

# 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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## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

Physical and Mental Science.—An Address by Eugene Del Mar, Delivered Before the First Mental Science Temple, San Francisco, Cal.

My entrance into the field of Mental Science thought was through the avenue of an ordinary business and social experience. I was not plunged into it as a result of any physical healing. I did not come to accept it as a change of religion. I grew to regard the thought in the light of a broad philosophy of life, and as an expression of scientific truths. The conclusions I reached seemed to be sustained by reason and logic. In my profession—that of the law—I had been accustomed to weigh evidence, and to accept only what appealed to me as facts, capable of actual or argumentative demonstration. Reaching my conclusions in this manner I felt that I had a solid footing to rest upon, and a broad foundation of scientific conclusions, sustained by reason and logic.

I do not mean to at all suggest that the road to knowledge taken by me, is the one that others should follow. Each must follow his own inclinations, and proceed along the path of his own special knowledge; which is to him the line of least resistance. Truth is of the essence of all things, and lies at the centre. It may be reached from any point of the circumference, for all roads lead to it. The same general truths may be arrived at through the special study of phrenology, physiognomy, palmistry, astrology or any one of the sciences or arts. Growth is individual, and no one may dictate to another what path he must necessarily follow. I merely mention my own line of travel in order that you may better appreciate my point of view.

I soon found, however, that some of my friends, men generally accredited with good judgment and sound abilities, looked upon the thought I had come to represent as impractical, idealistic, mere dreaming, and upon me as a dreamer. Now the opinions of others concerning ourselves should not appeal to us very strongly. So long as we know ourselves the opinions of others are of comparatively little importance. But they offer opportunities for our advantage, if we will but endeavor to place ourselves in the position of others and look at ourselves as impartially as we may, and—as it were—from a distance.

I found that my friends were materialists, that they were accustomed to look upon the physical as the ultimate, and regarded the spiritual as essentially unreal and therefore unimportant. They saw only the outside of things, only what directly appealed to the physical

senses. I soon found, however, that they did not at all represent the position of the scientific world or of the physical scientists whose views and conclusions have come to be accepted by the whole civilized world and taught in our colleges. I was indeed surprised to find how vast was the difference between them.

I came to understand that the physical scientists, above all others, are the dreamers. I soon realized that all real scientists, artists, inventors, poets, philosophers and geniuses are dreamers—all in fact who see with the mind's eye. All warriors and statesmen are dreamers; every conqueror in the world of art or of the sciences. All who pierce the outer shell of things or penetrate the dense atmosphere of thought that envelopes us are dreamers, for they have come to sense and know what does not appeal to mankind in general.

Most of the commonly accepted facts of physical science are dreams, glittering generalities, formulated ideals. The conceptions of the universe, of matter, of energy, of ether, are purely hypothetical. Matter is that which may have energy communicated to it, and energy is what is continually passing from one portion of matter to another. The physical scientists talk learnedly of electricity, and know not what it is. They continually refer to molecules and atoms, and yet not one of them has ever seen or handled or felt either. The existence of ether is simply a mental conclusion. It became necessary to predicate something as occupying the space not otherwise seemingly possessed, so they called the unknown quantity ether, and determined what properties it was necessarily obliged to have in order to fit their hypothesis.

They say that the total quantity of energy in the universe is a constant, because their experiments demonstrate—so far—that all things are indestructible. But it is plainly evident that no person has or ever can ascertain what the total quantity of energy in the universe ever was, or is. They say that the same cause will always produce the same result. But we know that no two things or occurrences are ever identical, so that to merely predicate a repetition of exactly the same cause, necessitates the conception of a universe different from the one we live in.

So it is with all the so-called laws of nature. They are merely generalities, adopted as logical deductions from conclusions arrived at as the result of scientific experiment. They are generalities, ideals, dreams—and are subject always to correction and amendment. The fact is, that our knowledge of the physical is no greater than that of the mental; and it does not agree with the facts to designate the former as a reality and

the latter as a dream. They both stand on exactly the same footing.

It is said that seeing is believing. It is—in errors and delusions. With our physical eyes we see the material world about us, and we give to it, in our thought, those attributes that are seemingly inherent to it. We say, for example, that matter has weight and color. But weight is not inherent in matter; it is a force due to the energy of gravitation. It differs at different altitudes and varying latitudes, and on the various planets. Color is simply a translation of certain intensities and forms of vibration. Sound, light, heat, as well as all other forms of energy, are rates of vibration, and each is convertible into the others. Were we possessed of the power to consciously generate vibrations of any given form and intensity, we might produce sound from color or light, or any form of energy from any other; so that, for example, what we saw as color, might be merely heard by us as sound. By such exercises, indeed, might our physical senses be trained to meet the deceptions that nature is constantly imposing on them.

The fact is, that the more advanced physical and mental scientists have come to be in practical agreement. The physical scientists say that matter and energy are one and inseparable, that they are indestructible, that they may not be identified after passing from one form to another, that the study of matter is the study of energy, that there is but one energy, and that it is the expression of intelligence. The Mental Scientist formulates the same truths, and expresses them in terms that are only slightly different. The Mental Scientist understands that universal energy is the manifestation of intelligent mind, and as there is but one energy, all is mind; so he makes the study of mind his prime consideration.

To me there is but one science, one principle, and one set of facts. No two truths are ever in disagreement. The text books of Mental Science are properly the latest works on the Physical Sciences. The Mental Scientist accepts every ascertained fact of the physical scientist. He sees in them the expression of intelligent mind. He reaches at causes, and from cause to effect. His brother scientist deals with the physical effect and is apt to ignore, and always slights, the mental cause. Both are looking at the same thing, but are reasoning from very different premises. It will not be long, however, before the great thinkers of the day will span the bridge that will unite the physical and mental scientists; and all will come together, but those who still remain enslaved by their pride in traditional forms and phraseology.

In the sense that we must all live and trust and have faith in what we do not and cannot know, we are all dreamers, even the most sceptical of us; and our lives are dreams. We all dream differently, however, and our dreams, broadly speaking, are either pleasant or unpleasant. The materialist is apt to insist that only the unpleasant dreams are real, and to regard the pleasant ones as being without substance. He is apt to take himself too seriously and think only of the "stern realities" of life. The Mental Scientist believes that pleasant and unpleasant dreams are equally real, and that each person is entitled to whichever he prefers. But the Mental Scientist has learnt the advantage of indulging in pleasant dreams and inviting realities, and when

he has fully saturated himself with these he gives notice that no others need apply.

As Mental Science includes all facts and all knowledge, and as nothing may be beyond its scope, hardly more than casual reference may now be made to its different aspects. Only a few of the main principles of the philosophy may at present be considered. What then are the conceptions of Mental Science we have referred to—the pleasant dreams of life, if you would so designate them?

Foremost among these conceptions, is that expressed by the thought that All is One, that each of us is an inseparable part of the Perfect Whole, that this is a world of use and necessity, and that not even a single atom may be lost or destroyed. The only reason for an atom's existence in any particular form is that it has a purpose to subserve which can only be met in that way.

There is but one principle underlying existence, that of attraction or love. There are no varying principles, no duality, no conflict. There is unity. There is no God and devil in opposition, no good and evil as distinct entities. The conception that all is one, does not imply that each of us is the same; but rather that, as we are all necessarily different, each of us has a use for the others. Each occupies a place that may not be filled by any one else, a place without which something essential at the time being would be wanting. Together we constitute a unit, and each of us has within himself the essentials of the unity and harmony that together we serve to express. To understand the complete relations of any one atom, would be to comprehend the universe.

Man being the product of all prior forms of life, possesses, in potency, all their capacities and powers. The study of any form of life is the study of man up to that plane of existence. Human growth includes animal and vegetable, and all other growths that we are aware of. All life is essentially one, and there is a universal brotherhood. Following on this recognition comes a broadening of our sympathies and a love that flows out to all existence.

All is good, is another great conception of Mental Science. There is but one Purpose in life, and that is growth as interpreted and expressed in happiness. That Purpose is a beneficent one, and as it enters into everything and colors all experiences, all must be good. Everything makes for good; and we find good as we look for it, and to the extent that we have cultivated our capacity to recognize it.

It is true that we understand only through relation and comparison, and yet it is quite unnecessary to our comprehension of good that we invent evil as an imaginary opposite. It is not the word evil that is objected to, but the conception that is attached to it. The idea is that at either side of a neutral zone exists good and evil, each distinct and separate from the other and always in opposition. Such a conception is entirely arbitrary, misleading and unnecessary.

There exists the same relation between twenty degrees of temperature, whether they all be below or above zero, or partly below and partly above. All degrees of heat, whether below or above zero, merge imperceptibly into one another, and are inseparably united and related. The thermometer simply registers

from one end to the other, zero or no zero, various degrees of heat, and the difference between the Fahrenheit and Reomour system of notation readily shows how arbitrary the conception of zero is. What was selected as the dividing line and termed zero, happened to be the temperature at which snow melts.

So it is with good and evil. Where our sympathies expand and our kind thoughts melt into loving actions, we are above zero point, and are said to express good; and when our sympathies congeal and our kindness freezes up, so that only hard thoughts and unpleasant actions ensue, we are below zero and we are said to express evil. But the standard is arbitrary, and what is called good and evil is seen to be but different degrees of the same thing. All is good, but what has not yet developed sufficiently to impress us on the warm side of our individual conceptions of freezing point, we regard as evil. The designation of good and of evil by way of contrast, and for the purpose of easy comparison is quite permissible, however, so long as we understand that there is but one principle involved, the principle of good.

Leaving what may seem to be more or less abstract, the great practical effect of the philosophy of Mental Science is to foster individuality. Man is a creator, fashions his environments, and determines the effect of other things upon himself. As his destiny is in his own hands, no one else is responsible for it, and no one else is to blame for whatever may happen to him. No one may injure him. Each is a law to himself. So the Mental Scientist judges not others, for the responsibility of each is to himself. Each possesses within himself the power to express whatever is possible of being manifested, for man is divine.

The development of individuality is accompanied by a hardening of the jaw, indicative of a greater sense of responsibility and determination, and an increased intensity of thought and action. But it also cultivates a softer nature and a broader sympathy. Our feelings expand as we come to realize that we are all members of one family. Our immediate relatives are thought of no less, but others come to occupy a larger place in our regard. Our horizon widens and we become interested in a broader field of thought and sympathy. We no longer have enemies, for love has transformed them into friends.

Already man has converted poisonous plants and noxious weeds into succulent vegetables and beautiful flowers, and wild beasts into domestic pets. The mushroom was once the deadly toadstool, and the tomato the poisonous love-apple. Man has cultivated and loved them into new beauties of expression and greater usefulness. In the same way he has obtained his domestic animals; his wonderfully sagacious dogs, for instance, being the descendents of the fox and the wolf. The power of love—as expressed in sympathy and care—has converted them all from enemies into friends.

Is it not time that we should further extend the scope of our sympathies? And in doing so, may we not find that all of nature's products are merely waiting to be developed into willing service and usefulness? The Mental Scientist has come to feel that human beings are entitled to, at least, as much love as any other expressions of life. While he recognizes the wondrous beauty of some of the flowers, he knows that they must

all bow before the superior grandeur and loveliness of human souls. There are some that diffuse about them a permanent fragrance. So delightful is its influence that the ills and pains of life may not seek expression while we are in its atmosphere. Our greater love permits us to sense the souls of others and to comprehend their wondrous beauty. Our lives are transformed as we are able to reach to the soul of things. We thus come to partake of their concentrated essences, and out of less and less of the material are we able to distill more and more satisfaction and happiness.

The conceptions of Mental Science make for joyousness. There are no enemies, and no necessity for unkind thoughts. So far as it is possible, only thoughts of peace and love are generated. So the Mental Scientist learns how to smile. And even the attraction of gravity is feeble as compared with the attraction of a smile. We cannot bear smiling countenances on all occasions; possibly they would, at times, even be out of place. But we should cultivate a smile that will permeate our entire being, so that our very presence will diffuse the sympathy of love, and scatter the perfume of kindly thoughts.

Health and happiness are normal, and as much verities as is matter. And they are contagious, far more so than disease and sorrow. If we devote as much time to thinking and acting health and harmony, as we do to disease and inharmony, the world would quickly be transformed. There would come to be as much happiness as there is now misery. Smiles are even more catching than tears.

If we would make others happy, we must first be happy ourselves; for we can only give what we already possess. And it makes one beautiful to be happy. A merry heart is the best of medicines, sweet thoughts are as angels, and gentle smiles as benedictions.

All about us do we find troubles, worries, cares and burdens. They have a purpose to fulfill, and that purpose is a beneficent one. They afford us the opportunity to learn what happiness is, and to better appreciate the degree of it we may have secured. The purpose of life is expressed ever in more and more happiness. That purpose is subserved in indirect ways and along the line of least resistance. All experiences answer a good purpose, and we should be careful how we interfere with its effective operation.

To pity others is simply a waste of force, a dissipation of energy that might be put to a better use. It but takes from the strength of others without lightening their burdens. Each must bear his own burdens, and no one else can carry them. We may indeed, be the instrument whereby the strength of others shall be increased so that they may more readily carry their burdens, and this is our privilege and our opportunity for self benefit. For only as we give, do we receive. The harmony of our love will serve to augment the strength of others, so that they may with cheerfulness easily carry the burdens they would otherwise be laboriously staggering under.

Mental Science is not merely a health restorer or therapeutic agency. It is a conservator of life and happiness. And if it is possible to prevent, all disease and so retain good health, it would seem that death was quite unnecessary. As perennial health must be the expression of constant growth and vigor, it must be ac-

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 accompanied by continued youth and flexibility; so that there would be no reason for desiring death.

Whether the transformation we call death will ever become unnecessary to the human race, may or may not be looked upon as a problem of the present day, but it seems a logical result of our ability to evade or dissipate diseases and inharmonies. However, it is only the present that concerns us, and it is certainly a waste of time and opportunity to think about dying. Anyone may be weak enough to die: it requires strength and love to live.

Now it will not suffice to merely tell people not to worry or fear. They must have their reasons appealed to. They must be brought to understand how these inharmonies are unessential, and why such discords should have no place in our lives. They must cultivate the attitude of mind that will make them friendly to all things, in order that they may secure the friendship of all. They must be taught how to give out love to all, that they may live in the atmosphere of the love that will return to them. They must, in fact, study the first principles of Mental Science, and must give the time and attention to it that the Science, of Being deserves and requires. The returns are measured in health and happiness, and these are the result of good and faithful efforts.

Mental Science is a message of joy and gladness. It deals only with things that are. It represents a philosophy of life that is founded upon facts, endorsed by reason and sustained by logic. If the conceptions of Mental Science are dreams, then dreams and realities may not be distinguished from each other. Let us assume that happiness or harmony is only a dream. If we may lease it for life and recognize nothing else, there will be no place or opportunity either for other dreams or other realities. If dreams may never cease, and if life as a dream may express all the harmonies of existence and all beauties capable of manifestation, it is a most inviting prospect. Others are equally privileged to accept these conclusions. But if unable or unwilling to do so, that is no good reason for our refusal. Each of us will have the same opportunity at some time or another, and each may take only what he is prepared for.

Mental Science is meant not only for the poor and the distressed, but especially for the rich and the powerful. It is the latter whose mis-spent opportunities are responsible for inharmonies and diseases that are distinctly peculiar to them. Mental Science is a philosophy of truth, and no person or thing is, or may be, beyond its scope: It teaches how best to live. Included within it, as one of its inviting branches of study, is the Art of Smiling; and in its broad and practical aspect, as applied to human life, it is the Science of Being happy.

### SELF-TREATMENT

BY HELEN WILMANS.

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

### THE COMING CONVENTION.

The Second Annual Convention of the Mental Science Association, 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 fitly 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.

#### ACCOMMODATIONS.

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 carnival, 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 propoganda 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 phenomena 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 propoganda, 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.

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.

Mr. W. H. Bennington, 717 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo., is organizing an excursion from Kansas City to Sea Breeze. Many friends of our movement in Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska are joining this excursion, which will pass through St. Louis.

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.

Forward your name and address at once to the undersigned if you desire to come; we will keep a register 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.

#### FLORIDA ILLUSTRATED.

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

#### 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.

## SEA BREEZE.

## A Brief Sketch of the Future Great Health and Winter Resort of Florida.

One hundred and ten miles south of Jacksonville, on the East Coast of Florida, situated on the Halifax Peninsula, a strip of land one half mile in width, bounded by the Halifax River on the west, and the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and about thirty miles in length from north to south, the town of Sea Breeze is located. The locality itself is of historic interest. About it is the glamour of the older time and events, antedating Plymouth Rock and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The shining sands of the gently sloping beach and the rolling, forest covered ridges about Sea Breeze, with their brilliant plumaged feathery inhabitants, more than four hundred years ago formed the setting to a deadly strife between the fanatical, cruel Spaniards on the one hand, and the colonizing, home seeking Huguenots with their Indian allies on the other. The battle, which resulted in the defeat of the Spaniards, brought to light a story of romance and heroism between a French nobleman and an Indian princess which has survived all the stirring events of the last four centuries. The hospitality of Ostinola, the brave Indian Casique, of Issena, his heroic and beautiful daughter, and of young Ernest D'Erlech, the noble Frenchman, stands out in shining relief against the dark background of the tragic and cruel events which marked the earliest attempts at settlement of the sun-kissed, palm-fringed borderland of Florida.

Sea Breeze is located twelve miles below the old extinct Indian village of four hundred years ago, which constituted the capitol of Chief Ostinola from which he directed the affairs of "Toronita, the Land of Sunshine," the name under which Florida was known to the natives. Backed by an inexhaustably rich soil on the mainland across the Halifax River, where the finest and most desirable products can be grown rapidly and in great abundance, Sea Breeze has the finest coast climate in the United States, surpassing, so it is claimed by tourists who are familiar with all the great health resorts of the world, even those of the South of France, the Riviera and those located on the Mediterranean Sea.

In 1894 Col. C. C. Post, well known as author and writer, came to this place by invitation. Utterly exhausted and incapacitated by hard literary and journalistic labor he was in search of health.

Experiencing instantly the beneficial effects of the climate, charmed with the surpassing beauty of the country and perceiving at once the unbounded possibilities of the location, Col. Post induced his talented wife, the gifted Helen Wilmans, far-famed as a metaphysical writer and founder of the rapidly growing school of Mental Scientists, to dispose of their northern home and interests, and join him in the development of a tract of land which he had meantime secured. Since that time a wonderful transformation has been worked, and out of a wilderness of water oaks, bay trees, pitch-pine and laurel, dwarf palmettos, sentinel palms, wild shrub and climbing vine, has arisen what was termed by B. O. Flower in *The Arena*, "City Beautiful." Handsome modern residences face now the tree fringed, placid Halifax, amidst stately far-spreading oaks, or are

built along beautiful hard shelled boulevards, passing from river to ocean between rows of tall palmettoes.

The little city as a whole constitutes a resting place for those who follow intellectual and commercial pursuits, and the brightest of people gather here annually from all parts of the United States to find rest and recreation. In due course of time it is proposed to erect here an institute of learning from which the philosophy of the new thought and new life will be taught to the rising generations, and imparted to those who desire to become the teachers and advocates of the new philosophy which inspires man with a new and race saving hope, and points mankind to a grander destiny.—Chas. F. Burgman in *Peninsula Breeze*.

## STUDYING DISEASE, NOT HYGIENE.

The teaching in the medical college is most paradoxical and perverse. Disease is treated in its various aspects and details, but hygiene is never touched upon. The idea which seems to prevail among professors and students is that the sick man is to be the prey of the young saw-bones, and sickness is all he studies. Health is no part of his business, and he is not instructed concerning the natural environment, attributes and characteristics of that condition. Disease fills the doctor's purse, and the longer he can protract a case without being found out the better for him. Search any medical text-book on the origin and prevention of Bright's disease, cancer, blindness or consumption, and you will gather very scanty information. Medical science has not fathomed their origin, and that is why it is inadequate in the treatment of these afflictions. Volumes could be filled with quotations from medical writers of the highest standing, all purporting that the nature of disease is quite unknown to the drug dispensers. What, then, does their treatment amount to? It is blind, selfish experimenting on life and health. We use this harsh and strong language in the faint hope of arousing a few of our readers from the indifferent attitude humanity manifests toward the way health is ill used and destroyed by perpetual drugging. Those who turn a deaf ear to warning and remonstrance will suffer in their own persons, not we in ours.

Examine and think for yourself. That is the only just course in a free country. If one is too lazy to read, too dull to reflect, that is another matter. If the world is progressing, the latest ideas must be the most mature. The medical advocates are averse to innovations because they do not possess new thoughts; they walk in the old ruts of thier predecessors. They persecute new ideas, and by this act place themselves in the same class as the murderers of Socrates and the persecutors of Gallileo.—A. F. Renhold, M. D., in *Physical Culture*.

## IN THE LIGHT.

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### SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Life is an individual problem that man must solve for himself. Nature accepts no vicarious service. Nature never recognizes a proxy vote. She has nothing to do with the middleman—she deals only with the individual. Nature is constantly seeking to show man that he is his own best friend, or his own worst enemy. Nature gives man the option of which he will be to himself.

All the athletic exercises in the world are of no value to the individual unless he compels those bars and dumbbells to yield to him, in strength and muscle, the power for which he himself pays in time and effort. He cannot develop his muscles by sending his valet to a gymnasium.

The medicine chests of the world are powerless in all their united efforts to help the individual, until he reaches out and takes for himself what is needed for his individual weakness.

All the religions of the world are but speculations in morals; mere theories of salvation until the individual realizes that he must save himself by relying on the law of truth, as he sees it, and living his life in harmony with it as fully as he can. Salvation is not a Pullman car, with soft-cushioned seats, where he has but to pay for his ticket, and some one else does all the rest. In this, as in all other great things, he is ever thrown back on his self-reliance. He should accept all helps, but he must live his own life. He should not feel that he is a mere passenger; he is the engineer, and the train is his life. We must rely on ourselves, or we merely drift through existence—losing all that is best, all that is greatest, all that is divine.

The man who is not self-reliant is weak, hesitating and doubting in all he does. He fears to take a decisive step, because he dreads failure, because he is waiting for some one to advise him, or because he dare not act in accordance with his own best judgment. In his cowardice and his conceit he sees all his non-success due to others. He is "not appreciated," "not recognized;" he is "kept down." He feels that "society is conspiring against him." He grows almost vain as he thinks no one has had such poverty, such sorrow, such affliction, such failure as have come to him.

The man who is self-reliant seeks ever to discover and conquer the weakness within him that keeps him from the attainment of what he holds dearest; he seeks within himself the power to battle against all outside influences. He never stupefies his energies by the narcotic of excuses for inactivity. He realizes that all the greatest men in history, in every phase of human effort, have been those who have had to fight against the odds of sickness, suffering and sorrow. To him defeat is no more than what passing through a tunnel is to a traveler—he knows he must emerge again into the sunlight.

Man to be great must be self-reliant. Though he may not be self-reliant in all things, he must be self-reliant in the one thing in which he would be great. This self-reliance is not the self-sufficiency of conceit. No—it is daring to stand alone. Be an oak, not a vine. Be ready to give support, but do not crave it; do not be dependent upon it. To develop your self-reliance you must see from the very beginning, that life is a battle you must fight for yourself—you must be your own soldier. You cannot buy a substitute; you cannot win a reprieve; you can never be placed on the retired list.

The retired list of life is—death. The world is busy with its own cares, sorrows and joys, and pays little heed to you. There is but one great password to success—self-reliance.

The man who is self-reliant does not live in the shadow of some one else's greatness; he thinks for himself, depends on himself and acts for himself. In throwing the individual thus back upon himself, it is not shutting his eyes to the stimulus and light and new life that come with the warm pressure of the hand, the kindly word and the sincere expressions of true friendship. True friendship is rare. Its great value is in a crisis—like a life-boat. Many a boasted friend has proved a leaking, worthless "life-boat" when the storm of adversity might make him useful. In these great crises of life man is strong only as he is strong from within, and the more he depends on himself the stronger will he become; and the more able will he be to help others in the hour of their need. His very life will be a help and a strength to others, as he becomes to them abiding lesson of the dignity of self-reliance.—*Ex.*

### THE "BEYOND-MAN."

The philosophy of thought and the philosophy of expression; the philosophy of idealism and the philosophy of actuality; the philosophy of a Plato and the philosophy of a Bacon—and so the philosophy of life.

It is not enough to think fine thoughts; they must be expressed in tangible form. It is not enough to appreciate others; they must be surpassed. For verily it is not work that exhausts; it is the lack of creative expression. It is not rest that the weary ones of the world need, but greater self-manifestation.

Not a day should close—nay, not an hour should pass—but that the world around us should receive the impress of our individuality. If in nothing more than an alternation and improvement in one's business methods, one's housekeeping, or one's manner of meeting a stranger, one should mentally follow one's senses unto their ends; and so will one's thoughts become creative.

This is a world of "creation," and he who does not "create" is not of this world. It is because people do not "create" that they sigh for other worlds. He who "creates" does not sigh, he rejoices.

It is only such as he who burst the adamant walls of ancient thought, who can aspire to "lean and loaf at his ease;" It is only such as he who immortalized idealistic thought, who can spend his days amid the cool of the Grecian Temples, or his evenings amid the revelries of the great; it is only he who moulds the future; who can enjoy the blithesome chatter of a child.

Where the cynic points the finger of scorn, the "creator" points to the future; where the critic destroys the good in proclaiming the bad, the "creator" builds better where the pessimist bemoans the emptiness of the present, the "creator" fills the future.

GEORGE F. PENTECOST, Jr.  
Yonkers, N. Y.

### 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.

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HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Florida.

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

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

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

The paper last week was full of errors. In one place in the editorial I am made to say "I am neither a Christian nor a Mental Scientist." It should have been "I am neither a Christian nor a Christian Scientist." I do not often make corrections of this kind, but this mistake so completely destroys the sense that I can't help it. And then it puts me in a false position, because I am a Mental Scientist.

The local department of a paper always has the most readers, and I am not surprised. One gets present life out of the locals. No postponement as in religion, and perhaps in philosophy too. Nevertheless when a paper starts out with the intention of creating a new school of thought there must always be articles that the superficial reader would consider heavy, while to the thinker they would be the very bread of life. When I started the publication of FREEDOM it was with the intention of making it exclusively for the philosophical reader, without any consideration for those who simply wished to be amused, or at least very slightly interested. But I found that my mind was not quite tuned to the purpose I had marked out. I soon saw that like the majority of my readers I needed an outlet for something lighter than the solid truths of mental science, and so The Waste-paper Basket department became an established thing, and a very popular thing. Indeed in the work we are doing here—the building up of a nucleus for the greatest truth ever presented to the world—this department became a necessity. It became our easy means of communication with thousands of persons who were not only interested in our teachings, but who wanted to know from week to week what we were doing; what kind of a life we were leading. It was as if we said to these dear neighbors—

for surely they are neighbors in spite of distance—now don't dress up, but just run in and take tea with us, and sit out on the moonlit porch afterwards and let us have a good talk about things in general.

Speaking of taking tea with us, I always was fond of having people drop in at meal time; I don't know how long an ordinary extension table can be made to extend, but my mental extension table has no limit; I think it will girdle the world in time. Surely this is the intention of it.

I was at a camp meeting—how many years ago it was! but after all, years are nothing; they are the only nothing there is—when a poor neglected girl "got religion." She had never met with any kindness, even her mother treated her shamefully, but under the influence of the new feeling she began to shout, screaming out "I am full of love; I love everybody; I even love mother." I sometimes think that this noble thought—mental science I mean—is so just in its nature, so harmonizing and uplifting that it makes us feel like crying out, "I love everybody."

I have written a good deal about justice, but never much about love. It is because some things seem too sacred for expression; and to prate about them sounds hypocritical. I do not like to talk about love nor to write about it. But what a moving power it is! Let us for the present confine ourselves to justice. Justice comes first in human development, and we have not achieved it yet. Nobody knows what love is going to be when justice has been achieved. It will be the crown of the structure—Man.

The Christian tells us that God is love. I express it differently; I say that the Life Principle is love. It is the adhesive power, and is responsible for everything that exists. It expresses itself in the cohesion of the first life cells; it is the spirit of growth in the tree and flower; and in everything that rises higher and still higher in the scale of being, love is more marked in its expression until man is reached. Here it seems to pause. Indeed it does pause; it waits for the development of his intelligence up to a point where he perceives the truth concerning it. When he really shall perceive this truth in all its bearings he will know that he is *one with it*, and then he will be diseaseless as it is, beautiful as it is, and deathless as it is.

Love will not only be the crowning glory of the man, but his crowning power, giving him the might by which he shall conquer all things. And now I see the close approach of this wonderful time; actually it is here today, though not in its fullness; but even a faint perception of its presence is opening out such vistas of happiness that one's head swims in trying to contemplate it. Is it an unaccountable thing that I should write volumes about the conquest of death? No living person who has obtained even a glimpse of it can write very much about anything else. It may be that at this time, with the race all undeveloped upon the subject, that more popular things can be found on which to write; but I must say that the world only holds one real, alive object for me—the bringing on of the Kingdom of Love, and the freeing of the people from every bond that now holds them.

H. W.

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



There is a real estate man among my correspondents who is a Mental Scientist, and who devotes a good deal of time to the study. He is increasing in knowledge and therefore in power, though it frequently happens that his little, temporary affairs go against his wishes. I shall quote from a letter I have just written to him, because it will do others good I am sure. I said to him, I am glad you are keeping your courage up; mine never fails; not for a moment. I do not care a straw if things show up adversely for a time. Nothing but good ever really happens. Remember this; we get what we really and truly need even though it be defeat. What we get, even though it is adverse to our present wishes, is the right thing and the best thing, because it is a stepping stone to a more advantageous position than we had even hoped for. This is the case invariably with those on the upper grade. The reverse is the case with those on the down grade. We positive people are crushed upward, while the negative people have not the stamina to arise from under a crushing disappointment, and are therefore ruined by it. Things come to you that assist you in the way you are going, whether that way be up or down. You know that the ultimate of your desire is knowledge. And why? Because knowledge is power, and power makes the man. You are having just the lessons you need. The negative person has these lessons too. The difference between him and you is, that you profit by the lesson and go on to success while he does not.

If you should fail in every present effort you are now making, I should not call it failure. It would simply be a sweeping away of rubbish to admit the advance into your life of true wealth. By true wealth I mean the acquisition of the power that enables you to command all things essential to your ambition and happiness.

By true wealth I do not mean that imaginary condition people allude to when they say, "I am rich in all things but this world's goods." No one is rich in all things but the world's goods; the world's goods are essential to happiness; and the person who is rich in all other things, is rich in them too; because the world's goods are the unfailing symbols of mental wealth. Money is a necessity and will come to you as the outward expression of your true intellectual condition.

Talking of money reminds me of a letter in the last issue of *Christian*. It is a beautifully written letter from a patient of mine whom I failed to cure. He had been the victim of some trouble that had injured the bone of one leg and made it shorter than the other. He wished the leg lengthened, and I failed to do it, though I tried faithfully. In this letter he casts much doubt on my pet idea; that of conquering old age and death. He says:

"I very much question that Thomas J. Shelton at the age of 150 years will be as lythe of step and clear of vision, or half as magnetic as at the present hour. Neither can I believe that the robust Helen with the accumulation of one hundred additional Sea Breeze summers on her devoted head, will be able to guide and mount the wheel with equal grace as now, or sit a 'cazuse' as was her wont some thirty years ago. I must, in this connection, say a good word for *Christian* and *FREEDOM*. *Christian* is never monotonous and often startling. The editorials are clear cut, terse and original; and as long as the motor keeps on the track nothing is

to be apprehended. The editor is a thinker, a wit, and brave almost to an extreme—at times, but his reply to embarrassing questions often impresses me that there is in his blood an element of Hibernian extraction, that is ready to respond when called upon. 'Mike, why did you so hastily leave the town when I was attacked by the enemy.' 'Why did I leave the town? Do you think I could carry the town with me, ye murtherin' idiot?' Is there not a family resemblance in Mike's reply to some that Shelton makes?"

"FREEDOM," continues this gentleman, "is usually as fresh as the sea breeze that visits the Florida coast. Its correspondents show unusual ability. Col. Post is a logical and profound writer. Colville is always bright and entertaining in his occult ranges of thought. Burgman is as graceful in diction as the sweep of a silver oar; but Helen Wilmans is the peer of them all when she turns herself loose, as sportsmen say, on some favorite theme of which she claims the pioneer ownership. She is as much at home in new mental territory as was Daniel Boone in the wilds of Kentucky. Blunt as a frontiersman, not overburdened with sentiment, her style at times jostling as a carriage on 'corduroy' road, still her meaning is never obscure, or her faith in herself for a moment shaken. But heavenly father! how she does like to make money; and how persistent and never ceasing her methods of advertising. Many times I have seen her readers frown when they have reached the close of some helpful, progressive article, to find at the bottom of the column a sentence like this: '*Freedom six weeks for ten cents.*' Or possibly, '*What are you doing to advance the interests of the college?*' No doubt Helen Wilmans entertains a high respect for the Nazarine, but regrets that he did not make a better showing as a financier."

To all of Mr. Seeley's charge I plead guilty; only guilty is not the word. "Sensible" comes nearer the mark. I have a thorough respect for the power of money—accumulated on mental science lines. I do not want it in any other way. I do not wish any person to leave me a fortune; and if I should find a purse with many thousands of dollars in it I would advertise for the owner, and be as unhappy as anything could make me, not to find him. Why? Because I want nothing that does not come to me as a direct result of my own capacity. As much as I desire money I do not ask it, if in even the slightest degree it would stultify or retard my own native faculty. If, when I left my home without a dollar, some person had provided for my wants plenteously. I would not now be what I am. What I am, even though I am far from reaching my ideal is more to me than all the wealth of the world. And what am I? *A fearless woman*. A woman who feels her worth; the worth of all the mental effort she has known, with its resultant effect, *Power*.

Money cannot confer power; the knowledge that manifests in the ability to gain money is another thing. This is what I am striving for; this is what I want others to strive for; and it is to this end that I write books and publish a weekly paper. H. W.

#### 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.

FOR FREEDOM.]

## MILLENNIAL SONG.

Watchman, from thy belfry tower  
Ring these tidings every hour;  
Send them forth with fervent power—

All's well with the world.

Night-watch pacing on thy beat  
Through the dark and lonely street,  
Give us this assurance sweet—

All's well with the world.

Pilot, on the ocean dark,  
With thy frail and tossing bark,  
Shout this message through thy ark—

All's well with the world.

Little ones who've cried for bread,  
And whom hands of love hath fed,  
Hark to words thy savior said—

"All's well with the world."

Love shall reign; there's naught to fear;  
Light is breaking, morn is near;  
Soon the waking world shall hear—

All's well with the world.

All of good the Law doth bring;  
Hosannas all the earth shall sing;  
For each soul is now a king—

All's well with the world.

Bright and high the bonfires rise;  
Songs are ringing to the skies;  
For there's naught but evil dies;

All's well with the world.

Friend and foe man now are one;  
Discord in all lives is done;  
Sweet peace reigns beneath the sun.

All's well with the world.

"Peace on earth; good will to men:"  
The Christ is risen—is here again.  
From snow-crowned peak to wild beast's den,

All's well with the world.

Ring out, O watchman, from thy tower;  
No more shall storm-clouds darkly lower;  
Our hopes have passed from bud to flower.

All's well with the world.

—*Libbie Witham.*

## THE THOUGHT THAT MOVES THE WORLD.

The pulpit of the Unitarian Church, Eastern Hill, Melbourn, was occupied on Sunday morning by Sir Hartley Williams, who delivered an address in place of the usual sermon. Mr. Justice Williams, taking as his text the two maxims, "As a man thinketh so is he," and "Man is a creature of reflection; what he reflects upon, that he becomes," said that these expressions had their origin in the East, and were more generally accepted there than in the Western world. They were, however widely accepted in the United States, and there were hundreds of thousands of people there who further believed that a sound mind made a sound body, and that the old Latin maxim was erroneous. It was held that not only the spiritual and moral welfare, but the physical, came from within outwards. Mr. Justice Williams then proceeded to point out that, as all actions, however impulsive, sprang from thought, the importance of thought and its influence upon the individual was im-

mense. By expelling evil thoughts the brain was made less and less receptive to them, and eventually repelled them, while the encouragement of pure thoughts led to their completely controlling the mind. By doing this every one could endeavor to live a spiritual life, for the desire to do so was the root and essence of it. Living a spiritual life did not mean to be an ascetic or a hermit, or to cut one's self off from the material; and, though at the present time one could not live a spiritual life in its entirety, all could live it in part. In referring to the physical side of the question, he was not alluding to the body of people known as the Christian scientists. He spoke with the greatest respect for that body, but he was at present alluding only to the view held by many psychologists in the United States—that, just as right thinking affected the spiritual and moral side, so it would apply to the physical side. Though the Christian scientists were in his opinion, proceeding to a certain extent on right lines, it appeared to him that they claimed too much. The results they claimed were comparatively sudden, almost miraculous; and were said to be due in most instances to the special interposition of Providence in answer to petition or prayer. He considered that the process of cure could not be sudden, but must be gradual. Still they were doing a great deal of good by encouraging people to look on the bright side of life, and proceeding on optimistic lines. The influence of thought upon the physical side of nature could however, be seen in people who gave way to fear. Those who were always afraid of catching chills or colds made themselves only more receptive to those ailments, and in fact, directed them towards themselves. Those who did not fear, on the other hand, might in time, with perseverance, become absolutely non-receptive to those diseases and the discomforts attending them. Another view of the subject was the effect of our thoughts upon others, but he would not give his own opinions on that question. Many held, however, that the brain was a battery, and the other an electric wire, and that thoughts of one person would reach another person, even though he might be unconscious of it. Supposing one was at enmity with another, and said as he had often heard people say, he "would like to get even." That sort of thing always gave him a shock now, though he would not say it did a few years ago. In fact, he would not say he had been free from it himself in former years. The person who entertained that feeling towards another individual, it was held, only increased the other's animosity and hostility, while feelings of sorrow that the aggressor in the quarrel had forgotten and degraded himself, would in time, do away altogether with the other's feeling of hatred.

## DIET versus DRUGS.

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Grays Inn Road, London, W. C., England.

July 3-4t

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

In last week's Waste-paper Basket Florrie wanted me to tell some of the stories I had been relating of an evening to our little group assembled on the porch during the moonlit evenings. I refused to do it because they were not truly my own; I had read them somewhere; and while I really made the larger part of them myself, believing that I was improving on them, yet there was enough of the original in them to justify one in an accusation of plagiarism.

But here is my everlasting Nemesis in the shape of a printer from the office, and I simply must get some ideas from somewhere, no matter how violently I steal them; "sequester them," I should say.

And now I wonder how much I can recall of Bill Shank's narrative. It was somewhere in the mountains of Tennessee that Bill lived and flourished; though at the time the story opens Bill was not flourishing overmuch. His best girl—a regular hill-side beauty—had given him the cold shoulder; "the mitten" Bill called it. He said she had made his hopes all rise up like mushrooms after a shower, and then she went off to singing school with another fellow that wore sto' clothes and a sto' made hat. Bill's hat was made out of rye straw; his mother had made it at odd times when she was not taking in washing to furnish Bill with hog and hominy.

"Lizy Jane tromped on my heart," said Bill to his mother; and the old lady's sympathies rose up like bubbles on her wash tub, in defense of her progeny.

Really this hill-side girl did tramp on Bill's heart, but it did not hurt him much; or at least it would not have hurt him if he had recalled the fact that she went barefooted all the time. It was one of the bright dreams of her life to marry a man who could buy her a "par o' red shoes."

That Bill was feeling very glum even his faithful yaller dog knew, and submitted humbly to twice the ordinary amount of abuse from him. But Bill actually knew a thing or two in spite of the fact that appearances did not admit of such a belief; so instead of wearing his everyday suit of patched and shabby clothes, he put on his Sunday rig—much to his mother's consternation—and walked about utterly disconsolate and inconsolable.

Laviny Peaconville cast tender glances upon him, but Bill turned from her and walked away. Sereny Sawyer gave him a look whenever she met him that was just peaches and cream, but Bill on such occasions only changed his cud from one cheek to the other, ejected a half-pint of saliva upon the nearest sapling and meandered disconsolately down the road. Pop Wilkinson, who was on the old maid list—being near twenty, thought now was her chance. She had heard of catching a heart in its rebound, and she saddled the old flea-bitten mare one day, and with two dozen eggs in a basket sailed out to Psalmville, ten miles away, and bought a piece of pink ribbon that she wore to church the very next Sunday that ever was. Coming out of the "meetin' house" she lingered until the crowd had passed, and the lugubrious Bill came dragging his weary length, and crushed heart, by her. She turned on him a face so bright and tender that the average man would have tumbled all to pieces at sight of it. Peaches and

cream were no where. Her smile was sparkling champagne and pound cake. But it did not work. Bill turned on her one fearfully reproachful glance and cut straight across the road into the woods, with his hands rammed knee-deep in his pockets.

Now, the hill-side girl who was responsible for all this suffering was not blind to the fact that all the other girls were sorry for Bill and trying to catch him. Bill stock took a rise in the market of her heart. If the other girls wanted him he was worth more than she had imagined. She didn't 'low to let any female woman "scrowge" her out of sight. She would get him back and keep him. Jim Satterlee had left the neighborhood "ding the luck," and it was Bill or nobody so far as she could see.

So one day when Bill was passing the house she put on her bonnet, the white one lined with pink calico, and sauntered out to where Bill, overcome by his feelings to a state of temporary paralysis, stood in the middle of the road.

"Howdy Bill," said the hill-side girl. There was no answer.

"Howdy Bill," she repeated.

Bill turned his head slowly. "Was you speakin' to me, mom?"

"Yes, Bill, I was speakin' to you."

"What was you a sayin', mom?"

"I just 'lowed howdy."

"Mought I ax your name, mom?"

"Why, Bill, don't you know me?"

"Peers like I've seed yo' face somewhar, but disremember yo' name."

[Ed.—When I came to this part of my yarn Charley and Burgman both exclaimed "Good, good!" "Served her right. Bill was not such a fool after all." Florrie said "he was tampering with destiny, and had not a bit of sense." The sexes see differently.]

"Now Bill," said the hill-side girl, "you know youse 'quainted with me."

"Well, what mought you want anyway?"

"Why, pap wants to see you, Bill."

"Tell him to get his field glass and look down the road and he'll see me."

[Ed.—This was a country of illicit distilleries and the field glass was a necessary institution.]

"Oh, shux, Bill, come up to the house."

"What fo'?"

"Cause Ma's got a whole dish pan full of turn-over pies made out'n dried apples, sweetened with sto' molasses, and she's cookin' mo' every minit."

"Lizy Jane, aint yo' lyn'?"

"It's the rank pizen truth, Bill. Hope I may die if it aint."

Bill hesitated and looked at her; it seemed as if he began to recognize her.

[Ed.—It was now Florries' time. "Good, good," said she; "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Bill will undoubtedly yield. Sharp girl—Lizy Jane.]

But Bill did not yield any too readily. He had his wounded dignity to assert. It was only a few minutes, however, before Lizy Jane was seen steering him in through the gate by the hand, while he pulled back like a balky calf. She got him in, and there out of sight of

common clay she plastered up his broken heart, thinking all the while how mad the other girls would be.

Now this yarn is virtually ended so far as I am concerned; but the way it read in the paper from which I accumulated it, there was a tragedy that night caused by the bursting of a dam, and all the people in the whole neighborhood were swept out of their houses, and the houses washed away. Bill found himself very lonely in a tree top where he would have gladly remained, only the water got too high for him. So he let go and floated against a huge sycamore tree that had fallen. He scrambled on to it and was making the best of the situation until he heard voices in the other end of the tree. "I wonder who that is," said he. "Peers like I'm intrudin'."

He listened again. "It's Lizy Jane's voice sure. Who's thar?" he asked.

"Bill, Bill, oh Bill," came in excited accents from the far end of the log.

"Lizy Jane, is that Jim Satterlee thar with ye?"

"No."

"Who mout it be?"

"Don't know; I ain't had no introduction to him, Bill."

"Peers like he's powerful well 'quainted with ye," said Bill, in the solemn, heartbroken voice Lizy Jane recalled with trembling.

"Oh, no, Bill, I ain't a keerin' for any feller but you."

"Then you'd better make that other feller go."

"I kain't get red of him, Bill. 'Peers like he's dun tuk root right here."

Then there was a long silence, during which it began to get light in the East."

"Lizy Jane," said Bill, "did ye recollect to bring any of them turn overs befo' yo' started out?"

"Yes, I dun got a basket full."

"Ye hain't gin' none of 'em to that feller, has ye?"

"Nary."

"Sure?"

"Dead sure"

"Gimme one, Lizy Jane?"

So she gave him one; and then another; and then another; and as he smacked his lips over them there was a rustling of boughs at the other end of the temporary habitation, and a feeling of uneasiness throughout the entire sycamore tree. At length a voice said "I'm powerful hungry myself."

"Who is ye, anyhow?"

"My name is Livertough; I live at Psalmville. I'm a lawyer and a justice of the peace."

"Gosh ermighty, Lizy Jane, why kaint he marry us?"

"I kin do it" said the voice. "I can jine anybody on yearth."

"Will you take your pay in apple turn-overs?"

"Sure."

"Well, turn yo'self loose and prepar' to perpetrate."

"All right. You just hook on to the lady's hand."

"We been done hooked for an hour."

So the lawyer from Psalmville proceeded. To make the occasion properly solemn, and to give himself some practice—of which he had had only a limited amount—he quoted Shakespeare, Blackstone, Chitty, Archbold, Joaquin Miller, Rudyard Kipling, Story, Kent, Tupper, Smedes, Marshall, Science and Heath, and a half page

from The Wilman's Home Course; after which he pronounced them husband and wife.

Surely I have made this story long enough. I am almost ashamed to sign my name to it, but here goes.

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