

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

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

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

VOL. VIII., No. 44.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, APRIL 17, 1901.

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## HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT: THEIR INFLUENCE ON HUMAN DESTINY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Nothing can be more important than to hold the two words destiny and fate so entirely apart from each other that we never fall into the error of confounding them. By destiny we mean that which is contained within us; therefore, that which we are capable of expressing; by fate we signify whatsoever comes in our way to deal with. When this distinction is held clearly in mind we cannot fall into the error of supposing that any external thing can dominate us, after we have reached the consciousness of what we truly are and of what our capabilities are. Hereditary influences belong entirely to the realm of environment or circumstance; though these environments when considered as antenatal as well as postnatal have certainly a great deal to do with shaping that external character with which we are born into the material world.

No one can conquer heredity until he perceives within himself that he is the possessor of something higher than the sum of hereditary tendencies. We often say of a certain person that he is the very image of his father, or that she is a perfect duplicate of her mother; but such a statement is usually an exaggeration; for on close acquaintance with any one of such people we find many points of difference, as well as many points of agreement between them and their parents; and in proportion as any one of these people develops a high degree of individuality, the resemblance will certainly grow less, except in instances where it is studiously cultivated.

The word tendency is always a correct one to employ, but no tendency can govern us unless we are either strongly wishful or weakly willing that it should. Far too frequently the idea of heredity is confined to its darker side, but when we turn to its brighter aspects we see how to conquer its shadows. Any imaginable kind of tendency can be inherited. Some inheritances are exceedingly desirable, while others are undesirable in the extreme. Now let us see how the law works in relation to those tendencies which are most desirable, so that we may become the better able to deal intelligently with the less desirable varieties. It is quite possible that your father was a very gifted writer and your mother an accomplished artist; you have inherited some definite degree of tendency in both these amiable directions; but you cannot succeed as a journalist unless you cultivate your latent journalistic ability; nor can you become an accomplished musician, painter or sculptor, unless you practice one of these arts as your mother practiced it before you. In like manner you may have inherited a very irritable disposition from your father or a melancholy temper from your mother, both of which traits will spontaneously show themselves in you; but neither can blossom forth in you unless you cultivate and encourage it.

When environment is considered as entirely apart from heredity, there is certainly a good deal to be said

concerning the decided influence exerted upon most of us by our immediate external surroundings; and to the extent that we are weak or yielding these circumstances have considerable power over us. When speaking to parents it is always necessary to counsel fathers as well as mothers to bequeath the most desirable legacy possible to their offspring; but when addressing children it is quite equally necessary to point out to them how they may rise above those undesirable tendencies which they have already inherited, and which, if they do not surmount, may be handed down by them in turn to a succeeding generation.

No one who studies Mental Science intelligently can fail to note how many undesirable conditions now exist, which have to be reasoned away and vanquished by means of Mental training, which results in intellectual reconstruction, conditions which could have no existence as phenomena or even as "illusory appearances" in the world if children were surrounded before birth, as well as after it, with a far nobler environment than is now common. We find a very large number of children simply reflecting the unpleasant eccentricities of their parents. These children are quite innocent of conscious wrong doing, and do not understand that they are causing annoyance to others, because they are only acting out their own propensities without any thought as to how their actions affect their neighbors. Many parents are punished by their sins when those sins are re-embodied in the surface dispositions of their children, and reflected back to them spontaneously in the unpremeditated conduct of those children. A mother may have been very deceitful—not from any deliberate desire to act unrighteously, but from weak cowardice; she may not have dared to approach even her husband in a straightforward manner, but may have resorted to various artifices whilst her child was yet unborn, thereby suggesting to the infant to do the very things which she herself was doing.

Nothing can be more unpleasant than deceitfulness in a child, but we cannot blame a child who has inherited a tendency to deceive from a sly mother, until that child is old enough to reason out the matter of straightforward conduct for himself. We have known a great many women who did nothing worse than attend thoroughly respectable places of public resort or private classes in which useful instruction was given, either alone or in company with thoroughly honorable lady friends; yet in consequence of the way in which they went they made the very act of going so injurious to their own mental and moral development, that it became a means of their suggesting to their children the very reverse of that honorable disposition which we call "frank as daylight."

In the particular cases alluded to these foolish women sustained an utterly false attitude to their husbands. They believed that their husbands highly disapproved of their frequenting certain halls or receiving certain instruction; and being without the honest bravery which a noble woman would have exhibited when insisting upon her own proper freedom as a self-responsible human being, these weak-minded women concealed

from their husbands by the employment of various artifices the fact of their doing what they had a perfect right to do openly. We have even known of women who surreptitiously abstracted money from their husbands' pockets for necessary house-keeping expenses, instead of quietly and firmly insisting upon receiving the necessary allowance for house-keeping in a legitimate manner.

The whole woman question has to be fearlessly discussed before any clear light can shine upon the problem of heredity. Many a woman is married to a good, honorable man; but her own view of that man is so false and low that she treats him mentally as though he were a rascal, while externally she bows before him as though she were a slave. In such cases there cannot be harmony between the parents; the result, therefore, is that the children born of such a union are introduced into the world into a surrounding atmosphere of miserable deception, which they quickly become used to; and because they have not been introduced to anything higher, they take this for granted as the normal condition of existence. It is from this class that sneaks, spies, falsifiers and petty thieves are continually being recruited. And as many children who listen through keyholes and commit many small acts of dishonesty, besides telling falsehoods, do not think it wrong to thus live in accord with their own cowardliness—unless they are broken of these bad habits through the agency of some kind, open-natured friend, they grow up to follow in exactly the same path in which their mothers walked before them; thus continually adding to the number of unreliable men and women with which society is afflicted.

It is, after all, the utter selfishness of cowardly people which causes them to hand on from one generation to another the germs of unrighteousness; and until people at large grow to accept some higher philosophy of life than simple egoism there can be no radical change for the better in public health and morals.

A very great mistake is made by all who suppose that physical health and moral welfare can be separated. The law of correspondence between interior states and exterior consequences is so greatly ignored, when not positively denied, by the majority of people, that it is extremely difficult to induce the average sufferer from any form of physical distemper to look within and discover in some defect of character the predisposing cause of baffling and painful bodily ailment. How many people suffer from internal ailments without having the least idea that these result primarily from various mental deceptions. Even that terrible disease called cancer in the stomach can clearly be traced to some clandestine affection for error, which the sufferer may have weakly encouraged, believing it to be an inevitable part of his or her inherited disposition. It would be neither kind nor just to treat those who are simply following out an unhealthy hereditary trait as though they were guilty of deliberate transgression of the moral law; but, on the other hand, there cannot possibly be a single particle of kindness in encouraging them to believe that their sad condition is hopeless because they have inherited the tendencies they are now further developing. It is always far kinder to speak severely to a chronic invalid, urging upon such a one the necessity of entirely reconstructing his interior nature, than it can be to take the sorrow-stricken attitude of the mistaken sympathizer who is always very much grieved at his neighbour's distress, but who does not believe that any human power can possibly relieve it.

Sympathy is one of the most effective healing agencies when rightly understood and properly directed; but when misconceived and misdirected this same sympathy tends to render a serious case hopeless, because the sympathy is directed toward the ailment or trouble, instead of being intelligently extended to the sufferer, who must inwardly desire to be emancipated from this heavy thralldom.

We have always the right to sympathize with our neighbors in all their endeavors to rise superior to the limitations by which they are handicapped; but we can have no right whatever to sympathize with diseases or with the vices which predispose to them. We may instance a case of a man who is chronically unsuccessful in business, one who is frequently unemployed, and who, when he does get something to do, fails to keep his situation. Such a person is sure to demand sympathy and feel extremely aggrieved if he does not get a great deal of it; but what kind of sympathy is it that he desires, or that his friends can usefully give him? The man himself probably looks for that commiseration with his distress that leads the sympathizer to dwell much upon hard times, dull business, the oppressive cruelty manifested by employers to workmen, and in general to make out that this unfortunate individual is the victim of adverse circumstances over which he can exercise no control. Such sympathy is simply diabolical because it encourages hopelessness and indolence and generally tends toward the further degeneration of one who is already largely a degenerate. We may certainly admit that this poor man has had, and still has, a great deal to contend with; he has probably inherited a somewhat morbid temper from a neurotic parent, and because he did not know how to conquer his fate, circumstances have largely conquered him; but it cannot be a friendly act to assist a person further along on the road to ruin.

It is singular to observe how very stupidly good-meaning people often set to work to relieve distress. A few winters ago times had the reputation of being extremely hard in New York, and for a brief season a great spurt of ostentatious charity was made in the direction of helping the unemployed; but so utterly stupid were some of the means taken to pauperize, instead of to relieve, the necessitous, that churches went without decoration at Christmas, and gave away the Ever-green Fund to the men who were out of work. This, of course, looked very charitable; and quite a number of religious congregations in that great fashionable, wealthy city sincerely congratulated themselves upon the sacrifice they had made to feed the hungry. Had those people, however, been wise enough to see how to do real good in that emergency, they would have employed a number of unemployed men and boys by sending them into the country to procure larger quantities of evergreens than ordinary; they would have paid these people liberally for their time and services, and when their churches appeared more profusely decorated than at any previous festive season, these boys and men could have enjoyed participation in the services at a place of worship, which gave them employment and compensated them for working in the interest of its beautification.

People are extremely silly when they are afraid of buying flowers because people are hungry, when the very flower sellers go hungry because no one buys flowers. You might as well go without your daily newspaper, be particularly saving in the use of matches, and steadily refuse to have your boots cleaned on the street, so as to have more money to give to the unemployed, when by such saving you would contribute to the disemployment of men and boys who earn their living by selling the articles you refuse to purchase and rendering the services you will not accept. It would be quite as reasonable to studiously refrain from buying books, and then organize a charity fund to relieve the distress of book sellers who had gone into bankruptcy because of the great falling off in their business.

Mental Science is radically opposed to all pauperizing agencies, and believes only in helping people to help themselves—so much so that free lessons and free treatments are very often pronounced immoral by representative teachers of Mental Science. We cannot conquer fate so long as we believe that our fate can conquer us; and whatever encourages us to believe more



in our subserviency to fate of necessity weakens our resisting power, thereby rendering us the more susceptible to the inroads of every form of disorder.

It is quite possible to take a hard, unsympathetic view of our neighbors' sufferings, and by so doing disqualify ourselves from rendering them useful service; but even the hard knocks that people get from the unsympathetic often contribute less to the deterioration of their character, than weak sycophantic yielding to false beliefs which the suffering cherish, and to which they hold with ever increasing tenacity in consequence of the encouragement they receive from their tender-hearted, but feeble-minded, sympathizers. Let it be distinctly understood that no unfeeling or unsympathetic attitude taken toward a sufferer, can ever be recommended by a true philanthropist; but there is a world-wide difference between catering to those lower propensities of an unsuccessful person, which he needs to conquer or subdue, and so kindly ministering to his present necessities that he becomes henceforward a stronger, nobler and happier member of society. It sometimes seems very difficult to steer the wise middle course between condemnation on the one hand, and weak pampering on the other; and it should not be forgotten that we are living in an age when reaction against cruelty is at its flood tide. Lombroso and many other eminent scientists in Europe do not hesitate to say that all criminal tendencies are diseased tendencies; therefore, we have no more right to inflict angry punishment upon the victim of crime than upon the victim of consumption—meaning that just as a consumptive tendency may be transmitted by one parent, a criminal tendency may be transmitted by another.

We are very glad that this attitude is now being taken by the wisacres of the scientific world, because such an attitude distinctly forces the public to either accept the teachings of Mental Science *in toto*, or else to weakly surrender the whole case for morals. None but the ignorant in these days can pretend to draw a sharp dividing line between sin and sickness, because what is at one time called sin is at another time diagnosed as sickness. We are now compelled to admit that there are in the world around us numerous persons, who are no more responsible for indulging criminal propensities than are others who give way to rheumatism or catarrh, because in both cases the victims of these various maladies are simply living out their heredity.

Now comes in the vital question of the attitude to be taken by the practical reformer toward all cases of inherited tendency to some form of derangement in the social organism. The old word *punishment* had better become obsolete so that the lawful word *correction* may be rightly understood. We cannot reform people by punishing them, unless the nature of the punishment is truly remedial; and when it is so it is rightly termed *corrective chastisement*. We certainly require substitutes for old-fashioned penalties as much as we require substitutes for old-time medicines. All forms of brutal castigation are as much out of date as the old blue pill or black draught administered by the calomel-dispensing physician of a century ago. We are not civilized unless we are humane, and it can never be humane to condemn people for simply following out automatically their inherited predispositions. But we who know better have a solemn obligation to fulfill toward those who know less than we; and those of us who have had the advantage of a singularly good heredity certainly owe it to our less favored neighbors to do all in our power to help them to overcome their weaknesses. No one really wishes to be criminal any more than he wishes to be sick; but either in the search for what he thinks will prove happiness, or in a lazy following out of unresisted tendency he may do many things which are alike detrimental to his own welfare and that of others.

Even a new physical environment will very often

largely contribute to the vanquishment of undesirable tendencies, because it is the expression of an unseen mental environment to which it very nearly corresponds. Let some benevolent young ladies go into an ugly, inartistic neighborhood, and by furnishing their own rooms beautifully make attractive suggestions to the people around them, and they will soon find that good fashions can be copied quite as readily as bad ones. Multitudes live in dirty ugliness because they have been brought up in it, and have not had presented to them in a practical manner any higher modes of living; but when they see people in their actual vicinity living far more comfortably and attractively than themselves, they are naturally charmed by the fascination of this superior environment; therefore, they seek to make acquaintance with those refined people who have recently come among them, and it soon follows that the benevolent young ladies who left Belgravia for Whitechapel have more pupils coming to them for instruction in improved house-keeping than they can possibly attend to without largely increasing their own numbers.

The bitterest mistakes ever made by home missionaries of any sort grow out of the belief that people do not love refinement and do not care for beauty when it is presented to them. There is no charm in vice or ugliness, though people may become so accustomed to both that when their faculties are greatly benumbed they cease to be actively annoyed by either; but, when these benumbed individuals have been for some little time in an atmosphere of beauty and refinement, they grow to so far appreciate it that were they then to be sent back to the slums in which they were born they would experience a sense of positive repulsion to their old environment.

We are thoroughly convinced that the Universal Mind, operating throughout Nature, must appear as a power that makes for more perfect symmetry to every one who allows himself to be influenced by the charm of unalloyed nature. We do not have to create beauty; we find ourselves surrounded with it. What, for example, can be more beautiful than purely natural scenery, undisfigured by frightful factory chimneys and all their air-befouling accompaniments? Sun-rise and sun-set views can never be fully copied, even by the finest painters. The highest compliment we can possibly pay to a gifted artist is to pronounce his work "true to nature." When children are taken out of great cities and shown the beauty of the country, no matter whether dressed in summer verdure or in winter ermine, they are never heard to prefer black soot to white snow, or the filthy gutters of a city alley to the flower-strewn lanes of the pleasant country.

The execrable falsehood which constitutes a hideous libel on human nature uttered by those who say that it is useless to present high ideals to the multitude, because people are so often like swine, preferring filth to pearls, is one of those utterly idiotic ebullitions of concealed ignorance which the true reformer must destroy without mercy. But it may be argued that you cannot always secure an onward change of environment for the stived-up dwellers in city purlieus; therefore, failing this, you must make the best of a bad job. That is exactly what we advise, but with a totally different meaning. Pessimists always mean that you must endure—grin and bear—submit to the inevitable—and do a lot of other silly things which no optimist ever thinks of attempting. To make the best of a situation is to make the best out of it; to so transform, transfigure and transmute it that it is no longer the vile thing that it formerly was. To all foolish people who believe in "grinning and bearing," and who prate of stoical resignation to a supposed inevitable, we commend Ruskin's wonderful book, "The Ethics of the Dust," a volume which we particularly commend to all people whose religious opinions are so benighted that they believe that some souls will remain forever in complete alienation from all Truth and Goodness.

When we use Henry Wood's well known phrase, "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," we are reminded of the beneficent influence which we can all exert one upon another, both silently and eloquently. Suggestions are of various kinds and they may be presented in various ways, but they must all fundamentally agree in purpose or motive, though they may be widely diversified in method.

As we become successful healers of the sick we shall learn more and more how to speak that particular word which is the right word at the right time in the right place. We must always learn to work upon the susceptibilities of our fellows in such a manner as to aid them to strengthen themselves at their weakest points. Nothing can be possibly further from a healing ministry than the absurd stress which is often laid upon human weaknesses and vices. We overcome our vices in one way only, and that way is by cultivating contradictory virtues. The more you complain of another's idleness the more idle he will become at heart, because it always arouses antipathy toward yourself when you pose as a fault-finder. You must make activity attractive to the lazy boy; you must be so amiably active and actively amiable that the once idle fellow joins you of his own accord in some useful industry.

The curious old saying, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," embodies a great lesson for us all, even though the word flattery is not one of the most gracious in the dictionary.

We cannot get away from true sympathy, which at its highest and best, is the superlative agent for cultivating virtue, developing noble heroism and helping all lame dogs over difficult stiles. Do you help the dog over the stile when he is a lame dog, or do you encourage your afflicted bow-wow to shed tears on the wrong side of the stile because he believes he can never get over it? That dog of yours may have inherited lameness or the lameness may be due to recent mishap while fighting with some cat. In any case the dog needs help, and if you sympathize with his need rather than with his affliction, he gets on to the right side of the stile in consequence of your kindly assistance.

There are millions of "lame dogs" in human form in the world to-day, and it is for all who are not lame to help them to rise superior to their lameness, without enquiring too minutely into how it came about that a particular foot has been rendered an imperfect servant. Intuitive diagnosis of necessity and how to minister to it, must take the place of the old medical and clairvoyant diagnosis of disease. We are utterly bored and depressed when diseases are diagnosed; and we all know how frequently it occurs that physicians and others who are most accurate in diagnosis, after having most carefully described the actual condition of a sufferer, pronounce the case hopeless. We ought, every one of us, to resolve to pay no heed whatever to dismal prognostications.

Suppose a doctor does tell you that your case is hopeless; that doesn't make it so. We are craven simpletons if we allow any one to tell us that we are beyond relief, for the very utmost that any educated physician or any other person can say truthfully on the dark side, is that with his present knowledge he does not know how a particular case can be healed. Medical science is itself outraged and all progress in medicine is denied when some practitioner, no matter how eminent, affixes a final limit to the progress of the healing art, even as practiced in his own school of medicine; and when it comes to ministers of religion with an open Bible in their hands, calling any case incurable, the climax of absurdity is reached; for the very testimony of what Christians term the Divine Word, is flagrantly contradicted.

We all succeed to the extent that we become embodiments of successful thought, and we all fail precisely to the degree that we incorporate doubt and fear into our solitary or organic efforts. We all need to

put into practice in daily life the well known words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which constitute the first line of her celebrated poem entitled, "Heredity;" "There is no thing we cannot overcome." One of the grandest passages in the Bible reads, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." We truly inherit and, therefore, really possess just as much as we overcome; no more, no less.

### GET READY FOR THE CONVENTION.

It is still a good while to the Convention to be held here on next Thanksgiving day, but not too soon to be making some preparations for it. Those who expect to come should send in their names, so that they can be put in correspondence with others from their section, and thus make up parties when possible that will make it pleasant traveling.

We here are not idle. We have secured a one-fare round trip as far as the Southeastern Passenger Association reaches, and expect to get rates on all other roads; something, so far as we know, never before conceded so long in advance of a meeting. For this we have to thank all roads connected with the Passenger Association, but most especially the Florida East Coast Road, the officials of which have always shown us every courtesy, and rendered us every possible aid in our enterprises.

And we are preparing to erect a hall with a seating capacity of one thousand to be finished by the time the Convention meets. Over two thousand dollars was subscribed on the spot by a little knot of people to whom it was first suggested; and a few hours later other friends made it up to over three thousand. We are now waiting the submission of plans by an architect, and shall then ask further subscriptions and commence work immediately.

It will be a joint stock enterprise with shares at ten dollars each, so that any one can invest any sum desired. We need the hall any way, and expect it to pay a fair interest on the investment—at least—after the first year.

Now send in your names if you expect to come. We will publish them in *FREEDOM*, and thus enable those in different sections of the country to correspond later with some one of the number, and all get together for the trip.

To attend the Convention at Sea Breeze next November. J. Schwalbach and family, Grangerville, Idaho.

### ANCIENT LOVERS.

August Croft, aged eighty six years, and Miss Kate Putman, aged eighty-eight, will be married at the latter's home in South Bloomfield on Monday evening next. The wedding party will be a large one, but no one whose age is less than sixty years has been invited. The couple were born and reared on adjoining farms. At the age of fifteen and seventeen they were devoted lovers, and though they drifted apart at that age, they kept up a correspondence. They did not become formally engaged until January 8, 1900. Neither the bride nor groom to be has ever married. They have always expected to some day, and both say it was by mutual agreement that they have refrained from matrimony until this late in life.—*Ohio Exchange*.



## THE SCRAP BOOK DEPARTMENT.

AN INSPECTOR.

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow storms and rain storms and did my duty faithfully.—*Thoreau*.

I'am an inspector on my rounds  
For what I can detect;  
Forever, tireless, night and day,  
Inspectors should inspect.  
A spy, a spotter keen am I,  
Whose business 'tis to pry  
Into the secrets of the earth,  
The ocean and the sky.  
I'm out on my detective trail  
And work the whole year through,  
And in my business hitherto  
I've learned a thing or two.

Ah! there are mighty goings-on  
Where mighty secrets lurk;  
My business 'tis to hide myself  
And watch the whole thing work.  
A few revealments from the sea,  
A few, too, from the sky,  
And many secrets from the stars  
And from the winds have I.  
And there are whisperings from the fields  
And tattlings from the mere;  
And 'tis my trick to hide myself,  
Keep still and overhear.

And, do you know, a little flower  
Has secrets to rehearse  
And tales of wonder from the soul  
Of the great universe?  
And if you once could understand  
The whisperings of the grass  
And muffled murmurs of the flags  
That grow in the morass,  
You'd hear the secret of the soul  
That lives in earth and star,  
And learn its inner mystery,  
And know things as they are.

And could a man go in the woods  
And overhear the trees,  
And hide himself within the cliffs  
And listen to the seas,  
And could authentically translate  
The language of the brook,  
He'd learn some thoughts not hitherto  
Put down in any book.  
Could he translate the mountain winds,  
Their voices manifold,  
He'd get some thoughts, perchance, too great  
For any book to hold.

So, an inspector of the winds,  
Detective of the sky,  
Investigator of the brooks  
And hills and woods am I.  
I have no shame to spy about  
And listen far and near,  
For Nature has no secret thought  
That's bad for me to hear.  
I seek the secret of the soul  
That lives in earth and star,  
To learn its inner mystery,  
And know things as they are.

—*Sam Walter Foss*.

In other words, this inspector is an acute and special investigator of the natural phenomena by which he finds himself surrounded—not merely a looker on, but an inquirer into the cause of that which he scrutinizes. He is an inquisitive fellow, this inspector of Nature's secrets; possessing the infinite patience of *growth* and power of a great adaptability.

Simplicity is such an one's habit, for he must live close down to the natural forces which hold the keys

of all mystery; and so we come to call our great man "simple" and "childlike;" for such possess no assumption. He has no time to "play pretend." Earnestness is writ in every action of thought and body to him whose temper is inquisitive to the inspection of the minute and particular. He does not need books nor opinions to guide him in this; for in such a state of mind no moral influence may advance before him with any torch of past concept or worked-out light; his own insight must penetrate hitherto unlighted chambers, wherein is hidden the secret of the truth that awaits his individual search. He notes an action or a form or whatsoever, but does not stop there. His mental powers remark that which he notices, and then begin to inquisitively question the *modus operandi*—the minute peculiarities and characteristics of that which attracted the notice or attention; to look upon is not enough. He must needs reconnoitre in the mysterious neighborhood of that which he sees. He cannot accept any second-hand opinion; he must contemplate, speculate, reason and judge for himself. His facts must result from his own experiment and experience. As Johnson said of Dean Swift, "He is an exact observer of life," and must occupy that place of even balance which admits of no doubt; a place of the knowledge of the fact—which is a truth demonstrated, particularized and emphasized by being formed, placed and made serviceable, either to the physical or mental creature.

"An exact observer of life" will be contented with nothing less than a clear knowledge and understanding of the nature, motive and relationship of the natural activities about him.

Close and exact observation "denotes the quality of (or for) completeness and the absence of defect," and as surely leads to the truth and its form—the fact—as day follows the night. It produces reliable and substantial and permanent evidence of the object or subject of its inspection.

To do or be this, one must be a devotee of the Natural, an idolator of the mystery that enspheres every living entity and identity upon which his eyes fall and to which his intelligence is attracted. Open on all sides, nothing is so minute or scant in proportion that the lense of his perception may not penetrate to its nature and purpose; that may not afford him a suggestion, an influence, a deduction and a conclusion concerning the real fact of its nature and relationship.

Every evidence or appearance he knows is founded on a truth; and no matter how impractical he may appear to the prejudiced eye, he is the discoverer, organizer and founder of truths, which, when formulated and systematized, are dynamic in their power to lift up and advance a whole race of men, into a more enlightened and reasonable existence.

Such a soul must possess a pronounced and marked loyalty to truth; an integrity of purpose that is unimpeachable, and a fidelity to the general result which defies all his preconceptions, despite all former declaration; and above and beyond all he must possess that larger sense of justice which lifts him above and beyond all personal advantage, all personal reputation; for he knows that sooner or later the *exact truth* will fortify itself through materialization, and that it makes no difference to it what he may think or believe about it; that the exact equation will be reached finally though the heavens fall; and so he loves justice first—before himself—all his hopes and all his desires.

The inspector of the Natural cannot find a lie anywhere in its dominions. Any discrepancy lies in himself. The paradox is in his misconception of that which is simple enough further on or deeper down.

The "self-appointed inspector" of the things that co-operate with him in his existence here must of necessity be absolutely industrious and eternally alert, mentally and physically. He must love the liveliest exercise of every faculty and muscle, and be as oblivious of time as a school boy out for a holiday, and as devoid of any

element of hurry as a mid-summer afternoon. He must love his employment with that quality of energy that feels no obstacle, and admits of no intrusion or defeat; in other words, he must "feel" as well as see, hear taste and smell his way into the nature of that upon which his energy of thought is fixed; for this is the inspiring fluid which rises like the bouquet from the rare, old wine, and reaches the soul of him whom he takes into his confidence, and seeks to impart that which he himself has felt. This is the inspiration that interprets; and in no other way may it be emptied into another's soul.

It is this, and more that may now be analyzed, that made Balzac possible to the people. It is this special genius that gave Robert Louis Stevenson the power to note the simplest detail and so graphically and good-naturedly describe a scene or an action or a characteristic, filling each with the fluid of his appreciation, and as naturally imparting it to us, as the flower gives its perfume to the stirring air. He saw and felt; and so we see and feel with him. To read his "Inland Voyage" is to supremely enjoy a most charming journey, which neither weariness nor dust can corrupt.

I remember years ago of reading "A Hunt for a Nightingale" by John Burroughs; and the sweet incense of that quiet night in the dusky English woods still swings its censer of perfume over and around my soul. It has lifted it from many a dark place into a high, restful peace, out of harm's way more than once—where I could feel the cool air, and hear the talking, singing leaves, the rustle of birds' wings and the "one sweet, low, plaintive note," as he strode or stood in the dew-laden grass under the stars.

"Read me again those words of Murray," said a man to me, upon whose face beamed the light that never shone on land or sea; "I can smell the spruce and the pine, and feel their healing balm. The great forests! How I love them, with the creatures that inhabit them!"

What philosophy or creed could so penetrate to the soul and inspire its recognition, or so lift it to beatific appreciation?

Getting in touch with Nature and its offspring, of whatever character, is the most desirable of all feeling. To once experience the wholeness, the completeness, the unity of life and the kinship of all creatures, is to be lifted to a point of vantage from which there is no descent. Only through this may the mental creature perceive the expanse around him, and feel the power of his dominion.

If you have never gotten up in the very early morning—that edge when night departs lingeringly, and all the forms of things animate and inanimate seem slowly to become conscious of themselves—you have no conception of the mystery of *awakening*, the arousing of the powers inherent in all creation. The leaves lift to the thrill of sudden breezes, that seem blown out from another space whose likeness we cannot even guess. The birds stir restlessly in their nests; the animals move and sigh and seek a short comfort of changed position. But the winds blow; a curtain seems lifted, and a sweet draught—strong, however, and potent; a twitter of birds; a matutinal gossip—a scamper in the thickets, a whirr of wings, a flash of light and the "morning comes down over the hills in her white silk gown;" the silvered mists rise in soft, filmy folds of light.

It is day!

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead."

Above, beneath, around, the majesty of the illimitable faces him who seeks, clothed in eternal glory.

Ocean, earth and sky, the three dimensions of man's existence, are filled with the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown, the mastered and the unmastered. Co-existent is man himself, the greatest mys-

tery of all, the capitalist of the whole earth and sole heir of all there is that is conceivable.

ELIZA HOOD TALBOT,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.

## TESLA TALKS OF STRANGE PLANETARY INFLUENCES.

[From a Buffalo Paper.]

That unique dabbler in the realms of mystery, Nikola Tesla, came to Buffalo yesterday and spent the day as the guest of Charles R. Huntley. He visited the Pan-American Exposition, the plants of power and other industries at Niagara Falls, called on personal friends and altogether had a busy, lively day. Through his prowling in hitherto unexplored spheres of science, his weird conclusions, his ingenious inventions and his pale, magnetic personality, he has won a reputation among the American public that carries with it the insolation of eminence, as an almost understandable intellect, roaming away off in what some call the knowable future and others the impracticable dreamland. Whichever it is Tesla enjoys it, the public is entertained by it, and from time to time science profits by it.

The present visit of Tesla is opportune. All Christendom has been talking about his reputed communications with forces or occupants of the planet Mars and about rumored plans whereby he will telegraph or telephone across the ocean without wires or cables; in fact, will send a message from New York to London, Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight, through space without wires or other connection between the two points. Various unsatisfactory efforts have been made heretofore to obtain from Mr. Tesla a full statement of his plans for working these wonders. Yesterday he told to *The Express* not only these plans, but intimated that he has hopes of communicating through space not only with all parts of the world, but with all the known universe. It is most interesting, if the reader will sit fast and hold tight.

Tesla is tall, pale, lanky, black-eyed, black-haired, black-mustached. He is of Russian ancestry, is quick in speech, fertile in vocabulary and energetic in expression.

"I have been much misunderstood and misquoted or misinterpreted concerning my investigations, so called, as to the planet Mars," he said. "All that I have noticed concerning it or the matter pertinent to it came to me incidentally while engaged in my usual experiments and investigations. I have treated it and accumulated it as such. It is difficult to make it plain so all may understand. However, I will try.

"In the course of my investigations, tests and experiments I have observed certain novel, but undoubted changes in this globe, the earth on which we live—the world many would call it these changes are of such a nature, such a character, that they show the influence of intelligent beings apart from the processes of earth. This is beyond doubt. The changes are not caused by the processes of earth, by any of the works or ways of the world. Moreover, they are not caused by a star or by the farthest off planets. They are not caused by the sun, whose effects and processes on earth long have been known. Yet they are caused by some external planet and their cause lies in a planet of the solar system, Mars or others."



"What is the temperature of Mars?"

"Astronomers tell us Mars is cold—but hot in summer," said Tesla.

"And these forces or beings influencing the earth and causing the changes in this globe that you have observed—are they subject to intelligent direction?"

"Yes"

"Then eventually there may be communication between this globe and these intelligent beings influencing changes in this globe?"

"The changes are more marked, as I have observed and studied them," replied Tesla.

"What are these changes?"

"It is difficult to make it plain so it will be understood," he replied. "They lie in a sphere rather out of the usual line of thought or comprehension. I will endeavor to make it plain. Suppose you have a weight, a pound weight, that is a weight which always has been regarded, held as being a pound. You find it changes, that it is not the same, that it changes one, two, three, and one, two three different, each time and each time not a pound. These changes are not due to any process in the earth, any given law or formula, but are due to the influence of intelligent being away from earth, apart from the sun. They unquestionably are influenced by intelligence. I hope I make it plain. What I say simply suggests the character of the changes I mention. I have observed these interesting points, with increased clearness as I have worked on my plans to communicate across the ocean."

"How are you plans progressing?"

"Most satisfactorily," replied Tesla. "Within one year I expect to have all ready. I have perfected a new machine that will give 110,000 horsepower in the fraction of a second, all instantly available. Mine is the most beautiful system of transmission, of communication. I do not rush the power out with a commotion and force to drive it through in one rush. But I magnify the power and send it out so that when it reaches earth it gathers force again and goes on."

"Will there be intermediate points on the ocean for your power to touch and gather force and go on?"

"No, I could have them, but there will be no relays in the ocean," said Tesla.

"How will you embody your message, your communication of words or speech in the power to cross the ocean?"

"That is simple," he replied. "The power in my machine takes the words or message and bears them with it when it goes."

"If you can send a message through space across the seas, can you do the same across land?"

"Yes, I will be able to communicate with all parts of the world, without wires, simply through space," replied Tesla.

"Then, if you can communicate through space over land and water, and if there are intelligent beings, or if there is intelligent influence in the planets, can you communicate with them, with the planets?"

"Consider the progress of the last fifty years," said Tesla. "Consider what we have learned, what advance has been made. If the progress of the next fifty years is in proportion to the progress of the last fifty years will we not be communicating with almost the entire visible universe? I certainly believe so,"

## ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Cannot you go on with the housework, knowing that it cannot hamper your thoughts in the least? All its routine can be done in the understanding of your power over all kinds of work, and in the knowledge that you are a Being of Love, who can do all things with lovingness; therefore, easily, gladly, gloriously and sweetly.

Keep your note-book at your side all day, and take the time to jot down an idea or a sentence as you conceive it, and you will find your housework an inspiration instead of aught else, and above all you will not tire.

If it is your "nature to become worriedly absorbed in your work," then change your nature—you can. Besides, if you felt it as a splendid work, you could not become absorbed in it in any way but that which would make your soul sing glad songs, and awaken thought of passionate and glad lovingness.

You can pause to think. In fact, every movement can be in response of thought's rhythmic ebb and flow of "I am love, I love all and everything." Put all your grand conceptions of what love is, and can do, into all these little (large) practical, living, holy things of the day. \* \* \* Stand firmly in the knowledge of your infinitude—master, master. Always recognize your power, and never watch feverishly for results; they will always be according to the nature, intensity and steadiness of your beliefs. \* \* \* Soul must know herself as an infinite soul, one with her own infinite self, throbbing with the realization of what that infinitude is ready to do, and must know that she is all-powerful over everything in the universe, forming, out of her infinite self, perfect plenty in every direction—love health, strength and prosperity.

You are right; naturally, you will not be able to face a more difficult position understandingly, if you cannot meet this simpler one with the right spirit.

If we understand ourselves and the universe, we cannot possibly feel any work uncongenial in the ordinary meaning of the word. We can do anything which is to be done with a glad and cheerful heart. We may not find it expedient to do some things this year, which, next year, we do. But we are ready and able for any work whatever.

But what is absolutely certain of, and for each one is, that if any work can upset his mental equilibrium, disturb his mental harmony, make him feel a discontent and repulsion, he has yet some foundation work to do, which, if it is not conquered now, will steal his strength and make a discord in his sweetest moments.

Whatever can make us feel a repulsion, an aversion or dislike is, for the length of time we allow it so to do, our master.—*Expression.*

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## THOUGHT HEALING.

Mental Science treatment does not lift the patient psychologically, as faith healing does. There is no blind trust in the efforts it makes, all of which tend to a thorough and complete regeneration of the entire body. In this effort the first part of the body to respond is the stomach. The stomach is the grist mill of the human organization, its lowest link in the chain of personal being. It must necessarily do good work, or the blood will be too poor to supply the demand made upon it by every part of the body. About the first thing that happens to a patient under mental treatment is an improvement in his digestion. I do not care how good he believed his digestion to be before taking the treatment, it will begin to grow better immediately. There is an infinite capacity in the stomach, and its powers have scarcely been drawn on at all as yet. There are three great laboratories in the human system; the stomach is the lowest and comes first in organization. The sex system, which is the seat of the emotions, comes next. Then the brain, which is the last and

greatest, but which is dependent for its very existence upon the other two lower laboratories.

In mental treatment—which always holds in reserve the belief in conquering death, and which would not be perfect if based on any lower or weaker claim—the very first results show themselves in the digestive system. The body begins to build itself anew, and it begins at the beginning. So the stomach takes on fresh energy; it gets more life substance out of the food; the blood becomes richer and stronger; the nerves are better fed and begin to be more sensitive and to yield more ready response to the new statement which the healer is making.

Now, suppose that the trouble of the patient had been in the ears; suppose it was deafness. All this time in which the digestive system had been quickening the action of the nerves by supplying them with better food, the ears had shown no genuine sign of improvement. But after a time they do begin to show it. They show it because the nerves of the ears are waking up; coming to life by the blood that is poured into them. Perhaps it has taken from three months to a year to bring about this result; but in bringing it about the entire body has been in a measure rebuilt. It now stands where the new and mighty teachings of Mental Science should be taken up by the brain (the patient's brain) and the great life study be commenced.

This style of treatment is truly the redemptive one; it means to heal to the utmost. Yet the healer cannot do the whole of it. He can only make the new and true statement of personal life; if the patient is too utterly devitalized to respond, there comes a failure. There are very few patients who have not the ability to respond; not more than one out of twenty, but the practiced healer soon finds out when he encounters such an one. It will seem as if the statements of life he is making, instead of penetrating the patient, strike against a dead wall and rebound back upon himself.

It was a foolish claim—that of Christian Science, that every disease could be healed by the spoken word. This could be done if all the people were ready to receive it; but many of them are quite incapable of receiving it; they are too dead already, and at least a few of them are dead beyond the power of thought or anything else to resurrect.

Neither is this healing consistent with the law of natural development. That person who cannot reach up to the Law of Being, which is *Life*, must die. He can not be perpetuated eternally through the efforts of others. If his intellect is of so low an order that it cannot be made to enter into an intelligent consciousness of the law, he keeps growing old and drawing nearer to the death influences until he dies.

The demand of the Law of Being is *individuality*; this means a personal consciousness of power. This consciousness may exist on the lower or unreasoning plane in embryo, and it will rapidly rise to the intellectual plane by right thought. This condition is marked not only by a latent sense of personal power, but by a degree of aspiration.

The race is quite well advanced in this matter even at present time. If it had not been in this advanced condition there would have been no possibility of the advancement of Mental Science for a while yet; at least,



not until the essential race unfoldment had been made. There would have been no intellectual atmosphere of sufficient force to enable so great a thought to ripen in any human brain, and to be expressed therefrom.

It is the ripening of the race as a whole that has prepared the way for the belief in a perfect cure of all race ills and limitations. As yet, however, there are many individuals of the race who cannot rise to even the faintest conception of this mighty condition, and it is these individuals who cannot be healed *permanently* by the power of right thought. They may be lifted through this thought to a position of belief where they are relieved for a time of their ills; but there is no permanent healing except that which awakens the intellectual faculties of the patient, and starts him to reasoning on the powers he finds within himself, and the relation of these powers to the Law of Attraction, which is the one and only life principle. This is the beginning of individual growth, and growth is the infallible result of thought and right reasoning on these lines.

The substance of the above article can be condensed into very small space. It is this; so long as a man's tendency is downwards toward death he cannot be healed permanently. He can be relieved of many ills temporarily, but he is on the down grade, which is full of weakness ending in the grave.

But the beauty of mental treatment is that while it is relieving, even temporarily, the ills of the patient, it is planting seeds of thought that almost invariably take root in the brain of the patient and lead to his awakened interest in the new thought, and this—if pursued—will lead to his eventual full restoration.

H. W.

Though after continual effort there seems little to show but a series of "mistakes"—still work away; form different plans; every failure is a useful lesson, most surely guiding the way to masterpieces of workmanship. Only the everyday trivialities pass through without mistakes. In the early stages of masterworks there are times of "trial." And the end is worth it all.

There are a few points to remember which lead to success. The first is conception—the very foundation of success. Then comes the spirit of venture. Then the courage to change, for everything must pass and give place to newer conceptions. The goal of success is not a stationary condition, but the recognition of mastery, which is ours through a series of achievements.

Above all else, affirm your strength—those mighty currents of energy which make up your personality! Can you any longer believe the trash of "materialism," which gives man no power, since it limits him to the conception of a mere vaporous machine? With tremendous, yet methodical and deliberate activity, the marvelous vibrations of the Infinite Energy, your own life-forces—are here, fashioning all spheres of existence.—*Fred Burry's Journal.*

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## FULL OF VIGOR AT AGE OF NINETY-FOUR.

To shake hands and converse with Mrs. Lucretia Little Bradley one would scarcely believe that yesterday she rounded out ninety-four years of life; for, in perfect bodily health and with faculties remarkably well preserved, she appears more like an octogenarian.

Since last Friday she has practically kept "open house" at her home, 315 Huntington avenue, and has received the greetings of a large number of relatives and friends from Boston, Haverhill, Watertown, Belmont, Medfield, Brookline, Jamaica Plain and other places, and has been the recipient of flowers, cakes and other tokens of remembrance.

Despite her great age, Mrs. Bradley almost constantly busies herself with fancy knitting and needlework or reading, both newspapers and books, and has always been a great Bible student. Endowed with a retentive memory, she can to-day recite verse after verse of poetry learned from the "English Reader" when a schoolgirl, more than eighty years ago.

In pleasant weather she goes out to walk almost daily, and in the summer seasons greatly enjoys electric car rides. While she declares "she was a frail, sickly child" the only real sickness she ever experienced was over three years ago when she was severely ill for several weeks, and was left in a very weak state. A wonderful vitality, however, "pulled her through."

Mrs. Bradley was born March 11, 1807, in Salem, N. H., the sixth of the ten children of Joseph W. and Jane (Little) Page, and is the sole survivor of the children. Although coming from a long-lived people, none of them, she says, lived to be nonagenarians.

Mrs. Bradley attended the public schools in Goffstown, N. H., a private school in Bucksport, Me., and Atkinson Academy (Atkinson, N. H.) then the leading school of its kind in New England. She afterward taught school. In 1835 she became the (second) wife of Capt. Birckett Bradley, a prominent citizen of Haverhill, who had been left a widower with eight children. By him she had four children, but one of whom—Miss Ellen L. B. Bradley, a successful teacher in various schools in this state—is now living, and with whom she has made her home since the death of Capt. Bradley in 1876.

Not one of the step-children is living; yet there are a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, for whom Mrs. Bradley entertains the deepest affection and interest, and who, in turn, delight to honor her. Among these may be mentioned Col. J. Payson Bradley of this city, the Rev. Leverett Bradley of Philadelphia, at one time assistant to Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church; Prof. William Patten of Dartmouth College.—*Ex.*

To feel a conviction of immortality, we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent too, the world becomes a veil of a brighter glory that lies behind it; the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, "but is passed from death into life."—*Thomas Starr King.*

Life, freedom from disease and old age, depend entirely on the amount and kind of recognition a man gives to his desire.

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I was waked up this morning by a cat on the roof of the porch crying to come in at the window. Charley opened the screen and took her in. She got in bed with him and parred so loud I could hear her in the next room. Presently she came and got in bed with me, where she was very happy. In a few minutes some kind of an idea struck her and she jumped to the floor, and went screaming over the room in the most ungraceful manner, and had to be put out. She came back again and went through the same performance; and kept up this conduct for several hours. I like cats, but was disgusted with her. I don't like people who don't know their own minds. I concluded that when I found a cat was necessary to my happiness I would get an autocatable and have her tuned up to yawl classical music; or better still, the old methodist hymns which are more to my taste than anything Wagner ever wrote, or any of the rest of the standard musical geniuses. I think I can make better music on an old "busted" accordean than many of the opera singers in their most screaming efforts. I am sure I could if I had a few cats to come in on the high notes.

I can hear the crows talking out on the oyster bars in the river. Did you ever notice what sensible voices they have? It is a sort of rich contralto, just full of vim and life. I have no doubt but they are relating gossip; it sounds like it; gossip is the liveliest talk there is.

I used to have a pet crow. I'll never tell what became of it, because Charley is a good fellow and did not know that he was breaking a hole in my heart that it will take a hundred years to heal. Crows live to be a hundred years old; mine would have been twelve years old now if he had lived. Talk! Why I should say so. He talked from his own smartness, and not a few fool words that he was trained to speak like a parrot. He used to tell me things by his gestures. One day he betrayed great excitement, flying from me to a corner of the yard and back again, jabbering in ever so many different tones of voice. When I went to the corner he perched on my shoulder, his little feet tramping and wings trembling; he pressed against my cheek, and told me to look at the cat. She was eating the head of a chicken the cook had cut off. I could not see anything very reprehensible in that, but the crow did; he said by his manner that it was the greatest outrage he had ever sustained. He wanted it himself. "Well," said I, "get down and take it from her." He flew down instantly and began to circle around her, but out of her reach. Presently he got behind her and with my encouragement he grabbed the end of her tail. She wheeled and faced him with her green eyes glittering dangerously. He gave one shriek and tried to toddle off, but his legs were too weak to carry him, and he fell on his side and rolled up his eyes at me in the most piteous pleading. I picked him up and he became courageous immediately. I tried to persuade him to tackle her again, but he would not do it. He ran over my arms and shoulders screaming at her and pulling at my clothes as if he wanted to find something to throw at her.

This crow never saw the inside of a cage. He was a free citizen. He went off with the wild crows, but always came back in an hour or two, frequently bring-

ing a whole flock of them back with him. He had no politeness; if I gave his visitors something to eat he fought them off, or went wild and shrieked himself hoarse in his attempt to do so.

When the dahlias began to put out their tender stalks and flowers he would cut off great stems of them and bring them to me; he had seen Charley get flowers for me, and he thought it the proper thing to do; the trouble was that he did not show any judgment in getting them and would ruin the plants. Charley used to take him and roll him in the dirt of the garden bed to punish him for picking the flowers, and finally he quit it; but when he saw any of us picking them he gave unmistakable evidence that it was the wrong thing to do, and he evidently wanted to roll us in the dust.

There is a good deal said about ladies who think so much of pet dogs. Now, I say that it is natural to do so; and the folly of supposing that they neglect their children in consequence has no basis of truth about it. In this connection I will mention the abuse heaped upon women who do not have children. Why should a woman have children if she doesn't want to? Because our grandmothers reared them by the dozen is no sign that the present generation of women should do it. The spirit of freedom is greater now than it was then, and women have learned how to avoid much of the slavery that their parents had to bear. It is a mere assumption to say that the mother love is wanting; and even if it is, whose business is it? Men have never been particularly encumbered as a result of this feeling, even while supposing that it was a woman's duty to be.

The truth is that generation is gradually giving way before the great fact of regeneration that Mental Science is ushering in. The time is near at hand when children are going to be a scarce article. I say this because I perceive it to be true, even though I love children more than any person I ever saw; and it seems to my feelings—untrained to this view of the thing—that neither the world, nor life itself, will be improved by their absence.

But which way are we going anyhow? Everybody concedes at this time that horses will eventually become extinct. The autohorsibile is here; there is an advertisement in one of the funny papers of an autocow; warranted to give not only the ordinary Jersey milk, but condensed milk as well, and I believe butter; I am not certain about the butter, but I know there was a codicil to this thing (I am extremely proud of that word "codicil;" I wish I felt more easy in my mind about its meaning) anyhow the addition to the statement—the after-thought, as it were, was to the effect that for ten dollars extra one could get an ice-cream attachment.

This world is getting convenient enough for white folks to live in. Presently we shall have an autocookibile and an autolaundry machine; and a little farther on we will have all these things attached to one fountain head of power and set them all going at once; or we can unhook those we don't want to use from the main motor and let the rest run on.

What nonsense! And yet the truth at the bottom of this nonsense is that there will eventually be some kind of combination that will do away with the necessity of kindling one hundred fires in one hundred stoves here in this village (or any other of similar size) and cook-



ing one hundred isolated breakfasts on them. And on Monday mornings, think of the washings and the wretchedness entailed by this idiotic scatterment of effort. The very dogs and cats cry out against such idiocy. This thing will go on until woman will be free enough to use her faculties in some way besides child rearing. My goodness! How fast the idea of woman's inferiority is melting away! It is good fun now to contrast her with man, (it is no use to talk this thing out loud, just kind o' whisper it to yourself so the old chap won't suspect treason) and see how the matter stands. Why, I will tell you—now don't mention it in the family—but it is true as sure as you're born, that men are nothing but grown up children, and not near such clear thinkers as our foremost women are getting to be. As I lay in bed this morning watching some of Charley's performances in dressing, I made more than one mental observation on this subject. It took him at least fifteen minutes to transfer his shirt studs and cuff buttons from the soiled shirt to the fresh one; after that he skinned it on over his head just as you skin the hide off a squirrel. I had a great mind to get up and help him pull it down over his back, where it seemed to be everlastingly lodged; but I thought I would not. He did eventually work it loose, but lost his collar button in the effort. It rolled clear over under the bed; it was under there safe and sound; I heard it when it struck the wall; I don't know whether it was laughing or not, but I was. There was Charley on his stomach prospecting the space beneath the bureau and saying some words that sounded like "flam," or something of that kind. Presently he got up and went on a wild excursion among boxes and drawers in search of another one; he stepped over chair backs as if they were not there, and went with such a rush that he looked like a forked shadow about eleven feet long. But he found what he was after; he usually does; things surrender when he starts out in that way; even the total depravity of inanimate things has to yield to such an inordinate head of steam as he gets up.

But what's the matter? I have run off the track. I was trying to show up men's helplessness, and instead of that I have given an instance of their forcefulness. And now I don't know "where I am at." Let me see. Well, Charley is an exception. He is almost as smart as a woman; for a "mere man" he actually knows a good deal, while at the same time his propelling force is grand, terrific, volcanic, cyclonic; he can make things go that have not any go in them. He has undertaken now to "make a go" of a Mental Science college; and though the money is not in sight, yet the college will be. Determination is before anything else, and that is already here. If Carnegie wants to chip in a million of dollars we won't object.

We are going to build a public hall first. We simply must have it in order to accomodate the crowds of Mental Scientists who are coming here next Thanksgiving. We held a meeting about it last night. We have not had enough money subscribed, but we are going ahead on what we have, and we trust the Lord for more; if he doesn't come to time we will do something else. The hall is an assured fact.

It is a theatre instead of a common, every-day hall. It will have raised seats, and a balcony around the inside of it. Moreover, nothing but a fine building will answer our purpose. We have never put up a cheap apology for a building yet; not even when we were too poor to buy the baby a pair of red shoes; and we are not going to begin it now.

"Them's my sentiments."

By the way, there is a little of the mental cyclone in this last statement; don't you think so? I guess I got it from Charley. It's catching, sure. H. W.

There is no law that holds objects to the earth's centre provided the objects have a will to travel towards the sun.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

The new century bids fair to witness the disappearance of old-time family appendages. The family horse is fast giving place to the automobile. The family servant is almost as rare as the buffalo. The family Bible, which used to have the place of honor on the marble-topped table, is now relegated to the bookcase. The family register is a relic of the past. The family portraits are mostly in the attic. The family lawyer is not so much in evidence as he used to be, but he will not disappear altogether until the millennium, when families will have no need of lawyers.

Is the family doctor disappearing also? Dr. William Tod Helmuth, a leading homeopathic physician of New York, in one of his recent lectures expresses the opinion that this species of the genus doctor is practically extinct owing to the specialization and diversification of practice.

"This individual," Dr. Helmuth says, "was formerly called in to attend all the ailments from which a patient might suffer. He was always ready and doctored the eyes, the nose and the throat, as well as set bones and lanced felons. He probed wounds and sewed up cuts. He ate and drank with the family, and the family loved him. No such being exists upon the earth to-day, except perhaps in some undeveloped and untelegraphed region where as yet human evolution has not laid its hand."

The case is hardly so desperate as Dr. Helmuth's diagnosis would appear to indicate. The family physician is not yet extinct even in telephone and telegraph regions. He is still to be found in all rural localities. In cities there are many families who would as soon think of losing their family spoons or crests as their doctor. In the evolution of practice undoubtedly the general practitioner has less to do than ever before, and if specialization continues to increase he may soon have nothing to do. If the various forms of faith healing continue to spread as they are now doing, there may soon be no need either of general or special practitioners. If diseases are mere fictions of the imagination why should we have any doctors? As the situation now is, unquestionably the general practitioner finds much fewer calls for his services, as families which can afford it have their special eye, nose, throat, nerve, heart, liver and stomach doctors. There are few families, however, which can afford it, and even those which can usually prefer to call in the general practitioner to attend the ordinary, old-time diseases. The specialist and his friends, the bacteria, have added many diseases to the list, for the curing of which the former has a patent; but the general practitioner must be relied upon for general work for the general good of the greater number. So, Dr. Helmuth to the contrary notwithstanding, the family doctor must still be the main reliance of the family for its ordinary ills, until that time comes when there are no more ills and doctors of any kind will be unnecessary—if it ever shall come.—*Ex.*

## 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.

## PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

Every individual, no matter what his beliefs may be, or what his mental, moral or financial position in life, desires one thing above all others. It is happiness.

This is really the goal toward which all our thoughts and hopes are yearning; and for its attainment all our efforts are expended. To accomplish it any amount of hardships are welcomed, and even self-tortures inflicted.

Now, if some seer should come to earth who could instruct us in a method of reaching this goal by a short and easy road, we would all hail him as the world's greatest benefactor.

But this is what Mental Science is trying to do; and I am convinced that our greatest difficulty lies in making the road too hard. The highway to happiness has always involved so much suffering, that it is hard to believe the road is really short and easy.

We constantly assert that thoughts are creative, but we, by our practice, demonstrate that we do not realize that all thoughts are creative, whether we will them so or not. Sometimes we take our "hour" of meditation, concentration, affirmation, etc., which is highly proper. Then as we return to our duties and meet the responsibilities of life, we find it very easy to fall back into the old routine. We fret when the baby cries, frown when Johnny exhibits a triangular rend in the knee of his new trousers, worry over where the next month's rent is coming from, fume over all the disagreeable things that have been said of us, describe all the details of our neighbor's recent attack of pneumonia, become righteously indignant over the latest misdemeanor in the community, shed a few tears over the trials of a friend, and finally get right down and have a good, old-fashioned sick spell, and then wonder what ever caused it.

This sort of thing naturally brings the science into disrepute, and draws a veil between us and the desired goal. Most of us know all about these difficulties (I admit they are the lion in our way) but what are we going to do about it? We have heard the story of the giant whose head was in heaven and his feet in hell. That giant is yourself and he is myself.

Man is functioning on three different planes—the physical, psychical and spiritual. The first we recognize by means of the physical senses; the second is testified of by thousands of clairvoyants, and few are the minds that have not had glimpses into this realm. With the third realm we are less familiar, but we become cognizant of it by seeking it "in the silence," or when the external mind is quiet, and desiring above all other things to find it. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven."

I have said we had an existence on three distinct planes, but there are not three of me or of you. The one that is formed by the blending of the three is the mystery that is so hard to comprehend; and the inharmony that is the result of the lack of understanding it and living accordingly, is the cause of all the misery that is, or can be, in this world.

Our higher self, or innermost being, is in perfect accord with that eternal and omnipotent principle we call God. Consequently it knows not suffering or fear or pain. Now, you understand the parable of the giant. But we are not content that our head alone should be

in heaven. We would raise our whole being. How? By letting the law of our higher self become the law of our whole being. Recognize no voice save the wisdom of the higher self.

By my thoughts I can polarize my body and its environment in harmony with hell, or I can just as easily polarize it with that which is in heaven.

This is the secret that is almost too great, and yet almost too simple, for us to understand.

I may meet any disagreeable condition, person or thing. If I yield to that condition, person or thing, through fear of it or anger at it, I vibrate in harmony with it, or go to its plane; but if I hold steadfastly to the vibration of my higher self. I will surely bring it to my exalted plane, from whence it becomes my ally. Thus we may overcome any beast, or any disease, or any undesirable condition or environment.

When we have attained to this exalted state by living it in all the petty details of life, until it becomes as much a part of our involuntary nature as our breathing now is, then our power will be practically unlimited, and we can preserve our bodies through countless ages if we so desire.

It is the work of the spirit to bring all that is its own to this higher plane. A tiger lives on the animal plane, and does not suffer. The same is true of savage man; but if I know a greater portion of the higher law than I am expressing, I am out of harmony with this higher self, and I will surely pay the penalty, and continue to do so until I comply with the law. There is no reason that we should judge others, for the law is exact; and if we do judge we must judge by the law. "Judge righteous judgment," Jesus says.

Every time any trouble, either great or small, comes upon us, let us stop and inquire of ourselves from whence the inharmony comes; for just as surely as we restore the harmony the trouble will cease.

Here are some practical methods that I have found useful in maintaining that equilibrium which is necessary if we find the goal of happiness and power. I always keep the thought uppermost that my higher self is leading the way—raising my external consciousness to its heaven.

One affirmation is especially helpful; that is the affirmation, "I Am." When confusion comes from without, I call my thoughts home for a few brief moments; then with full, heathful breathing affirm over and over, "I am love." Try it. You cannot hold two thoughts at the same time. The temptation to fly down to that old uncomfortable state of mind will vanish, and the effect is very exhilarating. If I want information on any particular subject, I regulate the bodily vibrations to the harmony of the affirmation, "I am wisdom," until I feel very quiet. Then I wait for the answer. It may not always come at once; but never mind—try again. In like manner I may affirm, "I am health," "I am success," etc. Of course, the effort always is to get in touch with the "I am" or center of my being. Having accomplished this as nearly as possible, I state my desire in words, expecting that if it be for my greater good my desire will be realized.

The busiest lives can take a few moments for this purpose just before sleeping, or when special light is needed. Then will we grow nearer and nearer the "kingdom of heaven," to which all other things shall be added.

ELLA M. HOGAN,




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HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Fla

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have put off writing to you, to tell you of my continued improvement longer, far longer, than I intended, but by no means have I forgotten how much of it I owe to you.

As I think, mamma wrote I intended doing, I started in school the first week of February. Although it tired me (apparently) at first, it did me far more good than harm. It took my mind away from myself and gave me something to work for, to desire.

We all hope to go to Sea Breeze at the first opportunity which opens. All my hopes, all mamma's, all papa's, center on that one point. We should like to be at the Convention. However, whether we can or not, I know "All is Good." I grow stronger all the time; I can do things now with no difficulty which were nearly impossible last summer; and not only is my body stronger, but my mind.—J. G. B., Lakeview, Minn.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—I feel that I may now call myself really well. I believe all that I require to keep me in most exuberant spirits and unbundled courage is sufficient sleep and reasonably regular meals. I suppose one must expect to conform to ordinary rules of hygiene while remaining in the flesh. With most heartfelt thanks for your faithful treatment, I remain always very sincerely—A. H., New York.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—The weeks go so fast, and from day to day I think what I will write to Mrs. Wilmans. I am better in so many ways. Why, mentally I am not the same woman. Everything on the face of the earth looks different to me. I sleep better, and I can get my left arm back and hook my dress skirt without much trouble, and three weeks ago I would nearly faint to even try it. I have not felt discouraged one bit since I commenced the treatments. I know I am to be well; and then I am to stay well. When I do not feel just right I immediately start for Sea Breeze, mentally, and I can assure you I am not long in finding dear Mrs. Wilmans, and at once a change comes to me.—N. H. P., 101 Western Ave., Cambridgeport, Mass.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Several days have elapsed since receiving your kind (and as usual) helpful letter. I am feeling a greater strength, and power to overcome. And at times feel that I am surely becoming master. At such times I am almost afraid to speak of it, as that same old fear that has so long held me in bondage suggests, "It is only transitory."—E. L. W., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your letter just received and it has encouraged me so much. Yesterday in reading FREEDOM, the article by H. W. Dam on the "Infinite Ether" first brought me to a realization of the omnipresence of the life principle all about me and all through me. I begin to see that nothing but good can come to me unless I bring it through my thoughts. I am beginning to feel all through me more courage and more hopefulness and am losing all discouraging thoughts. My greatest enemy has always been fear. But indeed I am not so much to blame for that, for it was wholly in my bringing up. I was always repressed and kept under, and now I am feeling the consequences. However, I at last feel that there is something within that will conquer. It seemed to me that your editorial was written especially for me; any way it fitted. About five years ago I had what I considered a great trouble, but which has since proved to be a great blessing. And it had such an effect on me that I think the moss began to collect on me. Although not even middle aged at that time I began to grow old. But now I am growing young; I am leaving off my

glasses; I read FREEDOM all through without them and am writing this without them. And another thing: for twenty-eight years I have been a victim of eczema in my hands, but this winter that has gone. So you see the lessons did me some good before I came for treatment. I have also discovered what it is to keep my will in evidence this last week. Now it only remains for me to put these good things in practice. Oh! I will get there.—H. M. O., Lynn, Mass.

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