

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 Shakspear's strain.*—EMERSON.

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PHYSICAL VITALITY; ITS ACQUISITION AND ACCUMULATION.

SIDNEY H. BEARD.

The acquisition of various kinds of material treasures—such as works of art, property, curiosities, or money—is a distinguishing characteristic of the men and women of this generation. "Get all you can and keep all you get" is the popular motto, and this appetite for accumulation seems to grow with its gratification.

With this desire for acquisition, so much in evidence, it is strange that so few persons take any thought or trouble concerning the accumulation of vitality. For it is one of the most priceless of all earthly possessions, and without it all other earthly possessions are apt to fade—like a mirage—into thin air. Yet the majority of men make no effort to understand the laws which are connected with its creation and reservation.

The human body is a storage battery consisting of millions of cells in which the vital electricity that produces health, wards off and prevents disease, makes life enjoyable, and produces the personal magnetism which causes the human character to be powerful for good or for evil, is accumulated.

Every form of manifestation of physical vitality depends upon the life-force stored up in this human battery—and upon its voltage. The more fully charged the cells of the body may be, the higher the voltage, and, consequently the greater the vitality and power.

This voltage is always fluctuating. Physical or mental expenditure of force lessens it; recuperation, through rest, sleep, and the taking in of oxygen and food-pabulum increases it. And if the influx is greater than the output, accumulation results.

Comparatively few persons have ever realized that a predetermined accumulation of vital force is an actual possibility, and that it can be brought about by intelligent and methodical action. Even if only a small amount of vitality has been inherited from our parents the stock can be increased—and, vice versa, those who have come into the world endowed with a more than ordinary share of this best of Nature's gift, can run through their stock capital in a comparatively short time, and die bankrupt long before reaching middle age.

All the "preventive medicines" in the world are as the small dust of the balance—potentially—when weighed against this life-force which "healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our life from destruction." Its therapeutic phenomena are truly wonderful;—the fractured human limb, the damaged bark of the tree, the broken shell of a humble mollusc, will each alike be mended and re-

stored by the invisible life-spirit which operates silently in each, and by such various methods.

In the presence of this mysterious power our great scientists are nonplussed; they can neither analyze, nor classify it and are obliged to be content with the registration of its effects. Nor need we wonder at this, for the operation of this healing and energizing force is none other than the manifestation of the Lord of life who is immanent in all creatures, and ever seeking expression in individual forms.

When the human system is invaded by malevolent bacteria and microbes, the benignant living cells within us overcome and expel them and save us from disease. They act thus whenever the sum total of our vitality—or voltage—is such as to evidence the fact that they are in fit and forceful condition. If they are not properly fed with those elements which are needful for their sustenance and welfare, they soon run down, and we become aware of the fact by realizing that we ourselves, have run down. Our voltage is below the normal; we are below par. We then are liable to become the prey of those ceaseless microscopic enemies which are ever ready to pounce upon the unfit.

If our corpuscles are weaker than the invading foes, no drugs can save us—we are doomed. Hence the importance of keeping our nerve centres well charged, for we then know that the minute life-cells are in vigorous condition.

To accumulate vitality our food must contain all the chemical elements which we need. Nitrates for muscle building; carbons for heat and energy production; fats and phosphates and other mineral salts for the sustenance of brain and nerve-force. None must be permanently omitted. If, for instance, we exclude organic phosphorous from the food of a man of mighty intellect, he will, in due time, be reduced to a stage bordering on idiocy. We can obtain this phosphorous in such food as cheese, milk, whole-wheat bread, oatmeal, peas, beans and bananas. But inorganic phosphorous in the form of drugs or pills is dangerous.

The other elements are also necessary, and our diet must contain the whole of the fourteen from which the body is constructed. This fact suggests the wisdom of making our diet as varied as possible. Nature will assimilate the necessary elements if opportunity is thus given her.

The human body, and its brains and nerves, are in the first instance constructed, and are then continuously reconstructed from food and from it alone. By this term I refer to that nourishment which reaches us through the digestive apparatus, and also that which comes

through the lungs, etc. *Just as we eat, so we become;* and our thought is almost entirely the outcome of our food-pabulum. The numerous cases of mental idiosyncrasy, incompetency, and aberration which we see around us, may, in nearly all instances, be traced to erroneous feeding.

To store vitality we must live *by method*, and take some trouble. Nature's greatest gift is not to be obtained haphazard and without thought and effort. We must eat wisely, and breathe wisely, and live wisely, and the closer to nature we get, the better it will be for us. One hour of early morning sunshine is worth several in the after part of the day, and the atmosphere which has been vitalized by its rays contains the life-giving oxygen upon which our vitality so largely depends. To rise with the lark and retire whilst the night is still young, is to walk in Wisdom's way, and though this may involve, in some cases, a mid-day siesta in the summer-time, it is in accordance with Nature's plan.

The habit of deep-breathing, like the habit of living much in the open air, yields important results. We should remember that the atmosphere consists of oxygen and nitrogen—the very elements of which our bodies are chiefly constructed. Life and vigor can be inhaled, but few persons have learned the art.

The habit of cheerfulness tends to promote the assimilation of food which vitalizes—and thus it favors longevity.

Exercise—of an intelligent and healthful sort—is needful to make the life current pulsate through our bones and tissues. Without it our organs do not get properly nourished and rebuilt; stiffness and atrophy set in. Every organ must be used if we are to secure complete development and health.

Calcareous deposits must be eliminated by drinking soft water and fruit juices, or our veins will get incrustated like the interiors of the water kettles in many households.

The skin must be kept pure and open by ablution, the teeth must be cleansed frequently lest they become a lodging for bacteria, and food which is likely to contain disease germs and decomposing bioplasts (such as dead bodies) must be eschewed.

Worry and care must be banished, as far as possible, from our lives, and vitiated atmosphere must be avoided—as well as all unwise and excessive expenditure of nerve-force. For these things deplete the storage battery of human electricity and lessens its voltage.

The coming race will master the secret of this accumulation of life-force, for it is one of those higher things to which mankind is slowly rising upon the stepping-stones of past mistakes and painful experiences. Let us keep abreast of the times and win our way to life more abundant.

SEEING ONLY THE GOOD.

Recently a writer in *FREEDOM* made the statement that we can perceive in others only that which is within ourselves—if we see impurity we ourselves are impure; only a liar can detect a lie. This writer merely elaborates upon the old adage, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," and he indirectly asserts that this principle may be applied when any so-called evil is detected. Continuing, he urges us to see only the good in our fellows

and he declares that only good will be shown us if we persistently refuse to see all else.

It seems to me that neither logic nor the observations of most of us will bear out the truth of these statements. But, according to the writer under discussion, I myself must be illogical or I could not find the absence of logic in this article. While most of us will agree that the honest person is rarely suspicious of others and a truthful person trusts more readily the word of others than an untruthful person does, the very fact of one's knowing truth also makes him aware of untruth; and the more perfectly honest a man is the quicker he will perceive the slightest deflection from honesty. Who is so sensitive to inharmony of sounds as the musician? And whose eye can detect more unfailingly a form which is out of drawing than a man who can copy nature with the closest fidelity?

I agree most cordially that looking upon the virtues rather than the failings of our companions will greatly aid in the nourishment of these virtues and the diminution of the faults; but gentleness undoubtedly arouses in some natures, only harshness and scorn. Can the lamb make the wolf's intentions kindly ones, by steadily holding the thought that the wolf is not murderously disposed? A few human beings manifest qualities similar to those characteristic of the wolf.

For a long time I endured the injustice and cruelty of a person to whose faults I resolutely turned a blind eye. Believing in the law of love, I thought by continuously seeing the good in this woman that she would cease her persecutions. Her harsh insults invariably met the "soft answer" and for "persecutions," I mentally said "nerves." Her evil was always returned with good. Instead of softening she hardened. My mildness seemed almost to frenzy her. Finally it rushed to my consciousness that this woman was *not* good, but mean and contemptible, full of malice and venom. When she attacked me again I quietly but in unmistakable language told her what I thought of her conduct and character, and I announced that she had cast at me the last brutal speech that would be unresented. Astonishment that a worm (for so I had been to her) could turn, made her speechless, for a time, and after that, during the period that we were together she treated me with respect and courtesy where I had previously received only abuse and insult. This is only one of a number of instances in my own experience where, practicing the command to resist not evil, I have been struck when I turned the other cheek. Similar experiences of acquaintances, if recounted, would fill a whole volume of *FREEDOM*. But there is no necessity to relate these experiences as illustrative of my point, for I do not doubt that every reader of these words can supply from his own or his friends' history, just such incidents.

By all means let us foster by recognition and encouragement every bit of good in the natures of our associates; and as far as possible or practicable or wise, let us avoid giving time and thought to the delinquencies of our neighbors. But for our own good, the good of our companions and the universal good let us invariably insist upon justice to ourselves; and upon no account let us submit to the cruelty of the overbearing, or the selfish demands of those who, finding us negative, would prey upon us.

D. H.

SELF-APPRECIATION.

Orthodoxy is responsible, wholly, for the wrong that exists in Christendom. From early youth we are taught that we are conceived in sin, are worthless, vile, worms of the dust, and like expressions used that tend to humiliate us and show our nothingness. In no way are we encouraged to appreciate ourselves; development into usefulness is never encouraged; on the contrary we are fallen creatures, without merit, and our only chance for development is through the blood of Jesus.

As a youth, I was kept from making an effort to try to advance. I knew that to do so would meet with the discouragement of all with whom I associated; Christian parents would discourage any reading except the Bible and school books. I must try to follow Jesus' example in all things; that would bring me out all right. So I commenced reading his doings and life as found in the New Testament. I was very much interested in reading of his first miracle at the wedding, when the wine gave out, and he came to the rescue by turning water into wine. I had been taught that to drink stimulants was wrong, and how to harmonize the two staggered me. After much thought and no satisfactory solution, I read on until reaching his visit to the fig tree, which proved to be an off year with the tree. Jesus being disappointed cursed and killed it. I knew that I had previously read that he owned no property, and of course the tree was not his, and the question arose with me as to what right he had to kill another man's tree. I knew that I had frequently stolen apples and peaches, but it was against my principles to injure the trees that bore them, even if I was disappointed in finding that they had no fruit. This caused so much disturbance in my mind that I finally appealed to my parents for a solution of the question, and received the satisfaction of being informed that what I was reading was the inspired word of God, and that anything I did not understand I had no right to doubt; that my reasoning was at fault; that the more I reasoned upon such things the worse it would be for me; that I was a poor fallen sinner and was not capable of reasoning upon such matters. About seventy years have passed since the above occurred, and I have been unable to overcome the habit of reasoning upon most subjects that interest me. I have always felt that a great mistake is made in telling children and others that they should consider that opinions worthless, as weighed with those of the theologians.

The "fall" of man—according to reason with me—has been from the protoplasm to his present condition; and that his "fall" in the same direction, will continue, I have no doubt. However, the expression of such an opinion in the presence of theologians and their followers brings about a condition of things which reminds me of Jesus and the fig tree. Jesus, as a man, I believe was for his day, a very great character, but his history as given us by those responsible for it, I am inclined to think is far from correct. Many of the details as given, are so clouded to a reasoner that nothing but blind faith can harmonize them.

I have three children who have been taught that in religion and politics, as well as in all other questions, they should be governed wholly by investigation and their reasoning faculties; and I have no regrets for so doing. To fully appreciate one's self will surely not result in building on a sandy foundation. S. M. B.

VALUED CORRESPONDENCE.

The two weeks since you have heard from me have been very good ones. How I have gained in buoyancy and aliveness! There is such a marked change the past week. The week before was so sluggish that I could hardly make any exertion—would be sitting talking in the middle of the morning, and be unable to control my drowsiness even after a good night's sleep. This lasted a full week and then one morning I awoke with a new, alert feeling and have not felt any desire to sleep in the day time since. I had a consciousness that your treatments were "letting me down easy"—the drowsiness was so much better than the extreme nervousness I have suffered heretofore at the end of a season. Now I am getting so fat and full of spirits that I have no realization of having just finished a hard year's work.

I cannot tell you how I appreciate your generosity in regard to the treatments. I want to continue them through the summer and feel their effect when I am actually engaged in practice and study, and when I can take plenty of time for thinking out the import of your Home Course. A great hopefulness and faith is being builded into my very bones. I dream of attempting things unthought of before, and what is more, I immediately plan on setting about their actual accomplishment.

I have just learned to-day that I have fared better than the other teachers in my collections. Many of the teachers whose claims were as good as mine—better, because they should have been paid from public moneys—have had to go without, and are still going without. While I have not been paid near all, and not according to contract, yet I have collected better than any of the others and with far less effort.

I cannot help thinking that my changed mental conditions have effected this difference, since for all I can see it would have been easier to slight my claims than any of the others. I have not worried at all about it since putting my case in your hands. I have really left everything to you quite absolutely. The rest of my money will come when I need it, I am sure. Even a week ago it looked doubtful that I would get enough to go away, but I scarcely gave it a thought. How the world does change for us!

I have been hard at work on a special catalogue, doing my own part and a large amount of what others should have done. This was what hindered my regular letter to you—every time I sat down to write some one came in with a batch of work "to be done immediately." I really took it as quite a compliment, since the older and wiser heads did not feel able to do anything without my supervision. Now in all this I mean to "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," in showing you how thoroughly I realize the value and beauty of the help you are giving me. There are innumerable subtle effects which I never could relate, but which I feel as keenly. For all this you have my earnest gratitude and sincerest thanks. On my part I will add effort to understanding, and work to become worthy of the best, to evolve finer ideals and be transformed by them. Sincerely yours, C. F.

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

A BRIEF SKETCH

Of the Rise and Progress of Metaphysical Thought in Australia.

O, sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves,
We bring the morning star;
Freedom's good things we bring you
Whence all good things are.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come, be all souls fed;
From field and street or prison,
Come, for the feast is spread;
Live, for the truth is living; wake,
Wake, for night is dead.

—Swinburne.

FREEDOM's message, the word *par excellence* that proclaiming the power as well as the essential liberty of thought, makes all who receive it "free indeed" was first brought to Australia, I believe, by Dr. Emily Brainard Ryder, of America. She in turn had received it, she told me, from her friend, Dr. Alice Stockham, of Chicago, the well-known author and publisher, who, when visiting India, had brought her Helen Wilman's type-written lessons to study. A more worthy gift never fell into more worthy or more capable hands. For Dr. Ryder did far more than give it merely intellectual acceptance. The new truth found a home in her large and generous heart, and from that time she never lost a chance of making it known. This she had exceptional opportunities for doing in her travels as health-lecturer throughout the whole of the Australasian States (as well as in the work connected with her self-imposed mission on behalf of the Little Wives of India.) But I should be giving a false idea were any one to suppose from the above that Mental Science was ever made the specific subject of any of Dr. Ryder's public lectures. So far as I am aware this was not the case, but the Mental Science *spirit* so permeated all her discourses as to render them in the highest degree stimulating and beneficial. For truth very often finds entrance more easily, especially into unprepared minds, when presented in an indirect fashion.

Closely following Dr. Ryder came Dr. and Mrs. Mills, professed metaphysicians. They lectured and held classes in the principal towns throughout Australia, beginning with Sydney, meeting with good audiences, and leaving behind them in Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne, organizations formed to carry on the work that they commenced. Dr. and Mrs. Mills appealed to and succeeded best, I imagine, with that numerous section of people, who, looking upon the Bible as indisputable authority, will on no account receive new truth unless it can be made to square with the doctrines of their old guide. This, I take it, it is in the province of Christian Metaphysics to do, to serve those who like their mental food to be ground for them in gospel mills. But there are others, bolder and more adventurous spirits, who, spurred and encouraged by the example and writings of Helen Wilmans, fearlessly hoist anchor, cast off moorings and sail away for themselves on the broad ocean of Truth.

These more ambiguous minds are grand apostles. They do not, as a rule, wait to link themselves with

other and congenial minds, so that they may work in concert, but feeling with Whitman what "The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one individual, viz: to you," seek to embody the light intensely in their own personal lives, and serve, singly and individually, as torches to others. The number of these, in the Australian States, primarily set on fire from Helen Wilmans' glowing and radiating personality as expressed in her writings which have reached them, and burning now with quenchless self-existent flame of their own, who shall say? They must be many more than are suspected. Personally, I have heard of such in West Australia, South Australia, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania and New Zealand, and I know of at least one devoted Mental Scientist in far-off Tye. A nucleus of light, each one.

To return to my sketch of this movement, which is bound, unavoidably, to consist chiefly in a relation of the doings of its leaders.

March, 1900, was made memorable to Australian metaphysicians by the arrival here of the world-famous lecturer and writer, W. J. Colville. He selected Adelaide as his first place of call, having associated with him there as business manager, for a few months only, Mr. H. Cardew, of Sydney, editor of the monthly magazine, *Progressive Thought*, which is issued in that city. Mr. Colville stirred up much thought, and by his brilliant discourses attracted multitudes of the public to the consideration of these things. However unfamiliar the truths he uttered may have been, they could not but compel attention when presented with so much eloquence and clearness. Mr. Colville's own life, too, is so absolutely consistent with his teachings that he seems to have solved the great problem which Helen Wilmans herself so bountifully illustrates; that of maintaining unflinching vitality, for he is, to all appearance, perfectly tireless. I never saw him even look fatigued and his energy is inexhaustible. Of his teaching, FREEDOM has given us splendid examples in choice articles from his pen, yet, cold print could never reproduce the sparkling energy and matchless eloquence which characterize his delivery. Had Mr. Colville chosen to devote himself to the work of organizing, he could have drawn hundreds together and built up a good Mental Science school in each of our chief cities. He prefers, it would seem, to remain a free lance, to putting himself at the head of any association of the kind.

I have spoken of the fact that Dr. and Mrs. Mills left an association of metaphysicians in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, but these bodies are not very, so to speak, aggressive in their methods. There is still a great field of usefulness for some master-mind or many master-minds unitedly acting, who will draw into a practical and effective working center, many now isolated and solitary minds. (Of those who prefer to remain "on their own" I am not now speaking.) There is some prospect that this work will be undertaken by the last metaphysical lecturer who has visited Adelaide. Mr. Washington, of Melbourne, who is the head of a very active and well organized association there called "The Students of Truth." This gentleman made an extremely favorable impression upon all who heard him last Easter in Adelaide; his discourses being moving; as well as cultured and profound, and as he has promised to spend the month of July in this city, for the purpose

of lecturing and holding classes, I think it is safe to predict that we shall soon be able to report great progress in this direction. The advantage of having affiliated branches established wherever possible, each a strong center of Mental Science teaching, will be at once apparent. For one thing, the teachers and leading lights of the different branches can occasionally exchange their posts, thus breaking up monotony and increasing the stimulation of thought in their hearers.

Of the healing work performed here in connection with Mental Science, time would fail me to write fully upon, it is so great. The very first case that I have heard of was successfully undertaken by Dr. Emily Ryder herself, privately, about the year 1892. The patient was a young lady, Miss Lorimer, who had been helpless for many years, as the result of a carriage accident, except for a slight action in the fingers, she was entirely unable to move; every joint of her body being fast locked. Needless to say, the best medical and surgical aid had been invoked in vain for her. Dr. Ryder treated Miss Lorimer every day for a fortnight with the result that this terrible rigidity was overcome and she was put in a fair way of herself completing the cure, which she resolutely set about doing. I heard of her from her mother some months afterwards and she was then still progressing, so I trust (but cannot vouch for the fact) that she got ultimately perfectly well.

Dr. Ryder induced many patients to apply to Helen Wilmans with the happiest and most successful results.

She told me personally of some of these. (One very remarkable case in New Zealand of the cure of brain softening in a business man of large affairs, where the wife's gratitude was most pathetic.) Verily if good thoughts and grateful wishes bring blessings in their train. Helen Wilmans should be indeed, as she says she is, one of the happiest women on earth!

Dr. and Mrs. Mills also undertook healing work during their tour in Australia, with many happy results, I believe. Since then, Mr. H. T. Glover, of Adelaide, has done much substantial though very unobtrusive work as a healer. Some of the cures he has brought about are most wonderful and deserve to be specially written up.

There are three papers at least in Australia that are devoted to metaphysical ideas. *Progressive Thought* in Sydney, *The Metaphysician* in Melbourne, and *The Century* in Adelaide. The latter, though a small paper and not very largely financed as yet, deserves encouragement for the able and markedly original articles dealing with metaphysical thought, that appear in its pages. But Helen Wilmans' American paper, *FREEDOM*, raises its flag conspicuously in the journalistic field over here and is often quoted from in *The Century*. There is some talk of a new magazine being started in Melbourne shortly, in connection with the metaphysical association known as the Students of Truth. It is to be hoped, and I believe expected, that the new venture will rely more upon original articles than some of its contemporaries do; for extracts from other papers, however judiciously selected, can never make up for the want of vitally individualistic thought on the paper's own staff. In this, as in everything else, Helen Wilmans sets us the bravest and boldest example, as all who are acquainted with her unexhaustible and

inspiring writings, know full well. If I have had occasion through the space of this article constantly to refer to her influence, it is no more than is her absolute due, since, as I have shown, it is from her, through Dr. Ryder's instrumentality, that the wondrous message of Mental Science first came to Australia. It is not too much then, to regard Helen Wilmans herself as uttering the heart-thrilling, hope-compelling words with which this article is headed. For the emancipation of thought which she proclaims, the era of freedom which she inaugurates, is world-wide, and will make the gladdest page of history ever yet written for generations unborn to read. To read! Nay, more—far more—for this word freedom which we assimilate so slowly, will be incarnated in them. And they will be born into the realization of life's rightful inheritance of joy!

Who will not join hands, hearts and minds in this work of bringing "the light that saves?" Who will not be moved by Matthew Arnold's appeal as he begs us,—

"Whate'er is left of strength employ
This end to help attain,
One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind amain."

AGNES BEECHAM,
Adelaide, South Australia.

ONE.

All is one life; hence whatever any individual has accomplished, we all have accomplished, in sub-consciousness, and express it according as we recognize it.

The sub-conscious mind records in bodily form every thought that every being thinks.

Every person's sub-conscious mind, when unhampered by the conscious, can see and know all that the sub-conscious mind of any person has recorded in his brain and body; for all life is the same life.

For this reason can the clairvoyant see all that any mind in the world can see; and a hypnotized person can speak a language unknown by his conscious mind.

He sees it as it is recorded in the mind of other people.

Then Adam's mistakes are recorded on the universal sub-conscious mind; and are expressed by each person according as they are recognized by him; and Jesus' overcoming all error, sickness and death is recorded in the sub-conscious mind of life—all the life that exists; for there is but one life; and each individual embodies this overcoming which the One accomplished, in proportion as each recognizes that it was overcome by One.

Thus we embody in ourselves whatever we recognize that any person has been or is—and we recognize it in proportion as we bend the mental energies to the effort.

This accounts for the so-called contagion of disease, as much as of mirth and laughter.

TILDA G. PETERSON,
1111 Park ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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.

THE TROUBLE BORROWER.

The man who borrows trouble—will he kindly step
this way?
We read so much about him in the papers, day by day,
That we'd kind of like to see him and to greet him with
a smile,
For we're truly fascinated by his philanthropic style.
He is worried 'most to death for fear the people up in
Mars
Are making vain endeavors to converse beyond the
stars,
And he says the "yellow peril" may destroy our cul-
tured plan
And put us all in serfdom to the sallow Chinaman.
He's going 'round in sackcloth, for he says it hurts his
pride
To hear the talk of a canal that isn't fortified.
He weeps and says that Cæsar's ghost is stalking through
the town,
And presently the President will wear an Emperor's
crown.
And our financial system, he declares with dark dismay,
Will land the population in the poorhouse some fine
day.
And we'll get a standing army that delights to terrorize,
And they'll massacre civilians just for fun and exercise.
Oh! this man who borrows trouble—he is very, very
kind,
To take so many mighty obligations on his mind,
And leave us to enjoy the passing season with its cheer,
And revel in prosperity; so long as it is here.
We'll let him take these burdens he so genially invites;
We will give him what he asks for every time he calls
or writes.
We will lend him all our troubles, and his store shall
know no lack,
And he'll be unwelcome only when he tries to pay
them back.

—From *The Washington Star*

T. J. SHELTON'S BOOKS.

I do not pretend to endorse everything Mr. Shelton writes, but these two books are just like Shelton. They are full of vitality. Then, too, one of them contains his picture; and a more remarkable face it would be difficult to find. A beautiful face, too, as I think every one must admit who looks at it. It would seem that his beliefs have done him a world of good. He says he never intends to write another book; so the people who are interested in this courageous and original man should get these he has written and form their own opinion of them. Yes, and of him too. He is a remarkable character.

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.

"Watermillion" season has "arriv." A neighbor said to me "How am I to keep the boys from stealing my melons? I said "You have an extremely large patch of them; what are you going to do with them all? You can't use them." "That is true," said he "but I want my choice of them."

"Oh! well then I have it," said I, "put up a sign telling the boys they may steal as many as they can use, but leave the marked ones. Then mark as many as you think you will need."

"What," said he, "encourage stealing?"

"Yes," I said, "encourage it and you will kill it in that way. You will take the cussedness away from it."

Just as long as stealing fruit is a half-way capital offense the boys will steal it. I am told that it tastes better when it is stolen. I do not know from experience; because I was too timid to steal when I was a child, and too regardful of other people's rights to do so later. I have always been more regardful of other people's rights than my own. Perhaps I had better say of other people's desires than of their rights; for it has been the habit of my life to grant other people more than their rights. I have meted justice to them out of injustice to myself; and this is simply an awful wrong. It impoverishes both parties to the transaction. It was once believed to be a noble thing; it is now known to be a weakness, and should be corrected in the child. It is as much of a weakness as too much selfishness; too great a love of possession; exact justice is the lesson to be inculcated. Out of justice comes harmony, and harmony is heaven.

Charley has sent two more monkeys from New York, and he himself to-day—that makes three. Oh! I beg his pardon; but really there is a good deal of the monkey about Charley; he is playful and full of nonsense. But the monkeys! Really I thought I knew something about monkeys; but one of these is a fresh revelation. Her name is Fanny; if I called her a beauty nobody would believe it; but she surely is the dearest little thing I ever saw—that is in the monkey line. The ladies at the pavilion almost quarrel for the privilege of holding her. She must have been a pet. She does not care for her monkey friends, but craves the society of "real folks." Her eyes are sad, and she cried a good deal at first. Then Mrs. Lisle, the lady who superintends the pavilion, and one of the sweetest women alive, took to petting her a good deal, and the little thing seems happier now.

Mrs. Woodberry of Boston considers that she has a very serious grievance against Mrs. Mary G. B. Eddy. She had a disagreement with Mrs. Eddy and wrote a pretty hard article against her which was published—I believe—in the *Arena*. Then Mrs. Eddy, without any mention of names, caused the pastor of her Boston Church to say something as coming from her that could be interpreted as pointing to Mrs. Woodberry. It was a lot of Bible quotations about the Babylonish woman. and if she meant it to fit Mrs. Woodberry it was certainly libelous. So Mrs. Woodberry sued Mrs. Eddy for slander. This was only one count in the indictment. there were several others; the damages claimed for all of them amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the trial, which came off recently, Mrs. Eddy got in her testimony slick enough, while

Mrs. Woodberry's testimony—at least the most important part of it—was ruled out. This enabled Mrs. Eddy to win the case. Mrs. Woodberry says she is going to carry the case up to the Supreme Court.

I was sitting on the porch to-night with the other boys having a good time, when all of a sudden I thought about the Waste-Paper Basket that had to be filled for FREEDOM, so I excused myself and ran up stairs to my den. I met Florrie on the steps and asked her if she could suggest anything for me to write about. She said "Yes mamma, tell some of the stories you told us last evening out in the moonlight." "But Florrie," I said, "they were not original; I got every one of them out of my exchanges." "Then she said "They sounded very original. Can't you ring some changes in them and tell them?"

Then I thought about a fairy story I told Charley which reminds me to say that I have been two days writing this article, and that Charley has got home from New York, pocketed his scolding for staying so long, and dropped back into the usual habits of the place. He did not care a straw for his scolding; he was so happy to come into this exquisite atmosphere and drink in the beauties of the place. But the fairy story. I told it splendidly. I can tell a story; there is no mistake about it. "Fitch kin talk."

"Peers like his freckles all dribble away,
And his stubby beard 'at looks like hay
Actilly takes on a shine like gold,
As he loosens his words without break or balk.
And to look at him close while the lanquich rolled
From his slit of a mouth, you'd certainly hold
With the rest of us gawkins that Fitch could talk."

But to my fairy story. I told it well and thought it would interest Charley. He only remarked that it was almost silly enough to be true. The fact is he has been enjoying so many and such varied pleasures while in the city that it takes something uncommonly uncommon to claim his attention. Which reminds me of the cuckoo clock. This episode happened when we lived in Douglasville Georgia. I had been in Chicago a month or more and started home. Charley met me at the end of my journey with a carriage; we lived a half mile out of town. It was just on the stroke of midnight when we reached our house. He told me to go in and he would put up the horse. The door was unlocked and I walked in; it was pitch dark. At the first step I took in the room, a cuckoo clock, which he had purchased in my absence as a surprise for me, began to sing out cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, and the thing whooped it up twelve times. I don't know that I would be here to tell the tale, but for a human voice at the head of the stairs that I recognized. "Don't be alarmed" said the voice "it is only a clock."

A few months later Ada came to see us and brought little Jess. I thought it would be fine to show her the clock; so at the first stroke after her arrival I grabbed her up and ran with her to a place where she could see the cuckoo as well as hear it. But it did not surprise her in the least.

"Oh mama," laughed Ada, "that young one is decidedly *blase*. She has been to so many theatres and other performances that you can't show her anything new."

Then Ada went on to tell me of some performance they had seen when a cuckoo clock played a rather im-

portant part. In this clock, the cuckoo instead of being a bird was a life sized negro who jumped out and shrieked at every hour and half hour. I did not wonder that my poor little blue bird failed to create a sensation.

It was evident that Charley was in the same row of stumps Jess was. Ada and Jessie are in Kirksville, Mo. They are housekeeping; Jess declared she would not live in a borrowed house; that if she could not go to market and boss her own cooking she would go home to grandmama, and "sweet Uncle Charley." We have taught he to call Mr. Post "Uncle Charley." Really he seems too young to be promoted to the post of grandpapa. It is a great secret, but he is fifteen years younger than I am. When we were first married he was taken for my son frequently. But I think that is all in the past now. At least I never hear any more of it. Either he looks older or I look younger.

Everything is progressing here. The bridge has been commenced. It is going to be the making of Sea Breeze. People often ask me about investments, and I simply will not advise them. But here is an investment that I would put ten thousand dollars in if I could spare the money. It will pay twenty per cent.

The hall is also begun. Money is really needed for that. I would not recommend it as an investment. It will pay well in time, but not for a year or two yet. What money I can spare I am putting in it. It simply must be built. We cannot get along without it when the Convention meets here. We are hearing very favorable reports from the people who are intending to come to the Convention, and we are making all the preparation we can with the means at our command. We have set large vases at intervals all along on both sides of the boulevard, and have them filled with flowering plants. To stand at the end of the street and look down it is a beautiful sight. Nothing is needed but more money to make this the most beautiful spot in the world. To be sure there is nothing here that represents nature in her wilder moods, no mountains and no waterfalls; but all is so peaceful and harmonious. And the river is a lovely stream of water; and the ocean is sublime. I never saw a place in which it is so easy to be happy.

H. W.

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SCHLATTER.

I have not doubted the death of Schlatter, though others have done so. I have known all the time that the many Schlatters who have been posturing before the public as the risen Schlatter, were frauds. Here is a recent account of his death from a California paper. It is no doubt correct or nearly so.

The death of Schlatter, "The Healer," has been reliably confirmed.

The many traveling fakirs who have assumed Schlatter's name, are not the real thing.

Dr. H. F. Gray, manager of the Mexican Colonization Land and Development Company, has just returned from Casas Grandes, state of Sonora, Mexico.

While in Mexico Dr. Gray came upon Schlatter's lonely grave. He saw all the paraphernalia and wearing apparel of the healer, which are now in possession of the jeffepolitica, or chief official of Casas Grandes. Dr. Gray says there is absolutely no doubt that the strange healer came to his death in a lonely Mexican desert about 150 miles below the Mexican line.

Divers and many prophets have sprung up in modern times. Some have held popular attention for a month, a year; others have lasted but a day. But none have exerted so remarkable an influence or created so great a following as did this uncouth Norwegian shoemaker, who was besought by rich and poor, humble and great, with a strange, feverish intensity that amounted almost to religious fanaticism. For Schlatter, the healer, professed to be endowed with a divine touch. His faith in himself approached sublimity. Without an apparent feeling of blasphemy he cultivated in his gait and his bearing a striking imitation of the likeness of the Christ. His long, flaxen hair, light brown beard, drooping garments, bare feet and an expression of unutterable weariness and ecstatic absorption through which, in deeper undertone, ran a mournful vein of religious fervor, might easily have betrayed the conscious charlatan had not his "healings" been attended by cures, apparently so thorough, and testimony

so sincere that his bitterest enemies and those most bent upon his exposure, were dumfounded.

Hundreds of people will remember Schlatter. His wonderful cures in Denver some three winters ago, his great following and the thousands of all classes who thronged to his apartments, waiting eagerly in the street, in the long line that slowly filed by him in order that the garment might be blessed, or the healing touch bestowed, spoke rather of the superstition and credulity of the middle ages, than the matter-of-fact skepticism of nowadays.

But Schlatter is dead.

The healer is no more. And in his steps have come a number of imitators vainly trading on his name, seeking to accomplish what he accomplished, and falling because they lack the wonderful power which Schlatter possessed—the ability to impress the multitude with faith in his divine office.

Was Schlatter a faith curer; did he possess a divine power, or did he strike the flood of popular feeling when the tide was full?

Probably the first. No doubt those cures which he did effect were worked by means of faith cure. Before Schlatter's rise to notoriety he had been a humble, ignorant shoemaker. The writer often saw him in Denver after his career became noticeable. He heard of Schlatter when the healer conducted a little shoe shop way up on Curtis street. The man was open-eyed, vacant, superstitious. Intensely religious, his eyes far apart, his feverish, flushed, irregular features made one think of Zola's workers in the field, or Edward Markham's man with the hoe. It is not improbable that Schlatter's remarkable success was due to the fact that he thoroughly believed in himself, and so made others believe.

In Denver the newspapers were much bent on exposing Schlatter, but they did not succeed. The writer saw the great crowds of hundreds who thronged to see the healer—not alone the ignorant, the superstitious, the credulous, but people apparently of almost every station in life—and the universal enthusiasm concerning the power of this simple shoemaker was marvelous.

Schlatter, after leaving Colorado, went to Las Vegas, then to Albuquerque, and the last sight of him was crossing the Southern Pacific railroad near Deming, New Mexico. Schlatter then crossed the line into Old Mexico and passing through the desert to Casas Grandes, found food and shelter for himself and care for his burro with some lonely Mexican families who dwelt in the caves made in the abandoned Mexican mines. Here the strange healer lived several months, and here he drew around him a small following among the Mexican mine laborers and their families. The cave opening led to a large interior cavern fitted up as an altar. Schlatter never attained the following among the lonely cliff-dwelling laborers of Casas Grandes, that had thronged to touch his garments in Denver and Albuquerque.

Schlatter remained some three months in the cliffs of Casas Grandes. Then mounting his burro this strange man started forth into the desert to fast and pray, with the intention of ultimately returning to the United States. But it grew hot in the desert and he had taken little food and water. His Mexican followers grew uneasy. They followed him up and found him lying dead under a cactus bush. Miles behind on his back trail the healer's famished burro was discovered, and still nearer was found the brass staff which he always carried. In one hand the corpse clutched the Bible given by one of the most prominent women of Texas who believed Schlatter had worked miracles upon the body of her sick son. In his pocket was found the watch given by a prominent Burlington official, whose inherited indisposition had miraculously yielded to the divine touch.

The jeffepolitica of Casas Grandes was informed that the body has been found. He learned that it was the body of Schlatter and gave it a decent burial in the old

cemetery near Terrazas. There it lies covered with rocks and marked only by a plain cross.

So Schlatter was buried, having passed away scarcely known in an obscure Mexican hamlet, while the great cities of the Rocky mountain region were still ringing with his name.

His remarkable career is ended. No healer in modern times has aroused so strong a belief in his power or gained so large a following. And the numerous Schlatters now throughout the West, are simply trading on a powerful name for the sake of pecuniary rewards.

HAMILTON WRIGHT.

Schlatter was insane. This is the only solution of the man's vagaries. Religion is of the emotions and not of the intellect. The intellect is the only reliable guide. He had a measure of power conferred by the emotions for the emotional nature is a powerful thing. It is the steam in the human engine, but it is not fit to run the engine and keep it safely on the track; only the intelligence can do that.

H. W.

ANSWERING A BROTHER'S TEARS.

One of my converts got a reproachful letter from an old friend and a "brother in Christ." At least he had been a brother in Christ until he "jined" the reform church of Mental Science. When the brother in Christ heard of this transaction he wrote him a reproachful letter to which my convert made answer as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your much appreciated letter of the 3rd. inst. is duly received. I note what you say in relation to my having "embraced a new religion." Now I would have notified you of this fact some months ago, but as I am only a "child" I did not believe myself competent to stand the test of interrogations that you might come at me with, but I finally "broke the ice," and by the time you have read FREEDOM for six months or a year you will know just how I stand to-day. My platform is not narrow; it is not limited, but is as broad as the universe, not a di-verse, as the religious teachers of the past (and a few of the present) have taught us, claiming that there was a great controversy going on between "Christ and His angels, and the devil and his angels." Brother L. that is all a mistake, we live in one grand uni-verse. I care not what you call this boundless and shoreless space named the universe. If you wish to call it "God" then you must admit that it is not a personal God, but an omnipresent God, and if God is omnipresent, he fills all space, and there is nothing aside from that one being. Do you grasp the idea? I think being, or life, or wisdom, or love a better name for this great omnipresence than "God" is.

When we see the word "God" in print or hear it spoken, our thought to some extent concentrates upon some imaginary limited personage, therefore we do not like the word "God" as well as we do some other words that do not place a limitation upon the All. But in this letter to you I will use the word "God" and if possible I want you to give it that broad meaning that will let it (or him if you prefer) absolutely fill all space, so that there is nothing left outside, for there can be no outside, for the God of the universe being all, and in all. Now brother L., with this great thought uppermost in your mind reflect upon your own personality and ask yourself what am I? There is only one answer and that answer must be "I am a part of the whole." Don't let this stagger you, don't think for a moment that you

are degrading "God" in any way, for instead of degrading, you are exalting, and in this great work of exaltation you will find your real self, and you will no longer consider yourself a "poor worm of the dust," but you will realize that the very center of the uni-verse is within (not without) then you will call no man master, you will recognize no personage greater than yourself, and you will be lead to exclaim "all is good" or "all is God." If God is All how can you separate yourself from him? Let us shake off the ignorance that has separated us from this great truth and we will find ourselves in the heaven that we have been seeking and praying for. We will have a much better opinion of everything around us and we will see that what we have been calling "sins" are simply mistakes, and that these mistakes result in good, because they teach lessons that raise the individual above such errors. Therefore I see plainly that it is an absolute truth that "All is God" or "good," for the old Saxon mode of spelling "God" was with two o's of "good." Now with this platform under us we will answer the only question that you put to us in your kind epistle, viz: "Will your religion, or God, shield from the small pox, the consumption, etc?" "And my answer is sweeping and only contains one word of three letters and that word is yes. If it did not then I would look elsewhere, for I would feel assured that I was on the wrong road to freedom. If all is good, then as soon as we realize this fact we will appropriate this goodness to ourselves and we will become in harmony with all nature, and we will make these appropriations now, and not defer them until after death. We will come into harmony with the great truth taught by that gifted teacher of metaphysics, when He said "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Brother L. if you will let Mental Science become a part of yourself you will realize that the entire universe is life, and that you are simply a manifestation of that one life, and this will expand your thought so that you will see that there is only one substance, and as that substance produces thought, manifest to a greater degree in man than in any other being, you will gradually grasp the idea that this great reservoir or universe or if you prefer, "God," is not matter but all mind, and that you are not a being made up of matter, with a small amount of mind under your cranium, but that you are a mental being. Then you will see that brother Solomon, was not far wrong when he said; "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

When we learn to think good instead of evil, think health instead of disease, think opulence instead of poverty, think life instead of death, think love instead of hatred, then we will attract these things and they will become a part of us.

Yes, I am appropriating these things now. I have quit preparing for death, but am appropriating life, and as I am a mental creature I see no reason why I should not have health, opulence, love, power and life now.

The thought of the world has been wrong (erroneous) and we see the result manifest in poverty, sickness, smallpox, consumption, and death. But we have reached a new era, and man the greatest of all manifestations has begun to awake, and the result is thought; and the salvation of the race from the results of ignorance (poverty, sickness and death) is at hand.

But I must not continue, for I am only a "child" and

as I am going to have the paper FREEDOM sent to you, you will get thoughts from those of longer experience, which I trust will start your own thinker, for you will receive no real results until you think out your own salvation.

You need have no fears, even if "It has a woman in it." Mrs Wilmans is not Queen Ann, she is not Mary Baker Eddy, but simply Helen Wilmans, and she claims to possess nothing that you may not possess. In fact, all that she is, you are. The only difference in us is in manifestation. We are in the universe, we are the universe and no harm can come to us.

With kindest regards to all the members of the household, and assuring you that we love each member thereof, and often think of all of you.

HOW SUGGESTIONS MAY BE APPLIED.

Once a wise old philosopher said: "In the world there's nothing great but man; in man there's nothing great but mind." Though the scholars of ancient times gave much study to the subject of mental philosophy, it is reserved to modern times to have the subject of mind study turned to practical uses and advantages. It has been a matter of observation that the mind has a decided influence upon the development of the body, and many stories are told and instances cited as evidence of this fact. The story has recently been published that about a dozen years ago two telegraph operators were employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and stationed in Eastern cities about one hundred miles apart. It so happened that the two were on duty at the same time, and what one sent the other received at the same instant. Thus, except when they were asleep or off duty, they were always thinking of the same thing, though they never saw each other. This has been going on for twelve years and people who have occasion to frequently associate with both of them notice that they have grown to be very much alike, both physically and mentally.

So evident is it that the mind can influence the body that schools of medical practitioners have entered the field of therapeutics and advocate healing without the use of medicines. Though many of those who advocate the abolition of the use of medicines are cranks and illiterates, science has demonstrated that there is such a thing as mental healing.

Recently a gentleman in this city found that the time was drawing near when he must needs have one of his teeth extracted. He tells of his experience in these words:

"A day or two before I went to the dentist's I imagined myself sitting in the operating chair with the dentist at work with his forceps. In my mind I made the sensations most pleasant, and likened them to those resulting from the use of a toothpick in my own hands. For a day or two I kept my mind on the physical ecstasy of having a tooth pulled. In this condition I went to the dentist and took a seat in his chair with as much unconcern as though I was in a barber shop.

"The affected tooth was badly decayed, with only the shell of the external portion remaining; consequently the dentist could get but a poor hold with his forceps. He made a gouge in to catch a hold on something solid, but on the first pull the instrument slipped off. It was a double tooth and came hard. Then he made another

grasp, and a third—and each time my imaginary sensations of the day before were being realized. Then the dentist reached for his elevator, split the tooth into three parts and pried each root out separately. Though this was an operation I had not calculated upon, there was little or no pain until he made the prolonged pry on the last prong of the trirooted tooth.

"I am satisfied that by a systematic study of the mind and its peculiarities most of our physical sufferings might be removed."

What is known as personal magnetism, in some individuals is an instance of the tremendous power of the mind. It is impossible to not be convinced by what such people say. There is a pleasure in being even in their presence, while it is a bore to be in the presence of another, although neither of them may not more than pass the formalities of an introduction.

A study of the many freaks of the mind has given rise to branches of physical knowledge, most of which have been established by scientific demonstration. There are telepathy, mesmerism, hypnotism, mind reading, Christian science, etc. Those who deny spiritualism say that all of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena can be explained by one or the other known theories of Mental Science, most of them by telepathy.—*Exchange.*

DISTINGUISHED GEMINI—Jay Gould, Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sir Edwin Arnold, Louis Agassiz, Queen Victoria, Gounod, Richard Wagner, Plato, and Fred Burry who was born on the 12th of June, and Helen Wilmans born on the 14th.

"He that hath the knowledge of the Microcosm, cannot long be ignorant of the knowledge of the Macrocosm. This is what the Egyptian Industrious searchers of nature so often said, and loudly proclaimed—that every man should know himself. This speech their dull disciples (the Greeks) took in a moral sense, and in ignorance affixed it to their Temples. But I admonish thee, whosoever thou art, that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature, if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, *thou wilt never find it without thee.* If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek and search after the excellency of other things? The universal Orb of the world contains not as great mysteries and excellencies as a little man, *forced by God to his own image.* And he who desires the primacy amongst the students of nature, will nowhere find a greater or better field of study than Himself. Therefore will I here follow the example of the Egyptians, and from my whole heart, and certain, true experience proved by me, speak to my neighbor in the words of the Egyptians, and with a loud voice do now proclaim: Oh man, know thyself; in thee is hid the treasure of treasures."—*From the Arabic of Alipili.*

A. C. Dixon, (excuse me from using the "Rev.") in attacking Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science, begins by saying that *he is full of bitterness on the subject.* This is what I call "a dead give away." If bitterness controls a person, can he see clearly? Can he think justly, or use his reason in coolness and clearness? Of course

he cannot. And if he cannot, how is he to arrive at the truth. The fact is, this "Rev" Dixon and the other "Reverends" who condemn Christian Science so "bitterly" do not care a straw whether they are just or not. They are determined to crush it out by fair means or foul, and it is precious little choice they have. They are jealous of Christian Science; it is depopulating their churches and shrinking their bank accounts. They are already in the breakers of a great theological upsetment; and there are bigger breakers ahead. I am sorry for them, but they have had their day, and now it seems to be Mrs. Eddy's turn.

For my part I am little more than a spectator. I am neither a Christian nor a Mental Scientist. Of the two, however, I prefer the latter, since it is evidently breaking the fetters of old beliefs; and its tendency—though far enough from freedom—surely does squint in that direction.

Christian Scientists come more nearly doing their own thinking than Christians do. Those who swear fealty to the churches and cannot be induced to consider any other ideas than the ideas taught by their own peculiar brand of religion, are not in this great thought inundation at all. They are stranded, and about as good as dead. But there is quite a big lot of the vital principle in Christian Scientists. They are awake to the extent of their intelligence, though they are not awake to the extent of Mental Science intelligence.

Christian Science is undoubtedly a step upward from old theology. I hail it as a great advance upon the slavish worship of the past ages. And I look upon it as a bridge between established churchianity and Mental Science; and many there be who are crossing on it.

I am not at all surprised at the abuse Christian Science is receiving from the preachers, many of whom are at this time airing their ignorance upon the subject. Not only Mr. Dixon, but Scott F. Hershey, Joseph C. Allen, Lren B. McDonald, Samuel B. Nobbs and a hundred others are showing what they (do not) know about it. They are at least disclosing a vast amount of bitterness in their own hearts if nothing more. Why do not these men get control of themselves enough to disguise their anger if they cannot discard it? There is nothing betrays the weakness of a man and the weakness of a cause so much as anger. On the other hand there is nothing so strengthening to a cause, and to him who defends it, as perfect self-control.

About fifteen years ago I saw an instance in proof of this. A woman came to the large town where I was staying temporarily and rented a theatre for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on Mental Science. Her charges were so low that she had a large attendance. The doctors and preachers were out in force. And they were very insulting, jumping up and asking questions that were often personal and always irrelevant. She bore it quietly, and when she got a chance she answered logically, always keeping to her subject and trying to establish it as a connected whole, and an undeniable science. Her patience was such that about the third evening it became evident that she was getting the best of all opposition. About the fourth evening only one little whipper-snapper of a preacher had anything to say. He, however, continued to jump up and make insulting criticisms. At last the others

who had been insulting in the first place, came to the speaker's defense; and one of them ordered him to sit down. He refused to do it; and they carried him down and out, threatening him if he returned. He did not return. The speaker was left alone; evening after evening her argument developed until it stood like a monument—too perfect to be shaken.

Evidently this woman's power lay in her complete devotion to the subject she was determined to make clear to her audience. She acted like one who could not be shaken by anger; she seemed to have no feeling of anger; it was as if her subject had raised her to a position where she was incapable of it. It was a case of superb self-control. A self-control that rendered her inviolable, and made her master of the situation. Her mastery was acknowledged in the changed attitude of her many antagonists. They all became her champions if not altogether her converts.

How easily she might have ruined her cause had she lost her temper and replied to these men in anger. There is no greater truth than that of the oft quoted line, "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." It would be well if the opponents of the new thought would lay this fact to heart. They cannot hurt the truth. They can hurt themselves by opposing it. They can bruise and batter the life out of themselves against it.

This is not saying that Christian Science is absolute truth; I do not consider it such by any means; but it is a step in the direction of truth, and as such it is sacred in the hands of the Law of Being, until it develops out of itself a still higher truth. H. W.

PROPOSED ORGANIZATION IN OMAHA.

Notice to Mental Scientists and Readers of Freedom in Omaha and South Omaha, Neb.

Satisfied that with the co-operation of the readers of FREEDOM, and those interested in this locality, in the propagation of the new-thought philosophy, that a Mental Science Temple can be organized in Omaha, I have decided to give the following notice through FREEDOM. If each one who reads this notice and feels interested in forming a Temple in Omaha, will address me a short and concise statement of their ideas upon this subject, I will make it my business to see you all personally, and arrange for a meeting to discuss an organization. I have been a student of the cult for several years, and have demonstrated to my complete satisfaction that Mental Science is sure and swift in eradicating disease, and by far more effective and lasting in its results than any form of treatment I have tried.

I am interesting hundreds of people in this city, and throughout this state, in Helen Wilmans' grand work of redeeming the race, and in regenerating the body. Let us do our part in this corner of the world, and organize a Temple that will be a credit to Omaha, and a lasting and permanent benefit to her people. I am a plain, business man, seeking a higher plane of existence for myself, and those around me. Let me hear from you.

W. J. STEVENSON,

1220 N 24th st., South Omaha, Neb.

LOOK OUT!

Hi! Hi there! Look out! Clear the track!

Don't you see that the almighty engine of progress is coming right along, and that you must get out of the way? or, better yet, get aboard the band wagon. If you don't do one of these two things, the inevitable is sure to occur. Can you guess what it will be? Have you been unable to read the signs of the times? Are you not aware that any sort of obstruction in the way of the chariot, will be brushed aside or smashed into a million smithereens?

The following incident relating to an experience that came to a band of Indians of the "Wild West" who attempted to arrest the progress of a steam engine—seems now to be in order:

When the great Union Pacific railroad ran its first trains over the broad prairies and through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, it can readily be imagined that the inhabitants thereof, whether they walked upon two or four legs, were inspired with great fear and astonishment. The grizzly bear or slinking wild cat may have snarled or growled a protest as they ran to cover; but the Indians, after sobering up, in part at least, from the first shock of astonishment; set about to abate, what was to them, a nuisance. After much deliberation and unusual amount of pow-wow, what seemed to them a brilliant plan was devised. The more it was discussed, the more feasible it appeared. The perfection of the scheme consisted largely in its simplicity. How simple and easy it would be—argued the Indians—to lasso the steam engine, as they so frequently did the wild buffalo.

Having thus settled the question to their entire satisfaction, they most enthusiastically set themselves to the task of execution. Several long, tough raw hide ropes were procured, and to the ends of each, in equal numbers, were secured the Indians; they then stretched the ropes across the track, and with confident and stolid patience awaited the approach of the "white man's smoke wagon." Let it come; the sooner the better. Were they not in perfect readiness to lasso the animal? There is no doubt the time of waiting passed very pleasantly, contemplating the victory they were about to achieve.

It often occurs in the shifting scenes of this earthly life that payment in advance, whether it is cash or pleasure, is most desirable, because it is more sure. Thus with our Indian friends—it certainly was very fortunate for them that they had their payment of fun in advance, because, as you will see in what follows that it was all that was vouchsafed them.

And now, at last, they hear the approach of the engine. Away in the distance is heard a rumbling sound and well they know it is the fast approaching train—and so they brace themselves for the contest. Onward, faster and faster comes the mighty engine and dashes against the puny obstruction with a roar and a rush!

Where, O where, is Mr. "Lo the poor Indian!"

He has passed onward to the "land of Ponemah, the land of the hereafter," and, shall we not hope that, in the "happy hunting grounds" he will have the leisure

to study the problem of "where am I at" and, "how did I get there?"

So get off the track! clear the way!

This is an intense, strenuous age. The air is full of electric energy that will grind to atoms whatever obstructs! Look out! Clear the track and get in the band wagon!

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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 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, Mr and Mrs F F Weed, 927 Market St.

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.

Cripple Creek—John Potts, 317 North B St.

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.

Pensacola—Wm C Hooton.

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.

Indianapolis—Mrs Geo Harcourt, 1006 N Illinois St.

KANSAS

Leavenworth—Rosalie Oldfeld.

Topeka—M E Hinkely, 1339 Clay St.

Holton—Dr Lou E Davis.

Kansas City—W H Bennington, 717 Garfield Ave.

OHIO

Cleveland—Mrs Louisa Southworth, 844 Prospect St.

Cincinnati—Mrs L Rockhill, 2332 McMicken Ave.

Toledo—Mrs Frances Wilson, The Vienna.

Newark—B W Brand, 154 Jefferson St.

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.

Henderson—Mrs Ada McCallum, Mrs Lulu Harrison.

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.

TEXAS

Waco—Mrs Elizabeth Craig, 931 South 6th St

Anson—B B Phipps.

MINNESOTA

Argyle—M H Novotny, Publishers Marshall County Banner.

MISSOURI

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

Yount—Miss Sadie Buell, Miss Susan Lee.

MICHIGAN

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

Manistee—Olive C Hawley, 368 2nd St.

St Ignace—Dr Caroline N Connor.

MONTANA

Helena—A T Newberry.

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 Humpheys, 1216 2nd Ave.; Mr and Mrs J A Finch, 1216 2d ave.; Mr and Mrs H B Carter, 1204 Railroad ave.

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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.

Dr. Z. P. Glass, 1173 G. Street, San Bernardino, California, has had a letter of inquiry about me. Probably he will have more when his answer goes out to the thousands of FREEDOM readers.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS, writes the doctor:—We told this gentleman that we were pretty well acquainted with you. Had taken your paper for a dozen or more years; had subscribed for it every year and expected to keep it up. I told him that I had been your patient, and was cured by you when the doctors who saw me said my case was hopeless. I shall soon be 81 years old, and am growing young; can do as much work as I could forty years ago. All this I owe to Helen Wilmans and Mental Science; they cured me and I stay cured; cured me of ailments of fifty years' standing, I am the only living member of a large family. All died younger than I am. We are your everlasting friends.

Z. P. GLASS, M. D., and MRS VIOLA H. GLASS.

MRS. WILMANS:—Your good letter received. I am pleased to have it to say that I am gaining in wisdom, health and happiness very fast. I have been going through a great change. I had dropsy of the whole body, but now it is only in the lower part of my limbs, and getting better in them. Oh, I am feeling so happy to know that I am just as good as well. But the best of all is, I feel such a power at intervals that it makes me know the time is near when all things will be made clear to my mind. I had some photographs taken before I left San Diego, and will send you one just to show you how I have improved since I sent you the other some months ago. I am so thankful to you for what you have done for me, and will not forget you when I get to where I can return the compliment.

W. N. P.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am very tired at this writing. I have just returned from a baseball game about twelve miles south of here. I had a lovely time, as I can hear so much better that I can enjoy myself so well. I wish you could have seen me when you first began to treat me; you could say you had done me a thousand dollar's worth of good. I want to come to Sea Breeze and attend the college when it starts. Mother would like to come to the Convention, and I am in hopes she will be able to do so. I am gaining strength, and my complexion is getting clear and white; it used to be so yellow. My cheeks rosy also.

C. G., Deepwater, Mo.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter of the 21st thrills me with new hope and strength. Thank you for the instructions with your portrait, I am feeling better, so much stronger since you began treating me. I am more thankful to you than I can express.

M. L. W., Strong City, Kan.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am improving very fast the last week. I feel like doing my dishes, something I usually dislike. If I continue to improve like this I will be able to take boarders by the 15th of June. I will have to buy a range, and I will be ready to open a mining boarding house. My husband is foreman, so I will soon be able to meet my bill with you. Thanking you for your nice long letter, and your kindness in waiting on me until I was able to pay, I am your true friend,

H. N., Empire, Colo.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your last letter was received and read with pleasure. I am getting along finely with your treatments. There is nothing can compete with them. My tobacco habit seems to grow weaker as I grow stronger. I am taking the thought with me to sleep as you directed; will send money in a few days. I wish to continue the treatments until well.

J. S. W., Winans, S. D.

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