

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. IX., No. 1.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, MAY 22, 1901.

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DIVINE DESIRE.

The very furthest back moment of which we can form any conception, I think must be that eventful moment when we were—each of us, individually and separately—thrown off from, or sent forth by, the First Cause, or Central Life—sent forth each of us a tiny spark from the great flame. Just as a drop of the water of any ocean contains within its tiny sphere atoms of every chemical substance which goes to compose the water of that ocean, so does—so must this spark—this spiritual atom or monad, as it is often styled—hold within it in due proportion to its size all the great potencies of the Flame or Spirit from which it sprang. One of the qualities or potencies within it, as evolution proves, is what a powerful metaphysical writer terms “the divine Urge of Creation.”

That is, that it held within it a something—a spur, an impulse—call it what you will—which at once led and drove it onward and forward on its long, long journey through every phase of creation, never resting, always pressing on.

This divine gift, this directly life-given impulse, is by some held to be best expressed as “law of attraction;” by others as “love;” others again call it “desire;” and I think this last the clearest and simplest term for it.

What do we understand by the word desire?

In the sense in which it is here used, it means simply the persistent wish for, the longing to attain to, or to possess, something better than that which we already have.

Chemists have told us much of the actions of ultimate atoms. (An ultimate atom simply means an atom of any substance so minute that we cannot conceive its being again divided or made any smaller.) They tell us that one such minute atom seeks another, uniting with it to form a larger and more powerful one; how this double atom attracts, and is attracted to, another like atom, which again unites, and so on unendingly.

Of the vast and wonderful series of processes, which are forever going forward in all Nature; of how the various aggregations of atoms begin to take shape and specialize themselves, becoming the nucleus or embryo of some life form, I cannot even hint here. Suffice it to say that in everything in Nature this process is always being carried on.

Let us take the little amoeba and see how desire works here. It is a mere bag of transparent matter, so tiny that thousands can lie on the surface of a tumbler of water.

This bag or sack takes in nourishment and grows upon it; it desires a mouth to close upon its food, and

in the next higher form of this class of creature it possesses a mouth. It then desires tentacles to seize food floating by, as an improvement on simply devouring what happens to float inside its mouth; it gets tentacles. A third step is the desire to guide its own motions in the water, and it evolves limbs which enable it to do so; or it desires to be able to fix itself, that it may not be swept away by currents, and it grows organs of suction by means of which it attaches itself to rocks or stones. Then it desires protection from the creatures that feed on it, and it grows a hard shell upon its back; and thus we arrive at sea anemones and shell fish.

Here I just indicate one of the innumerable lines of development we can each one of us study and think out for ourselves. Nothing is so well understood as that which we think out for ourselves, and no argument is so convincing—or, rather, no argument is at all convincing—that we have not argued out for ourselves.

We must now take a long step, right up to man, and see how desire works in him.

The savage roaming the unbounded wilds of the earth—what desires he?

He desires to be stronger, cleverer, more cunning than his fellows, so that he may get for himself a larger share of that which makes his happiness; food, wives, slaves, drink, cattle—whatever it may be.

In short he desires to be happy. The life impulse is desire, and we desire happiness. And this is the core, the root of it all. Happiness is the end and aim of all existence. Always do we desire to have something better than we have, or to something better than we are; because we think, we believe, or we know by experience, that to have, or to be the better thing, would mean a greater degree of happiness.

Thus is this desire of happiness the mainspring of life and progress, and it is life's gift, and it is good.

I know that most people will agree with me in saying that all that is good in us comes of desire, but I fear few will be with me when I say that all that which we call evil comes also of this same desire. As there is but one source of power in the Universe, all things must come from that source, and desire whatever form it may take, whether we judge it evil or good, of necessity comes from thence; and I see it clearly as the guide and the spur of all created things, and the only one they ever had; and I regard it as our most precious, priceless gift, to be prized and cherished accordingly.

That this idea is contrary to all accepted doctrine and the teachings of all religions and churches, I am well aware. For eighteen hundred years we have been taught, and we are still being taught, that our desires

must be rooted out and trodden down; that we must have neither desire nor will of our own, but only God's.

[Of the impossibility of ever knowing with any certainty what God's will is, as not only every religion, but actually every priest and teacher differs from one another on this point—I will say nothing, as it would be a digression from our subject; but I would suggest it as a good subject for individual consideration.]

Fortunately for the race, no one was ever entirely successful, and very few were at all successful, in this rooting out and subduing process; and so progress has not been materially hindered.

I would ask you to look out upon the world, and in all that you see there, strive to read the motive. "Various motives," you say. One wants riches, another fame, another power: and so on. But why? Because this one thinks that riches—the other thinks that power—and the third thinks that fame—will bring him happiness. One motive, then, only, and that is to gain happiness. Then look within; search out your own motive for all you do; and ask yourself was there an act or deed done since the beginning of the world until to-day that had not for its motive power the happiness of the doer of it?

I say no—there never was.

An Indian brave suffers extremest tortures in silence till he dies, because his greatest happiness is to know that his tribe will remember him as a true brave. The martyrs suffer torture and death at the stake with joy because it is the highest form of happiness they know to suffer and die glorifying their God.

A mother will endure anything to save her child; she will even give it up for ever to secure its well being, because in securing its well being she finds her own best happiness. A man will sacrifice his life and all its joys for duty's sake, because to feel he has done his duty is his highest happiness. In fact, disguise it as we may, call it what we may, the attainment of happiness is the motive of every word, deed and act, in the life of every living creature.

In our ignorance and inexperience we take wrong means to gain happiness; we do cruel acts and hateful deeds in striving to attain the happiness which so often eludes our grasp. Daily, hourly, mistaken, ignorant human beings commit what we call "sins," and inflict pain and suffering on their fellow creatures in their eager and misdirected efforts to attain happiness for themselves; and only by, and through, experience can we learn better.

It is our privilege to make mistakes and suffer by them, for experience and suffering are our two great teachers. I do not mean by this that each man and woman must make every mistake in order to learn the right way to attain to happiness; on the contrary, the whole race profits by the experience and suffering of each unit. In this way, we of to-day have learned by the experience of many murderers in the past, that it is a great mistake to commit murder, no matter how great the immediate gain may appear to be. Hence, to-day murder is regarded as a great sin by the majority, and murderers are in a minority.

It is the same with all other crimes and offences. As soon as the collective mind of the race has become convinced that it does not make for happiness to do a certain thing, that thing is condemned, and becomes what

we call a "sin" or a "crime;" i. e., an offence against the good of the community, and, as a deterrent, punishment of some kind is inflicted by the majority who disapprove of its being done, on the minority who still continue to do it.

"But," some will object, "it is wicked to do certain things; it is against the law of God."

This I emphatically deny. Nothing can occur contrary to law, because a law is a sequence of things. If aught occur to break this sequence, then it is no law. In committing any "sin" or "crime" we break no law, save man's, so-called, law.

What then is wickedness, and what is meant by wicked? A difficult question to answer!

No two living beings were ever quite agreed on this point. All races, and all ages, have had different standards of right and wrong. Even to-day the savage holds it good and right, and pleasing to his gods, to kill and torture his enemies. Three hundred years ago a civilized and refined woman thought it right to burn men and women alive. She believed it pleased her God. Personally it was painful to her, but she found her happiness in the thought that it pleased God.

A few years since, the British House of Commons kept one of the clearest heads of the day out of the Legislature, because he did not believe in the God they believed in, and they thought him consequently unfit to help in making the country's laws.

Now, if I called anything "wicked," it would be the killing of my fellow men and the burning of them alive; and most persons will agree with me there; but I should also call the exclusion of the keenest brain in England from Parliament—where it would have been so useful—wicked; but I daresay there are but few that will agree with me here.

Not only do ministers of the Gospel differ widely, but the Messiahs themselves hold very different standards of right and wrong.

Mahomet made it a sin to drink wine; Buddha forbade the killing of any living thing; Jesus forbade plurality of wives, while Mahomet allowed polygamy, and the gentle Jesus permitted the slaughter of animals.

Then what is wickedness? I would call it absence of good, since it cannot be a power, or a quality apart and in itself, because—as I have shown—it is not a fixed quantity or quality, but a variable one, a matter of training, belief and experience. A man may say, "I know this to be a wicked act, and that I sin against God and man in the doing of it, but I will do it because I want to." And one feels inclined to; and most persons would—unhesitatingly—pronounce this deliberate wickedness.

But here all I would say is, that this man is acting against his experience. He has learned that such an act is a mistake, but in spite of this he still clings to the hope that it will give him the satisfaction he desires; and it may do so, temporarily, by gratifying some passion, such as revenge or greed; but in the long run he suffers for it; he appears to need more and bitterer experience to convince him he is mistaken; and he will get it, for he must in remorse and anguish blot out this act from the great memory of Nature—those "Books of Judgment" where all our acts are set down.

And oh! let us remember this—it is an awful thought

—not only our acts, not only our words, but every lightest thought of ours marks itself down on the tablets of Nature's memory; and remains there—forever.

Yet in spite of all the errors and mistakes it leads us into, in spite of the sorrow and suffering it brings upon us, I dare to call it the "Divine Desire," because without it where and what should we now be? I do not see how we could continue in existence, even in the lowest forms of life, without it; and most certainly we could not rise a single step.

It is our guide, the finger which points out the path of progress; and though we may err in our attempts, we can do no better than to try to follow its guidance. There is nothing else for us to do, save to stand still, and remain as we are; and there is not one single living soul in the Universe that would care to do that, even if it were possible—which it is not—since progress is a fundamental law.

That we fall into sad mistakes, and stumble and hurt ourselves and others, is not the fault of the guide; it is not because the finger points in a wrong direction; it is rather because we are like those who, as they walk, fix their eyes on a star in heaven, and forget to look at the path beneath their feet.

But every time we stumble or fall, each time we strike our foot against a stone, it is a lesson to us; and in the end we learn that to feast our eyes on the beauty of the distant star is not enough; we should watch where its rays fall upon the road, and direct our steps by their light.

The view taken of humanity, by all religions, is that man is born in sin, filled with vicious desires, and of an evil nature by inheritance. Now, I would ask—if God made us and gave us our natures—how is it that we are so evil? We are generally given to understand that we "fell" from the state of goodness and purity in which we were originally created, by yielding to the temptation of the evil one. And it would seem that having once yielded to temptation our whole beings became thoroughly evil, with absolutely no good things in us. This does not seem to me either plausible or just; but if it is so, there arises the question—how are we to set ourselves right again, to cast out the evil and return to our first state of purity?

And here comes the great difficulty. There are so many answers—just as many answers as there are religions in the world. The Christian says, "Obey Christ;" the Mahomedan says, "Follow Mahomet;" the Buddhists say "Obey Buddha." That is to say, this is what the professors of those religions say to the world; but let one pierce to the very soul of each of those faiths, and read its esoteric teaching, and he will find but one reply in them all, and that is, "Seek wisdom." And if the seeker ask, "And where is it to be found?" there is likewise but one reply, and that is: "Within you." Search out your higher self; it is always there, within you, ready and waiting for the call upon it, though you may not dream you have such a thing as a higher self. Search out the best you can find in yourself, the loftiest, purest thought you are capable of, the very highest and best you can conceive, imagine or feel; carefully and earnestly study the desires, arising in this best and highest part of you, and consider whither they point; and when you have found this out, hold on to it—grasp it with all the strength you can muster; for that is the Divine Desire in its highest showing forth.

Just a little better than you yourself as a whole, are those desires always pointing to something just a little above you; you can do no better than to follow where they lead.

Did we always do this, our mistakes would be few, and never gross ones; but the more animal self is still the strongest part of us, and it drags down the soul of desire; and since it must, like all else created, express itself; and since desire can but express itself as desire, it shows forth in us only in its lower forms.

But the world is beginning dimly to feel this. We have had now, all of us, so many bruises and hurts, we are beginning to feel that it would be well to be less gross and less material. We are even beginning to desire to be finer and purer; and as the wish is the first step, we may say that many of us have already started on the road to a higher spirituality. In other words, we are finding out that greater happiness is to be found in purity and spirituality, than in grossness and materiality; and, as of old, we are demanding it; and seeking it; for as I said before, and unhesitatingly assert, happiness is the aim and end of our existence; it is what we are created for, and it is what God intended for us.

In fact happiness is God. God is only another way of spelling good; and happiness is good, and good is happiness. There can be no happiness in evil, and there can be no evil in happiness, and there can be neither evil nor unhappiness in God. For God being good, and God being everything, therefore everything must be good; and even those desires which, at first sight, and to our limited view, appear evil—inasmuch as they produce suffering and wrong—cannot be absolute evil, for there is no such thing. They are a lower or negative form of good, as is, indeed, all the good we know; for even the very highest and best good which we are to-day capable of recognizing is but comparative good, since we are still far too backward in spiritual development to comprehend, or even conceive, anything higher than comparative good. Of Pure Good, Absolute Good, the foremost of our race have as yet no conception whatever; the nearest to it being the conception which the most spiritualized intellects of our age hold of God. For the Absolute Good is God, and who can go so far as to say that he has fully conceived the idea—or formed a conception of—God?

Our great aim, then, should be to raise our desires, to direct and train them, but never to deny them; for if they are not the moving power, the divine impulse, which has brought us so far, and which is to bring us home at last—then, indeed, I fail to see where, or in what, this most needful "divine impulse" is to be found.

EZRA MERSDON.

The Jacksonville Spiritualists Aid Association implores the Spiritualists of the United States and elsewhere for help. We ask you to help us now while we are in great need. The city of Jacksonville, Fla., on May the 3rd was three-fourths destroyed by fire, and hundreds of Spiritualists are to-day without shelter and without something to eat. Contributions for this purpose should be addressed to August Buesing, 153 Riverside ave., Jacksonville, Fla., or to the editor of *The Advocate of Common Sense*, Jacksonville, Fla. News papers are kindly requested to give this a wide circulation.

WHY?

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

"All's well that ends well."

The law of opposites is nowhere more positively exhibited than in the contrariety of men's actions and beliefs; each one is full tilt antipodal to the other; each more or less eccentric and irregular; in fact, a little queer, "except thee and me, and thee is a leetle queer."

Our doings and ways generally are serio-comic and tragi-farcical if we will but note the inconsistencies that attend most of our performances. The fish, the frying pan and the fire, would serve to symbolize the state of man, who cometh up "like the grass, then turns and gets mowed down again." Most of us are like the old woman who always felt worse when she felt better, because she knew she was going to feel bad again.

It is not well to be always taking ourselves too seriously, and it is a good sign of a person's intellectual strength when he can inspect and laugh at himself, for we are all really funnier than Banderlogs in our capriciousness and inconsistencies. None of us are free from some sort of whimsey and absurdity that render us liable to observation and travesty.

I recently heard a very badly dressed woman commenting virtuously upon, and almost piously lamenting, the bad dressing and taste of another, while she (the commentator) sat there as grotesque a figure as any of Hogarth's or Cruikshank's angularities.

"Oh! for the gift to gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

No two agree; what's one man's meat is another man's poison.

One man, (generally a very young one) is busy cultivating a beard which comes in sparse and forked as a cactus, while another enriches his barber in keeping rid of "a great, round beard like a glover's paring knife."

One family scrimp and save to buy books, while another sells them to get rid of such "cumbersome" property.

One woman is drinking Vichy and Kissengen to get rid of surplus averdupois, another is taking pills to make her fat.

One man and woman toil and save every penny in order to buy a home; their next door neighbor is selling his at a sacrifice in order to get rid of it.

Some of us break up housekeeping to go to boarding, because it is cheaper; others of us quit boarding and go to housekeeping because we can live more economically.

Here is a young man and woman running away with each other to get married; there is another couple paying all they can get to be divorced.

One-half of the world is scared into fits over the fear of sitting in a draught; the other half sit in one to be cured of a cold.

One man buys a hill and levels it down; another one buys a hole and fills it up, and feels sorry for himself that fate did not decree him a hill.

A woman has trees set out for shade, and a man cuts them down because of too much moisture.

The doctor becomes a specialist and dies of his own disease.

One person is "turning heaven and earth to get justice;" another is racing over remote districts, from it.

One nervous lady will not travel for fear of an accident, and falls out of bed and breaks her leg.

One person is advised to eat all the eggs possible, because they are nutritious; another is warned against them, because they have a bad effect on the liver.

One man, who likes to be alone, has ten children, and a wife who loves company.

Another one loves the silence, in order to study, and is obliged to live on the corner next the elevated road near a musical family, with two pianos, a fiddle, a brass horn and a parot.

Simms, who dislikes liquors of all sorts, and who cannot afford it, is obliged to buy and drink an expensive wine in order to digest a ten cent dinner; and Peter Wilkins, who "is in the trade" cannot drink a drop for "fear of a stroke."

Young Goldsmith is forced through college, when he would greatly prefer to work in a boiler shop or on an engine, while young Silverton would give his eye teeth to have Goldsmith's opportunities.

The college turns out foot ball teams, and receives large endowments from rich old gentlemen who never went to school.

The billionaire has dyspepsia so bad that he can eat only the plainest food; while the man who has to borrow a dime to appease his appetite, could digest a cork and sponge.

The pretty young girl, with brown eyes and hair, is perfectly miserable because she is not a blonde, and buys peroxyde to make herself one; while her blonde friend envies her and "would give just anything to be a brunette."

Mrs. Bilkins has a large income and fills her house with fuzzy poodles; while down at the cheap end of her street is a dead mother and five orphaned babies.

A day laborer, with a big family, pays as he goes and accumulates property; while a bank president embezzles and goes to the penitentiary for the misappropriation of its funds.

The clown sometimes preaches a good sermon in the circus ring; while the preacher frequently plays the clown by juggling with a poor one in the pulpit.

The sensible, level-headed girl has to wait for partners at the dance; while the pretty little dimpled nonsense has more than she can take care of; and the woman who ought to have married and reared children, did not; while the woman who ought to have remained single, married several times, raising several sets of children who grow up any old way.

The woman who does not like to ride has several equipages and an automobile; while the lame book agent cannot even hire a bicycle.

The lawyer ought to have been a surgeon, the doctor a farmer, the dentist a base-ball batter, the preacher an actor, the editor a showman, "the leader of our set" a cook, and the critic ought to have died young.

As Artemus Ward would say, "What is the cause of this thussness?" What is the reason of all this misfitness? I do not know, any more than just why a collar button should roll to the remotest corner under the bed; or why the book, or the anything else for which I am looking, should be under everything that I do not want; or how it comes that my blotter has the power of

dematerialization, or levitation, and can disappear into the fourth dimension of space, all suddenly and silently, on a moment of great necessity, and just after it is passed, appear in all its azure serenity close to my ink bottle; or the sympathetic attraction there is between a sore spot and the thing against which it is struck; or why, just after I have congratulated myself for never catching cold or a disease, I am laid up with an influenza for a week or the mumps for a month, or what the mysterious affinity is, between my ankle bone and the tip end of the chair rocker; or the occult reason for the match "going out" when I happen to have only one?

Why is it all this way? I do not know unless it is because I cut my finger nails on Friday, or saw the new moon over my left shoulder, or put on my right sleeve first. They are puzzles for wiser people than I to solve, which nonsense, however, "reminds me" of a rhyme of Sam Walter Foss' I have in my scrap book, that is as whimsical as Irish humor:

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS.

How is it I have prospered so? How is it I have struck
Throughout the hull of my ka-reer jest one long streak
of luck?

Intelligence, young man; that's all. I reason an' reflect—

'Tis jest intelligence an' brains plus straightout intellect.

When I git up I'm allus sure to dress me right foot first,
Or put my drawers on wrong side out, or hev my vest
reversed;

For them are signs you'll hev good luck; an' eddicated
man—

Knows all them signs an' shapes his life on a consistent
plan.

I've strowed ol' hoss-shoes down the road for somethin'
like a mile,

An' I go out an' hunt 'em up a-every little while;
For if you fin' a hoss-shoe, w'y, you're sure to prosper
then;

A fac' that is familyer to all eddicated men.

A cat's tail p'intin' to'rds the fire, it is an awful sign;
But I hev counteracted it with every cat of mine.
If my cat's tail should p'int that way it wouldn' give
me scares;

I'd go in my back entry then an' simply fall up stairs.

It's a good sign to fall up stairs an' counteracts the cat;
An' that's the way I shape my life, I ballunce this with
that.

I see four crows—bad sign I know—might scare a man
that's bolder;

But I jest wait an' see the moon rise over my right
shoulder.

The moon it counteracts the crows; one balances the
other,

For one is jest wiped out, you see, an' cancelled off by
t'other.

I hear a dog howl in the night; it don't give me no dread,
I ballunce it by gittin' out the right han' side the bed.

An' so I've prospered all my life by jest a little pains.
Intelligence, young man, that's all, an' intellect an'
brains.

'Tis ignorance that makes men fail. An' wisdom—
nothin' less—

Inlightenmunt an' knowledge, sir, can bring a man
success.

—Sam Walter Foss.

Two men sat daily near me, recently, at a hotel table
who demonstrated this law of opposites very clearly.

One was round shouldered and sullen looking, a de-

jected lop of muscle pervaded his whole structure. He was loose jointed, and his gait was a shuffle; his face was a dismal pucker of wrinkles, drawn into a grim raffle at the lips, and around under his jaw bone and querulous square chin, grew, or rather sprouted, a herbaceous growth of "stubby whiskers 'at looked like hay," or dried Bermuda grass, an irate set of hairs that looked as if their roots had been fed on rancid oil. There was a general irascibility that seemed to have sweat churlishly through from his bones, and attacked the back seam of his coat, which hiked aggressively up over an irritated spinal column, and he snapped at his food as a dog does at the flies.

An irritable affliction stuck out all over him, that wore upon one like a sharp tack in a shoe.

His barometer promised storm all the time, and the weather was chilly in his neighborhood. Cheerfulness sagged like a rain-soaked garment in his presence, and I found myself sighing like a "wet forestick." He was "a cup too low" for even Aunty Doleful. Only once I saw him smile, or what passed for one; it looked like a crack in a piece of ice; made me shiver, while I felt sorry, Oh! so sorry for him, and I thought "judge not by appearances," perhaps this undesirable outward semblance is only a chestnut burr after all, and I soothingly inquired after his health. "Are you quite well this morning?" I ducked as he threw his reply at me.

"Yes, well enough, I never feel real well."

I ought to have been satisfied as *he* was, apparently, yet my sympathy deepened, and I ventured still further out on the "cracked ice."

"Have you ever thought of trying Mental Science?" I asked.

Booh! Icicles and hail! He glared glassily at me as he snapped out hydrophobically:

"No! I have not. I do not believe in any such—and he swallowed something that choaked him. (I heard it sizzle as it went down). Nonsense," he finished, after recovering his breath, and arising cantankerously, scattered like a cross crab from the room.

Just opposite this poor man sat another, who made me think of a clear day, a young child, and a hope fulfilled; and more, a broad river whose current runs strong to the sea. He looked out upon the world with clear, wide open eyes that met it fearlessly, showing an alert mind that was quick of comprehension, and capable of reasoning out its own problems.

In his manner there was a good natured attention that was not merely perfunctory courteousness, but that showed real interest, and that went forward promptly to meet people and subjects without prejudice. Everything about him, his figure, attitude, walk and clothing, was ship shape, and he, in such fine humor that no one could help being well favored toward him. It was easy to see that his had been a clean, honorable, manly life; without ostentation and vulgar pretense, or offensive and ludicrous assumption.

The face of the happy little wife beside him was confirmation strong of all this, and bore full testimony to the genuineness of his character.

"You look so strong and vital," I said to him, "it is a pleasure in this day of hurry and worry among men in the business world, to see a man of your age (for he was a man of middle age) who seems so full of life and

reserve power, and interest in the general advance of things, etc."

He said: "I thank you for saying this. I am interested in everything that has for its purpose the help of the people. Early in my life I conceived this attitude to be my highest duty, and to waste as little time as possible in doing it. I was lifted from ill health and a cramping Orthodoxy by Mental Science. My friends and preacher thought I was crazy—but here I am," he said laughing.

I thought of James Russell Lowell's "Unwasted Days," and repeated them to myself as he walked away with a firm and youthful tread, and his body held compactly straight as a youth of twenty.

"The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men * * *
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense,
In work done squarely, and unwasted days."

ELIZA HOOD TALBOT.

EUGENE DEL MAR.

AN APPRECIATION.

I have just returned from listening to Mr. Del Mar's first lecture in San Francisco. I was delighted. It was indeed a pleasure to listen to such a highly educated and cultivated man discourse on Mental Science. His personality is very attractive and pleasing; his individuality decidedly marked. He is a clear, logical thinker, and a convincing and forcible speaker. An assiduous student of physical, as well as Mental Science, his belief in the new thought rests on the solid basis of knowledge and of proved facts. The accession of such men as Mr. Del Mar to the ranks of Mental Scientists, must do much to remove the prejudice existing in the minds of persons who regard those holding Mental Science ideas, as visionaries and cranks. All honor to the legal profession which numbers among its members Mr. Del Mar and that glorious woman—Clara Foltz.

F. E. HAWSON.

A REMARKABLE NEW BOOK.

"TWENTIETH CENTURY CONDUCT."

Over five hundred pages in Art Vellum—A "Roast" on Fakery in Business, Social and Professional Life—Intensely Interesting, Highly Educational—Rational Conditions of Life—A Revelation for the Masses—Solutions for Problems of Existence—Terse Epigrams of Experience—Wholesome Remedial Formulations.

The Pantagraph printing and Stationary Company has just issued, for the author, what is regarded as a most remarkable book. It is entitled "Twentieth Century Conduct," the author being Charles Wallace Silver, until recently a resident of Chicago.

Those who have noted the widespread interest Mark Twain's article in the *The North American Review* for February, has created, will see similar conceptions carried by the author of "Twentieth Century Conduct" into the avenues of every-day life of the masses.

The volume is a work of art of over five hundred pages, bound in Art Vellum. It is published by the

author and distributed by E. B. Wright, of Lawrence, Mich., for one dollar and fifty cents, postage prepaid.

Following are comments by the author:

Our claim is that the errors of our present civilization result solely and directly from the projection of mistaken thoughts, which we have termed malformations of thought. These mistaken thoughts are expressed in greed and lust, and in their accessories—vice, crime, insanity, sickness and death. These mistaken thoughts are the misapplication of the grand central ideas of all religions, philosophies, science and art, by followers who attempt to combine the central ideas of purity, goodness and justice, with those of greed and lust and their accessories.

Hence, we say that the masses are groping in ignorance because of these accumulated malformed thoughts. When we show the masses that all life is one; that all mind is one, and each individual is a projection, or an expression, of that one life—of that one universal mind, then we will have lifted from his individual misunderstanding the greatest cloud of ignorance and its corollaries—vice, crime and poverty, and we will have taught him, that the inalienable rights of men are common ownership of earth, air and water, if there is any ownership in anything which, indeed, we cannot conceive, save as a man-made greed condition.

When men understand that they are a part of one life that has been expressed in various evolutionary forms, for all geological time, and is expressed to-day in a vastly increasing multiformity, then they may begin to comprehend the power of thought, and with it may understand how erroneous or malformed thought multiplies disease, and that the very man-produced thought, produces disease—produces increased disease—by its man-invented remedies which are sanctioned by man-made erroneous laws, similar to those of selfish ownership of earth, air and water.

The person who affirms by any form of religion or especial social or political condition, is largely psychologized by that institution. So also is the person who depends upon gossip for an animus in daily existence; so also is the person who depends upon sexual indulgences, spirits, opiates sedatives or stimulants; so also is the person who has permitted the coffee, tea or tobacco habit to control him.

A lower order of ignorance or malformed thought succumbs readily to hypnotic effort and is insanity-producing morbidity. Prayer, music, song psychologize, as do sentiments of heroism, patriotism, truth, justice, honor, love. Then why permit yourself to be psychologized by thoughts other than those of the highest absolute truth?

Of course truth in the end prevails, however long it had taken the individual to arrive at a correct conclusion of what is actual truth. It is the base or false application of any truth that results in fakery, crime and death. Hence religions decay. Higher civilizations decay because they have become contaminated with error. The spirit of commercialism, like the established religion, or like legalized allopathy, has been bolstered up by so-called laws or statutory provisions; and all the devotees of commercialism are psychologized with the idea of greed and fear of poverty, and with the erroneous thought-sensuality of lust.

We have detailed actual experiences in social, professional and business life, covering a period of a third of a century of active life in these capacities, hoping to demonstrate to the masses (who must encounter the same experiences) that it is necessary for them to encourage an immediate desire and effort to correct and overcome these malformed conditions; and we have pointed out what seem to us to be the only remedies in sight, viz.: perfect Bellamyism, and ideal Mental Science teaching, which is no more and no less than the teaching of common sense, as evolved and accumulated by the best thought-power of man during his entire evolutionary development, both physically and spiritually or mentally.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

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

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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, 248 West Tompkins St., Galesburg, Ill.

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Lida L. Fox, Longmont, Colorado.

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

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Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Rooker, Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. A. F. Thode, Rawlins, Wyoming.

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Eva A. Humpheys, 1216 2nd Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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Rosalie Oldfeld, Leavenworth, Kans.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthny, Pine Hill, Alabama.

Virginia D. Young, Fairfax, South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Barteau, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Dora Howe, York, Neb.

M. H. Novotny, Argyle, Minnesota.

Clara Foltz, 310 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Emily Necomb Wilson and daughter, Margerie, 351 W. 114th St., New York City.

THE NEW YORK FIASCO.

The medical profession in New York has been much exercised lately, by reason of the activity of certain pestilent people calling themselves Christian Scientists. It seems that these Christian Scientists have had the temerity to cure patients of divers ills which did not yield to the pills and potions of the regulars. Therefore, the latter brought action against these faith-curers to debar them from practicing their arts upon the timid and defenseless public. But the action was thrown out of court, and the medical monopoly was throttled for the time being.

Now, it behooves us to wake up to this threatening danger. We must take sides on this question, and we stand or fall on this:

It is no part of the duty of a State government to instruct the individual how he shall be treated for the cure of any disease.

There is no such thing as a science of medicine. There is disagreement in the ranks of the physicians themselves. They have contumely one for the other; ridicule one for the other; abuse and contempt one for the other.

Their schools of medicine are waging war upon each other. Why do the heathen rage? It is because they imagine a vain thing. Each thinks he is right. Each thinks he knows it all. Bah! They are only beginning to learn something when they realize that they know nothing.

Therefore, why should the people be compelled to take their healing from a body of men who are not even agreed as to the virtues of the medicines they employ?

You see the barbarous inconsistency here. Let the schools of medicine first cease their strife and in common council agree upon a basic standard of therapeutics for the treatment of the sick. It will then be time enough for them to proclaim to the world that the healing art can be safely entrusted to them alone.

And when they have finally ceased their bickerings, and can make solid front against us, it will still be a very easy matter for us to prick the joints of their harness and prove that there is only one physician in the scheme of nature—namely, Intelligence.—*The Journal of Magnetism.*

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.

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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."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week there will be no issue of FREEDOM, it being the fifth week in the month, and—as the readers will recall—we publish only four papers each month, or forty-eight during the year. So you must not think your FREEDOM has been lost in the mail. It will appear promptly the following week.

It is knowledge that rescues man's destiny from circumstance and environment, and even from the interposition of an imaginary providence, and places it entirely in his own hands.

There is an unseen vitality that permeates all things, and is the living principle of which the entire visible universe is but the manifestation. And this unseen vitality does not manifest itself, but is made manifest by recognition. All visible things are the recognizers of

this vital principle, and they are therefore mind in different degrees of unfoldment, or in different degrees of intelligence. The human being is a higher manifestation of the vital principle than the tree or the brute, because he recognizes to a greater degree the power and possibilities of the vital principle. The vital principle does not recognize itself for the man; the man recognizes it for himself, and is, therefore, the master of the vital principle instead of being its servant, as he is now supposed to be.

This is not saying that man is independent of the vital principle, or that he could exist without it. It is simply saying that the vital principle exists solely as a principle; that it is the one unchangeable force that fills all space; that it does not create; that while it holds in latency all possibilities—that these possibilities are only made manifest through recognition, and that the recognizer of these possibilities is visible nature, from the primordial atom, up through all phases of life, to man.

Since only intelligence has the power to recognize anything, it therefore remains that man and all nature are pure mind, and not matter at all.

And if man is pure mind, and has recognized the powers he now possesses, and thus made those powers visible as they show forth in himself at this time, what is to prevent him from going ahead and recognizing still more powers out of the vital principle, and showing them forth in the increased ratio of his increased ability to recognize?

Nothing can prevent it.

I therefore declare that as a growing creature, there is no limit to the man's progression. Though for thousands of years he has scarcely moved forward at all, during this time his brain has been ripening up to the point—a point now reached—where he sees that there are no impediments in the way of his constant and unbroken progression through all the coming phases of a universal growth.

In this ripening of the human brain man has come to a clear perception of the fact that he has builded himself by his slow gain in intelligence, and he sees that this fact rescues his destiny from the hands of any and every power outside of his own will, and makes him virtually an independent citizen of a universe that opposes no resistance to his farther progress in any direction he may choose.

Thus rescued by his now rapidly unfolding intelligence from the fetters of the old world's thought, that covered him with disease and death by making him the slave of some imaginary power outside of himself, and placed squarely upon his feet as a self-created person, with power of still farther creating himself after the model he finds in his highest aspirations, he is a freeman at last.

What to him now are the creeds that once held him? He laughs at them even while pitying the unintelligent majority who are still prevented by them from entering the proud and holy estate of freemen.

To be a freeman is to be above the necessity of lies and subterfuge. To be a freeman is to be above fear and all its slavish conditions. To be a freeman is to be where the need of bread cannot hold one from his attempt to actualize his noblest convictions—cannot bind him to the ignoble when all the time his soul is chafing

for the opportunity to try his powers in a line of thought or work, made attractive to his imagination by every aspiration of his growing ambition.

To be a freeman is to be fearless. To be a freeman is to dare. It is to go beyond the prescribed limit of human endeavor, and, to rush with lawless speed upon the barred and bolted doors established by the creeds, and burst them from their time-worn hinges, letting in the light of the new era upon the long darkened eyes of a duped and enslaved race.

To be a freeman is to do this and more; and to do it unhesitatingly, nay jubilantly, and with that glorious recklessness imparted by the knowledge of dauntless truth.

We freemen have entered this generation as image breakers. This is our special purpose, and nothing shall hinder the ruin impending above the heads of the race's idols.

I must stay high up in thought, ignoring the lower part of my intelligence, because it is this lower part that is the record of the world's old beliefs. I must and can live in the high places of intellect, and from this attitude create myself as I want to be, utterly regardless of what the lower part says.

What is it you want, Oh Brain? Be honest with yourself and answer. I want everything that is desirable, answers the brain; I want health and strength for the body that supports and maintains me; I want beauty and riches; I want all that contributes to my happiness; above everything else I want knowledge, and I want it because it confers a power on me that nothing else can. And I want power. I want power that by its use I may gain greater knowledge so that I may have still greater power.

It is the ideal that the top brain always seeks to realize. This top brain is as true to the ideal hope as the needle to the pole; it cannot point in any other direction. And as it points upwards it lifts the body up. Presently—because it becomes habituated to this high place—it finds it difficult to go elsewhere; and after a long time of residence among the beautiful and noble objects of its contemplation, it establishes a form of breathing quite different from the breathing that belonged to it when living lower down. And this high form of breathing is the beginning of immortality in the flesh. As it continues, the lines disappear from old faces; the steps quicken; greater elasticity of movement becomes apparent, and truly heaven on earth has begun.

I do not doubt but that it has been this far away foreshadowing of the ideal brain, that founded the religion of a heaven and a hell, and located the one high up, and the other low down. All the conditions and beliefs that ever obtained among the races, had their origin in that part of the brain from which the race lived. The animal brain begot an animalized religion, which the growing and ascending brain is now modifying.

H. W.

COMING TO THE CONVENTION.

Dr. Shelton, the editor of *Christian*, and his young wife, together with the "person of the house," lady Blanche the second, are all going to be here on Thanksgiving day to the Convention.

The doctor has promised to deliver a lecture, and I can assure our friends in advance, that it will be original and well worth hearing. That the doctor's presence will be a great attraction I think no one will deny.

And right here is a good place to make a statement I have been wishing to make in every late edition of *FREEDOM*, and always have forgotten to do so. It is this: The Convention is not intended for a clanish affair. We want all thinkers, no matter what name they are sailing under, to come. If there has ever been anything like a feeling of disapproval for one another's opinions among us, it is time to get rid of it, and we can take this occasion to do so. There is nothing that broadens the soul and expands the mind so much as fraternal love. Let us meet, that we may come closer together in belief; get rid of our angularities, and combine our interests in an unprejudiced effort to gain greater truth than any of us yet has.

I am in hopes that Mr. Barton and his lovely wife, editors of *The Life* of Kansas City, Mo., will be here, and Mr. and Mrs. Filmore; and many others who have become distinguished in the great work of mental expansion. I am looking for Eugene Del Mar who is now in California proving himself a most worthy and brilliant representative of the new ideas.

Clara Foltz, one of the finest lawyers in California, is coming, and will give us one or more of her great lectures. Virginia Young—known in literature—is coming, and will speak. She is a remarkable speaker I have heard.

But the printer is waiting for this, and I must stop before I have enumerated more than a fraction of the list we are hoping to have here.

H. W.

John Maddock, in the *Free Thought Magazine*, says the following about the union of religion and science:

"The Rev. N. D. Hillis says that while many 'infidels' have not believed in Christianity, none of them have been infidel to the Christian life. If he means moral life, that life is not particularly Christian, and no 'infidel,' to my knowledge, has ever found fault with morality. But if he means the Christian attitude towards the rest of the world, I am bound to say that all opposers of Christianity have been infidel to that, because it has been one of self-exaltation from the start until now. It is a great consolation to say that infidels to Christianity have not been infidel to truth. The term infidel, now, carries with it 'an eternal weight of glory.' By infidelity to the Christian religion, its votaries now have no logical defense to make; subterfuge is their only resort. For Christianity, its day of judgment has come. It has exalted itself above all that is called God, and by science it will be abased; what measure it has meted out to the rest of the world shall be measured to it again; and as strange as it may seem to those who think that they are following Jesus, His gospel will be the greatest destroyer of Christianity. The whole of the leaders of the Christian church in all Christendom cannot extricate themselves from the sad predicament which science has forced them in; and yet H. J. W. Dam talks about the coming together of science and religion. The great controversy, now on, will force the truths of the scriptures out from among the legends

which were rife in the apostolic age, and science and those truths will harmonize, not the dogmas of the Christian or any other religion. Science is truth. Religion is superstition; there cannot be any harmony between them. If the religious proposition were true, it would be an easy matter for all the preachers thereof to get up the great revival of religion predicted by Mr. Dam. All they have to do is to get together and ask their God to let them have one, according to a promise laid down in their 'Word of God.' But this they cannot do; the whole of Christendom cannot bring such a revival about. A little ripple here and there by some sensational evangelists, is all that they are permitted to do. Ordinary preaching has little or no effect upon the people. The world needs a great, lasting moral awakening more than it does a revival of religious emotionalism. We have arrived at the point of a great intellectual change, and the great delusions preached under the head of religion must give way to the indisputable facts of science. May he that reads understand."

For my part I see no possibility of religion ever blending with science. These two beliefs start from opposite points in the human mind; they are not going in the same direction; if they ever meet it will be the total extinction of one of them. In the meantime religion is lopping off its untenable offshoots and getting down closer to nature; it is becoming modified by the preaching of the pews to the pulpit; every year it casts its old skin and comes out a shade brighter and with quite a change of spots.

And what is science doing? It is establishing itself with greater firmness in the thoughts of the people. There is no back-down in it. On the contrary, it advances steadily and quietly upon the outposts of religion, wipes them out and goes on. It is only a question of the unfolding of the race's reasoning faculty, when science alone will reign. Religion is an inherited belief, and as such, is being constantly modified by the growing brain of man. Science is the ripened conviction of brains already grown big enough to reason out the mighty problems of nature, and to prove by unimpeachable experiment that they are absolutely true.

And where does Mental Science come in?

Mental Science is the transposition of physical science to a higher plane than it now occupies; it is the ideal part of physical science. Physical science is the basis of Mental Science; Mental Science is the leaves and branches and flowers and fruit, of which physical science is the root and trunk. And as the root and trunk are one with the leaves and limbs and fruit, so physical science is one with Mental Science. The two are inseparable. Physical science is the mighty tree of demonstrated truth; Mental Science is the natural out-growth of such a tree. As nothing stands still, but either continues to take on more life and display new forms, or else dwindles, loses its vitality and eventually dies, so the two great powers are exemplifications of this fact. Religion is dwindling, and, eventually, will be no more; it has its foundation in the emotional nature of the race; and as sure as the race is advancing from the emotional to the intellectual, so surely is religion going to disappear. They are reckoning without their host, who dream of a partnership between science and religion. Science is from the brain and not from the emotional nature, and it is growing steadily with the now constantly growing brain of the entire people; its field is the whole earth; nothing can check the greed of

its expansiveness. It wants the world, and it is getting it. It asks no partnership with any other power. It simply displaces the other power and occupies the room where it had stood.

Without physical science, Mental Science could not exist. Mental Science is but the prolongation of physical science expanding itself in a higher, freer air, the air of the ideal region of man. H. W.

The times are greatly changed when men dare—before large audiences—to speak of Jesus as "That great spiritual adventurer." George D. Herron did this in Brooklyn a few nights ago; says the *New York Sun*, and he was not stoned, either.

Some of the other things he said are these:

"The great makers of socialism to-day are the monopolists." This was applauded.

"Man is constantly making the universe over."

"We must stop talking of nature as of something outside of man."

"There is no established order in nature beyond the human will. The old fates and furies and fears of the unknown were transferred to theology by the priest who held the keys of heaven and hell (laughter) and then translated into so-called economic laws, which it is said hold men down."

"The stars would have to submit to the socialized will of man. Nature has only brought to man the crude materials of world-making. Nature has nothing external to the soul of man that can gainsay the socialized, co-operative will of man."

"Tyranny when analyzed is misused love-force. Even Nero could last only so long as some one believed he was serving him. The Church must make you *think* it can save your soul." (Laughter).

"Pure despotism is but an impure imagination."

"Suppose the common life should suddenly take to thinking. (Laughter and applause). Suppose common labor should suddenly refuse to earn its daily bread. What would become of capitalist, priest and governments?"

"A political economist, or a theologian, is always an apostle of perplexity, and an apostleship of perplexity makes for tyranny. There can never be a love-light of the world until there is only one class in the world, and that a working class in which each worker shall be artist, prophet, saint, seer, poet, singer."

"Jesus distinctly regarded the wealthy and priestly and governing, as belonging to a robber class." Mr. Herron forebore from making any personal application of this belief (Mrs. Rand, his supporter, is wealthy), or even from taking any personal responsibility in pronouncing upon Christ's judgment, but got another laugh out of his auditors by remarking: "Whether He was right or wrong I will leave it to the clergymen to find out." He added that in Jesus's point of view, the robber class made the laws and religions and morals of the robbed.

"We not only should love our neighbor as ourselves," he said, but we generally do. A man's attitude toward his neighbor is a pretty good indication of what he is himself.

"I hope," he added, "that I have not been too mystical or abstract in trying to interpret this principle."

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 WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Providence has been kicking up like everything here lately, trying to run my business for me. It does not seem to know that I am not an orphan; cannot get it through its wool that I have quantities of influential friends, and—owing to my stupendous opinion of my own abilities—that I am a host in myself. It seems to have gone in partnership with the Florida Legislature to bang me around just as it pleases. That big fire in Jacksonville is in evidence of the fact. Our printing house was there, and it is not there now, nor anywhere else unless it is in Heaven; and the Mental Science books, of which there were enough to furnish one apiece to the whole crew of angels, with a complete set for Saint Peter, they ascended like Elijah, in a chariot of flame. I hope they will prove a blessing to the inhabitants of that realm, and beguile the tedium that must result from everlastingly "loafing around the throne." And may be they will get some new ideas too. The thought that they are getting them without paying for them, however, is gall and wormwood to my mercenary soul. It hurts worse than the abuse inflicted by the Florida doctors.

But what a fire that of Jacksonville was! larger in proportion to the place than the memorable Chicago fire. One hundred and thirty blocks right through the wealthiest part of the city. All the great hotels and mammoth stores and splendid private residences gone. There was a strong wind blowing, and the fire department was hardly a drop in the bucket before its resolute ferocity. People saved almost nothing; it was about all they could do to save themselves. Charley went up the next day and came back with the blues; at least he looked that way, though he denied having them. "Let us take it easy," he said, "we are not half so bad off as the poor souls who have lost all they had."

"We will grin and bear it," I answered; but he objected. "I will bear it" said he, "but I will be hanged if I will grin."

So the result is that we have made up our minds to buy a fine press and an engine and lots of things, and establish the finest printing house in the state. We are going to use the whole lower story under the big Opera House. It will be one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and wide in proportion. We will be splendidly fixed.

Cost money? Well I should think so; and if Florida up and sinks, as the weather prophet predicts, I shall consider that it is heaping insult on injury. But this prediction has failed three times already since we came here, and we are not scared. Three times the day has been set for the destruction of this state in the last five years. Even the negroes have got used to it, and no longer hold prayer meetings about it.

"Fo' Gawd, I don' bleve we gwine to be knocked out'n de ring yit awhile," said our coachman to me one day in the carriage when we had become very sociable.

"Spees de prars we has said has changed de Lo'd's will about drownin' of us. Don' know what fo' He got a spite 'gin we alls, no how; does you, Miss Pose?"

Well, here is Herb George again; you cannot keep him down. The other day he sent me his photograph; it really does look like him, but my eyes, how ugly it is! Ada says it looks like a new Irish potato. In fact

she had no sooner said it than I saw the resemblance. Now Herb George is such a darling that I would love him if he was as ugly as his picture; but the fact is, he is just about as handsome as a man can be, and the artist that got up this caricature of him ought to be sent to Siberia to serve out a long sentence. But his last letter; there is no discounting the worth of it, as you will see in reading it:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just read Mr. Burgman's arraignment of the Florida doctors who are persecuting you. I think there is a principle involved that interests Mental Scientists everywhere, and as an evidence of my belief, I take pleasure in handing you herewith the enclosed check as an evidence of the responsibility every Mental Scientist should feel in helping the cause. This is sent to help establish the precedent that bigoted doctors cannot thrive in Florida any more than they can in Colorado, where we fought a similar bill and fought it to a finish, coming out successfully.

There ought to be thousands of good Mental Scientists on your list who feel as I do. If that is the case that will place a fund of \$10,000 at your disposal. This sum of money ought to enable you to carry the case to the higher courts and to employ the very best talent and to secure all the affidavits and witnesses you require.

If there is anything else I can do to help things along let me know.

HERBERT GEORGE.

I do not believe now that the bill against us is going to pass. It may be that its passage will be rushed through at the latter part of the session, when the rail-roading of left over bills will begin, while everybody is in a hurry to get done with the business, and so take no interest in offering opposition to anything.

But it will hurt this state awfully if it does go through. The first and greatest interests of the whole population here centres in the influx of tourists at the beginning of cold weather in the North. And this bill includes—among its other comicalities—a paragraph that practically denies the privilege of other physicians (regulars) to practice here during the three months of their stay. On this point it fails to discriminate between the "regulars" and the fakirs, but puts them all in the same pen. There is no part—more than this—that shows the whole thing to be gotten up for the protection of the doctor's purses instead of the lives of the dear people.

To cover up the motive, there is a pretense of doing the fair thing by simply compelling the visiting doctors to go before the board and get special permits. This appears to be fair enough; but it is possible to delay the permits on some quibble or other, until it becomes too late to do any good.

And the doctors that come here are men who bring their patients with them; so if they are barred out, the patients will not come; and there are thousands who come just in this way. But no matter; I am willing for them to cut each other's heads off so they confine themselves strictly to this line of their operations.

Somebody says "Proverbs are potted wisdom." So I got a book of Proverbs because I wanted to be wise; and I found a lot of things that are antagonistic to Mental Science, and to the Bible as well; for there is nothing in all the world that agrees with the Bible so well as Mental Science. The Bible is a Mental Science book; that is, the wisdom parts of it are; there are many parts of it that I do not understand.

But these pots of wisdom! Read them.

"All that's fair must fade."

"We are all prisoners and sentenced to death."

"The young may die, but the old must."

"He that will not economise, will have to antagonize."

"Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy."

"Never put your hand farther out than your sleeve will reach."

"From saving comes having."

"A penny saved is two-pence got."

Now what wisdom is there in all this; it is the deification of caution, and caution is the child of fear. No one is either rich, or free, until he bursts the limits of caution and gets into a place of lofty recklessness. People as a rule do not accumulate money until they know how to spend it freely

"Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these."

This is wisdom, and Mental Science too. It is the inculcation of the doctrine of fearlessness. The deep truth of this sentence is beyond the power of the race to understand at this time. It does not mean that we must do nothing, but that we need only do that which we are attracted to do. Behind and beneath this, exists a shadowing forth of man's inherent power to attract, and it is the personal knowledge of this power, that takes away all uneasiness about spending, and leaves us always calm and reposed, feeling the presence of the everlasting law of opulence on which we are resting.

H. W.

SCIENTIFIC HAPPINESS.

I read a story once that vividly depicted the mental terror experienced by a man who was overshadowed by the fear of death. Because ancestors had all died with a particular disease, the symptoms of which were beginning to manifest in his own body, the man lived in constant mental dread that killed all pleasure and all hope.

The story ended by the death of the man. His besetting horror personified itself and overpowered him.

I wanted to tell the unfortunate man that he could change his temperament and even conquer heredity.

It is quite likely that he would not even have made an effort in that line, if I had been able to tell him.

So much for the set processes which crystallize our environment.

However, I have known a number of people who were more fortunate with regard to temperament. Instead of contending against the agony-producing prospect of fear, as was done by the man of the story, these people ignored all but the aspirations for growth and happiness. Through the transforming power of mental alchemy, the usually supposed impossible was thus accomplished.

I have a friend who has proved much concerning the power of mind to create health and happiness, where before were sickness and gloom. When twenty years old he said to himself, "I have a horrible disposition. I am pessimistic and hateful. I am biased almost to the point of insanity. Why is it? Shall I ever solve the riddle?"

He was not a man given to over-much thinking or study. He had read much, but this had not made him a long-range reasoner. He had always been a hard taskmaster for himself, and his idea of duty had kept him

in a fever of anxiety, wondering if he was employing his time in the most advantageous manner or not.

After his twentieth year, his trend of thought became impregnated with the teachings of an acquaintance who believed and practiced the Idealistic Philosophy. He could see no fault in the theories, but the defects of personality seemed a barrier to universal application.

However, the fascination of being able to change conditions by a process of thinking, was a prospect that held him prisoner. He was not one of the unfortunate kind who have reached their limit of growth in this life. During ten years of experimenting he almost eliminated fear and distrust from his mental machinery, and to this degree was failure avoided and unhappiness banished.

The high-potency thought generated by firmly insisting on a reposed hopefulness, created an impulse or momentum towards the highest attainment. He grew in power to such a degree that he was able to bring a much augmented force to bear on every interest, and thus intensify fruition. Any temporary delay in any particular line was only looked upon as a stimulus to induce an effort that would create greater vitality. His life became supremely happy with that real, active joy of living, which is a result of feeling that one is progressing towards a capacity to accomplish all possible ambitions.

As he became more and more conscious of this realization of growing power, the whole universe took on a new aspect for him. He no longer saw any "evil." He knew that every single fact or condition was "good" at the time or place. The "Law of Good" became a vital, living force to him, not an abstract principle in which one might have an abstract faith.

On this plane where he had come to live by reason of his changed thought-methods, no possible discord could trespass. He was immune to the effects of the thought-methods of the less enlightened plane from which he had evolved.

Those who were not yet ready to see, could witness nothing but a "lucky streak" that had come over their neighbor.

Those who were ready to follow any trail that promised to lead out of the desert of the dead past, argued down their prejudices and gave him a hearing. They thus shared his happiness because they applied the same rules and attained the same results.

Those who are not now ready to use their brains, will be ready after they have suffered awhile longer. Therefore what seems to be evil, is only negative or undeveloped good.

Mental Science explains why the enthusiastic advocate of an idea that runs counter to the generally accepted belief, is met at first with contumely and anathemas, but later, perhaps after the advocate is dead, the world begins to appreciate him at his true value.

The hopes of humanity often seem to focalize in an organism which expresses what the slower intellectual processes do not as yet grasp. Then the gradual grind of evolution eliminates past prejudices, and the new standards are adopted.

This old philosophy of Idealism is worth investigation.

The first requisite is to acknowledge that some of our past teachings have been based on false, or rather on mistaken, premises. The conclusions which we have drawn have been regarded as finalities, when they ought only to have been taken as indicators of a still broader outlook to follow.

There is no fake or fad about Mental Science. It is just simple, easy, common sense and logic. It removes the mental condition that has given us a distorted, jaundiced, inverted way of looking at things, and substituting a clean, wholesome, natural vision of truth and reality.

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HELEN WILMANS,
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A bad burn—Last Wednesday I spilled boiling water on my hand. The pain was awful. I could not stand it. Then I thought of you, and in five minutes it was easy. It was a bad burn, and yet in twenty-four hours it was entirely well, and the skin did not come off.—V. Y., Pullman, Wash.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your last letter was received and read with pleasure. I am doing well under your care, and have not had the slightest symptom of hay-fever so far, and do not expect it. My stomach assimilates food, and the gaseous trouble has left for good, I firmly believe.—T. S., Wakefield, R. I.

HELEN WILMANS: My Dear Friend—This is the fourth time I have written you. I am getting better, am stronger and feel better all over; my mind is easy and I feel good, thanks to you if I can only keep on like this! Your letters do me so much good. Enclosed you will find check; I will send the rest in two weeks for second month's treatment.—L. D. S., Edmeston, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your precious letter reached me safely. I look and long for them every week. Wel, I can say my head is very much better; some days I have only one or two dizzy spells. I used to be frightened when those spells would come on. I was afraid of apoplexy. The shortness of breath is not so bad; I have no trouble with it at all when I keep still. The pain in my left leg and hip joint (the socket) is better since you have been treating it. I am not impatient, but I do want to get well, so that I can earn money once more to meet my needs. But I trust in you, and feel I will come out of these aches and pains all right. I call on you when I have an ache or pain, and it leaves. I find the pains I have had have taken some of the strength from me, but I know it will return soon.—Dr. M. G. C., Williamsport, Pa.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—My weekly letter is due to-day, and I am delighted to tell you of my continued progress. I feel that I am really growing, although the things I want do not always materialize. For instance, I am still hoping and working for something to take me East. It will surely come, I know, but it may be too late to be of service. I thank you for the book of instructions which I received a few days ago. I also thank you for helping me as much as you do.—C. H. W., Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR FRIEND:—I must say that I am improving very fast. I notice a wonderful change in my mind as well as my body. Both improve together and seem to work together. My whole life is changing; I feel it, and I owe the change to you.—W. L. C., Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter at hand. My little boy is doing fine. Everybody is surprised how well he looks. He now plays out doors the most of the time. I ask my neighbors "do you believe in medicine? I do not." I wish I could write English better. I believe in FREEDOM. Excuse me for my bad letters. We want to come to Sea Breeze for the Convention; we will meet some friends there from New York.—C. S., Fernandino, Florida.

TO HELEN WILMANS:—I can say that Mrs. S. is slowly but surely getting better in every way, and my hopes are getting stronger too. Enclosed please find amount for another month's treatment. I am pleased to note that you are giving the regulars some good hard knocks. I can truly say our experience with them has been a rank failure. They took hundreds of my money without doing a particle of good and never knew what the trouble was; and six of them each pronounced the patient to have a different ailment. It was guess work with eight different doctors, and they do not know any more about it to-day than they did at the start.—G. S., Athol Springs, N. Y.

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