

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.

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PERPETUAL YOUTH.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This subject, now attracting much deserved attention, is not so difficult to handle as may be supposed; but this remark applies only to such as are prepared to consider it from a purely reasonable as well as metaphysical standpoint. It cannot by any means be granted that mediæval alchemists or others, have proved successful in their laborious search after a material *elixir vitæ*. As our thoughts register themselves in, and on our bodies, we all are tell-tale expressions of our acknowledged and unacknowledged interior conditions.

Age in ancient times was invariably associated in popular thought with ripeness and maturity of judgment, but not with decrepitude and decay. Moses, the stalwart champion of liberty, is reported as over eighty years of age when he first receives a divine commission to lead a captive multitude from slavery to freedom; and he is one hundred and twenty years old when he addresses the people for the last time, before his final disappearance from outward vision. Though six-score years of age at the time of that memorable address, we are told by the Biblical writer that the eyesight of the speaker had not grown dim; neither had any of his natural force abated.

Many indisputable facts of physiology are all on the side of far greater longevity for man than he now ordinarily enjoys; for there are probably no animals that live in normal condition less than fully five times as long as it has taken them to reach physical maturity. Why should man be an exception to this rule, or why should a single quotation from one of the Psalms settle the popular conviction, that from seventy to eighty years is the allotted term of human life? When the ancient psalmist complained that the number of our years is only three-score and ten, with occasional exceptions in favor of four-score years, and then always with the sad accompaniment of sorrow, he did no more than indulge in lamentation over the physical, as well as moral degeneracy of his time. From the same source we may learn that we were conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity; that is, if we choose to misapply the passage, and argue that the writer's personal plaint over his own degenerate condition was intended to enunciate a dogma for all ages, and was meant to describe the state of every child born into the world.

Such unwarrantable inferences from texts that do not in any degree justify these conclusions, are largely responsible for the miserably pessimistic and unholy views of life that are held not alone by a few literary

extremists, but by at least nine-tenths of those who otherwise are sensible people.

Among the almost innumerable fallacies continually being voiced and printed, we encounter such unreasonable assertions, as that defective sight, deafness, baldness and many other signs of "age," are to be expected as soon as people reach middle life, or about the forty-fifth year; and by reason of a dormant, even more than an active, expectancy on the part of the masses, sight and hearing actually begin to fail, teeth to decay, and hair to stop growing at "a certain period of life." Nothing, however, can be more illusory than that most uncertain period. If each one were highly individualized, it would be easy to trace exact correspondences between outer conditions and inward states; but, as things are at present, if we seek to account for the failing strength and beauty of individuals on the score of private and personal delinquencies, we are beset with many difficulties.

There is much truth in the terse saying of old-time orthodoxy, "No sin no sickness;" but the term "sin" has for so long a time been almost exclusively connected with a theological conception of guilt, rather than with a philosophical idea of error, that to employ the word in its original sense is often cruelly to wound and embarrass sensitive natures. They think you are finding fault and condemning them, when, in fact, you are only seeking to help them to the realization that whatever is the result of a mistaken view of life, is rectifiable. It seems incredible that any widespread belief should have arisen in the world without an apparently solid foundation. What, then, let us ask, is the base upon which rests the doctrine that the infirmities of age are inevitable when one has reached the prescribed limit of from seventy to eighty years?

A certain manner of living, practiced almost universally for a protracted period, will, without doubt, produce effects on so large a scale that these results come to be looked upon as normal concomitants of human existence, while frequently they are nothing but abnormal consequences of mistaken conduct. Habits once ingrained, become second nature to those who indulge them, until the primal nature is so eclipsed as to be almost imperceptible. It is as if a parasite had gained such ascendancy over a tree, that it had completely covered the trunk, rendering the normal features of the tree invisible. When communities indulge in habits of any sort, individuals, as a rule, (only the singularly strong-minded and free-thinking are exceptions) take it for granted that the general mode of life is the only one possible, or at least the only one con-

ducive to health and compatible with the demands of civilized society.

As an illustration of the simple force of habit, almost all Americans require three meals a day, while English people and Germans demand at least four, and sometimes five; some other races being content with two. Some people consider it actually necessary to eat every five or six hours, while others go without food very comfortably for twenty-four hours, and advocate but one full meal daily. The number of hours to be spent in sleep, the amount of clothing to be worn in cold weather, the proper temperature of a sleeping room, and many other similar questions, are usually decided wholly upon the authority of local custom, without any scientific inquiry into the reasons for the regulation.

Two eminent physicians on the piazza of a hotel in one of the noted cities of Italy, were heard disputing over the question of ventilation. One, being an Englishman by birth and education, insisted that a window in everybody's sleeping apartment should be kept open top and bottom all night, in all kinds of weather; but the other, who had been born and bred in Italy, vociferously declared that such a proceeding was almost certain to occasion intense suffering from malarial disorders. The two gentlemen hotly contested the point, but came to no good results; for neither would yield a prejudice far enough to treat the case according to its merits.

Were you to ask a man why he considers it necessary to use spectacles at forty-five, he could give no reason; for there is none, either in nature or physiology. It would be just as reasonable to fix one period of life as another for the weakening of a faculty. There are many children attending the public schools of all great cities, who wear glasses; and there are many men and women over sixty, who have excellent sight, and have never even supposed they might need such aids to vision. Young men of twenty-five are sometimes bald, while men over eighty have luxuriant locks, even though white as driven snow. Youths and maidens under twenty are sometimes deaf, while aged grandparents may "hear a pin drop," as proverbially expressed. It is not age, but a foolish misbelief in regard to the subject, that is the cause of thousands of needless infirmities.

The reason women are more anxious than men to conceal the fact that they have passed even the thirtieth—to say nothing of the fortieth or fiftieth—milestone, is that superstition declares that women grow old sooner than men. This is an utter fallacy, totally devoid of any sort of demonstration. It is not vanity that prompts old and young of both sexes to retain, and if possible to increase, their store of health, strength and beauty. Although many foolish and even pernicious contrivances are resorted to, in order to simulate a beauty which is not real, yet it is better even to assume a virtue than prove indifferent to its expression. Emerson, who is the very soul of candor, hesitated not to advise people to simulate virtues in order that they might grow to manifest them naturally. While such counsel sounds dubious, yet there is reason at its core. The mistake made by too many who seek to produce an outward effect apart from an inward cause, is due to the fact that they succeed in producing only a ghastly similitude, for they feel old while they try to appear

young; and it is the feeling, far more than the appearance, that is important. To feel young one must continually feed upon new thought. The body needs constant supplies of fresh air and nutriment; and the mind has its needs that are no less exacting.

Unless we make plain the relation of mind to body we cannot be understood on this subject. Until it is conceded that our mental state is perpetually modifying our physical, there can be no starting point. A sense of age almost invariably follows upon a steady routine method of life, granting scarcely any variety from week to week and year to year. The Sabbath law is a wise and orderly provision for alternating work and rest. According to the fourth commandment, "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work," but on the seventh thou, your employees and your beasts of burden shall rest; and the same sabbatic law, referring to the land, ordains that it be cultivated for six years, and on the seventh it must lie fallow.

The Masonic distribution of time into three equal sections each day—eight hours a day for work at one's regular occupation, eight for food and amusement, and the remaining eight for sleep—is a wise division for a generalization, though it is neither possible nor desirable to carry it out in every instance with rigidity. The practice of working under a strain, rather than for long periods of time, is the real cause of injury. All strained effort is not only injurious, but useless.

It would be well for those who seek to make themselves clearly understood, to distinguish once for all between work and labor. The former term is a glorious one; the latter cannot too rapidly fall into disuse.

There is no such thing as the dignity of labor; nor should there be a Labor Day, laboring classes, or Knights of Labor, for the suggestion conveyed by labor is pathological. Work has been too long confounded with irksome toil; therefore, the thought of fatigue has been abnormally connected with wholesome occupation. On account of this fundamental error, people "age" so early that often long before they are forty their brows are furrowed and their cheeks wrinkled, while evidences of care and anxiety are painfully manifest in every movement.

The dream of immortality in the flesh, indulged by the European alchemists of the Middle Ages, though doubtless largely chimerical, had a great truth underlying it. It is said of the Rosicrucian fraternity, that members of that illustrious order were enabled to prolong their earthly existence as long as they desired, and that some of the brothers attained the age of from two to three hundred years. This is very different from the statement of some who say they intend to live forever in the flesh, as no one really desires to live forever in his present condition.

This is a fact which is evident to all who read between the lines, even though it is quite possible that many desire to actually conquer death. The "philosopher's stone" of the Rosicrucians was no material talisman, to be imparted or withheld at the pleasure of some superior of a mystic order. A stone or rock, wherever employed figuratively, signifies a foundation principle of truth. It is only definite knowledge of universal law, which enables its possessor to attain exemption from the consequences of living the feeble, erroneous life lived by the majority of men and women in the present era.

Graduates from Rosicrucian monasteries are said to have received at the time of their first initiation, a morsel of the precious stone sufficient to protect them from all dangers, and preserve them in perfect health and vigor, for a period of sixty years, no matter wherethey might wander, or in what perilous situations they might be placed.

It is not wonderful that in times when all occult knowledge was under the powerful ban of ecclesiastical anathema, those who were unusually familiar with "magical" knowledge, should devise effective means for concealing their wisdom; for by imparting it they would be relentlessly persecuted by the very people who sought most to obtain it. When the subject is fairly investigated, it seems that the object for secrecy was chiefly an instinct of self-protection coupled with determination to secure an asylum of refuge for occult science in times of danger. There was never an intention of hiding truth from those who were prepared to receive it and to use it wisely, among genuine initiates into genuine mysteries.

However people may differ on the question of physical immortality, all have the desire to enjoy life as much as possible, and to continue it on the present plane of expression, until they feel their work on earth has been fully accomplished. Whether the term of years be few or many, it is highly desirable so to spend them that they are a joy, and not a sorrow, to one's self and others. While many divergent opinions may be honestly entertained concerning the practicability of certain gospel sayings—particularly those which counsel lack of thought for the morrow—critics and censors of New Testament ethics in this respect, are for the most part very short-sighted. Hygienically, as well as theologically, there can be no doubt among well-informed persons, that a strict adherence to the precepts, "Be not anxious for the morrow" and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," would result not in idleness but in the upbuilding of a sound nervous condition everywhere among the people. This cannot prove everywhere than exceedingly conducive to the very best commercial as well as social and moral results. If the translators in the year 1611 failed to catch the spirit of the original Greek, as fully as did the scholars in 1881 who prepared the revised version, we would be foolish in the extreme were we to harp upon the crudity of the earlier rendering—"Take no thought"—and refuse to consider the far truer reading, "Be not anxious," or "Take no anxious thought."

[Concluded next issue.]

A TERRIBLE BECAUSE TRUTHFUL INDICTMENT.

ALEXANDER M. R. ROSS, M.D., F.R.S.

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I arraign the leaders of the profession on the following grave charges—the rank and file are but sheep led astray:

1. I charge that, whereas the first duty of a physician is to instruct the people in the laws of health, and

thus prevent disease, the tendency has ever been toward a conspiracy of mystery, humbug and silence.

2. I charge that the general tendency of the profession is to depreciate the importance of personal and municipal cleanliness, and to inculcate a reliance on drug medicines, vaccination and other unscientific expedients.

3. I charge that they have encouraged superstition and humbug by the germ theory of disease. I do not question the existence of infinitesimal micro-organisms; but they are the result, not the cause, of disease. They are scavengers; their legitimate work is to clean out the sewers of our bodies; whenever there is decay, pus or decomposing matter, there these little life-savers are doing their work of neutralization, sanitation and purification; they feast upon effete and decaying animal matter—they are beneficial helpers to an important end.

4. I charge that the prevalent custom of advising a speculum examination for every trifling backache, earache, headache, ingrowing toenail or a bunion, is an unnecessary outrage on the modesty of a woman, and a disgrace to the profession.

5. I charge that the present abominable and dangerous custom of spaying women for the most trivial uterine derangements is nothing less than criminal, and in contravention of scientific practice.

6. I charge that the prevalent custom of ascribing all ills (imaginary or real) that afflict women, to uterine troubles, weakness, ulceration or displacement, is false in theory and fact, and is nothing but a cloak to cover ignorance, immorality or cupidity.

7. I charge that they prescribe to their patients—even child-bearing and nursing women—the use of beer, ale and other alcoholic beverages, which not only encourages drunkenness, but poisons the life blood of unborn children, and stamps a permanent appetite for liquor on the rising generation.

8. I charge that they have bitterly opposed every real and scientific reform in the healing art. They have filled the world with incurable invalids, and given respectability to quackery of the profession itself; disgusting all sensible and thoughtful men by their fallacies, tyrannical delusions, fetichism and humbug.

9. I charge that they have, under the treacherous guise of protecting the people from quackery, secured the enactment of most unjust monopolistic laws, which deprive the people of one of their dearest and most important rights—the right in the hour of sickness and in the presence of death, to choose their own physician.

10. I charge that they have, by doctorcraft, hoodwinked the Legislature into enacting compulsory vaccination laws, which compel parents to submit the bodies of the children to the beastly, useless and dangerous rite of vaccination, and to deprive unvaccinated children of the right of education in our public schools and colleges. I hold that every individual should be protected and sustained in his medical opinions, as he is in his religious or political opinions, and any man or set of men who would withhold from his brother man this right, would light the fires of inquisition if he dared.—*The Medical Iconoclast.*

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MAN'S DUTY TO HIMSELF.

Man's first duty in life is to himself, since the entire responsibility for all his successes and failures rests alone upon himself.

We are taught by the church, however, that man's first duty in life is to his God. I make no war upon this teaching, for man has but to look within himself to find God.

So it is the easiest matter in the world for man to serve both God and himself at the same time. Indeed it is impossible to do otherwise, for God and man are one and inseparable—the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

There is, therefore, no conflict between the church and advanced thought respecting man's first duty. The only conflict that arises, is as to God's abiding place—whether He is a personality, sitting on a "great white throne," demanding humility at the hands of all His subjects, or is simply the life essence that permeates all living things—of which man is the highest expression.

Every truth in nature points to the latter as being the most rational solution, and the only one, in fact, worthy the slightest consideration.

Man's constant desire to live and grow and evolve into a higher condition of life, is not entirely to become a governing force himself, but it is the heritage of millions of years of inborn ambition to fulfill the mission vested in all animate and inanimate growth—to somehow and somewhere attain such a high degree of perfection as to preclude the necessity of physical death. This inborn ambition is the life force within, imploring the physical body to give it recognition and build for it such a habitation as the gods of eternity can alone dwell in.

When a man does his whole duty to himself he is serving not only God and himself, but all mankind alike. No man can do full justice to himself without benefitting the whole human race. I might go farther and say, that exact justice to self can be attained only through a complete recognition of exact justice to every one else.

The Universal Law of life makes no distinctions among its children. The first born male child is no more the heir apparent than the last born. There is no classification in its life supply. The same breath that inflated the lungs of a Caesar carried life to the hidden denizens of the densest forest.

The sun shines and the clouds burst, but no man shall say that he is the favored one.

The mysteries concerning man's transition up to the present day of grace, are not of overpowering moment at this time, except so far as they furnish guides to future development. That some day we shall know all about the past I do not question; but it is the present and the future that concern us most now. The past will take care of itself. The present and future require our immediate attention.

All life is in a state of growth. There is a constant reaching out for higher things. Man's present ambition to know more concerning himself, is keyed up to the highest pitch. He is no longer satisfied to have some one else "read his title clear." He wants to be more certain about the integrity of the hand-me-down-from-the-pulpit title to his destiny, than he has been in years

gone by. He is now beginning to look up the record himself. He wants to see the abstract of title with his own eyes. Heretofore he has been content to hear it read to him. He has been paying so many recording fees that his suspicions are aroused. What if it should transpire after all that he had no title to the "sanctified soil" that he supposed he owned, and the evidence would be forthcoming that he was but a mere "squatter" in the Lord's vineyard?

And this is the harrowing truth that comes to many a poor soul who thinks he holds sufficient "equity" to land him behind the "pearly gates," when, as the record shows, his deed was only a quit claim, and not a warranty, as he had been led to suppose.

One of man's first duties in life is to look out for himself. No one will look out for him on any sort of equitable basis. This proposition applies alike to man's material and spiritual welfare. Look out for yourself. Pay no attention to any one else. Mind your own business and aim straight for the "bull's-eye." If you do not hit it the first time trying, do not be discouraged, but renew the effort until you have made a center shot. You will make no mistake in following this advice. You may think it is selfish, but it is not. It is your only salvation.

I do not mean by this to convey the idea that one must draw himself within himself, and entirely ignore the necessities and demands of his fellow men; but I do mean that man must cease to be dependent on any living thing outside himself for strength and support, and that he must search within himself for all his physical and spiritual needs. This is the duty he owes to himself and to his God, which are one, in fact. In this connection I have no reference to the irresponsibles who always need help from every possible source. And this in no wise bars man from sending out strong, helpful, loving thoughts to the entire world of physical growth. Indeed it is only through this process that lasting benefits can accrue. All other efforts in the direction of raising man from "a dead level to a living perpendicular" are superficial and without avail.

"Self-preservation is the first law of Nature," some one has said. I do not know who it was, but if its author followed out his own teachings he is now a long way up the "golden stairs," for this is a truism that can be utilized every day in the year.

But if I were the compiler of paragraphs for the benefit of posterity, I would inscribe in imperishable letters on every school-house door in the land, these words: "Self-development is the first, the last and the only law of eternal life."

This paragraph covers all the ground, including death; for self-development is the conqueror of every ill that flesh is heir to.

So, summarizing some of man's most important obligations to himself, we find them to be:

First—Unswerving effort in his own behalf.

Second—Unlimited faith in his own capacity to succeed.

Third—Persistent self-culture and self-development.

Fourth—Full and complete recognition of the life-force within.

Fifth—Recognition of the same power within every living thing.

Sixth—The necessity for persistent and harmonious physical and mental training.

Seventh—Attend strictly to your own business every hour of the day, and every day of the year.

Eighth—Let sunshine radiate from every portion of your body.

Not one of the above "articles of faith" can be dispensed with. You omit one, and the harmony of the whole is impaired. But accept them all and live in the fullness of their significance, and the attainment of desire's most exalted heights becomes your incontestable heritage.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

BIRTHDAYS.

BY PAUL TYNER.

Some people have an idea that the New Thought requires us to forget birthdays, and no longer celebrate them. It is often said that by observing the flight of years we but increase the tendency to old age. In the minds of many people, years are associated with decay and weakness. Age is looked upon as shadowing forth the approach of dissolution. Of course the only connection between years and break-down, is what we give to it in our thought. Years have no necessary relation in themselves, no necessary relation scientifically—that is, in nature. On the contrary, years mean growth. Every year is a new year.

It is admitted that this natural sequence and association of years and growth, may be reversed by one's conscious an unconscious mental attitude. May we not consciously make birthdays a help to the realization of growth, of fuller and larger life? I believe we may. It seems to me that instead of regarding a birthday as an occasion to be regretted or ignored, it is one to be welcomed and enjoyed. The tendency to celebrate birthday anniversaries is an entirely wholesome one. It is a tendency marked everywhere; spring, summer, autumn and winter are reborn, repeated and revived with fresh emphasis at regularly recurring annual periods. We carry this out in all our religious and national holidays. Why not do the same in our individual lives? Here we are, years after Lincoln's death, years after Washington's death, celebrating the birthdays of these men. We mean the anniversary, the recurrence of the birth-date. We are born daily and hourly—die and are born again. Yet in a special sense it is the anniversary, the completion of a twelve month cycle, that brings to us a new birth. Birth is a beginning. We think of the birth of a babe. Was it merely a babe that was born when Lincoln was born? Is it the babe that we celebrate on this anniversary? Too often birthdays are made occasions for inane reminiscences, and for comparison of past with present conditions, sometimes to the disadvantage of the present. What is born, is born whole and born forever. When Lincoln was born, it was not merely a babe in the back woods that saw the light, it was the war president who was born, the liberator of the slave, the Lincoln whose blood pulsed with the people, the Lincoln of the Gettysburg address, the Lincoln whose life was given for his country, the Lincoln who, after his disappearance from the personal, physical sphere of activity among us, (in spite of that disappearance) continues year after year to grow upon us, until now, when we wish to speak of the greatest of Americans we name Lincoln. His life has been, and continues to be, the expression of all that Americanism stands for at its best. He lived his life as far as it went, and that is all that any man or woman can do. We may not all be Lincolns, but we can all live our own lives in our own way, as he lived his life in his way.

To every one of us is given the opportunity to individualize the universe; to give the infinite energy, which is infinite love, expression, each in his individual way, which is different from any other way. To do this fully, faithfully and to the utmost, means the embodiment in character, and the exercise in conduct, of all of the uni-

versal mind we can grasp and hold, all the intelligence we are conscious of. It is not necessary that we should be distinguished among men; it is not essential that our names be blazoned in glory before the world. You may never be as famous as Lincoln or Washington, but that has little to do with it. The one thing is, that wherever you are, and whether it means prominence or obscurity, whether it means great fortune or modest, you insist on being your true self, living your own life, playing your own part in the world. For that you were born; for that end you came into the world. That is your opportunity always. There is none greater or better for you.

Birthdays may be made immensely serviceable to our growth in unfoldment of individuality, if we will only make them real birthdays, occasions for adjustment of individual consciousness. We are born daily, but there are laws in nature, physiological as well as psychological laws, that mean for us an annual repetition of this most important of gifts. Sometimes we miss the good our birthday brings us; miss it year after year for it may be fifty, sixty or seventy years. Yet our very mistakes and failures must help us to realize and appreciate what we are here for, and awaken us to the possibilities of bringing forth that very thing—of doing the work; expressing the thought, the idea for which we were born. No babe ever was born for the express purpose of growing old and dying. People do not grow old because of their birthdays, but in spite of them. Age is not a matter of years, and it has nothing to do with years. We live not in years, but in emotions and experience. There are authentic records of people who preserved every appearance of youth to sixty, seventy, eighty, and even ninety. There are other cases of people who died of "old age" or senility, at sixteen, twenty-six, or thirty-five.

Instead of "growing older" there is only the possibility of growing younger. That is to say, every year should mean added sense of the eternal youth in which we are born; of that endless, and therefore ever young and new life, in the power of which we are made. That which is becoming "older" is not growing. When we speak of "growing old," we are not using good English. People do not grow towards the grave, and Oliver Wendell Holmes was correct when he spoke of his being "eighty years young." He had grasped in some degree one thing that the New Thought stands for—the actual connection between metaphysical truth and its actual realization. Many women and a few men are sensitive about telling their age. When they do tell it, they think it justifiable to skip anywhere from one to ten in the count. Acting under the same mistaken idea, they think to perpetuate youth by forgetting birthdays. They are like the ostrich burying his head in the sand. Of course, they in this way defeat their object and simply emphasize the psychic power of an unnecessary association of the ideas of time and decay. Instead of connecting birthdays with "old age," as it is called, we should go back, think out what the whole thing means, and realize that we are dependent only on our own individual selves as to what we are going to make out of life.

This growing custom of commemorating the birthdays of our national heroes, is a step in the right direction.

By making Lincoln's birthday a national holiday, we are in a general way, reminded of birth; it gives us fresh suggestion of life, and of the splendid possibilities of life, in a way that means increased vitalization for the entire population. We should always celebrate our own birthdays, and, while waiting for our own to come round, we can get lots of good out of celebrating the birthdays of other people as well. There are thousands of children in New York and other cities—plenty to go around—who would be only too glad to let us celebrate their birthdays.

There is not only philosophic reason in this matter of celebrating birthdays, there is also genuine therapeutic value in the practice. You can not possibly emphasize the idea of a birthday—any one's birthday—without bringing into bold relief the thought of all that was born at the time of the birthday. The Jews celebrate the birthday of every boy baby, as the possible incarnation of the Deity. In very truth, the birth of every boy and of every girl is the birth of a god. Every human being born into the world is an incarnation of the Divine; an individualization of the Infinite; of that Absolute Power, that *allness* of truth, of beauty, and of wisdom, that we have in mind when we speak of God. Each in his own individual way is expressing or trying to express nothing less than this completeness, this oneness, that we call the universe. This is a big claim; but remember that it is not made for myself as a Mental Scientist simply. We do not arrogate to ourselves any special or peculiar godhood. What is said of the incarnation of the Infinite in the human is no less true of every form of life that comes into existence, and it is literally true, it is not a mere figure of speech. Can you imagine a rose blooming on a bush cut off and separated from all that goes to make up this environing universe, cut off from contact with all the forces and the elements of nature that enter everywhere? There is not a blade of grass that comes up through the earth that does not need, and serenely take to itself all the forces of the solar system, simply that it may give to the world its own individual expression of all the world holds. That blade of grass in its turn plays an essential part in the integrity of the solar system. We can not make a separation between God and the universe, considered either as one grand whole or in its various parts, from least to greatest. Everything is related, and without this fact, neither you nor I would have our existence. We all belong together and to each other, and each and every one of us expresses the Infinite Life. We are each an individuation of this wonderful universe, of "the whole thing." And yet all individuations in turn go to make up the grand whole. There is no real division between any of the "parts" so-called, that make up the universe. Suppose I divide an orange into four parts, would any of these four parts mean anything by itself? If it did, it would be something other than orange. No matter how much the orange may be parted, every particle remains orange, and it is so because it is inseparable from the whole orange, and all the parts that go to constitute its wholeness. Being parts does not mean separation; it means relation. Parts belong to each other—are each other. So we should take this matter of life, and understand that it begins with wholeness, that we are born every whit whole, and that each of us is essentially the whole, if we are parts

of the whole. It is paradoxical to speak of any one part being separated from the grand whole.

Here is the very kernel of the vexed philosophical question between individualists and socialists; the question whether the individual by himself, living his personal life, or whether the individual in close relation and co-operation with all the others, or a given group of the others, in a city or state—is living the life that most nearly represents the truth, and so conduces to the greatest good of the greatest number? Aristotle insisted that the state is the whole, and that, therefore, it is the state that must come first. That is the reason why to-day we have a King Edward VII. That conception I think has been harmful. It means "the divine right of kings," or corporations. It is part of outgrown mediævalism, and, so far as retained in modern life, must retard the growth and advance of civilization. Any social theory based on this Aristotelian conception will prove unsound.

Take the analogy at hand in our individual experience; take the lesson of nature. The individuality that we speak of when we speak of "cultivating individuality," is the recognition, realization and expression in freedom and fullness, of one's self. The whole process of evolution is a process of individuation; the process of the differentiation of species is, all the way through, a process of emphasizing individuality. It is a common fallacy, however, to imagine that in order to express my individuality, I must ignore or interfere with the individualities of other people. It is this false idea of individuality that is expressed in our monopolies and trusts, in all our commercial competition, and in every attempt to secure one's own advantage at the expense of another. If we would have genuine individuality we must develop that conception of it, in which each man for himself, in relation to his opportunities, will distinctly realize and recognize, not merely in his mind, but what is more, in his conduct, that *each, is all*; that the universe is not made up of a mere aggregation of things; but that in each and every individual, nothing less than the whole, lives and moves and has its being, working out the divine purpose. You were born into the world not only because you have your work to do, your life to live, your individuality to express as a person, but also because in so doing, the welfare of every other individual is concerned, and may be best considered by such action on your part. There we run up against the old idea of self-sacrifice. Lots of people think they are going to help others by going down and living in the slums, or going out as missionaries to the heathen. This is only a different form of wearing a hair shirt, or sitting in sack-cloth and ashes with fasting and scourging; but it is no more rational.

In realizing this sense of wholeness, of unity, of individuality, there is no reason why we should have either fear, weakness, or doubt. I say that if an individual works out his own life—not what somebody else thinks he should do, but what he himself feels to be right—with entire freedom from fear—he cannot fail to be healthy. He cannot fail to be healthy. He cannot fail if he has in the past accumulated causes of disorder or diseases, to be healed. He cannot steadily go on living his own life, pursuing the even tenor of his own way, with this sense of individualizing all the beauty and power of the universe—he cannot go on living this life for thirty days, without freeing himself absolutely from all tendencies to weakness, old age, decay or disorder, and so enjoying the life he was born to enjoy.

AN EXPERIENCE.

I have had an experience. It was this way. You see our dear "Mr. Blank" thinks (thinks very hard) that "we eat too much, that it is an erroneous habit to be cast aside with other past mistakes," and in fact that if I would give up one meal a day—my breakfast—I would find my brain clearer, my blood flowing more evenly, with more time on its hands to give proper attention to the wants of a brain, etc. He was so earnest about it, that to prove, if nothing more, that I was not a bigot, was not afraid to experiment with what was new to me, I said I would try it. I tried it. After the first few mornings of extreme faintness and hunger, I grew to think less of my missed breakfast and to be able to go about my accustomed duties without feeling the excessive faintness all the morning. By noon, however, I could eat but very little, frequently only a few mouthfuls of bread and a cup of coffee, I could not tolerate the thought of meat or anything "heavy" and generally lunched on bread, fruit and coffee. After a few days longer I was able to eat quite a hearty dinner at night. Things went on quietly enough and I accomplished my work as I say, but always with a feeling of being at low pressure. Then on one or two occasions I was obliged to go out of the office and work under tremendous pressure (am a shorthand reporter) and on both occasions I all but broke down and disgraced myself. I felt the strangest numbness, a feeling as though an invisible something was holding me back, as though I was mentally entangled and could not free myself; and a week after the second strain, the very day my transcript was finished, I did break and had a serious spell of sickness. In haste the family called in a "regular" physician, who is also a clairvoyant, magnetic healer, and who (with my help and determination as I believe) pulled me through. Once out of the thickest of the fight I recovered with the aid of what Mental Science I have imbibed, very rapidly. The doctor's parting advice and instructions were: "My dear you suffer with that brain of yours so much because it is starved, you should not over eat, but eat well: remember that what is food to one may not be food to another, but you should eat meat, beef or mutton, three times a day. As soon as I am gone, have a piece of broiled steak or a chop, have it again for dinner and again for supper, and keep it up, and eat but very little else." "It was a hard saying" for I do not greatly love meat, but I have followed it, with the result—I was out of my office just one week, and since the third day of my return, my brain has been as clear as it ever was, and I have had two good tests. The roots to this tree are striking deep again, fed by bountiful mother earth.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Apropos of "The Vegetarian 'Crank'" in this week's FREEDOM, and with a burning desire to help some others who are running down in the negatives much of their time, as I am, I send you the above experience. If you can make any use of it do so, if you cannot, just excuse me for taking up that time of yours, but don't you put my signature at the end of the thing if you quote from it, for I do not want the whole world, as well as my friends, to send me thoughts of my general inefficiency—you know why. Besides I am growing, and I know it and feel it and recognize the

fact, but I suppose it is inevitable that I stumble once in a while until I get stronger.

A pretty thing happened to me. The first time I sat, after I was out of bed, I had such a very strong sense of your presence, encouraging, friendly, helpful, that I seemed to know even the very spot where you were in the room, and had a half uneasy sensation that I was not polite in not audibly greeting you. Yours sincerely
MRS. BLANK.

CASE OF MIND CURE.

"Nothing is stranger than the way in which the body and mind may become dominated by what is called a 'fixed idea,'" said a physician of this city who makes a speciality of diseases of the nerves. "What reminded me of the subject," he went on, "was a very curious case that came to my attention not a great while ago. A twelve-year-old boy, the son of a very respectable family in moderate circumstances, who live on the lower side of Canal street, had a slight attack of inflammatory rheumatism last winter, and upon recovery, some months later, found himself unable to straighten his right arm. It was bent in such a position that the back of the hand almost touched the shoulder, and while there was no particular soreness about it, the boy simply insisted that he could not move the elbow and hold the limb straight. I saw no reason why there should be any such a result from his slight rheumatic attack. And was persuaded from the outset that the boy, while no doubt perfectly honest, was simply a victim of self-deception. During his illness he had probably found the arm more comfortable when bent, and gradually his mind had become dominated by the fixed idea that it was impossible for him to extend it. In such cases it is useless to argue with the patient, but frequently some lucky accident will dissipate the illusion.

"One day last fall I dropped in to see the boy, and while I was in the house an old negro auntie remarked in his hearing that 'Somebody done put a charm on dat arm,' and that she knew how to 'take it off.' 'How would you do it?' I replied. 'I'd use a red charm-stone I have at home,' she said; 'I'd rub it on his shoulder an' dat arm straighten out shore!' I could see the boy was deeply impressed, and I gave the old woman a quarter and told her to be around with the charm-stone next afternoon. I was on hand myself before the appointed hour, and told the child, with a great show of telling him in confidence, that I rather expected the charm was going to cure him. The magic stone turned out to be a piece of common red flint, but after the old aunty had mumbled several incantations, rubbed his shoulder vigorously, and worked him into a state of high excitement, I took his wrist and suddenly pulled the limb straight. 'Why, she's done it sure enough!' I shouted, working the elbow vigorously before he had time to object; 'try it yourself! Your arm is as good as ever!' He moved it cautiously at first, and then more freely, and finally declared he was all right. The last time I saw him he was perfectly sound.

"It was merely a case of mind cure—that was all. As the trouble was imaginary in the first place, a little imagination was needed to remove it. The old darky, by the way, got all the credit, and she built up a considerable clientele on the strength of the episode."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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BY HELEN WILMANS.

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THE EVOLUTION OF MIND.

The Literary Digest quotes largely from an article in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, by President David Starr Jordon of Leland Stanford University. The Digest quotes from President Jordon as follows:

"The plant searches for food by a movement of the feeding parts alone. In the process of growth, as Darwin has shown, the tips of the branches and roots are in constant motion. This movement is in a spiral squirm. It is only an exaggeration of the same action in the tendrils of the growing vine. The course of the squirming rootlet may be deflected from a regular spiral by the presence of water. The moving branchlets will turn toward the sun. The region of sensation in the plant, and the point of growth, are identical, because this is the only part that needs to move. The tender tip is the plant's brain. If locomotion were in question, the plant would need to be differently constructed. It would demand the mechanism of the animal. The nerve, brain, and muscle of the plant, are all represented by the tender growing cells of the moving tips. The plant is touched by moisture or sunlight. It 'thinks' of them, and in so doing the cells that are touched and 'think,' are turned toward the source of the stimulus. The function of the brain, therefore, in some sense exists in the tree, but there is no need in the tree for a specialized sensorium."

In higher organisms the mind becomes more and

more localized, until in the higher animals it has a special organ—the brain, which, however, is shut up in darkness and has no knowledge except such as comes to it from the sense-organs through the ingoing or sensory nerves." Being filled with these impressions, some of which are actual sensations, while others are the memories of past sensations, the brain must make a choice among them by fixing of the attention, if it is to act properly. To find data for such choice is a function of the intellect. This, Dr. Jordon tells us, is the difference between mind and mere instinct or inherited habit—mind chooses, instinct can not, for it is but an "automatic mind-process inherited from generation to generation." The writer gives the following effective illustration:

"The difference between intellect and instinct in lower animals may be illustrated by the conduct of certain monkeys brought into relation with new experiences. At one time I had two adult monkeys, 'Bob' and 'Jocko,' belonging to the genus *Macacus*. Neither of these possessed egg-eating instinct. At the same time I had a baby monkey, 'Mono' of the genus *Cercoptes*. Mono had never seen an egg, but his inherited impulses bore a direct relation to feeding on eggs, and the heredity of *Macacus* taught the others how to crack nuts or to peel fruit.

"To each of these monkeys I gave an egg, the first that any of them had ever seen.

"The baby monkey, Mono, being of an egg-eating race, devoured his eggs by the operation of instinct. On being given the egg for the first time, he cracked it against his upper teeth, making a hole in it, sucked out all the substance—then holding the eggshell up to the light and seeing there was no longer anything in it, he threw it away. All this he did mechanically, automatically; and it was just as well done with the first egg he ever saw, as any other he ate. All eggs since offered him he has treated in the same way.

"The monkey Bob, took the egg for some kind of nut. He broke it against his upper teeth and tried to pull off the shell, when the inside ran out and fell on the ground. He looked at it a moment in bewilderment, and then took both hands and scooped up the yolk and the sand with which it was mixed, and swallowed it all, and then stuffed the shell itself into his mouth. This act was not instinctive. It was the work of pure reason. Evidently his race was not familiar with the use of eggs. Reason is an inefficient agent at first, a weak tool, but when it is trained it becomes an agent more valuable and more powerful than any instinct.

"The monkey Jocko tried to eat the egg offered him in much the same way that Bob did, but, not liking the taste, he threw the whole thing away."

Instinct may, of course, be much more effective than intellect; in fact, low mental development may be worse than none at all. Of this Dr. Jordon gives the following illustrations:

"The fishes taken in a large pound net, as I have observed them in Lake Michigan, can not escape from it because they have not intelligence enough to find the opening through which they have entered. If, however, a loon enters the net, the fishes become frightened and 'lose their heads.' In this case they will, sooner or later, all escape, for they cease to hunt about ineffectively for an opening, but flee automatically in straight lines, and these straight lines will in time bring them to the open door of the net."

In Dr. Jordon's view the development or evolution of the mind is largely a progress in the co-ordination of cells. The brain-cells, it is true, do not think individually, but they do collectively, and the more perfect their organization for this purpose, the higher the degree of mental development. Says our author:

"The study of the development of mind in animals and men gives no support to the mediæval idea of the mind as an entity apart from the organ through which it operates. * * *

"There is no *Ego* except that which arises from the co-ordination of the nerve-cells. All consciousness is 'colonial consciousness,' the product of co-operation * * *

* * * The *I* in man, is the expression of the co-working of the processes and impulses of the brain. The brain is made of individual cells, just as England is made of individual men.

"The development of the character is the formation of the *Ego*. It is in itself the co-ordination of the elements of heredity, the bringing into union of the warring tendencies and irrelevant impulses left us by our ancestors. The child is a mixture of imperfectly related impulses and powers. It is a mosaic of ancestral heredity. Its growth into personality is the process of bringing these elements into relation to each other.

"What is true of man is true of animals, and true of nations as well; for a nation is an aggregation of many men, as a man is a coalition of many cells. In the life of a nation, Lowell tells us, 'three roots bear up Dominion—Knowledge, Will, and the third, Obedience, the great tap-root of all.' This corresponds to the nervous system in the individual. And as in general the ills of humanity are due to untruthfulness in thought and action, so are the collective ills of nations due to national folly, vacillation, and disobedience. The laws of national greatness are extensions of the laws which govern the growth of the single cell."

[From the above it might be inferred that instinct is better than reason; and so it is until reason is sufficiently developed to become a more reliable guide than instinct.

Intuition—the much-lauded faculty—is nothing more than instinct expressed on a higher plane; and the idea that it is a nobler faculty than reason, is a mistake; in fact reason is intuition, and it is instinct, *with the understanding of itself added*. "Man know thyself," is the mandate that brings forth every faculty—no matter how obscure—into the light where it can be seen and known, and appropriated to the use of the *I*—the grand master of all things.—H. W.]

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—My visit to San Francisco permitted me the pleasure, last evening, of attending the Mental Science graduating exercises of Prof. Knox. The professor has conducted a class of some thirty pupils through a long course of lectures and lessons, qualifying them to live and spread the truths of Mental Science. Golden Gate Hall was well filled with an audience whose interest was well sustained throughout the proceedings.

Following a musical prelude, essays were read by the pupils, each of the speakers giving expression to individual Mental Science veins on a selected topic. Most of the essays were well considered and admirably delivered. The essays by Chas. H. Lombard—on Mental Science, and by Laura R. Cullen on Truth, seemed to me to be particularly good. The other subjects were, Love, Aspiration, Man, Progress, Healing, Mind, Life, Self Culture and Development. There was a true Mental Science ring to about all the papers, and it was hardly possible for any one in a receptive frame of mind to have attended the meeting without deriving much benefit from it. Your name was mentioned by various of the pupils with that loving regard and high estimation that you so fully deserve.

These exercises were the first of the kind I had ever

attended, and the professor is to be congratulated on the good showing made by his pupils. He has awakened an interest in the subject here that will bear fruit in the future. He returns this week to Seattle, where he will give his regular course of lectures before his Mental Science Temple during the months of July and August. It was a great pleasure to me to meet the genial professor and his good wife, and I am glad to recognize the value of his work along the lines of the new thought. With kind thoughts to yourself and your family, yours sincerely,
EUGENE DEL MAR.

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

DEAR FREEDOM:—How will this statement do until we more fully realize the fourth dimension of space?

Mind itself, that which *thinks* about the fourth dimension, is that dimension.

Length, breadth and thickness are expressions of mind.

If this is true then we must "right about face" and say mind is the first dimension and its expression (so-called matter, or material manifestation) the second, third and fourth. Thus we have the perfect square. This statement is for those who use the words God, Spirit, Law or Intelligence instead of Mind as well as for Mental Scientists.

DR. GEORGE W. CAREY,
San Francisco, Cal.

LISTEN TO THIS TRUCK.

There is a fellow that calls himself "Schlatter the Healer." I am told that he professes to be the same Schlatter who healed people in Denver several years ago, and who died somewhere out West. I take from the *Burlington Hawkeye* a few of the things he says about himself:

"Since I began healing in Denver I have cured 7,000 000 people. *I have raised seven people from the dead*; three in Chicago and four in London. In New York three years ago Richard Croker gave me \$5,000 for curing him of heart disease, while Tammany made me a present of \$10,000. This money I gave to the New York poor. Andrew Carnegie offered me \$3,000,000 to found a hospital. I could not accept it, because Carnegie wanted it named after himself. Hetty Green, after I cured her of lung trouble, offered me \$3,000,000 if I would marry her. The *New York World* offered me \$1,000,000 if I would walk on water and advertise their paper. I refused it. The *New York Journal* wanted to give me \$2,000,000 for telling how I healed the sick. I refused it also."

And yet there are human geese who believe him! I wonder if Croker and Carnegie, Hettie Green, the *New York World* and the *Journal* know that there is such an individual out of the insane asylum? I don't believe they do.

A GOOD THING.

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

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Eugene Del Mar has sent me his photograph from San Francisco. It is an inspiration. The clear, sweet face expresses the higher life. It is gentleness itself; and it is power also; great power. I have believed for a long time—from the way Charley and I are both attracted to him—that he is going to be associated with us in the work we are doing, in this place. I believe that before another year he will have Sea Breeze for his headquarters; and that he will go out from here to teach and lecture. This quality of clearness—purity—which I see in his face is well borne out in every particle of the man; in his character and his intellect. In treating any subject he always finds the right word to express his meaning. This perfect fit of words and meaning in his lectures have a peculiar effect on his hearers. The feeling you get from them is entirety, wholeness. He leaves no chance for questions. You do not feel like applauding him, or praising him; these demonstrations seem applicable to brilliant but broken effort. But they are inadequate to express him.

He is a child of the New Birth; a prophesy of what the next generation will be. He looks somewhat like a Jew but is not one. He looks as if he might be the culmination of that masterful race; the one in whom all the purposeful tenacity, the powerful determination, the long deferred hope had been incarnated. His eyes though bright and smiling are patient almost to sadness; they show forth a certain inheritance of qualities—all noble and beautiful—that may have been unfolding under repression for a thousand years. I think I could believe all sorts of fanciful things about him. And yet, would they be fanciful? Who knows what thoughts and experiences lie out of sight behind all of us? How is it possible that we should do otherwise than carry the record of the past in our bodies, even though the record should be unintelligible to our consciousness.

In the pictures of Jesus, I feel that every artist who ever tried to portray Him made a mistake right on this point. What a splendid picture He would make if He could be painted true to His heredity, as the result of an unbroken chain of efforts, all of which had proved disappointing, though embodying untold genius; if He could have been made to stand forth as the emancipated confession of those mistakes, but bursting out of the bondage of them, and shining like the dawning light of a new day, glorified in prophetic splendor.

But I am becoming sensational, and I had better change the subject.

I am getting a good many letters congratulating me on the defeat of the medical bill, and some of the best of them are from medical men. Here is one that says:

"If I cannot stand alone without Legislative crutches to go on, I will abandon my practice and try something else for a living."

Another says: "Mind now, I am not sanctioning Mental Science as a complete healing power; but I believe that in freedom, all ideas find their own adjustment. Therefore, I say, call off the dogs of war, and let things take their natural course. I, for one, am not afraid to trust further development in all matters; if it knocks my business in the head, it will provide something better for me to do. I feel deep interest, and complete freedom from anxiety in watching the thing as it moves

along. It means something, sure, though I'll be hanged if I know what it is. Just put me down as a happy-go-lucky passenger if you please."

From another letter I quote as follows: "From close investigation of my past experience I find that I never made a dollar in my life by being anxious about a thing. Therefore, I am not going to be anxious about the usurping power of thought healing. The thing is growing; there is no mistake about it. It is growing fast, and I am deeply impressed with a conviction that I must come into an understanding of it. Enclosed find \$10. Send me everything you have ever written on the subject."

I have a number of other letters from physicians, written in the same gentlemanly strain; but I have printed enough to show that the *big* men of the profession are not on the list of our persecutors. As to my social relations with the doctors, in places where I have lived, they have always been good. Among my patients who come here there are persons who simply cannot break off their adhesion to drugs; when they beg me for medicine I tell them I cannot prescribe it; they must go to one of the resident doctors here.

People cannot always break away from the established beliefs of their youth, and I do not blame them; their development is slow. I have often found it easier to cure a patient who keeps a medical doctor in attendance, because he is then satisfied; his mind is at rest, and my thought can reach him more readily. It is true, however, that I can cure a patient in half the time who discards all remedies and trusts me absolutely.

I can understand this clinging to a doctor. In almost every instance the doctor is kind; he is interested; he likes his patient and puts out his whole power in the sick person's service. When I used to employ a physician I recall the fact that it lifted and enthused me just to see him come into my room, bringing his cheery confidence and his kindly and gentle interest with him.

I am so far from wishing to fight the doctors that I feel the keenest sympathy for them in the mistakes they are making. If they—with the prestige they already enjoy—enshrined in the affections of so many people as they are—would only study the new ideas, they could make an easy and an imperceptible transition from the physical to the mental method, and thus save themselves from being relegated to the past; as they are going to be, with the next generation, or even with the great bulk of the present generation.

Some of my best friends are physicians. We come very close together in our sympathy for the sufferings of the people; we find one common bond of union; the desire—at no matter what sacrifice—to relieve them.

It has been reported that we mental healers do not treat our patients at all. This is a great misrepresentation. It is almost indescribable how we feel toward them; they are to us as suffering children. One of my assistants said to me yesterday, "I do love to write to the patients; why Mrs. Wilmans, I have such a tenderness for them, I would not see one of them neglected for anything." My other two assistants—grand, capable women—fairly live in the patients. As for me, healing is the work I love. I sometimes get tired of my other work, but I never get tired of the healing. And it carries its own blessing with it. No one can

send out healing thoughts from the high place in the intellect, without being strengthened and benefitted by it. It is glorious work.

But this does not sound Waste-Paper Basket at all, and I must come down to local matters. On Wednesday evening we had a meeting in the pavilion in honor of our legislator, Captain Charles Smith. He was our neighbor before he went, and he is our neighbor and our friend too, now. He carried every measure proposed for the benefit of this county, and naturally we are very proud of him. He used his influence in defeating the medical bill, and also in obtaining the sanction of the Legislature for the effort we made to incorporate Sea Breeze; so that we are a city now, and Mr. Post is Mayor. Which reminds me of an anecdote. An old farmer had been elected county judge. The evening after the returns were in, and the whole family felt decidedly uplifted, one of the children said, "Pap, now you're judge, I reckon we'se all judges, aint we?"

"Why, no," said their mother, "nobody but just ne and your pap."

On the same principle the only mayors in this family are just myself and Charley.

Charley is in New York; has not returned yet; but his absence did not prevent Captain Smith's reception from being a success. The hall was full. Mr. Burgman opened the meeting; he is a fluent speaker, and better still, a sensible one. I never have seen a man any more suitable as a leader in such things. His manners are quite perfect, and he knows just what to say. I am proud of the boy. And I am proud of his boys too. His oldest son, though not yet sixteen, is taller than his father; with his mother's sweet face. The next boy in the family is a girl, who looks like her father. She, too, is tall, and beautiful besides. Then comes Leo, an unusually tall boy of his age, who is the image of his mother. Last and not least we have Carl, a darling little sensitive thing. It is a family to be proud of. I do not know what I should do without them. But I am getting away from my subject.

After Mr. Burgman had made a beautiful address that honored our member of the State Legislature, Mr. Davis, editor of *The Peninsula Breeze* spoke for a short time and was followed by Captain Smith who gave an account of what he had done—while at the State Capitol—omitting to say how very successful his efforts had been, as we all knew that. The captain is not a man to toot his own horn, and we like him all the better for it. After the speech making, we had music and dancing, and lovely refreshments, which kept us until the small hours.

Yesterday a part of the New York delegation arrived, in the shape of two monkeys carefully boxed up. We took them to the pavilion and introduced them to the other monkeys, who eyed them suspiciously and did not seem at all glad of their arrival. However, there was no fighting as we half expected, and the little creatures soon seemed to feel at home. To me, monkeys are the most pathetic of all the animals. There is something in their drawn faces that indicates a sort of half knowledge of their narrow lives, and that almost implies regret; or if not that, it is at least a consciousness of helplessness. Other animals are helpless that are not conscious of it, like kittens and puppies, and we do not feel at all sorry for them.

This article is so long I think it will have to stand for the editorial as well as the local department. But oh! how I want to put more life in these columns; more vitality, and really more nonsense. I began to write a story the other day, something after the fashion of "Jack's Boys," a delineation of child character that was printed in one of the big magazines, and received very favorable mention from the critics. It was copied in England and was greatly praised. I have lost some of my early stories and I want to find them. I want to get them out in a book, beautifully bound and superbly illustrated, hoping that many copies will sell about Christmas time for gifts. I got hold of one of these stories the other day; it had been years since I had read it, and I laughed at its nonsense in the most unmeasured manner. I said to myself, "If it amuses me so much, it will amuse others;" so I will print it again, because laughing is a useful employment, and to stimulate to laughter is a big privilege. H. W.

ALL IS GOOD.

We change our conditions not by antagonizing them, but by putting ourselves in harmony with them. To be satisfied with whatever is, does not mean to be willing that what is now, shall always be. To be satisfied is to be consciously harmonious—and to be harmonious is to show forth harmony in our outward selves, and to attract harmonious conditions, or environment. We do not hamper our desire for better things by being satisfied with those we already have—any more than we hamper our desire to reach the end of a journey by quietly enjoying the scenery through which we pass on the way. We *express* our conditions and environment. That which we show forth in our bodies, and in our lives, and all the things that surround us, but reflects our inner selves—our state of consciousness. We are out of harmony or nothing could be at variance with our desires. Therefore, if we regain our mental poise—if we say that all is good and feel it, and thus enjoy whatever comes in our way—we create an atmosphere of freedom and purity and love, in which all things that we most desire can grow. Our surroundings are unquestionably related to our mentality. We can create what we will outwardly, if we first create the right mental state. If what we need and want is not related to the mentality of the people around us, then either they or we will surely go elsewhere—it is the law. Inharmony is not the result of mental retrogression. It is the manifestation of a one-sided growth. We are always growing, and, as long as peace reigns within, we may know that we are growing symmetrically—that our character, so far, is rounded and perfectly balanced—but, as soon as we begin to feel disturbed by anything, we may be sure that some part of our nature is not keeping up with the rest. No condition unpleasant to us can exist while our minds are perfectly poised. We have only to get back to our basic principle and say at once "All is Good," therefore, whatever my condition is, it is perfect and I am pleased and satisfied with it. It is exactly what I want until I have learned the lesson it has come to teach. This attitude, far from making the condition permanent, brings the lagging part of our intelligence up to the mark, and better things must manifest than otherwise could, because we have reached a higher plane than ever before.

LILLIAN M. ALLEN.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The Second Annual Convention of Mental Scientists which will convene at Sea Breeze, Florida, beginning November 28th next, and remaining in session until all the business to be brought up for consideration has been disposed of, is beginning already at this early day to arouse a good deal of interest. From all parts of the country inquiries are coming in, regarding railway rates, hotel rates, cost of room and board, rent of cottages and other conveniences calculated to make the stay in Sea Breeze and Florida during Convention time, comfortable, pleasurable and convenient, without drawing too largely upon the financial resources of those attending the Convention, and those who may desire to avail themselves of the privileges of special rates in joining with the new-thought people, to visit Florida.

Florida, far-famed in song, poetry, romance and history, has held a high place in the heart and imagination of the modern nations of the earth, for centuries—ever since the gallant Ponce De Leon went in search of the mystic fountain of youth, to clothe a daring soul with an imperishable body, and duly worship at the shrine of love and beauty. Many will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit this state, if the cost of the journey can be kept within reasonable limits; and as far as possible at the present time to meet this popular desire, the following privileges have been secured:

RAILROAD RATES.

The Southeastern Passenger Association has made official announcement of the following rates for the Convention:

A rate of one first-class fare for the round trip to Daytona, Fla., and return from all points in Southeastern Passenger Association territory, account of occasion above specified.

Tickets of form "C" adopted as standard by the American Association of General Passenger Agents, restricted to continuous passage in each direction, to be sold November 25, 26 and 27 from Florida points, and November 15 to 26 inclusive, from all points south of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi rivers outside the State of Florida. Final limit of all tickets to be December 15, 1901, inclusive.

Coupon tickets to be on sale at all regular coupon ticket offices.

This rate is tendered to connecting lines and other Associations for basing purposes.

It would be advisable for all who desire to attend the Convention to take note of the fact that the following roads comprise the Southeastern Traffic Association:

Alabama Great Southern Railroad, Alabama & Vicksburg Railway, Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, Atlanta & West Point Railroad, Atlantic, Valdosta & Western Railway, Central of Georgia Railway, Charleston & Western Carolina Railway, Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway, Florida East Coast Railway, Georgia Railroad, Georgia Southern & Florida Railway, Illinois Central Railroad, Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, New Orleans & North Eastern Railroad, Norfolk & Western Railway, Pennsylvania Railroad (south of Washington,) Plant System of Railways, Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, Southern Railway, The Western Railway

of Alabama, Tifton & Northeastern Railroad, Western & Atlantic Railroad, Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad.

Rates allowed by connecting lines under management of other traffic associations, will be published as soon as announced. It is certain that one and one third will be the maximum rate for other lines connecting with the Southeastern Association, and it is possible that a less rate can be secured for the round trip to the latter's territory.

ACCOMMODATIONS AND HOTEL RATES.

Hotel rates have been secured for all who attend the Convention, including members of family and friends. They will range from eight to sixteen dollars per week for room and board; the accommodations and service will be first class, the rate being one-half of the usual cost of service charged during the tourist season in Florida.

Ample accommodations will be provided for all who come, and send timely notice of their coming. There are four hotels in Sea Breeze at the present time. The Colonnades with accommodation for two hundred guests. The Clarendon Inn, accommodating about one hundred and twenty-five. The Breakers accommodating one hundred people and the Seaside Inn, able to harbor seventy-five. Other cottages can accommodate special parties who desire to remain together, and single persons as well to the number of about two hundred.

These hostelries are all new with modern equipments and conveniences. Besides these there is the Surf Crest with an accommodation for thirty, and a number of private boarding and lodging houses, and about twenty furnished cottages at the disposal of renters. A pretty tented city will be erected on the plaza of the Colonnades Hotel, should the demand for accommodations warrant the undertaking—for at that time of the year (Thanksgiving Day) the climate of Florida partakes of the Northern summer days, balmy and comfortable.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

All are welcome, of whatever thought or shade of opinion. This is an invitation to all the lovers of the beautiful in nature, to take for a brief time a respite from labor and care, and seek rest and recreation amid charming scenery, and in health and hope-inspiring conditions and surroundings.

ONE THOUSAND.

A hall is in process of construction with a seating capacity for one thousand people—that number being fully expected to participate in the proceedings and deliberations of the convention. For the others, ample amusement will be provided, and already arrangements have been made for excursions by railway, steamboat and other conveyances to noted points in various parts of Florida. Yacht races and Venetian water carnivals, with river illuminations at night, will constitute part of the amusement features during Convention time.

THE PURPOSE OF THE CONVENTION.

The main work of the Convention will consist in the working out and adoption of a plan of action which will tend to a unification of all the branches of the new-thought movement, for propaganda and educational purposes, and to more fully carry out the common and underlying purpose: a persistent and thorough research into the domain of the mental side of life, the phenom-

ena of mind, its manifested and potential powers, and their relationship to the well-being and happiness of man. The Convention will discuss and adopt measures by which means can be procured for the establishment of educational institutions in which the young may be trained and educated to the perception of broader and newer truths, higher aspirations and nobler conduct, than is at present imparted to the newer generations of men. The Convention will also devise means for the training and encouragement of able speakers in the work of educational propaganda, and the popularising of the new-thought philosophy, and many other important measures which have a bearing upon the progressive tendency of our time. Eminent speakers have been invited and will be present.

It is suggested that all who desire to come to the Convention join into an association with others in their neighborhood, as far as possible, and form regular excursion parties to meet with those from other localities, and start jointly on a given day.

Mr. Herbert George, editor and proprietor of *George's Weekly*, 1808 Curtis St., Denver, Colo., is arranging an excursion for Sea Breeze with this purpose in view. He will charter a Pullman car for the occasion and have it thoroughly equipped to make the journey enjoyable and convenient. It is well for all interested in that part of the country to communicate at an early date with Mr. George at above address.

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

Mr. J. A. Finch of 1216 2d ave., Seattle, Wash., will organize an excursion to start from Seattle for Sea Breeze, on such a date as may be finally determined upon to enable all to be present at the opening of the Convention. Mr. J. A. Finch has had a wide experience as an organizer of numerous trans-continental excursions, and is one of the ablest and best posted men in that line. It would be advisable for all FREEDOM readers, and the friends who desire to join such a party, to at once communicate with Mr. Finch.

It is well for you to keep posted on Convention affairs through the columns of FREEDOM. Excursions will be organized in other parts of the country which you may be able to join, and FREEDOM will make weekly reports of all further development.

COMING TO THE CONVENTION.

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

ALABAMA

Mobile—Mrs E Quinn and Miss Mamie Quinn, Marine and Tennessee Sts.; Mrs Mattie Brook.

Oakdale—Mrs Annie H Field.

Pine Hill—Mr and Mrs Worthny.

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco—Clara Foltz, Atty-at-Law, 310 Parrott Building.

Columbia—Wm Christie.

San Diego—Mr and Mrs J N Bunch, 1433 F st.

COLORADO

Denver—Mr and Mrs Herbert George, Publisher of *George's Weekly*, 1529 Curtis st.; Mr and Mrs Thos. J Shelton, Publisher of *Christian*, 1657 Clarkson St.

Longmont—Lida L Fox.

Salida—Mr and Mrs Charles Judson and son.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville—August Buesing, Publisher *The Advocate of Common Sense*, 153-155 Riverside ave.; Mr and Mrs S H Rooker.

Jasper—John M Caldwell, Publisher *The Florida Index*, Lake City.

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Julia Iverson Patton, 821-829 Equitable Building

Waring—Fred W Fork, Manufacturer.

Merritt—Mr H L Smith.

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Mr and Mrs W L Barteau, Proprietor Atlantic Hotel, Van Buren and Sherman st.; Sidney Flower, Editor *Magnetic Journal*, Rooms 30-31, The Auditorium.

Patoka—Mrs Bettie Harris.

Quincy—Godfrey Loeffler, Esq.

Galesburg—Mrs Olivia F Green, 248 West Tompkins St.

Winchester—S M Brown, Esq.

INDIANA

Veedersburg—John L Bau.

KANSAS

Leavenworth—Rosalie Oldfeld.

Topeka—M E Hinkely, 1339 Clay St.

OHIO

Cleveland—Mrs Louisa Southworth, 844 Prospect St.

Cincinnati—Mrs L Rockhill, 2332 McMicken Ave.

Toledo—Mrs Frances Wilson, The Vienna.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburg—Miss Emma and Miss Josephine Jutte, 5204 Liberty Ave., East End.

NEBRASKA

York—Mrs Dora Howe.

RHODE ISLAND

Westerly—N Cornu, Esq.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Fairfax—Virginia D Young.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Elkton—Mrs Katherine Buck.

Nemo—T B Stevens.

TENNESSEE

Pulaski—Mrs Jno W Dyer.

MAINE

Portland—Mrs S J Dennett, 3 Tolman Place.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Mr and Mrs Robert Mitchel Floyd, Publisher *National Grocer's Trade List*, 1078 Boylston St. Attleboro—Ada R Blackinton; Rebecca C Blackinton.

Lynn—Helen M Oliver, 5 Bloomfield St.

MINNESOTA

Argyle—M H Novotny, Publishers *Marshall County Banner*.

MISSOURI

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

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids—Mr and Mrs W S Broderick, 5 Fair St.

Manistee—Olive C Hawley, 368 2nd St.

NEW MEXICO

Farmington—M F Clarke

NEW YORK

New York—Emily Newcomb Wilson and daughter, Margorie, 351 W 114th St.

Poughkeepsie—Dr A S Russell, 337 Mill St.

WASHINGTON

Seattle—Prof and Mrs F M Knox, Publisher *The True Word*, 773 Harrison St.; Mrs Eva A Humphreys, 1216 2nd Ave.; Mr and Mrs J A Finch, 1216 2d ave.; Mr and Mrs H B Carter, 1204 Railroad ave.

Newell—Conrad Meyer.

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No. 16. FRESH PROOFS OF HEALING.

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

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your letter is here. Oh! I feel so good. I am getting well fast. I had no idea my recovery would be so rapid. You did not encourage me to hope I would be well in a month, but really I see plainly that I am going to be. After being sick and helpless so long it seems happiness enough to feel myself getting better every day.—H. L. W., Toronto, Canada.

MY DEAR HELEN:—I am getting along fine.—J. F. [He is being treated for business success. Has only been under treatment two weeks.]

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have been getting along fine. What a blessing it is to be busy when you feel equal to it. My kindergarten is very large these spring days, and things go well for us; I am getting along very comfortably.—A. L. T.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Uncle is still improving. He is getting so he can move the paralyzed limb a good deal, and I expect to see him walking around. For my part I am fine, and know that I am getting stronger every day. Nothing masters me any longer. I consider life in this present body more precious than anything else. I know that I am strength; I know that opulence is mine. I will be a Fiji Islander if I keep on. I am progressing. I expect to be a successful canvasser for your books.

I see the doctors are giving you a good dose, but contrary to their usual efforts, it is not going to hurt you; it will do you good and help the cause. I am all anticipation to see how you will do them up.—M. A. B., St. Helena, Cal.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter came last eve. I think I felt the presence of it all day. If I did not, it was strong imagination that seemed real. I had a hard headache when I commenced reading it and by the time I got through it was all gone and I felt so much lighter in every way.—MRS. R. L. S., Covington, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your letter of the 14th received, I am very thankful to you. I am improving rapidly. Enclosed find money for another month; for which continue the treatment.—A. O., Walden, Colo.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—Another weekly report is due from me, I know nothing new to say. I am feeling splendid. Gaining continually, new strength and greater self-reliance. Oh I know we shall conquer all obstructions finally. We received such a cheerful letter from Mrs. Felder to-day—she is feeling so well and full of hope. She has the greatest measure of confidence in you, and how could she help but have, and what a grand thing it must be to be the instrument by which so many are being lifted out of their dead selves. How narrow-minded men are when they will try and legislate against the very thing that brings the most comfort and happiness.—A. A. H., Spokane, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Yours of recent date came duly to hand. Am glad to say we feel an improvement. I feel hopeful and am sure I am gaining more self-control. Mama is better, she suffered some to-day with her back, but with the application of mental healing all soreness was removed.—I. F. K., Bellefontaine, Miss.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I received your kind letter, and I am happy to say I still continue to grow better physically and mentally. My thoughts are so much changed, and I see now that good is everywhere and in everything. The constipation you were treating me for is entirely cured so you can direct your thoughts now to the other trouble.—M. E. H., Hillsboro, Ohio.

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