

# Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, MARCH 1894.

NO. 11.

## Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### MOTHER TO CHILD.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

How best can I serve thee, my child, my child!

Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart! Once thou wast within me—I held thee, I fed thee—

By the force of my loving and longing I led thee—

Now we are apart!

I may blind thee with kisses and crush with embracing,

Thy warm mouth in my neck and our arms interlacing,

And here in my body my soul lives alone And thou answerest me from a house of thine own—

That house which I builded!

Which we builded together, thy father and I! In which thou must live, O my darling, and die!

Not one stone can I alter, no atom relay— Not to save or defend thee or help thee to stay—

That gift is completed!

How best can I serve thee? O child, if they knew

How my heart aches with loving! How deep and how true,

How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,

How longing for good and how fearful of wrong

Is the love of thy mother!

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, overflow thee

With fame and with power till the whole world should know thee,

With wisdom and genius to hold the world still,

To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain, at thy will—

Still—thou mightst not be happy!

Such have lived—and in sorrow! The greater the mind

The wider and deeper the grief it can find. The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel

The keen stings that a lifetime is sure to reveal!

O my child! must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thine from pain?

Is the love of a mother no possible gain? No labor of Hercules—search for the Grail—

No way for this wonderful love to avail? God in heaven—O teach me!

My prayer has been answered. The pain thou must bear

Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share.

Thou art one with the world—though I love thee the best;

And to save thee from pain I must save all the rest—

Well—with God's help I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest, I must love thee in them!

Thou wilt sin with the rest—and thy mother must stem

The world's sin. Thou wilt weep—and thy mother must dry

The tears of the world lest her darling should cry.

I will do it—God helping!

And I stand not alone. I will gather a band Of all loving mothers from land unto land—

Our children are part of the world? Do ye hear?

They are one with the world—we must hold them all dear!

Love all for the child's sake.

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save

All the children on earth from the jail and the grave.

For so and so only I lighten the share Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear—

Even so, and so only.

—Lucifer.

## The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### BACK TO KANSAS.

Everything was done that could be to make Mrs. Renshaw's trip back to Kansas a pleasant one. It was decided that they had better stop a few days at her daughter's in Ohio, and then again with a cousin of Mrs. Wendover's in Chicago, as it was too long a trip for so old a lady to take all at once.

Bond Boyle went with her, as he had promised, and when the good-byes were said, and they were well seated in the cars, he said to her:

"Mother, there is one thing you do not seem to have thought of."

She seemed surprised at his calling her mother, and simply looked the question, "what is it?"

He took both her hands firmly in his as if to steady her, and continued: "It is that I am the child you adopted, and who was stolen from you."

She opened her eyes still wider, looked at him a moment, and then sank back in a dead faint from which it took considerable effort to rouse her. She was carried into the sleeping car, and a physician present administered restoratives. When they saw she was regaining consciousness Mr. Boyle said: "She will be better alone with me now," so the others retired.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"In the sleeping car, you fainted like a young girl, and I brought you here," replied Bond, with a smile.

"Fainted, oh!" and raising up she looked him earnestly in the face. "I thought I had found my boy, where is he?"

He saw that she was confused, bewildered with the blending of the present and the past, and again clasping her hands firmly in his own, he said: "He is here mother, but do not try to think now; wait till you have slept."

"No, I do not wish to sleep, and I remember now, but it seems so strange—so strange," she repeated, "that I did not know it before."

She lay silent for awhile and then said: "And so it was my own boy that my false oath would have robbed, had not providence interfered. They told me a distant relative claimed to be Major Boyle's son, that they were morally certain he was a pretender, a fraud, but he had got things so fixed, that unless it could be made to appear that the Major had no other son, he would win his case."

"So you thought you were helping to defeat a rascal, did you?" he replied, pressing her hands more closely in his own.

"That is what I thought, and yet it was my own boy," and she burst into tears.

Boyle said nothing further then, but by gently stroking the white hair, she soon forgot to weep, and fell into a quiet sleep. When she awoke she had so far recovered that she could talk calmly about the matter, still she could not get over wondering why it was that through it all, she had not once thought that he was her boy.

From then on she seemed very happy. "It is the Lord's work," she said, "I meant it for evil but he meant it for good."

"No, no, mother, you did not mean it for evil," said Bond.

"Well, they did, and I was their tool, and but for that runaway horse it would have been evil, for you would have lost what was rightfully yours," she persisted, and then: "I wonder where Cora was then?"

"You mean my own mother?"

"I mean your own mother, and if you had seen the look in her eyes when she gave you to me, you would know she could never forget her baby. I wondered why I kept thinking of her, why her face seemed nearly all the time before

me after I promised to go with them; I know now."

"Second childhood," thought Bond, as he looked into her happy, earnest face. She was as happy as a child, to say the least, and when she reached her daughter's, her first words were:

"Oh, Susie, I have found my boy, my Edward; they call him Bond now, because there was another Edward, but he is my very own boy."

Of course the part she had been made to play, was not very clearly explained. She had decided that the Lord had over-ruled it for good, and so had cast from her the regrets she had felt, and Bond did not wish to say a word to mar her happiness.

They remained with Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Renshaw's daughter, a week, and Mr. Porter took Mr. Boyle over the town to show him what they were doing, told him how long that particular township had been settled, and seemed quite proud of its prosperity.

Boyle noticed that in one part of the township there was no settlement. The unoccupied portion was about one-third of the township, and upon asking why it was, he was told that five thousand acres lying in a body, belonged to some eastern heirs, and it was so fixed that nothing could be done with it till the youngest child was of age.

"And how old is that child now?" asked Boyle.

"I believe she is ten years old."

"So that land must lie idle eleven years longer. For eleven years homeless people must pay rent, or go to the far west and build sod houses in which to live, must struggle under extra hardships to obtain land, and then, perhaps, lose it, while this fine tract remains unoccupied, do you think that is right, Mr. Porter?"

"Do I think it right that people let their land lie unoccupied till they are ready to to use it, why, what is there wrong about it?"

"Suppose one man owned the whole state of Ohio, and chose to so let it lie, what then?"

"That is hardly a supposable case, Mr. Boyle."

"I do not see why it is not, sir; the same law that allows a man to hold five thousand acres unoccupied so long as he chooses, will permit him to hold five or fifty million acres in the same way, if he can get a legal title to that much."

"I suppose the law allows a man to hold all he can buy and pay for," replied Porter.

"Yes, the law does so allow, and there is where the wrong comes in. Such a law is a chain which binds millions of people down to poverty and ignorance; now whatever the legal status of the question may be, I ask you, is it morally right that one man should be permitted to shut scores and hundreds of families out of homes?"

"I have never thought upon the subject, Mr. Boyle, so am not prepared to answer your question."

"Then please think of it, so you can give a satisfactory answer to yourself when I am gone, if you cannot to me now. The five thousand acres right here would furnish fifty acres each to a hundred families. There is timber enough to put up buildings, make fences, and furnish fuel; but that hundred families must go to Kansas or Nebraska, if they want land, must, often, live in sod shanties, and have nothing for fences, and no fuel, only as it is dug out of the ground and brought from some other place. They are away from society, from schools till there are families enough to have one, and no shade until trees can be made to grow. Only a barren, dreary waste to look out upon; hardship and struggle, such as would be unknown here, is their lot, and all because lands like these are locked up from use."

"One hundred families; they are somewhere, but not as well situated for either moral or spiritual growth as they would be on that land, and the law which permits of the holding of that land vacant is responsible for their suffering because of it, and for the crimes they may commit because of the added pressure upon them."

"I think I can show you some of those families not far away," replied Porter, as he turned his horse's head into another road. They went about two miles when they came



## Fix the Environment.

There can be no moral or spiritual regeneration of the human race unless there first be a physical regeneration. If a man is dirty the first and most needful thing to preach to him is the use of soap and water. And he will never make any advance in moral and spiritual growth until he learns to keep himself clean. If a man be hungry, it is idle to preach to him the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," unless you do something to relieve the gnawing at his stomach. The rule is that laid down long ago: "First, that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual." It is utterly impossible for men and women to grow up into intellectual and spiritual beings under the present conditions of things. As well expect to get a crop of rice from a sowing of burdock seed. What chance has the average workingman to cultivate and develop the higher qualities of mind and heart with which he is endowed? Is it not with most of us a desperate struggle year in and year out to get barely enough to live on? Do we not live simply animal lives, like the beasts of burden—eat, sleep and work? If indeed we are always fortunate enough to get these. Those who wish to reform and lift up the race must take hold of the right end of the problem—the end upon which we are working—the physical end. Improve the physical condition of the people, improve their places of habitation, give them more and better food and clothing, make it impossible for them to want and suffer through lack of work, and a big long step will have been taken toward a moral and spiritual regeneration of the race. "First the natural, then the spiritual."—*The Coming Nation*.

## Degraded Maternity.

HELEN GARDNER.

It is true that the degraded status of maternity has ruled and does rule the world, in that it has been, and is, the most potent power to keep the race from lofty achievement. Subject mothers never did, and subject mothers never will, produce a race of free, well-poised, liberty-loving, justice-practicing children. Maternity is an awful power. It blindly strikes back at injustice with a force that is a fearful menace to mankind. And the race which is born of mothers who are harassed, bullied, subordinated and made the victims of blind passion or power, or of mothers who are simply too petty and self-debased to feel their subject status, cannot fail to continue to give the horrible spectacles we have always had of war, of crime, of vice, of trickery, of double-dealing, of pretense, of lying, of arrogance, of subservience, of incompetence, of brutality, and, alas! of insanity, idiocy and disease added to a fearful and unnecessary mortality.

To a student of anthropology and heredity, it requires no great brain power to trace these results to causes. We need only remember that the mental, as well as the physical conditions, capacities, and potentialities are inherited, to understand how the dead level of hopeless mediocrity must be preserved as the rule of the race so long as the potentialities of that race must be filtered always through and take its impetus from a mere annex to man's power, ambition, desires and opinions.—*Lucifer*.

## "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 is 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. 30-93.

to a coal miner's village. There were about sixty families, as shown by the cabins and plain board houses. As they rode up and down the streets, if streets they could be called, Bond noticed the utter absence of any chance for neatness or taste. No fences, no yards, floors on a level with the ground, and coal and mud, mud and coal when it rained, and when it did not it was black dust.

Children, hogs, dogs, and cattle mingled promiscuously, and one about as clean as the other. "And not one of these families are allowed to own a foot of land," said Porter.

"Why not?" asked Boyle.

"Because it would make them independent of the mine owners. If they owned even a cabin they could work for the company or somewhere else, as they chose, but now they must work for the company upon its own terms or go into the street to give place to those who will."

"Slaves," said Boyle.

"Yes, they are slaves, as much as were ever the slaves in the south, but if I should say as much to the people here I should be looked upon as a dangerous man."

"Is it right to make people slaves, Mr. Porter?"

"It certainly does not seem right, but how it is going to be prevented I cannot understand."

"If it is not right to hold slaves, then it is not right to do that which makes them slaves; is not that a logical conclusion?"

"It certainly is, sir."

"You have answered the question I asked you awhile ago, sir, for by holding vacant, unused land the working people are made landless, and thus helpless. They must be slaves or starve. Every one of those families could make a home and draw their support from that unused land. That land lying vacant not only makes it possible to make slaves of those people, but it makes it impossible for them to escape being enslaved, therefore it is not right to so hold land."

"But we cannot take people's property from them, Mr. Boyle."

"The time was, Mr. Porter, when the law said we must not take the black slave from his master, but the time came when it became necessary to do so. Is the law made for the use of the people, or the people for the law, that they should be sacrificed to keep it unbroken? When the people become sufficiently educated to see the connection between white slavery and vacant land, the links of law that protect its vacancy will be broken."

"I wish it might be done, Mr. Boyle, but it seems to me a hopeless thing. It can only come through revolution, and that is so terrible I do not like to think of it."

"Yes it is terrible, but not more so than what now is. I had rather a child of mine should be blown to pieces by dynamite than to be subject to such privations as would slowly, but just as surely kill her. Had I a dozen fair daughters, I would rather see them all shot at once, than to see them live to become the mothers of families under the conditions that these women must live, and what is my daughter more than other men's daughters?"

Porter thought of his own daughters and shuddered, but made no reply, and Boyle continued: "The tortures of the inquisition were terrible, but the slow dying out of manhood and womanhood, the hereditary brutalizing process which goes on under such conditions as these, is more so; yet we look upon the former with horror, while we remain unmoved by that which is going on under our own eyes."

"We can think, talk, act, live for such a change in our property relations as will make it impossible for one man to live from the toil of another because he has been robbed of his natural inheritance, the land, and so must serve the robber. Man did not make the land and he has no right to buy and sell it."

"Are you an anarchist, Mr. Boyle?"

"I have never studied the philosophy of anarchism as explained by professed anarchists, so cannot say, but I do not believe in what the public calls anarchy, any more than I accepted the slaveholder's interpretation of what an abolitionist was when I worked for the freedom of the black slave."

Mr. Porter made no reply to this, and for a time they rode on in silence; when conversation was resumed it was upon other subjects.

The visit there seemed to rest Mrs. Renshaw so much, that when they reached Chicago they remained but two days, but while the old lady was resting, Boyle went to Waldheim to see the graves of those who, right or wrong, had dared to stand by their principles to the death. He bought their speeches, and learned from their friends their true sentiments, as compared with the lying reports of the press.

They had a good opportunity to do this, for the friends

with whom they stopped were thinkers and friends of the working people, and though not anarchists, were willing to be just to those who were.

"It is a theory, a philosophy, so they say, and their own interpretation is more likely to be correct than that of outsiders." So said Bond Boyle upon reaching Kansas and talking with Mr. Renshaw, the old lady's son, upon the subject.

"Why were those men hung then?" asked Mr. Renshaw.

"Because they painted in such strong colors the evils of our present system, that they were uniting the working men of the city against the political bosses, and those same bosses plotted their destruction by accusing them of conspiracy."

"Well, there is political corruption enough, heaven knows," said Mr. Renshaw, and then they began reviewing the situation in Kansas.

"There have been over two thousand foreclosures of farm mortgages in this state within the last six months, and but for the effort to rob you of your inheritance, as I now understand it, Mr. Boyle, I should have lost my home. Things were not rightly represented to us, and I felt very badly about mother's going so far from home, but I knew she would die if we lost our place, and it was the only chance."

"All's well that ends well, cousin."

"But it didn't end well for the other party," persisted Renshaw.

"Well, neither you nor I are to blame for that," said Boyle.

"True, but why must these things be?"

"Our property system lies the base of the most of the evils from which we suffer; would you have come so far away and struggled as you have if you could have gotten land nearer home?"

"Indeed, no. I would not have come as it was could I have known one half I would have to suffer."

"And yet there is unoccupied land enough east of Chicago and north of the Ohio river to furnish every man in Kansas with a farm of fifty acres each, and with half the toil and privation that it has cost to come here it could have been put under a high state of cultivation; now why could you not have had some of it?"

"Yes, why couldn't I? because the parties holding it would not sell, or asked a price that I could not pay."

"And they hold it, can let it lie or have it cultivated, because there is a link of law wrapped around each piece, law, which is the cause of more crime, the liquor evil not excepted, than any other one thing."

"How so? I never thought of it in that light."

"I think, if you study this question in the light of facts, Mr. Renshaw, you will come to the same conclusion. A recent writer says that the three great factors of crime and degradation are poverty, rum and masculine immorality; now if it can be shown that the ownership of land for other use than cultivation is the legitimate parent of these crime producing factors, have I not proved my position?"

"If you can show that, yes."

"Before trying to do so," continued Boyle, "I will read a passage or two from a reliable Boston Journal. Here is a report from a Baptist minister of what he finds in his parish. There are five cases given, I will read but one:

"On the fifth floor of an over crowded tenement house in the north end of Boston, were found a sick man, wife, and six children huddled together in two dingy, smoky rooms not larger than eight by eight, for which they had to pay one dollar and a half a week. The only means of support they had was the uncertain revenue derived from making pants. She could seldom earn more than two dollars and a quarter a week. For six years that woman had worn the same dress, and the children had but one or a part of a garment apiece."

"Let me look at that please," said Mr. Renshaw in a tone which indicated that either Mr. Boyle's eyes were at fault, or his own ears were.

The Journal was handed him, and he read, not only that, but the other four cases, each seeming worse than the last, they were all so bad. He then read the name of the minister who had made these visits and reported these cases, turned and read them again, and then handed the paper back without a word. He seemed perfectly amazed.

"Did you read the statement of that same minister that these were not exceptional cases, that there were hundreds of such," asked Boyle.

"I did."

"Now take the over two thousand mortgage foreclosures here in your own state within the last six months, and tell me why it all is—measure the misery and show where the cause lies."

"Measure the misery, hell itself couldn't do it!" exclaimed the now aroused man.



"But the cause, Mr. Renshaw?"

"The cause lies in the selfishness and hardness of men's hearts."

"But what causes the selfishness and hardness," persisted Boyle.

"They were born so, I suppose."

"They have been made so, Mr. Renshaw, by conditions and circumstances over which they have had little or no control. They nor their parents before them have once stopped to think. They have taken things as they found them, and have asked God to take care of the poor, while by the means of a land system that robbed the masses of their right to the land, they have forced the poor to take care of them."

"Have forced the poor to take care of them, and asked God to take care of the poor, and as he don't do it, the poor get left," said Renshaw.

"Something like that, but let us go back to our family of eight who occupy about one half a square rod of space, not on the ground but up four pair of stairs, and for the use of which they pay seventy-eight dollars a year, do you think they would stay there if they could have even one acre of land? Would not the industry that makes pants for a living bring a better support out of one acre of ground? do you think they would stay there if they could get even a half an acre?" persisted Boyle.

"I wouldn't, I know," replied Renshaw.

"No, nor they wouldn't, but if they should go onto an unoccupied acre, this government, at the command of some one who had enough and to spare, would send its officers to drive them off; officers who are paid by taxing the people, and if the taxes are not paid the property is sacrificed. Now anarchists would not drive that family off that land, and they would repudiate both the officers and the taxes."

"Still pleading for the anarchists," said Renshaw.

"No, I am not pleading for the anarchists, I am simply comparing anarchism with governmentalism."

"But I thought you were going to show, Mr. Boyle, that the unrestricted ownership of land was the parent of poverty and crime."

"Where are those families, Mr. Renshaw, who would occupy vacant land if they could?"

"Where are they?"

"Yes, where are they?"

"I presume they are scattered over the country, renting lands."

"No, that won't do; if such should occupy vacant land, the land they now cultivate would be left vacant."

"They have gone into the mills then, mining, or some other industry."

"Yes, they go into the mills, the mines, the cities to find something to do, and they fill every avenue so full, that half work, and half pay when they get work, drives them to the depths of poverty; and to get their living some keep saloons, and there comes in your rum. Men are driven to sell liquor, and women to selling themselves, thus tempting masculine immorality. Poverty, rum, prostitution are the crops raised from vacant land, and law, government sanctions and enforces the infernal product."

"Why do not people think and talk of these things, then? why not try to make the masses understand?"

"Because, sir, if they attempt it, government slips a link of law over their heads and chokes them to death."

Just then word was sent from the house that "mother" wanted them. They were a little surprised but immediately obeyed the summons. They found her lying on the lounge propped up with pillows.

"What does this mean, mother?" said Mr. Renshaw, going to her side.

"It means death, my son," she replied with a smile, "the Lord over-ruled my journey for good, the home is safe, I have my other boy with me, and now I am ready to go."

"Oh, no, mother," said Boyle, stepping quickly forward, "I did not come back with you to see you die; you must not leave us now."

"Must not, are big words, my boy."

"John, saddle Jim and go for the doctor," said Mr. Renshaw to his son who looked as if he would like to do something if he only knew what. He sprang with alacrity to obey the order, but his grandmother's voice arrested him.

"Come here first, please, John."

He went to her—"kiss me," she said.

"He bent down and kissed the wrinkled cheeks. "Go for the doctor now, if you wish, but it will do no good, good-bye."

The boy turned to his father as if to ask "What shall I do?"

"It will be of no use, father," said Mrs. Renshaw, "she is going fast."

They rolled the couch to the window for air, and they gathered around her, her son and his wife at the head, then Bond Boyle, and three children who were at home. The old lady had closed her eyes, and she lay for some minutes without moving.

Then she looked up into Mrs. Renshaw's face and said: "You have been a good daughter to me, Mary," then gently disengaging her hands from their clasp, she murmured: "My boys, good-by, good-by, Mary, good-by, children, and sinking away, they thought she was gone, but again they caught the sound of murmured words, and bending down, they heard: "The—home—is—safe," they were the last; she had gone where mortgaged homes are unknown.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. NEW COMBINATIONS.

The Lawrences were very much surprised the next day after Reid's lecture, at receiving a call from Frederick Golder. Mrs. Lawrence had heard Richard speak of him, but none of the family had met him. There was at first a little embarrassment, caused by painful memories of Richard's death; but after a little they fell into an easy flow of conversation and were mutually pleased.

"Mr. Wildermere, Wherefore, we call him in Mandaville, is a peculiar character," remarked Golder, "but what he said last evening helps me to understand him better than I ever did before. I started the call for him."

"I am very glad you did, for what he said was invaluable," replied Mrs. Lawrence.

"Worth more than all Reid said, as good as the lecture was," continued Mr. Lawrence, "what he said was so gentle, so tender, and so plainly put that no one could fail to understand."

"I did not know that he was in the audience," said Golder, "till I heard him repeating some lines, that I heard the first time under very peculiar circumstances, and what he told us last night explains the reason of repetition of the same whenever woman's wrongs are spoken of."

Mr. Lawrence opened his lips, then closed them again; he wanted to ask what the words were, and what the circumstances, but upon second thought feared he might seem inquisitive.

Golder continued, as if understanding the feeling: "Your son and myself were sitting upon the upper porch of the hotel in Mandaville, with our backs toward the parlor door, when a young and evidently poor girl passed. She was beautiful, even in her poor dress, and I drew Richard's attention to her, and began to tease him. We both made remarks that were no credit to us, when suddenly Wherefore confronted us with:

"The city, the city hath bought her; it hath  
Doled her piecemeal to students and rats,"  
and then: "Which are you, students or rats?" and before we could recover from our surprise, he was gone; but he had made me feel like a rat, or worse than one."

"Were those the words he repeated before he came to the platform?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"He repeated them in part, and I called out 'Wherefore;' others repeated the call, and the result was the best illustration of the errors of the sons of the rich that I have ever heard, and in view of the wrongs that our present system of things generates, the inevitable wrongs, so well portrayed last evening, I have about decided to join those who are fighting the system instead of its victims, even if said victims do happen to be rich."

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence's experiences had been such, that they gave a hearty assent to the idea that the system cursed the rich as well as the poor. "And if they could be made to see it so," said Mr. Lawrence, "they would work as earnestly, and more intelligently, than the poor can, for its removal."

"I am glad to know, Mr. Golder, that you have decided to become a worker for a better system," said Mrs. Lawrence. Just then Horace came in.

"My son, Mr. Golder; Horace, this is a friend of Richard's."

"How unlike," thought Frederick, as he took the younger brother's hand in his own, and then: "Is this all your family, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"I have one daughter; she is at Judge Wendover's today, she and Alice are almost inseparable."

"Alice, Alice," repeated Golder to himself, and then aloud: "Alice is Mr. Russell's—excuse me, Mr. Boyle's grand-daughter, is she not?"

"She is, and a very lovely girl."

Frederick Golder thought of what her beauty had cost the Lawrence family and wondered if she knew.

*Continued on seventh 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.

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.

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The five pays for your birth in one of the Pullman Tourist Cars and the twenty pays for a first-class passage, all via

#### THE UNION PACIFIC.

A. M. FULLER,  
Agent U. P. System.  
525 Kans. Ave.

#### Yes, "Better."

DEAR MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Your theories go to show that a woman should know enough to use the tremendous spiritual power she has in her to build up first herself, until she is strong enough to choose the man she loves from all the world, and then they can build themselves up into such power they help the whole world. This is better than that she should be kept down and her power drawn from her to build up things that had better be pulled down. Crushed like the women of India as grapes in the winepress.

Please send me two copies of "A Sex Revolution." Yours truly,

E. K. C.

Davenport, Ia., Feb. 25-'94.

#### Ancient.

Surviving members of the Progressive Union, organized by Dr. and Mary Gove Nichols, in 1854, will please report to  
J. C. BUCHANAN,  
Pittsburg, Kan.



## 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 give the "private and confidential letter" of Mr. Jones in this issue of F. P. and leave the reader to judge if liberals would be safe if men with a spirit such as he there manifests should get control of this nation. Other things call for my time and strength so I decide not to put the letter, with other matter, in pamphlet form. Those who have sent money can have the value in papers for distribution, or, if they so desire, I will refund the same.

DIANA HIRSCHLER,

President of the Young Woman's Arena Club, Philadelphia, says in *The Arena*:

"If our last year's experience teaches anything it is that although a strong social reform tendency is observable in the churches, little is to be expected from the clergy; even in a church movement the preacher should be kept, as far as possible, in the background. Their help is valuable, but on every committee and in every progressive organization they should strictly be kept in the minority if such committees are to accomplish any practical results or the movement is to gain permanent success."

Miss Hirschler's experience is in connection with a movement to abate the sweating system of Philadelphia, of which she says:

"It kills more women and devours larger numbers of children each year than all the cannibals in the world, and the monstrous evil is growing each year."

A concerted movement was made to unite the moral forces of the city against this and other glaring evils, and of the "four hundred and fifty who were officially connected at the start, not more than twenty remained loyal through the year." Why? "A Presbyterian divine would not co-operate with the Jews." This is one, first and main reason given, and of course others crept in, but the point to be emphasized is this: JESUS WOULDN'T GET THE CREDIT if the Jews were admitted on equal terms. Their idol, or ideal God is put before HUMANITY and the central idea of the Christian religion is thus made a curse instead of a blessing. So far as I can understand, all RELIGIONS put some ideal first and HUMANITY second. Even Spiritualists in organizing as a "RELIGION" have put the "ism" first—have left HUMANITY out lest the organization become a failure.

It is this "religious" tendency, with that of the Revs. to dominate because they stand by their very titles as representatives of God, as teachers of God's will, that I oppose. It was for this, and not because I was "mad" or because I was born with an instinctive hate of ministers, or because I have anything against the man as such that I took up and ridiculed the "Rev." Jones. Never, till HUMANITY is made the ideal, with no personality to come between as a ruler, will our race rise to its own grand proportions of justice, love and power. The gods, whether spelled with a small or large g, must get out of the way.

### THE KITCHEN CABINET,

OR COOK'S DELIGHT.

This convenient and useful article, recently patented, we would like to get agents to dispose of territory by counties, or by states, the states of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas. I have seen it in use and consider it the most convenient and useful of all combinations of the kind, the flour and meal chests being in the top, with table to fold up or let down at pleasure, and selves at the bottom of the meal and flour chests so that when sifted the contents of each fall into a dish if so desired, or directly upon the table. Then the shelves and place for all that is needed in or about such cooking makes it very desirable to have.

L. W.

### HYPNOTISM.

In the December No. of *The Arena*, in an article on "The Higher Criticism" as applied to the bible, is a passage in which the rule of evidence is so weak, and the point beyond which we may not pass in our search for truth is so positively stated that only in the recognition of the hypnotizing power of ideas can I see any way to explain the position taken. The writer, who is an A. M., D. D., L. L. D., says:

"If we let the biblical writers speak for themselves, they tell us in quite unequivocal terms that they wrote by divine prompting; the spoken word of prophet and apostle was put in their mouths by God, and the written word was only the spoken word committed to writing or on the same footing with it. If we take a plain and unsophisticated (though strictly critical) view of what the biblical writers tell us, we shall accept them at their word. We are willing to explain them, to set them in their proper place in space and time, to give their true position in the development of God's purposes; but we refuse to explain them away. We refuse to account for them in ways by which they would never have accounted for themselves."

"But we refuse to explain them away." In other words; "we have been taught to believe that those men were inspired of God—have been taught to believe that God, in his own person, gave Moses the two tables of stone—we have been taught to believe that Jesus was and is the literal son of God according to the flesh—those men say they were inspired of God, and we take their word."

If that is not the language of subjects hypnotized by an idea, or by certain ideas, I do not know what would be. If any other question was involved would they apply the same kind of reasoning? If a man in this day were to go away into a mountain and when he returned bring with him two pieces of slate—tables of stone—upon which were written certain rules of life, and he should say, and persist in saying that he had talked with God, and that God wrote those rules upon the slate for him to bring to the people as veritable commands from their maker, would this same A. M., D. D., L. L. D., believe the assertion? Would he take the written rules, which might be very good, but not above human intellect to formulate, as evidence that, being good they must have come from God, for a bad man would not give out good rules to live by, and if he did not get them as he said he did, he would be bad?

Is that the kind of reasoning he would use in a matter of that kind to-day? Certainly not; and yet it is practically the kind of reasoning he uses in reference to what is said to have occurred ages ago.

And there is where the hypnotism comes in. In reference to the past he has had a pre-natal tendency, or susceptibility in that direction, and it has been followed up till his brain is so magnetized to the idea that the bible is God's word, he has no power to think otherwise. Argument, reason, logic, common sense roll right off that hypnotized condition of the brain like water off a duck's back. They can make no impression.

But when it comes to judging of claims of the same character made in this our age, there is no such hypnotic condition to contend with and the word of the party making such claims is not taken even as corroborative or inferential proof

of such claim.

Were such a reason given to show that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were inspired of God, that same A. M., D. D., L. L. D., would laugh the man to scorn who should bring it forward, and yet, making allowance for the almost certain exaggerations which the Jewish historian has doubtless given us, the exodus of the Mormons from Missouri and their wonderful trip across the plains over the mountains to Salt Lake can well be compared to that of the Israelites out of Egypt and their journey to the land of Canaan, and as both claim God as their leader, it will hardly do to accept the claims of one while rejecting those of the other, and surely, no barbarity practiced by the Mormons equals, to say nothing of exceeding, those practiced by the Israelites as recorded in the bible.

That each class (both the Israelites and the Mormons) had spirit leaders or a leader, I fully believe, but selfish, undeveloped, and tyrannical. It will not do to judge one case differently from the other, to use special pleading in the case of the Israelites to the exclusion of the same pleading in behalf of the Mormons. Both claim Jehovah as God and that he inspired and sustained them, and there is much more evidence to show that both the Israelites and the Mormons were led by the same power than there is to show that the great "over-oul" had anything to do with either in any special sense.

But the hypnotic power of hereditary tendency and early and constant teaching has given to those who are "ordained" as "Revs"—to teach God's word and will, as found in the bible, an over shadowing, directing tendency of which they themselves are not aware, and while as in what follows, I deal "straight out from the shoulder" with the minister, I feel sorry for the man because the man has become subservient to the office designated by his title, consequently is not free to follow where truth leads.

No matter what the evidence of past mistakes and misconceptions, such have driven their stakes, and refuse to receive such evidence as would necessitate that said stakes be pulled up.

At this time there is strong evidence of this hypnotizing power upon a large body of the people. Socialism has been regarded by believers in Jesus Christ as one of the evil things against which they must contend. It was infidel in its teachings and tendency. It was suggestive of the horrors of the French revolution; but now, when the distress of the people forces those in whose keeping their welfare has been held to examine theories and causes, we have "Christian Socialism," and this present month in the city of Topeka, in the Congregational church, a series of lectures are being given on the subject.

The question is not, Will Socialism be a more just system than that which now prevails? Will it give humanity a more equal chance in the race of life, but is it sanctioned by the bible? Is it in harmony with the gospel of Jesus?

Thus we have the people tied back to an eighteen hundred year

old system—to a stake away from which we must not break. If we accept the book as a veritable record there is more in it to confirm the present system of economic injustice, complemented with the constant demand that we be good and true under it, than there is to encourage a change of system.

Go read the parable of the man who called his servants and gave to one a talent, to another five, and so on. What does the gentle Jesus say of the one who did not use his talent (so much money) to make his master richer? His one talent is taken from him and given to the one that hath ten, and he is cast into outer darkness because he has been an unprofitable servant and has not brought "usury" to said master. Can we have a better illustration of things as they are today? No condemnation to the system but hell to the man who did not faithfully serve a master, did not add to that master's gain.

I ask: Can we have a better illustration of things as they are today? Those who look at this parable to which the "kingdom of heaven" is likened, with un hypnotized eyes, will say: "No, we cannot," but the others will say: "Oh, it don't mean money, but gifts, talents, intellectual and spiritual."

Just so. The hypnotizer gives a broom to a young man and tells him it's a nice young lady, and he folds it lovingly in his arms, and continues to do so until he is told to do something else equally silly.

### AN OPPORTUNITY.

One of the most difficult things that an editor has to deal with is to move forward when knowing that motives are liable to be misinterpreted. "Oh, I cannot do this or that for people will misunderstand me," is the cry of many a shrinking, faltering soul.

Well, suppose they do? Is their misconception of your motive in the truths you utter of more value to you than the truth itself? Again, if people misunderstand you is that a reason for misunderstanding yourself? Just so long as workers will allow misunderstandings or slanders to drive them from the track, just so long will they be misjudged and slandered.

I make these remarks because I know that some will attribute the publishing of the following letter to personal feeling, but as I know it is not, I can only regret their misapprehension as I move forward in the work before me.

For years I have very frequently found the name of "Rev. Jesse H. Jones, North Abington, Mass.," in our liberal papers, and for years I have sensed his over-shadowing, officious, directing spirit in what he calls working to free woman from man's dominion, and the fact that on that one point he was radical to the old church view, has given him place and standing among liberals which does not belong to him.

One of the radical workers of whom he says she is working in the same cause with him, to-wit, the "freeing of woman from her bon-



dage to man," this woman writes a book in which she draws from natural law or axiomatic truth, the authority upon which she predicates her conclusions. The conclusions Mr. Jones accepts as "profound truth," but because she repudiates the personal authority of his Jesus Christ in order to make her position clear, this man who is among us on sufferance presumes to rebuke her—that is: he plainly shows that he is among us to subordinate the new to the authority of the old, and is it not time that his assumption was held up to public view?

Mr. Jones is only the representative of a class of people who are more dangerous to liberalism than are open opponents. He means all right, because he is so entirely hypnotized by certain ideas of religion, both inherited and then impressed upon the plastic mind of childhood, that he cannot think independently of them, and the central spirit of that, and all other religions, is that of damnation—the right to rule.

I say I have felt his dominating spirit for years but saw no place to speak effectively. To my annoyance I have had his tracts and pamphlets sent to me again and again, but I did not feel justified in writing and rebuking him because his ideas did not square with mine; but an eastern friend of his buys my book and has it sent to him. Had I sent the book I should have written him. He takes it upon himself to "re-buke" me because I have purposely so worded the book as to repudiate the authority he accepts, and also to prevent Christians claiming both myself and the book as soon as my body is under the sod.

I accept the self-evident truths, the good morals, and whatever else of good found in the bible, but not because they are in the bible, but because they are the evolved inheritance of Humanity. I am not a Christian. I am content to be simply human.

Till I was more than thirty years of age, I looked upon ministers as holy men, and I was not "mad" but glad when his note of mingled praise and rebuke came, for it gave me an opportunity to say, in part, what I have so long wished to say, and his "private and confidential" letter gives me the opportunity to say more. I do not recognize his right to send me private and confidential letters without my permission, and he may give "blow for blow" in his defense of the society's civilities, just as long as he pleases. I have too big a work on hand to fight for said civilities or to let them stand in my way. Mr. Jones violated those civilities when he presumed to "re-buke" a stranger for

an honest opposition to any and all personal authority, and while he claims to be working to free woman from the husband's authority—legal right to her person, I am working to free her from all personal authority—even from that of the man Jesus. Mr. Jones says:

"Hence of all knowledge that a man needs to know concerning conduct, his deepest need is to know God's way of life concerning the source of life. Only as man knows this way, and practices it, can he grow toward God in full. I write to make known this way."—From *The Perfect Good in Wedlock*.

As Mr. Jones writes to make known the way to grow towards God, the following letter will give the reader some idea of how far he has grown toward God:

REV. JESSE H. JONES.

Feb. 10, 1894.

EDITOR THE PUBLIC.

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

Private and confidential.

MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER:

A copy of "FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES" for January, with the article about me marked, came to hand awhile since.

I am not insensible to the manner in which you have treated me, nor to the exhibition you have made of yourself in doing so. I cannot now recall ever having seen so much *mad* exhibited in print before, and only in one instance a manner so unbecoming to a woman. I wrote you a note commending your general work, and your book, "The Fountain of Life," but pointing out what seems to me a serious defect.

There was in my note only a single sentence that, even from your standpoint, could be called objectional, viz: "But the manner in which you speak of Christianity is untrue, wicked, and only hurtful to your cause." The simple word wicked so roiled your soul that you burst forth into two columns of personal abuse of me in which you displayed the spirit of a wild beast rather than of a self-respecting woman. As I have read your personal abuse of me through carefully, and have taken time to give it full consideration, I hope you will have the sand to read through what I write in response.

You place for the heading of your article my word "wicked." I stand by the word as I used it. A little further down you say, "And this Jones, with the 'Rev.' prefix, says I'm wicked. Oh, dear!" Further down, about the middle of the second column, you say, "What will the 'Rev.' Jesse Jones who calls me wicked for saying that people have progressed in spite of, instead of because of Christianity, . . . say?" etc. I say I did not call you wicked at all. What I did say was that the manner in which you speak of Christianity is "wicked." To say that your manner is wicked is a distinct thing from saying that you are wicked, and that you did not discern the difference is discreditable to you. Moreover, I did not say your manner was wicked for the reason you assign, viz: because you said "That people have progressed in spite of, instead of because of Christianity," but for a very different reason, which as you do not seem to be at all

aware of, I will state to you plainly.

The wickedness of your manner consists in your outraging the common rights of humanity by publicly slurring, sneering at, and pouring out the howls of your contempt upon what is most sacred and precious to millions of your fellow human beings who are just as good as you are. Here is a specimen. On page 58, of "Fountain of Life," four lines from the bottom, you say, "The Christian trinity is a piece of nonsense when regarded as a compound personality." It would be difficult to put more contempt into the same number of words than you have put into that saying; but what you thus kick as if it were an old hat in the street, is one of the most precious, sacred and treasured doctrines of the great body of Christian church.

Now the human beings who compose that church and hold that doctrine have the same rights which you have, viz: that what is precious to them shall be treated with outward respect by their fellow humans. This right you trample under your feet with exceeding delight, and that sentence is one act in which you do the trampling, and was what I had chiefly in mind when I said your manner was "wicked." And I say so again; and I say further that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for outraging the rights of your fellow human beings in that way. So much for the word "wicked."

I will now deal with your personalities against me, which you call "sarcasm." As you seem to be as ignorant of social custom as you are destitute of good manners, I will defend myself by informing you of what one would suppose you could not help knowing, viz: the common custom of society. You jump upon me with both feet, and imagine you have stamped me out with your sneers, because on the stamp that I use the title of my office appears. In doing this I only follow the custom of society as far as I am aware; and my act has no element of impropriety, any more than it does to say in another line of the stamp that I am an editor, so that in all your say about it you simply exhibit yourself to your own disgrace.

The truth is that so entirely is my use of this prefix a mere observance of custom, and undeserving of any remark, that if I should jump on to you with both feet because you print your name "Lois Waisbrooker, Editor," and should sneer and jeer at you for so doing, I should be doing only the same kind of causeless, unseemly, disgraceful act as you have done.

What I believe the truth is in your case that you were, by some untoward circumstance, born marked with such an instinctive hate of ministers that when you saw the title and read the note, it stung you like a hornet, and with the poison of the sting inflaming your soul, you poured out your rage. I advise you next time to wait and cool off, then you won't do such a foolish thing as you did in bringing in the case of the President of the United States. You say that he "signs his name without any prefix," but you passed over entirely the fact that I signed mine in the same way, and tried to work a falsehood by comparing his signature with my stamp. A truthful comparison would have been between his heading and my stamp. The heading of the paper which he uses is "Executive Man-

sion, Washington," which is just as real a declaration on his part of his office. Neither of them is in the slightest degree out of place, and only that the sight of the ministerial prefix maddened you like the sting of a hornet, you would not have thought of making any remark. Perhaps this is enough about the "sarcasm" about the title "Rev."

The difference of opinion about the age of the bible is not worth discussing here, and your contemptuous manner I have sufficiently dealt with.

Again I assert that your statement is "untrue" "that people have progressed in spite of, instead of because of Christianity." The statements I made to prove my assertion you did not notice, and what you quoted has no bearing on the question, so I will unfold my position more fully.

Christianity is the person, force, thinking, teaching working, and whole career of Jesus Christ; and the effects which he wrought. Christianity is to be found in the New Testament, and not in the conduct of men except as it squares with the words and works of Jesus; and that power of Jesus has accomplished all the uplifting that has ever taken place in the human race. What you call Christianity is partly Churchianity, and no part of the church is half Christianized; and the rest is the action of ignorant, impulsive persons who, in so far as the anecdotes you tell are concerned, were destitute of Christianity altogether. Now all this is implied in what you quote from the *U. P. E. Magazine*, and if you could get your head as level as that man's, you would never make so foolish a display of yourself as you have in your personal onslaught upon me. As to your anecdotes about Sojourner Truth, to me, an old abolitionist, and the son of an abolitionist, they are old chestnuts, which, as applied to me, are ridiculous.

There is another matter which shows how destitute you are of the common instincts of courtesy in the treatment of your fellow humans, and that is your comment on the question mark I put before the title, "Miss," in the address to you. Not knowing whether you was unmarried or married, and as an act of courtesy, wishing to indicate to you that I did not know, so that I wished to address you with your proper title, and so as it were, asking you to accept my good intent instead of the right title, if I had given you the wrong one, I placed the question mark before the title. But you, instead of receiving the mark in its natural and obvious meaning, had to gratify your crude, rude, tempestuous spirit which delights in roiling at those whom you dislike by calling special attention to it and gibing at it.

Well, it has given occasion for you to find out what some who are quite different from you think of your manners, and if you only would learn to improve thereby, as the result, your ill-tempered violence might be borne.

Now I have to acknowledge that the writing of this letter straight out from the shoulder is not pleasant to me, but if you will kick like a Texas steer, you must expect to be treated in like manner in return. That is the only way to deal effectively with people of your kind. You have seen fit to take what was meant only as a private note



to you and place it in the face of all your subscribers with your contemptuous comments. What aggravated the offense was that you knew that I was engaged in the same work for the release of woman from her bondage to man as yourself, as your reference to the tract "Religion and the Family" shows; and yet, regardless of this, because I rebuked you in private for your outrage upon your fellow humans, you openly trampled upon the common civilities of life in your treatment of me.

So I will give you plainly to understand that I will give you blow for blow so long as I can see anything to be gained in defense of those civilities by so doing; for you must learn that ministers do not lose their rights as human beings by becoming ministers, and one of those rights is to civil treatment in public till they have in public by their own misconduct forfeited that right. To you I have done nothing in public. Perhaps this is enough now on this matter.

I said another thing in my note which was of much importance to you; but to which you paid no heed. I said the wicked manner was "only hurtful to your cause." That cause, as I said in my note, "is the freeing of woman from her bondage to man," and I added, "That is the greatest of all causes to mankind now," and further, "that you was devoting all your powers to that cause." This being so, you ought to wish that there should not be on so important a work as "The Fountain of Life" any warts, wens, or unseemly lumps which would hinder its usefulness.

That work contains profound and most important truth which I could wish to have known to every human being; but I could not recommend it to any one without bringing upon myself great and undeserved reproach, because of the blemishes which disfigure it. If you only had some of the spirit of gentleness which characterizes Mrs. — and would get her to help you remove those blemishes, keeping every whit of the truth of life in it, your book would well deserve to have free course far beyond what is now possible.

I have marked this letter private and confidential to cut you off from publishing it, but not at all because of fear of being hurt by it myself. However, if you should feel as though you must print it so as to jump on to me again with both feet, submit this letter to Mrs. — and ask her advice. About twenty-four years ago she was at our house two or three times, lectured in my vestry once, and gave us valuable instruction, and we have held her in esteem ever since. If she sends directly to me her advice that you print it, I will then send you my consent.

Still, I do not think it best. What I wish is that you would let Christianity and me alone. If my "sanctimonious," "goody-goody" persons make fools of themselves in opposing the freeing of woman from her bondage to man, just deal with them as persons; but remember that it is not because of Christianity but because of the lack of it that they so misbehave. And the more you cease assailing persons, especially those who are working in the same cause you are, and put forth your great energies in making known the profound and sacred truths which are committed to you, by far the more good you will do.

JESSE H. JONES.

I give below a letter from C. B. Hoffman (as published in *Lucifer*) upon the trouble connected with the Sinaloa Co-operative Colony. Mr. Hoffman has been one of the most zealous promoters of the interests of said Colony and is qualified to speak authoritatively. It is one more proof that Co-operation cannot become a success till we have it in National form. I presume Mr. Owen started out honestly, but when a man is *possessed* by an ideal, those who work under him must be automatons or he will fail—that is, if that ideal must be actualized by the help of others, and the necessities of the case have developed tyranny and dishonesty. L. W.

#### TOPOLOBAMPO—CO-OPERATION.

FRIEND HARMAN:—In *LUCIFER* of February 2, under heading "Hear the Other Side," Harry Hoover advances a number of propositions *in re* the co-operative colony at Topolobampo which are untenable, untrue and calculated to do mischief.

So many worthy people have sacrificed time, means and even life in the attempt to establish a co-operative community in Mexico that it is high time that your readers, as well as all others interested in economic reform, be warned against the bottomless, bankrupt assumptions of Mr. Owen and his confederates who have wittingly or unwittingly swindled thousands, and are continuing to send out statements that are false and fraudulent.

Mr. Hoover's propositions are, in spite of his disclaimer, the echoes of his leader Mr. Owen. Let us examine them:

"First. The only right that a citizen of the United States has to settle at all, at Topolobampo is by leave of the Mexican government." This is hardly true even in theory and absolutely false in fact. Citizens of all countries are welcomed by Mexico. To prohibit or restrain Americans from going to Topolobampo would involve the Mexican government in a quarrel with the United States. Mr. Hoover's first proposition is absurd.

"Second. That concession (?) was made to A. K. Owen for a consideration." If this proposition means anything it means that "the right of citizens of the U. S. to settle at all, at Topolobampo" was ceded by the Mexican government to A. K. Owen for a consideration. The rest of Mr. Hoover's propositions rest upon this meaning, and what is more, the brutal assumptions of Mr. Owen by which he attempted to drive the colonists from their homes, their lands and their improvements rest upon the theory that the Mexican government delegated to A. K. Owen, a private citizen of the United States, the supreme powers of a sovereign nation. Mexico is not yet ready to abdicate its sovereign powers to Mr. Owen. The assumption is preposterous.

However, it well becomes Autocrat Owen to assume supreme prerogatives. He did not hesitate to stoop to a miserable, cowardly falsehood last summer when he read to the protesting colonists a fraudulent dispatch which he claimed came direct from President Diaz, to the effect that "The President put the army of the republic at his (Owen's) disposal, and asked him to be merciful."

Mr. Owen attempted to terrorize and drive away all who would not submit to his dictation. He assumes to be superior to the courts, local authorities and even international law. He arrogates the functions of dictator, and Mr. Hoover has the candor to state the assumption in all its absurdity.

Let all remember that the colonists *live on land which has been sold to them, for which they have paid and to which Mr. Owen has no claim*; that these same people cleared these lands, dug the major portion of the ditch which irrigates the land, and that they are by all laws of equity entitled to the peaceable possession thereof; and that Mr. Owen has no moral or legal right to molest them.

"Third. Others can only avail themselves of this privilege through him." True if second were true; but that being false, this is also false.

"Fourth. A majority of those who settled there went on Owen's terms, signing a contract to that effect." This is false. Mr. Owen did obtain from the Mexican government a concession by which said government agrees to pay Mr. Owen Three Hundred dollars for every family who resides in the colony for two years. To obtain this concession Owen represented to the Mexican government that he "is (am) the owner of large tracts of land on the north shore of the Bay of Topolobampo, and that he desired to build a model city." Armed with this promise of \$300 for each family that should go to the colony and farther inspired by the millions of dollars he expected to get out of the city site, he flooded the country with statements to the effect that he had valuable concessions for the benefit of co-operators, and large tracts of lands, fine harbors, bays, rivers, &c., &c. People misled by the glowing pictures went forward, trusting the word, written, printed and spoken of Mr. Owen, and when they got to Topolobampo found that no benefit accrued to them from the concessions, that Owen owned no lands, and that he or the Credit Foncier Co. under the guise of which

Owen has been masquerading, had no means to push the work of improving the vast wastes of Sinaloa. Undaunted and still full of faith in the integrity of Mr. Owen, the people and their friends in the north bought lands from John H. Rice, the receiver for one of Owen's defunct Railroad companies, paid thousands of dollars to Rice, then dug a ditch costing 35,070 days of labor and \$83,001.30 in chattels and money.

After the ditch was finished and over two thousand acres of land were cleared by the private means of the colonists, Owen declared that all those who would not submit to his dictation must leave. This they very justly refused to do. Owen attempted to drive them away by cutting off their water supply by force, and in utter disregard of orders from the Mexican authorities. Owen has violated every promise, and could not expect the colonists to abide by "his terms on which they came in" even if they had made any contract with him. Mr. Owen has no claims, no authority over any colonists. Had he owned lands as he claimed, and had these people settled on his lands, he could no doubt eject them if they did not comply with his terms as landlord; but fortunately for them Owen is helpless to put into execution his dire, vengeful threats. Any one has a right to go to Topolobampo. It is like all harbors—free to all. One can buy lands, build cities and dig ditches in Topolobampo without permission, let or hindrance of Mr. Owen. The whole assumption involved in fourth is absurd.

"Fifth. A number went there without leave and have been a source of trouble ever since." And what is more, numbers will continue to go without leave from Autocrat Owen. They will not even thank him for permitting them to go.

"Sixth. These, together with some others—established an independent settlement known as the 'plat,' on the individual plan, all within the lines of Owen's concessions, and declared themselves free from his authority."

The "plat settlement" or Freeland is not on the individual plan, but is a co-operative community based upon sound economic principles, discussed, formulated and approved by a body of truthful, earnest men and women. The "plats" are on lands bought and paid for by the plat people, Mr. Rice above-mentioned receiving the money. There are no lines which mark Owen's domain. He controls just as much land as he owns and no more, and as he does not own any land in Sinaloa, Mexico, nor ever did, he can not drive any one away. Freeland did declare themselves free and independent from Owen's dictation.

"Seventh and Eighth. In behalf of these people Mr. Flurscheim went to the city of Mexico—to induce the government to annul a portion of Mr. Owen's grant and confer it upon them. He signally failed."

Mr. Flurscheim went to the City of Mexico to acquaint the authorities with the infamous manner in which Mr. Owen attempted to coerce the colonists. Mr. Flurscheim did not fail. The Mexican authorities ordered an investigation which has already resulted in ousting Owen's henchmen from power, and which will put the ditch back into the hands of the colonists from which it was wrested by the unlawful acts of A. K. Owen.

[Since writing the above the gratifying news comes from the colony that the Mexican authorities have taken charge of the ditch—have removed the checks and will divide the water in proportion to land under cultivation. That the property is to be administered for the benefit of the trustees who is recognized as the only proper legal person entitled to the ditch. C. B. H., Feb. 28, '94.]

"Ninth. The Mexican government officially warned the plat people to conform to Owen's plan or leave the state." The Mexican authorities never warned the plat people or anybody else to "conform to Owen's plan" or leave the state. "Owen's plan" is not considered sacred by the Mexican authorities. One can live in Sinaloa, even on Pacific City site, without conforming to it. Mexico is a free country (as such things go) and any one can live there without conforming to any creed, party or plan. Expatriation for not worshipping the "Divine Owen" is not possible even in Mexico.

"Tenth. Knowing that C. B. Hoffman or Freeland company held no concessions in Sinaloa, &c." C. B. Hoffman holds no concessions anywhere. He never pretended to have any. He has been doing what he could to make voluntary co-operation a success in Topolobampo. He believes in the principles of liberty—he believes in the man, the woman, the child; Owen in the "my plan," in compulsion, authority, force. Hoffman believed Owen to be honest. He believed that he, Owen, owned lands "on the north shore of the Bay of Topolobampo." He believed Owen when he declared that he intended his lands and his concessions for the benefit of co-operators. He believed Owen to be a grand, noble man, mistaken in some things, but incorruptible. In all this Hoffman has been disappointed and deceived, and with him hundreds and thousands of brave earnest men and women who joyfully went to the front, endured hardship, faced disease and death, only to be again and again deceived and betrayed by the "founder of the colony."

"Eleventh and Twelfth. Unless they compromise with Owen they will all be obliged to leave Topolobampo." No, Owen has nothing to say or do about their leaving or staying. They will remain provided the titles to the land which Owen has been doing his best to obscure can be cleared, and provided the ditch can be put into the peaceable possession of the Tenstee, through whom the ditch was built for the colonists. In this happy event co-operation might yet have a fair trial on the sunny shores of Sinaloa.

Enterprise, Kas., 2-23-'94.

C. B. HOFFMAN.



Concluded from third page.

She read his look, and replied: "Yes, I know the facts, and as strange as it may seem to you, I am happier in thinking of him dead, than I could be to have him living and know that he had accomplished his purpose. Death is not the worst thing that can befall one, and I had rather trust his welfare to the conditions of that life, than, with his inherited tendencies, to the temptations of this."

"What manner of woman is this?" thought Golder, as he looked into her calm face, "surely, I have never met one like her," and then he turned his eyes to the father, and saw that not only he but the son and brother accepted her remarks as a matter of course, and he wondered yet more.

"You, his friend, will not do me the injustice of thinking I do not feel, and deeply," she continued, "but not so deeply as I should have done in the other case; and that experience, with no other, has set me to investigating the causes which produce so much sorrow, and perhaps I may yet be able to do something toward saving other mother's hearts from such aching memories."

"My wife is an enthusiast, Mr. Golder; I think if the crusaders were here now, she would start for the holy land."

"I am bound for a holier land than Palestine, husband. I prefer to seek the land of justice, or to help make such a land, and whenever I go, you'll not be far behind."

"There come Alice and Ruby now," said Horace.

In a few minutes the girls came in and were introduced. Alice remembered Golder, and she also remembered when she could not have met him as an equal, and the thought embarrassed her somewhat; but he felt the situation much more keenly than she did, for he remembered that he had drawn Richard's attention to her, by his own light remarks, and he felt abashed in the presence of the beautiful and innocent girl.

Ruby, he saw was no more like Richard than Horace was, and he remarked as much.

"No, they are not like him," said Mrs. Lawrence, "he, poor boy, inherited the pride of his slave-holding ancestors, together with a keen sense of suffering from the other side. His nature was intense, and when he learned of his origin, I think life became a burden to him, only as he could forget in pleasure seeking."

Again Frederick Golder wondered to hear a woman speak so calmly of that which the most of people would not only have avoided themselves, but would have felt insulted, had others referred to the same.

Again she seemed to read his thought, for she said: "We are not to blame for what comes to us through no fault of our own. The judgment and methods of the world must be changed, as well as its property system, before justice can be done."

The girls had some plans of their own, so excused themselves after a few minutes and went out again.

"What a beautiful girl Alice—Miss Boyle has grown to be," remarked Golder.

"And she is as good as she is beautiful," was the reply.

Golder noticed the pleased and proud expression upon Horace's face when his mother said this, and drew his own conclusion.

Yes, Alice was beautiful, but as Frederick Golder had said on that memorable day, she was not his style. Ruby Lawrence, with her rich, brunette complexion and dark, liquid eyes pleased him much better, and during the next few days her image came oftener before his mental vision than did that of Alice Boyle.

As he did not leave town till the next day, he was invited to go with the Lawrences and spend the evening at Judge Wendover's. The proposed object was to discuss the problems involved in Mr. Reid's lecture, but the strongest motive that influenced Golder was to see more of Ruby.

"No, he was not in love, of course he wasn't," but he was interested. The problems to be discussed appealed to his benevolence, and to his sense of justice, but he knew if he engaged in the advocacy of these "new fangled notions," as they were called, he must do so under the displeasure of his father and the scorn of his friends, and the prospect was not an attractive one.

That evening's observation only deepened the impression that Ruby had made upon him, and for days afterward he found himself thinking of the various things she had said and done, dwelling upon each particular movement as though he had a special interest in the same.

"Am I really in love? is she the girl I want for my wife?" were the questions he asked of himself more

than once. Then he would say: "What folly; she does not interest more than many another girl has done." Still he could not banish her from his mind, and in about a month he found it convenient to go to Glenwood again.

Again they talked over plans for the redemption of society, and while Alice and Ruby said but little, he saw from what they did say that they understood, and were as deeply interested as the others. This time he was not at loss when he left, as to the state of his own feelings, and yet he knew that he must not be hasty. He had been strongly attached to Richard and the tragic death of the latter had made a strong impression upon him. It had caused him to recoil from the path of life into which he had entered.

The question with him now was how to get better acquainted with Ruby Lawrence without her suspecting his motive. After much thought he went to his father with:

"How much have you made in your business since you started those mills, father?"

The elder Golder studied a few minutes, and then said: "Five thousand dollars the first year, and the next two about six thousand a year; I have not made up my account for the last year yet."

"That exclusive of wear and tear of machinery, interest on money invested, and pay for your own time and care?"

"No, that for my time and care after deducting everything else."

"And I believe you have a hundred men employed?"

"Yes, counting overseers, book-keepers and all, but why do you ask, Fred, are you struck with the reform fad?"

Fred laughed and said: "I was fishing for a portion of what you have saved there and elsewhere since I have been of age, to set up a small way for myself."

"Going to get married?"

"Not till I find some one that I am fully satisfied will make me a good wife."

"That's sensible, Frederick; be fully satisfied before you venture. Romantic attachments, love at first sight, and all that, may do for novel writers and fools, but not for sensible men."

"Why not add, 'and women,'" laughed Fred.

"Because women are expected to wait till they are asked."

"But if a romantic fool asks her, what then?"

"Why, if she has not sense enough to say no, she must take the consequences."

"Then your idea fully expressed would be, 'romantic attachments' may do for fools, but not for sensible men and women," said Fred, quizzingly.

The old man laughed; he was very proud of his sons, and more particularly of Fred, and when the latter got the start of him in any way, he did not take it as a defeat to himself, but as evidence of "the boy's" smartness.

"But what about this business plan of yours, Fred?"

Frederick then went on to tell his father of what seemed to him a good opening in Glenwood, and of his idea of managing it. The old gentleman listened attentively, heard all the details as Fred understood them, and when all was told, he said:

"I will look into the matter, and if I find it all right, you shall have the money."

Frederick thanked his father, but trembled at the same time, lest in going to Glenwood he should find out about the Lawrences and their relationship to Richard.

"Should he even suspect of my admiration for Ruby," he said to himself, "his absurd prejudice against that thirty-second drop of colored blood in her mother's veins would bar the door against my business plans in Glenwood."

He then fell to speculating on the amount of colored blood there would be in the next generation. Mrs. Lawrence one thirty-second part, Ruby one sixty-fourth part, and the next remove would be the one hundred and twenty-eighth part. "Well, if one drop of colored blood can spoil one hundred and twenty-seven drops of Anglo-Saxon blood, let them spoil," and forgetting his father's presence, he laughed out at the absurdity of the idea.

"What pleases you so, Fred?"

"Something I thought of just then struck me as very amusing, and I forgot I was not alone," he replied.

"That will never do, young man; sometime you

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[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.]

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will forget when you will wish you hadn't," said the old gentleman, looking as though he would like to know what it was that was so very amusing.

Frederick did not enlighten him, however, but simply said: "It was very thoughtless, but I do not often forget myself."

Mr. Golder went to Glenwood, was satisfied with the business his son proposed to go into, and when, with the money in his pocket, Frederick was ready to start, his father said to him:

"By the way, Fred, there are some Lawrences in Glenwood, I wonder if they are related to Richard's father.

"Possibly," replied Fred.

"Have you met them?"

"I have seen Mr. Lawrence and his son."

"Well, you should get acquainted with the girl; she is just splendid. If I were a young man I should study her for awhile."

Frederick Golder went to Glenwood and established himself in business, and after three months' acquaintance with Ruby Lawrence, he proposed, and with the full approbation of her parents, she accepted him; and at the end of another three months they were married.

The fact that there was a tinge of colored blood in her veins was spoken of, and Mrs. Lawrence asked Frederick if his parents knew of it, and would sanction his union with Ruby if they did.

"I don't know; it is of so little consequence to me I have not spoken of it," he replied.

"But don't you think they ought to be told," persisted Mrs. Lawrence.

"I don't know why; should they object it would make no change with me, and as they did not explain things to me when they were married, I don't know why I should explain to them when I marry."

This produced a laugh, and there was nothing further said upon the subject. But Mr. Golder learned of the fact about a week before the wedding, and he came to Glenwood to see about it. He and Frederick had a stormy time, but it was of no use.

"Had you chosen Alice I should have had less objection," he said, "for she at least has pure blood."

"I am afraid Horace Lawrence would object to that," was Frederick's reply.

"Oh, ho, that's the way the wind blows, is it? well, I don't see what the world is coming to; I wish I had waited till I had seen you married before I gave you a thing. You rascal, I believe you planned it that way on purpose; you knew I would never consent to your marrying Dick Lawrence's sister."

"Father, you spoke to me of Ruby before I said anything to her of marriage, and approvingly."

"When?"

"When you came back from Glenwood after I had spoken to you about this business. You said she was just splendid, and if you were a young man, you should study her awhile."

"Well, you have outwitted me, but it will be the last time. You can make the most of what you have, for you will never get anything more from me, and as to acknowledging your wife, not one of the family will ever do it."

"I can do without your money, father, but I am sorry to lose your friendship and that of my mother and sisters, but those who reject my wife, reject me," was Frederick's firm but quiet reply.

The old man took his hat and left without another word, but his face was so pale, it made his son's heart ache. "Well," he said to himself, "it had to come, for even if he had not objected to my choice, he would have been just as angry when he learned that I have allied myself with the cause of labor. It is well I secured the ten thousand that has gone into my business."

He and Ruby were married a week afterward. Their wedding was a very quiet one, and yet it caused a great deal of remark. About a month later the papers announced the marriage of Edward Bond Boyle and Mrs. Cora B. Leslie, and also of Horace Lawrence and Alice Boyle.

Caleb Johnson, whose booming scheme had been broken up by the influence of Reid's lecture, had been very bitter toward the Lawrences, for he believed that their influence joined with Reid's and the Wendover's had defeated him, so he made some hard wishes upon the young people, hoped their children would be "niggers," and a few like him joined in the sneer.

The same class said of Mrs. Leslie that she had set her trap and caught the old man for his wealth; but all such people are to be pitied. They do not realize how low and vulgar such remarks are.

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