

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*Who dares assert the
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 NOMENCLATURE OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

"God" and "evil" are two words for which evolution has no use. Yet the evolutionist and the Mental Scientist do not deny the existence of something for which these two words stand, nor would they object to the use of these words if they were used and understood by average mankind in their evolutionary sense. "God" to the Presbyterian or Methodist, means a man seated on a great, white throne, watching people to see whether they break his laws or keep them. He has a sceptre in his hand and in front of the throne runs a gold pavement, and all around the throne stand angels playing on harps and singing praise night and day to this God. This is the mental picture that is called up by the word "God," whenever an orthodox mind uses it, and I do not believe that the best scientist in the land can say the word "God," and not see a mental photograph more or less vivid of the deity who sat on a throne and directed bloody wars, ordered the killing of old women and the rapine of young ones; who elects some to eternal punishment and others to eternal life; who does, in short, all sorts of unjust, illogical, reprehensible things, and who is a *person* having the form and parts of a man.

As long as this meaning attaches itself to the word God, a Mental Scientist is perfectly right in using Law, "Infinite and Eternal Energy" or any other scientific term that stands for the scientific fact of a great, first cause. To refuse to use the word "God" is not to deny the existence of God, in the scientific sense; it is a denial only of the theological fiction that goes by the name of God. There may come a time when the word "God" will have no meaning but a scientific one; but at present every Mental Scientist who uses the word makes a concession to theology, and bewilders the mind of his readers. As long as a word has two meanings it can have no rightful place in the vocabulary of science. This is the case with the word "God." The following poem by Prof. Carruth expresses very beautifully the meaning we are trying to convey:

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;

And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

The beginner in Mental Science naturally clings to the word "God," and to the idea of personality that it conveys. It is impossible for him to do otherwise. The healer or teacher makes a scientific statement; the student begins at once to cast about him for the theological correlative of the statement. The teacher says "Law," the student comments mentally, "That means God." But if both teacher and student are faithful in the work, it finally comes about that the student drops the old manner of thought, and is in truth a scientist. Law is to him now as beautiful, as uplifting a word as the word "God." When science tells him that he is "in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed, he feels the same thrill of reverence that he used to feel when he fancied himself in the presence of a personal God. He finds at last that after all his doubt and fears, he has lost nothing but an idea of personality with all the limitations, faults and disabilities that personality implies. The personal God of the Bible has every fault that we condemn in humanity; being a person he cannot help having the qualities always attached to personality. To exchange such a God for one who is pure principle, law, energy, "infinite, eternal and unchangeable in being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth" is no loss at all. The words just quoted are from the Westminster Catechism, and are part of the answer to the question, what is God? Yet singularly enough they might equally as well be a description of the "Infinite and eternal energy" of Herbert Spencer. The God of Mental Science is spirit or energy or law infinite, eternal and unchangeable in being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

He who has once found rest, peace, health, wealth and all other blessings in the presence of such a God will never care to return to the personal God of the Old Testament. A recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly* treats of the future of the Catholic church in this country. The writer has wisdom enough to see the growing power and influence of the metaphysical movement, but he makes the ridiculous assertion that the Roman Catholic church is destined to draw into its bosom all the metaphysical sects now outside the churchly pale. As well might he say that all the butterflies were going to return to the chrysalis state.

We have spoken of the word God as having two meanings, but two million meanings would be a little nearer the mark. Every religious denomination has its own God, and every individual believer in every sect has his individual God. It was the recognition of this fact that helped Harriet Martineau out of the perplexities of orthodox belief into Rationalism. She tells the story of the two theologians quarreling about the nature and attributes of God. One ended the controversy very abruptly by saying: "Oh, I perceive, sir, that your God is my devil." Such is the wide difference of views held by people all claiming to be "orthodox." And yet there are people who draw back in horror from the Mental Scientist who does not use the word God. "Don't read that woman's books," said a fearful woman to one of her friends who had a volume of Helen Wilman's essays in her hand. "Why, she doesn't believe in a God."

Friends, the Mental Scientist has a "God," but he doesn't call it by that name because he wants to keep it from getting mixed up with the "strange gods" of the methodist, baptist and presbyterian.

Let the student cling to the orthodox word and idea as long as he pleases. A forcible wrenching away from old beliefs is contrary to the spirit of the new thought. But those who are both students and teachers in the metaphysical movement would do well to discard all language that is susceptible of more than one meaning. Some of the most scholarly new-thought writers still cling to the phraseology of the old-fashioned revival and camp-meeting, and a thorough scientist is at a loss to know whether he is reading science or theology. If any concession is to be made to the old manner of thought, let that concession be made by the beginner, who cannot help making it and who knows no better, rather than by the well grounded scientist who can help it, and who does know better.

The Mental Scientist declares that there is no evil, all is good. This does not mean that he denies the existence of the conditions which orthodoxy calls "evil." He sees with a clear gaze the suffering, the sorrow, the mistakes of the world, and if evil had a scientific significance, he would not object to calling these things evil, just as he would have no objection to the word God if that were understood in a scientific sense. Evil to the orthodox mind means a condition brought about by the direct efforts of a personal God or a personal devil. Some ignore the devil and designate every calamity as a "dispensation of providence;" others ascribe all the good things to the interposition of providence and all the evil things to the interposition of the devil. Since Mental Science recognizes neither a personal

God nor a personal devil, the word evil is taken out of the vocabulary of the scientist, and all things are declared to be good. If the word evil is used at all by Mental Scientists it is to be understood in a scientific sense. It means, for instance, a condition not in itself desirable, but necessary and inevitable because it is evolutionary, or a condition that arises by reason of man's ignorance of the law. No one can rightfully claim to be a scientist who does not admit that the law is at the back of every condition. If any condition is evil, then the law is evil, as said before, and if the law is evil we must reverse the poet's words and declare that "the soul of things" is not "sweet," but bitter; that the heart of being is not "celestial rest," but diabolical unrest; that "woe" is stronger than "will," and that all things are moving, not from good to better and from better to best, but from evil to more evil and most evil. A belief in evil, whether it be of a personal devil or an impersonal principle, leads inevitably to pessimism, and the only rational optimist is he who says, "There is no evil, all is good."

L. C. OBENCHAIN.

REINCARNATION.

In his article on "Reincarnation," in your issue of December 12, the author says in the second sentence: "That a man should be compelled by the action of any force outside of himself to return to earth and live again is an abhorrent thought."

As a student of Oriental philosophy, I have never found any such teaching. The Oriental teaching is that rebirth is invariably produced by the skandhas, qualities inherent in the soul, and not extraneous.

Buddhistic philosophy, as expounded by the Patriarchs, teaches: "All beings may be induced to step forward out of the conditions of rebirth into nirvana. We teach that those modes of existence which produce these skandhas are imperfect."

This very clearly teaches that it is possible to grow beyond the world of rebirth, but only by the attainment of perfection, when from the very nature of the result rebirth and its corporeal conditions are no longer necessary as a means of growth and discipline.

The writer in the same article also says: "Mental Science teaches, and has established, 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."

All of this is true and well stated, but when in the next sentence he refers to fleshly immortality he descends from this high ideal, and forgets that as man evolves mentally and psychically, and the infinite potentialities in him unfold, *pari passu*, the body evolves and is transmuted; for in the words of Buddha: "All that we are is the result of what we have thought; we are founded in our thoughts; we are built up of our thoughts."

To talk of the perfected man living immortal in the body of flesh as we know it, is unphilosophical; it is a contradiction in terms. If all the latent or potential powers in man were to awaken into manifestation in his present body of flesh, it would be consumed in an instant; they unfold slowly and so gradually that they are hardly perceptible from generation to generation; nevertheless, they are unfolding, and what is the common possession

of thousands to-day was possessed only by a few some centuries ago. As this evolutionary process continues, the human body will be gradually transmuted and refined, becoming more etherial, until through the unfoldment of latent powers man can consciously transfer his consciousness into an inner etherial vehicle, far more real than any body of flesh and not subject to the inevitable limitations of the latter.

Again, when the writer refers to "that further unfoldment in the event of death," he seems to entertain the idea that death by some mysterious process of transmutation can accomplish the results of evolution, but if this is true, evolution would be unnecessary, and a vast laborious process, extending through countless ages for the accomplishment of that which could be effected in a few brief moments in the process of death.

If I understand the teachings of Oriental philosophy, the most potent quality of the skandhas which produces rebirth is the inherent desire in the imperfect soul for sentient life in the flesh. The soul is not forced into the "wheel of birth and death" by any other energy than the desires of its own making, which are not extinguished until it realizes, while in the flesh, that these desires are for an illusive and pain-producing Maya, and by a strong and persistent effort of the will, makes them subservient to a higher realm of mind and soul.

W. L. GARVER.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was recently attracted to an article in FREEDOM under the caption of "Reincarnation"—not so much on account of the article itself, as through curiosity to ascertain what the writer had to say on this subject, having myself spent a considerable number of years in the study of the subject. My conclusions are:

First—Reincarnation is a fact.

Second—Reincarnation is one of the inexorable laws of nature.

Third—Reincarnation and death are inseparable.

Fourth—With the overcoming of death there is no further use for reincarnation.

Taking up the first proposition, that reincarnation is a fact, one only has to study the workings of nature in every department of life to ascertain that it is only through the process of reincarnation that a higher development is reached—that is, if we believe that death is a necessity. Theosophists believe in reincarnation as the proper vehicle through which a higher spiritual condition is reached; but if they possessed the knowledge that death was not a necessity, they would at once discard death's constant associate—reincarnation. Death and reincarnation are inseparable. Without reincarnation the hope of the race that believe in sin, sickness and death, would be stranded on a shoreless sea. Without reincarnation even Mental Science would not be able to account for the dead and dying. Until the human race reaches the point where death can be overcome, reincarnation cannot be discarded. It is the only means by which and through which necessary experience and exact justice can be obtained. The mere presence of death indicates an undeveloped condition. Where, except on this earth, can the required development and unfoldment be had? Where else can the necessary experiences that lead to a higher physical and spiritual existence be obtained?

I believe that Mental Science is solving the great

problem of life, and I believe, too, that man is his own creator, and will, as the light comes to him, be able to overcome sin, sickness, poverty, old age and death; but what are you going to do with him so long as he persists in dying? If the light does not reach him while here in the flesh this time, he has most assuredly got to try it over again and keep on trying, as he has been doing for millions of years past. But there is no doubt that man can constantly lessen his number of reincarnations by right thinking and right doing, and he can shut them off altogether just the moment the full truth, and nothing but the truth takes complete possession of his being. Then will life be eternal and heaven have no ending.

But as to evidence respecting this matter of reincarnation, what have we? I claim that the daily operations of all nature furnish all the evidence necessary to satisfy the average intelligent thinker. But there is other evidence, and it does not come from Buddhist history or any other remote period. It is available right here and now.

It is a fact incontrovertible that there are those gifted with certain powers, who can see distinctly the severing of the ligaments of life and the departure of the spirit element or Ego from the physical body at death. This same trained or gifted vision can also distinctly see the presence of the spirit element or soul or Ego hovering around the bedside where a birth is about to take place, in readiness to engraft itself into the new body.

Wherefore this taking possession of the little new body except that another life experience is demanded?

These are facts that can be ascertained and determined by any one who cares to spend the time or has the inclination to delve into the so-called hidden mysteries of nature.

Reincarnation is a fact in nature, but a fact only in the presence of death. Truly yours,

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

NOVEL SOLUTION OF SERVANT PROBLEM.

[I have not the least doubt but the servant enigma will be solved as herein indicated. I did not write this article; I stole it from an exchange, but it voices my opinion.—H. W.]

Who will do our housework for us? From the standpoint philosophical, metaphysical and logical there is only one answer. Let men do it. This suggestion is original and yet I have not copyrighted it. I love humanity and would serve my kind.

The only field of labor not now crowded to overflowing is that of domestic service. Women will no longer perform it. That way lies no hope. Women have become lawyers and clergymen, cattle buyers and deputy sheriffs. Their faces are set ever further and futher away from good old kitchen work.

We expect to prove on three grounds that it is man's work, anyhow. First—sweeping, laundering, scrubbing floors and beating up rugs and mattresses are heavy labor, requiring the strength of a manly arm, a force beyond the unimproved woman biceps.

Second—To cook in first-class style demands that the cook himself love good eating and appreciate it. Where on this planet is the manly heart that does not thrill with delight, or the manly mouth that does not water at the prospect of a perfect dinner?

Third—It is man's nature to grab every good thing in

sight. Here is an uncommonly good thing—a profession offering larger income than that of many a poor author or clergyman, with a good living included. A young man who has already invaded this new industrial field for his sex reports that he gets \$5 a week "salary" and found. Moreover, he will only work stated hours, from eight o'clock to six, and even with this cast iron proviso he is overwhelmed with offers of employment from housekeepers wildly craning their necks for deliverance from misery. You observe, too, that he calls his wages his "salary," which is something—which is much indeed.

In the Orient little brown and yellow men house servants are so entirely the proper vogue, that the woman who should seek on her own account to hire out for kitchen work would be a daring innovator and an invader of man's sphere, and would be frowned down and driven out by the weight of public obloquy.

A very brief training will enable the powerful masculine mind to catch the intricacies of browned corned beef hash and poached egg, the difference between true Boston baked beans and the plain New York bake. The gifted and educated man housemaid will dignify domestic labor and elevate it to its true plane in the social scale—a thing the servant girl has never yet been able to do. He will reign and rule triumphant king of the kitchen.

Even so great will be the advantage to the employer of the man kitchen girl. Perchance the master of the house may be a poet, like Byron. When Byron was at any time wrestling with immortal rhythm, it was the wont of Lady Byron to pace into his den like a cat, and go dusting, fussing and picking around, ever and anon asking sweetly, "Dear, do I disturb you?" and it is recorded that once he answered plain out "D—n it, yes," and there got himself writ down a brute and a monster ever after. If the twentieth century poet, with eye in fine frenzy rolling, should be burst upon in his sanctum by a man maid having a mania for "cleaning up things," he could use without compunction the language adapted to the occasion; could experience the fiendish joy of "damning in heaps," as Captain Marryat hath it, the disturber of his peace. And, again, that is much. Nay, there's more. For the house mistress whose husband is away at business the man kitchen girl will likewise be a boon and a blessing. With him about the house all day, timid, lone women who take comfort in the thought of masculine protection may here rest in the serene consciousness of always having "a man around." As for the fortunate man maid himself, he, too, will rest serene in the consciousness that here he has found that sweet dependent feminine looking up to and appreciation which are the inspiration of all that is best and noblest in the manly soul. Happy masculine maid servant! And when in gratitude for good dinners, his master leaves him a legacy, his cup of earthly happiness will be full.

To sum up briefly: The man kitchen girl may drop cigar ashes upon the roast, but he will never drop tears into the pudding. Furthermore, his hair is short. Neither will he have followers to happen in of an evening and be fed on the fat of the land at his employer's expense.

I don't want to feel as if my life were a sojourn any longer. That philosophy cannot be true, which so paints it. It is time now that I begin to live.—*Thoreau.*

ENCOURAGING LETTERS.

The full addresses of these correspondents will be given on application.

DEAR MADAM:—I have got more genuine benefit for the \$10.00 I have paid you for treatment than for any similar sum I ever spent. I shall be able now to go on with self treatment. Before I commenced your treatment I was so thin that my clothes just hung on me in the most shapeless manner. Now I am being complimented on how fat I am getting, and how much better I look. I intend to keep up the study of Mental Science with renewed energy, as I see that therein lies the only hope of salvation from every undesirable condition, and ultimately I hope and trust from the last enemy that is to be overcome.
H. T. D.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am getting more delighted every day. I am just coming out of another of my relapses, though it has been much lighter than any previous one. Every day I pass registers for me some new and advanced thoughts, and so much more happiness. Indeed, it seems at times as if I could see with an X-ray now. I tell you it is grand. My husband is gaining even faster than I am; he is looking fine; the old wrinkles are all leaving his face; his complexion is beautiful, and he is showing such increased happiness. I just received your last letter; I watch for your letters constantly; they bring me fresh life and vigor.
Mrs. B. S.

[The following letter is from a lady who has employed me in her family for years with unvarying results; her husband wrote to me once that he had never paid out money more joyfully than he had paid it to me for the great healing power I had manifested with him and his wife and children.]

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am more than grateful to you for the assurance I have within my own soul, that—*come to you when I may—I am always sure of immediate help.* Lovingly,
Mrs. J. S.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am entirely well and need no farther treatments. You have done more for me than any medicine has done or could do; therefore, I cannot express strong enough on paper to show you how grateful I am. C. F. B.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I can trace rapid improvement in my condition since the last letter; the pain has all left me; what happiness to be free from pain! In looking over the date when you began treatment I find that to-day finishes the month. Through your efforts I have recovered in this short space of time. How much I thank you for what you have done.
F. K.

HELEN WILMANS:—I was beginning to feel as if farther effort was useless when your first letter reached me. What a tonic it was, and it came just the right time. To-night I feel as if with your help that anything is possible. My health is better than it has been for a year, and my eyes seem to see as if nothing had ever been the matter with them. I am encouraged, and will—as you say—brace myself for some tall growing, and with your help I am sure that everything will be accomplished. Many thanks for your personal care and tender thought of me. Lovingly,
Mrs. W. E. G.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am glad to report much improvement. I am getting constantly better and stronger. Last night at the time for sitting I held your letter between the palms of my hands, and instantly I was aware that the treatment was taking place from the peculiar sensations that passed from my hands into my arms and body. At the end of the sitting there was a short, sharp shake of my hands as if you were present, shaking hands with me. You surely were with me in thought. G. G.

MRS. WILMANS:—The influence of your thought seems to have taken strong hold upon me, and I feel myself growing into a constantly stronger position. My eyes are certainly improving, so that I am much less dependent on glasses than I was; and the general consciousness of mastery toward life and every condition, is making me at times very happy. I am growing into a sense of power. Your letter is in itself a strong treatment. I hope your treatment will bring me financial success, as well as other things. More money is the cry of nearly all humanity, and I am no exception. Believing, as I do, so strongly in the truths of Mental Science, I am exceedingly anxious to demonstrate; for talk, without ability to show the results to others of your faith, is a poor way to convince them; but I am gaining and that means much.
C. W. B.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have great pleasure in telling you that my health is wonderfully improved. My appetite is good and I am able to walk two miles without being tired. This would indeed seem wonderful to me, did I not know something in my own experience of the power of mind, but I allowed myself to drift into negative conditions; and another thing, I have had my desire fulfilled, something that I have been desiring for some time past. I tried my best to trust this desire and not doubt, and now I have it realized; you have helped me in this. I feel hopeful; everything seems brighter, and I am losing fear and feeling much happier. Yours very truly,
H. T. D.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

This is the second day of the new year, and of the new century. It was inaugurated here with a mask ball in the Pavilion; and I do think it was a great success. I laughed until I got a pain in my side. Then I denied the pain away, and laughed more. At last I grew anxious about the corners of my mouth; I didn't want them to get together and tie themselves in a knot on the back of my neck; so I recalled the fact that Dick—that's the man who superintends the Pavilion, and a capital fellow too, and his wife "all 'e samee—" had told me that if I would slip back into their living rooms they would save me a piece of roast goose. I made the attempt to get to them, but failed on account of the numerous guests whose chairs blocked their doors.

I have a curiosity about goose meat. One Christmas while living in the then small village of North Evanston, I failed in getting the turkey I had ordered, and took a goose in its place. I stuffed it and put it in a large dripping pan, and started it to cooking. In an hour, when I looked at it I found the dripping pan level full of oil; "goose grease." I dipped it out and shut the oven. After while I looked again and found the dripping pan as full as it had been before. I dipped it out once more and closed the stove. I kept this up at intervals until dinner was ready to put on the table. When it came to taking up the goose, the goose was not there; even the bones were melted; at least they presented a gauzy appearance, something like the skeleton leaves we sometimes find under the trees in autumn. I called Charley and told him. He looked at the thing—I had it on a large, handsome dish by this time—and refused to credit the evidence of his senses. He gazed at it, and then at me. "Helen," he said, "where is that goose?" His voice was sepulchral. "What have you done with it? Are you trying to make me believe that's the twelve-pound goose I brought here this morning?"

I don't think he believes to this day that I did not have some kind of an accident with the original goose and substituted a pan of leaf lard, "cracklings," in its place. Whenever any one at the table mentions roast goose, he drops his knife and fork and looks at me mournfully, reproachfully, but says nothing. He evidently thinks the lying I did on that occasion was too enormous to mention; and my secrecy, or what he considers my secrecy, stupifies him. Imagine him waking me up in the night with the question, "Helen, what in Heaven's name did you do with that goose?" It was in vain that I showed him at the time the cans and bottles of oil I dipped out of the pan in which the goose was cooked; he only observes—in referring to it—"That was an easy deception."

Well, the taffy the ladies poured on him last night was "torific." (It's just like the stupid proof reader to change the spelling of this word.) They told him that it was out of their power to express half the admiration they felt. (I had to let out his hatband this morning.) I stood by like a poor boy at a corn shucking, and heard it all and got none. A half dozen women asked me if I was not proud of him. He was so tickled he tried to borrow twenty-five cents of me to treat the crowd, but I wouldn't let him have it; I told him that if his face was so extraordinary he could use it with Dick as collateral for a lot of treats, but he need not mention my name as security.

He was dressed as a Mexican, in a beautiful suit of black velvet faced with yellow silk. His shirt was of yellow silk and his short jacket lined with it. His yellow sash was an imported thing he borrowed from out of Ada's trunk (when Ada was not at home) the beauty of which is beyond my power to describe. It gave the finishing touch to his lovely costume. The whole thing was topped off by a sombrero that was a dream in itself. I've been reading a lot of stuff from the fashion columns of the *New York World*, and if my language seems flowery it is because the style is contagious.

But for all he looked so stunning he was not "the only can in the alley"—(Herbert George). "There were others," and as he never reads the Waste-Paper Basket I will just mention that he was badly eclipsed several times over. For instance, Mr. Burgman, who has lived almost all his life on the Pacific coast, and who was "high muckee chief" in Indian affairs, knew just exactly how to rig up an Indian family, and had the stuff to do it with. So he and his wife (my Florrie) came out in the loveliest Indian costumes I ever saw. They were absolutely true to the Indian style as represented by the princes and princesses of that people. Little Abner Davis was the pappoose—dressed perfectly also. I must get a picture of this group just for its pure beauty; then if I can have a half-tone plate made from it without too much trouble I shall print it in FREEDOM.

Just to let his adorers see the kind of a man Charley Post is, I want to tell what he did to-day. On our way to lunch (we live at home, but take our meals at the hotel) I picked a splendid rose. As we entered the dining room I lagged behind him and laid the rose at the plate of the hotel clerk (a beautiful young man who always makes me feel as if I wanted him for a son whenever I see him.) He was not at the table, but I knew he soon would be, and that the waiter would tell him it was from me. After we got seated, some distance away, that man Charley got up in the most dignified and gentlemanly manner, and went and got that rose and took it to a lady. I saw her smile and nod her head as he bent over her, while all the dimples in her pretty face trotted out in acknowledgment of the compliment. I have not any doubt but he told her he picked it on purpose for her.

We have a weather prophet in the hotel. He is quite popular when he predicts fine weather, but when he throws out a warning about a coming cold wave some of the guests want to lynch him.

The day Herbert George started back to Denver the weather prophet—Mr. Freedlander by name—told him that he would find the Colorado weather thirty degrees below zero when he got there. Mr. George laughed at him. Three days later Mrs. George (who did not accompany her husband back home) received a telegram from him saying, "Thermometer thirty degrees below zero. Tell Post to hang Freedlander."

But everybody was busy getting ready for the mask ball and Mr. Freedlander escaped. This morning when he came into the office a guest hailed him, "What!" he said, "are you alive yet?" "Barely," replied Mr. Freedlander; "Post didn't hang me, but he gave me one of his cigars to smoke and I'm afraid that in the long run it will amount to the same thing."

On Christmas evening this weather prophet must have

had twenty presents on the tree, all relating in one way or another to the weather.

I wish I was genius enough to get up something fine and original for this department of FREEDOM. One of the Jutte girls (there are two of them, and there might be two dozen or two hundred with advantage to society, for they are splendid, and every person loves them who knows them) has written a few "sticks" full on Naturalness, that is somewhere in this number of FREEDOM. She thinks that naturalness is genius. She told me that the only way out of the commonplace was by sticking to nature.

I am tired of the commonplace, every-day truck that usually appears in the Waste-Paper Basket. I intend to stimulate this department into a regular display of pyrotechnics; I must manufacture some mental rockets and Roman candles and wheels and start them up. I want to start up something that will send an electric shock through all the wheels of the universe and give even the angels a spell of dumb ague. Those privileged individuals are taking things too easy; it is on record that they don't do any work, and that their grocery bills are paid by the heavenly government; I wish they had to edit a weekly paper for a year; I wonder how they would like it?

The last mail brought a letter from Eugeno Del Mar. He says he is homesick to get back to Sea Breeze. We miss him very much, especially for the Sunday evening lecture.

I have not heard from Hugh O. Pentecost for a month. I hope his wife is making him sew on his own buttons and keeping him busy generally. If she can train him I will send Charley to her and get her to break him to the domestic harness. H. W.

P. S.—To the frozen North generally and individually. The weather is as warm as toast down here. Flowers are blooming everywhere; guests are out on the varandas, and cycling all about over the splendid hard roads. Fancy teams are galivanting around; and I have just put on my calico dress and am going a fishing. They were catching twenty-pound bass from the pier yesterday, and I intend to get some for myself.

A GENEROUS COMPLIMENT.

Herbert George, the editor of *George's Weekly*, Denver, Colorado, made us a visit, and when he went home he gave us a full page "write up" with illustrations in his paper, and sent us a large supply of the paper for free distribution. Send a stamp to pay postage and get one, so you can see what other folks think of us.

Are we not always in youth so long as we face heaven? We may always live in the morning of our days. To him who seeks early, the sun never gets over the edge of the horizon, but his rays fall slanting forever.—*Thoreau*.

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.

SUPERSTITION.

BY CHARLES WILLING BEALE.

Superstition has really been accorded its true place in the mental atmosphere, for whether it be found in the realm of fanaticism or the brain of the scoffer, it is a potent factor in the moulding of human life and a condition which should neither be trifled with nor ignored. It is well enough for the knowing one to denounce it as a mere fungus, flourishing in the minds of the ignorant and cowardly, which the sunshine of this enlightened age must soon dry up, wither and dissipate, but even if such a verdict be true, it is hardly rendered in the highest wisdom from the fact that the real power and nature of the condition itself is generally ignored. Undoubtedly the world is advancing and man constantly ascending to a nobler and freer plane of action; a plane where seclesiasticism and religious dogma no longer impress him as they once did, and yet he is still burdened with a belief in absurdities, which, while not appealing to his reason, often exert a greater influence upon his life than phenomena which are entirely credible and susceptible of the clearest elucidation. As an example, a man might readily demonstrate by the laws of meteorology that while the wind was in the south the probabilities were of rain, and yet through the operation of some uncomprehended power vested in the object, he might also believe that through the instrumentality of a small bunch of goat's hair carried in his left hand trouser's pocket he could avert this tendency and insure dry weather instead. This, I say, he might believe; he undoubtedly does believe many things more remarkable, and from one point of view, quite as absurd, and yet such beliefs, as a class, should not be denounced as preposterous until their impotency has been clearly established. That an omen is often endowed with a certain occult energy, I am convinced, and he who, figuratively speaking, has provided himself with the goat's hair, is more apt to meet with fair weather, than he, who, while still believing, has smothered his premonition and gone forth unharmed.

Exactly why, or when, a rabbit's foot became regarded as an omen of good luck, in a special sense I am not able to tell, but this much I do know; it was found that fortune followed him who wore it. It was an unusual piece of property, and the man who first carried one around without the rest of the rabbit, had unquestionably a peculiar taste. It is not probable that he attached any value to it, beyond that of a quaint and rather unusual ornament. He may have eaten the rabbit and carried the feet as an Indian carries his scalps, or it may simply have been an admiration for the thing itself; some piece of good fortune came his way, and he at once gets to be an object of interest. What was there about him that differed from his fellows? There appeared to be nothing, absolutely nothing, until some one discovered that he had a weakness for rabbits' feet, and had always carried one. That was enough; it was the one distinguishing characteristic, and herein lay the the secret of his power to attract fortune, and no one who would prosper should fail to secure a rabbit's foot, hence the belief. It may be well to add that the writer of this article does not carry a rabbit's foot; it is not one of his superstitions, and yet he does not hesitate to declare that in his opin-

ion it will undoubtedly exert an influence upon the lives of those who believe in it, as well as the numerous spells, charms, incantations, amulets, signs and omens to which men have been more or less addicted since the world began. It is freely admitted that this position is directly opposed to the views of the great mass of intelligent and thinking men, who have, perhaps, without proper investigation, relegated *hoodooism* to the realm of the ignorant, when in reality it should have been confined to quite another class, for superstition is really a characteristic of the spiritually-minded. But how can this be? How can the higher ones among us be so affected? Simply because they fail to find in the visible world an explanation of all the events of cognition, and because, so failing, they have learned to rely, in greater or less degree upon the unknown, the unseen, the uncomprehended forces of nature though rarely, perhaps, stopping to analyze or lay bare the real causes of the events so carefully noted. And yet, to the student of Mental Science, the explanation of much that would be otherwise shrouded in mystery, is easily reached.

The writer has himself been the subject of extraordinary superstitions; superstitions which are a constant source of amazement, evolved without reason out of his own thought world, and, so far as he is able to judge altogether differing from those of other men. It is unnecessary to explain the nature of these dominating influences, or yet to specify the degree to which they have been conquered. He does not, however, hesitate to say that there are certain frames of mind in which he does not dare to ignore them, nor does he object to adding that there are other mental states in which they are perfectly harmless. Is it possible to explain this appearing inconsistency; this seeming absurdity? Undoubtedly. The explanation is simple enough, and yet it involves a greater regard for the efficacy of the belief, than might be thought consistent with the teaching of true wisdom. But I will give it, and the reader may judge for himself.

That there is no appearance in the sense world which is not mental and full of vitality, has been shown in previous papers; at least such is the position of the Mental Scientist, and such is the position I espoused. Thought being, real and universal, is all the reality there is. There is absolutely no condition, whether outwardly expressed or inwardly conceived that does not owe its existence to the one reality; to the universal life. Thoughts are not only *things*, but they are *live things*. Being alive they are intelligent, and being intelligent they are either friends or enemies. Every time we give birth to a thought, we are creating either a friend or a foe, and just in proportion as we give it strength and vitality, do we endow it with the ability to act for or against us. No Mental Scientist will deny the truth of this statement, and upon its truth rests the power of the *hoodoo*. A rabbit's foot, or any other charm, may exert for or against us just such power as the mind has given it. It will be to us what we have believed it to be. Therefore I say in certain frames of mind, when the individuality is assertive, it will not allow itself to be influenced by unreasonable trifles, but at other times when it is faint it clings to straws and the most unworthy objects for support, and having once endowed them with power through the action of thought, it is best to overcome the

belief and thus destroy the power, before we ignore it. But how are we to conquer this tendency? How are we to master ourselves and become free men? By sunlight and fresh air; by an abundance of oxygen; by maintaining a persistent and untiring guard upon our thoughts and by realizing that at any moment they may descend upon us like a horde of ravenous wolves if the mind is not barred to their entrance. Load the brain with optimistic thoughts and keep them there.

These are your good angels which will fight for you, and which will overcome and destroy your enemies. Nurture and encourage them, and they will take entire possession of you. They will grow accustomed to living with you and will suffer no intruder to enter their stronghold, no matter how plausible the guise through which he begs admission, and gradually the beasts without will be starved through want of entertainment and you will be left in mastery with the creatures of your own creation and your own choosing. At first you will find it difficult to change your thought habit, but patient and persevering effort will amaze you. A single day of successful determination to think only good will change your world to a degree, and afford a glimpse of possibilities you had not dreamed of; beyond this, the exercise will become one of unsuspected pleasure. Habit will soon establish the supremacy of the uplifting thought and peace and prosperity will follow wherever it reigns.

DID THE CHINESE DISCOVER AND SETTLE AMERICA?

The report that ancient records have been found in Peking, showing that the Chinese discovered America 1,500 years ago, and erected temples in Mexico, has aroused great interest among scientific men throughout Mexico.

The temples alluded to are in the state of Sonora, on the Pacific coast. The ruins of one of them were discovered near the town of Ures in that state about two years ago. One of the large stone tablets found in the ruins was covered with carved Chinese characters, which were partly deciphered by a learned Chinaman, who visited the ruins at the request of the Mexican government. This Chinaman made the assertion at the time that the ruins were those of a temple which had been erected many centuries ago by Chinese, but his statement was not received with credence.

It has long been said that the Indians of the state of Sonora are descendants of early Chinese settlers. They possess many traditions and characteristics of the Chinese. If the report of the finding of the records in Peking is verified, an expedition will go from Monterey to explore further the ancient temples of Sonora.—*National Watchman*.

It is not at all an incredible report that the entrance of foreign troops into the Forbidden City has resulted in the discovery among the archives of Peking of a narrative of a visit to this continent by Confucian missionaries many centuries before the birth of Columbus. The many indications in architecture, and in tradition of an Oriental influence upon the aboriginal civilization of this continent, especially in Lower California, Mexico and Peru, have caused conflicting theories among students of American ethnology. It will be of the highest interest if the records discovered in Peking bear conclusive evidence of their genuineness; and their historical value will be enhanced in proportion to the detail of their narrative. But it will be a shock to our schoolday traditions to set back the "discovery" from 1492 to 499 A. D.—*From the New York Mail and Express*.

FREEDOM

WEEKLY.

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HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

Every new effort, either by animal or plant, is in truth a new statement of being put forth by it; and not only a statement of being, but a higher and stronger and more positive statement; a statement that claimed more rights and privileges from nature. And into each of these statements the life principle flowed, and the statement became established in flesh and blood.

law he becomes a healer of others as well as of himself. What he perceives to be true of himself he sees to be true of others, and to a very considerable extent this is necessary. So, every person in the understanding of truth radiates a healing power that has a fine effect in mitigating the world's beliefs in disease.

But this seeing for others cannot produce the best

The individual will is forever an influx into man of the Life Principle, which is diseaseless and deathless.

It is the universal will, which is Life, that vitalizes every statement of being. Make your statement weak, and the Life simply fills the weak statement. Make your statement strong, and the Life fills the strong statement. This being true we must make our state-

—in the true and lasting sense of the word growth—not by the accumulation of more matter, but by the knowledge of new truths which feed us mentally, and strengthen us mentally, and eventually make us deathless mentally, and all this without breaking the chain of individuality by that mistake of ignorance called death.

The writer goes on to say that "If all the latent or potential powers in man were to awaken into manifestation in his present body of flesh, the body would be consumed in an instant."

The present body of flesh, as we now know it, cannot endure, and ought not. It is simply an aggregation of weak, negative beliefs that it is not desirable to keep alive. It is only by the development of the body, through the acquisition of knowledge, into a mental creature, whose every atom is amenable to the influence of new knowledge, that the body becomes either worthy or able to conquer death.

The reason why people are reincarnated (if they are reincarnated) is because in the nature of evolution all things must ascend from ignorance to intelligence; and this means from weakness to power. Every form of life is struggling toward greater power. Every form of life is following its highest desire; every desire points to something ahead; something that shall liberate the creature more and more from its present environment; always the environment is galling, and the growing ego longs for freedom. Freedom is only gained as the result of high intelligence; intelligence so high and so noble as to see the need of absolute justice. To attain freedom below this splendid point would not be freedom, but license; a thing not to be tolerated in a world of social beings.

But to go back. Desire is the implanted life principle in everything from the atom to man. What does desire point to? I say that in all creatures it points to more life; greater vitality; greater power of expression; greater freedom. Look over the race, and below the race, and note this fact, that the struggle for existence *right here on this planet* is the first and greatest effort that anything makes or can make. The grass strives to renew itself when cut down; so does the tree; the animal fights for its existence, and as for man "All that he hath will he give for his life." Not for life in a heaven of the future, but for life here where he is, and where his interests lie, and where his loves exist.

The life of the creature is expressed in desire; and the one desire above all others is for more life; more power to remain upon the earth. From this fact it is evident that the true meaning of the whole procession of lives is the unfoldment of individuals, until they gain the capacity to overcome death and remain here as long as they choose. And this effort, so clearly indicated in evolution, is going to continue until man conquers death.

If reincarnation is true, then all lives, whether small or great, are trying to make their way back into the world after they have passed out through death; and reincarnation will continue until death is completely conquered. There is no other object in reincarnation than the conquest of death and the privilege of remaining on earth as long as we please.

The earth life is undervalued. Yes, in spite of the fact that the race does not want to leave the earth to try what it calls "heaven," it still derides and under-

values the world and the present life. This is because of its ignorance of the world's capabilities and worth; ignorance of the fact that man counterparts the earth and is so related to it that he cannot break connection with it, and live. To leave the world by death is to become an abortion, cut off from the mother before she has ripened the child for a separate existence.

There has been no perfect man or woman born yet. All have been abortions; and abortions will continue until some one—and finally others—and eventually the race as a whole—shall have overcome death.

(Notwithstanding the last sentence—which I shall leave standing—I believe with all the force of thought I can command that I, myself, in my present personality, just as I am, am even now overcoming death; and I know others who are doing so. But as yet the great body of the race has not opened its eyes, either to the necessity or the possibility of such a thing. It will come on later. This majestic privilege is for all.)

If reincarnation is a fact, then we, who are here today have been trying over and over again, by repeated births, to gain the strength necessary to prevent ourselves from having to be reincarnated again. In order to not be incarnated again, we must cease to die. After the conquest of death, what then?

It will only be then that life will fairly begin on this planet; only then that our completed individualities will have the intelligence to know just what our relation to mother earth is; and also to know her capabilities, and our own too.

This time is close at hand now.

It is already here.

H. W.

There is no failure; in a broad sense failure is success. Go up higher in thought and purpose, and try again.

Let us treat the whole race for continuity of will and self conscious power; let us do this with earnestness, and hold it in the thought until the world is full of giants instead of pigmies. It can be done.

I was treating a lovely patient this morning, a woman of splendid genius; as my thought impinged on her thought it was as if some magnificent art gallery opened before me. I saw her in the latent possibilities of her wonderful mind, and I grew stronger every moment with a perception of the greatness invested in these human bodies of ours. She strengthened me as much as I strengthened her.

People are under the impression that treating a patient weakens the healer. This may be true of magnetic and hypnotic healing, but not of mental healing. Mental healing consists in the ability of the healer to recognize the undeveloped capabilities of the patient. This recognition lifts the patient into a perception of these capabilities. It is a mental seeing in which both participate, and which strengthens both.

Children of the world, my children, why will you not drop the old race beliefs in your helplessness, and use your reasoning powers in the investigation of yourselves? Are the old race beliefs in sin, sickness, the power of death and the whole catalogue of human ills so pleasant that you must cling to them until they have

poisoned not only your minds but your bodies, and until they have culminated in the winding sheet and the grave?

The one object of this paper, and of everything I write, is to declare to the people that the power of death is broken; that while no saviour has arisen from the grave, and no prophet has sprung into life, that there has been a mighty accession of brain power in the race within the last twenty years, and that among the many things that man has learned in that time, the greatest of them all is a knowledge of his own power as expressed in the mastery of disease, unhappiness and poverty. To master these things is the beginning of the mastery of death, and this will soon be an accomplished thing. The idea was once laughed at, but now there are hundreds of thousands who see its possibility, and who are looking up with new hope and courage. No sane man wants to die. The imaginary heaven of the churches is powerless to allure us from the earth if we only discover the way of remaining here; and we are discovering it. Ten years from now will see the whole people in full acceptance of this belief; and happy in the simple fact that time is theirs in which to evolve such destinies that most strongly appeal to their sense of the ideal.

Each day finds me stronger in the belief of man's ability to be what he most desires to be; and from this basis of *perfectly independent being*, to be able to project such power in the doing as to accomplish successfully every one of his undertakings.

As a growing perception of Mental Science ideas comes to me I can feel the increase of a strange strength; a strength that I cannot fully describe; it is not really indescribable because of its strength, but because of its strangeness. There has been nothing like it in any previous experience of mine, nor—until recently—in that of any other person living, or who has ever lived.

This last statement is founded on what I have read; for if there had ever been such an experience as I am going through, it would have been recorded somewhere sometime, and the world would have heard of it.

If the tree or plant could become conscious of the new life flowing into it, and of the buds putting forth from it, and of the opening of these buds into flowers, and of the coming forth of the young fruit that kept slowly expanding and gaining color and beauty, it would represent in a slight degree what I am feeling all the time. The comparison ceases where the tree drops its fruit; since with me the fruit itself seems to multiply out of itself, and to express a perfect maze of the most wonderful possibilities yet to become manifest externally here in our perfect home—this dear and glorious world.

I am not claiming that this experience is confined to me alone. But it is confined to those who have embarked in a search for new truth, and who have discovered that human growth is limitless; that there are no barriers to it; and that it is possible to go on growing without passing through death. Thoughts and beliefs like these have opened a new sphere for the race; and we who are the leaders in such thoughts are breaking the way through a new realm never before traversed by man. This is why some of us are experiencing the strange and heretofore unknown sensation of growing that I have spoken of, and why I have said that no previous experience like it had ever taken place.

The fact is, there never was a time when such an experience could have taken place; because, up to this date, the race has not been ripe for it; it had not gained the power to see the might vested in its own brain; it took it for granted that it was done growing, and made almost no farther effort. It was only when the new and lofty thought that now begins to agitate the world from centre to circumference first shed its splendid beams upon us, that we roused ourselves from the slumber of ages and said to one another, "Lo, now!" There is room to go ahead."

Going ahead is *growing* ahead; for this advancement is mental; and so long as thought is unfettered will our progress continue. This that I feel is but the commencement of an unfoldment out of myself that is endless. The fact of its endlessness fills my consciousness all the time with a peculiar conception of infinity; it is as if I had achieved infinity, and was resting, and simply looking on at the wonders materializing everywhere. I do not doubt but this is the commencement of a life here upon the earth that never needs to end. That it may end is possible; what I assume is simply that it need not end. I have seen, and am seeing, every day the possibility of gathering life in such abundance as to obliterate death. I am only in the beginning of this stupendous seeing. Should I become negative; should I lay down my hope and shut my mental vision to the potency vested in my brain, and thus come within the range of the world's most unyielding foe, I too, would fall a victim to it. Such a thing may not be impossible at this time, I say, but I do not believe it will ever be a part of my record. The staunchness of the Ego, as I feel it; the settled robustness of it; its powerful and constantly strengthening sense of mastery seems, even now, so early in this stupendous race effort, to be an unailing guarantee of success to me.

Is this claiming too much? I am sure you, my readers and students, will not accuse me of it; you who are with me, mind to mind and shoulder to shoulder, in the effort. You, too, are expecting that Life will conquer Death sometime. You, too, have traced the process of evolution, and found out how, gradually through the centuries life has manifested more and more, while the deadness of the earth's manifestations constantly decreased.

If evolution is true, and no student of nature can doubt it, then this gradual increase of life over death was a sure prophecy of the time when life would become the perfect conqueror, and death would cease.

Again, I repeat that life has manifested over death from the atom through each succeeding race of creatures up to man; this has been the true record of the principle of growth, and this principle is as powerful now and as operative for continued progress as ever before. It is for this fact that the reasoner cannot hold his mind from running into the future to discover what the next movement of evolution will be.

We—the students of Natural Law—believe that we see the next triumph to be attained, and that it is going to be the complete conquest of men over the death of the body, and the prolongation of individual life upon this planet indefinitely. Towards this end all my thoughts are directed; upon it all my hopes are centered; for it every effort of my life is evoked. H. W.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

Aside from the Wilmans' "Home Course in Mental Science," our most important publication, we issue the following. All are works of the best authors upon the lines of thought which they treat:

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THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

A PLEA FOR NATURALNESS.

All who are trying to be Mental Scientists must conform to the prerequisite "naturalness." Nature must be listened to and obeyed. The best of us, such as Helen Wilmans and the other forcible writers, are those who ignore affectation and who haven't had their natural instincts stunted by college education and other tiresome processes for improvement.

Force moves the world. This attribute is always found in lovers of nature, who have the good judgment to appropriate her simple, but valuable gifts.

There is too much unnaturalness in dignity, for it repels; its hard rules materialize into frowns and wrinkles; dignity assumes, for unlike simplicity it can't stand alone because it hasn't truth for its foundation. Simplicity is formative; dignity is crystallized by its unnaturalness.

Study the people of force, and you will discover they are the ones who can win a multitude by their simple ways and sense of humor, which is always irresistible.

Court humor; it will make the shadows that fall across the pathway of life disappear; it will be a shield against the distressing tales of woe to which so many people want you to lend an ear.

Oh! that somebody would formulate a law to fine every person who has a tale of woe to relate, and who won't enjoy life because he doesn't consider mirthfulness dignified.

My advice to those who are so afflicted that they do not know what they want, except to impress others with their nonsensical troubles, is to go and mingle with glad nature, learn of her simple ways how to grow into a positive being, and enable yourself to overcome all things and conditions.

E. C. J.

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 ground and driveway 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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A GOOD THING.

We have a pamphlet explanatory of the Mental Science method of healing which is sent free to all who want it. It is called "The Highest Power of All." Address FREEDOM, Sea Breeze, Florida.

If you are sick and despairing, go forth in winter and see the red alder catkins dangling at the extremity of the twigs all in the wintery air, like long, hard mulberries, promising a new spring and the fulfillment of all our hopes.—Thoreau.

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.

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

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

THE INTELLIGENT APPLICATION OF THOUGHT. "THOUGHTS ARE THINGS."

The people have not yet attained to a knowledge of the mental power that is able to conquer the negative influences that surround them. Untiring strength, the high calmness of self-trust, the energy that knows no discouragement, exist for them only as dim and far away possibilities. Very few persons are really enjoying life; they are simply enduring it. They keep on their feet and perform the duties they cannot neglect, but all the time these duties weaken them more and more until the greatest desire of their lives is rest. True, they are in that condition of health the doctors call normal; but this simply means that they are not bedfast. Their physicians do not promise them anything better than this "normal" condition; indeed, they scarcely know that there is a higher condition. They are not aware that the strength of the human being can be raised far above the dead level of this half-hearted existence into a condition of most positive vitality, so great as to make their lives a blessing and a pleasure every day, filling them with a new zest for all the work necessary for them to do.

That they can be raised to this high plane by the injection into their bodies of the powerful new thought now beginning to be generated by the world's most advanced thinkers, is an unknown fact to them.

"What," they say, "can thought do for me what the strongest medicines have failed to do?" And they sneer at the idea. They have not learned that thought is a tangible substance created by the brain as steam is created by water. They do not know that thought is not only a tangible substance, but that it is an intelligent substance—which cannot be affirmed of that other invisible fluid whose power we do not doubt—Electricity—and because they are ignorant of this, they cannot see how it can be sent into the body of the patient, there to do a healing, invigorating work so great as to be incredible to the uninitiated; so tremendous in its effect as to suggest to their minds a return of the age of miracles.

To attempt to explain the mighty truths in which this power rests would be in vain in an article the length of this. I can merely assert its existence, and affirm that a long experience in dealing with the diseased and unhappy persons who have put themselves under this treatment has demonstrated most satisfactorily all the claims of mental healing.

And another thing; in saying what I have about the knowledge that is necessary for the mental healer to possess, I am not trying to establish the claim that this class of persons are intellectually superior to the average. That they understand the heretofore unknown powers of mind is because they have made a thorough—and in a few instances—a life-long study of the subject, which the majority of people have not yet done; they could do it if they were to devote the necessary time and attention to it.

Many persons who are diseased, or weak, or wretched from the lack of self-confidence have purchased the lessons which teach all there is known at the present time of this mighty power, and by coming into an understanding of it have healed themselves and others.

There is a class, however, who—in their present condition—are really incapacitated for studying the lessons, because they have become so weakened by sickness and trouble that they cannot bend their minds to such an effort. They prefer to put themselves in the hands of a competent Mental Scientist and become healed, and fully restored to strength, before undertaking what looks to them like so great a work as the healing of themselves by a study of the science.

Besides the innumerable diseases that have been cured by Mental Science, diseases of every character known to the healing art, this treatment has been applied with astonishing success to the building up of individual character, the strengthening of purpose, the unfoldment of genius, of artistic ability, and the clearing away of obstructions lying in the path of effort and blocking the way in the fulfillment of splendid aspirations, such as may be cherished by the noble ambition of every growing soul.

Nothing in all the world—no line of therapeutics ever put in operation—has done so much for the development of the latent capacity of individuals as this; therefore, it follows that nothing has ever added so much to individual power and happiness.

These facts that a few years ago made their first appeal to

the minds of men and were scouted and ridiculed, are now interesting thousands of persons, and are being investigated and accepted as the grandest of all truths by the thinkers and reasoners of the race. Since FREEDOM was first started with only a few hundred subscribers, the list has run up into many thousands. The names are from every state and territory in the union. Not only this, but my foreign mail has grown to astonishing proportions; among these friends from over the ocean are persons of great social distinction, wealth and titles. And from every quarter of the civilized globe the thinkers and reasoners are turning to Mental Science ideas with all the enthusiasm of freshly awakened conviction.

There was a time when this great truth was considered a fad, and its death predicted from pulpit and press. As the years passed and it did not die, but increased in the practical character of its work, healing the sick, restoring hope to the unhappy, promoting a sense of personal confidence in those whose misfortune it was to have been born destitute of self-appreciation, thus developing in them a hopefulness and a belief in their own power that effected their escape from old beliefs in weakness, and left them in a position to create for themselves a complete change in their lives and surroundings.

This new thought has brought fresh potencies into the world. These potencies are promising so much that the whole race is beginning to turn from the past with its meager beliefs in errors of every description, and centering its gaze upon the open door just ahead of it, through which the new and splendid light of the greatest knowledge ever yet opened from the realm of mind is pouring.

That it is worth the study of the very best minds is a demonstrable fact. Indeed, so great is my respect for the truths of Mental Science that I regard no other study of any consequence in comparison with it. And why? Because it relates to our present life; it strengthens us here in the body; it makes our earthly existence worth living by freeing us from the death-dealing beliefs of the past generations, and rendering us healthy, independent and happy; it shows us the method of thought that enables us to become powerful actors in the world's great drama as it unfolds before us; it proves to us that the power to progress eternally in a way that cannot be disturbed by death is possible to us.

And I say that this is what we desire most of all.

A knowledge of the whole world's previous learning is nothing in comparison with it; the learning that enables us to see into the garnered opinions of the past ages, many of which, instead of being true and helpful, have really held the human brain in the most deadly mistakes, and have retarded civilization for thousands of years.

It is the new ideas that the race needs. The past ideas have failed to save it from the ills that really oppress it. What are the promises of a future heaven in comparison with the power to heal the sick, banish pain and wretchedness, poverty and fear?

Mental Science does this; and strange as it may seem, it can lay the foundation in human character by which self-confidence is aroused in the weakest persons to a degree that enables them to trust their own mental resources until these resources develop into such capacity as leads, sometimes to fame, sometimes to fortune, always to the gaining of that which seems the most desirable.

To study Mental Science is the best thing any person can do for himself. Are you ambitious? The Mental Science gives you the knowledge of how to displace the obstacle in your path, and win your way to success.

Are you sorrowful; has death or misfortune robbed you of such possessions as to leave your existence but a long, dreary day without a ray of sunshine to penetrate the clouds? Then I say that even the heaviest trouble may be lightened by a scientific knowledge of the law of life, until the peace of mind that comes from orderly and harmonious truth mends the broken heart, and joins it again to the thread of hope that always reaches out lovingly to happiness in the future. This is my message to those who are neither sick nor physically suffering, but who have tested every enjoyment only to draw back within themselves in disappointment, asking of their own souls if this be all. It is to this class I say—mend your whole mental condition by a study of the new and lifting ideas that have the power to connect you with the source of infinite wisdom, whose boundless present blessings and whose brilliant prospects for the future will wake you out of your apathy and fill you full of new and mighty interest, desire and expectation.

To the sick and suffering I advise the leaving off of drugs and such external remedies as have failed to cure, and to try the mental treatment; the treatment that heals by an injection into your mentalities of true and powerful thought generated by the brain of the mental healer; one who understands the law of life, and who has the ability to send statements of joy and health to all who apply. "Thoughts are things;" thought charged with a message of absolute truth can be sent from the battery of an enlightened brain into the body of the patient, and in ninety per cent. of cases with perfect success. This in connection with the personal letters that explain the method, and answer the patient's questions, will prepare him for a reception of the whole truth and cure him absolutely, body and mind.

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It is being done by hundreds of mental healers all over the world. These healers—if honest—do not delude their patients by pretending to create money for them, or by leading them to expect an inheritance from some invalid relative. They know that the money making power depends upon the self confidence and intellectual ability of the person; and these depend, in a great measure, upon vitality. Through a knowledge of mind control, the conquest of mind over matter, the healer can strengthen the will of the patient and make him so reliant on his own power—the patient's power—that his energy springs up in great force; his brain is stimulated so that fresh thought comes to him full of valuable suggestions, all pointing in the direction of his desire for success, and prompting him to greater efforts than he had ever manifested.

Intelligent force, self-confidence, suggestiveness, the creative ability, and will power above all, can be successfully induced by one who is so firmly established in mind control as to be able to speak the word that unites the patient's mentality with the desire that infuses him.

Poverty is a bitter thing and it is as natural to want to get away from it as from disease. I said to myself, "If there is anything in this new thought that is now interesting the reasoning public so much, then some of its good must manifest itself in conquering my poverty." My entire thought was expended on these lines for years. "What shall a man do to master his conditions?" At last I mastered them; not by getting money in any abnormal way, but by the development of my self-confidence that showed me my own unbounded power (a power that every one possesses) and out of which came the ability to create wealth. There is nothing wrong in this. There is nothing reprehensible in letting it be known. In fact it is a duty every true teacher owes the public; a duty when honestly performed that deserves to be paid for. I believe in honest pay for honest work.

Friends, you can find healers all over the country now: there are many of them, and the number is increasing; and as they increase the wretchedness of the world decreases. I am one of them; I am proud of the ability I possess, and I spend hours in the day and night seeking through the power of constantly accumulating truth to learn more of this great science so that I may be more, and become able to do more.

Helen Wilmans.

MIND IS MASTER.

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TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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