

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. 47.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, MAY 8, 1901.

SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

THE SOUL'S NECESSITIES.

Why should you not build a perfect habitation for the occupancy of your soul, since it is only through the soul's presence in the physical body that eternal life in the flesh is made possible?

Every individual aspires, at some stage in life, to have a home of his own. The mind formulates the sort of home that would be most desirable. If you are put into a little old log cabin, poorly furnished, away up some lonely mountain gulch, with no neighboring associates save the aborigines of the forest, it will not be long before you become dissatisfied and discontented. In your early youth you had pictured to yourself a vastly different habitation when you should settle down to the necessities of life; and this beginning is a sore disappointment to you. You soon tire of this sort of life and there is a yearning for something better—for something more in keeping with your tastes and desires. These desires grow apace and finally become so strong that you find yourself developing plans, by which you will be able to extricate yourself from your present deplorable surroundings. Your plans succeed, and in time you find yourself occupying more acceptable and commodious quarters, and near enough to civilization to be able to hang over the gate with your neighbors. This is glory alongside of what you recently left.

But time passes and a more prosperous neighbor builds a home that far excels yours in every way. This is the incentive to renewed ambitions and new-found desires on your part; and you begin to again grow weary of the plainness of your surroundings, and crave for something still better than your progressive neighbor possesses. Your friends admonish you that you ought to be satisfied with what you have, since you are comfortable and there is such an improvement over the past; but you heed not this advice, and your ambition to excel is only equaled by the intensity of your desire to outshine all previous and prospective comers. In time you attain the height of your ambition.

Now, I have no criticism to make concerning success attained through the medium of ambition and desire, only when they are employed for purely material ends. Desire is the basis of all life growth. It is the most powerful factor in the creative world. It is the creative force within man. Otherwise success could not be attained through its employment. Every success is the product of desire. Empires are built and thrones destroyed through the power of desire. Why not build a home for the soul by the employment of the same divine force?

Having reached the heights of your material am-

bition, what comes next? You have passed three score and ten. What has your architect done for you in the way of building for your future? These are plans that he has not been working upon, you say. Have you been working on them yourself, or, in your haste to excel your neighbor, did you forget that there was such a thing as the future? You have drunk your fullness of the joys of material life; now, what is to become of your soul—the eternal force within?

Ah! my friend, that is the question. You gave your soul nothing but a hovel for a home, and when you went into your new, spacious, beautiful apartments, you did not build a similar habitation for the divine part of you; but you left it in the same old log cabin away up the gulch, to suffer in solitude and loneliness, friendless and forsaken. Do you think your soul would stand this sort of treatment always? No, but it was more patient and enduring than you were. You jumped from squalor into affluence in the twinkling of an eye, but your soul staid in the same old hovel until all hope of recognition had vanished. Then it sought a period of rest and quiet before again assuming the labors of further experiences.

This was when your physical body was entombed in the soil of earth. Death came when the soul could endure your treatment no longer. Death comes at no other time. Remember this when you are treating your body in a careless manner, and are failing to recognize the rights of the eternal life force to a share in your joys and blessings.

It was never intended that the soul should be compelled to vacate its physical habitation, after man reached a conscious state of growth. While in unconscious growth there is no help for it. There is no conscious recognition of the laws governing life, and there can, therefore, be no knowledge of the soul's desires and necessities. But now that man is supposed to have attained to a conscious knowledge of the Universal laws of life, there is no longer any excuse for not giving these laws full recognition and building the physical body to conform to all the necessities of their fullest demands.

There has been some excuse in the past for man's failure to recognize the eternal life force within, but the growth of the human race has now reached a degree of development where it is possible to understand the soul's necessities and requirements. This fact becomes of inconceivable value, when it is understood that it has been alone through individual effort that this high state of development has been attained. So persistent has been man's desire to ascertain his own status respecting his

eternal heritage, that the truths have come to him, as all truths come, through unceasing appeals to his Intuitive Self.

When you drive this Intuitive Self (which is your Ego) away from you, and lie down and die, what have you accomplished? You have retarded, for an indefinite period, the growth of your own self, with no counter results of any value whatever.

Why should you not, then, perfect this physical body for the perpetual home of your *you* that now inhabits it? Why should you not make it the most beautiful habitation that human eyes ever rested upon? Why should you not bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the Greek gods of old, whose gaze might rest upon the beauty and symmetry of your magnificent physique? Why should you not surpass in gigantic intellect and profound knowledge the Herculean philosophers of ancient and modern schools? Is there any rational reason? No.

There lies within the brain of man, in latency, the knowledge of the ages. He has but to recognize this fact, and attune his whole physical being to the cadence of his soul, and this knowledge will flow forth as do the waters of the silvery sea to quench the thirst of the golden sunbeams.

If your desire is to live on and on, why not do so? You would not possess this desire if it were not intended that you should ultimately live on in the physical body through all eternity. Knowing this fact, why not make an effort to fulfill Nature's design? It is by no means a difficult task to get started on the right road. But you cannot do it so long as you hold fast to the dogmatic teachings that have cursed the world for the past two thousand years. You must take up an entirely new line of thought—the thought that harmonizes with every desire in the human breast, whose object is the discovery of the Eternal Truth respecting man's relations to the Universal laws governing all life.

In order to provide for the soul's necessities in the physical body, you must build for it the most perfect structure of which the genius of the gods can conceive. It must be a paradise of the richest splendor, and as firmly established as the foundations of the Universe, of which it is a part. You must drink deep of the waters of Eternal Life that the soul may not thirst; and you must eat freely of the unleavened bread of Truth that the same may not hunger.

When you can bring the physical body up to this exalted standard of perfection, then will the soul's necessities have achieved a glorious victory over sin, sickness, poverty, old age and death.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

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.

THAT MEDICAL BILL.

[From the Daytona Gazette-News.]

Considerable feeling is being stirred up by the medical bill introduced in the Legislature at the instance of the Florida Medical Association, and so far as we have heard expressions from our own citizens, as well as what comes from the press of the State, the almost universal opinion is that the doctors are in the wrong. There is already a state law giving a board composed of resident physicians authority to examine those who wish to practice with drugs, and if reports are true, they have used the law to their own advantage quite as much as is desirable.

Our tourist business is largely the result of good advice given by physicians in the North, to people to come to Florida for their health. Why is it necessary for the health of the people of Florida that these physicians, holding diplomas similar to those of our resident physicians, should be compelled to pay a fee to, and pass examination before a board of Florida doctors, directly interested in preventing them from taking any portion of the practice? If the doctors here are anxious about the health of our citizens, and believe their school of practice the true one, why should not the law permit any physician coming from anywhere with a certificate from any other State Medical Board, to go ahead and practice? If the doctors are the good thing they say they are, we can't have too many of them; and it seems only fair after the Northern doctors have sent their patients down here, that they be allowed to come along, pay their railroad fare and hotel bills, and doctor folks if they want to, and the people want then. Is it to be supposed that the Medical Board of this State is a better judge of the qualifications of a physician of their own school than are the Medical Boards of other States? Are the resident doctors of our State trying to get a cinch on the whole doctoring business, rather than to care for the health of our people?

These are questions being asked by a good many people in Florida, and are entitled to consideration. We favor patronizing home talent when home talent looks to the interest of the public; but do we want to exclude from doing business in the state the physicians who annually send us thousands of tourists? And if we are to protect home talent, why discriminate against other home talent in the interest of the resident doctors?

When a stagnant pool is stirred up, a lot of things are liable to come to the surface. We have just been told that a gentleman, graduate of a school of Osteopathy, came here to locate and practice, but found that under the law he would be held a criminal if he took pay for his work, and he left.

We have made some inquiries about Osteopathy, and find that the practice consists wholly of the manipulation of the different muscles and tendons of the body, with certain rules of diet; that it has the support of many intelligent people, and that there are regular graduates of such schools in the North who are required before being graduated to know all about the human body, so that they may judge what muscles or tendons are affected, and need care. Why should they be compelled to abandon our State, if people wish to employ them? Or why should our citizens be deprived of their services at the dictation of a Medical Board?

The truth is, if we are correctly informed, that num-

bers of tourist invalids have asked for such treatment, having employed it to the relief of their sufferings in the North, and that not being able to get a regular instructed Osteopath here, have employed a negro to manipulate them under their own direction the best they could; and that one old colored woman had acquired some little skill in the work, and that in the absence of any one more skilled, her services have been in considerable demand. Must our tourist friends, or our own citizens, be refused permission to employ a colored party to rub and twist their limbs and restore circulation where it is imperfect, in order that a "regular" doctor may be called in and administer drugs that the patient does not think he needs? If a man wants to pay a nigger 25 cents to rub his lame back, is the nigger to be arrested and jailed unless the man first pays a doctor \$2.50 to say he needs his back rubbed?

These are questions, too, that are being asked by a good many people.

There are said to be a million Christian Scientists in the United States. That is probably an exaggeration; but there are unquestionably a very large number. All that the editor knows about them he has gathered from sources open to the public, and he is not one of them. But they have some of the finest church edifices in the country anywhere, and must have among them a large proportion of educated, intelligent and wealthy people, and it is none of our business to keep them from coming to Florida, or from following what they consider the scriptural method of healing. Doubtless there may have been deaths among them that might have been avoided by calling a physician; but how many deaths have there been because a doctor was called? This question is also being asked.

We have Mental Scientists among us who have done much to build up our town, and who are universally classed among our very best and most desirable citizens.

They think they know much that doctors do not know about certain natural laws, and they offer proofs of having healed many whom the doctors have failed to heal, and they have friends and followers in every portion of the globe, and their published works are regarded as extremely able and sell largely in Europe as well as in America. Why should they be driven out or declared criminals liable to be arrested and thrust into jail for receiving pay from people who say they have got their money's worth?

Really, now, is it certain that our Florida doctors know so much more than all the rest of the doctors and of all the new schools of healing, that they should be given permission to keep all the rest out?

We suggest the reading of the bill, or of that clause which contains the provision defining the practice of medicine which we publish herewith. It certainly covers the ground completely. If the bill passes, and there is thereafter any assistance anybody can render a sick person for pay, without having a certificate as a regular doctor, it is evident that the doctors do not believe it.

THAT MEDICAL BILL.

SECTION 5. For the purpose of this act the words "Practice Medicine" shall mean to suggest, recommend, prescribe or direct for the use of any person any drug, medicine, appliance, apparatus or other agency, whether material or not material, for the cure, relief or palliation of any ailment or disease of the mind or body, or for the cure or relief of any wound, fracture or other

bodily injury or deformity, after having received, or with intent of receiving therefrom, whether directly or indirectly, any bonus, gift or compensation.

Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof be liable to be fined not more than \$500, or imprisoned not more than thirty days in the county jail, or both, in the discretion of the court.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt, pastor of the People's Methodist Episcopal Church of Reading, Pa., has created a sensation, both in that city and Baltimore, by contending that ministers of the gospel should be excluded from the sick room.

He took that position in a recent address to the graduating class of the Baltimore University of Medicine.

Last Sunday night, in a sermon delivered in his own church, he said:

"Yes, I was correctly reported as saying: 'Young doctors, the presence of a happy, cheerful man or woman in a sick room may prove a benediction, while that of a long-faced, sepulchral-voiced Christian is almost certain death.'"

"The very presence of the minister in the sick room is cause for alarm," Dr. Harcourt said Sunday night. "His solemn countenance, his tone of voice, his tiptoeing around the sick bed, is a grave cause for alarm; but when he approaches the patient, and, with sad countenance, looks into his face, feels his pulse and then heaves a sigh and says: 'Let us have a few words of prayer,' such a dose of ministerial ministrations is enough to make a well man sick, and no doctor can overcome its effects."

In another part of his sermon the doctor remarked, "I fully believe that many deaths have been hastened by the unwise visitation of ministers at a critical time. The sick room is not a place to prepare for death. Not one reform in a hundred brought about in a sick room is genuine. Our methods as ministers in dealing with criminals who are to be hanged or electrocuted are enough to bring the Christian religion into contempt." In conclusion, he said: "Keep the minister, the long-faced, sepulchral-voiced minister, out of the sick room. Let him grapple with men in life. This will try his grit and grace, but keep him from taking advantage of a man in the hour of his weakness, when unable to defend himself."

The above clipping is real good evidence to prove that the ministers are coming to their senses along with the rest of the world. Dr. Harcourt has given one of the most impressive illustrations of the effect of the mind upon the body that could possibly be found. It is exactly in line with the teachings of Mental Science.

There are a great many Mental Scientists who do not know that they are such. Probably Dr. Harcourt would deny being one, but at least he gives perfectly good Mental Science advice, both to his congregation and the young doctors.—*The Metropolis*.

SELF-TREATMENT

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This little booklet contains the very pith and essence of self-healing and is invaluable as pocket guide to mental and physical health and strength. A new edition bound in a pretty cover has just issued from the hands of the printer. It should not only be in your possession but in your friends' as well, and the price is within reach of all. Price 10 cents; three for 25 cents; six for 50 cents. Address THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Fla.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

THE SCRAP BOOK DEPARTMENT.

OPTIMISM.

I'm no reformer; for I see more light
Than darkness in the world. Mine eyes are quick
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.
The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give its thorn;
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night hawk's cry.
An e'en in the great throes of pain called life,
I find a rapture linked with each despair
Well worth the price of anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The true reformer is never a pessimist, never a croaker. He sees more light than anybody, for he sees the light where the way is hidden; and more—he sees where and how it ought to shine; and, further, where it can and will shine through his effort.

He is a prophet of the ethical possibility of that which is hidden by the darkness, and having the courage of his conviction; for the power to perceive the truth is always accompanied with the courage to promulgate it—he sets about clearing the way in the face of all opposition irrespective of the "long established" and "generally accepted."

He has to be possessed with a sublime species of courage that is based upon an equity that is greater than justice; for it is the even balance between right and wrong in the consciousness and the hearts of men. Equity is the principle. Justice is the act of conforming to this principle.

The reformer has this spiritual comprehension of the rightness of that which is natural and elemental, and so is far-sighted in his perception; he sees clearly the dense darkness of the way, but he perceives the light shining within it; and though friends desert and foes malign, he keeps on his way of reclamation, even though death overtakes him in the struggle. The whole world is always and eternally debtor to his effort; he is the humble ruler of every new dominion, the disclaiming victor of every conquest. He pays the penalty for his far-sightedness too frequently by personal loss and individual defeat—but he is above it all; for he sees the end from the beginning; and whether he lives or not he knows he has opened the rugged way and trodden it—perhaps alone—that others may walk more safely and intelligently. Every country has some one pioneer who has opened its fastnesses and waste places; who has declared in the teeth of snarling ignorance, amid the hue and cry of the prejudiced majority, the facts about themselves and their times, and worked with every nerve set tense and every faculty alive to interests for the common good of all. Can such an one fail? Is it possible for such an one to feel a personal loss; to "take to heart" or understand an individual defeat? No.

"Speak, History; who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?"

The optimist is not so rare as may be generally supposed. There are more people who look on the bright side of their rough experiences, who hold fast to hope in the midst of down fall and defeat, than there are those who pity themselves and waste valuable time in vain regrets; more who rise valiantly from disaster, than there are those who sink under it. There are more happy people than unhappy; more who are intelligently contented with their own particular phase of environment, than those who are discontented. I never found any one yet who wanted to change places with another. It is natural for most people to look upon the best side of things; to take the cheerful view; just as natural as it is for a bird to sing or a flower to bloom. I think most of us know people whom no amount of what is called ill luck can discourage or break down; who sharpen their wit and "get funny" over really "scaly" experiences, and bless God for their ability to laugh over them. Such people are the "high lights" in the great Picture of existence. They "tone" and brighten the "canvas" of this manifestation, which shows and proves the fact of infinite variety that is bound in the assemblage of the Whole.

We all gravitate naturally to the cheery, happy people. We are intoxicated with their exultance. They keep the pool stirred by their vital touch. They are pleasing novelties in the tedium of prosaic lives, and serve as a relief to pressure—a panacea to suffering, a tonic to depression. In other words, they are necessary joys in this world of ours.

Yet I have a word to speak in the cause of those whose lives are pitched in the minor key; in whose lives there is a "rift in the flute"—these too serve because they are themselves—a word to speak in behalf of the shadow, the cloud and the thorn; for I love the wholeness of this life, this wonderful expression of existence—all the marvellous intelligence, all this evidence of individual power and interesting identity on this beautiful earth of ours—to which we do not pay half homage; for in its detail there seems a meaning that countless incarnations could not unravel. I love to trace the correspondence that runs in and up through all its phases as far as I am able to discern or reason about.

Variety is unquestionably essential to the sum total, to the perfection of all that exists and shows.

The shadow has its place of power; the cloud its prophecy; the thorn its purpose. Each has its special sphere of use.

If the same aspect were to obtain indefinitely, then death, indeed, would be sure and annihilation certain. Change is the link of each successive advance. Were the sun to shine continuously its brightness would become a calamity. We could not have the joy that comes at waking, revel in "the first dim radiance of the dawn." Without the protection of the thorn, the rose could not stand inviolate and breathe its perfume to its lover.

We love and admire through contrast. Close to mirth lies tears; the other side of humor is pathos. I was reading Riley's "Runaway Boy" the other evening to a party of friends, wherein he describes so heartfully the little fellow's feelings when he feels the pangs of regret, loneliness and self-pity for having run away.

"By reason of his parents not being
At all up to his rigid standard and
Requirements and exactions as a son
And disciplinarian."

* * *
"The central hurt of it slow spreading till
It did possess the little face entire;
And there grew to be a knuckled knot—
An aching kind of core within his throat—

An ache all dry and swallowless," etc., and I suddenly discovered the "knuckled knot" in my own throat, and the moist eyes of my listeners showed me the sympathy that had been stirred for the little child heart hurt, despite the whimsical and faithful portraiture and wholesome lesson taught. Sometimes the gayest, merriest people are those whose nature is in the minor key. I know one person of whom this is especially true. As an Irish maid said of her, "She always looks as though she had just heard good news." A young lady said to her recently, "You make me think of what Emerson said of the one person whom he knew 'who always came in looking as though he had just heard of some great good fortune to himself.'" This is the reverse side of her nature, and she could not be so much of one, if she did not possess the other. We talk about overcoming. If there were nothing to overcome, there would be no need of effort; and effort is the spirit that inhabits the atom, and the essence of all that is seen or known.

What is it to work if there is nothing to work for? Struggle in the process of every development. We must lift our own weight in order to climb. You see I have not spoken about the croakers. But they too, have their use—to show us what we have escaped being.

"There's ever a song some where, my dear;
There's ever a something that sings away;
There's the song of the lark when the sky is clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

"The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out when the eaves drip rain
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

"There's ever a song some where, my dear—
In the midnight black or the midday blue.
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

"The buds may blow and the fruits may grow—
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
There's ever a song some where, my dear."

ELIZA HOOD TALBOT,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

WELL NOW!

From *George's Weekly* of Denver, Colorado, I quote the following:

"It is amusing to read the criticisms of the daily papers upon T. J. Shelton, the Christian Science healer. The *Post* is particularly bitter in its denunciation of Mr. Shelton's 'graft.' Nobody's 'graft' but the *Post's* 'graft' goes with the *Post*. What T. J. Shelton ought to do is to offer Tammen a half interest in his \$50,000-a-year 'graft' and he would hear no more of it. The postoffice department will meet with poor success in bothering Mr. Shelton. The same sort of a scheme was undertaken by the department at Washington to 'break up Helen Wilmsans.' The result was that the department was flooded with mail sack after mail sack full of letters from people claiming to have been cured, and the man who conducted the investigation finally embraced Mental Science, and that ended it,

A DAY DREAM.

I saw a boundless ocean—an ocean having no horizon, but spreading away into endless depths of space in every direction save one; and here there rose a steep, shelving shore, towering above me into radiant heights from which my dazzled eyes fell away—blinded; an ocean not of water, nor of any fluid, but of luminous air, or of light; clear, transparent, brilliant. It broke not in waves, but yet was full of motion, and (I felt) was also full of pulsating, vibrating, intensest life.

As I have said, this shining sea neither broke in waves nor curled in surf, but flowed or swelled in upon a shelving shore, smooth and even, offering no obstacle to the tide but the steepness of its slope. And I felt—I know not how—that in the steady, resistless flow of that great ocean there was a soundless voice; the silent cry, the unuttered word, of a Great Desire—a desire so great, so wide, so boundless, and so all-pervading that there could be no voice, nor sound, nor word, able to express it.

It was the life impulse of a universe of universes.

And then I marked upon the edge of the tide flowing so softly, but irresistibly, up the rising beach, all along its shining, gleaming edge, small definite points of more intense brilliancy.

And the points grew more and more distinct, and each one was the highest point of one of the little curving wavelets, which formed the advancing fringe of the tide as it rose. And they grew, these points, before my eyes, and they passed through every form familiar to the eye of man upon the earth; and every shape of Life, until the glorious figure of Man—man male and female—in multitudes, fringed the rising tide of that luminous ocean and climbed its steep slope—not cast up, nor thrown ashore, and thus separated from that which gave them birth, but carried and borne up, every limb, every finger, aye, every hair upon their divine heads floating on, and in, and held up by, the gleaming flood.

And I—I know not how—sensed that their whole beings, their very thoughts, were not only nourished and sustained by—but *were of* the substance of this shining, splendid sea.

And again, I—not knowing how—felt the demand each man and woman made for Good; and I was conscious of the Desire growing in each individual soul; and I saw each open his or her hands in the luminous sea; and when the hands closed again, behold—each held his or her desire.

And a voice from within myself spoke and said, "This is the sea of Being; behold thyself climbing the steep ascent of Life; see how thou, too, camest into expression, and behold what now thou art. Offspring of All Good—what lackest thou? Ask and have!"

And at last I understood. EYRA MERSDON.

NEW SONGS AND POPULAR MELODIES.

We want to publish a collection of Mental Science and New Thought songs set to popular melodies. Friends interested are requested to forward originals or reprints. A bound volume of these selected will be mailed free of charge to all whose selections are first received and accepted for publication. Address THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Florida,

MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

This magazine, among other good things, contains an article called "George Eliot's Own Love Story," from which I give a short extract:

There has been a singular reticence on the part of writers and critics touching the unique and peculiar romance of George Eliot's private life, nor can we find anything in her own stories which might be interpreted as the faintest apology for her unaccountable departure from the recognized social code.

Born in a quiet country neighborhood and surrounded by all the influences of pronounced Evangelical churchmanship, she early displayed the strongest religious tendencies, making her first known attempt at authorship in verses of that character. It is a well known fact, however, that her religious views underwent a radical change, when she was about twenty-two years of age, which so offended her father that she was obliged for a time to leave home and support herself by teaching. In writing to a friend about that time, she says of "Jane Eyre":

"I would like to know what you admire in it. All self-sacrifice is good, but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man, soul and body, to a putrefying carcass."

It will be remembered that Rochester wished Jane to marry him despite the fact that his lunatic wife still lived.

As assistant-editor of *The Westminster Review*, in 1851, some ten years later, she was thrown into the society of many prominent personages, among them Herbert Spencer, who introduced her to Mr. Lewes. Up to this period only the philosophical, analytical side of Mary Ann Evans's personality had found expression in print, but the wonderful genius which had before lain dormant, or had given only an occasional hint of its existence, under Lewes's fostering and appreciative care, soon thrilled the world.

We find among her letters very meager allusions to what Mr. Cross calls her "union with Mr. George Henry Lewes, whose family life had been irretrievably spoiled and his home broken up for nearly two years."

From Jersey she wrote in 1857:

"I am happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to a healthy activity."

The entire article is full of interest; so is the whole magazine, for that matter; but anything connected with George Eliot's life catches my immediate attention. What a wonderful woman she was, and how incomprehensible her conduct! She stood like some colossal statue of defiance in the face of the world's most cherished social law for years and years, until it seemed as if she was victor, and the law in ruins. Then she yielded, lay down defeated, not knowing how nearly she had conquered. And it was well for the world that she did not know. The establishment of her position would have meant social chaos.

The *Modern Culture Magazine* is published in Cleveland, Ohio. Price one dollar a year.

Everything we use is an expression of a thought. Back of the thought of man is the great infinite thought, and thought is ever seeking expression. As the planting of seed is to the crop which springs up, so is the thought to the expression which follows it—every seed bringing forth after its own kind.

Think of the great changes in the animal and vegetable world, even in our own time, that have been brought about by the power of intelligent thinking. Notice how the great thought of love is softening, smoothing

and unifying mankind, so that we are catching a faint glimpse of a possible time, when the brotherhood of man will not only be an ideal, but a fact.

We are learning that we are all creative. We can let our thought be at one with the great infinite thought, and create beauty, joy, health, gladness, love, success and an abundance of all good things; or we can set our teeth, and pull back, and insist that poverty and hatred, sickness and all negative conditions, are here to stay, and we are helpless. To arise each new morning with the glad consciousness that we are one with the great creative life principle, that we are here for the express purpose of manifesting this—assures our success.

Think of the things which you wish to see manifested. Never doubt the infinite power of life to bring them forth. The wilderness can be turned into an Eden, and the desert be made to blossom like the garden of the Lord, by persistently thinking in that direction, and following it up with vigorous effort. Think upward and never lose sight of a better time coming. The only hard time is when one is learning to think the new way, learning to persistently stick to it. When once it has become a habit, life will take on new meaning, and also new conditions.

I can set my seal to this, for I have tried it, and know whereof I speak. I have felt the weight of the burden double under the mandate of the downward thought, and I have been delivered from it, and come into a land flowing with milk and honey, from continually thinking upward.

VOLNEY PALMER.

LET US HAVE FAITH.

The first physicians studiously sought the aid of faith for their medicaments, and sometimes these cured by faith alone. If the modern practitioner does not rely on the same mental science, why so much mystery? Why is the prescription written in a jargon worse than any dead language? Why do the doctors separate themselves from all other business men by refusing to advertise, though sedulously recognizing its value in their hearts, and in dealings with the reporter? Why does the consulting physician invariably indorse the practice that has made his coming necessary, even while changing everything, including the air in the sickroom? Unless there is much yet dark to the most learned physician why is not medicine an exact science? If hope and cheer be distinct items in recovery, why scorn the belief that mind may do even more for the body? Unless the physician be no longer a Christian, why refuse to believe that faith may do less than remove mountains? If it be only the good of the patient they have in mind when they appeal to the law and beg for legislation, why indulge in bitterness and invective? Why not punish all quackery, allopathic, homeopathic or other, and let the good stand?

On the other hand, if faith be the great panacea why is suffering permitted to exist? If the healer be what he claims he need fear no man-made law—his is the might of nature and the influences of the rolling spheres. At least let us have done with the strife, the charges and the recriminations. Law cannot affect true science nor avail against natural forces—here, at least, the triumph of right is sure. When Galileo recanted, did the sun move or the earth stand still? When Bruno was condemned, did the lightnings give him a halo in the eyes of all men?—*Times-Union and Citizen, Jacksonville, Fla.*

WE ARE COMING.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—We will be there. Yes, we are coming to Sea Breeze next November, and what a Thanksgiving day we will have! I have a little day-book in which I dot down the names of those who have expressed themselves favorable to an attendance on that occasion. Oh! what a gathering that will be; bright, thinking men and women from every state in the United States, and intelligent, thinking representative men and women from many other nations on this globe. Yes, we are coming, Helen. Yours kindly,

JOHN LA BAN.
Veedersburg, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Of course you did not mean me when you said for those who expected to come to the Convention to send in their names, because you remember I told you months and months ago that I was certainly coming, if I had to walk there—barefooted. I have not the faintest idea where the money is to come from to get me there, but it has got to come; so that settles it. This is the first Convention I have ever wanted to attend, and will be the only one I will ever have attended.

I have not talked with any of the members of our association; but wish to write to you now—glad to say a word to you after this long absence.

While I am saying, do let me remark that there is one thing you do that bothers me a great deal. It nearly makes me wild when you would seem to cast any kind of slur on FREEDOM—as though FREEDOM could be slurred. What do you suppose the subscribers care whether it is paper or magazine or any other form, since we all know, and you know, there is not any such other Mental Science publication in the country? Now, if that is not enough sweet talk I think you are hard to please. With sincere regards I am yours truly,

MRS. G. E. G. DE BORGES.

WHY SHOULD ORTHODOX MEDICINE DREAD COMPETITION?

Irregular practitioners of healing arts are finding at Albany that eternal vigilance is the price of toleration. A little while ago it was Christian Science that was to be rooted out; then it was Osteopathy, and now it is hypnotism and suggestive therapeutics.

No doubt there is much quackery in all these schools. It is not entirely unknown in the regular practice of medicine. But such progress as has been made thus far in the knowledge of the human body, and of the art of treating its diseases, has been made through the liberty of the individual to subject himself to experiment. If the various kinds of practitioners were to match graveyards the cemeteries of the regulars would be found not the least imposing.

And when the regular physicians make medicine a true science they will not find it necessary to run to the Legislature for laws to protect themselves against the competition of heretical outsiders. The astronomers do not have to work for statutes to keep the public from deserting them for the expounders of the doctrine that the sun does move.—*New York Journal*, April 21st.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

Herbert Wilcockson of St. Paul, Minnesota, writes: "In one of the recent issues of FREEDOM you made the remark that as a paper was but an ephemeral thing you did not know but that perhaps your time would be better spent in some effort that would last longer, in the way of books, etc."

Did you ever stop to think what a bright ray of sunshine this little paper brings into every home, that is fortunate enough to know its value, every week—how it is looked for by many a longing heart that is seeking the truth? Did you ever stop to think how much it is prized; how many of your readers cut clippings therefrom and paste them into a large book that will be an everlasting record to the honor of your name; how many others save all the copies and have them bound in beautiful volumes to which they can refer in moments of despondency and despair? And did you ever stop to think how easy it is to spread the glorious Truth by handing this paper to our friends? How many of us could afford to give away a book every week? Not many. How easy it is to carry this paper in the pocket until we find some poor soul in darkness, but looking for the light, and then to drop this paper into his hands with a few words of help, strength and encouragement! May be you have thought of these things; but as it was FREEDOM that first showed me the light, that first brought me into contact with your great name; as it was this paper that lifted me out of darkness, sin and death to eternal happiness and everlasting youth, how can I but praise its name? And, therefore, for the sake of suffering humanity I say:

Let freedom swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Till every soul it frees.

Of course, a beautiful monthly magazine might be just as well, and even better; but I for one object to discontinuing FREEDOM for the sake of books. Why can you not collect the best thought you put into this paper and publish same as a book, thus killing two birds with one stone? Of course it would amount to a great deal more work, but that seems to be what you are looking for.

You know the very first time I heard your name—which, by the way, was only a short time ago—I took a fancy to you—I do not know quite why; but one thing is because the first part of your name is just like mine, Wil, and wherever you find a will there is a way.

Referring to the medical discussions and legislative bills seeking to repress the mental healers, I think this is the situation in a nutshell:

Moses to Ikey: "My son Abe is a doctor. He went to visit his patients last week in der hospital. Abe says to der nurse, 'How are dey getting along?' Der nurse says, 'Doctor, nine of dem are dead!' Abe says, 'It's funny; I left medicine for ten.'"

[Ed. A beautiful monthly magazine is what will take the place of the weekly FREEDOM when the time comes to make the change. It strikes me that I am in no great hurry about it. It will do to talk about a while first.]

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.

FREEDOM

WEEKLY.

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

HELEN WILMANS, Editor and Publisher.

Subscriptions received in money order, bank draft, cheque, express money order or currency. Stamps also received, but those who can send remittance in other form will oblige by so doing. In ordering change of address it is necessary to give former address as well as new one.

Please take notice that 48 copies count for one year.

ADVERTISING.

If you want our special public—the thinkers—to hear from you, you must advertise in the best of the new thought papers. FREEDOM is getting great praise as yielding splendid returns for the money spent in advertising. Several of our advertisers say they have found nothing to compare with it. Write for our terms, and always send a copy of the advertisement you wish us to carry. Address

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

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

The date at which subscriptions expire is printed on the wrappers of all papers sent out and this is a receipt for the money received. We cannot send a receipt for single subscriptions any other way, since to do so is wholly unnecessary and would be a very considerable expense in time and postage.

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

Sea Breeze is now an International money order office. Our patrons will please make all money orders payable on this place.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

Will our foreign subscribers do us the favor of sending us the addresses of such of their friends as might become interested in Mental Science? Our foreign mail is large, and there is no reason why it should not be larger. It will be larger if we can get the names we need.

Send postal for the health pamphlet. It is free. It is called "The Highest Power of All."

"Scientific Optimism," the Mental Science department in Mr. George's paper, is unusually fine in his April 13 issue. This part of the paper improves right straight along.

The Christian Science healers who were arrested in Milwaukee, Wis., for violation of the medical law of that state were released, the judge pronouncing the law unconstitutional.

The mummified Pharaohs of the past century here in Florida have worked themselves up into a condition of the most agonizing fear about the mental method of healing, or rather about the money that is being paid to the disciples of the mental method. They are offering the misguided public who employ these healers the benefit of their protection; and the public does not ap-

preciate the kindness. Their love is being wasted in vain.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
They saw their fondest hopes decay;
They never worshipped gold or power
That did not fade like dreams away.

This does not sound quite right, but it fits the occasion. Odious medicine man; your reign is drawing to a close. Hoodooed Legislature may possibly prolong your tenure of existence for a few years, but the end is nigh. Life and all its blessings, wealth, health and power, are to those who think; and from present appearances you are not in it.

I have been reading *The Independent Thinker* for April. It is fine. The article "What is Pantheism?" is one of the grandest bits of writing that has been printed in an age. Nerve force—which is brain force—quivers in every line of it. Besides this the editor is cultured; his style is elegant, most refined, and his meaning flows from his beautiful sentences clear as a mountain stream; and forcible as the stream when swollen into an irresistible torrent, it carries all obstruction before it. Such a brain as Henry Frank's is bound to succeed; he is an organized success. Send a dollar and get his magazine for a year. Address No. 30 West 27th St., New York City.

Mr. Hearst says, "The mind of man at fifty, except in very unusual cases, is closed against new ideas." In this sentence there is quite a sweeping condemnation of the race. Unfortunately it is as true as truth can be. At the present time there are ninety men out of every hundred who are averse to gaining new ideas. When we know that knowledge alone can save, it is no wonder that the people are so weak and poverty-stricken and diseased; no wonder that the mighty truths coming into the world at this time are not for them. And we cannot save them; no matter what we do, nor how hard we try, they will not hear us. They are deaf to the higher reason. They are wedded to their idols, which are false conceptions of truth, and they are on the down grade, travelling with the quick passage of the years towards the grave.

But Mr. Hearst says still farther:

"Progress in the world to-day is based on constant elimination of old ideas, old habits, old machinery, old prejudices—all replaced by later and better conceptions.

"The interest of humanity demands that we shall do our little work here with feverish haste, with soft, impressionable minds, and vanish from the earth's surface when our minds cease to be receptive and impressionable.

"Every child knows to-day that the blood circulates in the human body.

"It seems difficult to believe that but a short time ago the blood was supposed to remain stationary in the body, like the juice in an orange. A doctor would bleed a patient on one arm, and bleed him next day on the other arm, in order to keep the supply of blood balanced on both sides of the body.

"When Harvey came along with his discovery of the circulation of the blood, it would seem that every human being must have accepted the discovery instantly, and have desisted himself for never having thought of the idea on his own account.

"But no such thing happened. Harvey found that

only the young men, the very young physicians, accepted his theory. The old men looked upon him as a quack, and would not listen to him. Their minds had gone beyond the stage at which impressions are received."

In his last issue of "*Mental Science*," Eugene Del Mar says:

"If your present habit does not satisfy you, dream health and happiness, dream love and peace. Try it! It will grow upon you. It will accustom you to a sense of joy and gladness. It will create their material correspondences in your physical being. You are always at liberty to return to a belief in evil if the knowledge of good proves unattractive to you. You need not labor under a feeling of compulsion or slavery to the good.

"If peace and harmony are foreign to your tastes they will not long remain in your company. But do not condemn them unheard. Permit them to be introduced, and give them a pleasant reception. Come to look for good in all things. Dream life and more life, dream health and happiness; and even death may fade away as joyous life pervades your entire being. Only try it!"

One of my friends who spent this last winter here, a brilliant Mental Scientist, writes me from Los Angeles, Calif. She has made the acquaintance of Harry Gaze, the editor of one of the new thought magazines—I wish I could think of its name—and she is greatly pleased with him. If I do not mistake he publishes his magazine in Oakland, one of the suburbs of San Francisco.

This correspondent says:

"Last evening I attended the Mental Science Temple here. It was held in a private house on a very beautiful street. I accompanied Mrs. Browne of 538 Main St. Among others was Mr. Harry Gaze. There was no regular order of exercises; it was more like an "At Home;" the topics spoken on being all Mental Science. Everybody wanted to hear about you, and of course I said lovely things. I told them you had the brain of a man with a heart as large as that of an ox.

"Harry Gaze is a beardless boy with the face of an angel; if he poaches on your preserves, as some persons think, he does it unconsciously and because he thinks the same things. He impresses me as being thoroughly honest; he is intelligent and modest in his address. He gives a lecture to-morrow evening. I do not know the subject, but I shall attend.

"Later, April 7. I have just returned from Harry Gaze's lecture. It is the fourth of a series he is giving in this city. His first lecture had an audience of six hundred. Later there were less, but of a more intelligent type. His charge was 25 cents admittance at the door. He has the force that comes from great earnestness, but he lacks the confidence that a course in delivery for the lecture platform would give him; otherwise his presence was good. His theme was the constant birth and death we are undergoing in our atoms each present moment, and the importance of our giving ourselves conscious and sub-conscious suggestions of the fact that we are being born molecularly anew all the time. He kept very closely to this point, and after he had finished he recommended "The Conquest of Death," by Helen Wilmans as an aid to their understanding his idea or theme of the lecture. There was nothing in his lecture that you will not find in his dollar book.

[Ed. I have not seen the book, but it must be good as he stands squarely on the possibility of overcoming death.]

"Different ones in the audience asked him questions which he answered promptly and intelligently. He is only a boy, and his advanced ideas seem surprising considering his age,

"Mrs. L. Browne is the most infused *understandingly* with your ideas of any person I have ever met. She is in modest circumstances, but is self-respecting and strong. She is perhaps forty years old, a widow, and quite capable of standing alone. She used to be a trained nurse, but now she refuses to go about treating people's bodies with outward appliances, when she knows that healing comes from within. So she takes no more such cases, but treats patients at her home by the purely mental method.

"To revert to Harry Gaze; he has bought a printing press and prints his magazine himself. I like his grit. He is a brave boy. He is English. In England he studied Mrs. Eddy's book. He was deeply impressed with it, but his mind was too logical for him to swallow it whole. He was not satisfied. He came here to find people who were prospecting for still more advanced truth.

L. McK.

I think I had better keep FREEDOM a weekly until after the convention this fall. Friends, you simply must come to the convention. I am just enthused enough to believe that the world's destiny hangs upon it. It will be a meeting of the most advanced thinkers on the globe. Life, and more life, will be made manifest through it; and with enough life we will be lifted over all obstacles into the realm of absolute freedom.

Have you ever heard of the forth dimension of space? It is the dimension of unfettered freedom. We are now in the first, second and third dimensions; but I have glimpses of the fourth. The subject is too big to talk about now in the limited space left me. I will tackle it some other time.

H. W.

DANGER FROM INCOMPETENT DOCTORS.

The medical profession shows great energy in attacking anybody who may appear to infringe on its exclusive right to fight disease.

We should like to suggest to the doctors that they interest themselves in eliminating from their own profession members who are absolutely unfit to have charge of any life more precious than that of a croton bug.

We call the attention of medical societies to the following case:

A little girl, six years old, was declared by her physician, a well-paid, prominent man, to be in great danger of death unless an immediate operation for appendicitis were made. The father asked for further details. He was told categorically that the child must be operated upon immediately or she would die.

Fortunately, the physician who gave this advice did not undertake the operation himself. The child was taken in a reclining position to St. Vincent's Hospital, in this city.

After several examinations by the physicians in charge, it was declared that there was no appendicitis and no necessity of an operation. The child was merely suffering from an attack of indigestion.

We do not mention the physician by name. We cannot assume the responsibility of ruining a man's career, inasmuch as we lack knowledge to pass upon his case with absolute certainty. But the medical associations, if they choose, can easily secure full details at St. Vincent's Hospital. They certainly ought to interest themselves in correcting such mistakes, and in limiting the power for harm of excited, over-stimulated, or ignorant physicians.—*New York Journal*, April 26.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

This week has been so dull that there is nothing to write about. Perhaps I can make the better article on that account. It sometimes happens that when one reaches the extremity of his line, so as to be thrown entirely upon his own resources, that unexpected things develop. So look out! I may write an extremely brilliant article out of nothing. It may require a mental magnifying glass to discover the bright parts of it, but they are in it all the same. That is, I am intending to put them there.

I just looked in my scrap book for inspiration. The first page contains a small picture of me; one of some other woman not near so handsome as I am; two owls looking the quintessence of wisdom, and a flock of pelicans; the whole thing is labelled, "Some Queer Birds."

And now about the birds that look so wise, and that have less sense than anybody; the suggestion I get from them is that appearances are deceptive. It is not every person who is as clever as he looks.

One day—how many years ago it was—some one had caught an owl that was slightly crippled, so as to be unable to fly. It was brought in and placed on a chair back in the middle of the room. Presently I went in and found my Claude, a baby then, only two or three years old, tiptoeing round and round the room keeping his eyes fixed on the owl. "Keep till, mamma," he whispered, "me's waitin' to see him's head tumble off."

The owl, in keeping its eyes on Claude, would turn its neck as far as possible, and then bring its head back to a natural position so very quickly that the movement was imperceptible, and the impression was that it was getting such a twist in its neck as would pull its head off in time. And so that small scamp was walking round and round trying to work the owl's head off.

One day, about this time, he asked me to sing; he often did, but this particular occasion stands out by itself. I sang him a song about a boy that went out shooting with a bow and arrow. When I came to the part where "The little boy raised the bow to his eye, The little bird laughed and away he did fly," Claude began to cry violently.

"Why, pet," I said, "the boy did not kill the bird. The little birdie got away."

"'At's what's 'e matter," replied the young villian; "dat boy's a fool, toz he letted dat bird dit away. I'd a tchooted him if it had been me."

Did he grow up cruel? Not a bit of it; he is as tender-hearted as a girl.

I wish people would quit calling me Helen Williams. Wilmans is a rather unusual name, but for my part I find it easier to remember unusual names than common ones. I am getting proud of my memory; it was a wonderful memory once, and then it failed. But now it is picking up again, and I believe it is going to be as good as formerly.

But here is a peculiarity about it that I never observed in the old times. It used to be that I could remember anything; now I only remember the things related to my own line of thought. Sometimes I get Charley to give me his views of politics, or the money question, and I will understand it perfectly as long as I force my mind to contemplate it; but it soon goes and I forget all about it. But let a new truth come to me,

bearing on the mental question I handle so much, and it is mine forever; not a fraction of it ever disappears.

This is one of the things that confirms Mental Science. The things which are related to our characteristics stick to us; those which are not related drop from us.

It has often been in my mind to write of some experiences that have never been explained to me. Here is one: Night before last I had gone to bed and almost to sleep when suddenly—with my eyes shut and my whole body in repose, tensionless—I was looking out on a body of very clear water; it might have been our own river that runs close by our house. It was not the ocean, for there were trees on the bank near me. There was a man in the water and he was drowning; he was a very powerfully built man and had nothing but his underclothes on; his arms and neck and face, as seen under the water (for he did not get his head above the water at all) were as fair and fresh looking as a child's. In a moment I saw another man with him; then another, all struggling for their lives just under the surface. The struggle continued for some minutes. They would sink out of sight and rise to the surface again, but never came quite high enough to catch their breath. I said to myself, "If they sink three times they are gone." But evidently they were not gone, for they rose and sank six or eight times. In the meantime there were more men added to the submerged crowd until there must have been a dozen; the number was indefinite; they were sometimes visible and sometimes invisible. At last they all sank and the water became placid. Then right on the spot where they sank there arose a flag of such translucent blue it seemed as if made from a piece of the sky; there were white stars on it, but no stripes. It was not our national flag. Presently there came two or three more flags like this one, and they waved for several minutes, and then the whole thing disappeared.

This was not a dream. I roused myself from the reposeful condition I was in and told Charley about it, who was reading in the next room.

And I do not believe it was thought transmission, though I am really wonderful in receptivity of other people's thoughts. Ada frequently asks me mental questions, and by closing my eyes and banishing all thought—becoming perfectly negative—I will see pictures that answer her questions. When I am in the practice of doing this I can answer every question she asks mentally, provided there is no one in the room but her and me. If Mr. Post is in the room I can answer quite a large proportion of her questions, but not all. If several people are present my answers are haphazard and unsatisfactory.

A few evenings ago she asked me a mental question which I answered this way:

"I am looking into a sort of pen where there is a good deal of straw and litter; there is a large bird in there walking about; his motions are retarded by the litter. I only see his legs; there are boughs of a tree overhanging the pen in a way to hide his body. Now he has stepped clear of his surroundings; his wing feathers and tail feathers, that had been broken and dry and dead, are all coming out glossy and bright and beautiful. He is strutting; his tail is splendid; he is the largest bird of his kind I ever saw."

Then everything disappeared; in another moment I

saw trees, but the trunks were so packed with underbrush that I could hardly distinguish them from their surroundings. In the foreground stood one very gnarled and crooked. Gradually it straightened out until it became a marvel of beauty, casting a broad and genial shade. Then I saw that the brush had all gone from under the other trees, and their boles rose up straight and handsome like splendid pines. After this there came a pink light low down near the earth behind the tree trunks. The light kept increasing until the sun burst upward from it in a dazzling blaze of glory. Then it vanished.

The question was, "Shall I break through my environment; shall I be anything afterward?"

I have given this simply as an illustration. Her question was too far away from what we had been talking about to afford me a clue. I never want a clue; if I try to think what the question is, I get nothing. I have to put everything out of my mind and become entirely passive in order to have the picture come. I used to do a great deal of this in the family for their amusement, but I don't like to do it now; the position of relaxation necessary to success is not conducive to the strength and positiveness required in treating my patients.

H. W.

WHY THE M. D.'S WANT SPECIAL LEGISLATION.

The medical bills being simultaneously brought before the legislative bodies of so many of our states show the medical men, both physicians and druggists, have become more than locally associated, and that the organization is rapidly assuming national proportions. While ostensibly their acts are against Christian Scientists, Osteopaths, etc., according to the location, the actions taken as a whole, affect every line of healing other than that practiced by the venders of drugs. This combined action on their part will ultimately result in great good to all liberals. It is one of the last wiggles of this particular serpent, as far as legislation is concerned, if properly met; and like all acts of a purely selfish kind, even though clothed in the terms "For the good of the people," will result most disastrously to those responsible for them.

The people are not finding themselves injured by the healers; neither do they ask legislation against them; they do not ask that only the doctors of medicine be allowed to practice legally. Is it not a fact so plain that "all who run may read," the people are becoming so enlightened on these lines they can no longer be misled as a body. The doctors of medicine, when brought in competition with true healers on anywhere near equal terms, find themselves in a position, where, for self protection, they are compelled to ask for legislation for the reason they cannot otherwise compete.

It has become so common to hear of some great sufferer being cured by the mental method after years of suffering while seeking relief from drugs, that it hardly causes comment. No one who is honest and reasonably intelligent, asking himself, "Is medicine a science?" even though practicing under its banner, can help but admit it is not.

After practicing hundreds of years at the sacrifice of probably more lives than have been destroyed by war during the same period, with all their records of centuries from which to get wisdom, case after case, patient

after patient, are given up by them to suffer on for years, perhaps die, and are afterward cured, healed, made whole again, to enjoy years of contentment and happiness, all as the result of the mind action by the enlightened healer. These cases are getting too frequent for the doctors of medicine and they are seeking help. Poor fellows! They are very careful of the dear people. Oh, yes; there are dollars in it, and under that cloak they ask for class legislation. They want the exclusive right to practice. All others, regardless of the great good they may be doing or have done, should be outlawed, according to these great lovers (?) of the people. All true healers, whether by medicine or otherwise, regardless of religion or politics—yes, even of color, are deserving of great honor and respect. On the other hand, when any school or system says its representatives only are wise, they only are fitted to practice, all others must give way, it is stultifying itself to such an extent as to seem almost ridiculous, were it not for the tremendous force it exerts obtained only by organization, reinforced by the great bodies of superstition and ignorance.

Is it not a sign of weakness that, after all these years of legislation by and for their especial benefit, they are now compelled to ask for laws to help them compete with healers?

It seems to the writer that only by agitation and union of action by those enlightened enough to realize the iron band these medical men are trying to place around the heads of the people, can this evil be stopped in time to save humanity much suffering. If the Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, Osteopaths, etc., would work along lines harmoniously, they could exert a force irresistible that would counteract this evil movement by preventing pernicious legislation in the future, as well as have repealed that already wrongly in force, thereby placing medical men where they should be—namely, compelled to fight or compete in the open market of the world for their practice, and if unable to make the struggle successfully, should be relegated to the rear with much more of the rubbish of the past. If they are able to sustain their principles and practice without favor let them manfully do so, and all good men will give them the right hand of fellowship, their support and their best wishes.

Be manly, gentlemen; do not sneak behind the popular phrase, "For the good of the people," but courageously fight the good fight; and if your methods are correct all will know it, and you will have much praise as well as profit. On the other hand, if you are unable to show you are correct, you had far better acknowledge the "coin," and seek other fields of learning, as legislation cannot supply what is lacking, and you will be forced ultimately to seek your proper level in society, which will be determined by your usefulness, and not by your power to corrupt legislatures into enacting unjust laws by which you will be the ones benefited while the people suffer.

DR. H. D. DWIGHT.

IN THE LIGHT.

A Beautiful Song full of the strength of the new thought philosophy. By Eleanor G. Stephens. Music by F. C. Hayes. Handsome cover illustrating sunset on the Halifax River opposite Seabreeze. Price 30 cents. Address, THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Florida.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

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

HELEN WILMANS, National President.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN, National Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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

CENTRAL ADVISORY BOARD.

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

TEMPLES ORGANIZED.

New York Temple, New York City. Meetings every Wednesday evening.

EUGENE DEL MAR, Secretary, 27 William St.

San Francisco Temple, San Francisco, California. Meetings every Sunday morning.

J. M. Case, Secretary, 113 Stockton St.,

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

Seattle Temple, Seattle, Washington. Meets every Sunday.

MRS. LENA K. WISMER, Secretary, 773 Harrison St.

Portland Temple, Portland, Oregon. Meets weekly.

SIDONA V. JOHNSON, Secretary,
308 Chamber of Commerce B'd'g.

Chicago Temple, Chicago, Illinois. Meets weekly.

J. WESLEY BROOKS, Secretary, 392 E. 63d St.

St. Paul Temple, St. Paul, Minnesota.

ELSPIE M. CARMICHAEL Secretary. 93 E. 11th St.

St. Louis Temple, St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. G. E. G. DE BORGES, Secretary. 313 Union Trust B'd'g.

Cleveland Temple, Cleveland, Ohio.

MISS EDITH V. BROWN, Secretary. 804 Rose Building.

CONVENTION MATTERS.

We said something regarding railway rates in last week's FREEDOM. Since then we received letters from Mr. Eben E. Macleod, chairman of the Western Passenger Association, and Mr. F. C. Donald of the Central Passenger Association, whose offices are both located in Chicago, in reference to terms with connecting lines. These letters have been promptly answered, and we await further action on the part of these associations when they meet for an adjustment of rates.

Here at Sea Breeze we are beginning to make preparations for the Convention and the reception of delegates and visitors. Ocean Boulevard, the main driveway and thoroughfare from the Halifax river to the Atlantic ocean, is being handsomely embellished by giant cement urns which are set thirty-seven feet apart the entire length of the boulevard. Trailing vines, with native and imported flowers, have been set into these urns, and soon the handsome driveway will be a mass of colors. Between the tall palmettoes which line the boulevard, bright blooming cannas, which grow here very thriftily, have been set with their blazing flowers and broad, trowel-shaped leaves. The seeds of the trailing cypress vine have been planted, as well as that of the rapidly growing cypress bush, which Helen Wilmans

admires so much. All these will make natural and attractive decorations.

The National Secretary has entered into correspondence with parties located in various parts of the country in regard to organization of excursion parties, and report will be made in regard to this later. We would request all who desire to come to confer with all others in their neighborhood, who may be induced to join with them in a visit to our beautiful land, and keep the National Secretary informed on all matters of interest in regard to the Convention.

Forward your name and address at once to the undersigned if you desire to come; we will keep a register of all standing in FREEDOM, so that all interested in your locality may communicate with you at once. Address all communications direct to Chas. F. Burgman, National Secretary, Mental Science Association, Sea Breeze, Florida.

COMING TO THE CONVENTION.

Since April 24th the following have requested to be registered as coming to the Second Annual Mental Science Convention:

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert George, 1529 Curtis St., Denver, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchel Floyd, 1078 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Prof. and Mrs. F. M. Knox, 773 Harrison St., Seattle, Wash.

Misses Emma and Josephine Jutte, 5204 Liberty Ave., East End, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Olivia F. Green, Galesburg, Ill.

Godfrey Loeffler, Quincy, Ill.

Julia Iverson Patten, 821-829, Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Olive C. Hawley, 368 2nd St., Manistee, Mich.

Lida L. Fox, Longmont, Colorado.

Mrs. G. E. de Borges, 314-315 Union Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

John L. Ban, Beederburg, Ind.

CONCERNING ORGANIZATION.

Nothing has practically been done from the Home Office to stimulate organization because it was thought expedient to wait and observe. If the Temples already organized could succeed because of the strength given them by the individual and collective membership, and not through any help given by the Home Office, such success was a sure indication that the membership possessed the true spirit, will, knowledge, courage and determination of Mental Scientists. It would carry the stamp of self-reliance and self-effort. Such an organization would succeed if the Central Executive body were entirely abolished. If an organization could not rest on its own strength and resources, and depended for its success and existence upon help expected or tendered from the Home Office, it would be a sure indication that the membership was not possessed or imbued sufficiently with the spirit of self-reliance, and in harmony with the teachings of Mental Science, to hold its members permanently together. The sooner such an organization disbanded the better it would be for the members composing it.

The membership should from the very incipency of organization cultivate the spirit of self-reliance and self-help. Reach out for knowledge, truth and all desirable information in every direction and from all sources. Above all others, Mental Scientists should

guard themselves against creedal or orthodox tendencies within their own ranks. Toleration on the one hand for the knowledge, efforts and opinions of others, and a receptive attitude for the acceptance of any new truth or knowledge which may present itself, no matter from whatever source, should be at all times the predominant mental characteristics of the newer type of man. Again we must cherish liberty of action and independence of movement. While a central and directing power is convenient and needful, such an organization is not intended to interfere with the free movement, expression and investigation of associate branches. Neither should associate branches depend for support upon the central organization, unless it be in times of extreme need when the power of the entire movement needs to be called into action to prevent the perpetration of gross injustice on the part of public bodies, and to oppose and prevent the passage of oppressive laws. Such, for instance, as is being attempted on the part of the organized physicians of the country against the new schools of healing at the present time.

INCREASING INTEREST IN ORGANIZATION.

All indications point to an increasing interest in organization, as the reader may gather from the following letters:

PROSPECTIVE TEMPLES.

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS.

We are contemplating the organization of a Mental Science Temple at this place, and would like you to furnish us full particulars as to methods of organization. We have several very earnest students who think that through organization they may become better prepared to do effective work. Yours faithfully,

B. C. BEANE.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

We are talking of forming a Temple. Would you give us an idea of what literature we would need to begin with, the cost of the same, etc? There is nothing of the kind in Mobile, and I am sure an organization would accomplish much good. Very Sincerely,

Mrs. E. QUINN,

Marine and Tennessee Streets.

ORD, NEBRASKA.

I have succeeded in getting a number of people interested in Mental Science who wish to become organized. I am not informed whether Helen Wilmaus publishes weekly lectures to be used by the Temples. Could we buy them without being a regularly organized Temple?

Please send blanks and all needed information for our guidance. Yours for future development,

R. LEE HAMON.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

I have considered the advisability of opening a Temple here in Buffalo, and ask the favor of your opinion relative to such a step. A number of friends here who have learned the truth desire me to take the initiatory steps toward organization.

CHARLOTTE A. BRIDGEWOOD,
115 West Eagle St.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

So far as I know I am the only one in Buffalo that is studying Mental Science. There are thousands of Christian Scientists here. I am in hopes that the Pan-American Exposition will bring some of our own Men-

tal Scientists here this summer. I should be glad to see them, if any should come.

Mrs. S. A. W. BROWN,
125 Martin Ave.

CITY OF MEXICO.

A number of us intend to organize a branch Temple here, and desire to have full directions concerning the course to pursue. Will you kindly see to it that we are furnished with all papers, instructions and explanations in regard to the matter? Yours very truly,
HENRY S. DE VRIES,
Calle de la Palma No. 2.

FLORIDA ILLUSTRATED.

The land of history, poetry and romance; illustrated in 114 litho-half-tone vignettes; presenting 57 views of Eastern Florida. Scenes from Jacksonville, St. Augustine, the Halifax river country and tributary streams. Views of Sea Breeze, Daytona, Palm Beach, Miami. Sketches of palmetto groves, pine apple plants, coconut trees, ocean views and river scenes, and noted places where travelers and tourists sojourn when the Ice King rules the North. Printed in the form of a handsome letter pad. Price, 50 cents. Address Chas. F. Burgman, Sea Breeze, Fla.

MEATLESS DISHES.

The best Vegetarian recipe book ever published at a low price. Contains a large number of tested recipes, including Nut Turkey, Vegetable Roast, Etc., Etc. Price only 10c.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,
Dept. 2, Holyoke, Mass.

may 8-2t*

THE WISE MAN

Rules his stars—when he learns how.

"Astrology Made Easy" teaches you. It is a 54-page, double-column book, complete in itself. By its aid you can read the character of yourself and friends with ease and accuracy. Price, 10c. Address,

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,
Dept. 2, Holyoke, Mass.

may 1-2t*

THE MAGIC SEVEN,

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL,

Gives explicit directions for using mental powers which will change your whole life.

CONTENTS:

How to Make a Center,
How to Go Into the Silence,
How to Concentrate the Mind,
How to Command Opulence,
How to Use the Will,
How to Insure Perfect Health,
How to Ask and Receive.

Handsomely bound, cloth and gold, \$1.00.

ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
to oct 2 Life Building, New York.

THE GHOST OF GUIR HOUSE

By Charles Willing Beale. "Here is a remarkable story" "Some of the ideas promulgated are as startling and interesting as any of the recent wonderful discoveries in science."—*The Commercial Tribune*. "It is no ordinary ghost story."—*Public Opinion*. For sale by the author; price \$1. Address, may 8 C. W. BEALE, Arden, North Carolina.

Character Building by Mental Control.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Send ten cents and receive a copy of the March number of "SUGGESTION" containing this remarkable essay, which has attracted the attention of thinkers in all parts of the world. Suggestion Publishing Co., Dept. F., 4020 Drexel Boul., Chicago.

VIBRATION THE LAW OF LIFE.

Learn to know the Law and live it and "all things are yours." Vibrations given for Life Success through practical application and demonstration.

Pamphlet on Esoteric Vibrations sent postpaid for 50 cents. Instruction, both personal, and by correspondence. Send names of interested friends.

Address, enclosing stamp, Mrs. HORTENSE JORDAN,
jan 9 6m* Information free. 32 Summit Av., Lynn, Mass.



THE CONQUEST OF DEATH.

—:O:—
BY HELEN WILMANS.

—:O:—
NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

The Boldest, Brightest and Noblest work yet put before the public by the gifted author.

There is life, hope and inspiration on every page and in every paragraph.

It is a race-saving book which will start humanity on a new road toward the highest goal ever attained by man,

A book bound to create a sensation. Millions will read it and bless its author.

A book of 400 pages and 36 half-tone illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth, price, \$3.00. Half Morocco, price, \$5.00.

AGENTS WANTED—We want agents in every city, county and state in the United States, and in all foreign English-speaking countries. Exclusive territory will be assigned to persons of experience in this line of business who are able to invest a small amount of capital. To the right parties liberal terms will be made.

Address

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Fla.

THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

(46th edition, cloth.)

WHAT READERS SAY ABOUT IT.

"Your inspiring book, 'The Conquest of Poverty,' has done me a world of good."

Dec. 1, 1900. WM. B. MOYLE, Allegheny City, Pa.

"I find 'The Conquest of Poverty' a great stimulus to mental energy."

L. W. BILLINGSLEY,
Dec. 10, 1900. Att'y-At-Law, Lincoln, Neb.

"Enclosed find remittance for 'The Conquest of Poverty' to be mailed to the party whose address I enclose within. This is the third copy I have bought. The book is grand."

Dec. 5, 1900. J. T. McBRIDE, Aurora, Ill.

"I have just finished reading your valuable book, 'The Conquest of Poverty.' I wish every man and woman in this world would read it. The ideas the author brings forth fill me with new hope and new life."

Dec. 10, 1900. ELIZABETH M. STEWART,
Syracuse, N. Y.

"Have purchased and read 'The Conquest of Poverty.' I wish to thank Helen Wilmans for putting my thoughts into words. The book is a marvel. I would like to meet its author."

Dec. 12, 1900. 610 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal. MRS. G. W. ADAMS,

"The book is a glorious inspiration and one of the best, if not the best, I ever read."

Dec. 16, 1900. MRS. J. DAYTON SANFORD,
Saginaw, Mich.

"The book is an excellent addition to the Mental Science literature—encouraging, vigorous and uplifting."

Dec. 22, 1900. A. N. STAR, S. D.,
Pasadena, Cal.

"Please send to my address 'The Conquest of Poverty' for the enclosed amount, \$15.00."

Dec. 23, 1900. CHAS. JUDSON, Salida, Col.

AGENTS WANTED—We want one competent person in each locality who will agree to faithfully solicit for orders with this new book. Any one with a little experience will find it a good paying business. We will protect agents in territory assigned as long as their orders indicate that they are working it. Send at once for terms and territory for this splendid book, and instructions "How to Work a County Successfully."

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

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze, Fla.

GENTLEMEN:

Please reserve for me the county of _____

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

Name.....

Town.....

County.....

State.....

Fill out this blank and mail to us. We will co-operate with you, and success is assured.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN and ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH

DO YOU OWN THE WILMANS HOME COURSE IN MENTAL SCIENCE?

If Not You Surely Want It, and if You Want It You Can Surely Get It Now.

THERE ARE TWENTY OF THEM.

The Total Price is Only \$5.00, Making the Price Only 25c. Each.

Desiring to give every one an opportunity to obtain the Lessons without inflicting hardships upon any, we offered to sell them for sixty days for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per month. This offer has met with such general satisfaction, and as our desire is for the greatest good to the greatest number, we have decided to continue the offer until further notice.

UPON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR WE WILL SEND TO YOUR ADDRESS CHARGES PREPAID

The Entire Set of Twenty Lessons. The Balance to be paid at the rate of One Dollar Per Month.

—:0:—

The knowledge of the life principle which is unfolded in these lessons is nothing less than the law of all organization, of all growth, to understand which puts a man in a position of unrivaled power with regard to his own body and his surroundings. With the understanding of this law there will be no more weakness of any kind; no more fear or anxiety or despondency; no more

failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness. Careful study will enable any one to master Mental Science through these lessons. They should be in every home in the world.

[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.
Sea Breeze Fla.

Please send to my address below, one complete set of the "Wilman's Home Course in Mental Science" (20 lessons) price \$5.00. Inclosed find one dollar on account. I hereby agree to pay the balance of \$4.00 at the rate of one dollar per month, beginning one month from date of receipt of the lessons. The title to the lessons to remain in you until entirely paid for.

Name _____

Town _____

County _____

State _____

THREE GOOD THINGS.

BY PAUL TYNER

Author of "The Living Christ," "Through the Invisible," etc.

1. Bodily Immortality.

A strikingly original and interesting presentation.
—Colorado Springs Gazette.

2. The Sixth Sense and How to Develop it.

Clairvoyance, clairaudience and psychometry are analyzed and related in an interesting manner. Handles the large problem of psychic perception with bold originality.—Jersey City Journal.

3. Reincarnation and Mental Science.

The clearest exposition of the subject yet presented.
—Minneapolis Progress.

Printed in large clear type and bound in tasteful covers. Sent postpaid for 10 cents each, or the three in one order for a quarter.

THE TEMPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
28 West 23d Street, New York.

A DIME

Will bring you three month's subscription to THE NAUTILUS, the liveliest health and success suggester published. Address

ELIZABETH TOWNE,
Box 1012, Holyoke, Mass. J.

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:

Our Place in the Universal Zodiac, W. J. Colville.	
Paper cover	50
Cloth	1.00
Conquest of Poverty, Helen Wilmans, paper cover	50
Cloth cover	1.00
Ten and Gods, C. C. Post, paper	50
History of Theosophy, W. J. Colville. Paper Cloth	50 1.00
A Blossom of the Century, Helen Wilmans. Cloth	1.00
Oh World! Such as I have Give I Unto Thee, Helen Wilmans and Ada W. Powers. Two volumes, paper, each	50
The Universal Undertone, by Ada Wilmans Powers, paper	15
A Healing Formula, by Helen Wilmans, paper Both of the above together	15 25
Driven From Sea to Sea. (55th thousand. Fiction), C. C. Post. Paper	50
Congressman Swanson. (Fiction) C. C. Post. Paper	50
Cloth	1.00
Search for Freedom, Helen Wilmans. Cloth Self Treatment, Helen Wilmans, paper	1.50 10
The Conquest of Death, Helen Wilmans (Illustrated). Cloth	3.00
Half Morocco	5.00

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

No. 11.

FRESH PROOFS OF HEALING.

These proofs are new each week. After each set comes out I have it printed on slips to send to my patients for their encouragement. It does them good to see that others are being healed. The proofs are all authentic, being taken word for word from private letters.

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am indeed very thankful to you for my improving so nicely. I feel so much better every way.—H. H., Plum St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR FRIEND:—My little boy is gaining in strength all the time; yet he has his little spells, but he is telling me that he feels so much stronger, and I can assure you, you do him much good. Yours kindly—C. S., Fernandino, Fla.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—My health has become fine. The cough you so successfully treated me for has never troubled me since. I am sorry I can't say as much for my hearing; it is undoubtedly improved, but it is still imperfect.—P. L. V., Danbury, Conn.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I can notice a constant improvement all the time. I walk so much better and also feel better all around. And I never walk with a crutch in the house any more. I am more faithful to relaxation and am getting into the habit of doing it at a certain fixed time; the time I take for a little rest before dinner. This constant improvement makes me so hopeful.—W. S. M., New York, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am so happy in the thought of my great and constant improvement. My lameness is disappearing; the pain has all gone. There are sick people all around us. I urge them to try you. They say they cannot afford it; yet they pay the doctors twice as much as you charge. I tell them they cannot afford to do as they are doing.—Mrs. H. P. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have not yet received your letter; I am feeling pretty well—so much better than formerly. I know that you help me every day. I am stronger after each treatment. I am finding out how much the mind has to do with bodily conditions; it seems so strange to hear people telling of their complaints and troubles. I am learning from you to put trouble away; I am determined to become master of myself.—Mrs. K. S., Dickerson, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Since your treatments began I have had more business than a little. I am almost worked off my feet. We never had such a run of trade. Can it be possible that you are doing this, or is it a mere happen so? At all events I am afraid to stop treatments now; I never was so contented before. And I am strong. The work, though so constant, does not really tire me. I feel tired a few minutes after closing the store and going home, but I am rested in five minutes.—H. M. B., Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your letter has done me so much good—as they all do. It seems like platitudes to say it every time, but I cannot let a letter pass without expressing my gratitude to you for all your kindness. I really feel almost strong enough to go it alone, but think I had better not; for I do not want to drop back one particle, now I have got so far and am doing so well. I am better all through and through each week, and now it is beginning to be a pleasure to do housework; and that is a great deal for me, for I have always hated it. Oh! I feel such compassion for those who have not this precious hope that we have. If I could only make my neighbors see, how much happier they would be! Where do they get their courage to have or do anything? There is one trouble that I have, and that is with the lesson, "The Power Behind the Throne;" not that I do not understand what you mean, but that I find it difficult to get answers to my questions. My Florence says she has no trouble that way; she can get her answers right off. Do you suppose it is because I do not concentrate enough? Well, I will overcome it as I have a good many other things that have seemed tough to me. When I look back to the time you first took me in hand I feel that I have got along finely. I have the courage to wait patiently for my desires, and I know I shall get them. I can laugh now at most of my torments.—H. M. O., Lynn, Mass.

IT SURELY DOES CURE.

Never mind what the doctors say; Mental Science does cure, and they know it. Send to me for my pamphlet "The Highest Power OF All." The pamphlet is free.

THREE MAGAZINES YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT.

NATIONALITY—Advocates the Dismemberment of Large Empires and the Multiplication of Small Nations.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT—An Organ of Emersonian Egoism. A Journal for Free Spirits and for Spirits struggling to be Free.

LIFE AND BEAUTY—A magazine which instructs its readers how to be their own doctors. In its columns the leading actresses and authors tell how they keep young and beautiful.

Samples of these three magazines for 12 cents, United States Stamps. Address, LIFE AND BEAUTY, 26 Clovelly Mansions, Gray's Inn Road, London, W. C., England. apr 3-3mo

RETURN TO NATURE!

By following the advice contained in the "Kneipp Water Cure Monthly" you will become stronger, healthier, happier and satisfied with yourself. Sample copies 10 cts. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 postpaid, in the U. S. of A., Canada and Mexico. Foreign countries \$1.25. Catalogue of Nature Cure books and "Guide to Health" free from

B. LUST, Hydropathic Physician, Editor,
111 E. 59th st., New York City.

MENTAL SCIENCE SCHOOL

Dr. M. E. Lasswell, Mental Science Teacher and Healer, has opened parlors at 137 Hyde St., San Francisco, Cal., where pure and unadulterated Mental Science will be taught in all its fullness. Classes formed monthly; free reading room, every day except Sunday, 1 to 2 p. m. Patients received daily. All of Helen Wilman's and C. C. Post's writings on sale, also Prof. K. O. S. writings and subscriptions taken for TRUE WORD. Office hours 10 to 12 m., 2 to 4 p. m. Information free. Eleven years experience. nov 14-12m*

JUST PUBLISHED.

Two new songs destined to become popular. Words by Ralph T. Butler; music by Andrew J. Boex: "My Own Sweet Southland Rose," sentimental; "Way Down on the Summerland River," boating song. The words of both songs were written at Sea Breeze (City Beautiful), and in part are descriptive of the beauties of the place. They are especially suitable for concert or parlor, and have met with popular favor wherever introduced. Handsome lithograph title page in two colors. Regular price 50c. each. By special arrangement with the publishers will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25c. each. Address THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sea Breeze, Fla.

GEORGE'S WEEKLY.

A bright, progressive journal, brim full of good ideas, mental strength and helpful suggestions. Mr. George is one of the most progressive journalists of our country. Mail him \$1.00 for a year's subscription to *George's Weekly*. It carries a Mental Science Department. Address 1529 Curtis Street, Denver, Colorado. apr 17-1f

Sexual Law and the Philosophy of Perfect Health

BY CHARLES W. CLOSE.

Gives valuable information on this subject, of vital importance to all, in plain words. Postpaid to any address for 10 cents. Order of C. W. CLOSE, (H. W.), 124 Birch St., Bangor, Maine.

EVERY INTELLIGENT SPIRITUALIST

And inquirer should read LIGHT; a weekly journal of Psychical, Occult and Mystical Research. Editor, E. Dawson Rogers; assistant editor, E. W. Wallis. LIGHT proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits disembodied. Beyond this it has no creed. Specimen copies 5 cents; or \$2.70 per annum, post free. Office 110, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, London, W. C. sept 20-1f