

Foundation Principles.

Are the Rock upon which MOTHERHOOD Must rest. Search for them.

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 21, 1894.

NO. 10.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE POWER OF SEX.

Throughout all animated nature we
Behold the presence and the power of Sex;
From Man to the lowest forms of Life we see
All things are joined together sexually
For Reproduction; simple or complex,
'Tis Evolution's ever-acting law;
We trace through brutal matter the reflex
Of this all-potent force, and view with awe
The deep conclusions which from it we're
forced to draw.

Female and Male all things at last appear;
Thus Sex thro'out all Nature's realm con-
trols;
From lowest upward to the highest sphere,
So far as mortal eye beholdeth here,
Through Sex conjunction everything un-
folds;
As positive and negative, when met
In union chemical, the union holds
True to proportions which the law hath set
For simples, and they thus new elements
beget.

Together these two forces act as one;
Without the one, the other were as nought;
They are the Heat and Light thrown from
the sun
Which warm and vivify the earth as run
The planets in their courses; nor as ought
Upon the face of earth they did not bring;
Through these life-giving rays to us are
brought
All earthly blessings—Life and everything
That blooms and fructifies to which we
fondly cling.

* * * * *
Two Principles we recognize as first;
These primal principles unite as one;
All Being dual is; the sexual thirst
Felt by all sentient beings here is nursed
By virtue of these Principles, which run
Each into each as naturally as
The elements of water run, or sun
Draws up the waters for the thirsty grass
Or streams to join the ocean ripple as they
pass.

* * * * *
To show that Being must be dual, let
Us for a moment brief only suppose
One man alone, one sentient being, set
In utter nothingness, with nought to fret
Or to disturb the silence and repose—
He could not even know he lived at all!
'Tis moving contact that to each one shows
He has existence. If stark darkness fall,
One cannot feel his hand without some mo-
tion small.
Love sleeping all alone could never wake;
Wisdom in lone repose could give no light;
The two brought into contact, Love would
quake
With thrilling tremor that would warm and
wake
Wisdom to knowledge and a joyous sight
Of his companion blushing to be seen;
The mutual recognition would be quite
A startling revelation in the sheen
Of Light and Life gendered by touch the
two between.

Then think with what attractive force the
two
Great Principles of Being would be drawn
Together, with no other thing in view
To militate against the union true
Of every eager atom, which would yawn
With the intensest hunger to be wed
To its twin atom, waiting in the dawn
Of resurrection from the rayless dead,
To thus be on its everlasting journey sped!
—From *New Theology Poems*,
By T. D. CURTIS.

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER XXI, Continued.

As the speaker ascended the platform there were two or three hisses. He coolly faced the audience, looked pleasantly at the upturned faces and remarked:

"I believe that snakes and geese are the only members of the animal creation that hiss. This is too old a country for snakes; it must be that there are geese abroad."

This brought a laugh from those who were not hit; and the others, though they felt like cursing, remained silent. He then read "The ninety and nine" with a voice so tender and touching, that it disarmed the opposition of all but a half dozen who had been promised lots in the new addition if they would take the speaker and send him about his business. These, three on each side of the hall, gradually edged their way to the front.

Reid began his talk in an easy sort of way, but gradually warmed up with the subject, in the meantime Morse, who was watching matters, signalled Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Wendover to come upon the platform, placing a chair for them on either side of the speaker, while he and Blake remained standing. Reid paid no attention to these movements, though fully aware of their significance. Presently, while saying something that did not suit, a man who sat about midway of the hall, and who had been stationed there for the purpose, sent an egg whirling toward the speaker's head. A slight movement to one side, and it passed him, striking the wall beyond.

This was the signal for the rush. The aim had been to strike Reid fairly in the face, and in the confusion which was expected to ensue, they were to seize and take him from the platform, and out of the hall. But they were disappointed; the confusion did not ensue; no one moved from his place, Reid did not even turn his eye from the audience, but said, as if it were a part of his speech:

"A fine sample of our civilization, fair upon the surface, but when thrown, as it will be, by the law of evolution against the walls of time, the stench will fill the heavens."

"You say our civilization stinks, do you?" called out one of the men who had been detailed to make the rush. Reid paid no attention to the question, but continued right on:

"Ten thousand children dying annually in the metropolis of the nation for want of sufficient nourishment, in the city where hundreds of steeples point heavenward, in the city where there is wealth in abundance, in the city where the diamonds that glisten on the bosom, on the fingers, and in the ears of beauty are worth millions, in the great city of the American continent, the city into whose lap wealth is poured from all lands, in such a city ten thousand children die each year from hunger, and ten thousand more wander homeless, sleep under the sidewalks, down cellar, in stairways, or anywhere they can find a place to lie down.

"In such a city women live in cellars and in garrets, and stitch the very life-blood into the garments they make, and for a pittance so small that it barely keeps life in the body, in a city where from twenty to thirty thousand girls are forced to sell themselves for bread"—

"And hath doled her piecemeal to students and rats," said a low voice in the back part of the house, but those near by caught the words, and one man, recognizing the one who uttered them, called out: "Wherefore!" "Wherefore," "Wherefore" was repeated from different parts of the house,

Reid paused: "John, are you there? if so, please come to the platform."

John rose to his feet as he no longer could be concealed, and commenced making his way forward. All eyes were turned toward him and the plotters thought it their time;

but in an instant the two women passed so closely to the speaker that he could not be grasped without injuring them, and the same moment a man upon either side of the house, and near the front, arose, threw back his coat front, showing the policeman's star, and advanced with drawn pistols pointing at the heads of the assailants. Morse had provided for the exigence.

The cry of "police" from the audience caused the men to turn their heads, and then to commence a retreat. Each policeman marched three men in front of him to the door, ejected them from the building and quietly returned to their seats. There was no more trouble.

Wherefore, in the meantime, came to the front and told the audience that when the speaker of the evening was through, he might have a few words to say to them. Reid then went on as if there had been no interruption. He painted in terrible colors the evils which exist and their causes, told what noble men and women had done, and were still doing, yet these evils continued to grow.

He said: "We have trusted to prayers and tears, we have trusted to charity, to asylums, to restraining laws, to gospel preaching, we have tried a remedy in one direction and found that it proved an injury in another, why, even the grand advance that has been made by women, the three and a half million of bread-winners who have come from this class, have cheapened wages, intensified child labor and sent an equal number of men out as tramps. The declaration of scripture is true of our economic system. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint; there is no soundness in it; from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, it is bruises and wounds and putrifying sores. Can nothing be done! There can, there must, there shall!"

"Are you greater than God Almighty?" asked deacon Gray, forgetting in his zeal for the honor of his God, that he was speaking out in meeting.

"God Almighty is behind me. I have his authority for what I say. It is his voice that is speaking through my lips. It is the God within which will speak through you all when you roll away the great stone of tradition from the door of your souls and allow the living God to rise from the grave in which ignorance and superstition have buried him."

The effect upon the audience was electrical, but he continued, inspired the more fully by the glowing countenances before him:

"The power that gave me feet, gave me the right to walk, with hands came the right to use them; ears give me the right to hear, and eyes to see. When the power we call God gave me needs, it gave me the right to that which will supply my needs, and what is my inherent right is also the inherent right of every human being. I need the earth; I cannot live without it; he who makes me pay for it, or for its use, stands between me and my God-given rights. Your bible tells you that God commanded the children of Israel that the land should not be sold forever. Has that forever passed?

"You say that God is unchangable; if so, then his law is the same yesterday and forever, is the same to-day as it was ten thousand years ago, but how is it with Christians, so-called to-day? Why, the land is bought and sold, is forced to lie idle waiting for a rise, so that that which cost five dollars, may bring five hundred. Thousands of hands want acres, and thousand of acres want hands, and, as a result, men drink to drown despair, and women sell themselves for bread; as a result, children are homeless and prisons multiply. If your God sanctions such a state of things, mine does not."

"Murder will out, your smooth talk simply shows that you want to rob us of our land, and you can't deny it," called out Caleb Johnson.

"That is what the slave-holder said, 'you want to rob us of our slaves'. You have the legal right to all the land you can buy, and the slave-holder had the legal right to sell his own children if they were born of slave mothers, but that is not the kind of right we are talking of, but of the

"Rev." Jesse H. Jones suggests that I get help to take out of "The Fountain of Life or The Threefold Power of Sex" the "warts" and "wens," as he calls those passages that are objectionable to Christians. Cool, isn't it?

Effective Cure.

A preacher's righteous soul was sadly vexed by the talking and giggling of some of the junior members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked straight at his tormentors and said:

"Some years ago there happened to sit right in front of the pulpit a young man, who was perpetually laughing and talking and making silly faces. I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said:

"Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot."

"Since that time I have not ventured to reprimand any persons who behave themselves indecorously in church, lest I should repeat the same mistake and inflict censure upon an idiot."

There was exemplary silence during the rest of the service.—*Exchange.*

After reading the above, I have decided not to judge those who return my sample copy with: "Send me no more," lest I make as bad a mistake as the minister did. It certainly looks as if something was lacking when they fail utterly to let me know who they are. Must I stop sending sample copies to any one lest I hit them again?

"Dissatisfied."

MRS. WAISBROOKER, Dear friend: Please find enclosed 50 cts., for which send me your paper, "FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES." I have seen several copies of it and like it splendid. A friend called one evening and I handed him a copy to look at. He read a few moments and threw the paper down, with the remark:

"I don't like to read such papers, they do more harm than good by making woman dissatisfied with their lot."

I told him my opinion was, that it was just what was needed. There are too many of them satisfied (or pretend to be) for their own good. The black slaves would have never been freed if some one smarter than themselves hadn't come out in their behalf and tried to make them dissatisfied with their lot. You have undertaken a great work, and if you do not accomplish all you would like to, you will have done your duty, and future generations will give you the praise you deserve now. I have read "A Sex Revolution" and lent it to all who would read it. It is a grand little book.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,
Yours truly,
LOUISE HARVIE,
Macon, Mo.

"Astounded."

A friend of ours, a man well known in business circles here, and to whom I had given quite a while ago some copies of *Lucifer*, became so much interested that he sent for several books, and among them "The Occult Forces of Sex," and he said the other day:

"It is a wonderful book and it goes right to the bottom of the question, too. I was simply astounded that a woman could write such a book, showing such a complete mastery of the subject and viewing it from so many different sides. It's the best thing I have ever read in that line."

Please send us two copies; one to keep and one to donate to missionary work.

J. F. F.
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30-99.

right that God Almighty gave us as human beings. He gave the black man the right to himself, and he has given us all a right to enough of the earth's surface for our support, and to claim that he has not is to blaspheme—no, we do not want to take *your* land, but we want ours; and when we say ours, we speak in the name of the landless, the homeless, the tramps, the vagrants, in the name of all who have been crushed by a false property system into poverty and crime.

"We are not blaming the people. We are all the victims of a false system, and of the false education connected with it. But we are trying to make the people see the wrong that this system works, so that they, with their good hearts and heads, may be induced to so change it as to prevent poverty and crime; yes, prevent it; prevention is cheaper than cure. We want a system of society in which all can have healthful employment and happy homes. We want all mothers to have the best conditions in which to do their divinest work, the gestating of immortal beings, buds of promise that shall grow to be grand men and beautiful women here in this life, and add to the glory of the angel hosts in the great beyond.

"Born in sin and shapen in iniquity," how can it be otherwise under the conditions that now exist? Tired mothers, half-starved mothers, ragged mothers, ignorant mothers, fathers without work, the landlord threatening the street—who can paint the desolate, the turbid currents, the heart-hunger, the hopelessness that flows through the veins of thousands upon thousands of prospective mothers! This, all this goes to make up what we have been taught to call innate depravity in the child; these elements are organized into the very heart of its being, and then we build jails and prisons, and pay sheriffs and police officers to take care of and protect us from the organized results of our own ignorance. Set the land free and use one-half of what it now costs to employ lawyers, pay judges, build jails and prisons, in making good conditions for all, and soon the others will not be needed, and heaven will have come down to earth through the spirit of peace and good will which shall prevail."

He then branched off upon the results of interest, of land held by foreigners, and the money sent across the ocean to pay for the use of such lands, spoke of the national indebtedness which had been needless, of men coming here to be free, and then taxed to help support European aristocracy in the shape of interest on bonds. "The money power environs us on all sides," he said, "but we are determined to dethrone gold and enthrone humanity."

Even his enemies could but acknowledge his eloquence, but some of them claimed that on that very account, he ought to be suppressed, as being yet the more dangerous.

"When do you propose dividing up?" called out one of the crowd.

"Why do you ask?" said Reid.

"Because I want my share."

"Ah, I thought so, how long would you keep it?"

This raised a general laugh, for it was well known that could he have it to handle, he would scatter with one hand faster than two hands could gather.

"I am glad you asked me that question," continued Reid, "for it gives me an opportunity to correct a very general mistake. No one proposes to make a division, but to change the action of the methods of distribution. Suppose one of you has a flouring mill with a dozen boxes, into which the flour is distributed as it is ground; but suppose the distributor acts unequally, nine out of twelve boxes getting but very little, how much good will it do to stop once or twice a day and even them up by dividing?"

He paused to mark the effect of his illustration, and then added: "We will suppose further that those boxes are to supply twelve families; when they were evened up each family would get a full meal, but the next meal nine families would get less than their share, and so on till there was another dividing up. Now as the unequal distribution comes from the mill by imperfect mechanical action, don't you think it would be time and money saved to fix the distributor so that each family could get his share each time? then if any one wasted what he had and went hungry, it would be his or her own fault."

Again he paused to give them time to think, then he said: "That mill is a fair representation of our property system, but with this difference. In the case of the mill you could readily see where the trouble lay, but under the other we have been taught that the fault was in ourselves. The links of the law that brings this inequality, these extremes of wealth and poverty, are so hidden, you do not see that it is in the system and not in yourselves. The fault is in the property mill, and we do not propose to divide up; it

would be a loss of time. We simply propose to fix the mill, or to ask you to do it.

"We are willing to do our share, but we cannot do it all. We want your help, but you cannot help till you can see what is to be done, and how to do it; and that is what we are here for to-night. We want to reason with the people, to talk with them of things we have learned of which they have not yet thought. We want the people to see that they are big enough to do this work, and put down the injustice that everywhere prevails. We want them to stop asking God to do it long enough to hear him [tell them it is their work, that he has given them reason, and they must work out the problem for themselves."

The people forgot their prejudices and became so interested that it grated on their ears, when Caleb Johnson called out: "If you do not want to divide up, why do you talk of taking our land from us?"

Reid looked him full in the eye as he replied: "I believe I said once, we did not want to take *your* land." He conceded you all that is yours by natural right, but the monopolization of the land is the cause of the wrong action of the distributor. You are not a bad man, sir, and if you could see, and others like you, the evils resulting from holding large tracts of land, if you could see that it was pushing women into prostitution and starving children to death, you would be as anxious as we are for a change."

"Well, here are your friends, the Wendovers and the Lawrences; they have land, what will they do with it?" he persisted.

"They can speak for themselves," replied Reid.

Mrs. Wendover arose to her feet. It was the first time she had ever faced an audience, but she did not shrink; in a clear, distinct voice she said:

"I have not decided in what way I shall dispose of the land which has recently come into my possession, but my mind is fully made up to what use it shall be put. I shall use it to help educate the people, that they may understand their rights, to know that the distributing machinery of society is faulty, and must be remedied. How that education can be best accomplished, I cannot as yet say."

"And that is also my purpose," said Mrs. Lawrence, while Mr. Lawrence remarked: "The land belongs to the ladies, the Judge and myself are landless, but I presume they will pity us enough to give us our share."

This created another laugh, and the opposing party, finding the laugh was against them every time, subsided into silence. Reid now said: "I believe you called for my friend here, whose disposition to ask the why of things has given him the sobriquet of Wherefore. Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you the opportunity of listening to Mr. John Wildermere."

"Wildermere," "Wherefore," "Wildermere," came from different parts of the house, and in response John arose and said:

"Friends, I am glad to be with you to-night. As to the whys and wherefores of things, I have been looking into them ever since I was a young man, and poor, when a rich man's son took my girl away from me, and after satiating himself, cast her off to be trodden under foot; the dear girl that I loved so well, and for whose sake I have lived a single life. Having gathered sufficient means to give me leisure, I have made it my business to search into the causes which produce so much misery and crime."

His voice was tremulous with emotion, and there were tears in more than one woman's eyes, as he continued: "Now, why was it? was the girl naturally bad? No, she was as innocent as a child, as pure as the lily of the valley, and as sweet as a half-blown rose, and she loved me; I knew that she did, for she died in my arms, then why was it? The sunshine brings the flowers that cannot open in the shade. He had leisure, education, and did not need to tire himself out with toil. He fascinated her, warmed her through and through with his presence, his warm, magnetic life, while I must toil and could see her only at stated times, and when weary with my labor."

"I thus became the shade, while he was the sunshine; that is, he had the conditions which gave him the advantage, so the tendrils of her love were drawn the other way for a time. Boys, young men, I mean, have none of you ever had a similar experience? Has no better dressed, better cultured young man of leisure ever stolen the heart of the girl you loved?"

He paused, and the audience were as still as though powerless to move; they hardly seemed to breathe.

"No," he repeated, "she was not bad, and he didn't intend to be; he was simply thoughtless, selfish; we are all more or less so, but he was rich. He had always had what he wanted, and when tired of it, could throw it away, and

that was just what he did in this case. I suffered, she suffered, and do you think he can escape? You, none of you can believe in a hell for that poor girl, while he goes to heaven; oh, no, you cannot believe that.

"You may differ in your ideas of the how of the hereafter, but when he finds himself in a place corresponding to what our Catholic friends call purgatory, and meets his victim face to face, do you not suppose he will suffer? Do not blame him too much, but pity him. Remember, he was rich, and the object lessons of society taught him just that.

"But I am not saying what I intended," he said, as he noticed Mrs. Lawrence quietly weeping, "I wanted to tell you why it was that I have made it my business to study into the wherefore of things, and then to illustrate one point made by the speaker of the evening, to-wit, that under the present system, what seems to be a remedy in one direction often proves disastrous in another, and he instanced the fact that we have more child-labor, and more tramps since woman entered the trades and professions than ever before.

"Now I know that he did not say this because he objects to woman's having an equal right with man to do such work as she pleases, but to show that each and every effort at reform must fail till we have a just land and property system.

"We have one terrible evil that is talked of and written about a great deal, and various methods have been tried for its removal, but to no effect; I mean the curse of intemperance. I should be glad to see every drop that can intoxicate poured into the ocean, and to know that no more would ever be manufactured, if there is no other way to be rid of this curse, provided"—

Here he paused long enough to get the entire attention of every one in the house. "'Provided,' what did he mean by that provided?" was the thought of all.

"Provided a greater evil did not come in its place," he repeated slowly. "How could that be, do you ask? we will see if we can find out. It will be necessary in the first place to look into the present condition of the country. Ten thousand children dying in one city every year, for the want of sufficient nourishment; not less than two hundred thousand women annually forced to sell themselves for bread, that is two out of five of those who are in the ranks of prostitution, and from three to five million men out of work; now what would be the effect upon the country if to this last number are added from two to three million more unemployed men? Where could they find a support? What could you do with them? If there is not work enough now for all, where would two or three more million people get work?

"What has that to do with the temperance question, do you ask? Destroy the liquor traffic without making provision for those who are engaged in it, without opening up new avenues of support, and that is just what you do; you throw from two to three million men out of employment, and most of them with families, and yet, what temperance lecturer ever thinks of that?

"No, my friends, it is of no use to patch up the rotten system. We must have a new one. Set the land free, and say to those men: there's the land, go onto it and make your living. I mean the land that is lying idle in our well settled states, land which one can reach without going beyond the range of neighbors; if you want to put down saloons, set such land free; then you can safely say to the saloon keeper, 'stop.'

"Set the land free and you can solve the liquor problem. Every man who holds enough land in idleness to support a family, is keeping open a saloon, or forcing a woman into prostitution. Do you say there is land enough in the west? There is a little left; a little that has not been given to railroads, nor sold to foreign syndicates, but the best of it is gone, and if our farmer's sons, those who have been brought up on the land, so often fail when subjected to the conditions which exist in the west where there is land to be had, what could the saloon keeper do?

"I will tell you what many of them would do if the traffic was broken up, and no other way provided for them to live. They would become robbers, highwaymen; they would infest our mountains and swoop down upon our valleys, and nothing would be safe. It will not do. Interest and land monopoly must be abolished, and our property relations must be so adjusted that no one man can get rich off the labor of another. Then, boys, every man must earn his own living, and he will have no time to rob you of life's sweetness, while you are toiling and he is idling," and with these words, he not only walked off the platform, but out of the house.

After a few remarks from Judge Wendover, the crowd quietly dispersed, and from that time on speakers on the

labor problem received respectful attention in Glenwood.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH IT?

The fighting for the estate was over, and what was the result? The father's dying wishes are carried out at last, but at what a fearful cost. The tears that were shed over the suicide's grave held a bitterness that money could not extract. Alas, why was it! and Mrs. Wendover sat and pondered over this insane love of wealth, tried to find the why of it, till her brain reeled.

"What is the reason there was so great a difference between my brother and myself?" she asked of Mrs. Lawrence one day when they were discussing the events that had resulted so disastrously for him.

"There was not originally so very much difference. You are just as persistent in your purposes as he was in his, but your sphere has been the home, the affectional. Your brother transferred the adage, 'Anything is fair in war,' from the battle field to the gaining of his own personal ends. He was determined not to be beaten, and the difference between the end he sought and yours, was the result of the difference in your associations. You were both fine steel; you were the mainspring of the time-piece called home; he became the edge of a sword."

"Yes, of a sword that has cut deeply into our hearts," was Mrs. Wendover's sorrowful comment, and then: "It seems strange that I, the older woman, could come to you for advice and comfort, but will you please tell me how you got hold of all these new ideas?"

Mrs. Lawrence smiled: "Suffering is a dear school," she said, "but it sometimes gives solid lessons. When I learned what I was by birth, I found that many of society's tendrils were rudely unclasped. Aristocracy of birth, not of worth, was society's standard, and when I learned that, I despised society, as much as it was capable of despising me. The time I had hitherto spent there was devoted to other pursuits. I sought the thinkers of this age and learned of them."

"The gold of human character counts for nothing," said Mrs. Wendover, sadly.

"And never will so long as we are ruled by wealth instead of worth, blood instead of brain."

"But what can we do, Mrs. Lawrence, to make things better?"

"How was slavery abolished? When I think of the prejudice against the black race, when I think of the persevering efforts of the few, when I think of mobs, imprisonment and death, when I think of the strong links of law that protected the institution, when I think of blood hounds tracing fugitives, even into the northern states, when I think of all this and more, and then see what is to-day, I feel that through the continued efforts of clear headed thinkers, every citadel of tyranny can be taken, every fortress of oppression and wrong be swept from the path of the coming generations."

"Why Mrs. Lawrence, you look like an inspired prophetess!" exclaimed Mrs. Wendover.

"And what can be more inspiring than the thought of the wonderful powers we possess, the grand work we are capable of doing?"

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on."

"I would rather be John Brown than any king or queen that ever sat upon a throne, but I would change just two words in that complet."

"Ah, and what are they?"

"I would make it read: 'But his soul comes marching back.' Do you suppose he would care to go on till his work here was finished? Jesus said, so we are told, 'If I go, I will come again;' if Jesus can come, John Brown can also come and be an inspiring power to lead others on."

"Well, really, that is a new idea to me, but I do not see why it may not be true."

"I will give you my method of reasoning, Mrs. Wendover, and you can judge for yourself if it be correct. I take it that the laws of mind must ever be the same. We have no more reason to expect that they will change when we leave the body, than we have to expect that the laws which govern the music of heaven are different from those which govern the relations of musical tones here. It does violence to common sense to suppose for a moment that a work which so filled John Brown's soul as did the freedom of the slave, could be dropped, left behind, while he went marching on. No, he would march right back,

Continued on Sixth Page.

Will mothers please send in questions and items of experience for the Talks with Mothers.

Our Vitopathic physicians, Drs. E. B. and C. N. Greene, are having fine reports from their patients at a distance, Oregon, Colorado, etc.

OCCULTISM.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE

UNVEILING OF SPIRIT REALM.

\$1. Per annum: 10 cents single copy.

Published by JOS. M. WADE,
Dorchester, Mass.

Send a dollar to Mr. Wade and get OCCULTISM one year. Send it to me and get FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES and OCCULTISM for one year any time between now and Jan. 1st—94.

THE NEW BOOK

Is now ready. L. W. is vain enough to think it THE BOOK of her life—THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, OR THE THREEFOLD POWER OF SEX—136 pages, good paper, paper-lined covers, price 50 cts. This with Occult Forces of Sex, price 50 cents, and A Sex Revolution, price 25 cents—the three for \$1. Send for them, please.

BLUE BIRD.

Engineer of Night Express Running Between Darkness and Dawn.

Will show illuminated faces in headlight of freedom; ring the bell by each blighted pine when storms are due; place signal lights along the tangled paths of business or pleasure; give pencil photograph of herself to all on her train, with magnetic poems from soul mate, naming Indian guides, with notes of the wild bird singing in every soul of progress. Send \$1. with name, age, and complexion to Dr. MARION H. BASSETTE, Henderson Harbor, N. Y.

[Parties sending to Dr. Bassette will please name this paper, Jos. M. Wade, editor of *Fibre and Fabric*, and also of *Occultism*, Boston, Mass., says she is the best medium he has ever found.—ed.]

Appreciative.

MRS. WAISBROOKER,

Dear Madam:—I have read your last book, "The Fountain of Life, or the Threefold Power of Sex," with a great deal of interest. I supposed that I was pretty well posted on the subjects of which it treats, but I find that you have opened up a new field to me, one that I had never even dreamed of. It is a work that should be in the hands of every one, and more especially of women. I hope you may succeed in getting a wide circulation for it.

Yours truly,

F. P. BAKER,

Topeka, Kansas.

[Mr. Baker is one of the leading men of Topeka.—Ed.]

Dr. E. B. and C. N. Greene have changed their residence from Hill street to 1231, Monroe street, have left the suburbs for the city proper, having decided to make Topeka their permanent residence. I truly believe that but for their skill I should not now be publishing F. P. They treat patients at a distance with good success. Try them, friends, their terms are not high and they are true workers for the good of humanity. Lois W.

P. S. Their stomach powders are invaluable. Enough for one month or \$1.00.

Foundation Principles.

ISSUED MONTHLY

FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, EDITOR.

TERMS, 50-CENTS PER YEAR.

We Hold It As A Foundation Principle

that all gain coming from the use of natural wealth belongs to the party through whose labor it is secured, and not to some other claimant—that no man nor set of men has the moral right to hold land not in actual use from those who need it, and that rent taken for the use of such land is robbery, and illegal when measured by the law of natural justice.

I have dated this issue of F. P. for my 68th birthday.

Those who, with this issue of F. P., receive the back numbers will understand that some friend has subscribed for them unless otherwise informed. In any event there will be no bills sent.

The story, the continued chapters of which are given in this number, will run through the entire year. All subscriptions will commence with the first number, extras being printed for that purpose, for when the year is up if I desire to stop, or cannot go on, I want everything square with my subscribers.

Mothers: read the article in another column: "A mother crushed to death." Read it, and then think of the toiler who is robbed by a piece of machinery called business, which is so constructed that those who manage it do not see that they are crushing honest toil into beggary, starvation death. Go into your pulpits, oh, preachers, and talk of a merciful, a loving God who takes care of even the sparrows, and then look out upon the street and see a starving mother crushed to death in the midst of starving men. Go hold your Jubilee, oh, Spiritualists, because you are now protected by law—are somebody—have "Reverend" teachers who, as "ministers of the gospel," are entitled to ride at half fare on the railroads. Ministers of the gospel. Bah! The gospel that is wanted is the gospel of bread and butter to the millions, and those who preach any other gospel till that is accomplished are—well—what shall I say? Language fails.

RELIGION'S WORK.

I clip the following from the Bertrand, Neb., *Independent Herald*. Those who really believe the doctrine taught and have a spark of human feeling in their bosoms, cannot well help insanity. "Eternal torment." "Believe or be damned." These things appeal to fear, have a sort of theoretical influence and people imagine they believe, so one falsity balances another, and those who think themselves "saved in Jesus" "become Children of God" and too many of them like him in character, just as ready to "damn" as they believe he is, but when it comes to real belief, we have such results as are given below. Still the work goes on. Damnation meetings and the damnation army continue to be nuisances under a false name, for there is no "salvation" in them.

STROMSBURG, Jan. 29.—News has just been received here of the death of Mrs. Peter Augustine, the wife of a wealthy farmer living nine miles southeast of this place. From the best information obtainable, the cause of this sad occurrence was over-excitement.

"THE KEY NOTE."

The editress of that excellent Journal, *Humanity and Health*, says:

Ex-Judge Duffy has, we think, sounded the key note to a solution of the social evil. He says "look to the factories. Underpaid labor of girls and women is responsible for the root of the evil." Through ill-paid labor the responsibility of woman's degradation is again placed upon man's shoulders. He says, "The money spent in alleviating the condition of fallen women should be expended in helping destitute women and girls whom necessity and poverty would otherwise force upon the streets. It is a good scheme to lock the barn door before the horse is stolen." In other words, prevention is better than cure. Again, "How can a young girl who earns from three to four dollars a week, working from daylight till dark, resist temptation when so many inducements are held out to her by men who prey upon innocence." To discover the source of the social evil, I would advise a visit to some of the factories where women and girls work for starvation wages!

Neither "looking to the factories," nor to any other place where women work for "starvation wages" will give the "key note" to the social evil. The key note which produces this discord in society lies in the imperative needs of men for the finer, more spiritual sex element of woman.

I mean just what I say: imperative need. This need is for that which will unfold intellectual and spiritual power. Men name it "physical necessity," and by thus mis-naming it fail of gaining what they are hungry for, because they do not understand what their hunger calls for. The following, taken from the first part of "The Occult Forces of Sex," but with a slight modification of the wording, will perhaps better express what I mean:

Men hunger even till they devour woman, and yet they do not obtain because they do not know that spirit must gestate from matter food for the spirit body, the hunger of which is driving them to desperation. Not knowing this, they do not reach out from the spirit, but simply seek to consume the mere physical on the altar of unspiritualized desire.

Quoting still further from the argument for the refining—regenerative uses of sex, I take from pages 55, 56 of the same work.

In view of the law that leads to regeneration, it will be seen that all efforts to prevent conception are unnatural and, of course, deleterious, and the only way in which excess of population can be legitimately prevented, is for the parties to sex relations to respect the creative act by recognizing the spiritual therein, thus drawing to themselves spiritual elements to supply material waste, till the refining process takes them out of the propagative plane by placing them squarely in the road that leads to regeneration.

Facts will be asked for in confirmation of this theory. They exist, but those who are spiritual enough to perceive the law and fortunate enough to be happily mated, by following it out will soon find that their own experiences are sufficient; and to give the experience of others to those who cannot trace this law, would be of but little use. However, this much may be said: The indications are that woman first reaches the plane from which she can give of the spirit to her companion, and he, having caught the spark of immortality, soon develops to the point from which he can return it to her. Is this the reason why man seeks woman so persistently, and then, oft times, turns against her so cruelly? Is it the unconscious power of that inner sense which feels what he must receive from woman but has not yet learned to know what it is? Is it not the mute language which says to the ears of those whose understanding is open?—

"I am starving—starving for that which will help me to grow toward life. I felt that I should find what I need in this woman. The attraction said 'Yes,' the facts said 'No.' She has deceived me and I hate her."

More likely the attraction told the truth, and that the facts are of your own making. In your rude eagerness you, no doubt, shut the door against yourself—crushed the germ that would have ripened into the bread of life for you.

Yes, I am fully satisfied that this is "the reason why man seeks woman so persistently." It is that he "feels" what he must receive from woman, but has not yet learned to know what it is," so he destroys woman because of ignorance, and still seeks, unsatisfied, though scores go down to minister to his hunger.

Poor, starved ignorance! and yet such men sit in

judgment upon women and imprison men who dare to speak the truth about the sex question. Oh, the pitiful degradation! With their impure ideas of sex, they make all things impure!

A leading New York physician, in a lecture before the Anthropological Society in Feb. last, after showing that sex exists in everything, says:

Always the same creative sex force, the omnipotent, omnipresent God-power, filling all space, permeating all substance, producing all life.

Of course its highest manifestation is in human creative life, and the highest manifestation of the human is in that form which purifies, elevates, spiritualizes, but how can there be either of these three where only the purely material is recognized?

So I repeat: The key note to what it is that creates the social evil can be found only in man's imperative need of that which woman alone can give. "What woman alone can give." Man can not force it from her. It must go to him on the lines of love and intelligence.

The above being true, the key note to that which will do away with the social evil lies in the direction of freedom and knowledge. Woman must be made so free that she need nevermore to yield herself except from responsive love and desire, and man must become so intelligent that he will know that only in willing, glad response, can he receive any real benefit.

We have somewhere about 100,000 so-called ministers of God in this country, such as are ordained (i) to tell us of God and his law, but when we would teach the bottom facts, the inexorable laws through which this "Omnipotent, omnipresent God-power" acts, we are obscene, we must shut up, or be shut up.

A score of years of persistent effort, such as earnest, honest ministers put forth in their attempts to make us fear and obey God, and with only a tenth of the number employed in that line—a score of years devoted to studying and teaching the laws that govern this creative "God-power," sex, and equal effort to secure conditions for its highest action, would do more for the race than has all the theological teaching the world has ever known.

WHAT HAS MADE THEM SO?

Herbert Casson, in *The People*, gives the following under the head of "Who are the murderers?"

For the sake of a small advance in profits, capitalists will close up the mines and factories and invoke all the horrors of hunger. They are dogs in the manger; for they will not work themselves, nor allow anybody else to work. They would sooner lock up every mill, and set Pinkerton thugs to guard them, than to suffer a decrease in their profits. They could look unmoved from their carriages upon the wronged workmen and their families walking barefoot through the snow.

The insanity of greed has petrified all the finer feelings that should be natural to man. The madness of "getting and keeping" claims all their energies. If a few hundred workingmen and their families are tossed into the potter's field, what does it matter to them? If the pressure of public opinion becomes too great, "Let's have a charity ball," they say, and gaily they dance their consciences to death.

Vanderbilt spoke for his whole class when he said, "The public be damned." If the poor are not damned heaven will be spoiled for the rich. When millionaires are fighting amongst themselves for supremacy, of course they cannot be expected to notice how many of the people's anthills they tread upon and crush. They believe in the rights of the individual, but the poor are not individuals according to them; the workingmen are simply the "masses,"—humanity in bulk. They think that it is only when a man evolves into a capitalist, and comes up out of the mass, that he becomes an individual.

Capitalists are the compellers of crime, and the hidden cause of immorality. Thousands of social murders remain unavenged in this country. If all the workingmen who were killed, during the erection of the World's Fair buildings had been buried on the grounds, another "White City" of tombstones would have been on exhibition. In the United States more lives have been lost by cheap car-couplings than in the bloodiest battle of Europe. The loss of life in the Civil War was insignificant compared with this steady destruction of mind and body that is continually taking place around us now. If the poor had lawyers to defend them, there is scarcely a millionaire in this country who would escape the gallows. To shorten life is to take life, no matter whether the death process is long or short.

The above is a terribly true picture, but what makes those millionaires and the hundred thousandaires who de-

During a revival meeting now being held at the English Lutheran church in that vicinity by Evangelist Redding, Mrs. Augustine became insane, resulting in her death.

OMAHA, Jan. 31.—Some four years ago Mrs. Trutleman was deserted by her husband and since that time she has supported herself and family by taking in washing. She resided in a little cottage out on Leavenworth street. A few weeks ago, when a revival started in a church in the western part of the city, the lady became a regular attendant. One week ago last Sunday night, while the meeting was in progress, she exhibited strange symptoms and was conveyed to her home. During the night she became a raving maniac and the next day she was taken to the hospital. There her condition continued to grow worse until yesterday, when death ended her sufferings. She leaves four children in a destitute condition.

Yes, Why Should They?

The Anti-Monopolist well asks:

"Why should people respect laws which protect the rich in rascality and murder the poor because they talk of it?"

"When the Chicago labor agitators were arrested, their houses were entered by the police, their desks broken open, and their private papers taken and used against them on their trial"—[but mark]—"When Senator Stanford, president of the C. P. & S. P. railroads, [and aspirant for United States Presidency] refused to tell the congressional investigating committee to whom he paid the million or two dollars used in bribing congressmen and cabinet officers, Judge Field of the United States Supreme Court, decided that the committee had no right to make him tell, or show his private papers; that he was protected in refusing to answer by the Constitution of the United States which prohibited the seizure—or examination—of private papers—or the use of them, or his own testimony to criminate himself."

Oh, let us be "joyous," very joyous, for the angels have come down to earth! Yes, plenty of just such angels as Leland P. Stanford, Field, the Chicago police and Pinkerton's detectives; and mark—so long as such men rule here—so long will such angels rule over there. No need to talk of a God ruling there, for the "all-per vading presence" must be here as there, and if he can not manage this little planet, what then? True, there are progressive workers both here and there, but such do not as yet, hold the balance of power; but they will, for the evolving forces of the universe are on their side. But it is singular, isn't it, where the Constitution was when Parsons and his comrades were on trial? We think the Christian Reform party and the W. C. T. U. must have had it between them trying to inject God into it.

[The above was published in F. P. some five years since. Leland P. Stanford was then in this life. Now he is on the other shore, and if Spiritualists only would accept the logic of their own teachings, they would know that he is the same man there as he was here—a man of power and in sympathy with the system which, through the action of his power upon it, gave him his vast wealth, that wealth which is so fixed that the results of the labor of those who use his (?) land will sustain the institution which perpetuates his name. With such a bond to hold him to earth, to the old order of things, he will not soon accept and work for the new, the better, more just system which evolution is bringing into view. No,

sire to be millionaires so cruel, so hard-hearted? That is the question which all should ask, and keep asking till the cause is fully understood, and then all effort should be directed towards its removal.

As I see things, there are a trinity of causes: First, The Personal God idea which sprang from past ignorance: narrow views, and a priesthood set apart as "Rev's" to teach people submission "to the powers that be."

Second: The competitive system of economics which has grown out of this false idea of a Personal God with absolute power to do what would be wrong in us, but we must consider that he has the right to do as he pleases, therefore, it is right in him. Governments, upon the same principle, do what the people may not do, and live. Competition; the running of a race in which all cannot win. Fighting the enemy to get to heaven. Struggling to get rich, to hold place and power here because we have as our pattern a God who is exalted, high up, and whose graded servants are the castes of heaven—people trying to imitate God—trying to hold place and power and marching over everything that seems to stand in the way—from all this, I say has grown our competitive economic system that takes from him that hath not and gives to him that hath, as naturally as water runs down hill.

Third: The law of heredity together with environments which tend to intensify and perpetuate hereditary traits.

In the combined power of the three things named, we find what it is that makes those combinations of rich men so hard-hearted, so cruel in the general, the business sense—so determined to push whatever will benefit them, irrespective of consequences.

And mark: Every poor man who would be rich above a fair average for all if he could, if he knew how and had the opportunity—every such man is at heart no better than those who are now rich, and of whom he now complains. Lack of power and opportunity to commit murder does not make a man any the less a murderer at heart provided he would do the murder had he the opportunity; no more does the lack of power and opportunity to become rich make the poor man any better at heart than the rich man, provided he would get rich if he could.

The true way is not in berating the rich. First: Settle it in your own minds that no man or woman has the moral right to be rich. Make up your minds that no one has a moral right to live from the toil of others, consequently that no matter what the opportunity, you will never consent to become rich above your fair share of the world's goods, and then you will be in a condition to construct in idea a system of society, of property relations which will be just to all in a higher sense than your present standards will permit of, and when the ideal is wrought out in your brains, bend all your energies, oh working, thinking man, oh working, thinking woman, to make such ideal an actual fact.

MOTHERS, LOOK AT YOUR BABES

and ask yourselves if you want them and their children after them to grow up under such conditions, under such a state of society as we now have? Then think. THINK and teach your children to think that this state of things cannot, must not, SHALL NOT continue.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHER,

let your whole being be roused in opposition to that system of society which gives one child at its entrance into this world a greeting of rags and a garret, while another is welcomed with purple and gold and the booming of canon—let every heart-throb send pulsing into the very being of the coming one, the feeling, the determination that such a system of society must go.

THEIR INCOME.

Mothers, harken to this. Mrs. Chandler writes to the *Woman's Tribune* as follows:

"It will not increase the income of the money huckster nor the creditor nation of England, 'the great creditor of the countries of the world.' Mr. Gladstone claims it will not increase such income, if there is plenty of money to enable enterprise to do a cash business, instead of a usury paying business.

"It is rather a serious matter to ask this country to consider whether we are going to perform this supreme act of self-sacrifice," said Mr. Gladstone, during the silver debate, before the mints were closed to silver in India. No, the \$2,000,000,000 invested by Britain "abroad," must be protected in the robbery of usury, though millions of India's people starve. And America follows suit. The United States congress is seized with fear and the money holders institute a panic in ready obedience to the gold god. Men, women, and children may lack bread and lack any opportunity to obtain it, but the mighty potentate, the power that holds the money bags, the creditor class, must exact the last pound of flesh from the heart of the wealth producer.

No, such a state of finances as would enable enterprise to do a cash business would not "increase," it would de-

crease the income of England's aristocracy, and Gladstone, "The grand old man, (?) as he is called, (a devilish kind of grandeur it seems to me, and yet by inherited helplessness, he and his are dependent upon this income to live, and it is claimed that self-preservation is the first law of nature) but this "grand old man" (?) is looking out for the \$2,000,000,000 that England has invested abroad, and though millions of India's people starve, and thousands of our western miners become tramps, England's aristocracy must live in spendor, while toadying fools in this country follow suit. Let us look at the outcome of England's care for her investments, of the policy of financial contraction that the income of the rich may increase.

"FROM ENGLAND TO COLORADO."

I find in *The Cincinnatiian* a letter from a correspondent who says:

While out last week I made the acquaintance of an Englishman named Bartlett, whose boasting of "the power of English wealth in the world" has made me do some hard thinking in the past few days. Among other things he said: "I traveled from England to Colorado without setting foot on American property. I boarded an English vessel at London and landed at Baltimore. I traveled over granite blocks (that are mortgaged to English bondholders) to the railway depot. I boarded a train on the Baltimore and Ohio railway (which is controlled by English capital) and went to Cincinnati. There I visited an acquaintance of my uncle's. In so doing I passed over granite blocks that, like the Baltimore blocks, are mortgaged, as my uncle's friend told me, to the tune of three million dollars. I then boarded the west bound train on the Ohio and Mississippi railway (which is owned by the Baltimore and Ohio people) and went to St. Louis. There I was compelled, like all other people who travel east or west via St. Louis, to pass over a bridge and through a hole in the ground, both controlled by English capital. At St. Louis I found more English granite. After spending two hours riding over our granite, I boarded a west bound train on the Missouri Pacific railway, (which like the other roads over which I passed is controlled by our people), which landed me in Kansas City. There I found more granite blocks like those in Baltimore, Cincinnati and St. Louis. I then went to Colorado over the same road and hunted three days on my uncle's land. Here you may claim that I put my feet on American property, but I claim that as my uncle is an Englishman and resides in London, that it is an Englishman's property, consequently it is English property. I will return over the same route. What do you think of that?" he asked.

I admitted that the English money-lender had us by the throat and told him that we were very thankful that we were allowed to breathe American air. "In less than twenty years, England," he said, "will control the business of the entire world and London will be the capital of the globe."

"IN LESS THAN TWENTY YEARS"

we shall see what we shall see. It is not impossible that within twenty years London, the modern Babylon, may "fall to rise no more." England is the best representative of our competitive economic system that our modern civilization (?) has given us, and until England takes a back seat, the poor of the world are doomed.

MOTHERS OF AMERICA,

it is for you to say if this state of things shall continue. It was the mother element aroused in the hearts of the women of the North that destroyed chattel slavery. To whom was the most successful appeals made in behalf of the slave? To the mothers. Mothers clasped their babes more closely to their hearts as they thought of the slave babe torn from its mother's arms. It was a mother's heroic efforts to save her child, that kindled the flame of interest which ran through all the pages of Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was underneath the mother hearts that were gestated those who went into battle with a hatred of slavery predominant, many of which were not even conceived when the anti-slavery agitation commenced.

One generation of mothers, such as could be reached, execrated slavery and the next generation executed it. The strongest argument used, the one that made the deepest impression, was the fact of the sale of children from their mother's arms.

That was terrible, but this system which makes money scarce that the income of the plutocrat may be increased, makes money scarce that England's "\$2,000,000,000 invested abroad" may be protected—this system starves both mother and child to death.

MOTHERS,

if you cannot destroy this terrible system of cruelty—this parent of unnumbered crimes, this manufactory of incarnate devils, there is no power that can. I mean it! Men cannot successfully inaugurate any great moral effort without woman's gestating it to birth, any more than he can both beget and gestate a child. It needs the gestating power of woman in moral as well as in physical production. Man can destroy alone, but he cannot create alone, and if mother indignation became so hot against slavery that she forged within her own body human bolts for its destruction, how much more should mother love kindle a flame of mental

he will oppose it with all his power. Brother and sister Spiritualists, I am giving no inspiration revelation, but the inevitable result of the premises you lay down. Give up the premises or accept the conclusion.—L. W.]

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

A MOTHER CRUSHED TO DEATH IN A STRUGGLE FOR BREAD IN THE YEAR 1894.

Mrs. Anna Lindgren passed from destitution to death last night. Except for the suffering that preceded her end, no one can say it was not the happiest thing that could have happened her.

While striving to get food for her sick husband and starving children she was fatally injured yesterday by a hungry mob in the county agent's office. A few hours later she died in her cheerless home. Mrs. Lindgren and her husband had never before appealed for aid at the county agent's office. The husband was sick and the woman weak. They had reached the last stage of destitution and went together to the agent's office. When the husband looked at the pushing, jostling mob, he said he was too weak to hold a place in the line, and Mrs. Lindgren took a place.

As the crowd at the office increased, the pushing and fighting became worse, and soon there was a terrible crush. The mass in front of Mrs. Lindgren surged back to save themselves from suffocation. The waiting ones behind pressed forward, made reckless by empty stomachs. The woman was caught between the two waves of humanity. Men and women were fighting and pushing one another. They had lost all sense save that of their own hunger.

The weakest had to go to the wall, and the weakest chanced to be Mrs. Lindgren. With a cry she sank. The crowd around her cared nothing for that. Their fight for bread continued undisturbed by so small a circumstance as the loss of a woman's life. Heavy men planted their boots on her body and jostled and struggled.

Officers drove the crowd back, and Mrs. Lindgren was picked up in an unconscious condition. She could not be restored to consciousness, and an ambulance was called to remove her and her husband to their home.

The county physician for the poor was sent for, and he found that Mrs. Lindgren's left hip had been broken. In her emaciated condition her injuries were serious, and she died last night.

The officers made an examination of the two small rooms in which the family lived, and they found not even a crust of bread. The wagon was returned to the county agent's office, and a supply of meat, bread, provisions, etc., and a load of coal were sent out. So Mrs. Lindgren won bread for her children after all. While they were devouring the food the county undertaker drove up and left a pine coffin.

County Agent Happel said that the accident was due wholly to lack of room to receive crowds at his office. "We have from 1,200 to 1,500 people every day," said he. "We have been criticised for not allowing them all to crowd into the office at once, and we threw open the doors with this result."

The crowd in front of the county agent's office to-day blockaded the sidewalk and extended half way to the middle of the street. Gaunt famine showed on the pinched features of every one, and ragged clothing gave but scant protection to chilled bodies. Women made up more than three-fourths of the struggling mass.

But only as many of the clerks inside could take care of were let in at one time to-day. Six policemen could not control the hungry outside.—*Chicago Special, in New York World.*

force that will become organized into bodies whose souls are also aflame against all economic injustice.

When this is done, the doom of monopoly, of aristocracy's "income" is sealed. The God-fire of mother love will consume it root and branch, while from the soil on which it stood shall spring the tree of human brotherhood whose branches shall ripen the fruit of Perfect motherhood. No more cruel boys, no more cruel men, no more heartless women, no more armies and navies, no more government tyranny—the "summerland," the heaven so much talked of actualized upon earth. Oh, women of America, rise to your high privilege!

BACK, OR FORWARD?

I find in *Humanity and Health* for Jan. '94, under the heading of "General Logan's prophecy and its fulfillment," By B. O. FLOWER, an article from which I make the following extracts. Speaking of our present condition as a people, Mr. Flower (editor *Arena*) says:

Then there is another aspect to this question which makes the shadows still darker. I refer to the vast volume of vice and crime due directly to poverty. Said Archbishop Ireland, in the course of a magnificent address delivered at the Social Purity Congress at the World's Fair.

"The great majority of unfortunate women in the country have come to ruin through the untoward circumstances into which they have been thrown. Poverty is the great temptation. Bright, honorable girls are compelled to work for wages insufficient to feed and clothe them; their life, amid toil and struggling, is cheerless and disheartening; the sole occasion for recreation of any kind offers perils which the stoutest hearts are weak to resist."

At the same gathering the Reverend Father John M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, observes:—

"The low wages paid to many women is, without doubt, one of the most prolific causes of the discouragement, despair and abandonment of principle among young women. In the desperate race for wealth, men, in their insatiable greed, forget or ignore the rights of women; and simply invite poor, half-starving girls to a life of misfortune and shame."

Eldridge T. Gerry, in a paper on "Child Prostitution," said:—

"The vice is one which peculiarly assails the children of the poor. Crowded and huddled together in tenements, the opportunities for decency are inversely proportionate to the size of the family. . . . In the city of New York alone, the superintendent of police and the author of this paper [Mr. Gerry] compared notes with exactly the same result; and viewing the matter from two different standpoints, we agreed that the number of prostitutes in New York city to-day is at least forty thousand."

And yet, Mr. Flower at the close of the article as given in *Humanity*, says:

. . . . The peril of the present demands that true statesmen sink all thought of party, and become patriots instead of partisans; and furthermore, that every American citizen should pledge anew his fealty to the republic of *other days*, and, cutting loose from the bondage of prejudice, consecrate heart and brain to the service of the whole people.

"Renew his fealty to the republic of other days." Suppose we change the sentence, making it read: "Renew his fealty to the wife of his youth."

Will such fealty restore that youth? Not at all; neither will the fealty Mr. Flower speaks of restore the "republic of other days." Not at all. We cannot go back if we would, and the only choice is serfdom for the masses with increasing evils like those already named, while the few destroy themselves in the drunkenness of power—even till the fate of the dead nations of the past overtakes us—this, or a new system of society, of property relations, a system in which all shall be justly treated through the natural action of the laws involved in the system itself—a system in which the motive powers of society shall be brought to bear upon the moral nature instead of as now, upon the selfish.

Yes, Archbishop Ireland, The Reverend Father John M. Cleary, Eldridge T. Gerry, Mr. Flower, and others are right in respect to the wrongs they name, but do they realize that no patching will heal or cover the sores—will remove the evils complained of—that they are the inevitable results of a false system. Oh, that they did realize this! Oh, that those "Rev's" could see that the very system which gives them their titles helps to produce what they so deplore! It must come—sometime—the end of the old. The wheel of evolution will fling it against the walls of time, shattering it to atoms.

Shall we block that wheel, or try to block it by attempting to go back to anything that is past?

No. Give us the new.

Continued from third page.

if there was any marching to be done, till that work was accomplished. The dropping of his body would not change his soul purpose."

"If what you say is true, Mrs. Lawrence, why have not all of earth's evils been remedied? there are myriads of souls over there who have lived for humanity. If John Brown would do so much, why have they not done more?"

"There are, and have been, millions of souls here, who have worked for humanity, why do not they succeed? Simply because they do not, and have not known how, and will they be any more likely to know how over there, till they have learned it?"

Mrs. Wendover did not respond immediately; she seemed to be studying the question. Presently she said:

"If your previous position is correct, if the laws of mind are the same there as here, they must learn what they have not already learned, before they can know it."

"The conclusion is inevitable, and John Brown, knowing that slavery was an evil, determined it should die, but who among earth's reformers has taken the ground that all of earth's evils shall die, and determined to work till it was accomplished? We must not only know how to do, but we must have a settled purpose to do, one that fills the soul and occupies all the powers of being."

Mrs. Wendover looked into the face of her friend with an expression of mingled incredulity and astonishment. "Was it possible that she believed we could do away with all the evils which so curse the world?"

"Can you think of one that we cannot conquer?" persisted Mrs. Lawrence.

"Do you really mean to say that we, ourselves, can do all this if we only think so, and work for it intelligently?"

"That is just what I do mean, Mrs. Wendover; now do you know of a single reformer who has gone to that life who believed this and worked for it while here?"

"No, Mrs. Lawrence, I do not; the idea has been that only God could do that."

"Yes, but if God works in us both to will and to do, that which is needed must come through ourselves; and we must find the how, the way to bring it."

"Then the most important question at present, is the how, is it not?"

"The what, the how, and the wherewith, are the divine trinity that we must invoke," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "We need first to know what is to be done, then how to do it, but these are of no use unless we can have the means with which to do. We have, in virtue of knowing what and how, the means to do something, for the power of thought will make itself felt, but we need money, and in that sense that which we have inherited, you and I, can be made a blessing to the world, if we are careful in determining the how of its use."

"Oh, that is a subject that I want to understand; I want to use what I have in the way that will do a lasting good," said Mrs. Wendover earnestly.

"Then we must learn first what is to be done. One thing is certain; either direct or indirectly every one depends upon the land to live. In order to free the people we must free the land. That is the what. Then, knowing what we want, we must next know how to get it. Is that plain?"

"As plain as words can make it. I told Bond the other day that the cause of so much wrong lay in our false economic system, and sometimes I can see very clearly that it is so; then again it slips away from me and I feel confused when I try to think," and then her thoughts went back to her brother's death and the bitter grief of the family. "Oh, why," she sobbed, "has my father's wealth proved the cause of so much sorrow!"

Mrs. Lawrence waited till she became calm, and then resumed her argument. She said:

"The law of property relations which enabled your father and mine to gain wealth while others go hungry, must be studied, not from the standpoint of legal right, but from that of moral justice. When we fully understand that question we may be able to so use our wealth as to make it the wherewith to aid in obtaining the what."

Mrs. Wendover laughed at her friend's quaintness of expression, and remarked: "That what, is the freeing of the land, I think you said; I can free several thousand acres."

"I beg your pardon, you cannot"

"What, cannot set my own land free!"

"No, the law does not allow it, any more than the law allowed the master in many of the southern states to set his slaves free. He could sell or bequeath them to another, but must not set them free."

"Oh, I see; I must sell, give, or hold the title myself."

"Yes, you can sell it for five cents an acre if you choose, but you must give an actual deed, and it must be recorded, or when you are in your grave, your children can take it."

"Then why not form a community, and allow the people to occupy it, with a deed or bond to take effect at my death?"

"Because it would interfere with personal liberty. A community of property implies rules, laws beside those the state imposes, and discord is pretty certain to be the result. If you wish to benefit individuals, or families that possess qualities worth perpetuating, deed them land enough to secure them a good living, and then leave them free to do as they please. A gift that binds to certain conditions becomes a chain; but as a general principle, aiding individuals is not the best way to help the world."

"What then would you do?"

"I shall use what I have to help educate the people as to what."

"That is, educate them to rebel."

"Yes, if you so please to designate it. The anti-slavery speakers and writers taught the people to rebel in feeling, against chattel slavery, and the great mental wave which swept over the country brought about a condition which made it not only possible but necessary that the institution be abolished, and it was done."

"But the freeing of the land is a much greater work, Mrs. Lawrence, than was the freeing of the slaves."

"Yes, very much greater; but it can be done, and it must be done, or we as a nation, must perish."

"I never heard a woman talk as you do," said Mrs. Wendover, wondering. "I cannot understand how you have learned so much."

"I have learned it because I have given my mind to it; because my heart has been interested."

"Then I will study, too, and if I can make my father's wealth help to bring about the what," laughingly repeating Mrs. Lawrence's form of expression, "I shall feel that I have not lived in vain."

The next day a friend came to visit Mrs. Lawrence, one of the thinkers and workers of the age; and in the evening the Wendovers, Mrs. Leslie, together with Morse and Blake, met for a general discussion of the questions that were up and would not down at the bidding of any. Bond Boyle was in Kansas, and Wherefore had gone back to Mandaville, but regrets were expressed that they could not be present.

Mr. Bertram was no half way reformer. He did not believe in using plasters to cover up social ulcers, but in so cleansing the body politic, that the sores would disappear. Charity he repudiated; justice he demanded, and as a result he was much hated and belied by those whose interest it was to perpetuate the present form of so-called civilization.

For a time he said but little except in a suggestive way, but when Mrs. Leslie said something about there being so many bad people, he replied:

"Madam, there are no bad people."

She looked at him with astonishment pictured upon every feature. He smiled and continued:

"Do you think it right to lie?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"And yet there is one day in a year upon which everybody thinks it right to lie."

"I do not understand you, sir," she said.

"Do you think it wrong to fool your neighbor the first day of April?"

"Oh!"

"No, you do not; by common consent the one who on that day can the most successfully deceive is counted sharp. Now, make all fool's day every day and put our business system in the place of the efforts made on that day to deceive one another, and consider further, that the system necessitates just such deception or starvation, and you may see why there is so much crime."

"I get a glimpse of what you mean, sir, but it is difficult to grasp the idea all at once."

"Suppose, madam, that some bright boy deceives you on the first day of April, and you reprove him

for lying, what will he do?"

"He will only laugh at me and tell me that everybody does so on that day," she replied.

"Yes, he will tell you it is April fool day, and when you reproach men for their tricks in trade, they will tell you that 'business is business.'"

"That is a good illustration," said Mrs. Wendover.

"But the April fool business is simply sport, and there is not much sport in those business tricks," persisted Mrs. Leslie.

"I have witnessed tricks on that day, madam, that were anything but sport to the victim, but if he dared to complain he was only laughed at; but suppose there was a ward offered to those who could most successfully deceive on that day, and punishment inflicted on those who permitted themselves to be deceived, and the more they were deceived, the more they were to be punished, what then?"

"Why, it would be hell upon earth," she replied, forgetting in the vividness of the picture presented, to be choice in her language.

"You have expressed it exactly, madam, and yet that is just what our competitive system of business does every day in the year. When I look at the natural tendency of the influences brought to bear, I wonder that people are so good."

"Reward and punishment," repeated Mrs. Wendover, as if she did not quite see the point.

"Yes, madam; reward and punishment. Are not the successful deceivers rewarded with wealth? Are not the deceived punished with poverty and incessant toil?"

"If you count that reward and punishment, yes, but I have never thought of it in that way."

"Mrs. Wendover has just begun to look into these things, but she is an apt scholar," remarked Mrs. Lawrence.

"She has never had occasion to look into them," said the Judge, "and she is so fanatical I am almost afraid of the result now; there is no knowing what fool thing she will undertake if she once gets the idea it is right."

This created a general laugh, while Mrs. Lawrence playfully shook her finger at him, saying: "How bad you do feel now, but this is not the first of April, and we shall not be fooled into praising your wife just to please you."

"I will give up beaten," said he.

"You are learning the lesson I learned long ago, Judge; it is of no use to contend with wife," added Lawrence.

"I presume she believes in woman's rights, Mr. Lawrence," remarked Bertram.

"I believe in human rights, Mr. Bertram."

"And she believes woman to be the most human of the two," said the Judge.

"There, wife, the Judge is even with you now," added Mr. Lawrence.

"Never mind if odd or even, let's go back to the subject in hand," said Mrs. Leslie.

"The subject was punishment and reward as connected with success or failure in business, and I should like to hear from the lawyer and the detective; what is your idea, Mr. Morse?"

"I think, Mr. Bertram, that if the rich could see the results of the rewards they seek, they would be slow to take them," and drawing a paper from his pocket, and first stopping to explain that the letter he held was from a prohibition state, he then read:

"I know of what I speak when I say that there is more misery caused here by the greed of capitalists, than there was in any ten years by the liquor traffic. I am a prohibitionist; I want to see the liquor traffic abolished, but to me, liquor selling is but a gnat when compared with the camel of competitive greed."

Morse here paused to remark: "Remember, please, that the men who do these things act from the principle that business is business, and have no more conscience in the matter than has the sharp boy on the first of April," and then he continued:

"I have seen hundreds of honest, industrious men who had carved from the plains of Kansas homes for themselves and families, driven out to go further west and try again. I have seen innocent children and helpless old age sacrificed upon this altar of Molech. I know of cases where well trained women have sold their persons to keep from starvation, and when rebuked by those who had grown rich by what had made them poor, their reply was: 'It was our last resource.' I have seen witnesses intimidated, juries bribed, judges bought, and legislators perjure

From The Progressive Thinker.

DEAR MRS. WAISBROOKER:

Please send me 100 copies of your new book, *The Fountain of Life*. I think it very good indeed, that it is the best I will not say, for all are full of thought, and the world will be the better for your having lived in it. You have planted the seed and it must bear fruit in time.

We intend to advertise all your books more extensively than we have done in the past.

Most truly yours,

CARRIE FRANCIS.

REMEMBER. Please.

The story we are publishing is well worth the price of the paper for a year, 50 cents, and every subscription commences with the first number, so you will get all the story.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES with the story running through it makes a good missionary document. Those who will use it for that purpose can have three copies one year for a dollar.

Another Copy.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—

Enclosed please find the money for another copy of your new book, *The Fountain of Life, or The Threefold Power of Sex*. It is the grandest exposition of the true principles of womanhood I have ever read. Surely, the angels directed your pen to portray their inalienable rights. We have had the primer before, but you have given us the full reading that will free the souls and bodies of women from sex slavery. Wishing you a long lease of days in which to carry on the good work: Fraternally,

F. M. THILEY, M. D.

San Bernardino, Cal.

The New Book.

I consider the *Fountain of Life, or Threefold Power of Sex*, the most scientific and logical presentation of Sex yet written, because it comprehends the whole of human nature. I hope it will strengthen the idea of the dignity and tend to exalt the place of humanity as creative beings. It is my firm conviction that the harmony of society and the growth and development of the individual depend upon right knowledge of the best use of sex, and right adjustment of the sexes.

You have done what may well be a crowning work, and I hope you may see that it is not sent out of season, but has come in the fullness of time to do what needs to be done.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

PERRENNIAL HAIR RE NEWER.

It is not a dye. It contains no harmful ingredients. It cleanses the scalp effectually and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair. It was given to a widow by her deceased husband and has been well tested. It is now her only means of support for herself and children, but for reasons that cannot be given here she does not wish to have her name appear.

Enough of the preparation sent by mail for 50 cents to make eight ounces when put with pure, soft water, as much as in an ordinary bottle of hair renewer, and a better article at half the price.

My head has not been entirely free, till or t twenty years. One week's use of the "Renewer" did it.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

I have seen a most marvelous growth of hair produced by its continued use.

MATTIE E. HURSEN.

Please send Mrs. Lynn another package of Hair Renewer. she likes it very much.

GEORGE LYNN.

Hastings, Neb., Apr. 26-92.

Address this Office.

themselves, and it could all be traced to this soulless, consciousness, implacable devil-fish of greed."

He paused, and Bertram said: "And the greed is fostered by the reward which comes through success, coupled with the knowledge that if they fail, this devil-fish will pinch them; but why did those men lose their farms? In nine-cases out of ten a bad season or sickness has forced them to borrow money from some eastern speculator, and to secure which, they must put a mortgage on them. Those hundreds of men who lost their homes sent thousands of dollars east every year in the shape of interest and, Mrs. Lawrence, what use do you suppose was made of it?"

The blood flooded her face in an instant, and then she turned pale, but she answered bravely: "I suppose some of it paid for the dress I have on," glancing down at the rich satin she wore.

Both Mr. Lawrence and the Judge were somewhat startled to have the matter brought so directly home, and Bertram hastened to add:

"That proves that what I said is correct; people do not mean to be bad, but we are all tangled up in a false system. It is a new system that we must work for; the old one cannot be patched."

"And in that new system there will be no place for me," said Blake.

"Not as a lawyer, I hope," was the reply.

"Well, if they can give me a place in which I can earn an honest living, I shall not complain, there is certainly no honesty in law."

"That is an honest confession, to say the least," remarked Morse.

"I do not think that your services will be needed any more than mine, nor that your profession is more honest than mine," retorted Blake.

Then the conversation turned upon the conditions existing in our large cities, and the futility of the efforts made to save the wrecks.

"We can find here a good illustration of the folly of charity," said Bertram. "Suppose that every rich woman in our cities should put the price of a satin dress into the charity fund, and for the purpose of keeping alive the children who now die from want, what would be the good of the gift under present conditions; where could they find a place in the world?"

"I cannot understand why poor people have so many more children than the rich," said Mrs. Wendover.

"Because, madam, it is about all they are allowed to have. Nearly every pleasure is taken from them but that of the association which brings children; beside it is a known law, that the higher we rise in the scale of being, the less reproduction, and the conditions of the poor hold them to the prolific plane," said Bertram in reply.

"It is no wonder that they are held down, when we consider the burdens they carry," said Morse. "Statistics tell us that labor supports over and above enough for themselves to live and propagate upon, fifty thousand state office holders, one hundred and twenty-five thousand federal office holders, forty-four thousand men in the standing army and navy, beside one hundred thousand ministers, one hundred and fifty thousand doctors, and," glancing mischievously at Blake, "a hundred and twenty-five thousand lawyers."

"Any detectives," asked Blake.

"Nary a detective."

"Wasn't of importance enough to be named; well, the lawyers count up pretty well."

"Count up for rascality, if, as you say, there is no honesty in law," said Morse.

"Yes; it shows that there are a great many rascals who need a lawyer's services, Mr. Morse, have you a case on hand?"

"I have, and a very large one; I want to upset this infernal system and put a better one in its place, think you are equal to the task, Mr. Blake?"

"I think I shall have to go through another course of study first."

"And I will study with you," said Mrs. Wendover.

"And I," "and I," "and I," went around the room, as fast as one could speak after another.

"To elaborate a new system is the what," said Mrs. Lawrence, "we have said that in another form, and we now must find the how of the what, must find how to put the new system in the place of the old."

"One of the hows will be to break the links of law that one hundred and twenty-five thousand lawyers are now twisting to suit their convenience," said Morse

LUCIFER.

DEVOTED TO THE

Earnest, Candid and Fearless Discussion

OF METHODS LOOKING TOWARDS THE
Elimination or Total Abolition of All Invasive Laws and Customs.

Published every Friday.

Price \$1.50 per year, or clubbing with FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES \$1.75.

Address M. Harman, Drawer 1, Topeka, Kansas, or this office.

Western Medical

AND

SURGICAL Institute,

127 LA SALLE ST.,
CHICAGO.

Chartered by the State.

Diseases of Men Exclusively.

Thirty years engaged in this line of practice. It ailing consult physicians of experience only, thus saving time and money.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Falling Memory, Want of Energy, Early Decay, arising from Indiscretion, Excess, Exposure, readily cured, Self-Distrust, Nervousness, Dimness of Sight.

Pimples, Aversion to Society, Unfitness for Marriage, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Lost Power, etc. Our Remedies never fail.

KIDNEY

and Urinary Diseases, Ropy Sediment in Urine, and too frequent Evacuations of the Bladder, Unnatural Discharges, permanently cured.

BLOOD

and Skin Diseases, affecting Body Bones, Nose, Throat, Blotches, Eruptions, radically cured.

Do not neglect your case. If ailing attend to it at once, before it is too late. We always like one personal interview. Consultation always free and confidential. Question list sent on application. Hours, 9 to 8 daily. Sundays, 10 to 12.

EUCHALYNE.

A Tonic for the Nerves, An Antidote for Malaria, and a Good Preventative of Cholera.

Read the following testimony from the Principal of the Western Medical and Surgical Institute, 127 LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill.

I have examined the new medication, EUCHALYNE, as prepared by Mrs. WAISBROOKER with the help of her Spirit Guides, and regard it as among the most certain of all medical preparations to accomplish what is claimed for it. ROBERT GREER, M. D.

Price fifty cents per package.

Address this Office.

"And to so eliminate crime that there will be no more need for Jed Browns with false faces," retorted Blake.

"As I see things, the best way is to show the people what is needed, and they will find the how," said Bertram.

"But how can we convince them, how make them see what is needed," asked Mrs. Leslie.

"It must be done through education. Once make the people see what their rights are, and they will find a way to get them; did you ever stop to think where the basis of usury lay?"

"Where does it lie?" asked Mr. Lawrence.

"The interest-bearing quality of money depends upon the power that men have, directly or indirectly, to control more than their share of the land, and then to command the toil of the disinherited for a compensation that is less than what they produce."

Morse repeated this slowly, as if weighing the meaning of every word. "You have it exactly!" he exclaimed "and we want a hundred thousand just such teachers as you are to go out among the people."

"Let those who have wealth, stand behind us with the money for needed expenses, and the teachers will be had," said Bertram; "but what we need more than all else is a paper with an exchequer so full that it cannot be broken down; yes, several of them; and we want money to pay men for taking subscribers, and money to be able to send it to those who will read but are not able to pay. If we had all this, we could soon so educate the people that they would begin to stir themselves, shake off their chains and take their rights. Oh, if I had a million of money I could use it all in this direction," and his eyes kindled and his form grew tall, as he thought of all the good he could do with that amount of money rightly applied.

Mrs. Wendover listened with flushed cheeks and the Judge said: "Don't be hasty, wife; think before you act."

"And when I get ready to act"—she paused as if she feared to say what was in her mind.

"No," he said, "I will not shut you up nor permit any one else to do so; private asylums are among the things that the new system will abolish."

"As I understand the purpose of this discussion," said Mrs. Lawrence, "it is to learn how to best use the wealth we have inherited, and when we have decided what's to be done with it, we shall be ready to act."

ATTENTION, READER!!

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW.

OR

SELF JUSTICE.

MRS. MARION TODD,

THE POPULAR ALLIANCE SPEAKER, SAYS:

"It is a book that intensely interests, educates and elevates. It inspires the weak with courage and the strong with admiration. It is based upon principles which will redeem men and women from the thrall of social despotism, and wage slavery."

"It should be found in every household, and its teachings promulgated by every parent. When its sentiments predominate, then, and not till then, will justice prevail."

"Oh, if men and women only would walk out of the wilderness by the light which the author of this production has given to the world!"

JAMES VINCENT, SEN.,

THE VENERABLE FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NONCONFORMIST, SAYS:

"It will do more to kindle hope, revive the heart, and stimulate ambition to stem the tide of opposition which woman has to overcome than the bible has ever done."

The above named book contains a good likeness of the authoress and four fine, plate illustrations of striking scenes in the story—these, with superior finish in other ways, make a \$1.50 book; we offer it for the balance of this year

For one dollar.

Address this Office