

THE COMING LIGHT

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CONTENTS

A SCIENTIFIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT, <i>by Catherine V. Grinnell</i>	111
LIBERALISM—ITS PEDIGREE AND PROGRESS, <i>by J. L. York</i>	117
MARRIAGE AS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD, <i>by Charlotte Perkins Stetson</i>	122
IS POVERTY CURABLE? <i>by Paul Tynor</i>	126
IN THE HILLS OF ETRURIA, <i>by Helen Campbell</i>	130
POETRY, <i>by Jane A. Roulston</i>	133
THE SEAMAN, HIS CHARACTER AND CONDITIONS, <i>by Walter Macarthur</i>	134
POEMS, <i>by Lalia Mitchell</i>	141
EDITORIALS	149

DEPARTMENTS.

SANCTUM BRIEFS	161
X-RAYS	162
MESSAGES	167
SATURDAY'S CHILD	171
ROYAL CHILDHOOD	175
BY THE WAY	176
MINUTES WITH THE MASTERS	178
BOOK REVIEWS	180
OFFICE CHAT	183

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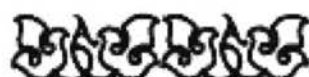
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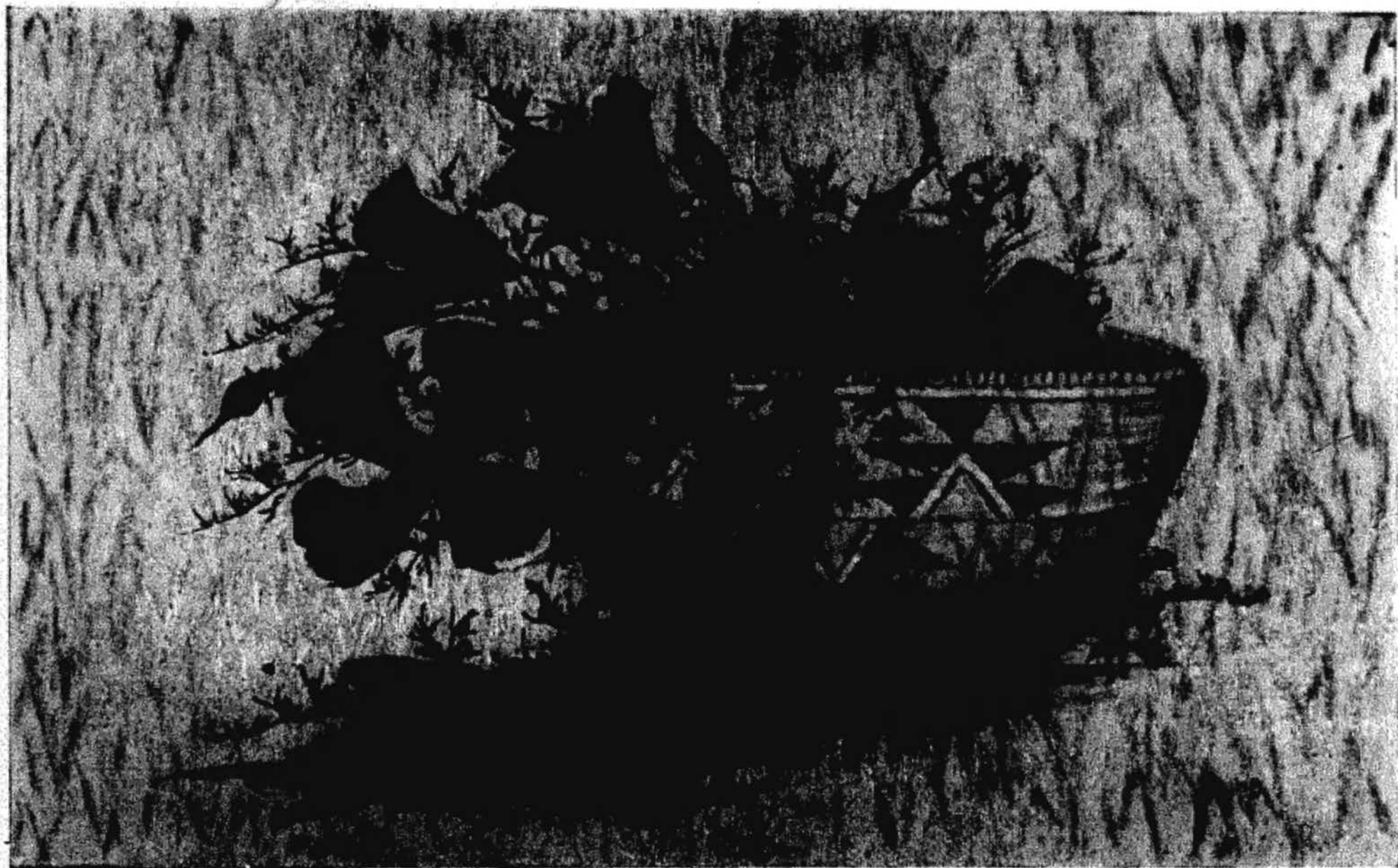
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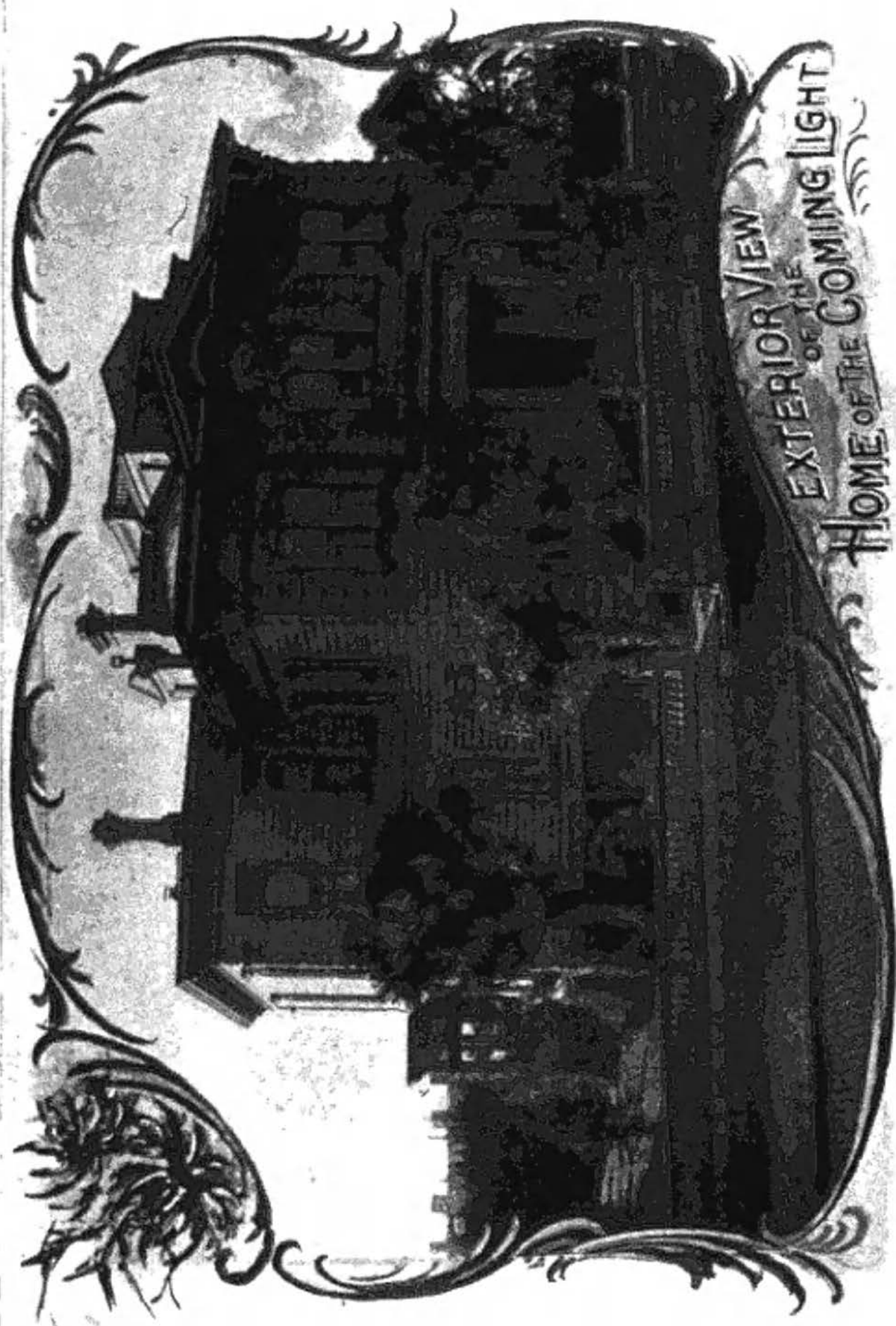
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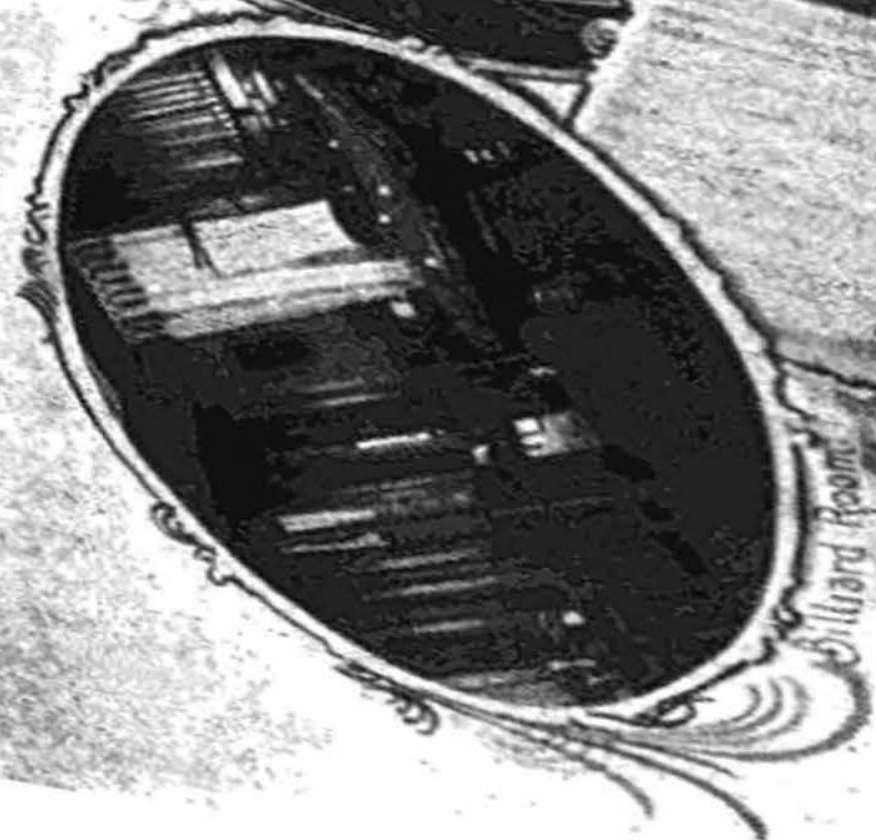
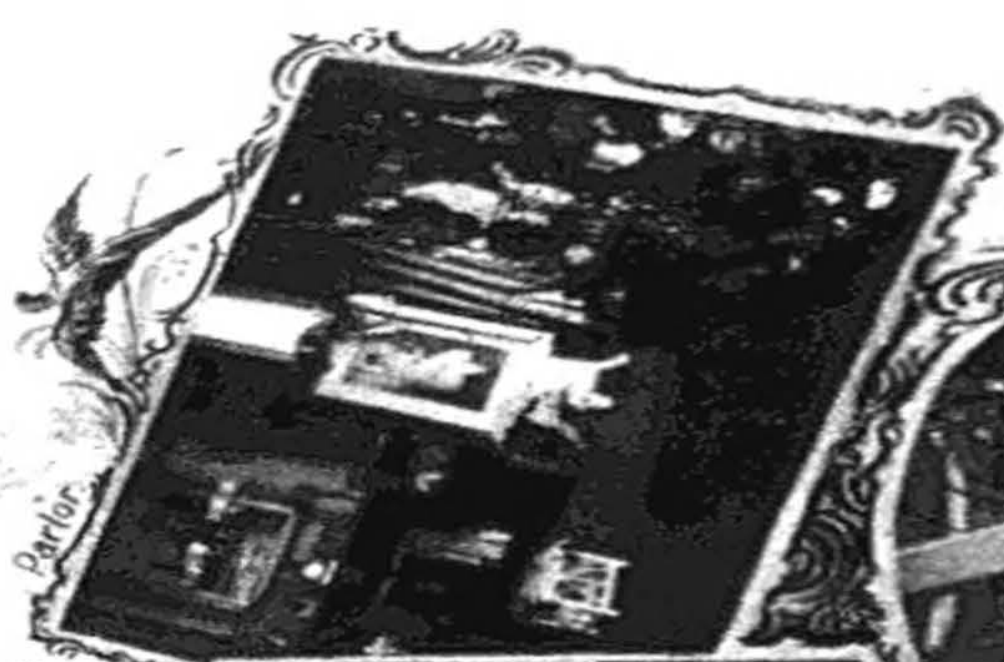


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VOL. 4

JANUARY 1899

NO. 2

A SCIENTIFIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

BY CATHERINE V. GRINNELL

THERE is a large and growing class of thinkers and reformers who may be called non-governmentalists, because they object to Government, in every form, as inimical to freedom and progress. Because there have been abuses and tyranny under all known forms of Government, the very term seems, to them, to convey the idea of despotic rule and oppression. Among these are some so humane, so intelligent and loving, so desirous of human happiness and justice to all, that I have desired to redeem the term for them, and to show that no form of society can exist without both the idea and the fact of Government, and that Government does not involve, necessarily, despotism or oppression in any degree, but is the only means by which the fullest individual and social freedom can be gained or preserved.

The primary meaning of the term Government is the power which directs movements, as a ship is directed. It is derived from the Latin *Gubernare*—to steer a ship. The very men, then,

who decry Governments and, by their attempts to destroy those now existing, whether by force or philosophy, are seeking to direct the people to a method of life which seems to them better, would thus, if successful, become *Governors*, by the logic of events and the operation of a natural law, whether or not such was their purpose. Theirs would be the directing or leading power.

In the simplest, as well as the most complex social life, there are common wants. These wants must be supplied by associative effort. In every case a leader is necessary. And the leaders necessary to such combination or union, are *Governors*—that is, the directing power or intelligence. Intelligence itself is a form of power, the strongest form, indeed. All organizations are governed by certain laws found necessary to secure unanimity of action, and each one is as truly a government as though any small body were a nation. The principle is the same. No one complains that this is tyranny, necessarily, but common experience teaches that this is not only the most effective, but the only possible way to achieve results desired by numbers of people—that is, under leaders or officers with defined statements as to laws which shall govern the body. Now, I am not intending to say that these combinations are without fault, nor that they may not be even a source of evil, if created for selfish purposes, or if narrow in their limits, or if used to oppress or for unlawful gain. They may be used for all these, but the fact still remains, that the best method of securing the common good, is by a union or combination of the people, and that leaders or directors—governors if you please—are absolutely necessary to accomplish and preserve such union.

But all Governments known to us having confessedly failed to secure the true and complete welfare of the people, the question is forcing itself upon us,—What kind or form of Government, or social order, would secure the desired results in creating and maintaining human unity, order and happiness? The whole fabric of society is interdependent. It cannot exist in peace

without mutual relations. Is it, then, possible to so regulate these mutual relations, that life may be a series of harmonies? The human organism and every other living organism, is so arranged, part relating to part, that each one in a state of health forms a series of responsive harmonies. Why not, then, the organic union of all individuals in society? So indeed it may, and so it is destined to become! The trend of every organized movement in the world to-day is working towards this happy end.

The brain is the governor and regulator of the harmonies of the individual organism, whether acting automatically and unconsciously, or consciously. As it is with each individual organism, so it is with the organic whole of society. The question to determine, then, is—What constitutes the harmonies of society and how shall we bring about a unity of all parts of society in a great universal Organism? And will not a study of the mind, which is the great producer of all social phenomena, and the regulator of all its interests, throw some light upon the subject? I am convinced that only by a correct knowledge of the mechanism of the mind can we determine the organic law of the structure of society, or the law of organic structure.

Elsewhere I have made some statements concerning scientific discoveries found in the *Book of Life*, by Dr. A. Sivartha. I am convinced that these are exceedingly valuable in carrying on the work of reform successfully. If we are to consider the true or scientific principles of Government, in order to reconstruct society (and reconstruct we certainly must) we must be done with generalizing and come to the particular and exact. The *Book of Life* says:—"The structure of the brain and the action of its faculties are governed by the exact laws of geometry. By these laws we are to measure the very *shape of our thoughts, our feelings and our volitions. These are the celestial mechanics of the human mind!*" Again, "the human brain is constructed on the mathematical plan of an ellipse; consequently the mental faculties must obey the mathematical law of this curve."

Beginning here, we are ready to understand that we are get-

ting at a secret which must vitally affect the life of society, and help us mightily in our endeavors at social reconstruction. All know that an ellipse appears like an elongated circle. This makes all the difference in the world between them, and the ellipse, and not the circle, is the universal symbol. A circle has a single center of force, and has, therefore, no internal power of movement or of life. It is a dead thing, depending upon outside forces to cause movement. But the ellipse has two centers of force, each polar to the other—a generating power within itself, from which life and living things may come. This we see in all seeds. They are ellipsoids—and from within, by the polar action of their centers of force, life and movement begin. It is the same law of polarity which causes the movements of the heavenly bodies, and preserves them in their sublime unchanging order. These germinal centers evidently, or apparently, contain what I may call the structural lines of the organism, whether of plant or animal. So the human brain-centers contain the germinal or structural lines which determine the human organic structure. No organic structure can be formed or maintain existence without the action of dual or polar forces, known as positives and negatives.

While each individual organism is the result of the action of this law, we find it again in all social life. Man and woman may be said to hold, and do hold polar relations to each other. Society could not exist in any form without their associative effort we know, but it is not merely the bringing into existence and perpetuating a race of intelligent beings that is their chief function, nor is this the full meaning and power of the law of polarity,—that is, the law of positives and negatives. *It is the law that creates, and maintains, social order*, as well as universal order among the heavenly bodies. All nature works in harmony toward one end and that is order and its resultant harmonies. Human institutions are evolving until they shall finally manifest this same law. Its workings have been continuous throughout the ages though not always clearly manifest. We have seen that the law of polarity demands and creates the harmonious

association of man and woman. It is calling them upward to their highest development in every power of their being. It says that the mind of woman is the exact counterpart or complement of the mind of man. This law says it was impossible for woman to be created so as to respond to man in only a limited part of his nature, leaving him to work in the great fields alone, while she sits alone, no matter in how Divine and queenly a fashion, in the home among her children. "In all the employments of society there is both a masculine and a feminine side." This law says that where man must work, woman's brain has a responding power, which, when developed to action, will perform an absolute function in association with him in his work, in governing a nation, or establishing its order, and in every possible activity. I do not need to seek for proofs and illustrations. The world has many of them. But now these powers, faculties and functions are not only capable of analysis and classification, so as to make their orderly working in society possible, but, as I have before stated, science has already produced a work of this kind for our study, and laid the foundations for the organization of society upon this basis—that is, the associative working of man and woman in all departments. I will illustrate the principle in detail in next month's article.



J. L. YORK.

LIBERALISM—ITS PEDIGREE AND PROGRESS.

BY J. L. YORK.

AS liberals, who have emerged into the sunshine of mental liberty, it may be profitable and in order to ask whence we came, our present status, and whither we are tending, as a force, in the world of mind.

In the light of evolution, these questions seem to be pertinent. For as our physical being is the subject of evolution and development and has an origin and history, so, also, our mind, sentiment and ideas have an origin, history, growth and development as well as the body, for the mind is simply a record from the observation and experience in the use of our faculties of sense. And if by the light of evolution we are enabled to trace out our physical pedigree and relation, why may not evolution hold good in the realm of mental being, sentiment and belief? While it may be important to know where we came from, and our origin and relations as physical beings, it is no less important to know where we came from, and our relations, as mental beings. Some people can see great significance and make great ado over the discovery of a new kind of fish, fowl, reptile or plant, and go into ecstasies over the stray bone of some extinct animal, and yet take little interest in the evolution of man, the ultimate of all other life, so far as may be known in the world in which we live.

In treating this subject in the brief space of twelve hundred words, we will confine ourselves to that phase of mentality known as Liberalism, Infidelity, Freethought, or the normal mind free from superstition.

All of the various religions, isms and fads, have had an origin and growth in the world, and all take pride in pointing out their lineage and relations in their history. Every Methodist is proud of Father Wesley, the founder of Methodism. And the

glory be it said, that the new light and lamp of reason could be kept burning at all, and here the line of the martyrs and confessors of modern Liberalism began its career. From this central line of thinkers and reformers has radiated, as from a central sun the streams of mental liberty over Europe and America. We need only to recall from history the names of Hobbs, Shaftsbury, Toland, Collins, Tyndal, and Woolston, (poor man dying in prison) down to Lord Bolingbroke, the worthy successor of Lord Herbert, the author of the book mentioned as the starting point of English freethought. From this liberal school of thought came the French Voltaire and the English Pope, whence followed De Holbach, Volney, Rousseau, Danton and the French revolution with its great social and political changes.

From this fountain head all of the liberal streams of thought have descended, into Scotland through Hume, into Germany through Emanuel Kant, and through Adam Smith into the commercial world at large! Thus English Liberalism has found its way into all lands, bearing the white banner of mental freedom.

But this side-branching has by no means exhausted the original source. In direct line in England followed Pope, Hume, Paine, Cobbett, John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau and Chas. Bradlaugh! This is the pedigree of Liberalism. To my mind none but a cold, dead Liberal or a stupid person will be ashamed of our relations, or unwilling to ascribe all honor and gratitude to these faithful workers in the cause of truth. Of course in the limits of this article we can only breathe a breath of thanks to the thousands of noble and brave spirits who stood firm and died in the ranks or in prison and in poverty and social ostracism, at the hands of the lovers of Christ and the Bible.

When we speak of Bradlaugh of England or Ingersoll of America, we would not detract any just praise from Watts, Collins, Symes, Walker, and other grand workers in our cause, in England or in America! Nor yet does Ingersoll eclipse the light of that grand old man, D. M. Bennett, who went to prison for the sake of truth, or the light and service of such faithful workers as Wakeman, Andrew, H. L. Green, Kelso, Burnam, Rems-

bury, Parker, Pillsbury and scores of other grand men and women in our country who have stood in the front of the battle for many years. Every cause must have its recognized leaders. So it is—around the names of the two Holyokes and Bradlaugh in England, and Bennett, Pillsbury, Parker and Ingersoll in our country, there comes to be a halo of power as leaders of men, and champions of human liberty. When we refer to these great men, as leaders of thought, we do so, not in the spirit of man-worship—which begins with idolatry and ends in self-complacency—but rather to glorify the cause which they represent, and to unite and stimulate the energies of our people, and also in just appreciation of those who have labored and suffered for the cause of truth. For if there is such a thing as crime on earth, ingratitude and heartless indifference is a crime, and heaven forbid that we should forget to pay our poor tribute of love and respect to the memory of those who suffered and died for us that we might have greater freedom.

The progress of Liberalism in our country is encouraging indeed. About thirty years ago an audience could not be had, except in a few places. To-day almost every town and school district will afford an audience to listen to the gospel of nature.

Man and woman to the front and church and priest to the rear! is the watchword of American Liberalism.

But while it is true that Protestant Christianity is dying slowly of some ailment of the brain, Romanism is increasing her subtle power, and parochial schools are springing up like dragon's teeth to undermine and destroy our free school system, the citadel of American liberty. As Liberals we do well to keep our weather eye open to this crafty power that has left its blight upon the intellect and morals of every country that has fallen under its baneful influence. Religious superstition is the same in all ages in the use of her power, and the limit of her cruel power is the limit of her opportunity, and if this beast of superstition does not burn men and women at the stake to-day for heresy—it is simply because the civil law and public sentiment will not permit it.

However, her power in the world is on the wane and Liberalism is spreading in direct ratio with the diffusion of knowledge and growth of natural science. The trend of modern freethought shows most clearly the decadence of religious superstition in the civilized world. Men no longer affect a religion or faith in the old meaning of these terms, and only retain morals as the sole thing worth saving from the wreck of dogmatic creeds. What influence has the clergy with thinking men and women to-day? What power has the church to-day, compared with the priest-ridden past? The average thinker in the pews controls and pushes the pulpit. Let the men of God disguise it as they may, the world of mind is sliding away from faith, dogma and technical theology, and has called in question the creeds and the priestly rule which has so long fed and fattened at the crib of ignorance and credulity.

The age of faith is past. The dawn of Reason has come. To-day educated France believes in nothing it cannot analytically or mathematically demonstrate. Educated England is agnostic beyond recall. Educated Germany is materialistic. Educated America makes but little pretension to religious belief. Educated Italy is infidel to the core—and educated Russia simply reflects the modern thought of educated France. Even educated Ireland is on the move and has compelled her bishops and priests to espouse the cause of home rule. Religious faith and dogma, in both Europe and America, are no longer the mighty force they once were—creeds are crumbling, shackles are breaking, showing the decay of Godism and churchism.

And let us hope that intelligence is doing its work in the minds of the people. Give us a few more men like Paine, Ingersoll and D. M. Bennett, to lead the people away from the worship of the unseen and uncertain, to the religion of nature and obedience to natural law. Let us be glad that the religion of the Gods is passing away and that a new faith has come to paint our sky with the rainbow of promise and hope. The only creed fit for this age is honesty, benevolence, morality and the crowning glory of mental freedom from religious hypocrisy and superstition.

MARRIAGE AS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD.*

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

WITH very few exceptions, the mother gives her daughter no warning or prevision of what life holds for her in regard to the sex-relation, and so lets innocence and ignorance go on perpetuating sickness and sin and pain through ceaseless generations. A normal motherhood wisely and effectively guards its young from evil. An abnormal motherhood, over-anxious and under-wise, hovers the child to its harm, and turns it out defenceless to the worst of evils. This is known to millions and millions personally: Only very lately have we thought to consider it generally. And not yet do we see that it is not the fault of the individual mother, but of her economic status. Because of our abnormal sex-development, the whole field has become something of an offence,—a thing to be hidden and ignored, passed over without remark or explanation. Hence this amazing paradox of mothers ashamed of motherhood, unable to explain it, and—measure this well—lying to their children about the primal truths of life,—mothers lying to their own children about motherhood!

The pressure under which this is done is an economic one. The girl must marry: else how live? The prospective husband prefers the girl to know nothing. He is the market, the demand. She is the supply. And with the best intentions the mother serves her child's economic advantage by preparing her for the market. This is an excellent instance. It is common. It is most evil. It is plainly traceable to our sexuo-economic relation.

Another instance of so grossly unjust, so palpable, so general an evil that it has occasionally aroused some protest even

*By arrangement with the author this article has been adapted for THE COMING LIGHT, from Chapter Fifth of Mrs. Stetson's new book, *Women and Economics*, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

from our dull consciousness is this: the enforced attitude of the woman toward marriage. To the young girl, as has been previously stated, marriage is the one road to fortune, to life. She is born highly specialized as a female: she is carefully educated and trained to realize in all ways her sex-limitations and her sex-advantages. What she has to gain even as a child is largely gained by feminine tricks and charms. Her reading, both in history and fiction, treats of the same position for women; and romance and poetry give it absolute predominance. Pictorial art, music, the drama, society, everything, tells her that she is *she*, and that all depends on whom she marries. Where young boys plan for what they will achieve and attain, young girls plan for whom they will achieve and attain. Little Ellie and her swan's nest among the reeds is a familiar illustration. It is the lover on the red roan steed she planned for. It is Lancelot riding through the sheaves that called the Lady from her loom at Shalott: "he" is the coming world.

With such a prospect as this before her; with an organization specially developed to this end; with an education adding every weight of precept and example, of wisdom and virtue, to the natural instincts; with a social environment the whole machinery of which is planned to give the girl a chance to see and to be seen, to provide her with "opportunities;" and with all the pressure of personal advantage and self-interest added to the sex-instinct,—what one would logically expect is a society full of desperate and eager husband-hunters, regarded with popular approval.

Not at all! Marriage is the woman's proper sphere, her divinely ordered place, her natural end. It is what she is born for, what she is trained for, what she is exhibited for. It is, moreover, her means of honorable livelihood and advancement. *But*—she must not even look as if she wanted it! She must not turn her hand over to get it. She must sit passive as the seasons go by, and her "chances" lessen with each year. Think of the strain on a highly sensitive nervous organism to have so much hang on one thing, to see the possibility of attaining it

grow less and less yearly, and to be forbidden to take any step toward securing it! This she must bear with dignity and grace to the end.

This, then, is the reason for the Andromeda position of the possibly-to-be-married young woman, and for the ridicule and reproach meted out to her. Since women are viewed wholly as creatures of sex even by one another, and since everything is done to add to their young powers of sex-attraction; since they are marriageable solely on this ground, unless, indeed, "a fortune" has been added to their charms,—failure to marry is held a clear proof of failure to attract, a lack of sex-value. And, since they have no other value, save in a low order of domestic service, they are quite naturally despised. What else is the creature good for, failing in the functions for which it was created? The scorn of male and female alike falls on this sexless thing: she is a human failure.

It is not strange, therefore, though just as pitiful,—this long chapter of patient, voiceless, dreary misery in the lives of women; and it is not strange, either, to see the marked and steady change in opinion that follows the development of other faculties in woman besides those of sex. Now that she is a person as well as a female, filling economic relation to society, she is welcomed and accepted as a human creature, and need not marry the wrong man for her bread and butter. So sharp is the reaction from this unlovely yoke that there is a limited field of life to-day wherein women choose not to marry, preferring what they call "their independence,"—a new-born, hard-won dear-bought independence. That any living woman should prefer it to home and husband, to love and motherhood, throws a fierce light on what women must have suffered for lack of freedom before.

As the excessive sex-distinction and economic dependence of women increase, so do the risk and difficulty of marriage increase, so is marriage deferred and avoided, to the direct injury of both sexes and society at large. In simpler relations, in the country, wherever women have a personal value in eco-

conomic relation as well as a feminine value in sex-relation, an early marriage is an advantage. The young farmer gets a profitable servant when he marries. The young business man gets nothing of the kind,—a pretty girl, a charming girl, ready for "wifehood and motherhood"—so far as her health holds out,—but having no economic value whatever. She is merely a consumer, and he must wait till he can "afford to marry." These are instances frequent everywhere, and familiar to us all, of the palpable effects in common life of our sexuo-economic relation.

If there is one unmixed evil in human life, it is that known to us in all ages, and popularly called "the social evil," consisting of promiscuous and temporary sex-relations. The inherent wrong in these relations is sociological before it is legal or moral. The recognition by the moral sense of a given thing as wrong requires that it be wrong, to begin with. A thing is not wrong merely because it is called so. The wrongness of this form of sex-relation in an advanced social state rests solidly on natural laws. In the evolution of better and better means of reproducing the species, a longer period of infancy was developed. This longer period of infancy required longer care, and it was accordingly developed that the best care during this time was given by both parents. This induced a more permanent mating. And the more permanent mating, bound together by the common interests and duties, developed higher psychic attributes in the parents by use, in the children by heredity. That is why society is right in demanding of its constituent individuals the virtue of chastity, the sanctity of marriage. Society is perfectly right, because social evolution is as natural a process as individual evolution; and the permanent parent is proven an advantageous social factor. But social evolution, deep, unconscious, slow, is one thing; and self-conscious, loud-voiced society is another.

It is a true instinct that revolts against obtaining bread by use of the sex-functions. Why, then, are we so content to do this in marriage? Legally and religiously, we say that it is right; but in its reactionary effect on the parties concerned and

on society at large it is wrong. The physical and psychical effects are evil, though modified by our belief that it is right. The physical and psychical effects of prostitution were still evil when the young girls of Babylon earned their dowries thereby in the temple of Bela, and thought it right. What we think and feel alters the moral quality of an act in our consciousness as we do it, but does not alter its subsequent effect. We justify and approve the economic dependence of women upon the sex-relation in marriage. We condemn it unsparingly out of marriage. We follow it with our blame and scorn up to the very doors of marriage,—the mercenary bride,—but think no harm of the mercenary wife, filching her husband's pockets in the night. Love sanctifies it, we say: love must go with it.

Love never yet went with self-interest. The deepest antagonism lies between them: they are diametrically opposed forces. In the beautiful progress of evolution we find constant opposition between the instincts and processes of self-preservation and the instinct and processes of race-preservation. From those early forms where birth brought death, as in the flowering aloe, the ephemeral may-fly, up to the highest glory of self-effacing love; these two forces work in opposition. We have tied them together. We have made the woman, the mother,—the very source of sacrifice through love,—get gain through love, a hideous paradox. No wonder that our daily lives are full of the flagrant evils produced by this unnatural state. No wonder that men turn with loathing from the kind of women they have made.

IS POVERTY CURABLE?

BY PAUL TYNER.

UNDER any conceivable social system it must be admitted that human beings will enjoy varying degrees of well-being. In one sense, therefore, the saying of Jesus, "The poor ye have with ye always," is a declaration of the inevitableness of need in human society. The practical question, however, is one which relates to the existing conditions of extreme wealth on the one hand and extreme poverty on the other. Neither condition is one of health. The man of large possessions is not really in the enjoyment of *well-being*. Extreme "wealth" is the principle cause of extreme poverty in society. In those countries where there is neither extreme and the average condition is one of economic independence and sufficiency, the standards of life and character are highest.

That extreme of poverty which brings its victims under the classification of "pauperism" is certainly curable. Dr. A. G. Warner, in his *American Charities*, cites statistics carefully gathered in one hundred principal cities, and extending over a period of eight or ten years, in regard to the causes of poverty. These figures show that about sixty per cent. of the cases of poverty in our great cities is due directly to *lack of employment*. This is the first stage. Intemperance, inefficiency, and, to a considerable extent, sickness and other physical inability, which count for nearly twenty per cent. more of the cases, are a direct consequence of lack of employment. This cause of poverty has been very generally recognized in European countries as being at the root of most pauperism; consequently, in England, Germany and France, government "relief work," as it is called, has been instituted, primarily with a view to furnishing employment.

In our own country this was attempted also, to some extent, in the cities of Chicago, Indianapolis, and Cincinnati, among

other places, during the hard times of 1893-4. The Pingree potato patches, first in Detroit, and subsequently in other cities, were carried on under private auspices, but with the co-operation of the city government. Another movement in the same direction deserves consideration. For nearly twenty years, France has set an admirable example of what may be done in the matter of public organization of employment. The *Bourse du Travail* of Paris was started by the trades unions of that city, for the purpose of affording a common meeting place for the discussion of trade conditions and the development of industrial efficiency in its members. The city government has co-operated with this organization from the first, giving it a subvention of \$10,000 a year, and a few years ago erecting a handsome building for the use of the Bourse at an expense of \$100,000.

Here, every morning, are posted bulletins, showing, under proper classification, the condition of the labor market; the work offered by employers and public bodies; wages and their conditions; the employment wanted by workers, with their prices, etc. These bulletins covered not only the state of the labor market in the city of Paris, but also, through an exchange system, the requirements in Marseilles, Lyons and other large cities.

In this country, a similar experiment was begun in the State of Ohio in 1890, when State employment bureaus in the five principal cities were organized under the charge of the State Labor Commissioner. These five bureaus exchanged weekly bulletins, which are posted in all five cities; their services are given free to both employer and employee; they cost the State only about \$5,000 a year altogether, and they have placed over 20,000 workers, at a saving to the workers of about \$50,000, to say nothing of superior efficiency and the protection of work-seekers from the rapacity of that large class of swindlers who make it a business to prey upon the needs of work-seekers in all our great cities.

Comparatively speaking, lack of employment, although now the principal cause of poverty, is a new condition. A generation ago it would have been considered strange to find a man or

IN THE HILLS OF ETRURIA.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

WE ARE not apt to think of the old Romans as specially alive to the laws of health. Rather they come to our minds as in the midst of Saturnalias,—heavy drinkers, heavy feeders, defiers of all law. We know there were then as now, crazes as to health and disease, and we know, too, that the miseries of great pestilences were theirs. But there was another side, a belief among all who thought, that “all the maladies of the soul might be reached through the subtle gateways of the body.”

No one has told the story of this gradual dawn of faith so perfectly as Walter Pater in his “Marius the Epicurian,” and because the book is almost unknown among us, I propose to draw at will on one phase of it covering this aspect of later Roman life. *Salus*, salvation, had come to mean bodily sanity. The religion of the god of health, *Salvator* as they called him, absolutely had a chance just then of becoming the one religion; that mild and philanthropic son of Apollo surviving or absorbing all other pagan godhead. The apparatus of the medical art, the salutary mineral or herb, diet or abstinence, and all the varieties of the bath, came to have a kind of sacramental character, so deep was the feeling, in more serious minds, of a moral or spiritual profit in physical health, beyond the obvious bodily advantages one had of it; the body becoming truly, in that case, but a quiet handmaid of the soul.

The priesthood or family of *Æsculapius*, a vast college believed to be in possession of certain precious medical secrets, came nearest of all, perhaps, to Christian priesthood; the temples of the gods, rich in some instances with the accumulated thank-offerings of centuries of tasteful devotion, being really also a kind of hospitals for the sick, administered in a full conviction of

the religiousness, the refined and sacred happiness of a life spent in relieving pain.

It was through dreams that such relief was believed to come, a direct gift from God, and to secure the "dreaming true," it was necessary if possible to sleep one or more nights in a temple consecrated to his service. One of the most beautiful of these was hidden in the green hills of Etruria, so skillfully and thoroughly that a special guide was necessary in order to reach it.

It was to this temple that the young Marius, victim to some boyish ailment, was sent and the record of his first night and his dreams gives the keynote to his after life. For in the dream came to him one of fair and stately aspect, fit to be master of his spirit, who taught him so that the memory never left him that in the eye lay often the determining influence of life, above all for him, and that he was of the number of those whose perfecting would come through the love of visible beauty. It was the same thought found later by him under another expression in the *Phædrus* of Plato. This supposes men's spirits made susceptible to influences, diffused, after the manner of streams or currents, by fair things and persons visibly present,—green fields for instance, or children's faces,—into the air around them, acting, in the case of some peculiar natures, like potent material essences and conforming the seer to themselves. And throughout, the possibility of some vision as of a new city coming down "like a bride out of heaven," a vision still indeed, it might seem, a long way off, but to be granted perhaps one day to these eyes thus trained, was presented as the motive of all the minute directions.

Temperance was the keynote; temperance in all things. To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, on objects more especially connected with the period of youth,—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring,—and through all, perfect temperance in all things always at work, excess in any matter put away forever.

This was the teaching in the dream, and with morning and a

draught from the sacred well whose water seemed a draught rather of life-giving air, so pure and transparent was its quality, Marius knew himself cured and rose to bathe and offer his oblation to the god in the beautiful temple where the priests came and went. On the sculptured walls he read as in a book the story of the sons of Æsculapius, who were transformed into healing dreams, and recalled an earlier reading: "For they were now grown too glorious to abide longer among men, and so by the aid of their sire, they put away their mortal bodies, and came into another country, yet not indeed into the Islands of the Blest. But being made like to the immortal gods, they began to pass about through the world, changed thus far from their first form that they appear eternally young, as many persons have seen them in many places, ministers and heralds of their father, passing to and fro over the earth like gliding stars."

It was they who had brought him the dream, and standing there before the shrine he said his collect of praise and thanksgiving to the inspired dreams:

"O ye children of Apollo! who in time past have stilled the waves of sorrow for many people, lighting up a lamp of safety before those who travel by sea and land, be pleased in your great condescension, though ye be not equal in glory with your elder brethren the Dioscuri, and your lot in immortal youth be as theirs, to accept this prayer which in sleep and vision ye have inspired. Order it aright, I pray you, according to your loving kindness to men. Preserve me from sickness and endue my body with such a measure of health as may suffice it for the obeying of the spirit, that I may pass my days unhindered and in quiet."

And so in the lad at the most susceptible period of all his life there came to be the thought of religious beauty associated forever with the exquisite temple of Æsculapius, and a growing ideal of the value of mental and bodily sanity. Nor did he lose it in the strenuous experience of later life or even in the last days when extremity of suffering came upon him and in dying he

remembered the beautiful temple and lifted his hands once more to the healing dreams, whose presence had gone with him always, and so passed on to the awakening from, yet also the fulfillment of all dreams.

FOG.

O mist, hanging over the river!
O fog lying low on the land!
Do not lift, keep the truth hushed forever,
'Neath touch of your tremulous hand!
For the fog-wreath is vague as a warning
And soft as a slumber robe lies,
But the light of the blue and the morning
Brings terrible truths to men's eyes!
—JANE A. ROULSTON.

THE SEAMAN, HIS CHARACTER AND CONDITIONS.

BY WALTER MACARTHUR, Editor *Coast Seamen's Journal*.

IT IS remarkable that notwithstanding the voluminous literature dealing with the seaman, his character and conditions, he is still as little known as the proverbial man in Mars and is regarded as a genus separate and distinct from the genus homo. Nevertheless, this is not wholly unnatural, as we shall see if we look into the matter.

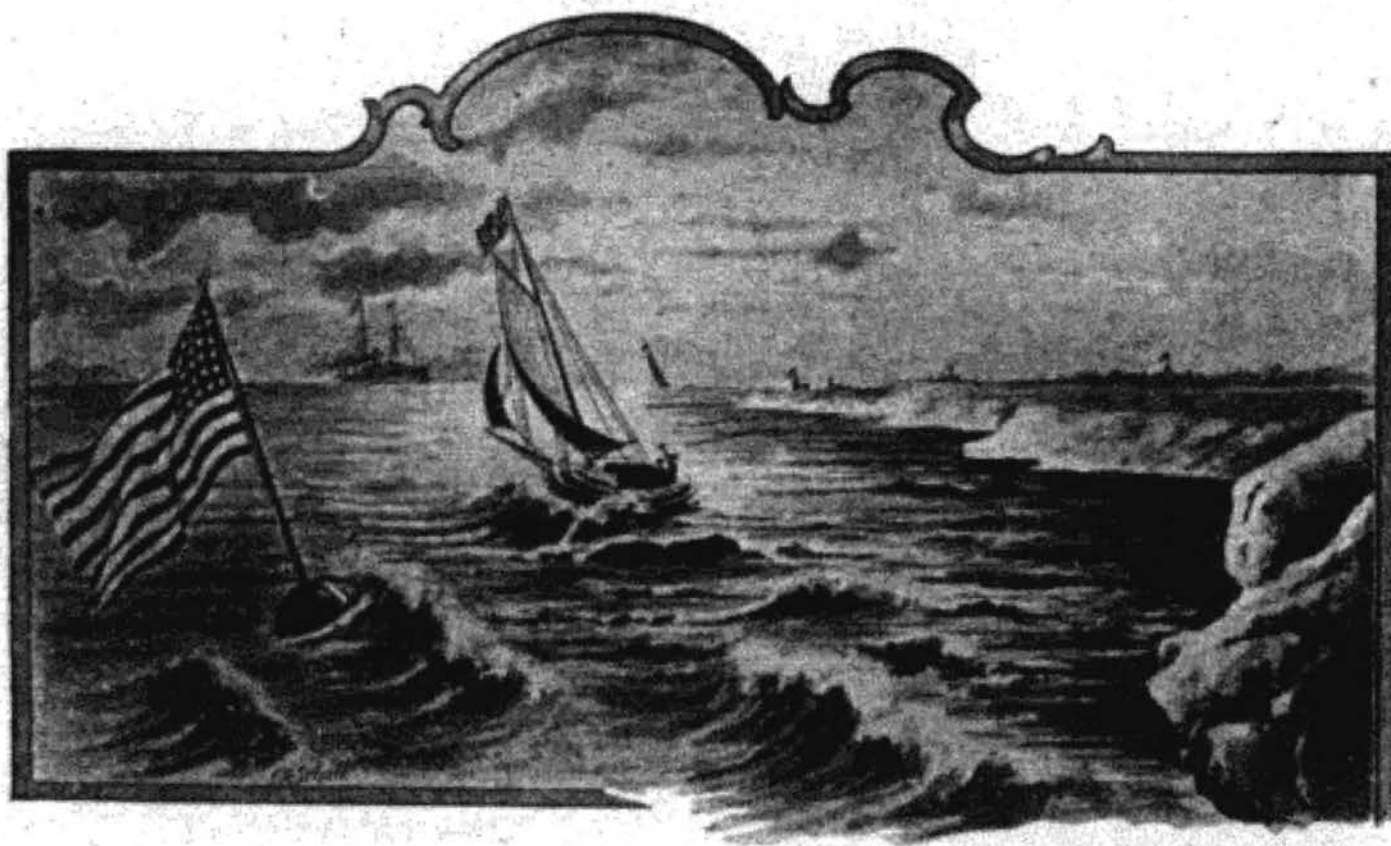
The seaman's life is as far removed, for purposes of comparison with life ashore, as that of the Marsian. Both are equally invisible. The world is guided in its judgment of the seaman by the literature on the subject. These writings, whether ostensibly fiction or fact, are always wide of the mark. The writer of "sea stories" exaggerates the seaman's moral side, so that he appears the embodiment of the extreme of honor or of vice, or of both. Those who deal with the seaman from the practical standpoint depict him in the more prosaic, but less tolerable role of one whose every impulse is bad, and who must for that reason be treated according to the rules made and provided in the case of the mentally irresponsible. It is upon this principle that the seaman has come to be regarded by law as a "ward of the nation" in the same sense as minors, lunatics and Indians. By the latter class of writers the seaman's character is summed up in the term, "Natural Improvidence," which is equivalent to the idea of "pure cussedness" as understood by people ashore. This term implies either a congenital difference between the seaman and the man ashore, or a difference between their environments sufficient to create a difference in character. To accept either of these views may be natural in view of our inability to test the truth by actual experience, but it is also remarkable in that it violates the rule which we apply in every other direction; it is, in short, a violation of the law of cause and effect.

An inquiry based on the relations of cause and effect as applied to the seaman must result in a conclusion opposed to the dogma of "Natural Improvidence." Seafaring is in itself an honorable calling. The special required qualifications, if any, are higher, rather than lower, than those required in the average occupation on land. The environments—that is, the natural environments—tend to cultivate these qualities. To say, therefore, that the seaman is naturally improvident, or naturally worse in any other respect than the average man, is obviously inconsistent.

It is admitted that there is a good deal of truth in the statements made regarding the seaman's character. But to that extent he is the creature of conditions superimposed upon him by circumstances extraneous to, and not inherent in, his calling. His failings are the effect, not the cause, of his conditions. His improvidence, so far as it exists at all, is "natural" only in so far as it is the consequence of statutory law, made in violation of natural law, and in numerous instances for the very purpose of bringing about and perpetuating that result.

A brief glance at the maritime law will prove this. In its essentials that law strikes at those fundamentals that make possible the moral and material progress of man—namely, individual liberty and the protection of property. A state in which these rights do not exist is a state of slavery, and that, in turn, involves the moral and mental turpitude of the people.

The state of the seaman under the law is one of slavery. The chief element of his enslavement is contained in the law that, first, compels him to sign an agreement (the "shipping articles") to serve for a specified time, and, secondly, compels him to fulfill that agreement, upon pain of imprisonment and return on board his ship. The seaman's condition thus becomes one of "involuntary servitude." As such it is a violation of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which was supposedly enacted to prohibit that condition. The word "supposedly" is used advisedly; for the scope of the Thirteenth Amendment was recently declared by the United States



From Songs of Universal Brotherhood by Nellie E. Dashiell.

The shipowners and others who favor the perpetuation of the present law have themselves abandoned the ground taken by the Supreme Court and freely admit that imprisonment for desertion is not necessary for the safety of commerce, but merely as a safeguard against any organized effort at self-improvement on the part of the seamen—a purpose which their plan is admirably calculated to accomplish.

The complement of the foregoing law is contained in another one which provides that a seaman may allot a certain portion of his wages to certain relatives, or to an "original creditor." This is known as the "advance system," and is everywhere recognized as the chief support of the crimps, or seamen's boarding-house masters, who are admittedly the greatest enemies to the seaman's social and moral progress. The allotment usually amounts to one-half of the wages to be earned by the seaman on any one voyage. It is paid in the great majority of cases to the "original creditor," which is but another designation of the crimp. Notwithstanding its obvious evils, this system is defended by the shipowners as a necessity to the seaman, on the ground that his "Natural Improvidence" leaves him short of clothing, etc., at the time of shipment. This argument is disproved by the well-known operation of the system. In practice the crimps are combined—with the consent, or, at least, toleration, of the shipowners—to compel the seaman to sign away his wages before they are earned, or, in event of his refusal to be thus mulcted, to deny him the chance of employment. It will be seen at once that this system must result in the impoverishment of the seaman. Since the crimps control the seaman's means of employment, they have the power to compel him to spend with them, not only the wages received at the end of one voyage, but also the wages allotted at the beginning of another. Thus what is called Natural Improvidence is in reality the result of a theft, to which the seaman is compelled to submit, at the option of remaining idle.

By these twin evils the condition of slavery is fully established. It will not be gainsaid that these conditions are unnat-

ural and that they are sufficient to explain any difference that may exist between the character of the seaman and his fellows on land. They explain the apparent discrepancy between what the seaman's character should be, by the ordinary rule of reasoning from cause to effect, and what it is, as generally understood, by showing that the law of cause and effect, as applied to natural conditions, has been superseded by the unnatural law of the statutes.

There are numerous other evils in the seaman's life, such as bad food, cruel treatment by officers, etc., but these grow out of the two parent causes here cited. Any reform, to be effective, must deal with these causes. To begin with, the door of personal freedom must be opened. To that end the seaman's organizations caused certain measures to be introduced in Congress. These are known as Senate Bill 95, introduced by Senator White of California, and House Bill 1638, introduced by Representative Maguire of California. Whether the enactment of these measures will improve the character and conditions of the seamen will depend, of course, upon the seamen themselves. It was but reasonable to ask that the people of the country at large shall do this much in order that the seaman may be given a chance to show whether his character, in so far as it differs from that of other men, is a peculiarity natural to him, or due to the conditions of law under which he lives.



LALIA MITCHELL.





BY LALIA MITCHELL.

WHEN PAST AND FUTURE MEET.

Farewell! Farewell! Alas, how soon
The break of day gives place to noon!
The noon to deepest night!
And thus the changing seasons turn
'Till, bowing o'er an empty urn,
We see the Year take flight.

Farewell! Farewell! O dying Year,
The falling snow shall grace thy bier,
And tolling bells repeat
Thy requiem, so sad, so low,
While tides of Time a trice o'erflow
When Past and Future meet.

Farewell! Farewell! O shadow pale,
We turn from thee and gladly hail

A vision fair to see:
The New Year comes on golden wings,
While Welcome! Welcome! sweetly rings
Each bell that tolled for thee!

SALEMA, THE KINGDOM OF PEACE.

My feet have been down in the valley of Pain
And high on the hilltops of Bliss;
I've wandered o'er Revelry's blossoming plain,
By Terror's unmeasured abyss;
With passionate heart I have stood on the crest
Where Reason and Temperance cease;
Yet now to thy borders I journey, to rest,
Salema, the Kingdom of Peace.

I've stood by the rapids of Hate and Despair
When demons were watching above;
I've found that the rivers of Friendship were fair,
And broad was the ocean of Love;
My heart has drunk deep at the springs of Delight
And feasted where Pleasures increase;
Yet weary of all I would enter to-night
Salema, the Kingdom of Peace.

For 'tis in thy grass-covered fields I shall find
The best and the brightest of life.
No griefs ever swell on thy whispering wind,
Thy skies never looked upon strife.
Salema, 'tis here that my tempest-tossed soul
Shall joy in its passions surcease:
At last I am nearing, fast nearing my goal
Salema, the Kingdom of Peace.

THE HUMBLE AND THE PROUD.

O, fair, fair are the mighty ships
As they slip away from shore,
And fair, fair is the boat that dips
At stroke of a slender oar;
With many a gallant man aboard,
With only a fisher boy,
But eyes are bright when the waves are light
And their hearts are filled with joy.

O, deep, deep are the briny caves
That never an eye can pierce,
And false, false are the laughing waves
That suddenly grow so fierce.
While blow the winds like a demon's breath
And the breakers wildly toss,
But the sea-gulls note the fisher boat
And the gallant vessel's loss.

O, weep, weep for the stalwart crew
That never shall reach the shore,
And weep, weep though you never knew
The laddie who comes no more.
Each grave is fair in the crystal deep
And the sea-flowers deck each shroud
For side by side 'neath the rocking tide
Lie the humble and the proud.

LOVE'S STORY.

O, dinna, my lassie, be standing sae still
Wi' your face to the pane an' your arm on the sill
A watching for ane to ride over the hill
Who comes frae the town when the shadows are falling.
The road it is lang an' his bonny black mare
Hae nae little load in the saddle to bear

For he's sturdy an' strong is the laddie. I've seen
Him grow frae a child, frae a youth, to a wean,
But never a better the oceans between
Than he who speeds on while the crickets are calling.
But come to your mither, an' sit at her knee,
My bonny bit lassie, sae winsome an' weel
For mony's the tear rises up to my 'ee
If I miss you at dusk when the shadows are falling.
But I think o' the time when I watched for my love
Wi' just such a star-night a bending above
I mind how he smiled in the gloom when he came.
I blushed more wi' pleasure an' pride than wi' shame,
For he asked me the day o' our bridal to name
When he stood at my side while the crickets were calling.
Tho mickle o' sorrow hae fell to our share,
Some skies hae been cloudy yet more hae been fair,
Thank Gude for it a'—for it a'—is my prayer
As I sit in the dusk while the shadows are falling.
But over the crest o' the hill I can see
A laddie who comes as my lad came to me;
Gae meet him! Gae meet him! I'll smile when I know
My lassie has plighted ring-troth to her Jo.
Love's story is sweet as it was long ago
When the stars smiled above and the crickets were calling.

VENUS, THE EVENING STAR.

O, Sweetheart when the day is done
And softly fall the dews,
I want thee, need thee, bid thee come,
And wilt thou yet refuse?
The world is wide and from my side
Thou journeyest afar,
Yet looking up to-night I spied
Venus, the evening star.

And long ago, the pledge was thine,
That whatsoever fate
Might stand between thy life and mine,
Sometime, however late,
In spite of sea or mount or lea
And all that sought to bar,
Thou yet wouldst stand and watch with me
Venus, the evening star.

I have not learned to doubt thy truth
But, love, the seasons pass,
Thou art no more a fearless youth
Nor I a hopeful lass.
And doubts unknown ere years had flown
My brightest dreamings mar
As standing here I watch alone
Venus, the evening star.

The nightingale hath stilled his song
And sobbing falls the rain—
I watched for thee, my love, so long
But O, I watched in vain.
And weary grows my heart that knows
You linger still afar;
Nor see, nor care, how brightly glows
Venus, the evening star.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

When she comes home, O, I can fancy how
Your lips will press her lips, her cheek, her brow,
How closely clasp her to your eager breast
Giving love's largess which is still life's best.
There are not words enough in all earth's tome
To speak your tenderness, when she comes home.

When she comes home, O, then I cannot blame
Your lips that speak no other but her name,
Your eyes that ever look into her face—
Smiling across from its accustomed place—
I only wonder that she e'er could roam
From such an ingle-nook, when she comes home.

When she comes home, O, then I cannot smile,
I who have filled her place a little while.
Honor and wealth, but not on land or sea
Ever a greeting, like to hers, for me.
Love broad as earth and high as heaven's dome,
Love and love's welcome hers, when she comes home.

A SONG FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

O Jenny, come down to the bars at dawn,
Come down to the bars and see
How the snow from the pasture field is gone,
A little bird sings in glee,
The sweet flowers bloom in the sun kissed vale
Where banks by the brook are green;
When the stars low down in the sky are pale,
Come Jenny, my love! my queen!

O Jenny, come down to the bars alone,
Come down to the bars and hear
A story of love that is all my own
For a maiden wondrous dear.
While the lone bird sings to his absent mate,
A glow in the east is seen;
By the pasture bars at the dawn I wait
For Jenny, my love! my queen!

O Jenny, come down to the bars, I pray,
Come down to the bars and know
What a wealth of love at the birth of day

O'er the hills and valleys flow.
I will win your promise to be my bride
While the sun with the golden sheen
Is kissing the hills and the valleys wide,
Come Jenny, my love! my queen!

EULALIA.

Eulalia walked amid the flowers
All gemmed with morning dew,
When birds were singing in the bowers
And bending skies were blue.
She culled the opening buds with care,
And smiling bade me take
One from the fragrant blossoms there
To keep for friendship's sake.

I saw the lily's wondrous grace
And roses side by side,
Eulalia with her modest face
Is fairer far, I cried;
O gentle maid, do not refuse
The flower I fain would take,
Your pure sweet self with joy I choose,
To keep for love's own sake.

Eulalia wandered 'mid the flowers,
I lingered by her side
Through all the golden morning hours,
And won my plighted bride.
Sweet incense floated on the air
To silver clouds above,
For we had found life's Eden there,
A garden crowned with love.

FATALITY.

I am no fatalist, to preach
A doubtful creed, I would not use
Mine hand great unsolved Truth to reach
And reaching, lower so that each
Base soul its bounty might abuse
For spoiler's snare or trickster's ruse.

And, yet, I look far out above
The sea of life, my soul the glass
That brings all near, and learn of Love;
That mighty deeds which nation's move
Or thought that spares the bending grass
God wills, and willing brings to pass.





EDITORIALS

THE COMING LIGHT holds its pages open as a free forum for the frank expression (always under conditions of decency and courtesy) of conscientious opinions, both conservative and radical, upon all subjects involved in the welfare of mankind. Therefore, while this magazine will not encourage any merely passionate and ruffian attacks on prevailing ideas and principles, or upon established customs and institutions, it will regard nothing that is of human moment as too sacred for honest, out-spoken and fearless comment and criticism. These principles will guide the editors, both in passing judgment on manuscripts submitted and in the expression of their own views and sentiments.

A few years since no paper of repute would dare *The World Do More!* to respectfully treat a woman suffragist, a religious agnostic or a social reformer. All this has changed so gradually that we have little conception of the strides we are making in the direction of liberty and free speech. In evidence of such growth one of our San Francisco dailies recently devoted a whole page of its Sunday issue to reminiscences of the life of Susan B. Anthony, a column or more to an interview with Robert G. Ingersoll, and a half page to the review of a book by Charlotte Perkins Stetson,—a trinity of reformers who would

While it is probable that the Filipinos would accept the sovereignty of the United States in exchange for that of Spain, it is extremely improbable that they will recognize the right of the United States to sell them to the highest bidder. Any disposition of the Philippines that may be made should be subject to the consent of the people. Modern civilization has shown itself somewhat unscrupulous in dealing with defenseless people, but it would protest against an exercise of power by the foremost republic in the world which ignores the wishes of 8,000,000 of people.

This is the kind of talk that "makes for righteousness." The question now is whether Uncle Sam has grown so blind that he cannot see the way of national rectitude; or so unprincipled that even if he sees it he will not walk in it.

* *

The election of a Mormon Congressman seems to *Congressional Morals.* have awakened the slumbering nation as nothing else could have done. Women at the capital and elsewhere are loud in their protestations against him. The clergy are lending a hand to crush him. The papers of the country vie with each other in producing the worst possible caricatures of him and his family; and altogether the people are having an awful spasm of virtue not altogether justified by the facts.

While we do not wish to be understood as defending polygamy we do think that it might be well to pause and ask some serious questions.

Is it practical fitness or good morals that makes a man eligible to office? If both, then how justify the election of the average man to responsible positions? There seems no dispute as to Congressman Roberts' qualifications for the place he is elected to fill. The trouble is wholly his polygamous life. Mr. Roberts, however, openly acknowledges his wives and their children and provides for their needs. He fails to see the necessity of lying to women collectively or of deceiving them individually. Can this be said of all Congressmen? We wink at the crime of seduction and deception, and permit to go unrebuked the glaring offenses against decency and honor perpetrated not only at the national capital but at every capital in the States of our Union, where the abandoned women congregate in unusual numbers whenever the Legislatures are in session.

It will not for a moment be argued that the yearly additional number of 500,000 prostitutes is chargeable to men without means or reputation. It is well known that the responsibility for this condition of affairs lies in a great measure with our law-makers who are among the most fearless of law-breakers. Candidly, who is the worse; the man who legally marries a plurality of wives, from principle, and supports them and their offspring, acknowledging them as his own; or the man who masquerades as an adherent to monogamic law while slyly living an adulterous life, refusing in most cases an adequate support, and in all cases a recognition of the victims of his wiles and selfishness? Before condemning the immorality of polygamists, it might be well to learn what proportion of the wholesale sacrifice of young womanhood on the altar of American lust is traceable to the State of Utah in general and to Salt Lake in particular.

It has been less than a score of years since a man against whom the gravest of charges were made was seated in the Presidential chair with the approval of the foremost politicians and clergymen of the nation, and it is not recorded that there was a dearth of women in attendance at the inaugural ball.

Above the storm of pharisaism and hypocrisy, that breaks not unreasoning abuse instead of meeting such questions honestly and fairly, the words of the Nazarene are ringing strong and clear—"let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

* *

Benevolence at Long Reach. It is curious how readily *far away* suffering and want appeal to the benevolent minded. Quite a number of representative church people have been greatly stirred by accounts "of starvation, misery and suffering in Cuba" and have held meetings and resolved that the case is "such as to render imperative the immediate introduction of measures of permanent relief." Accordingly they have indorsed a "Cuban Industrial Relief Plan," and sent forth circulars broadcast throughout the land soliciting contributions of money to put it into practical operation. The plan itself, judg-

ing from the circulars, is judicious and reasonable, and we have no criticism to make upon it. But we do wonder what it is that makes the *very distant* misfortunes and wretchednesses of humanity so powerful to arouse the active sympathies of pre-eminently good and charitable people, whereas they seem not to have thought out any *American Industrial Relief Plan* of a *permanent* nature. Long-armed Benevolence, intent on the amelioration of remote evils ought to have a short-armed little brother to attend to matters that are out of joint close at home.

* *

It is predicted that the next invention will be a *The Thinking Machine*. Thinking Machine. We hope the prediction will come true. It will be an immense relief to editors and preachers, doctors and lawyers, if it will only think straight. The great difficulty with the thinking machines which nature has supplied is that they follow the crooked thought lines of the ancestry they are derived from until they get so tangled up that they either jump a cog or stop thinking altogether. Between the breakdowns from the one cause and the inertia from the other, the world is in almost as bad a fix as the man who in a dream was stationed at the prayer door in Heaven and was so confused by the medley of sounds that he could not interpret any. The expression of thought, verbally and through the press, is at times equally bewildering, all on account of the thinking machine we have inherited becoming tangled up with the lines of other thinking machines until we "can't tell which from t'other" much of the time. Imagine the wholesale wisdom that will be delivered by the "nickel in the slot" process when Edison or Tesla finish inventing the patent automatic thinking machine which thinks while you sleep, leaving the force now wasted in brain cells to generate adipose tissue to round out the lean forms of some of the overworked thinkers, or to create healthy hair follicles for those who have thought themselves bald-headed. By all means let us have a thinking machine warranted to think straight.

A circular has been handed us which begins with *A Game of Skill.* the question in big letters—*Why not make money by using your brains instead of laboring day after day for a mere existence?* Then follows a display ad. of a new book (a new "Hoyle") on "*The Game in Wall Street, and How to Play it Successfully.*" The book is said to treat of "The Character of the Game;" "The Managers of the Game;" "Who Take Part in the Game;" "The Principal Cards Used;" and "How to Play the Pool Cards." It is stated that this is "not a game of chance but a game of skill. It is stated that "One hundred millions a year are lost by the public in the game," and the skill consists obviously in diverting a portion of this enormous loss of the public into the pocket of the skilled player. Now we advise the whole American people to quit working for a living and go into the game of skill and get rich and twirl their thumbs at Poverty. There are speculative stocks enough afloat in America, and of a sufficiently enormous value, to support us all in idle luxury and we see no reason why the whole blameless democracy of us should not avail ourselves of the opportunity which this book affords of "making a fortune rapidly." A few do it now; let us all do it! Or is there, alas! some flaw in the specious promises of this book? And is it barely possible that the majority of those who go into this "game of skill" are certain to be beaten, fleeced and robbed, and will help to pile up that hundred million for the cunning and tricky chaps that have the winning cards up their sleeves.

* *

In a recent address on "A Calm View of Christian *Pulpit Therapeutics.* Science," the Rev. Dr. Dille of Oakland treats the matter as imaginative and absurd. Among other things he says:

I have little hope of reasoning anybody out of the Christian Science belief for they were not reasoned into it. They accepted it because of the cures it has made or claims to have made. These "cures" have made every convert to that system. I do not deny that there are cures wrought by this system, but where it succeeds once it fails a hundred times, as it failed in the case of Harold Frederic of London. I am often asked how I explain the cures wrought by Christian Science

and kindred systems. I answer that I do not have to explain, since I have buried the people they have cured. I buried a woman in Sacramento by whose side the Christian Science healer sat till the breath left her body, declaring that she was well? But there are genuine cures? Yes, many a patient has been healed by a bread pill which he believed to contain a drug on the potency of which he relied. Such is the influence of mind over a body that one innocent remedy in many cases is as good as another, the remedy being only the fulcrum over which the will and the imagination work. As to the evidential value of cures made by Christian Science, I claim they have none whatever, because for every cure wrought by it I will bring you one hundred cures wrought by the bones and relics of Roman Catholic saints; by healers like Schlatter, who healed thousands in Denver; by Dowie, who has a great establishment in Chicago and who says Christian Science is an invention of Satan; by clairvoyants, quack doctors, and every nostrum under the sun. There is not a healing humbug in the world that cannot get all the testimonials it wants and honest ones at that.

We are neither Christian Scientists, Metaphysicians nor Mental Healers, but are thoroughly conversant with their theories and methods, the greater part of which Dr. Dille is either not familiar with or has withheld for reasons of his own. There is no denial of the fact that the imagination plays the principle part in all cures made by any method whatsoever. The truth is that imagination is that faculty of the mind which lays hold of and reflects the images that the spirit of life projects as self-existent, self-creative potencies, which in hours of mental blindness we are incapable of perceiving. It matters little what kindles the imagination of health in one's mind, it immediately allies that mind to the all-creative energy which works not only the physical redemption but oftentimes the spiritual as well. It is no argument against Christian or Mental Science that people believe because of the cures that are wrought. It is recorded that the people believed in Jesus because of the works that he did, the cures he wrought, the miracles he performed, and no minister has ever held those people up to ridicule. Are people so vastly different to-day that a manifestation of healing power would produce a different effect? If there are, as Dr. Dille states, one hundred failures to one cure by this method, can he produce a better showing under any of the accepted methods of treatment? It is no more remarkable that Christian Science patients die than that people die under regular methods. It is

hardly fair that the Doctor does not mention having buried the mistakes of the other practitioners. We have sat at the bedside of the dying around whom were gathered the clergy and deacons of the church praying to God to spare a mother to her children, or a child to its broken-hearted parents, and have watched the breath leave the body in spite of faith and prayer. We have officiated at the funerals of these silent answers to prayer but have never thought of arraiging the Christian Church because of it. These attacks of the clergy on the new methods of cure are based for the most part on the alarm they feel because people are thinking for themselves. They have made the mistake of enthroning a God in the skies so far removed from the world that anxious minds and hungry hearts feel themselves divorced from any possible unity with him. More than this, the clergy have assumed a near relation to God which they have failed to enable their followers to attain. The Science, be it Christian or Mental, that brings the God within to the consciousness of the human mind, awakens a faith in selfhood which urges the soul onward to the development of its own Godhood, and thus to the attainment of the victory of "him that overcometh." The failures that lie between are of little consequence in comparison to the gain of freedom for thought and action, freedom from clerical interference, and the freedom to live and also to die by one's own convictions of right.

* * *

Should Dunning Have Answered? The court episode in which Dunning, Attorney Knight and Judge Cook recently figured brings up certain important questions. Is it right to permit an attorney, in the progress of a case before the courts, to put outside people on trial, practically though indirectly, through the testimony of a witness? This is what the answer which Mr. Knight tried to force from Dunning would have done. Now whether that answer would have helped out the defense of Mrs. Botkin or not, (a possibility on which Judge Cook seems to have based his ruling) the question still is—Was it right to com-

pel Dunning to answer? We say not, emphatically not. The lives of the women whom Dunning shielded by silence were not legitimately under review, and the attempt to give publicity to their deeds had no moral warrant, whatever the legal precedents may be. If the fact that other persons besides Mrs. Botkin might have had motives for the poisoning of Mrs. Dunning would aid the defense, that point had already been brought out by the examination. But beyond this admission there was no justice or propriety in asking Dunning for a list of all the women with whom he might have been familiar. He did exactly right in refusing to answer. Had he answered that would have been a worse deed than the deeds that he admitted.

*Witnesses in the
Hands of Lawyers.*

Another question is—How far should a witness be compelled to submit to the badgering, brow-beating, insinuation and superciliousness of attorneys? It seems to be regarded as the right of a lawyer to work the public ruin of every witness whom he cross examines. Accordingly the witness is often assailed as to his own reputation, the reputation of his father and grandfather, and the reputation of all persons with whom he is or has been associated or even whom he knows or ever has known. This is radically wrong and there ought to be general rebellion against it. The witness is summoned simply and only to tell what he knows about the case under trial, and witnesses would be justified in even a defiant refusal to tell anything else. No lawyer or court has any right to force more out of a witness, except in case of regular procedure for an impeachment of his testimony. In that case he would be privileged to *defend* his character and reputation, whereas ordinarily the witness has no recourse against the vast effrontery of the cross examination.

* *

*Better Late than
Never.*

The "Pilgrim Mothers' Dinner," given at the Waldorf, Astoria, N. Y., on Thursday, December 22d, by the New York County Woman Suffrage League, is the seventh annual dinner of the kind and was a

grand success. Many prominent suffragists of the State responded to the after dinner toasts and otherwise contributed to the joy of the occasion. This is as it should be. Our debt to the Pilgrim Mothers can never be estimated, and although we are tardy in the recognition of their true worth and their sacrifices for their children's freedom, the coming years will emphasize their value and influence in ratio to the expanding intelligence of the race regarding womankind, and in correspondence to the higher interpretation of motherhood which is beginning to dawn upon the human mind.

Eureka! Speaking of the success of woman suffrage in South Dakoth, Mrs. Anna R. Simmons, President of the S. D. W. S. A., says in the *Woman's Tribune*:

The victory is won. We have our constitution with us on the question. An amendment carries when a majority of the votes on that question are for it. It is the best thing in the world to carry on a campaign quietly as we have ours. Our enemy did not know our strength. We purposely gave nothing out to the press in the State or out of it. Hence antagonism was not aroused. We kept our question a question of the people, entirely non-partisan. Hence we were not a bone of contention for any party. One theory that I have always fought against is at least exploded by our victory, and that is that we must get party endorsement to succeed. We let the parties alone and they let us alone. Now for a public jubilee at our State convention. The amendment which has been carried simply changes the word "male," in qualifications of electors to "persons." This gives women the right to vote and be voted for just the same as men.

Commenting, the *Tribune* says:

Mrs. Simmons' suggestions as to how an amendment may be carried will serve in the discussion of methods for future campaigns. Of course, "circumstances alter cases," and in other States this method might not be successful. South Dakota was thoroughly canvassed on the woman question eight years, and this education with the influences of the result of woman suffrage in adjoining States has brought to pass the success of to-day.

Mrs. Simmons is right. If the suffragists everywhere would cut loose from political parties and keep their own counsel while persistently working for the freedom of their sex they would succeed in *every* State. Their defeat in the past has been due to the assumption that they could not stand alone but must be backed by a political party. Woman suffrage is not a ques-

tion limited to politics. It is a question of justice as wide as the world, touching all people in all lands and is therefore greater than the interests of any party or combination of parties. All the suffrage educators in the world, with all the world's available literature on suffrage, cannot bring the success that that quiet concentration can. To simply stand alone, self-centered, calm, persistent, Lord of herself, is what woman must learn to do before she gains full recognition of her power either in the home or the nation. The tendency to tack on to political parties is the evidence that the clinging impulse of woman is abnormal in its development and needs to be eliminated or modified. Mrs. Simmons has struck a keynote which will, if heeded by the suffragists of other States, insure victory for woman's cause.

* *

*Look Out What you
Read.*

In the slavery period of our Republic, if a slave were caught reading a newspaper of any kind, or indeed reading the Bible, he was liable to a flogging. To have learned to read at all was regarded as incipient rebellion against the regime of bondage. The Roman Catholic Church also has had its *Index Expurgatorius*, interdicting the perusal of books which it regarded as of baleful influence. We must not imagine that such wretched policies have as yet died out of the world: as witness the following item clipped from the *Voice of Labor*:

The Syracuse, N. Y., Typographical Union has passed a resolution fining any member \$2 if caught reading a paper without the union label thereon.

Now we picture to ourselves some poor fellow in Syracuse seeing an attractive looking paper on a desk and eyeing it from a safe distance to discover if possible whether or not it bears the redeeming mark. Unable to determine the question from afar, he stealthily approaches and finally takes the sheet in his hands and turns the pages to make sure of its character. Fatal moment! He is spied in the very act, and the paper proving to be villainously lacking the label, and yet in his hands, and his eyes upon it, how shall he establish his innocence and escape the

SANCTUM BRIEFS.

It gives us great pleasure to present to our readers this month an article from the pen of Paul Tyner, who has just come into the proprietorship and editorial direction of the *Arena*. We share with many the hope that under the new management the *Arena* will far outdo its past record and vindicate its right to perpetuation as a powerful, impartial and uncompromising journal of reform. Readers will certainly be interested in Mr. Tyner's answer to the question, "Is Poverty Curable?"

Helen Campbell is again cordially welcomed to our pages, in an article of singular simplicity and beauty—"In the Hills of Etruria." She is a veteran worker and whatever she writes has the distinctive charm of her own personality.

Next month's concluding chapter of Katharine V. Grinnell's article will present a novel and interesting view of the harmonization of the individual and social forces available for a rational and effective system of government.

Mrs. Stetson has struck to the heart of things in her able work on "Women and Economics." The perusal of the article adapted from that book for THE COMING LIGHT will undoubtedly incite our readers to secure and peruse the volume itself. If you do so, it will afford you a new angle of vision for many things involved in woman's traditional status, and also open a comparatively new prospect as regards her future.

Mr. John H. Marble begins this month a new department. It may receive a different title in succeeding issues, but in any case it will bear the characteristic marks of Mr. Marble's lucid style and clear, vigorous thought.

Our readers will recognize a sweet strong note in the poems of our young friend, Lalia Mitchell, which appear in this issue and will agree with us that literary recognition and popularity are due her.



Wel I declare! its bin nearly 2 hull munths sence I've writ a word for **THE COMING LIGHT**; but I've bin as bizzy as a boy killin shaiks, and that's appolygy enuff. If ever there was a age of revelations its this one, and I shoodent be supprized if its the identikle one John on Patmos writ up so meny senchurys ago. I wish he was here to tell us whethur we are in the Alfy or Omegy of it, for its past sypherin out unles you happen to be the 7th dotter of a 7th dotter or was born with a vale over your face, or belong to some line of profits with good foresite. I cant klaim either honer ritefully, tho I do sumtimes see strait threw the shams and frods around me.

Ever sence my trip up country to **THE COMING LIGHT** camp, Ive bin spendin my time reedin the news and traipsin around to find out how much of it is true. It may be a shock to the reeders of this magazeen, but a no. 5 thimbul wood hold all the simon pure truth Ive run up agin in this nigh on to 7 weeks surch fer it. Its a dredful pitty that the newspaper reporters cant afford to tell the truth but they *can't*. I *know* becaws I went out 2 hull days with one of 'em reportin.

We went to a sail one mornin in a swell house with a furst class air about it, expectin to find a sight o' valybel furnitur and bricky brack goin for nuthin or next to nuthin. Instid o' that there was a lot of old truck that we woodent give smoke hous room down in Missouri. The awkshunear called em anteeks, and dun a site o' tawkin about the nashunality of 'em and the former oaners of 'em. Sum peepke bawt things. One striped curtin that looked just like my grandmother's linsy pettycote in color and stripe, and that ragged it wood hardley hold together, sold for \$30. I forgit who used to oan it, but I think the man's name was bagdad. An old man wearin goggels got it and I'll ventcher that by the time his wife mends all them holes she will want him sent to the home of the feeble minded, where he belongs. Tidys and tabel skarfs, yaller with iron rust and age, and lace ragged and gray as a gofer, was cried off as the belongins of notybels whose names I didnt try to remembur, for I knowd twant a word of it true. I remarkd to the reporter in a undertone "that awkshunear must be a kronic liar;" but he jest writ right on and never cracked a smile. General Hallek's chairs and Joe Jeffersun's book case and Napolyun's belt and a Waterloo soard all found byers. Moastly 2nd hand men dun the biddin to the disgust of the awkshunear who wanted 20th senchury prices for 16th senchury goods, but he didnt get 'em. Next mornin judge of my supprize on openin the papers to see a hull kollum givin the ackount of the sail of rare tapistery and uther valybel and tellin about the croud of interested ladys who bid in the choise things. Now I was the only woman there, except the housekeeper, and the reporter knowed it purfectly well, but he said he had to write moastly lies to keep his job.

We went to a sochabel that same afternoon. The sochability was of different stock from what we have in Missouri. Nobody tuk their things off, not even their glives, and the ice creem was dished out in little shaller dishes that I'd be ashamed of, and the cake they passed with it was tuff as sole lether. The reporter described the refreshmunts as "a sumptuous repast, exquisitely served," and told what a deliteful and inteligent gath-

erin it was, but 'pon my honer I didnt hear a singel remark that was real sensabel. They talked about charitys and servents and girls select schools and football teems and who beat at the last game; but nobody menshuned the public school disgrase, nor the supervisory board, nor made a suggestshun about preventin the suisides of starvin peeples. The reporter said he knowed all that, but he *had* to "prevaricate," and he invited me into a candy store to drink ginger ale with him to settle his stumick. The ice creem was sickenin and the cake so hevvy that he needed the ale. I let him drink all of it, for I could see that twixt the indigestabels he had eat and the lies he had to tell, he was lookin a little peeked and white around the mouth.

Next day we went to a art exhibit in the morning. The picturs was to be sold in the afternoon of the next day. They was labeled with names of artists who had made a repertashun in by gone ages. There was a grate meny "only originals" among 'em. I put on my glasses and examined them close. Then I set clean across the room and looked at 'em, and finally I said to the man in charge of the stewdyo, "If thats the best paintin they dun them days I prefer the art of to-day." When we got on the streets I asked the reporter what on earth he was goin to say about 'em. He said, "I must lie like blue blazes. We get a hansum sum for that write up, which helps sell the picturs. In the afternoon we went to a musicul to hear 2 singers, a male and a female. They had a big audyence, moast of which didnt know whether to applaud or not; but when the newspaper men, and girls that I recognized as the reporter's friends, and who were scattered thru the crowd, started it, they all jined in. The female singer's voice was week and broak on the hi noats; and the male singer bauled out his low noats in raspin diskords, but they got a write up that would dun credit to Jenny Lind and Mario, who I heard sing in Cincinnaty in the fortys.

But the klimax was capped when we went to hear a U. S. Senator tell about the "Benefits of annexashun and terrytorial expanshun." He was dressed to kill and had a voice like a church organ, but he was as empty of idees as a last years'

bird's nest is of eggs. He didnt know any more about his subject than if he was born yesterday. Neether did the reporter, and I set up till moast midnight helpin the poor feller doctor the week places in the Senator's argufyin, so they'd be fit to print. The editur slapped him on the back when he got to the offis and sed "you're a brick, I coodent a dun that well myself." I just menshun this to show how little the people are thinking for themselves and to give a little idee of what a almost hopeless case the sochel body is and of what a big undertakin the enlitenun of em is.

When I red in THE COMING LIGHT them opinyuns on truth tellin in San Francisco I thought they was a bit overdrawed, but after I had chased around for 10 days or so, tryin to veryfy the things I red in the newspapers, and answerin advertizmunts of rair oppertunitytys to make fortshuns, beside standen around bargain counters where dollar goods was suppsed to be sellin for 2 bits, and had been bit myself in 5 or 6 bargins, I sofened a little in my judgment of the men who was intervued about the effect of truth tellin in this town. I about made up my mind that Sodum and Gomorrah was not the only towns that desurved the devine rath. I never in all my born days red sich miserabel compliments as profeshional men pay each other in court and in the papers and on the streets, to say nothin of the fisticuff fites they ingaig in to defend their honer. Its sum like findin a neadel in a hay mow to find any body with a cleen reckerd, if you take heer say for a gide.

I went thru enuf politix durin the kampaign to satisfy me that taint much difference who's elected; it will end in the candydate servin himself insted of the peeple. I never dreamt that candydates could hatch up so many promises in one kampaign, most of em borderin on recklessness. Its amazin how glib they tawk, and a body wood think that smillin was epidemik the way they was all affickted with it. Its a kawshun how quick a man who was a old reprobait one day had the title of honerabel tacked on to his name the next, all becaws he was lected to offis. Taint much wunder that men dont want their wives and mothers in

politix if their reputashuns is to be assailed like men's is. I woodent have Eph run for offis for eny thing, not even for President.

I've been on lots of investigashun toors to churches and hospitels and homes, and to slum town and Chinatown on the same errant. But it will take a number of letters to give you all the benefit of 'em. I must stop rite heer and wish you all a happy new year full of prosperity and peecefulness.

COUSIN DOROTHY.



MESSAGES

[This Message Department has an open window toward the whole wide world. It invites communications from all who are impelled to speak the honest word out of their hearts. The editors will abdicate the critic's chair as toward the writers in this department, only let your messages be brief and to the point. Bring to this department the things that help or hinder you, the things that inspire or discourage you, the things you wish to do for others or wish them to do for you. Tell us how everything seems to you and how you think it ought to be. This department is the free Council Chamber of us all.]



THE COMING LIGHT holds a warm sympathy toward innocent and helpless children, whether purpose, chance, or mischance have attended their advent into life. We therefore gladly give space for the following communication relating to a society of benevolent women devoted to the rescue from poverty and neglect of those little waifs who otherwise might meet only a cruel inhospitality in the world of men.

THE WOMEN OF '96 AND THEIR WORK.

"Thou, Nature, art my goddess! to thy law alone, my services are bound, but wherefore *should* I stand in the plague of custom and permit the curiosity of Nations to deprive me, when my dimensions are as well compact, my mind as generous and my shape as true as honest Madame's issue? Why bastard? Wherefore base? Why brand they us with bastardy?"

The plague of custom has changed since Shakespeare placed the foregoing lament upon the lips of one of his wizard waifs; and to such organizations as *The Women of '96* may this most cheering change be attributed. The society which bears this name is composed of progressive women pledged to procure, protect and provide for abandoned and homeless children. That many of these bear the ban of "bar sinister" is a foregone conclusion.

The society's headquarters are located at 406 Sutter street. The directors are Mrs. Evelyn K. Benton, Mrs. Josephine M. Young, Mrs. Mary J. Baddeley, Miss Annette Eastman, Miss Mamie L. Buck. The membership is limited to twelve, each of whom has voluntarily assumed the following obligations:—"To apply for and procure abandoned and homeless children. To execute guardianship and adoption papers for the same. To place them in families where they will be properly provided for. To build and maintain homes, hospitals and training schools for them. To superintend bazaars, sales, entertainments and socials for their benefit. To raise money by contributions, subscriptions and membership fees. To buy, sell and mortgage real estate, stocks and bonds, and to organize, if necessary, auxiliaries or advisory boards for the benefit of the same."

When the mother of an infant is known and she consents to its surrender to the society's fostering care, a paper legally drawn, signed and witnessed, completes the transaction. The release is then irrevocable. In the case of baptism, certificates are preserved as religiously as in those archives reserved for peers and princes of the purse.

Since the date of its incorporation (September 29, 1898) fifteen foundlings have been rescued by the society and placed in permanent homes. A systematic search is being made in hospitals, the alms house, and other abodes of the unwelcome, for these little "accidents," with results which are thus far gratifying to these gentle women whose interest in the lowly and neglected of this class justifies comparison with the work of Him whose mission on earth was, we are taught to believe, the rescue of the perishing.

Strange as it may seem, the demand for these waifs exceeds the supply. "If we found a baby at our door every morning in the year," said Mrs. Benton, president of the society, "we would know where to place it, as a yearning for the young is more general than many believe." Into homes of comfort and affluence, where the magic thrill of baby fingers has never been felt, these mysterious little strangers are placed, and who shall presume to question the propriety or measure the beneficence bestowed by the presence of a child?

The fact of their being welcome argues much in their favor, for a guest, as we all know, who is cordially received possesses precedence immeasurable over one grudgingly admitted. Thus the child of adoption is blessed beyond the legalized offspring of poverty and crime. Wedded want welcomes not increase.

That these sinless souls of sin are admitted into havens of human affection, nourished and acknowledged, given opportunities for education, industrial training, citizenship and inspired with the prospect of an honorable career, is proof of the banishment into those baleful and benighted cloisters of the past of the "bar sinister."

EUGENIA KELLOGG HOLMES.

EDITOR COMING LIGHT,

Dear Madam: There is a question I would like to ask you, because I see that you have ideas of your own on many subjects. Now what do you think about this doctrine that we have lived in some life before this one? You see, it's like this. I am twenty-eight and never loved anybody until lately, but now I have fallen in love, and it seems to both of us as if we had known each other and been in love for millions of years. Do you suppose we have, or is it only a whim? Yours truly,

Yes, we have an idea. Sometimes when under the witching spell of a great passion one lives ages in a day; and this may be your present experience. However, there is much to be said on the subject of past memories, which is rather too deep a problem to discuss here. Not wishing, however, to discourage the convictions of honest lovers we respectfully submit an inspiration on reincarnation which presumably was written by someone whose soul was aflame with the same feelings you describe, whose imagination had reached conclusions and whose memory served him better than yours has done. The verses are from an old scrap book and were printed first we believe in *Judge* several years ago.

AN ESOTERIC ODE.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
When light was beginning to dawn,
I floated about on the ether
A poor little atom forlorn.
And now on the darkness and chaos
Your form was the first to appear,

You were only a molecule darling,
But such a sweet molecule, dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
The days that we spent in a pool
Among the Silurian meadows,
When things were beginning to cool.
Although I am sure I was happy,
I think our appearance was queer.
You were only a polliwog, darling,
But such a sweet polliwog, dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
The time that we spent in a cave.
I lately saw in a collection
Some bones you helped me engrave,
The plaques you now paint are quite different
In art your improvement is clear.
You were only a troglodyte, darling,
But such a sweet troglodyte, dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
How life in Arcadia ran,
When wandering down by the river
We frequently met the god Pan;
That twist a la Psyche you're wearing
Brings those golden ages so near;
You were only a dryad, my darling,
But such a sweet dryad, my dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
The first time you asked me to call;
A cycle has passed since that morning
And one since last night at the ball.
The time is so long when you're absent
And passes so quick when you're here;
For you are my sweetheart, my darling,
And such a sweet sweetheart my dear.

SATURDAY'S CHILD

BY EVA V. CARLIN.

The child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is blythe and bonny and good and gay,
Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sour and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for its living.

“Why not look forward far as Plato looked
And see the beauty of our coming life,
As he saw that which might be ours to-day?
If his soul, then, could rise so far beyond
The brutal average of that old time,
When icy peaks of art stood sheer and high
In fat black valleys where the helot toiled—
If he, from that, could see so far ahead,
Could forecast days when Love and Justice both
Should watch the cradle of a healthy child,
And Wisdom walk with Beauty and pure Joy
In all the common ways of daily life—
Then may not we, from great heights hardly won,
Bright hills of liberty, broad plains of peace,
And flower-sweet valleys of warm human love,
Still broken by the chasms of despair
Where Poverty and Ignorance and Sin
Pollute the air of all—why not, from this,
Look on as Plato looked, and see the day
When his Republic and our Heaven, joined,
Shall make life what God meant it?

Ay, we do!”

THESE are wonderful days of revealment; every day new properties of matter are exposed, and the unfathomed complications of the world are further penetrated; the glad promise of a new physical earth is fulfilled as the portentous

"I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

And again: "Equality—as if it harmed me, giving others the same chances and rights as myself—as if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same."

David Starr Jordan prophesies:

"The time will come when the civilized man will feel that the rights of every living creature on the earth are as sacred as his own. Anything short of this cannot be perfect civilization."

Listen to these voices of courage, hope and highest expectation, chanting the beauty of the good, and nerving us with incessant affirmations, as Emerson demands.

"This world is no blot for us

Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good."

—*Robert Browning.*

Be not dishearten'd, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet.—*Walt Whitman.*

God will not mock the hope he giveth,

No love he prompts shall vainly plead.—*John G. Whittier.*

Mould conditions aright, and men will grow good to fit them.
—*Horace Fletcher.*

The vision of things to be done may come a long time before the way of doing them appears clear. But woe to him who distrusts the vision.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.—*Phillips Brooks.*

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

A radical transformation in industrial and social changes is thus depicted by Edward Bellamy, showing the realization of the glorious dream of human unity, social solidarity, or to use his own phrase "economic equality." And this is the vision of things possible, wherein every hope became the fullness of desire.

"Science and invention, freed from the trammels of capitalism, have received a tremendous impetus and their achievements are marvelous. The tyranny of fashion has been overthrown;

sanitation and medical science have made wonderful strides; great cities have been eliminated and population is more evenly diffused over the land; and, on the other hand, there has been a general reforestation; nature has everywhere been made beautiful and the entire land has been made into one vast park. And there was no more any thirst in that land, neither any that was ahungered, nor naked, nor cold, nor in any manner of want; and every man said unto his fellow, 'My brother,' and every woman said unto her companion, 'My sister,' for so they were with one another as brethren and sisters which do dwell together in unity. And the blessing of God rested on that land forever."

In that glad New Year of the race there will be no place for Saturday's Child; the conditions which produce him will be eliminated. A race of children born of an enlightened, independent, free motherhood—for the emancipation of woman means society redeemed and humanity saved—will not challenge the sorrowful tenderness that is excited to-day by the languid, half-alive little waifs, who, with pitiful stolidity or a more pitiful vivacity are forced to do battle for existence prematurely.

A rational wholesome training will be given the youth of that New Time to inspire them to master the secrets of the universe, and bring back those contributions that will increase the sum of knowledge. They shall learn to consult the ribs of the mountains, feel the pulses of the sea, trace the foot-paths of the stars, summon horses and chariots of fire to make them bearers of thought, set in order the secrets of the soil—make God transitive through nature into life. They shall know the simple rapture of *doing*; the joy of productive activity, the joy of achievement and the joy of service shall be the primary instincts of every healthy, eager, sensitive soul, and draw the man into a due share in the great labor of the world. For, in that New Time there will be work to be done; but the element of selfish anxiety shall be withdrawn from all labor, and the new race will enter with new zest the domain of new interests from love of the work itself. Then, indeed, shall "life be what God meant it."

We greet thee, O new time, new world, new man.

By the Way.

A NATION once started out in life with a great love of liberty. It had suffered much from alien rule; had been taxed without having anything to say about the use to be made of the taxes; had suffered from garrisons of troops sent from the dominant country; and had never had any governors except those chosen for it and sent to it from across the seas.

Still remembering the hurt of these things, it hated them and proclaimed it to be right that all men should be free from them. (It carefully excluded black men and red men from its interpretation of the phrase "all men," but, as it has since recognized the equality of the blacks, and as the Indians are mostly dead, perhaps nothing need be said about that.) It really meant what it said, for it was fighting for its own freedom, and Freedom has no worshippers so devout as those who are just gaining her for themselves.

This nation gained freedom, and with freedom has come strength, and with strength, temptation. This is good—and inevitable. Just as the builder tests his materials before he trusts them to bear weights and strains, so every man and every nation comes at last to the time of trial. Even the Christ was taken up into a high mountain by the Devil, and offered a bribe to forget his principles and his mission. That Christ knew that the Devil was the Devil, and that the proffered sovereignty was only a sham, snare and delusion, does not detract from his divinity in refusing. The best superiority to temptation consists in the clear insight which sees the truth and is not tempted from it by a lie.

The Devil never has anything real to offer. All real things belong to the kingdom of God. Of course Christ saw and knew it, and refused to be bought with nothing. By so seeing and

knowing, he evidenced his superiority to the Devil and the Devil's ways, and manifested to men the power, which knowledge and wisdom stands ready to give them, to lock up the Devil for not only a thousand years, but for as long as their wisdom endures.

As Christ was tempted with the offer of a sham kingdom to give up his heavenly character and real nature, so the United States is to-day being offered dominion over other peoples for the taking, if it will only fall down and worship the devil of despotism enough to accept the rod of power.

We know better, but—trade—commerce—profit—glory—world-power—

I do not know what the outcome will be. We are not a Christ-nation, although we have as great a message as Christ's to all the nations, if we will only be faithful to it. The bribe is a sham-bribe, but we were once bought for eighty years by the sham-bribe of slavery, and are not yet through with the consequences. Our greatest public men kissed its feet. Webster and Clay served it, hoping thereby to gain the Presidency. McKinley, Teller, and Hearst have integrity no more rigid than theirs. Ninety-two preachers of Richmond, Virginia, joined in a letter praising slavery for bringing the blacks within the sphere of "Christian influences." Preachers who to-day are for expansion on the ground that it will aid missionary work among the heathen, are again turning their backs upon right through over-devotion to their calling.

Shall we sell our principles, or shall we be true?

How much do we know? Do we love liberty, or do we love ourselves and admire liberty when it is for us and despise it when others are in danger from us?

Minutes with the Masters



I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said than by painfully saying it again in one's own way."—*Ruskin, in Flors Clavigera.*

To what extent Democracy has now reached, how it advances irresistible with ominous, ever-increasing speed, he that will open his eyes, on any province of human affairs may discern. Democracy is everywhere the inexorable demand of these ages, swiftly fulfilling itself.—*Thomas Carlye.*

Here is this great fact of conservatism, intrenched in its immense redoubts, with Himmaleh for its front and Atlas for its flank, and Andes for its rear, and the Atlantic and Pacific seas for its ditches and trenches, which has planted its crosses, and crescents, and stars and stripes, and various signs and badges of possession, over every rood of the planet, and says: "I will hold fast; and to whom I will, will I give; and whom I will, will I exclude and starve;" so says conservatism; and all the children of men attack the colossus in their youth, and all or all but a few bow before it when they are old. A necessity not yet commanded, a negative imposed on the will of man by his condition, a deficiency in his force, is the foundation on which it rests. . . . Meantime on the other part, rises Reform, and offers the sentiment of Love as an over match to this material match. I wish to consider well this affirmative side which has a loftier part and reason than heretofore, which encroaches on the other every day, puts it out of countenance, out of reason, and out of temper, and leaves it nothing but silence and possession. The fact of aristocracy, with its two weapons of wealth and manners, is as commanding a feature of the nineteenth century, and the American republic, as of old Rome or modern England.—*Emerson.*

Individual man, a free and responsible creature, is able to

use or abuse the faculties given to him, in proportion as he follows the path of duty or yields to the seductions of a blind selfishness. He may thus delay or accelerate his own progress, but the Providential design can be cancelled by no human means. The education of Humanity *must* be completed. Thus do we see even the barbarian invasions, which from time to time threaten to extinguish the existing civilization, result in a new civilization superior to the former and diffused over a wider zone, and even individual tyranny subsequently produce a more rapid and vigorous growth of liberty. . . .

The earth is no sojourn of expectation. It is the home wherein we are to strive towards the realization of that ideal of the true and just of which each man has in his own soul the germ. It is the ladder towards that condition of Perfection which we can only reach by glorifying God in Humanity, through our own works, and be consecrating ourselves to realize in action all that we may of His design. The judgment that will be held on each of us, and that will either decree our ascent one step on the ladder of Perfection or doom us mournfully to pursue again the stage already trod, will be founded on the amount of good done to our brothers, on the degree of progress to which we have aided them to ascend.

Association, ever more intimate and more extended, with our fellow-men, is the means by which our strength will be multiplied; the field wherein we fulfill our duties and reduce the Law of Progress to action. We must strive to make of Humanity one single family, every member of which shall be himself a reflection of the moral law for the benefit of the others and as the gradual perfection of Humanity is accomplished from epoch to epoch, from generation to generation, so the perfection of the individual is wrought out from existence to existence more or less rapidly in proportion to our own labor and effort.—*Joseph Mazzini.*

Book Reviews.

TO OUR great satisfaction we are in receipt at last of the long-awaited volume of *Poems and Songs* by James G. Clark. In the first issue of this magazine December, 1897, we published an account of a memorial service in the poet's honor, and announced the publication of the volume now in hand. The book is in its exterior a beautiful example of the printer's art, and so a fitting vehicle for carrying the inspired thoughts of this noble singer to an extended circle of readers. We extract from Mr. O. B. Flowers introductory chapters the following interesting paragraphs:

"Mr Clark's literary life may be divided in three parts: (1) the lyric poet and popular song writer; (2) the poet of freedom; and (3) the laureate of labor. Leona, his most beautiful lyric, marks the close of the first period. The war was now at hand; the union of the States and the slavery issues were on the lips and in the hearts of every one; something of the beauty and brightness of the old home had gone out of life which now appeared more stern and august than ever before.

He felt as he had never felt the personal responsibility which devolved upon him. Great issues involving the happiness of millions were up for settlement. He was no longer justified in remaining the "idle singer of an empty day." Nay more; even poems which at certain times would have been appropriate must now give place to the great cause which he felt demanded his best work.

He composed songs which he set to music and sang to vast multitudes in Northern towns. His "Freedom's Battle Hymn" was second only in popularity to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." In the interest of the Sanitary Commission and the Soldier's Aid Society he visited city after city, electrifying the people as stirring song and music only can arouse and enthuse the awakened imagination. He became a real factor in the cause of the Union, and his war poems ceased to be on the lips of the multitude only after the flags were furled.

The war closed, but the poet had come to understand that the human caravan could not rest; that civilization must advance or retrograde. A higher vantage-ground revealed nobler heights to be attained which had not been visible on the lower eminence. He refused to rest on the greensward by the wayside or to become a dreamer. For him new occasions taught new duties. He beheld the misery of the millions who to him were brothers and sisters. He felt that God had given to him a voice with which to speak for the voiceless and burdened ones. He became the prophet, champion and friend of the toilers, throwing into their cause the same poetic fervor that had inspired Gerald Massey and Charles Mackay during the Corn Law agitation, and William Morris in behalf of the burdened wage-earners during the later years of his life. Throughout the past two decades Mr. Clark has written more really excellent poems of progress and songs of the people than any other poet in America since the war of the rebellion."

The *Poems and Songs* are published by the Champlin Printing Co., Columbus, Ohio; price one dollar and a quarter. For sale also at THE COMING LIGHT office.

ZELMA THE MYSTIC, or White Magic versus Black, by Alwyn M. Thurber; illustrated; Chicago. Authors Publishing Co., pp. 380, one dollar and a half.

VICTOR SERENUS, A Story of the Pauline Era, by Henry Wood, Boston, Lee & Shepard; pp. 502, one dollar and a half.

"The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose," wrote Sidney Lanier to a friend, and from one point of view he was right. George Eliot, a life-long student of philosophy had learned how to flash it into the brain of the novel reader, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward with her exquisite culture and deep knowledge of life is doing much the same thing for the present generation. "John Inglesant" and Pater's learned and wonderful novel, "Marius the Epicurean," are also cases in point. But the writers of these and

other like pieces of fiction, owned a spark of that mystery we call genius, and could shape their material at will into creations that bore the stamp of life.

What is known as the "new thought" is giving us subject for interested and curious speculation. Knowing its power, believing in its mission, one studies each new volume of essays or fiction, certain that here at last must be some word worthy the great topic, and lays it down lost in wonder at the singular limitations all display. The motive is so high, the ethics taught so absolutely what the world needs, that one dreads to pass unfavorable verdict on the productions which hold almost everything save real human life and real literary quality. The question at once arises, does the new thought necessarily kill imagination, poetical quality, power of expression and the knowledge of the value of the right word in the right place? Mr. Thurber is an admirable moralist; his ethics are unimpeachable, but his book is filled with people who are simply wooden pegs on which dissertations are hung. There is a plot but it makes not the faintest impression upon the reader. There are characters but they have voices only as the author uses his ventriloquial power. Nothing in the book called *Zelma* seems real save the good purpose, and high moral tone. Stick to ethics and beware of fiction would be the injunction to Mr. Thurber.

No less must this be said of Mr. Wood, one of the noblest of teachers in his chosen line. But compare "Victor Serenus" with "Ben Hur," and the reader will understand the wide abyss between, an absolutely natural yet dramatic piece of work and the flavorless pages of Mr. Wood. Scattered through it are suggestions of the author's psychological knowledge. Historically it is correct, but there is neither life nor fire, and one of his most earnest admirers has written lately words that apply hardly less to Mr. Thurber:

"Let him eschew fiction. Let him cultivate a Saxon vocabulary and a logical clearness of thought, and then let him pour forth his message. He bids man know the reality and supremacy of the soul; that mind may control body; that mental health will conduce to bodily health; and that peace of soul may be had amid life's tumults. This is religion—this is Christianity at its best; and this is the sum of his message—a teaching which goes far toward excusing even the palpable defect of this, his latest romance."

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN, a Code of Directions for Escaping from the Primal Cause, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D.; cloth 12mo., pp. 159, one dollar. M. L. Holbrook, Pub. New York.

"Neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away," is the significant legend on the title page of the fifteenth edition of this invaluable little book, which ought to be in the hands of all women. Yet the directions given, scientific, minute, the fruit of long experience, mean a self denial of which only the few are capable. That absolute certainty of freedom from suffering if they are followed has been proved by the experience of thousands does not apparently alter the fact, that the majority are incapable of sustained self denial in matters of diet. This being a universal experience need not astonish, since our national dyspepsia has already demonstrated our tendencies in this direction. The writer has herself known many cases where acute and prolonged suffering in child-birth has been exchanged for a practically painless delivery, simply by obeying the directions of this little manual. Diet first—eliminating all bone-making foods and eating chiefly fruit—baths, exercise, dress—every item that means health for both mother and child, are given in full, ending with a most admirable paper on the care of children by Dr. Clarence S. Lozier, Dean of the New York Medical College for Women. More and more the world realizes that much of the pain we have counted inevitable is easily avoided, wise living ending its sway. But the curse of Eden has hung over this most terrible form of pain and women have supposed themselves helpless before it. Natural processes, however, under natural conditions carry neither suffering nor danger, and this is demonstrated to the full in the wise and most valuable pages of Dr. Holbrook's manual.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE BOOK OF LIFE, by Dr. A. Sivartha, treats of the man wonderful in a masterly manner. The science of life as he presents it relates man to everything in the universe from a grain of sand to the stellar orbs. The author claims that the laws governing individual man are the laws that should govern society and proves his position from the Bible and also from the scientific discoveries of all ages. It is an interesting and comprehensive volume. Cloth, 127 pp. Price one dollar and a quarter. For sale at The Coming Light office.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM, by Ernest Loomis, contains seven chapters or lectures on the following subjects, "Occultism in a Nutshell," "Marriage," "How to Create Opportunities," "Your Talents," "Health," "Health Recipes," "Methods of Using Occult Powers." These subjects are treated earnestly and candidly, indicating the author's familiarity with occult law. He bases the phenomena of life mental and physical, upon the universal vibrating forces and on this hypothesis explains repulsion and attraction, good and evil thought, and the action of all unseen forces upon humankind. The book is worthy the careful study of those who recognize the man spiritual and the evolution of the higher soul consciousness of the race. Pub. by Ernest Loomis & Co., Chicago. Cloth, 135 pp. Price one dollar and a quarter. 70 Dearborn street.

A new edition of the *Song of Universal Brotherhood*, by Nellie E. Dashiell is just out of press. It is a gem of art, the cover being done in the patriotic colors. It is beautifully illustrated and sings the freedom of the coming race. There are two editions, the plain and the water colored; both are sold at the low price of 50 cents. Order through The Coming Light office.

In *A Berkeley Year*, we have a beautiful example of the printer's art and a literary production of note for the Pacific Coast. The book is a "sheaf of nature essays, giving the origin and history of our university town, together with a description of the Walks about Berkeley, the Birds of Berkeley, the Trees of Berkeley. There are also poems and "A Berkeley Bird and Wild-flower Calendar"—a feature of original and peculiar charm. The writers of the book are Joseph Le Conte, Wm. Carey Jones, Edward B. Payne, Edwin Markham, Chas. A. Keeler, Cornelius B. Bradley, Edward L. Green, Adeline Knapp, Willis L. Jepson, Hannah P. Stearns, and Eva V. Carlin—the latter being the book's editor. For sale at leading bookstores, price one dollar.

Every woman who loves truth, justice and equality should send to 1325 Tenth street, N. W. Washington, D. C., for a copy of *The Woman's Tribune* of date December 17th, 1898. It is a banner number.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Astrology Vindicated, by J. B. Schmalz.

Why I am a Vegetarian, by J. Howard Moore.

Democracy and Direct Legislation, by A. W. Thomas.

HOW SHALL WE CARE FOR OUR DEAD?

THIS is a question which no one asks until face to face with the necessities which death brings. Few people investigate the provision or equipments of establishments devoted to such emergencies even in their own vicinity; and yet there is a universal sentiment in favor of the best possible care and disposal of the tenement of clay when the spirit has forsaken it. Human love and devotion demand the best that can be done as the last service that can be rendered to departed friends. The people of this city are no exception to the rule, they hurry to and fro, intent upon the duties of the present hour, giving no thought to the sure-footed messenger who will sooner or later overtake them.

It is doubtless a happy provision of nature that we are not shadowed with anxiety regarding life's *finis*, and yet it is sometimes well to know what the facilities are for meeting our last requirements and where they are to be found. Acting upon an impulse in this direction we stepped off a Mission street car and entered the neat and well-appointed office of the Golden Gate Undertaking Parlors. The clean white building, with its windows full of ferns and palms half hidden behind artistic draperies, had often challenged investigation, and we were not surprised to be met by a genial gentleman whom we afterward learned was Mr. G. P. Prechtel of New York city and a recent comer to our busy center of commercial activity, who introduced his partners, Messrs. Keeler and Snook. On making known our errand we were ushered into the main entrance hall, which proved to be the vestibule to one of the prettiest chapels we have lately seen. It is built like any well appointed church, with seating capacity for 160 persons, which can be expanded for the accommodation of 400 by throwing open the folding doors connecting it with other rooms. The long rows of polished seats, the organ and pulpit at

for ladies and children; these were of exquisite material, design and finish, valued from \$8 to \$100. Equally fine burial suits for gentlemen were also on display. The shoes on exhibit here are made with expansive sides by means of a fullness of satin shirred over rubber cord at the top and are thus easy of adjustment to any sized foot.

We were now ushered into another parlor which is used for private funerals, or in case of two funerals at the same hour. We were then shown into the stock room where the plates, handles and casket trimmings are kept. There are delicate plush-covered handles to match shades of caskets, and these were finished with silver or bronze. There are also solid and plated silver nameplates in artistic designs. Here, too, are ordinary coffins at extremely low prices for those who cannot afford their friends an expensive burial, or for those who disapprove of expensive funerals. We asked the question, "What kind of service do you render this kind of patronage?" The answer was, "The same kind of service we render at a \$1000 funeral. Our chapel is free, and when desired we furnish a minister to conduct the funeral."

We now entered the work room where caskets are lined and trimmed, and where plates are engraved by the use of a complicated-looking machine which was not then in operation.

We were next conducted into the embalming room where we saw the process of embalming a subject, the fluid used bringing the color of life to the cheeks and lips, thereby removing the traces of disease. A woman embalmer is supplied when required. We are informed that this process costs from \$100 to \$200, also that there is a less expensive process from \$15 to \$50. Here is a well arranged store of disinfectants, and everything needed in autopsies, even cases of instruments complete for the use of physicians. This company uses a willow casket in which to convey bodies to their parlors. It is a vast improvement on the boxes in general use.

We inspected the crape room next, where not only the door crapes hang but where the cooling boards, sheets, towels and every other needful thing is kept. Another open door reveals

the canopy room where hang the long silk brussels net drapings, of lavender and white trimmed at the bottom with elegant lace and narrow ribbons and suspended by broad ribbons of same shades. These are designed to be attached to the ceiling of a room and to completely cover a casket, protecting it from soil and handling. This is the Golden Gate Company's own invention and is a beautiful accessory.

Finding ourselves again in the pleasant office, we are fully convinced that this establishment, though on a smaller scale than Merritt's of New York, is equally well equipped, and we straightway made up our minds to tell our readers all about it, that they may know where to direct the sorrowing people who dread to have friends buried from tenement houses or hotels. This establishment is indeed a benefaction to our city.

N. B.

We are in receipt of two quarterly subscriptions—one from Dyce, Alaska, and the other from Devon, Penna.,—which were accompanied by cash but which gave no trace of the names the senders. If the names are supplied we will take pleasure in forwarding the magazines.

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Harper's Magazine, New York	\$5.00	\$4.00
Harper's Bazaar, New York	5.00	4.25
Harper's Weekly, New York	5.00	4.25
Weekly Tribune, New York	2.00	1.75
Weekly Times, New York	2.00	1.75
Thrice-a-Week-World, New York	2.00	1.75
The Century, New York	5.00	4.50
St. Nicholas, New York	4.00	3.60
Scribner's Magazine, New York	4.00	3.59
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Unity, Kansas City, Mo.	2.00	1.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia	4.00	3.00
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Delineator, New York	2.00	1.90
Inter-Ocean, Weekly, Chicago	2.00	1.50
Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia	2.00	1.75
Esoteric, Applegate, Calif.	2.00	1.20
Weekly Examiner, San Francisco	2.50	1.85
Weekly Chronicle, San Francisco	2.50	1.85
Weekly Call, San Francisco	2.50	1.85
Weekly Bulletin, San Francisco	2.50	2.10
Argonaut, San Francisco	5.00	3.75
Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, New York	5.00	5.25
The Free Man, Bangor, Maine	2.00	1.50
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