of light, and there are worlds of darkness. There are worlds where the attraction of gravity is scarcely felt—these are worlds of freedom—and there are worlds, the dwellers of which are weighed down upon its surface with a ponderousness that renders motion not only impossible, but well nigh inconceivable; these are they where natural law rules supreme. Now we know little or nothing about any world but the speck of dust which holds us and all we possess; but, why should we not be bound to all of these by a network of individualities forever passing hither and thither in search of some better condition in which to manifest the results of a higher evolution, and why should not our new born babes be travelers just arrived from some plane of existence, some unknown world just one step beneath our own? I ask the reader if the theory is not a plausible one, and if it is not at least more reasonable than the doctrine of reincarnation?

AN INDUSTRIOUS DOG.

A San Francisco paper tells of a ranch on which is a dog motor that pumps water for the cattle to drink. Gyp has been operating the motor for more than a year and seems to like it. When first put in, Gyp seemed to know what she had to do and started in at a great rate. She ran so fast she would have fallen from exhaustion had she not been lifted out. Now she has learned better, but she likes the work as much as when she started. At first she did not know when to stop, but pumped and pumped, though the tank ran over. Now she looks before she begins to pump, and works accordingly. When she thinks she has done enough she runs out to take a look. If it is full she lies down and takes a rest; if not she does not stop until it runs over. Gyp knows as soon as she sees a band of steers making for the trough what they are after, and she starts pumping to keep them from emptying it. Her idea seems to be to keep the trough full.

She has to work hard to do it, too. Each stroke of the pump brings up about a quart of water, and she has to make about six jumps to do it; but nothing stops her, and the pump makes ten strokes a minute or perhaps five hundred gallons of water every ten hours. Gyp is the only dog on the ranch that ever liked the work. Others have always had to be locked in. Even Gyp's brothers always had business elsewhere when they thought there was pumping to do.

There was one that was a good worker in his way. He used to get so mad at the motor; he seemed trying to wear it out for spite. He would run and run until the axle fairly smoked, but when he found that was no use, he curled up in the bottom and went to sleep.—*Ex.*

RAINY DAY OCCUPATIONS AND TOYS.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" is the oft repeated cry that makes many mothers gray-headed or sends them to the institutions provided by the state for tottering intellects.

As gravitation is the law of the earth, so is activity a law of healthful childhood, and nothing short of handcuffs and a small stone cell will check its expression. Children must be busy, and unless occupation of the right kind is furnished them, we may be sure that the wood-work will be carved and hacked, walls used for a blackboard, the cat's whiskers singed, tin cans tied to dogs' tails, and a thousand other devices for amusement hatched within the incubator of the child's brain.

There are two distinct classes of playthings made for children, the selection between which is of far greater importance than it would at first appear.

There are toys which satisfy the child's activity, offer him occupation; and there are other toys which simply please his eye, and in the end make him dissatisfied and destructive, owing to their frailty and uselessness. The aim in selecting children's playthings should be to secure toys which afford employment for the busy hands and brain, and which will stand the wear and tear of much play.

Blocks might well be called the classics of playthings. Now, and through past and future generations, their popularity in the juvenile world is assured. They excite the curiosity of the child as to what he can make with them, while they satisfy his desires and reward his efforts by forming a thousand different designs. Now they are an engine, now a chair, now a boat, always indestructible in themselves, yet offering constant change in form.

A rational curiosity is one of the strongest traits of the child. It is his desire to know why the wheels go round, where the squeak in the toy dog comes from, and how the doll opens and shuts its eyes, which helps him to gain new knowledge and experience. The little girl who pokes out her doll's eyes, rarely does it from a destructive motive. She wants to see what is behind to open and shut them. The small boy who pulls off his horse's tail does it generally for the same reason. It is his implanted desire to *know*, which he is satisfying in this rather startling manner. Toys which are complex, which the child cannot understand, develop this spirit of destructiveness, exciting without satisfying, his curiosity. They are usually selected because grown people find them interesting, and never from a careful study of the child's individual taste and with the thought of what may give him pleasure for a long time, rather than for a day.

If toys were chosen which are substantially made, which have a purpose and give the child something to do, life would be brighter for both parents and children.

It is always the child who has not enough to do who is the most trouble to himself and others. Young, sensitive nerves tingling with life and activity must have occupation, or woe betide us all. "Sit still," or "Be quiet," the thoughtless parent says; not realizing that to command the lily to stop growing would be no less absurd.

The rainy day is a bug-bear to most children, and a veritable polar-bear to the mother, unless she has planned for it beforehand, when it often turns into a bright, sunny day for the people indoors.

Some busy mothers tell us they have not time to plan out a day's occupation for the children; but to stop in order to punish the oldest, possibly chastise the next oldest also, and to change the wet clothes and muddy shoes of the youngest, who is sure to slip out in the inviting rain if he is not otherwise occupied, takes in the long run far more time than the half-hour required to prepare something on purpose for the restless hands to do.

One preparation for the rainy day or time of colds and illness takes no time at all. It is simply to keep one set of toys put away, to be brought down from the attic when the hours of captivity come; and the child will be as delighted to see these old, long vanished friends as if they were fresh from the toy shop.

A pair of blunt-pointed scissors (or sharp-pointed, if the child is careful) will afford hours and hours of delightful employment in cutting out pictures from old magazines and fashion plates. If illustrated catalogues from the hardware and shoe store can be procured, the boys will have "bushels" of fun playing store after the pictures have been cut out for this purpose. Some mothers save all such catalogues with as much care as if they were worth their weight in gold. Not only is the child amused by this cutting, but his eye is being trained to follow a line, his fingers becoming skillful in managing the scissors; and the fortunate kindergartener to whom he may go later is spared an agonizing ordeal, as very few of the children who are sent to kindergartens are able to manage scissors at all, or to cut within an inch of any given line. The old "lamp scissors" should not be thought good enough for the child. He will become disheartened at once, and cutting will hold no charms for him. In all utensils for work, the children need the best. Only we who are old and experienced can manage poor tools. The pictures cut from the papers and magazines can be sorted, and those desired by the child (not by the parent) can be kept and pasted into an old account book.

Neatness is always to be encouraged, but if the child's work is not neat, it should not be ridiculed. Let him keep his soiled scrap-book and enjoy it, even though the pictures are half cut in two, and pasted upside down. They are dear to the child, being his own work. Many a child has had his ambition killed and has stopped trying because his brave, yet crude attempts have been so severely criticized by his elders. Neither should indiscriminate praise be given. "That is very well done for the first time, and next time you can do still better," is a form of commendation which encourages the child without making him feel too well satisfied with his efforts.

Drawing and crayoning with colored pencils is another occupation of which the child will not soon weary, and which is a means to valuable development. Here again all the fashion plates and old magazines are in demand. The clothes and hats of ladies and soldiers, flags, flowers, etc., may be colored with crayons or painted with water-colors. If the mother will draw circles, squares, triangles, and any other forms and objects desired upon small pieces of white paper, the children will spend much time profitably and happily, filling in the outline with some color of paint or crayon.

These same forms, drawn on bits of cardboard and

pricked with a belt-pin, can be sewed with colored threads and are sure to delight children.

Another rainy-day pastime is pasting paper chains. Cut a large number of narrow paper strips about four inches long. Use two or more colors—old letters, circulars, even bright-colored wrapping paper will serve. Provide the children with a little flour paste or mucilage, a toothpick to apply the paste, a cloth to dry it, and you may go about your work, knowing that they are safe and happy for several hours, and will need no attention, if in the beginning you have provided for all their wants. Children delight in seeing the chains grow long as a result of their industry.

A box of toothpicks or a basket of clothespins will sometimes engage a small boy's attention for hours, when his steamboat and train of cars have become a bore. He uses them to make steamboats and cars, which is the secret of his glad activity. An old shoe box with a string attached, for the paper dolls or sick soldiers to ride in, is often more appreciated by the child than an elaborate doll carriage or express cart. Simplicity is what the child craves, while his elders are forever heaping upon him inappropriate gifts in the form of elaborate, unsatisfactory toys.

Raveling out bits of old carpet for the doll's house and fringing bits of linen for dolls' napkins is a way to please tiny maids and busy their wee fingers. Sewing up square bags to hold pebbles, beans, nuts, etc., is a good way to begin real sewing, and putting on buttons may soon follow in real earnest. The small girl's pride in sewing a button upon a real garment is unbounded.

Those mothers who are fortunate enough to have at hand kindergarten materials, and who know how to use them, need never want for rainy-day occupations, but the simple devices mentioned can be used in any home with little or no expense and with very little time or trouble on the mother's part.

Cardinal Manning has said that "a child's needless tear is a blood-blot on the universe," and if we older people would only devote a little thought and care in giving our children all the pleasant occupation they need, whole rivers of tears might be turned into currents of joy, while much heart-ache, punishment, irritation and unhappiness would be spared to our children and ourselves.

CHARLOTTE SHERWOOD MARTINDELL.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want agents in every county in the United States and in all foreign English-speaking countries to sell Mrs. Wilmans' forthcoming book, "The Conquest of Death," now about ready to issue from the press. This is Mrs. Wilmans' latest and largest work, containing over 400 pages, with nearly forty half-tone illustrations, and will be handsomely bound in cloth and half morocco at \$2.75 and \$5.00 per copy. Agents will be assigned exclusive territory. Those without experience or capital should start with a single county, but we would like a few thoroughly competent parties with business experience and a little capital to establish state agencies and themselves secure and direct county agents. To the right parties liberal terms will be made. The amount of capital required is not large, but a few hundred dollars is a necessity in starting an agency which is to have charge of a state, and this the agent must of course furnish, but such a business once established can be made permanent and paying. Address

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

If scientists refuse to accept Christian theology, which teaches that God is a person, it is, to a large extent, owing to the careless (or ignorant) handling of theological definitions by men who have been ordained as teachers of theology before they have learned its alphabet. Systematic theology is no easy subject to be understood. The understanding of its definitions and general terminology presupposes some degree of knowledge of the finely shaded distinctions of which the Greek language is capable. Three years in a Divinity school, or as often happens, less time devoted to private instruction in the study of a clergyman, and a young man is sent forth to expound a creed, whose theological meanings furnished perplexing problems to the councils of Greek scholars more than fifteen hundred years ago.

But for the speculative restlessness of the Oriental mind of early ages we to-day would be spared the misfortune of having the simple Gospel of the Son of man burdened and befogged by elaborate creeds, defended and explained by volumes of most intricate theology, which would have wearied St. Paul and paralyzed the entire college of apostles. The positive affirmations contained in the creed were made in reply to denials; and in the heat of controversy extreme views on one, in one direction brought forth views equally as extreme in the other direction; and language was used which utterly failed to precisely express the views of the controversialists.

It is very doubtful, for example, if, during the controversy that disturbed Christian thought in Asia and brought about the Council of Nicea (A. D. 325) that both Arius and Athanasius had in their minds drawn such finely shaded lines of opinion about the Divine personality of Christ that even the Greek language failed of precise expression, and no doubt both those men died without understanding one another's beliefs. Arius denied; Athanasius affirmed; both got angry, and there was the greatest to do about whether it should be "ou" or "oi" in a Greek word. And up to this day we are standing for dry definitions, which define—*nil*—one thing is sure. All those old Greek fathers would smile over the elaborated deductions which our young savants have wrought from early theological dogmas.

If Greek mind failed to understand Greek expressions of theological distinction, how could we hope that the Latin mind could understand them? To get the practical Latin scholar to appreciate the speculative distinctions of his Oriental fellow theologian, is utterly impossible. But even if the Western mind were capable of assimilating a fine-wrought Oriental definition, the Latin language cannot express fine shades of Greek thought.

Then where do we more practical English-speaking and Western-thoughted people come in?

When we remember that Jesus was born and raised in the Orient, accustomed to Oriental modes of thought and speech; that the four general councils which determined the definitions of theology were assembled in the Orient, and their deliberations expressed in the Greek language; that it is impossible to thrust a Greek idea (with delicate shades of meaning) into a Latin mind; that the Greek language can express the very finest lines of definition which cannot be translated into

Latin, (much less through Latin into English)—I believe it is quite probable that personality as ascribed to God by Greek terminology, is not personality as we commonly use that word. It is very probable that the Mental Scientist of to-day and the Greek theologian of St. Athanasius's day would not be far apart in their respective beliefs about the personality of God. No doubt the too familiar style of handling that sacred name by Gospel pulpитеers has led thinking people most emphatically to repudiate the idea that God is a person. The very first article of religion of the English church demonstrates that the word person as applied to God, no matter how variously it may be construed, does not have the meaning which ordinarily is given to it. It does say that in the unity of the God-head there are three persons. But the article begins by declaring that "there is but one living and true God, without body, parts or passions."

As human personality is the only kind we have any experience of, careless teaching by ignorant men very easily associated the word "person" with anthropomorphic ideas of God. But Christian theology, no matter how perplexing and misleading to those who have not studied it carefully, has always most reverently set forth a deanthropomorphic idea—pardon the long word, and charge it to that wonderful word and thought-maker, Mr. Herbert Spencer.

So far as I am concerned and so far as I understand the basic doctrines of Mental Science, there is difference worth a thought, between what it teaches and what I believe about the personality of God. It would be an easy task to prove from the New Testament that every man is a part, a partial expression outwardly manifested, of the one Good which pervades all nature. There is one great intelligence, wisdom, power, life and good, and every person is a part of that one Good; a greater part or a lesser part, in proportion as he knows life. There cannot be two persons or two powers. There can be no more than one will, one desire, unless there is more than one life. I don't choose to quibble over a word. I see that everywhere there is law and life; everywhere I see undoubted signs of a wisdom, a conscious power; a uniform operation of system. That power is a part of me and I am a part of that power. Without me that power would be incomplete; as my existence is one with that power.

"*Cogito; ergo sum.*" I can think myself into any condition, if I only know how to think. To think is to desire; to desire is to will; to will is to have, if I can unchain myself from ignorance and its results of doubt, fear and weakness. If I am asked whether God is a person, I reply—are you a person? Am I a person? What do you mean by the word person? Metaphysical philosophies for ages and ages have been unsuccessfully trying to find out what is that metaphysical something which constitutes the Ego. Tell me first what is personality; I will have my reply as soon as yours is ready, and I have a few hours to spare. JEYPIEL.

FREEDOM is a weekly paper devoted to the attainment of self-mastery. Six weeks on trial 10 cents.

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

SEA BREEZE EVENTS.

Cottages to accommodate winter visitors are in great demand.

Col. C. C. Post and Mrs. Chas. F. Burgman were in Jacksonville gala week seeing the sights.

The building of five more new cottages was commenced this week, and contracts for as many more are under consideration.

We had cloudy weather during the week and soft, warm showers during the night, which stimulated the grass and flowers to newer growth.

The office building of the International Scientific Association is being enlarged and entirely refitted to meet the requirements of the steadily increasing business.

There are no idle mechanics or laborers in or about Sea Breeze, and contractors complain that they cannot get sufficient competent men to keep up with their contracts.

Mrs. Williams, two sons and two daughters, of Montana, are recent arrivals. They are occupying a cottage on ocean beach for the present. Mrs. Williams, who is a Mental Scientist, contemplates buying property and locating here permanently.

Mr. B. Shoemaker has purchased of Smith Bros. a lot on Halifax avenue to build a home thereon. Mr. Shoemaker is one of our many sturdy, industrious citizens, with a fine family, a carpenter and builder, who, with many others, has concluded that a home built here is the best kind of an investment.

Mr. Sydney Haigh has bought out Mr. Parnell's interest in the East Daytona Livery Stables on Pinewood Ave., and has changed the name to Sea Breeze Livery and Sale Stable. In order to accommodate the constantly increasing business Mr. Haigh is having a new addition built to his stables.

The interior of the Casino, located at the west end of Ocean boulevard and facing the Halifax river, has been reconstructed to be converted into a rooming and boarding house. Mrs. D. F. Austin has taken charge of the management of this new addition to our local places of public accommodation.

The printing establishment of the *Peninsula Breeze* will be removed to the larger quarters above the department store, adjoining the printing department of FREEDOM. The *Breeze* people will put in a cylinder press to do book and newspaper printing, and presses to do fine half-tone work and high-grade job and commercial printing.

Mr. Chas. H. Ballough has a force of mechanics at work to complete his fine residence under the oaks. The building whose walls are constructed of coquina, rises three stories above a basement ten feet in depth and is surmounted by a mansard roof, capped with battlements. Joined to the structure on the west side and overlooking the Halifax River, has been reared a round-tower, the cupola of which will be built of glass. A ballustrated veranda is to surround the entire structure at the top of the second story. The whole has been designed to give a sweeping panoramic view of both the Halifax river on the west and the Atlantic ocean on the east.

What are you going to do to help on with the College?

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

John and Robert Evans are twins; both have light hair and blue eyes. They have always been dressed alike and strangers are invariably mixing them up. Their likeness is so marked that the father has never been sure which is John and which is Robert. Their mother, however, can tell her boys apart. In their babyhood, even she could never be sure.

Within the year this likeness between them served a purpose on one occasion. Robert had been paying attention to a country lass who lived not far away from the Evanses. It was customary for him to visit her every Sunday evening. On one occasion he had promised to take her riding on the following Sunday night, but he was called away and Sunday found it impossible to keep his engagement. He asked his brother John to fill the appointment. John entered into the plot with spirit and drove briskly to the home of his brother's sweetheart. John had been coached upon the themes usually discussed, and the girl believed from the beginning to the end of the ride that she was with Robert, and might never have known to the contrary had the twins not thought the joke too good to keep.

About four months ago John was sent into the woods to hew some trees while Robert helped his father build fences on another part of the farm almost a mile distant. Just before dinner Robert dropped a piece of timber he was carrying, and he cried out vigorously. Turning about the father saw Robert standing with his eyes closed yet talking hastily:

"John is hurt: I can hear him scream and I can see him; the axe glanced from the tree and struck him on the foot; he is bleeding dreadfully; he has begun to tear up his shirt to bind the wound; he is sitting near the old spring back of the peach orchard."

Suddenly Robert started on a run towards the point where his brother had gone. Mr. Evans followed somewhat dazed. When he arrived he found that John had cut his foot by a glancing blow and had torn up his shirt-sleeve to bind the wound. He had cried out in pain when the axe struck him and seemed not surprised that Robert knew of his plight.

Not long afterward Robert was working alone behind the plough more than a mile from the house. While steering the plough through rocky ground the share was broken off. There seemed nothing to do but go home, although it was only mid-afternoon. Then Robert determined to make his wants known to his twin. He closed his eyes and tried, he said, to get his brother's attention. When he felt John was communicating with him he bade him go and get a new plow-share in the buggy shed. He also told him to bring a monkey wrench from the tool chest. Robert then sat down on the plough and waited. Five minutes later he felt John asking him which monkey wrench he should bring, the small one or the large one. After bidding him to bring the large wrench he waited.

Soon he saw John running toward him with the new plough point and the large wrench. Then Robert continued his ploughing and John returned to the house.

Not long ago John had occasion to go to the county seat, twelve miles from his home, on business. Robert remained at home. After John had gone an hour he said he could see his brother and that they were talking with one another readily.

Just after Robert had said that John was leaving for home the mother discovered that she needed some fruit cans. Robert stopped John on his return and told him to drive back and get them. John asked for particulars. About twilight he arrived home with the cans.—*Ex.*

THE PALM ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.



This cut presents a facsimile of the stately palmettoes which are set about the grounds of the proposed college. Many of our friends who bought one of these semi-tropic palms, and whose initials have been branded in the trunk thereof, will be pleased to have a facsimile of the same. We are arranging to print some pretty cards with the imprint of the tree thereon and will mail one of these to each proprietor and purchaser of a palm.

The purpose of the foregoing is to interest all Mental Scientists in the gradual embellishment of the grounds and driveways of the proposed Mental Science College, so that when the buildings have been erected the surrounding scenery will have already been beautified by a vigorous and attractive growth of palms and other trees.

If you feel interested in the undertaking, and wish to encourage it, forward \$2.00 and we will plant a tree for you and carve your initials thereon.

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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.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—It is time to make my report. I am getting on just splendidly. This time last year I did not think I would ever see again as well as I do now, but now I am sure that I will regain my sight entirely. I can't tell you how happy I am, I never use my glasses any more except at night, and not often then.

NANNIE DODSON,
Aztec, New Mexico.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have been a little negligent about writing, but I have kept the treatments in mind and am pleased to tell you that my eyes are feeling very well. Your treatments have helped me in many ways, and I am always so happy when in your care; but I know I must not remain in a dependent attitude, but must recognize my own latent strength. When I am receiving your treatments I often have such a strong desire to break away and heal myself, but I follow your instructions and try to do nothing for myself while in your care; but I like to have the feeling of strength come to me, for I think it is your thought impressing mine with the latent power within me. I take FREEDOM and I do not know what I would do without it. I find in it an explanation of the cause of so many conditions that tend to mar our happiness, and how to overcome them by a growing understanding. I have determined, since I read your answer to a correspondent, requesting you to tell how to overcome lonesomeness that I would never again be lonesome, for you so plainly showed the cause that the remedy was easily seen. And your advice to a gentleman to spend his money fearlessly made me realize how fearfully we spend our money for even the necessities of life, let alone luxuries; and I hereafter intend to spend my money fearlessly.

HELEN L. FORD,
Moscow, Mich.

DEAR FRIEND:—James is gaining every day; he still limps a little, but I suppose he will for some time, as it seems to be second nature to him, he has limped so long.

Three Mental Science ladies called upon me during the past week, and are so much pleased about James being cured. I don't remember whether I told you or not, but I was an unbeliever when I started to have James treated. I have always said that if a person was cured by Mental Science there wasn't anything the matter with him; but now I can never say enough in praise of Mental Science.

If you would like to have James' picture, I will send one taken when you took the case, and also one I had taken during the past week.

MRS. ALEX M. DEAN,
250 West 17th St., Erie, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am doing finely. You would hardly believe the amount of work I did in the last few days. I worked steadily during the whole week and after it was over I did not have an ache or pain. Of course I was tired, and some of my muscles were a little lame, but have felt no bad effects from it, and have slept well at night. When I began taking treatment of you, I could not have done one-tenth part of what I did last week, without suffering agonies. I have not had an ache or pain for a long time, and my scalp is gradually getting into a healthier condition. I am so thankful I am able to do these things, but I do not intend doing it

often, as I think there are more profitable ways of spending my time and strength. I was so busy that I forgot to write you, although I thought of you often.

JANET H. BEARD,
Aberdeen, South Dakota.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—I find myself improving; am able to do light work, such as choiring around my place. The stricture is about the same; has some little soreness yet, but I firmly believe it will yield to your treatment, though my many friends say that it will never be taken away. But they did not think that I could possibly get well when you took my case, but that I was surely dying by inches. It is a surprise to them to see the progress I am making.

THOS. S. MERRILL,
Thatcher, Arizona.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Some weeks ago I wrote you from Lisbon Falls for treatments for success in business to balance certain bills at a certain time. To-day I am to tell you what a wonderful help I believe your treatments to have been. I have made a complete change in business, selling, and in this way balancing my accounts; and then I bought a new location and a better one. Have been full of work, because of the change.

If you will kindly mail some of your reading matter I will see that it reaches good soil. I am thoroughly alive to the power of Mental Science and am hungry to be overwhelmed with its entirety.

MISS M. E. GODDARD,
Henniker, N. H.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

You cannot find anything handsomer for a Christmas present to a friend than a copy of the great new work—"The Conquest of Death." It is Helen Wilmans' latest and best; an immense book on the finest paper, splendidly illustrated; containing all the latest knowledge concerning the powers of mind to control matter. It is a life-saving book; nothing to equal it has ever yet been offered to the public. This is saying a great deal, but even this does not do it justice. It is bound to fill the world with wonder; the salvation of the race is in it. Cloth bound, \$3.00. Half morocco, \$5.00. Address

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

All the world is waiting for heaven to come to them out of the sky or somewhere outside of themselves, while it is only to be found within themselves. One can only evolve this heaven thought by thought. He cannot attain it in any other way. And if he is not traveling to heaven the mental-spiritual way, he is certainly traveling to hell, thought by thought. All the other heavens and hells are but the shadow-symbols of his imagination.—L. A. M. in *World's Advanced Thought*.

As the least drop of wine tinges the whole goblet, so the least particle of truth colors our whole life. It is never isolated, or simply added as treasure to our stock. When any real progress is made, we unlearn and learn anew what we thought we knew before.—Thoreau.

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But I know to a certainty that this cannot come about permanently, except as the result of a broader intelligence than the majority of the race is willing to accept. And I know equally as well that so long as they absolutely refuse the truth bearing on this subject

they will remain in the toils of poverty. Poverty is the external expression of ignorance; and the persons who refuse to acquire new thought, and thereby to drop their ignorance, will have to remain in it.

The race is very poor, and the above sentence contains the reason for it. It is absolutely poverty-stricken, because it will not open its mind to the investigation of anything that might lead out of the dark toward the light. And now I am going to say a thing that sounds cruel; and there is no soul on earth farther from being cruel than I am. The thing I shall say is this, that the poverty of the race is just as it should be. Under the law or principle of attraction it could not be otherwise. And it would be a ruinous thing if it could. For a man's conditions are the registered statement of his intelligence and his native characteristics. If he is on the right track; if he is so constituted that an ascension to the realm of creative mentality is possible to him, then his poverty will set him to thinking when nothing else would; and out of his thought will come the knowledge that will redeem him and change his conditions.

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I am often asked how it is—if wealth is a mental creation—that men of the commonest mold accumulate their millions. I answer, their millions are not wealth; their operations are altogether on the animal plane, and are the result of the animal will, exercised in certain lines of action. They have no secure hold on their possessions; they may lose them as readily as they accumulated them; the secret of true wealth no more belongs to them than to the laborers who are in the need every hour. Such wealth as these men possess is the result of what we might call accidental qualities exercised on the brute plane. To be sure nothing is really accidental, but there is no genuine order or harmony until an understanding of the Principle of Attraction comes. Until the Principle of Attraction is reached through the understanding of the thinker, all effort is simply the half blind push of the animal man; it is a race in which the most powerful animal beats; or perhaps I should say, in which the strongest brute-will wins.

And this is precisely the situation of the race to-day. It is impelled by the most monstrous and inhuman efforts to accumulate money and property; it is chained down in the slough of abject meanness by fear; the fear of losing what it has gained; its position lacks every element of security and repose; it is in the chaos of hell, in fact; and this condition is what the world calls wealth.

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The whole effort is mental. Once become conscious of the truths of Mental Science, and these truths clothe themselves in the external. They work through the man taking the shape of a wonderful vitality that expresses itself in ways of success in all matters indicated by the genius or leading ideas of the person. There is then no work in what he does; nothing but the most pleasurable employment of his faculties.

Work is doing what you are not attracted to do; happiness—the highest happiness—is found in doing what you love to do. A person can exert himself in carrying out his own ideas for twenty hours a day, and be enlarged and benefited and made happier by it, when six hours of forced work would exhaust him. Work is not work when it is the expression of the ideal; it is growth.

Man must express *himself*, or he is nobody and nothing. He must come out into the external with the ideas that are his own, even though compared with the ideas of some others they may amount to almost nothing. But they cannot quite be so useless as to amount to nothing; they amount to this much; they are the beginning of the person's development; and this means the starting of another man upon the road of endless progress.

To live at all is to be external. The idea of having no body and of everything being nothing, is the most absurd piece of nonsense ever invented.

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At last, however, as my thought on these great subjects matured, I grew to a position where I actually ceased to be influenced in the least by the criticism of others, and it was from this point that my ideas and my work began to succeed. Independence of thought is the broad road to the manifestation of strength in every undertaking. To refuse to be influenced by others, and to stumble ahead in the path marked out by your own brain, in following your own ideas, will eventually—in spite of your mistakes—bring you a sense of individual power, that is the sure guarantee of your success in whatever you may undertake.

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THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

There need not be so much poverty in the world as there is at present. Any one can make a living, and a pleasant, lovely living, who will put his or her mind to work and bring forth a few energetic ideas.

There are a great many ways to make money, one, and perhaps more of which I shall describe, but before I attempt to describe any of them I want to say that the apprehension of defeat has got to be banished from the mind of him or her who undertakes to do anything successfully.

Suppose, for instance, you take a book under your arm and start out as a canvasser. You will meet with many a rebuff and not a few insults; and if you permit your natural feelings to triumph, you will quit the business at the end of the first day and vow that starvation is better than life at such a cost.

But I tell you that this is a mistake; I tell you that you will be doing a great thing for yourself if you will take your book and start out again the next morning with the resolution to ignore all the insults you get, if only for the purpose of strengthening yourself, and of eventually proving to yourself that the people who treat you so offensively are not to be considered as standing in your road. This strengthening of yourself, the mercantile of going forward in the face of opposition instead of being backed down by it, will lay the foundation of success for you. To meet the people in this way; to greet them bravely, independently, splendidly, will create a feeling among them that will induce them to seek you out and greet you royally.

Oh! manhood, oh! womanhood, come forth! Shine out in all our actions, no matter how small the actions are.

Henry Frank—why he's just a makin' fun o' me!

Mr. Frank is editor of *The Independent Thinker*, a new magazine which has reached its tenth number and aint dead yet. Mr. Frank was here in Sea Breeze several years ago, but I do not recall him with absolute certainty. I think perhaps he did not introduce himself to me; it may be that he was not interested in the new thought at that time. At all events, I was surprised when I heard that he had once visited this place, because I had seen a number of his magazine and I had spoken of it in *FREEDOM*; though I don't think I spoke of it so carelessly as he seems to believe. At any rate, Mr. Frank takes exceptions to me, and as he is a man of splendid education and a very fine writer, he does me up quite brown in number 10 of his magazine. Send 10 cents and get it; there are other good articles in it besides the one about me; he takes a whack at Jesus that I like, and would print, only I want you to get his magazine and pay for it. It is published at 30 West 27th st., New York City; price one dollar a year.

The article about me is as follows:—

"Ancient metaphysics was a philosophy. It was speculative, logical, analytical, dogmatic.

"Modern metaphysics is a profession. It is pragmatic, assertive, self-complacent and lucrative.

"Ancient metaphysics was masculine; modern metaphysics is feminine. The former gave rise to great minds—Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schopenhauer—the few great souls who abode on inaccessible mountain peaks, whereto the common herd could not ascend. The masses could hear only the faint echo of their profound expressions—vague and half-intelligent—like distant thunder breaking on the edge of the far horizon.

"Modern metaphysics has awakened the deep waters of humanity; stirred the heart of the race, till now even babes and sucklings declare the triumphs of living knowledge.

"Metaphysics is not mystery or muddiness. It was once thought that he who uttered the most unintelligible nonsense was the profoundest metaphysician—provided he had the trick of casting his ideas in grandiose verbosity.

"To-day we know that there is nothing in metaphysics which cannot be expressed in the vernacular of simple folk; just as old Socrates used to employ the language of the curbstone to confound the awful unintelligibility of pompous sophists.

"Whoever talks metaphysics unintelligently is not talking metaphysics, but *meta-foggicks*! Write him down a fakir.

"I have found at times as much good metaphysical writings in Helen Wilmans' books—for example—as in Kant's. But this is far from saying Helen Wilmans is another Kant. Helen once in a while hits off a truth with finer point than Kant; but I doubt whether Helen could read Kant's 'Critique,' and understand it. She possesses, however, the intuition of her sex, coupled with masculine audacity.

"She dares to say what she feels—whether or not she knows what she is talking about; then trusts to good luck to its being O. K.—and quite frequently it is.

"But Helen's sudden ascent from poverty to prosperity (the Republican party will kindly overlook my failing to spell the latter word with a big P)—from the valley of Hinnom to Pisgah heights—has somewhat unsteadied her balance, and she sometimes exhibits curious phases of dizziness.

"She is beginning to believe almost too much in herself (a venial fault) and inclined occasionally to sit in judgment on others (not so pardonable a fault).

"Recently in commenting on the advent of *The Independent Thinker* she does us the honor to say that she had 'casually glanced' at our pages, and remarks that the one lecture on 'What is Matter?' published in the May issue, was almost good enough (but not quite) to be published in the exclusive columns of *FREEDOM*.

"It really sent a thrill through my bones when I learned how nearly I had been swept through the gates of Paradise, without knowing it.

"But Helen compensates her acts of omission by condescending to say that she thinks the editor 'possesses the true metaphysical mind.'

"Another lucky stroke for the editor of this journal. For I understand Helen has invented a new instrument—the 'Metaphysiscope'—by which she is able to measure with scientific precision the exact psychological capacity of every human being.

"Helen says when her keen Western eye drops on the new metaphysical literature, she 'gets a smile on her beginning with about two inches and gradually increasing to six or thereabouts.' But Helen deposeth not how many inches her hat band has increased since she discovered herself.

"I found her a few years ago way down in Florida, where she edits *FREEDOM* and 'heals the sick' (who have the price) on a bewitching strip of land that floats between a pearly arm of the sea and the broad, booming ocean. And it's a 'hummer,' *FREEDOM* I mean—not the sea. I once fell beneath the radiant spell of her aureole locks. Helen is a magnet. You see the flames in her red hair. She throws volts of lightning with both hands. She's a greater than Minerva, for she not only steals Jupiter's thunderbolts, but hurls Jupiter himself at whomsoever she will. If Helen can't cure you she'll kill you; and a man would better be dead than alive—and sick. She sells her paper at \$1.00 per capita in the shambles at Sea Breeze, Fla."

The reason I did not print Mr. Frank's article, "What is Matter," was because, as we Florida crackers say—"I was skeered to do it." I had had a "fuss" with the

editors of the *Ideal Review* for printing one of their articles. I gave them due credit for it, and thought I was paying them a large compliment, but the letter I got from them was too "sassy" for anything, it was cuttingly polite and had the finest edge on it you ever saw; it was elegantly written, and if my memory serves me it contained a Latin quotation, besides a lot of Chocktau and a sprinkling of Sanscrit. Oh! it was learned; it used me up in beautiful style; it "kilt me elegantly" and buried me with the honors of civilized warfare.

This was when *The Ideal Review* was not *The Ideal Review*. It was sailing under another of its numerous aliases. I remember the time well. Ada was in Boston getting ready to move the paper down here, and we were pushed for time to get out copy. We were in the fix of the old maid who was praying for a husband, when the voice of an owl reached her through the open window saying, "Hoo, hoo." "Anybody, Lord," was her reply. It was "anything, Lord," with Ada at that time.

Joking aside—*The Ideal Review* has got a magnificent corps of contributors; it is truly one of the finest magazines there is. It is a credit to Mr. Whipple and to the cause. I am proud of it.

But to return to Mr. Frank. He is wondering about the size of my hat band, and he calls me "red head." This hurts my feelings awfully; for nearly a century I have been trying to establish the fact that my hair is golden, and here comes this damper to flatten me out like a California slapjack. He says if I can't cure you I'll kill you. Now, this is true. I am safe in saying it, because I *can* cure you, and therefore don't have to kill you. Read the correspondence column this week, and see if I can't cure—"for a price." Ha! Mr. Frank, I send you a treatment for success absolutely without charge.

H. W.

P. S.—I'm the goodest-natured woman of all the red-headed fraternity. I don't mind returning good for evil (when there is something to be gained by it.)

I see I have not said much about making a living; but I'll do so next time.

The article over the simple signature "Jeypiel" to be found in another column is from the pen of a clergyman. We give it space with pleasure as showing the changed or changing position of the religious teachers who still call themselves orthodox Christians. Doctors of Divinity and doctors of medicine are alike being compelled to broaden their teachings in accordance with those of science and common sense, or lose their followers entirely. I do not mean by this that they do so unwillingly. Doubtless once they have taken the step, or have found it safe to take it, they are as greatly pleased as others who have secured freedom to think, unfettered by dogmas and creeds that were established by ignorant or superstitious men in the dark ages. It is source for rejoicing that it is so, that even the church feels the broadening influence, and that however tardily or slowly it yields to the pressure, another generation or two, and the theology of our childhood days will be as dead as the belief in the power of a rabbit's foot to ward off evil.

C. C. P.

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

FREEDOM on trial six weeks ten cents.

FAMILIAR LETTER.

DEAR FREEDOM:—Your name, like all your editor's terms, is full of meaning; and is at once attractive and inspiring. Think for a moment, the scope of its meaning and what it includes!

If we could bring up our children on the extended plane, which this one term indicates—then, good bye to the heart-aches of parents, wrecked young lives, penitentiaries and reformatories.

Freedom! this for the world of mind! Freedom from the thralldom of doubt, from the oppression of fear, from the fetters of superstition, and the dominion of ignorance! Freedom from galling chains of error; from the crushing mistake of supposing oneself a mere "worm of the dust;" this world "a wilderness of woe;" "a vale of tears;" and human life a probationary state, in which every one must prepare for unending happiness, or misery, in some future world.

Oh! the folly of this long prevailing mistake. Oh! the pity of it; wrecking the happiness of so many valuable lives here on earth; nothing but perfect freedom can ever emancipate the race from these hurtful—yes—deadly delusions.

Yet true freedom is not license, as many deluded ones have learned to their cost.

The fool-hardy young man fancies he is free to seek his selfish ends in sensuous debauchery and dishonest practices; free to indulge propensities that were given him to control and make subservient to right uses. Instead of enjoying and exercising freedom, he is the veriest slave to a relentless master; who—by the unescapable law of "cause and effect"—will lash him into obedience eventually, through a summary course of discipline.

True freedom restores to us our birth-right. It assures us of the *I am*. It shows us clothed with the dignity of a human mind; a mind divine in its origin, measureless in its capacity, deathless in duration.

The wonderful mechanism of our bodies, the marvelous scope of our intellects, and the beauties, delights and grand uses of this good old earth (so maligned by diseased Theologians) yet made a fit dwelling place for this *I am*, prove the worth of every human being. Whitman was right to stand up for the inestimable value of the human Ego. This position, both as a stalwart poet and a manly, pure, yet uncompromisingly earnest man is getting more just recognition as the field daisies and the grasses bloom and wave, season after season, over "the good grey head."

That there is much of evil and many wrongs, wars, atrocities and cruelties by our measure in the earth we cannot deny, yet this does not detract one iota of the grand truth, that perfect freedom of thought and life is the essential thing to have; and that its prevalence will eventually emancipate mankind from all the evils that cling to it now.

M. C. B.

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.

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.

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ON THE ROAD.

We close some periods of our life's activity and history as we close the chapters of a book that has been read. We have rounded out that part of our existence; we leave localities that have been very familiar to us; we part from scenes and friends that have been very dear to us; we grasp once more the friendly hands that reach out to us, and look down into the depths of the kindly eyes that meet ours as we part. There is that strange pressure at the heart which gradually casts its spell of sadness over every atom of the body, after you have given the last wave of your hand to your friends from the train which takes you away from their company forever. I knew of nothing that would ever take me back again to these mountain scenes and many of its people, with whom I had been in friendly and familiar intercourse for years; who had been my steadfast friends and fraternal companions. The constant and inexorable necessities of life may in the lapse of time harden and overlay the tender passions of our real nature, until we imagine that we are secure against what we boastfully term the foolish emotions—but there arrive periods when our armor is broken like an eggshell; and I leaned back in my seat and permitted, for the time being, my feelings of sadness have complete control over me.

We left Nevada City to the rear, passed Grass Valley and, changing train again at Colfax, rolled down into the Sacramento Valley toward

SAN FRANCISCO:

The city by the Golden Gate; the metropolis of the

Golden State on whose bay float the ships of every nation; whose name and fame are familiar to the children of every clime and every country; through whose streets walk the people of every race under the sun; my home for twenty years; whose every foot of ground is as familiar to me as the pictures on the walls of my home, and where I counted my friends and acquaintances by the thousands.

I shall not undertake to describe San Francisco of to-day; every reader of newspapers and periodicals is familiar with its brilliant and wonderful history since "the days of forty-nine." I prefer to give the reader a retrospective view under the brilliant glare of electric light and electric activity which marks the city of to-day.

During the summer of 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence, a party of Spanish missionaries and explorers were sent out from San Diego to find the harbor of Monterey, discovered by former navigators; the party passed their point of destination without being aware of it and traveled about one hundred miles further northward. Climbing one of the low, bleak hills, they saw before them the vast stretch of the Pacific, and to the right the barren, storm-beaten cliffs of Point Reyes. They knew then that they had missed their mark, and prepared to return southward. While in search of game a couple of soldiers ascended the hills near the camp, and from their eminence there revealed itself to their astonished gaze a beautiful blue inland sea to the right, calmly resting in the embrace of green shores that sloped away to ancestral forests.

The bay was inspiringly beautiful in its maiden purity; for never had the keel of vessel disturbed its sereneity, nor had European eyes before gazed upon its voluptuous beauty. As the party was sent out to establish a mission under the patronage of St. Francis De Asis, it was accordingly decided to establish here a mission dedicated to this patron saint, and a military post or presidio.

Returning to Monterey Lieutenant Moraga, with a little band of soldiers, their families and servants, started northward on June 17, 1776, and finally established camp on the Laguna de los Dolores, and there awaited the arrival of their vessel, the *San Carlos*, with supplies and cannon aboard—meanwhile, undertaking the work of constructing huts and shelter for his people, and later on beginning the construction of the presidio. The hostile attitude of the native Indians made military protection and security a necessity, and the establishment of the mission could not be thought of before this was assured. At last, on September 17th, these structures were completed and taken possession of amidst the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon. Thereafter the establishment of the mission proceeded rapidly, though, for a year or more, the conversion of natives was exceedingly small in number. Dedicated on October 4, the day of St. Francis, the mission was named San Francisco De Asis de los Dolores; and what remains of the old mission now has been abbreviated into the Mission Dolores—Dolores being a stream since dried up, leaving no visible traces of its former existence.

Financially the mission prospered, though architecturally little progress was made during the following decade. Its cattle multiplied rapidly and the soil put under cultivation ten miles further south yielded plenti-

ful crops. The natives, who had to be subdued in several skirmishes, finally concluded to make peace with the padres and become converted. They have all been converted to their happy hunting grounds now—not one of them remaining to tell the story of their people who inhabited the hills which slope gently down to the Golden Gate, bathed in the indescribable splendor of the setting sun, as he gradually sank beyond the waters of the vast Pacific.

The village which gradually sprang up about the presidio and the mission was named *Yerba Buena*, in appreciation of the great variety of fine medicinal herbs which grew, and still grow, about the mission hills and along the cliffs, even down to the Golden Gate. The easy arcadian life of the dwellers here under pro-Spanish occupancy and dominion, was suddenly interrupted by the gold hunters who poured through the Golden Gate and overran the state like a swarm of locusts. Under the burning touch of the newer type of man, with his restless desires and unquenchable thirst for gold and the material things of this earth, the tender missionary plants, reared by the devout and pious padres, withered as the lily under the blast of a simoom. What secularization and expropriation on a former occasion had left of mission property and Indian devotion, vanished under the absorbing passion of the new invaders. Thus began that series of events familiar to all the world. The quiet utopia of the saintly mission of San Francisco de Asis on the Laguna de los Dolores vanished, and around its crumbled ruins rose that stately city which has commanded the attention of the world, and which holds intercourse with all the nations of the earth.

Back of the quaint, old mission which, with its old grave yard and tombstones, is surrounded on every side by modern American residences, rise the mission hills of which Twin Peaks reach an altitude of a thousand feet, at least; from these heights you enjoy a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean, the Farallone Islands twenty-two miles distant, the storm-beaten, jagged cliffs of Marin county and the Mendocino coast to the northward, the Golden Gate, through which pour the restless waters of the Pacific into the magnificent harbor of San Francisco bay, which curves at the foot of the city and sweeps inland and southward for a distance of fifty miles, on whose eastern shore lines, inlets and bayous, nestle Sausalito, Tiburon, the buildings of the U. S. garrison at Angel Island, California City, Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, Elmhurst, San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Haywards and Niles; and back of them the tall and undulating hills of Alameda county.

Between the bay and the hills, on whose summit you stand, stretches the great city, reaching out in every direction, covering the valley and overrunning the hills; Nob Hill, Russian Hill, Telegraph Hill, Rincon Hill and Pacific Heights, reaching along the shore of the bay over and back of the Presidio Hills toward the ocean; laughing at obstructions, overrunning all obstacles like an exuberant vine which has its roots deep down in rich and fruitful soil, this vigorous city reaches out in every direction. Mountains of sand have been removed to fill and even up depressions, ravines and hollows, to fit them for building sites. Towering hills of hard and solid serpentine have been blasted away for similar purpose, and to furnish the foundations and macadam

for its streets and roadways. Bounded by the bay on the east and north, and the shore line of the Pacific on the west, its population has overflowed to the opposite shores of the bay and established the cities of Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and several minor towns along the margin of Marin county. These people live, work, think and scheme in San Francisco, and sleep elsewhere. However, time and distance count for much in these busy days. The demand for property near the city is steadily increasing; there is only one outlet for the city to quarter its million or more of people which the twentieth century is bound to bring. That outlet is southward; the mission hills are already becoming crowded with residences; the Potrero opposite is being covered with giant manufacturing establishments, and the city reaches out toward San Mateo county for more building room.

Such is San Francisco of the past and of to-day, from an external point of view. Its internal life is restless, active, vigorous; with a climate which stimulates and demands activity. Enjoying the distinction of having built the first cable line for street car service, its method of public conveyance has always been the best that money and modern invention could produce. Its future is boundless, for it is the natural entrepot for the vast Oriental and Occidental trade, whose possibilities are practically without measure and without limit.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

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.*

HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS.

A new book by Elizabeth Towne, editor of *Nautilus*. Tells how to awaken hidden power by new and original methods. The book contains three chapters as follows: "I Am the Sun of God," "The Lord Our God is A Consuming Fire," and "Just Why and Just How." It shows how the Solar Plexus, or sun center, is to the human body precisely what the visible sun is to the solar system, and teaches you how to radiate life, joy and health. It is meeting with a remarkable sale. Don't fail to read it. Price 25c. Address

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nov 14-3m*

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ESOTERIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,

oct 10-tf

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THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

TO PROSPECTIVE AGENTS.

When "The Conquest of Poverty" came out we did not suspect that agents would handle it, because it was a cheap edition, paper bound, and consequently only a small per cent to be made on it. But it sold so rapidly and the demand for a cloth cover was so imperative that we had to get one out. In doing so we revised, enlarged and illustrated the book with pictures taken from our home surroundings here. This change and the difference in retail price from 50 cts. to \$1.00 makes the book valuable for agents to handle. The book sells on sight. All the world is poverty stricken; all the people are consumed with anxiety about the mere matter of living; men and women are being constantly driven into untimely graves by the horror of present poverty, and the terror of more strenuous poverty in prospect. A remedy for this is the great demand of the times and a remedy is offered in the book now being so eagerly sought by the public. When forty thousand copies of a book sells almost immediately after coming off the press, and with scarcely any advertising, there is no use for the agent to ask "if he had better handle it?" He knows that he can make money out of it.

Canvassing is a science that must be conducted on lines which experience has proved successful. For the regular canvasser, the county plan produces the greatest results. We have had many years' experience in canvassing, and have sold all kinds of books, and are prepared to give instructions covering the best plans for successful work.

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If you are so situated that you cannot engage in this work, please pass this to some friends who may be looking for profitable employment. Address as follows:

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze, Fla.

GENTLEMEN:

Please reserve for me the county of _____

State of _____ I hereby agree to thoroughly work the above mentioned territory for THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY within a reasonable time, at the regular commission of 40 per cent. Please find enclosed 60 cents for sample copy of THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY cloth-bound, and "How to work a county successfully."

Name.....

Town.....

County.....

State.....

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