

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 Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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NO MAN-MADE LAW CAN RETARD PROGRESS.

However sincere and earnest the Legislature of Florida may be, the action it is taking to repress progress partakes of the spirit of the Spanish inquisition. The highest interest of society can only be subserved by the unrestricted right of every citizen to think and promulgate his thought, which in any way will cause others to think and make effort for self-betterment. And if there is to be a censor, who is it to be; what manner of man or institution? The great crimes of history have been committed by the self-constituted censors against every great achievement in the world's progress. Is this about to be repeated? We had thought we lived in an age and a land in which genius could express itself without being persecuted. Because the new system of thought and healing does not square down to the limitations of fossilization, is no just and sane reason why it should be stoned by the Legislature of Florida. The doctors have not exhausted the infinite order. They have no monopoly of infinite wisdom. It is conceivable that there are things yet to be discovered outside the range of their capacity or province. As a matter of fact, in the very nature of things, in the order of evolution, new and revolutionizing discoveries are apt to be the object of severest attack, and especially by those whose preserves are treasured upon. Throughout the past there has been a fool desire on the part of mankind to compel all men to think alike. To accomplish this end such cheerful punishments were meted out to those who essayed to do a little original thinking of their own, as being boiled alive in oil, having hot lead poured down their throats and through their navels, and their eyes bored out, together with other kindred forceful arguments.

Instead of thinking alike, every man should be encouraged to develop that differential bias of individuality which discloses new aspect of the universal whole.

When law-makers and educators take this attitude toward all, genius will flourish, and heads will not all be flattened alike. The world is coming to right-about face in this respect—all except the orthodox doctors, and a few antiquated teachers. Every soul is to be regarded as having its special message for the race; every one is a different key to nature to unlock treasures hidden from the rest.

By what authority do the doctors attempt to outlaw the practice of Mental Healing? Is it the infallibility and the exactness of the medical science? If it is not this, then they have no authority. There are schools and schools of medicine; and the schools all disagree; and some of them are diametrically in opposition, so that if the method of one cures the patient, the other

would surely seem to kill. Nor do two physicians of the same school always apply the same remedies for the same disease. There is the widest latitude of judgment or chance, all depending on the individual skill or lack of skill of the practitioner. Nor is there any certainty of cure when the same remedy is applied in similar cases. It is a grave question whether physicians and drugs kill or cure the greater number of patients. So that when the hazard of life is taken into account they have no more to their credit than have mental healers.

Every honest physician admits that the influence of the physician has more to do in the cure of the patient than the medicine; and the "influence" is far greater in some physicians than in others. This being true, it must be admitted that the healing cause in such cases is either in the physician's or the patient's mind. Mental Scientists claim it is in both. And it is this very art of healing that they are carrying to a high scientific development. Physicians have been using it gropingly and without understanding. Mental Science uses it intelligently and comprehensively, and in its higher manifestations.

Mental Science is the practice of healing by means of thought force. Is there anything unreasonable in the doctrine of the power of the mind to make man happy, and cure his body? Disease is the result of a mental attitude. The body responds to the mind. To be ideally well and strong it is necessary to be happy and vigorous in thought. Happiness is the first essential, for vigor goes with it, though the scope of thought may be limited. Happiness is harmony, and harmony is the at-one-ment with the laws of nature. Sickness is discord with the laws of nature. Fears and doubts, and the absence of beautiful thoughts, are discord and disease-makers. Mental Science teaches that all is good; that there is no evil; that what is termed evil is but lesser degree of good; that whatever may happen in any life the tendency is toward beneficence. This is the authority and reason for happiness. It also teaches that thought is a force; can be projected and have effect on the mind and body of others, as well as affecting its projector. To say that the body controls the mind is to assert that the dead is the master of life. Noble mind force flows through and vivifies the body as surely as electric currents flow through wires. Thought is motion and motion is force. The vibratory force of every thought is felt throughout the whole system it travels over every nerve and increases the healthful activity of every molecule composing the body. Fear is the paralysis of thought; it is retrogressive

action. So also in degree are all negative forms of thinking, such as animalism, all vices, crimes and moral weaknesses.

There is an automatic repair system in the human organism which will act to cure any disease, if the fund of vital force supplied by happiness or noble thoughts is above the normal need of the rest of the body, or can be drawn from other sections or activities. The vital flow carries with it the ejection of foreign or offending matter, and causes an accelerated flood of nourishing blood to the diseased portions for rebuilding them to their normal state. In a general way a molecule of matter in the human organism, under the action of exalted thought force, may be likened to the centrifugal action of a buzz saw, for resisting and throwing off disease. This idea becomes more tangible when it is remembered that disease is the presence of microbes that prey upon tissues having less than their own power of life. It can be readily seen that when the vitality is low the disease microbes may easily gain a foot-hold and feed upon such half dead matter of the body. But when the vitality is high, when vitalizing thoughts as currents of force stream over every nerve, giving a buzz saw action to every molecule, the disease germs will either be destroyed or thrown off.

The proof that thoughts vibrate over every nerve of the body is ample. There are few people who have not received some mental shock attesting the terrible paralyzing force of a retrogressive idea. Every state of fright or suffering is retrogressive thought action. Without the idea there could be no fright or mental suffering. Witness what such thoughts can do; in thousands of instances they have turned the hair gray in a few hours. Bad news, anger and fright have poisoned the mother's milk and killed the babe at her breast. They have deformed the unborn child. Sudden scares have made idiots of children. Mental suffering has withered robust men and women to skeletons. In one notable instance the imaginary loss of blood killed a criminal in a few hours. These few instances will indicate the thousands of destructive manifestations of negative thought force familiar to every physician. Now, in the same degree that thought can kill it can cure. To deny this self-evident proposition is to maintain there is an inside to a circle, but no outside.

"Faith cure" should be known as *thought cure*. Faith is but the persistence of an idea, and the persistence of a good idea enriches the blood for health, and grows the flower of happiness. The persistence of many good ideas and the rejection of all bad ones is as certain a preventive and cure of all forms of disease as that sunshine and warmth bring forth a luxuriant vegetation from a rich soil. But there are degrees in everything. A simple faith in good with only an imperfect understanding of it, is limited in the power to do; while great faith and great ideas are overwhelming.

So we come to see that faith as a cure, or thought as a cure, has its limitations; and these are the degrees of enlightened thought force applied in any particular case. Healing demands one of two conditions: either that the healer shall possess sufficient projective thought force to heal without the assistance—the favorable mental attitude of the patient—and sometimes against his antagonism; or that the patient shall join his healing thought with that of the healer. In the latter case less force will

be demanded of the healer. Now, as there are all degrees of thought force from zero to the highest manifestation of it ever known to man, it would be unreasonable to expect all efforts at healing to succeed; for it is obvious that the projective thought power of a healer may be adequate in one case, but not in another more malignant, and exacting of thought power beyond the capacity of that particular healer, but which would yield to another healer of greater power. It is not to be expected that in the practical infancy of the art it will reach perfection at a single bound, any more than surgery or medicine has; but it will outstrip either in the race, for it not only knows the source of its power, but it calls for, and insists upon, the practice of intelligence by the patient as well as the healer.

The projecting power of thought is proven by the fact of the influence of the physician over his patient, by hypnotism, by the "magnetic" influence we feel in the presence of some people, by the consciousness of the mental attitude of those about us, by the forewarning we have of the approach of those we know. "Think of angels and you will hear the rustle of their wings." Now if it be admitted that thought force can be projected for a short distance, and degree is thereby established, it follows that it can be projected any distance, as proven by telepathy. And if thought can be projected any distance, so can its healing force. The world is awakening to these powers of mind.

The reason why good thoughts are healing, and bad or painful ones disease-makers, is to be found in the law of harmony. Man at any stage of evolution is the product of the civilization of which he is a unit, and he vibrates in unison with it. He is attuned to its mass cord. He cannot lapse into the tiger's ferocity, or any of the bestial passions; nor can he withdraw his contemplation from the higher ideals which have become incorporated in his organism as much as his flesh and bones, to entertain the lower forms of consciousness, without shocking the vibratory harmony of his being, on which health and strength depend. In other words, disease results from the *conflict* of vibratory thought forces, for this conflict breaks down resistance of the disease germs, which destroy cellular tissue.

The whole vibratory life force of the race is to a given direction, which is to higher ideals—progress—and to arrest or reverse it in any individual by the injection of a reversing vibration, such as fear, or mental suffering, or debasement of any kind, is just as much a shock to the organism in which it occurs as would result to a delicately intricate, smoothly moving machine if a spike were thrown among its finely adjusted parts, all moving to a given direction. Moreover, as light, heat, power, color and even fragrance are now proven to be vibration of different intensity—that is to say, different numbers of vibrations to the second—so we have a right to assume that thought force is also vibration, and not only of greater intensity than heat, light, color and so on, but greater in variety of *form*, corresponding to the infinite and complex variety of thought. Thought, force and motion are the trinity which man's spiritual nature is. The progressive perfection of the electrical generator and dynamo teach us that there is no limit to the qualitative and quantitative vibratory force of electricity. So with the perfection of the human brain and organism through and from which the highest thought is expressed,

Before such facts, can any one safely deny the power of thought over the body when once it comes to be self-recognized and applied? For such self-recognition is the first essential condition; the application will follow per force, slowly at first, perhaps, but always with an increasing ratio of momentum.

Through conscious recognition of this and the law of happiness and noble living, a state of at-one-ment is established between man and the life source whence power will flow to perform miracles. At-one-ment with the law, the life source, infinite supply, cause, principle, or by whatsoever name it is called, will establish harmonious vibratory relation in man and, when established in him the life principle will flow through him into the higher forms of creation, as naturally as flowers bloom and birds sing. Moreover, there is no use in this whole "scheme of things" if it is not for the manifestation of the first principle in the sublime and majestic march of progress through evolution and involution. Man is coming to know that the primeval life is flowing through him into external individual expression. And as this knowledge dawns upon him to purify, dignify and exalt him, the happiness and significance of life will immeasurably widen, beautify and empower the conscious domain. It is the mission of Mental Science to awaken this consciousness in mankind.

EDWIN BALTZLEY,
Glen Echo, Md.

WHAT IS DISEASE?

All are aware that the primary definition of the term, disease, is simply "a lack of ease." But this gives a very inadequate idea of its significance as it is usually employed. A lack is only a negative condition. The name does not involve any positive and objective entity. But words are only the labels for ideas. If the proper meaning of a term has been superseded in the mind and consciousness by something quite different, the latter is what it really stands for.

Disease, as a term, carries the idea of an intangible, but very real enemy, which comes from without and seizes hold of its victim. In varying degree, it is a malignant adversary from, no one knows where, with which we are obliged to grapple. Its appearance is a matter of chance or luck. Like an armed enemy, it springs out of ambush and makes an attack more or less disastrous.

While it is true that unhygienic antecedents are now increasingly recognized, it yet remains that they cut but a small figure to the average man. And still worse, mental antecedents practically mean nothing. Conventionally, disease is nothing less than an implacable foe. Who sends it, and where does it come from? Nobody knows, and the "profession" is as much in the dark as the laity. Take an epidemic of grip. When it gets ready, it comes. Palace and hovel suffer alike. Be the weather dry or damp, balmy or severe, it seems to make little difference. Its methods are fatalistic. But our sensory equipment tells us that it hurts, and we want to be rid of the sensation. Doctor and drugs are summoned to fight off the intruder.

We now offer a proposition so strongly in another direction that to many it will seem, not only paradoxical, but absurd. Disease is provisionally and educationally good. This does not in the least mean that it is ideally

good, or to be sought. Bear the distinction in mind. But when it is actually in evidence, it has been invited, and its mission, if understood, is beneficent. We give it an evil character, and thereby—to us—it is malignant. We clothe it with a wicked mask to our own consciousness, and this makes it far worse, even actually and physically. If we thought we were dealing with a messenger, which though corrective and disciplinary was normal and kind, three-fourths of its bitterness would at once vanish. Both fear and antagonism multiply its pains.

Let us try to re-define disease. It is simply the friction caused by the surge of divine and recuperative forces to repair our mistakes. These forces are *always* working in the right direction. Should they then be aided or thwarted? A fever is a quickened effort of these forces to remove obstruction. The doctor, who by material means tries to force down the temperature toward the "normal," is fighting these forces. He would change the weather by a manipulation of the thermometer.

Disease comes to burn out the "wood, hay and stubble" which we have unwittingly built into our structure. Its mission is to purify, and this not only the body, but the thought and consciousness. It is an educator and refiner, but we look at our ugly picture of it and refuse to learn its lessons. No person will ever have the grip unless he have some grip fuel on hand ready to be ignited. So of every other man-made subdivision of "disease." Moreover, unfriendly germs are positively innocuous unless a congenial soil has been already prepared.

The saving forces should be encouraged rather than discouraged. Even if an offending organ be called bad and weak, this state of thought toward it intensifies the condition. "I have a bad stomach." The more you put that quality upon it, the more it will fill the bill. This is not sentiment or conjecture, but positive law. To affirm goodness of your members is like a lubricant to machinery.

The inner and real man is all the time trying to express himself more freely through the outer instrument, but is repressed by crudeness, materialism and opacity. As light shines through glass, so the soul and spirit should shine through the body.

Can any individual immediately realize these things in their fullness? No! because we are all in some degree of evolutionary lock-step with present environment. But we may work toward them. We violate law upon the moral, psychical or physical plane—or all of them—and then complain of the kindly penalty which inherently comes to arouse and free us from ourselves. We then look about for a "scape-goat," and find one either in "Providence," chance, contagion, or possibly Satan. Let us cease the creation and multiplication of evil, disease and abnormality, for they are all man-made. They are negative educational experiences during the process of evolution. Our knowledge, especially of ourselves, is yet but partial, and we learn through mistakes. The moral order is perfect and beneficent. To regard it otherwise is like shutting out the light at noon-day.—
Henry Wood in Health.

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

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

THE VEGETARIAN "CRANK."

[Cyrus W. Coolidge in the Truth Seeker.]

"Look at me! See how strong and healthy I have been since I have given up eating the 'slaughter-house trash!' Follow me and you will be as strong and healthy, gentle, virtuous and happy, as I am. Verily I say unto you, the meat diet is responsible for three-quarters of the sickness which prevails to-day, and for a great percentage of suicides, fighting, vice and intemperance. It makes people coarse, brutal and indifferent to suffering; it is the parent of crime and of the degradation of manhood; it incites our passions; it gives us a craving for blood; it is, in short, a very hell on earth, and should be abolished. No man worthy of the name, should make his stomach a cemetery for the corpses of animals."

These and other phrases of the same nature are often used by the advocates of a vegetarian diet. Meat is condemned because, they say, it is productive of disease; because it tends to cruelty, and because Mr. So-and-so has lived on a vegetarian diet for several years and made the discovery that he had no need of meat, that meat was not man's natural diet, and that it was cruel to kill animals.

That the vegetarian crank should attribute crime, vice, suicide, etc., to a meat diet is not at all to be wondered at. All cranks do the same thing. The religious crank is convinced that infidelity is the cause of all trouble. The Sabbatarian crank is ready to swear that Sabbath-breaking leads to all crimes. The Prohibition crank proves, to his own satisfaction, that three-quarters of all the ills and misfortunes that afflict humanity can be traced to the use of liquor. In this city there is an eminent physician who proclaims to all whom it may concern that vaccination is to be held responsible for man's physical, mental and moral decline, and that the vaccinationist should be called to account for every thing that happens in this best of all possible worlds, even for the benevolent assimilation of the Filipinos and the re-election of McKinley. Certain economic cranks see clearly that the institution of private property is the cause of our deplorable conditions. Abolish private property, they tell us, and everything will be lovely; crime and vice will disappear, and the earth will become a paradise. We also have the sex crank who firmly believes that the sexual bondage of woman is the root of all evil. At the risk of calling upon my head the wrath of my own friends, I will say that we also have the infidel crank who thinks that everything that is mean and vile should be laid at the door of Christianity. And the wonder is that, with so many factors causing ruin everywhere, there is still a healthy, well-balanced and decent man left in the world.

Those people who always cry, "We are holier than you," and who point to themselves as examples of virtue, should remember that not all men are alike, and that what is good for one man is not necessarily good for another. I know people to whom meat is poison, and I also know people who could not live on a vegetable diet very long and preserve their health. Men differ physically as well as mentally, and we cannot lay down a rule that will fit all.

The opponents of a meat diet claim that vegetarianism has a refining influence upon man. This may or may not be true. An acquaintance of mine, a truly refined lady, who lives on a vegetarian diet, partly

because she is inclined to believe in vegetarianism, but mainly because meat does not agree with her constitution, once spent a few weeks with a family of vegetarians, who would always boast of their refinement. Seeing their way of living, and failing to find any traces of refinement in their faces, my friend has ceased to call herself a vegetarian. This, of course, is a single case, and proves nothing; but are not the arguments of the vegetarians based upon isolated cases?

Mr. Chauncey Roe gives his experience and informs us that he had suffered from stomach troubles for years; and that now, "thanks to a bill of fare with corpse left out, I am [he is] light and merry as a bonnie bird that sings its merry note in the lilies." I have no desire to dispute Mr. Roe's statement; but what does it prove? Simply that meat was not the proper diet for Mr. Roe. It does not prove that "plenty of whole wheat bread, baked beans, potatoes, apples" would be agreeable to Mr. Roe. Besides, people often attribute their improved health to the elimination of meat from their bill of fare, when, in many cases, credit should be given to other causes, such as change of occupation. Is Mr. Roe sure that his "light and happy" condition is due solely to "cereals, vegetables, fruits?"

Had I been of the opinion that isolated facts count, I might have cited myself as a "horrible" example. I myself have been a vegetarian for a few years, and I am ready to testify that a fleshless diet had no bad effect upon me. I found that I could live without meat, and yet have strength enough to work on a farm. In the beginning it was not deep conviction or principle, but circumstances over which I had no control that induced me to adopt a vegetarian diet; but after a while I became a convert to the gospel of vegetarianism and, like all converts, was very zealous in my belief and ready to preach the tidings of great joy to every creature. "Why, look at me!" I was ready to exclaim at every opportunity; "see how hard I work! and yet I can get along without meat." I cannot, however, say at present that the vegetarian diet had a particularly benevolent influence upon me. In the spring of 1898 I moved to New York, where I was obliged to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and what is the result to-day? Have I fallen from grace? Perhaps I have, but I do not believe that I have a greater inclination for "war, suicide, fighting, vice and intemperance" than I had when I lived on vegetables and cereals.

Those who oppose a meat diet because they are so tender and kind-hearted that they cannot think of killing animals, should be consistent and have nothing about them which reminds of suffering caused to some sentient being; and yet we see that our vegetarian friends wear the skins of animals on their feet, to say nothing of our lady friends who ornament their hats with dead birds.

It is very well to preach vegetarianism, but the vegetarians fail to tell us what they are going to do with all domestic birds and animals. Would they propose to kill them off at once, or would they turn them out and leave them to their own resources? If the former, where is the sympathy of which our friends boast? As to the latter, it may do well in theory, but how will it be in practice? Let all our domestic animals and birds commence to struggle for existence of their own accord, they will necessarily have to enter into competition with human beings. As we cannot think that man will allow himself to

be crowded out by animals, what would become of our four-footed friends? Would they not in the course of time be exterminated? I am not at all sure that domestic animals are worse off now than they would be under the regime of vegetarianism.

In conversation with a vegetarian, who was opposed to killing animals, I asked him whether or not a farmer can be justified in killing woodchucks and rabbits which destroy the vegetables in his garden. "No," was his reply; "let the farmer protect his garden so that no woodchuck or rabbit could enter it." You see he would not kill the animals; he would only prevent them from getting their means of subsistence, and thus let them starve to death. Which method is the more humane?

As a matter of sentiment, I would advocate vegetarianism, and express a hope that the time will come when no blood will be shed on the face of the earth, but I do not believe that vegetarianism can be universally adopted, or that vegetarians can substantiate all the claims that they make for their diet.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A "TIRED BRAIN."

Every man should have impressed upon him the fact that the human brain is capable of absolutely unlimited development. It can be developed more easily, more permanently, than the muscles. Like the muscles, it is developed by exercise, but unlike them there is no limit to its possible development and there is no age limit to the growth of mental faculties.

If you go to a certain hotel in Chicago you will find at the door of the large dining room a colored gentleman who takes your hat, overcoat and umbrella. He gives you no ticket. When you walk out again, to your intense amazement he hands you your property, identifying you among hundreds of other guests and immediately associating you with the proper hat and coat.

In a big store in twenty-third street, New York city, a small negro lad, fourteen or fifteen years old, works for a living. One day at that store this writer asked for a book apparently seldom purchased. Various dignified white men were asked about the book. They thought that they did not have it, but to make sure they asked the colored boy. Without a moment's hesitation he pointed out a certain balcony on the east side of the store and told exactly where the small volume could be found. Every one of the thousands of books in that store was located in a definite spot in that young negro's mind, despite the fact that he probably had seen the insides of very few of the volumes.

The two instances quoted are not unusual. They indicate merely the most superficial sort of development of one particular mental faculty, that of recollection. A more remarkable instance of such development was shown by Houdin, the French prestidigitator. He could pass a shop window containing perhaps scores of different articles, cast a glance at the window as he went by and enumerate without error everything in it from one glance. Some men learn a score or more of languages.

Yet the greatest development of any human brain has to never taxed even the slightest degree the actual capacity of the mind.

No matter to what extent you may train your mental faculties, no matter how much you may use your brain,

you will still be like the man who has spent five or six cents and has \$1,000,000 in the bank.

We are justified in believing that we are destined to marvelous mental achievements in the future, when we consider the instrument of thought that has been given to us and which is so little used at present.

A scientist named Meinert calculates that the gray matter of the brain contains 600,000,000 cells.

That in itself seems quite complicated. If we only had one thought stored away in each cell, we would know quite a good deal.

But you must remember that each cell is divided into several thousand molecules separately divisible.

Every one of these molecules contains many millions of atoms. Unquestionably each separate atom plays its part in the working of the brain. Figuring on a very modest basis, you find that your brain contains 18,000,000,000,000,000,000 separate atoms.

The theory that the atom is an indivisible particle of matter, which is indicated by its name, meaning uncurable, is only a theory not by any means demonstrated. There is no reason to believe that there is any limit to the universe in the direction of bigness or littleness. What we call an atom may be in effect an indivisible particle of matter or it may be a small universe in itself. However this may be, don't you think that with a brain organized as above you ought to be able to develop a good deal of mental energy, and be quite free from any worry about overworking the machine which has been given to you to do your thinking?

When a man thinks his brain is tired, it is really his stomach that is overfed or some other vital point that is depleted or overloaded. Keep the rest of your body in a good condition, and your brain will never feel any amount of work that you will be able to give it.—*New York Journal*.

II. F. Dawson, Port Victor, South Australia, writes: "I have read 'The Conquest of Poverty' and FREEDOM over many times, and am now beginning to carefully study the Home Course. I can see the leading idea clear enough, and I believe I shall presently reach the high plane of thought inculcated in your teachings; already I feel that I have derived much benefit from them.

"'The Conquest of Poverty' I think the grandest and most helpful book I ever read; and every time I con its pages I seem to gather the impress of great light and strength, so that I hope I am already what you term 'A growing soul.' I realize, however, that to attain a high degree of perfect thought, long and close study will have to be employed; and I am filled with admiration of yourself personally, when I come to see how, step by step, by your own unaided force and character, you have now raised yourself to such an exalted pinnacle of strength that you can infuse others with new life and power."

After an investigation into the effect upon the eyesight of the incandescent electric, and the incandescent gas lamp, the University of Heidelberg has decided that neither light, if properly placed, has any bad effect upon the eyes. On the question of lighting, the committee in charge decided that for the lighting of rooms, especially concert rooms and lecture halls, where many people remain for long periods at a time, the electric light is without doubt to be preferred to all others from a hygienic point of view.—*Exchange*.

REMEDY FOR PERPETUAL YOUTH.

Dr. Hodges, in tackling his foes, exhibited the material of which the medical system is composed, which the public just now bitterly oppose. I fail to see why Dr. Hodges would defend the medical humbug and ignorance. The graves at the cemetery is the best of evidence. These graves reveal that thousands of patients every day under medical treatment die. Newspapers should be filled with protest and denunciation, with calls for legislation and demand punishment. None ever die under mental or supernatural treatment. In the face of these facts how dare a sane Legislature suppress by law the mental and supernatural healing art, and sustain by law the much opposed medical system, is a question which deserves to be answered.—*August Buesing in Jacksonville Times-Union and Citizen.*

There is a general feeling of opposition to the State Medical bill and we see no possibility of its passage in its present form now that the public are awakened to its full purport. The tourist business is a very important one in Florida and hosts of people come to our State yearly on the advice of their physicians. The physicians of other States care for their self interest as well as those of Florida, and will certainly not send patients where they are barred from prescribing for them, without first procuring a license from the State Medical board of Florida. The provisions of the bill create a medical trust, so to speak, in Florida, and the power of that trust is unlimited. As one of our druggists remarked, "the law if enforced would drive a large portion of our druggists out of business." It would also create a monopoly of the healing art in our State and barr the progress that arises from competition in new lines of thought and investigation.—*Halifax Journal.*

THAT'S WHAT WE THINK.

In Florida the chief attractions are the birds and alligators. There is a class of people who visit that State every winter and do nothing else but wantonly kill plumage birds, pelicans, cranes, 'gators, etc. Last winter at Miami the writer saw two magnificent pelicans that a tourist had shot who wanted to see what they looked like. From Ormond and Daytona one can take a trip up the famous Tomoka river by boat, and the chief attractions are the big 'gators sunning themselves along the banks. Last week a tourist from Daytona went up the Tomoka with a borrowed rifle and shot a ten foot 'gator that for the past two years had come out near the railroad bridge to sun himself. The 'gator was towed back to Daytona and a big pow wow was held by tourists, and other fools, over the carcass.—*George N. Chamberlain in Clearmont (Va.) Herald.*

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.

THE PALM ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.



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

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

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

THE BOARD OF REGENTS.

PALM TREE ON COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Received since last report:

Catherine A. Anderson, Jessup, Md.	\$2.00
Mrs. Jane D. Churchill, 1900 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.	2.00
Wm. Godfrey, Christchurch, N. Z., College fund.	5.00
E. C. L., Vevey-Le Tour, Switzerland.	2.00
C. B., Vevey-Le Tour, Switzerland.	2.00
N. F. B., Vevey-Le Tour, Switzerland.	2.00

Mr. L. M. Loomis, the California ornithologist, who has been studying the question of bird migration on the Pacific coast, concludes that those which he has observed shape their course by landmarks, and possess no mysterious superhuman faculty for determining direction, such as some persons have imagined that birds are endowed with. When a fog prevails the birds are bewildered and lose their way. In brief, Mr. Loomis thinks that bird migration is a habit evolved by education and inheritance, and owing its origin to the failure of food in winter.—*Exchange.*

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

MANHOOD ABOVE HEREDITY.

"Child," said the Earth to me,
 "What can you do?
 Why do you try?
 Can you not see
 That all you are and can ever be
 Is the product of Heredity—
 Merely the outcome, sure and true,
 Of other lives gone by?
 Because your ancestors were such
 Back to primeval slime,
 Therefore, you are, and sin so much;
 Therefore, 'tis waste of time
 For you to seek to steer your course
 Free of this cumulative force.
 Beast, plant and rock, your story runs
 Back to the power that swings the suns;
 And can you disobey the laws
 That move you from the primal cause?
 Peace, fretful child! Be still!
 And do my will."

"Child," said the World to me,
 "What can you do?
 Why do you try?
 Can you not see
 That all the effort you have spent
 Is the product of environment—
 That your surroundings govern you
 And circumstances nigh?
 Because you're born in such an age,
 Because you're taught from such a page,
 Because your friends are so and so—
 Therefore, you act and feel and know
 Just as you do. In vain you've tried
 To throw this influence aside.
 Fruit of your century and race,
 Your family and dwelling place,
 Your education, work and friends—
 You have no individual ends.
 Peace, fretful child! Be still!
 And do my will."

Said I to the Earth, "Dear Dirt,
 Your remarks don't hurt,
 Being peacefully, perfectly true;
 But the fact of my coming from you
 Does not alter another, my dear—
 This fact—I am here.
 Evolution's long effort to be
 Has resulted in me;
 And I hark with respect to your tones
 As I would to my bones
 Should their feelings new utterance give,
 Should they say, 'We allow you to live.'
 Heredity? Yes, I admit
 All you're claiming for it.
 The 'first cause' is still running your ranch;
 But I'm a collateral branch
 In which the same power is set free,
 To be handled by me.
 You don't see it? No matter, old friend;
 It's all one in the end."

Said I to the World: "I can take
 No offense at the statements you make.
 They are truthful as far as they go—
 But there's much you don't know.
 Your power you correctly define,
 But you fail to see mine.
 You make me, in part, it is true;
 But, my friend, who makes you?
 The environment's force on our race
 Is not climate or place,
 So much as each new demonstration
 Of our social relation.
 Our strongest impressions we take
 From conditions we make;

And when we don't like the effect
 We can change—can select;
 Can unmake and remake and choose
 The conditions we use.
 Just think what the product will be
 When I make you make me!"

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

I am happy to say that my brother in Australia, to whom I wrote a year ago on the subject of the new thought, has now quite a grasp of the principles, and is holding out with great courage against the antagonism and ridicule of those around him. He says he devotes all his time to the study of the FREEDOMS and such of your books as I have been able to send him. A few extracts will show you the progress being made by this brave student:

"My 'Conquest of Poverty' I have with me all the time. I read it over and over again and fresh ideas come to me at every perusal. * * * My progress in Mental Science, though strong in belief, is necessarily slow. I have the subject constantly in mind, and am trying to build myself up all I can by the power of thought and desire. * * * I have read the articles in the FREEDOMS many times. Indeed, I have now given up all other reading, except the daily papers."

Then he longs for oratorical ability to go forth and expound the truth and beauties of Mental Science to the people "walking in darkness." I have told him that he can have this ability. Again he says:

"After reading your letter and the FREEDOMS, I felt a sort of lifting, as if I would like to elevate myself to a more exalted sphere and higher plane of thought, as you scientists have it."

Again:

"When out walking I chanced on a child's dictation copy, reading as follows:

"The seventy-two races inhabiting the earth communicate with each other in three thousand and four different tongues and confess to a thousand religions. The number of men and women is nearly equal; the average longevity of both sexes is thirty-eight years; about one-third of the population dying before the age of seventeen.' What a text would this be to write a dissertation on the difference between the old beliefs and the new, or to make an address before an audience?"

He pays a tribute also to your gay and charming personality as shown in the article in the "Waste Basket." I hope those articles will not be discontinued, as more than any others they seem to teach that sunshiny happiness which is the new way of being good—such a delightful change from the miserable old Puritan teaching that to be good meant to put on long faces and be forever unhappy about our own sins or the sins of other people.

Always you are in my thought as strong and vital, young and beautiful. Whether within or without the Association, to every student of your writings Sea Breeze is his Mecca. I often long to go there, and shall go some day.
 F. E. H.

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.

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.

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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, Scientist 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."

In another column I am printing a poem by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. It is pure Mental Science, and a splendid thing. Mrs. Stetson is one of the finest writers of verse in the world to-day. And there is only one other who can stand beside her. It is Sam Walter Foss. Bless their hearts—both of them.

Concentration denies the presence of any but the idea fixed upon. This idea for the time being becomes an intense condition of the brain, and if held to long enough will become a permanent feature in the body. Concentration is the seed germ of all growth. Without practicing it man cannot rise any higher than he now is. Mental concentration becomes bodily concentration. In the absence of concentration, disintegration takes place. Disintegration is the condition in which every form of disease steals in, and eventually old age and death.

There is no such healing agent as right thought. Although I have known a good deal of its power for years and have trusted it above medicine and every other external appliance, yet many of its results astonish me still. When I think of this, and when I recall experiences wherein it has seemed to work miracles I could laugh at the efforts now being made to put it down. There is nothing more true than that the time has come in race development for this mighty power to come forth in splendid manifestation. Its action is in harmony with the Law of Attraction, the law of constant growth; the proving of which destroys the world's false belief in the power of disease and death. As a race we are advancing so fast in the knowledge that *all is life*, that all the efforts made to suppress it are futile.

Truth itself is not a growth; the absolute truth that *all is life* is not a growth; it has always existed just as it is; but the race's conception of it is a growth. As a man advances in this conception or understanding, the great and absolute truth itself becomes established in him personally; and it is so mighty, so powerful that no effort on the part of ignorance can hurt it. He who understands it can make application of it for all the purposes necessary to his well being, simply by formulating statements in conformity with it. The absolute truth that *all is life* is over all and through all; it is ubiquitous; it pervades every atom in the universe. The denials of it—such as beliefs in the power of disease, old age and death do not change it or limit its existence or contract its power. The person who *knows* this is one with it, and his declaration of it heals all diseases and weaknesses under the sun. And it does this for others as well as for himself, provided the others put themselves unreservedly in his hands by a willingness to resign their old beliefs in undesirable conditions, and let him do their thinking for him for the time being. This is all the condition required; and where it is attained the administering of the truth that heals is invariably successful.

Existence on its present plane, with death incorporated in it, and with simply a guess at the end of it, is not worth having. If there was a God who conferred this more than doubtful boon on us, then, as a member of the race I am not grateful for it. I have not accepted the theological beliefs of the race; the heaven and hell that are supposed to follow this life I consider the fallacies of unreasoning brains. The deductions from evolution have given me the truths of Mental Science, which are of such immense importance that I regard no other study of any consequence in comparison with it.

What is it we desire most of all? Is it a knowledge of the world's learning; a knowledge of its many sciences, of its arts and all its accomplishments? What will these knowledges do for us if we must become weak and diseased, and finally incapacitated for enjoyment, and end our lives in misery, weakness and death? Is this what we desire most of all? We may desire to understand all the knowledges science has yet revealed, but not one of them is our leading desire. What we most desire is health and strength, and days of happiness, and nights of peace—bringing

more happiness; all of these advancing into the years of wonder and miracle now opening before us through a constantly greater unfoldment of our mental powers. We want to know; and we want that which we know to become subservient to our personal and bodily use. Talk of other worlds! One world at a time, say I. To master the forces of the earth and to blot out the race weaknesses of disease, pain, unhappiness and penury is a large enough effort for us at this time. Large as it is, an understanding of Mental Science is going to accomplish it.

All power is in organization; and nothing lies back of organization but unorganized material. You cannot find God by going backward; you cannot find anything behind man that is man's equal; the farther back you go, the darker and more chaotic the universe becomes. Intelligence is ahead of all things, and intelligence is the result of organization. Man is the highest intelligence, who in his development pulls the organized substance of chaos into expression or use. His body is the mechanism into which all the vast but unorganized powers are drawn, and from which they are expressed in intelligence. No force behind him pushes him forward or shows him how to go, or what to do. He is the culmination of the entire scheme, and stands at the head of it, absolute master; he is the quintessence of it all, expressed in working form.

Don't deny your body. Your body is not nothing. There is no nothing; and your body, so far from being nothing, is a tremendously important factor in your make up. Your brain would not exist without it, and without your brain there would be no thought generated, and thought is the stuff you call your spirit. It is that which lives after your body dies; and it is that which alone has power to save your body here in this world, and perpetuate its continual and unbroken growth.

The body has always been undervalued. This is because man has not had the secret of his own construction. He has not known that what he calls his spirit or soul is the product of his body. Man builds his spirit during his earthly life; and the stronger the body that builds it, the stronger the spirit. The way to perpetuate the body here on the earth is to put the thought back in it as rapidly as it is generated by the brain. We are not in the habit of doing this; we do not attempt to generate any specially valuable thought; just indolent stuff that wanders away of itself without any sensible direction. And so this mighty force is lost. It is only recently that the importance of thought, its power and its wonderful capacity, have been known.

A few of us, at least, are learning the power of thought. At first it seemed like a fairy tale that we could send thought far off, and have it reach the person to whom it was directed; but now we know that this is true. Even yet we do not know the *modus operandi*; though by experience we have learned the fact itself. It is my belief that in the solving of this problem we will have the key that will send the mental world spinning ahead at a rate never accomplished before. When we consider that the human body is all mind—con-

densed thought—we can begin to get a faint idea of where we are going—or at least of the way we are to go. Let your imagination open out this subject for you; do not be afraid that it will mislead you; it may lift you a little, but that is what you need. We live too constantly under the law of gravity. The imagination will help to establish an attraction in another direction.

H. W.

HOW THE NEW THOUGHT IS GROWING.

It is said that one of the most honored of the ladies in waiting to the late Queen Victoria is a Christian Scientist. Of course this proves nothing so far as the truth of the new cult is concerned; but it is bound to have its influence among those who entertain such high respect for social standing as the majority of people do.

I have just received a newspaper clipping (thanks to the friend who sent it) which gives an account of the matter. It could hardly be otherwise than that brainy England would become greatly interested in the subject of mental growth and mental power, of which Christian Science is the advance thought; the forerunner. This article is headed

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CLOSE TO THE THRONE.

Its Spread Among the Aristocracy. Peers Join the New Faith, and Leaders In University Circles Are Propagandists.

CROWDS OF PROSELYTES. RAPID PROGRESS IN LONDON.

The article dates from London; it is as follows:

London, Saturday. Christian Science, like the majority of American importations, is winning its way in Great Britain in the face of fierce local hostility. Its adherents number lords and ladies, and a multitude of commoners, including several dignitaries close to the throne.

Within four years from the time that Mrs. Eddy's disciples began to hold organized meetings the London cult has increased in popularity until the commodious church in the fashionable precincts of Hyde Park is now found to be too small to accommodate the proselytes from Anglicanism and the non-conformist faiths of the Kingdom.

Radiating from the flourishing church of the metropolis, vigorous branches have been established at such points as Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Cambridge and Leamington.

In communities where no organized congregations exist, Mrs. Eddy's missionaries labor, through the medium of meetings at private houses and public lectures in town halls. Her lieutenants predict that another decade will witness in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales such a landslide to Christian Science as that to which the depleted rolls of established churches in the United States have borne witness in recent years.

The Earl of Dunmore and the Earl of Tankerville are aristocratic pillars of the Eddy church. Mrs. Henry Montague Butler, wife of the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is another distinguished patron. She and Mr. Charles Smith, the wife of the head master of the Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, are waging an active propaganda among the cultured population of the university. Mrs. Eddy's English believers entertain mild hopes of interesting royalty in Christian Science. They assert that queen Victoria was a regular reader of *Science and Health*, and that one of her maids in waiting was a scientist. One of the maids in waiting to the present queen is also a recruit.

Mr. Miller, a prominent adherent of the new faith in London, said to-night: "Practising healers are at work all over the United Kingdom, and their success in a

number of notable instances has done much to stop the howl which large sections of the press and public are ever ready to indulge in. Under instructions from Mrs. Eddy, one of her loyal students came to London in 1890 to reveal her discovery. This student remained here about a year, effecting some excellent healing.

"In 1894 meetings began to be held regularly in private residences, and in 1896 they were transferred to a public hall. Owing to growing requirements of the work, the church we now occupy in Bryanston street, near Marble Arch, was leased and within ten months our progress warranted the purchase of the building, which, together with improvements since made, represents an investment of \$30,000, all of which has been paid. We are looking for still larger quarters. We are conscious of the great popular interest in our cause, because, while our active London membership does not exceed three hundred, our congregations frequently are five times that number. In the year 1900 Christian Science literature circulated represented a sale of £1,500 (7,500)."

I print the above extract with great pleasure, not because I am a Christian Scientist, but because Christian Science has been from its beginning an entering wedge for Mental Science. Christian Science contains some splendid truths, and it is not so widely separated from the world's past beliefs as Mental Science is; therefore, it has the power to draw from the world's past beliefs the thousands who cannot entirely break off from their attachment to the old and obsolete all at once, but must advance by steps. Christian Science is a step from Orthodoxy in religion and in doctorcraft; another step and Mental Science, as proclaimed by the topmost thinkers of the age, will be reached.

The greatest difference between Christian Science and Mental Science is this: Christian Science believes in, and relies on, some power out side of itself. Even while denying the personality of God, it still holds to some great, undefined something on which it leans. It tries to lose the bodily personality in this something by denials. This phase of humility captivates those who have been taught to believe in self-denial and consecration to a personal God, and seems really to bring them closer to this personal God, even while *seeming* to reject His personality.

Their denial of the body, and of everything relating to the body is the natural sequence of their anomalous position. They simply had to make this denial to be consistent with their effort to lose themselves in the vastness of what they consider this outside power; the *uncreate*.

Mental Science, on the other hand, raises the standard of personal individuality as the great objective point towards which all truly intelligent aspiration ascends. It believes in the materiality of all things, even while knowing that material things are but different expressions of mental phenomena; different statements—as it were—of the one infinite mind, and related to the infinite mind from the fact of being a part of it. Life in its unfoldment, says Mental Science, depends upon the individual's ability to recognize its closeness of relation with its infinite source.

Christian Science assumes to be a religion; Mental Science makes no such claim; it is a philosophy; it has nothing to do with blind faith; it demonstrates facts; it calls upon the intellect of the people to be its judge. In this position it is fearless; it stands upon no one's favor; it wants the sanction of the world's reasoning powers, and asks and expects nothing from those who have not yet attained to an intellectual plane where they can do their own thinking.

H. W.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Weltmer's Magazine, published at Nevada, Mo., is the best advertising medium I have found yet. By the way, Mr. Towne, who is a constant advertiser of ours, says that *FREEDOM* is the best that he has found. I do not think he has tried the *Weltmer*; he might change his opinion if he did. Yet, I know that *FREEDOM*—considering its charges, which are moderate—is wonderfully satisfactory; most of our advertisers have told us so.

Once when I lived in Boston I thought I would make an experiment in advertising in the big magazines; I picked out three that either had the largest circulation, or did the biggest lying about it, and sent a fabulous sum of money to each. From one of those magazines I got, perhaps, twenty replies, but not enough business to pay the cost of the advertisement. From one of the others I heard five times; from the last one I never got a word; not even a response equal to the faint, far-off squeal of a baby mouse. Which reminds me of an anecdote, as that best beloved man that ever lived or died (Lincoln) used to say.

I have told the anecdote before, and in *FREEDOM*, too; but it illustrates the ruling passion of us editor folks so clearly that it will bear telling again.

He was the publisher of the town paper, and he had worked himself to a skeleton to make a success of it. He had invented the most ingenious locals, and had taken advertisements on an imaginary subscription list until nature gave way, and he lay dying. The doctor was making his last visit. The editor seemed to be speechless; his body was cooling in death. The doctor put his finger on the pulse of the sinking man; "His circulation is very low," he said; when up sprang the editor and with the last moiety of his remaining strength exclaimed, "It's a darned lie; biggest circulation of any paper in the union; best advertising medium in this world or any other." This was his last kick; he then laid down "and his soul went marching on."

It is a very difficult matter to tell the truth about one's subscription list. It takes a philosopher to do it. I—but never mind me; "discretion is the better part of valor;" at all events it is the better part of the advertising business; which means, if you have to stretch the blanket on this important point, do it privately and individually, and not through the columns of a paper *so widely circulated as FREEDOM*.

There, now, I did that neatly; and I prefer not to answer any more questions on the subject. Remember, however, what Mr. Towne—who is quite a large advertiser, said; namely, that *FREEDOM* paid him better than any paper he had ever tried.

I am not catering for advertisements; I am writing for the mere fun of the thing. We have as many ads as we care to carry; we can more profitably use our space in displaying our own wares. Our book business is fine and on the steady increase, thanks to *FREEDOM* and to the friends who take it.

One thing that makes *FREEDOM* so profitable to the advertiser is the fact that the readers have confidence in me. They actually think that there is not one particle of deception about me. (Oh! my soul and body; let us all kneel down and pray!) But, really, if it were not for that same—let us call it discretion—that guarantees the suc-

cess of the newspaper man, I should be the most truthful person on record. I suppose the reader knows that society would outlaw us if we were strictly truthful. And then, again, in the name of common humanity, how can we be? A woman shows me her child; it is far from being attractive—I am a judge of babies; she asks me if I ever saw anything so pretty. I look straight into the sweet mother eyes and without so much as even a mental dodge, I tell her that it is the most beautiful little creature I ever saw. I have done this a hundred times, and am ready to put another mortgage on my soul and do it again whenever occasion requires it. Which reminds me once more—as the darlingest of all men used to say—of another anecdote. I had just begun to study Mental Science; I was overwhelmed by a sense of its power, and was filled full of the great things it could do. My brother from Dallas, Texas, was visiting me; he had been very deaf from his youth. I wanted to treat him, but he would not let me. He said it was bad enough to be as deaf as a stake, without adding insult to injury by being humbugged. I talked to him that evening for an hour or more. I recounted many cases of almost miraculous healing, roaring at him with my voice raised to its highest pitch. At last—after a most tremendous account of a case of healing, the biggest I could think of, I asked, “Don’t these things astonish you, Ivens?”

“No,” he said, in the small, gentle voice common to the deaf, “I am a liar myself.” I thought it time to go to bed, and I went.

It seems a strange thing that none of my brothers or sisters, except one, has investigated this subject. They believe in me—no sister was ever more loved than I am—but they will not interest themselves in this mightiest of all truths. And, not many months ago, the sweetest sister of the whole family died. I was not even informed of her illness, until the telegram came—“Emma is dead.” She was many years younger than I, and was the acknowledged “flower of the flock,” beautiful personally, tender-hearted, loving and gentle, and with a mind capable of great things; yet—regret is un-availing.

And this is one of the things that we of the new age have got to bear. We must endure to see many dear ones, whom we would almost die to save, cross the line that shuts them from our view.

After a few years when a knowledge of our own power has infused, not only the topmost thinkers, but has reached down into the rank and file, and crowned millions of heads with its glory, there will be no more separation for those who love each other. There will then be myriads of comrades out on the road of eternal life, searching for truths applicable to the conditions of earth, and unfolding wonders of invention to tide us over the “impossibilities” to be conquered between our world and her sister worlds now lying at vast distances from us.

Heavens! What miracles await the farther unfolding of man’s most fruitful, ever expanding and undying brain.

Funny about photographs, is it not? Little Jessamine went over to Daytona to have hers taken, and it is not half so pretty as she is; and the little scamp can kick on occasion, and she kicks whenever she looks at it. (Takes after her grandmama? Well, don’t men-

tion it. Everybody says it, and I am tired of it. I wish people would pick out some of her good traits and credit me with them.) This morning she called for the carriage and went to the photographer’s again. But she will never get a good picture; handsome people do not. I, for instance, have to put up with the “fearfullest” kind of misrepresentations of my beauty. It is the habit of the artist to spend ten minutes in posing me; in the mean time all interest in life has deserted me, and my eyes have hazed over until they resemble the eyes of a dead fish; and, when at last he says, “Look pleasant, now,” I feel like that fiendish old monk of the Inquisition, whose portrait, in “The Book of Martyrs,” mother used to frighten us to bed with, when we would not go willingly.

Now, Charley, who is not half so handsome as I am (only the women will think so) makes a splendid picture. Looking at it, one would actually imagine that he was as smart as I am, and much more attractive, personally.

Oh! look at this; I have got into the *New York World*; and to think that it was not my smartness that put me there, but my nonsense. The reader will recall a little squib I printed a few weeks ago about red hair. Well—but let the *World* speak for itself. Here is what it says:

RED HAIR.

HELEN WILMANS

The talented editor and publisher of *FREEDOM*, a journal of realistic Idealism, published at Sea Breeze, Florida, is evidently not only endowed with a large amount of common sense, but appears to be crowned with a bountiful supply of Titian hair. Instead of courting sympathy, Sister Wilmans may be proud that Nature has endowed her with this supply of the mark of being among the greatest celebrities of the past and present generations, as seen by the following published in one of her recent issues:

[A friend has sent me the following. I thank her for her sympathy in my misfortune, and assure her that I am amply consoled by the contents of the article.—H. W.]

RED HAIR CLAIMED TO INDICATE THE POSSESSION OF GENIUS AND ENERGY.

Red hair and greatness go together. Sometimes the hair may be only reddish or sandy, but any tint in the direction of red carries with it a chance, at least, for fame. Take this list of men and women who were topped with “red or reddish hair.”

Men—

Cæsar.
Cromwell.
Napoleon.
Columbus.
Alexander.
Sulla.
Shakespeare.
Tasso.
Jefferson.
Paderewski.
Fitzsimmons.

Women—

Queen Elizabeth.
Helen of Troy.
Sappho.
Cleopatra.
Joan of Arc.
Lucretia Borgia.
Marie Antoinette.
Mme. Recamier.
Beatrice Cenci.
Sarah Bernhardt.
Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Mr. Armour is said to have remarked to Mr. Gunsaulus:

“Without sandy-haired people the world would have been frozen to death. The giants and masters of trade and commerce are men of temper, and many of the Captains on great fields of war had redder hair than mine. The secret of it all is, not to let things get so hot as to cause a conflagration.”

Fowler and Wells, the phrenology experts, the men who made the old familiar charted plaster heads, say:

"Red hair is an indication of ardor, passion, intensity of feeling and purity of character, and usually goes with a sanguine temperament.

"It is significant that the largest percentage of red-haired people is found among the Irish. The Swede, Dane and Scot rank next in order. The lighter shades of red indicate that these characteristics are very intense. Red hair is besides likely to grow darker as age advances, which indicate greater strength and stability of character.

"While red hair is unquestionably a sign of susceptibility and general alertness, it is not of itself a certain indication of intelligence.

"The foregoing list of 'red-headed' men and women, if it may be taken as correct, shows that there is no epoch of history when there was not some really great man or woman with red hair. From Helen of Troy to Mrs. Leslie Carter—who, if she was not born great, has had greatness forcibly thrust upon her—from Alexander the Great to Robert Fitzsimmons—red hair blazes beacon-like along the line of fame."

Surely this ought to reconcile almost any one to red hair. I do not believe the color of the hair has anything to do with the intellect, but I should not wonder if it indicated vitality; and without plenty of vitality one cannot do much with even the finest brain.

H. W.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Thomas Alva Edison, the electric wizard of the century, is almost ready to make public details of his newest and greatest invention, a machine for the generation of electrical power without the use of engines and dynamoes.

This new invention is said to approximate the production of electricity direct from coal. If the machine is a success its effect upon all methods of propulsion will be incalculable.

Edison said six years ago that this invention would be the greatest possible step in the advancement of electricity. In an interview published October 28, 1894 he authorized this statement:

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

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CONCERNING ORGANIZATION.

Charles Wallace Silver, well known to the readers of FREEDOM, and author of a remarkable new book entitled "Twentieth Century Conduct," has a long article on Mental Science Organization in the May issue of *True Word*, from which we quote the following:

"In 1884 we met Mrs. Eddy, and were treated by Dr. H. E. Stone, to whom Mrs. Eddy recommended us. We then relapsed into private sanitariums, etc., because we could not assimilate Eddy logic, although we recognized the fact of Christian Science healing, and healing successfully. We suppose we have become a positive since we began with Helen Wilmans, some two years ago, and now we are going to positively state our opinion about organization.

"We advocate organization, and thorough organization, local and national, and we advocate it energetically as a ready means of materialization of our Mental Science thought. Any scientist has a perfect individual right to adhere to individualization, and draw the mantle of individuality about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams in a subjective state of personal happiness. But the question arises in our minds: have we, as members of the human family, any duties to perform for that portion of humanity which is in the slough of despond—in the apathy of death realization—in the hypnotic state of commercialism, or in the psychologized state of religious fanaticism? It seems to us that if we will succeed fully, we must instill the understanding of

our exalted condition of thought into the mind of ignorance and poverty. How shall we do this?

"Shall we do it by writing books and saying, we are not practitioners, but philosophers; shall we do it by practical healing, which is temporal, or by teaching the subject until it becomes a permanent condition of healing, and the person becomes a true Mental Scientist; or shall we silently contemplate our own position as philosophers and witness the masses floundering in error, while we consort with exclusive individuality?

"Because ninety per cent. of all business men fail financially, because ninety per cent. of all professional men fail practically, because the majority of marriages are failures, from a standpoint of love, happiness and morals, because socialism has failed, because anarchy has failed, because nihilism has failed, because wealth has failed, because civilization has failed: is all this any reason for the failure of Bellamyism, or of Mental Science Association? The history of all failures is that of the want of organization—of individual co-operation between the parties interested. Their ideals are too low, their hearts too false and the appetites too gross. Mental Science must be above selfish greed, jealous power and petty bickerings for honor. No one has a patent right upon ideas, and no Mental Scientist has any right to dictate policies to others, unless such policies appeal to profound reason and true development. The Mental Scientist who advocates organization is the last one to dictate unreasonably. He is too broad gauged to isolate himself from the world of activity, and hence too broad gauged to feel that he is being dictated to. It is the one who fears organization and its power, and prefers exclusive haughty individuality, that manifests the weakness, as it seems to us.

"We recommend the local Temples in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland to get up and go out and materialize some wealth, some wherewithal to pay for advertising and hall rent, and secure an audience in advance among people of means, among people of labor, as well as among weary waggles of inactivity. If this cause of Mental Science is worth your and my attention, and is what we claim for it, it is worth the attention of others, and they should pay for it the same as they pay for land, medical advice, church pews and theatricals. We are too modest. We should materialize wealth under our present competitive commercial conditions, just as we materialize stove wood with an axe, or land values with lies, rabbitries, orange groves, race courses, church buildings. Those who oppose organization might well see the influence that accumulated Catholic wealth has. If it only belonged to the people instead of the church, what a grand thing it would be! Look at the influence the Christian Science temple buildings are exerting. If those temples only belonged to the people in common, instead of to a narrow-minded church idea, what a grand nucleus they would be! People are fools, and machines, and sheep in financial, social and religious matters to a great extent. They are followers of fashion in dress, manners, customs, thought and acts. Hence we must get out and sell them our ideas. We must sell something they do not know whether they want or not, and we must sell it at a good round price—large enough to enlist their attention and understanding."

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.

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DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your kind letter received, and I am thankful to say that I am gaining every day. I suppose when this reaches you that my month will be up, and I am feeling so much better I am anxious to try my own powers in standing alone; but if the old trouble comes back, my thoughts will go back to you, for you have helped me so many times. With many loving thanks, dearest one, I remain your ever loving friend—Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Yours just received, and thank you for all and everything. I forgot to tell you that when Florence went to the office to mail the money for the first month, they attempted to warn her, and she coolly asked them what business it was of theirs. Isn't it amusing how anxious people are for your welfare when they see you advancing beyond their thought? Thank you for your words on concentration; it was just what I needed, and now I understand thoroughly. I am writing this without glasses, so if it is not all straight, you will understand. I am gaining so much in every way.—H. S., Lynn, Mass.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have received your last letter and must say I am feeling better. I got out of bed yesterday, and I moved a great deal better than I did the last time, and to-day I have been doing some work which I have not had strength to do before in years.—Mrs. C. K. R. P.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Pardon me for not writing sooner, but I have been a very busy man since I last wrote to you telling you about my new location. I am here buying fixtures, etc., for the new place. I am getting along well; there seems to be a spirit of go-a-headness within me never experienced before, like something that has awakened from a long slumber that is moving me to greater action; I know it is through your effort to instill confidence in me, by which to overcome obstacles in my diseased condition. At the same time your treatment for health is expressing itself also in an increase of confidence in my business capabilities. I have exerted myself more in the last two weeks than I have for several years past. Should I have tried for one day to exert myself before I came under your treatment, as I have done in the last two weeks, I would have been laid up in bed writting with pain. The fear that held me is disappearing more and more under your treatment.—F. A. F., Palmer House, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Our month is expired, but my faith and hope do not close with the treatments—but I shall miss you all the same. I shall endeavor to hold en rapport with your thought and build on the good we have already received. As the other patient said in his letter—I will not attempt to thank you for your kindness and help, for I could not find words to express them—but I have loving thoughts of gratitude that I can and do send you continually—a ways. I can always feel your presence when your letters are coming, and when mine reach you. I shall continue our sittings at the usual hour and whenever we have a chance for quiet. Mr. D. is still improving from his last set-back; although not entirely free from the cough, he is much better, and I hope will not run against any more snags for a while, but keep on climbing up. Yes, you have helped us through the winter—but the mental conditions were where we needed the greatest help—and we could not have come through those, as we have, without the help we have had from you. The terrible cold was bad enough to contend with, but it was as naught compared with the unkindness and inharmony we are subject to, and how to manage with it rightly is my greatest problem. I have tried so hard, with your help, to master it and get where it would not hurt or touch me, and I have gained a great deal.—E. R. D., St. Albans, Vt.

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