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# CLOUTHER WITH THE SUN?

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## A TRIED AND WEARY SOUL

Cease thy pulsations, oh thou heart of mine;  
See, all thy efforts at life's joys seem vain;  
End all thy longings: hush those sighs of thine,  
Or change the cadence of thy love's sweet strain;  
Too rich, too full, oh heart, are all thy measures,  
Too high, too deep thy melodies do ring:  
Thus sorrows rise instead of hopes for pleasures,  
And all thy song leaves but a painful sting.

Re-trace thy flight from realms of the sublime,  
For truth, no longer delve thee down so deep  
While dwelling yet 'midst scenes of space and time,  
Nor try to climb yon mountain grand, yet steep;  
No, soar not high, nor yet dig down beneath,  
But be content—in line keep with the throng,  
Nor ever think a rarer air to breathe,  
For know—to dare to think and do is wrong.

Yes, cease to be, or being, cease to dare  
To be thyself, and to thyself be true.  
If thou dost wish the joys of life to share,  
And dost not wish alone life's journey to pursue,  
For daring to obey stern duty's call  
Thou shalt not meet with the common state of strife;  
For Error stalks along behind, one and all,  
And thou shalt open discord, hidden strife.

If thou for right, for Truth dost dare to stand,  
Disclosing errors, wrongs, wherever found,  
How many then will lend a helping hand?  
Aye, thou must walk alone on untried ground.  
For see, thy friends, those staunch and true, are  
pained,

While those who but pretend, grow cold  
As thy fair fame by slanderous tongue is stained,  
And hidden foes then dare to grow more bold.

'Tis pain, yes pain, to thee and all of thine,  
To dare to differ from men's ways, and strive  
To cause the light of love among men to shine,  
And thus bring peace, thy justice to revive.  
Then close thy lips, recall thy searching mind,  
No longer try to love mankind indeed  
Nor try a balm for human woes to find,  
Nor how to meet and fill the world's great need.

And yet how mean—to know and not to dare;  
To feel the wrongs, yet meekly to endure;  
To have no aim, to know no higher care  
Than—how our food and raiment to procure.  
Life without aim—ignoble! blank indeed!  
A craven soul—woo sees, yet dare not do!  
Base coward! shrinks to save a soul in need,  
And dare not walk where justice bids him go!

A COMRADE

## DOES NATURE TELL THE TRUTH?

FROM SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS.

Professor Hans Teltgin, a musician of New York, propounds the novel theory that plants love music as well as sunshine, that they grow more luxuriantly in a studio where there is music, and that the tender buds break more quickly into blossoms than they do in silence or in a discord of sounds. A Boston musician I know, says when he plays harmonies his sensitive plant opens and stretches abroad, drinking in the music; but with a discord the plant trembles and closes. Harmonious vibrations of the air thrill thro' and thro' the fibres of plants, stirring

the sluggish juices in the same way that they stir the blood of the animal to greater and nobler impulses.

The editor of New Thought Ideal comments thus:—

Professor Teltgin has well spoken, for not only is the sensitive plant very susceptible to the harmonies and discords of music, but many other plants. We had in our yard a cornucopia—a species of stramonium cultivated to perfection for the beauty of its flowers which bloom at night. It is very fragrant, but it is also susceptible to sound. I have often heard the large bell-shaped flower quiver and tremble when the whistle at the machine shops blew, especially the early six o'clock whistle and I have seen them even after plucked and placed in vases, open out and appear to be revived by the sound of music.

Mrs. Semple is on the right track when she studies Nature's finer forces. Never shall I forget my emotions when I first learned that the character tones of the voice took form in the atmosphere as bugs, worms or flowers as we are actuated by feelings of love, hate, etc.—that science had demonstrated this fact by preparing an exceedingly sensitive film upon which such vibrations can be caught and photographed.

I felt as if I had been entered into a new universe, and I have often wondered since, why the significance of this demonstrated truth is not more widely considered and acted upon. Please remember, it is the feeling, the thought behind the tone of the spoken word that produces the forms, lovely or loathsome.

Those who honestly and earnestly advocate social freedom are accused of immorality, of being selfish, animal in their purpose. I would like to see this matter tested. Nature would not lie. I would like to have a score or two of the earnest men and women who are agitating the question of what is called free love—I would like to have the vibrations of their voices as they talk upon this subject, taken as above stated. Then I would have the same test applied to an equal number of those who advocate the perpetuation of the present legal marriage system. I would like to see which showed the most flowers, and which the most bugs, worms and other disagreeable things.

Bring Nature into the court of science and take her testimony. It will be reliable.

Another test I would so much like, could, it be had, to-wit., a photograph of the vibrations of my intense feeling against the wrongs meted out to woman, while putting the condemned article in type, for I did not write it, then for comparison, a photo of the vibrations that went out from the tones of the voice of Atty. Cushman while making his plea before the court against Mattie Penhalow and myself.

But personal matters aside, I would like the same test applied to the high-toned public woman and down thro' each grade to the lowest dregs, and also to the men who visit them. We should have some surprising pictures I'm thinking, and some of the worst where least expected. Will not some scientist investigate in this direction, and thus help us to solve the sphinx-riddle of civilization, the social evil.

Yes, let science investigate the chemistry of human sex-life; let the pictured vibrations from all grades—from the sex starveling to the sex surfeited be given to the world. Such knowledge would do more toward saving the race, more toward purifying it from "all uncleanness" than can all the blood of all the saviours that ever have, or ever can exist.

Bear in mind that sex is the Fountain of Life—of

ALL LIFE—THE FOUNTAIN! How then, can the streams be pure while the fountain is continually poisoned by low, impure thought? Remember—it is the thought, the idea that gives the feeling which sends into the atmosphere the forms of the beautiful, the loathsome or the terrible. Sex is the source of ALL life—don't forget this for a moment—consequently, as a logical and inevitable result, sex is the source of ALL power, producing good or evil as you reverence or defile it in the thought. I am not giving you a lay so, but scientific—all-demonstrated truth.

You cannot understand how form can be invisible, you can?

Yes, is a little hard to understand at first thought, but the microscope reveals wonderful forms that the unaided eye cannot see. The sensitive chemically prepared film enables the camera to reveal these other forms, but they are there or they could not be photographed. These forms are manifestations of our life-force, and what more reasonable than to believe that love-vibrations will give to the flowers a fairer hue, to the songs of the birds a sweeter note, and that the forms produced by the vibrations of anger, envy, hate, etc., all in the view and consciousness of the animal and the insect world; why not?

Surely! we have reason to infer all this from the fact that we do necessarily affect the orders of life below us, and if flowers feel the sweet vibrations of music, why should not the atmosphere of love make them more fragrant, more beautiful?

Freedom in love-relations—for there would be no other were woman really free from ALL outside pressure as free-lovers demand—now think of all the imaged forms produced by the disgust, fear, hatred, anger, etc., caused by unwilling sex relations—think of all these being removed from the atmosphere, think of the animals representing the loathsome and the cruel perishing or becoming docile for lack of such of perverted life-force as now flows from our unbalanced sex relations and you will get some idea of what love-freedom means. Nature does not lie; she builds through the feminine, and with the material provided.

Think then, of the material provided for woman to build with—think of "marital duty" as law and religion demands of woman, to-wit., un-daired but dutiful submission—think of the vibrations going out from prisons, asylums, dens of prostitution, and more—all the result of the poor material provided woman for the building and the poor conditions under which she must build—think of all this, and then think of the pulpit, the press, and what are called progressive platforms, uniting to suppress the open discussion of this most important of all subjects.

Think of the hundred thousand ministers daily asking God to remove the evils that curse us, and of the hosts of Spiritualists with their Rev's, invoking the Eternal Spirit and the "higher angels" for aid, yet both tacitly consenting to a law the purpose of which is to shut from the mails whatever tends to throw light upon the fountain of life.

Well, if you prefer darkness to light, if you stumble you must reap the consequences. Nature is true to her own law; she will not encourage you by making figs grow on thistles.

I thought I would mail singly this time and not wait for two Nos., but it costs too much. Nos. 11 and 12 will be mailed the last of September.

## CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FREEDOM OF WOMAN.

PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR.

LOIS WASSERBROOKER, editor and publisher.

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And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Revelation xii, 1.

In all the past, connected with all religious systems, there have been those who have sensed and symbolized the deeper truths of life—have symbolized, but have not understood the deeper meaning that time and experience can alone reveal, and of none is it more true than of the vision or symbol from which the name of this paper is taken—Clothed With The Sun—the symbol of direct power. Woman will not always shine by reflected light. She will assert herself and put the moon of subjection under her feet.

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If you want private information on any subject, enclose not less than one dollar for reply. *The Nautilus*.

And Clothed With The Sun says the same. One of the lessons the public needs to learn is that an editor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

## THE HOME QUESTION.

"Dear Madam:

In your issue of June I found several ideas that interested me after becoming accustomed to your somewhat startling manner of calling a spade a spade. It would perhaps be less forcible but nicer to call it something else. After reading two copies of your publication I could not tell just what you're trying to do. Is it to abolish marriage? That seems to be a great undertaking; should a colony of ants wish to remove a house they must wait until it crumbled to pieces, but, "ten thousand years!" that is surely a long time. If your editorial friend realized what the socialists will do along that line if successful, I think he would have given you half that time, making you so much less lonely. I have no doubt that we can do without the marriage law in the next life, but this material old world will always need the home tie to hold it together. Do you think you will be happier when you look down five thousand years from now and find the home destroyed?

Very truly, S. D. B.

La Habra, Cal.

I will say first, that when ants can build a house they will not have to wait till it crumbles before removing it if they so desire. The marriage institution—that which makes a woman's person the property of her husband, that gives him a divorce and turns her out of his home if she refuses him, is of human origin and when Humanity becomes wise enough to understand woman's true position, said institution will pass away, but not the Home. The following poem was written some forty years ago, and I have the same feeling still.

## THE HEARTH, AND THE HEART.

Oh, come, let us gather  
Round the hearth-stone to-night;  
We heed not the weather  
When the fire burneth bright,  
And loved ones hasten  
To bask in the light  
That beams from the hearth  
And the heart, and the heart.

Here's a seat for the father,  
Who so kindly as he?  
And one for the mother

With her babe on her knee,  
While sister and brother  
With innocent glee  
Add light to the hearth  
And the heart, and the heart.

The father is smiling  
Upon the loved throng,  
The mother, beguiling  
Her babe with a song,  
And lovingly checking  
Each movement of wrong,  
Thus guarding the hearth  
And the heart, and the heart.

The light of the hearthstone,  
The warmth of the love  
That gathers around it,  
Oh may it ever prove  
A lamp to our feet  
If we're tempted to rove  
From that love-given home  
Of the heart, of the heart.

In the original it read "God-given," but if love is God, it's all the same, and I like the word "love" the best. Indeed, the term, "God" is so misused I have come to dislike it.

That which makes the home I have painted is not due to legality but to love. Any and every couple who would separate if not legally bound, ought to separate. Discordant notes do not make sweet music. Harmonious children are not begotten of discordant parents.

I demand freedom for woman as woman, and that all the institutions of society be adjusted to such freedom, and I demand a home for woman. Did you ever stop to think that woman is homeless?

That which another controls is not mine. It is man's home, and the children are his. True, through earnest agitation, there are some exceptions, but, as a rule, the above is true. Man says that woman's sphere is the home. Well, let her have a home then; one that she can control; to which she can admit whom she pleases, and shut out such as she can not harmonize with. Adjust economic conditions to woman's freedom—see to it that she is not hindered from securing a home, and there will be homes before which such as we have now would blush. No, woman can not be free under present economic conditions. They must be made to contribute to the best good of the race instead of to the agrandisement, but the moral and spiritual injury, of the few, and the poverty of the many.

Do you expect woman to secure a home without man's aid?

I demand conditions that will enable her to do so if she must, but she will not need to. Creative love has so constituted man that, even under present false conditions, he loves to do for the woman he loves, feels hurt if she does not accept his offered service. This is natural and right, right because it is natural. In freedom man will not show himself the selfish being he now so often does under this system of sex commercialism. Yes, I mean just that, commercialism. Whatever the feelings of the contracting parties, no matter how pure their love, so far as the law is concerned, legal marriage is simply a sale of sex for life for a support. If he fails to support her she is entitled to a divorce; if she refuses to satisfy his sexual wants he can get one, and if that is not commercialism I do not know what is. And yet, because I claimed that the woman who consummates her love without legal sale does not sin, twelve "good and true men," as the law counts true, declare me guilty of sending "obscene" literature through the mails, and a fine of \$100, the penalty for telling the truth.

"Not so much in the language used as in the ideas suggested." Must important truths be kept back because impure minds will think impurely? And was more important than to understand that Nature's standard of purity cannot be violated with impunity; nevertheless, it will continue to be violated so long as woman is subject to man in the

marriage relation. No, no, my friend, the removal of the legal bond from the love relation need not, and will not destroy the home.

## CONDENSED INFAMY.

I can find no other term to fit the case. Is Lucifer of date May 8th, is an article taken from the Cleveland Press denouncing an outrage which is perpetrated in all cities, as follows:

A Cleveland police court officer goes to the police director and says: "Our police court fund is depleted. Be good enough to raid the Tenderloin, so that with the money assessed (by the honorable court) upon the women of shame, police salaries can be paid." The officer doesn't hesitate to admit that police court funds have been and are maintained by such means.

The meanest, vilest thing that struts the streets by day and prowls in the alleys by night is the creature shaped like a man who lives on the shame of women. This beast is called a pander, and it is a title that covers more infamy than any other that usage has legitimized for the expression of baseness and merited contempt. There may be sympathy and pity for the woman. There is nothing save loathing, hatred and contempt for the thing in male attire that leaves its slimy trail in her dark life and would befoul hell itself.

What better than such is the city that takes the Tenderloin woman's money to pay the salaries of its officers of justice?

The judge upon the bench, the prosecutor and the clerk are paid thro' the returns from prostitution.

This is a pretty hard question and a pretty bold statement. But they fit the case. Think of it!

The man upon the judicial bench, put there to decide the freedom or imprisonment of men, women and children, cannot get his salary until the clerk runs out and persuades the high police authorities to pull in the fallen women so the court can take, for his pay, part of the proceeds of their sin. The prosecutor and clerk, no matter how just and honorable men they may be, are in the same boat. Their pay is a matter of the division of the spoils resulting from the "business" of shame.

How can the judge and prosecutor be just, honorable, impartial, merciful, toward the woman arraigned when they must look upon her and her business as the source of their own pay?

Does not the system tend toward making panders of the officers of justice? Pretty strong language, but it is the naked truth, and it is high time that the naked truth, armed with a two edged sword, unquival, and merciless, moved a swath through police court affairs.

Have a care, Comrade Press; the "naked truth" is as dangerous as red rags before enraged bulls. I have just been fined a hundred dollars for telling truth that, if lived, would do away with "Tenderloin" revenue for police courts, or for political purposes—a truth that I will maintain in spite of fines or imprisonment, a truth I assert every time I demand "The unqualified freedom of woman as woman, and that all the institutions of society be adjusted to such freedom"—a truth that enforces itself in the fact,—a fact confirmed by physicians, that were there none but "mutual and loving sex relations" there would be no such thing as sex disease. Is it "obscene" to say there is "no sin" in such relations "legal or illegal"?

What is sin? Is it a violation of man's statutes or of nature's laws, which? Nature needs no "courts of justice," and her testimony has long since been given against all sex relations except such as are mutual and loving.

"Does not the system tend to make panders of the officers of justice?"

Yes, Mr. 'Press,' it does, and of every one else who accepts the man and counts the woman fallen. I here repeat what I said in the condemned article: "There are no fallen women in the sense the world understands that term; they have been knocked down."

Rape is considered, and is, a heinous crime. We understand by the term the forcible possession of a woman's person; but there other kinds of force than the physical, therefore I name the following, which is continually being duplicated by those in power everywhere:

## ECONOMIC RAPE.

The boss sat lazily in his chair and called out the girls singly. Condescendingly he pushed them the money, their meagre wage, which was wrapped in a small paper. At the same time he critically

examined their tall forms with the glances of an expert. But none seemed to suit him to-day. Haggard forms and sharp faces upon which the day's dust seemed to lie, appeared before him; fatigue tormented human beings, whom the stifling factory air had robbed of all charm, all freshness.

Sullenly he hurried with the paying.

"Ah, finally the last one—Schey!" he called aloud, "Frieda Schey!—ah, that is something—a new one!"

A tall form, a clear face, fresh as an apple blossom, blood-red lips, light locks on her forehead and a heart—a heart.

His hand quivered lightly, as he pushed her the money. "How old are you then?" he asked at the same time, assumed indifference in his tone.

"Next month I'll be seventeen," she answered.

"Seventeen! So—sc—I only asked on account of the sick benefit fund"

Frieda turned around to go.

"Wait a minute."

She looked somewhat surprised at the factory owner; her friend was waiting for her outside.

"Schey... Schey... Don't we have some one else here," continued the young man; "who is that there in the packing room, is that your—?"

"Yee, 'tis my father," the girl said quickly.

"Quite right; and the boy, that Fred—that perhaps is your brother?"

"Yes."

A pause ensued. Something fearful seemed to pass thro' the room, inexpressive,—and now the young man leaned forward a little and said in a low, uneven voice: "Would you not come to my residence this evening—now, what time would it suit me best—at nine—yes?"

The girl started—she had understood. A second she stood helpless, speechless—then she stammered piteously:

"But, Mr. Reis, I cannot do that! No, no, you cannot expect that from me—I—I—"

"So-o-o-o," interrupted the boss in a drawl, and then in a sharp tone, "and why not?"

"But surely I cannot do such a thing," now whispered Frieda as if to herself, "no, no,—I must not."

A blush rose to her face and her cheeks burned. "Very well, then let it go."

The master rose from his easy chair and said this with cold brutality.

Frieda looked at the floor. Confused thro's fluttered in her head—but the voice of her master quickly aroused her.

"Aye, aye," he said, "what I wanted to add—how old is your father?"

Frieda drew a long breath; she felt herself already half relieved. "In November he will be fifty-two," she said quickly.

"Aha!" and an unconcealed titter of triumph broke forth out of this exclamation, "he need not come any more—please tell him, (above the regulation age)—and your brother, the damned boy,—yesterday he did everything wrong again at the custom house."

That had its effect—Frieda stood speechless in the middle of the apartment—she had become dully pale, and her head sank to her breast.

"Well then at nine! You know now—child, be reasonable."

No, the factory owners do not usually pay the girls themselves—this one did not only when he wished to select a victim. The men knew this, so when on that Saturday night he told the foreman he would pay the girls, he looked at the clerk and they winked and smiled. Where was their manhood? And where was Frieda's protection?

Oh how low men can be! Disrespect for the act that gave them life makes brutes of those who indulge the feeling. I should as soon think of ridiculing the memory of my father, or of spitting upon the grave of my mother as to think impurely of sex—sex that exalts or degrades us as we honor or degrade it in thought.

The above article and "Condensed Infamy" so fit in together that I republish the latter from last issue. When the young boss is tired of the girl he has thus forced to his arms there is no place for her but in the ranks of prostitution while the beast in shape of man who forced—raped—that sweet, innocent girl into the highway to hell goes unscathed, perhaps to our legislative halls. Yes, he may be helping to make laws to regulate "fallen" women while she is being arraigned in a police court and fined, as I have been for daring to tell the eternal truth that only love can sanctify the relation of the sexes—that Love—God—is above man made law.

And now comes word that I am wanted at a Spiritualist Campmeeting but I must confine myself to Spiritualism—must not talk of these wrongs from the platform, and yet they will stand up and invoke the aid of the angels. What kind of angels will be pleased with such a course?

Well, no matter; no society, no government can stop my work. They may destroy the body, but the spirit is inviolable. I have sworn by MYSELF that I will not leave this planet till it is a fit place for MEN and WOMEN to live in. My body may be dust, but I-MYSELF shall be here—

#### THE ANARCHY BILL.

From the Southern Mercury.

With all the fierce shrieking of the plutocratic imperial press and the lurid lightnings of congressional oratory—not to speak of the lies manufactured by police men and detectives to terrify the innocents—in spite of all this, and more, the Anarchy bill did not get enacted into law during the session of Congress just adjourned.

The thing was too thin; the object aimed at, which was the suppression of a free press, was too transparent. The malignants overstepped the modesty of nature, and their ranting died.

Had the bill passed, it would have proven to the densest intellect and the muddiest brain that the government of America is the most absolute and despotic on earth. Indeed, it is just that very thing as it is, but the passage of the Anarchy bill would have convinced the thickest-headed fool of the fact.

George Brandes, one of the greatest of living critics and an avowed Anarchist, lives in peace in Denmark. Reclus, the great scientist and member of the Institute, another professed Anarchist, is honored by all the great scholars of France, and lives free from molestation or insult at Paris. Malatesta, the head of the Anarchists,\* lives openly at London without fear of police lies or interference. Prince Kropotkin, the best known of all Anarchists, has been traveling openly and under his own name in France, and is now on a visit to Russia to see Tolstoi. Not even the Russian police dream of interfering with him, lying on him, or making it in any way uncomfortable for him. None of these distinguished men would, under the proposed Anarchy law, be allowed to come to the United States under pain of the gall and chain and penitentiary, or at the risk of their lives from the reports of perjured and hired detectives.

We boast of being the most enlightened nation on earth, while in fact we are the most ignorant in the average mass of any people claiming to be civilized. The press, the politician, the preacher, and especially the public schools, have been the central luminaries which have rayed out this darkness, "thick darkness that may be felt."

Corrupted by the Sunday papers, flattered by the politicians, made ignorant bigots by the pulpit, believing, like the idiots they are, the commercial editorials in the great dailies to be gospel truth, and kneaded by the public schools into shape for baking by the plutocracy, the average American of to day stands below the peasant of the tenth century in politics, in ethics, and in sociology. [rather extravagant.] So be it—corrupted are the average mass they do not know how to vote for their own interests at election, but are the fools and tools of the masters who are on their backs. Let the cry of "Anarchy" be raised and the idiots take up the whoop and vote themselves into deeper slavery. They do not know what Anarchy means. They have been told it means assassination and dynamite, and the sillies believe it. Verily, as Shillier makes Talbot say:—"Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain"

\* Anarchists acknowledge no head.

#### FROM THE KANSAS GIRL.

Thank God—[Woman]—there are men who are men in the truest sense of the word, and every hour is lessening the power of a veneer courtesy, and giving its place a respect for self and others that makes an insult to woman impossible. The voice that has spoken to woman has also spoken to man, and they are answering in every state in our land, and the two men work side by side with perfect confidence and trust.

Mother Grundy has learned that a lady has lost none of the instincts of her high position when fate puts her fingers over a type-writer and she chooses to earn her living rather than lose her soul.

Mother Grundy will not die for some time—at least we will not hope that she will. The Bachelor girl and the boy who has grown up beside her and is so nearly a man already, will teach her much that she cannot afford to die and miss knowing. She needs to know that some people can manage their affairs without her assistance, that men and women can associate together without constant surveillance—that there is a code of honor of which she has no conception—as yet.

Just now she is spelling propriety with a capital P, and lamenting that the modern girl is so destitute of womanly instincts as to decline marriage when she can marry a bank account without any trouble at all, and wondering what to do with the girl who hasn't these wretched ideas of independence and yet is so ever anxious to marry that she disgusts the bank account! What is to become of us when there are no more homes, no tender romances to watch behind closed shutters—for the considerate old soul is not at all particular how she secures her information—no gay weddings to talk about, no divorce to gloat over, no excitement at all!

She is being shocked now for these independent young people have put "propriety" in very small type and apparently seldom look at it, but after Dr. Vivativeness has carried her through the worst of the paroxysm, she will see that the Bachelor Girl is not a mannish woman, although she has sound judgment and good common sense—will see that she dares to do right as she sees it; that she is not a man-hater, but a friend that a really worthy man may trust all his life, and from whom he is certain of sympathy and respect. She will see that he exerts himself constantly that her confidence in him may not be destroyed, that he honors her for that fine reserve with which she keeps within herself the sentiment which more selfish and less sensible women would express; that she never fears him because there are no misunderstandings about their relation; that they are comrades, mentally, socially—no more.

When the Prince comes, as he does sometimes, he finds a woman whose heart has been kept for him alone; whose mind responds to his; whose lips are sweeter because they have spoken tender words of comfort; whose eyes reflect the utmost happiness when they look into his. She faces her new life knowing much of its responsibilities, and hence is well equipped for the journey. She keeps her old friends, and as her womanhood ripens, is of even greater service to them. In her new home she is herself, wiser grown and tenderer, because to a woman, after all, home is the dearest place on earth if it be a true one—the dearest place in imagination, if it must be an ideal one; and a woman's arms are never quite filled until they hold a child of her own; her eyes have never expressed all her happiness until they have looked from those of her lover-husband to her babe—and back again.

Jealousy and selfishness are making war on love. One army draws its inspiration from the past and the other from the future and the present is the battleground. The call for volunteers comes from the homes where little children are crying for love; where men and women are praying for the happiness that the honeymoon promised. It is the most remarkable situation in the annals of history—

I have space for no more. My dear little friend gives a beautiful picture of home love in the essay that she read at the celebration of the 4th, where she took the leading part as The Kansas Girl. She has been too'ed up to read and hear the most radical utterances on the sex question, yet none less likely to take a false step than she. Inspector Wayland told me that my article was practically telling young girls "to go in," a vulgar innendo to say the least, and he made another remark to a comrade that I will not put on paper.

Oh, woman! wake up to the wrongs that crush you!

THE FAIREST SIGHT.

You ask me of the fairest sight  
That ever I have seen  
As wand'ring o'er mountain bright  
Or thro' the valleys green—  
The fairest sight that ever yet  
Mine eyes have looked upon,  
Thrilled thro' my soul one summer  
day  
Just at the set of sun.

An aged man with silver hair,  
And brow all wrinkled o'er,  
And children's children sporting  
'round  
Upon the cottage floor,  
Rested his head upon the knee  
Of her he chose for wife  
Long years before, standing erect  
In manhood's pride of life.

And she with gentle, loving grace,  
Still threaded o'er and o'er  
Those silver locks with fingers  
He had clasped so long before,  
Or rested them in love's caress  
Upon that aged brow,  
And this, of all the sights I've seen,  
Was the fairest one, I trow.

For the faithful love of hoary hairs  
Is lovelier far, to me,  
Than sparkling eye or rosy cheek,  
Or youthful vows can be.

L. W.

ANARCHY

Anarchy as a philosophy of life will be accepted by all good men and women when once understood. In Free Society of July 6, there appeared a prize essay on the "Origin and Creed of Anarchism," written by Albert Strickler, a member of the junior class in the classical course of the Philadelphia Central High School, and for which Mr. Strickler received the first prize, a gold medal. In Free Society of July 20, the editor says:

"This essay written at this time under such circumstances, and appreciated so highly by such well known friends of popular education as Judge Hanna, who presented the medal, and Dr. R. E. Thompson, president of the High School, deserves permanent recognition from all truth-seeking Americans in their country, institutions and the life-work of some of its most noted thinkers, reformers and scholars.

"To this end the Chicago Philosophical Society will have the essay published in pamphlet form with a suitable introduction by some well known student of Anarchism.

"It is only fair to say that all the heat and passion, strife, threats, persecution, prison sentences, laws enacted and laws contemplated are but the reflection of this fast growing tho't; and instead of having to raise money every little while to defend the victims of this ignorance, the friends of freedom and progress should consider it a sacred duty to deal more with cause, and the effect will care for itself.

"This can be attended to in no better way than by having the essay published in pamphlet form, and if possible, the same subject which received honorable mention, and then mailing one copy to the president, the members of his cabinet, senators, congressmen, state legislators, state and federal judges, and to all the teachers and professors of the United States."

The idea is a good one and I tho't it would cost money, I am not sure that what the comrades have had to pay on account of the prevailing ignorance upon this question, would not cover the expense could it

have been so applied. The same is true of the social question; a thousand dollars would not cover the cost to ourselves and the comrades elsewhere in our behalf during the last twenty months, and all because we are not understood. It's the old story of the water in the mill-pond. People had their ideas adjusted to the flat earth theory and reasoned from that. They knew if a dish of water was turned over the water would be spilled and if the world turned over why should not the same thing happen to the mill-pond? Yes, why not?

There's one little difference the mill-pond man failed to note. The water in the upset cup would fall toward the earth, but if the water in the mill-pond was spilled it must go from the earth out into the atmosphere. The people of that day knew nothing of the centralizing power that holds all things upon the earth to its surface.

And there is another thing that the people of this age have not yet so recognized as to apply the principle involved, to-wit, the nature of the power that so attracts all things upon the earth toward its center. That power is the feminine; is what in the human is called woman.

The feminine is always Nature's builder. The feminine attracts; attraction, when strong enough to hold in place is love. The power, then, that holds the earth and the things upon it in place, is love as manifest in matter. It is free love. There are no external bonds.

THE DESTRUCTION OF 30,000 LIVES.

As you walk into a garden in summer you step on an ant hill, you crush it and there you have duplicated the terrible catastrophe in the Island of Martinique.

If you look down on Martinique from the height of a hundred miles, or much less, the volcano of Mt. Pelée will look as small as an ant hill, and the disaster would seem no greater than that which follows the careless walk in your garden path.

What a tiny and fragile thing is man; how absolutely at the mercy of nature's forces—yet, in time, he will regulate absolutely this small planet which is given to him.

He will control its volcanoes as he now controls its waterfalls and rivers. He will control its storms, its rainfall and its heat.

Many centuries from now, hundreds of centuries, or even thousands, perhaps the lava that buried the victims of Martinique will be dug away by a race inconceivably different from ours.

Interesting knowledge will be gained by those who excavate the buried city in that distant day. Interesting comment will be written on the fact the men of that time—of our time—had so little control of the world that they were unable even to regulate one of its tiny safety valves, and understood not even the most simple laws for foreseeing and providing against the natural expansion of the earth's crust.

—Editorial N. Y. Journal.

There's one thing man does to-day that the man of the future will not be able to do—he cannot rule over woman, nor over his fellow man. He will know better than to try. Anarchy—self government will then be lived.

"Oh, people will be ready for it then, but it won't do now."

Mother, may I go out to swim?  
Oh yes, my darling daughter.  
Hang your clothes upon a limb,  
But don't go near the water.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Mrs. Waisbrooker:

Dear Lady:—I have before me a copy of *Clothed With The Sun*, I like it so well I write you at once and enclose 50 cents for subscription. Some of your utterances are so new and, to me, so radical, they give me a half frightened, yet glad feeling. It leads me to desire more and fuller comprehension of what you advocate.

For years I have been so engrossed with the cares of a family, and limited means, that I've read but little and been abroad still less, but I have done some thinking, and your hints in the paper before me on "woman" and "freedom" find a responsive echo in me.

When a child I was a member of the Progressive Lyceum in Chicago. I have a recollection of attending a meeting with my mother at which a Mrs. Waisbrooker spoke, and I so wonder if you are the lady? The talk impressed me because of the extreme earnestness of the speaker, and because she awakened new ideas I could not solve, and which I lacked the confidence to go to my mother with and so they haunted me.

Had I the means I would send at once for each of your books and pamphlets advertised; as it is, I will send for them one at a time as it becomes possible.

Yours in the search for truth.  
J. E. C.

Port Angeles, Wash.

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NAME READING.

It is claimed now a days that there is character meaning in the letters of one's name. I know something of this "science" and if any of my readers desire to test it and will send me 50 cents I will do my best for them. The usual price is \$1, but I am not a proficient. A man will please send his mother's name before marriage, and a woman will please give her maiden name and that of her mother. Full names required. L. W.

ASTREA.

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We want to show the saloon-men that we regard them as brothers tangled in the meshes of a false civilization, they in one way and we in another, and to set them to thinking on a line that will enable them to help themselves and us out of these tangles. Who will help us by taking hold and selling the pamphlet? Address this office.