

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, APRIL, 1894.

NO. 12

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

UPWARD, UPWARD.

SELECTED.

Upward, upward press the peoples
To that pure, exalted plane
Where no throne shall cast a shadow
And no slave shall wear a chain.
They have trampled on the fagots,
Broken cross and wheel,
Banished block and thong and hemlock,
And the headsman's bloody steel—
Forced the churchhold to surrender
Stake and scourge and bolt and bar;
Torn the keys from off its girdle,
Thrown the gates of Truth ajar.
They have forced the titled tyrants
Human rights to recognize,
With the shining lance of knowledge
They have slain a legion lies.
They are lighting lamps of freedom
On a million altar stones
With the torches they have kindled
At the blaze of burning thrones,
And 's light will sweep and circle
To tie very ends of earth,
Touching with immortal beauty,
Every heart and every hearth—
Thrilling every human being,
Underneath the silent skies
And transfiguring our planet,
To a perfect paradise.
As we higher march and higher
On into this light serene,
Every man will be a kaiser,
Every woman be a queen.

"All Are Good."

A friend in writing of the proposed review of my books in the ARENA, says:

"I hope you may increase greatly the sale of your books by your arrangement with the ARENA. They are in line with growing thought upon the psychical side of life, and must, as years go by, find larger appreciation. I think your very first, *The Sex Question* and *The Money Power*, most appreciative today. All are good."

The Sex Question and *The Money Power* is first in the order of writing, though put 2d of the three pamphlets in one under the head of "*The Occult Forces of Sex*." This same lady who finds "all good" is the one selected by Mr. Jones to help me take off the "Warts and blemishes" which he finds on the last written work, *The Fountain of Life*, or *The Threefold Power of Sex*.

Where the tax is felt. The "listing" bills do not tax bonds or riches, but they tax the patience of the American people about 100 cents on the dollar.

"Six hundred men in Chicago have banded themselves together to start a co-operative colony. Striking potters at East Liverpool, O., backed by wealthy men, propose to colonize and start a new plant. In Omaha a private mint has been established that is turning out dollars as good in every respect as those coined at the regular United States mint. The people everywhere seem to planning to take the government into their own hands. What are the bosses going to do about it?"

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

BY ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT.

Marguerite was a maid of all work. Left an orphan at five years of age, she had been brought up at an institution which was presided over by a committee, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Her life in the Home (as it was called by the inmates) had been serene, uneventful, and negatively happy. She received adequate instruction in the tenets of the Church of England, and the principles of domestic management, and two leading ideas were carefully instilled into her little head. First, the supreme virtue of obedience, and respect for her superiors, and second, the danger of having anything to do with the adult members of the opposite sex. The Managers of the Home knew the trials and temptations which a girl must face when the time comes for her to go into the world, and, in their wisdom, they sought to arm her for the struggle.

At seventeen, she was told that a situation had been found for her in London, at a wage of £8, to be increased, if she behaved herself, to £12. The Home had a staff of helpers in London who made it their business to select suitable places for the girls as they grew up. Marguerite found her master and mistress to be plain people whose religious and moral ideas were the religious and moral ideas which she had been taught to honor, and from whom she received the same kind, firm treatment to which she had always been accustomed. She was anxious to please them, and being quick and trustworthy she soon won their complete confidence. Once a fortnight a carriage and pair drove up to the door, and a beautifully dressed lady came to see her, bringing books to read and chatting quite affably with her in the kitchen. Thus did the Home watch over those who had left its sheltering walls.

At the end of five years Marguerite had acquired a reputation as the ideal servant, and Marguerite's mistress was the envy of her lady friends. How many wished they could find such a girl! So graceful, so clean, so quiet, so obedient, so modest! And with no followers!

Marguerite knew in what esteem she was held, and the thought of it no doubt made her somewhat proud and self-righteous. She thought that she was quite happy, that her life lacked nothing, and if at times she became conscious of obscure longings for she knew not what, her naturally vivacious temperament was quickly to the rescue.

II

Faust was a carpenter, and he came into Marguerite's kitchen to put up a dresser. He spent three days in that speckless, red-tiled chamber, working at the dresser and, after the first day, talking freely to Marguerite. He was a big, fair-faced man of twenty-six, with red hair and an expansive smile. Marguerite had a mind to be freezingly formal towards him, for she openly confessed her contempt for "the men." But after he had managed to cut his finger with a chisel, and she had bound it up, receiving his respectful yet hearty thanks for the service, her demeanor gradually changed, and at dinner time she offered to boil his coffee and allowed him to eat his food off her cloth.

On the second day they chatted amicably, and Marguerite began to consider how little she knew of the city's varied life, and how circumscribed was her present existence. Faust talked of London, the Palace, the Tower, Madam Tussaud's, the concerts, the theatres. Her own excursions had been limited to the Zoo and St. Paul's cathedral, and a trip on the river. He spoke of politics and women's rights, joking constantly, and appealing to her for an opinion every

now and then, in a way that flattered her immensely. He took off his hat to her when he finally left, and from the kitchen window she watched him, striding up the street with his great bag slung over his shoulder.

On the following Sunday he overtook her as she was walking home from church.

"I saw you in church," he said with a smile.
"I've never seen you there, how often do you go?"
"Oh, now and then."

In another minute he had said good morning and turned down a cross street

After this she met him constantly. But no word of their acquaintance reached her mistress.

"Do you like me?" he said to her one night.

"Well," I don't object to you," she answered.

He smiled to himself, for he knew that she loved the very ground he trod. But Marguerite didn't know it yet.

It came about that they walked in the parks instead of attending church. None besides themselves was aware of their intimacy.

Pathetically ignorant of almost everything which it was needful for her to know, Marguerite went blindly on to the abyss. At Easter she was left in sole charge of the house for a few days, and Faust found himself once more in the red-tiled kitchen.

How could she look her master and mistress in the face on their return? She did it though, when the moment came, and they suspected nothing of their paragon. It was only after the lapse of several months that the husband said a word to his wife.

"James!" the lady gasped, "how can you? It's absurd."

But not long after this incident Marguerite's mistress came down into the kitchen.

"Here," she cried, "take a month's wages and go, I won't hear a syllable. Go at once."

She was a strictly religious woman and her susceptibilities were outraged. Moreover, her pride in this princess among servants had been cruelly smitten.

Marguerite went, in silence. She called on Faust. He spoke comforting words and found lodgings for her. He promised to see her on the morrow, but failed to do so. He was a coward and he didn't want to be hampered. Afraid to do the right thing, he hid in another part of London.

Years passed.

III.

At night, when the trees loom vast in the upper darkness, dwarfing the gas lamps to insignificant dots of light, Hyde Park is a place full of mystery and strangeness. Paths seem to end abruptly in utter blackness; bushes put out strange disguises; the unceasing roar of the streets seems very far off.

Few people were about on a certain chill night of last autumn, and those chiefly women, who promenaded aimlessly, scanning with eager look each male face as it passed. One of these privates in the great Army of the Night stood under a tree in the Lady's Mile. She was very shabbily clothed, for dress matters nothing in these dim groves. Her figure was limp and shapeless, and her faded face had lost all expression save that of an expectancy which was never satisfied. This was our Marguerite, once so fair, so strong, so proud; the Marguerite whom Faust had so easily won and as lightly cast away. The history of her life since that episode of six years ago is simple. You can read it in the paper any day. She killed Faust's child the moment she beheld it. But the medical evidence was weak, and a tender-hearted jury acquitted her. The rest followed.

Peering out from under the tree she saw a well-dressed man coming by. It would have needed sharper eyes than hers were now to recognize in this sedate,

A Strange Experience.

Dear Friend:—Enclosed you will find payment for the books I received of you. If I had the means I would gladly accompany it by a \$50 note, so much did I enjoy them. Many of the thoughts are parallel with my own thoughts and experiences, but much better expressed than I could even hope to do.

Others throw light on subjects where I had dimly recognized the outlines as it were, as in your work on "generation and regeneration," where you speak of the power by which masses are led in churches and which is exercised in *revivals*. I have seen it, as it were, but never fully comprehended it.

The pamphlets I have not studied yet as I would like to, but have read enough to see they contain *startling revelations*, or what would amount to that to many. My own line of experience and thought has been similar enough to induce me to readily endorse most of what I understand from them. I have never been a Spiritualist, or at least, realized I was. Though a searcher for truth, those near me in whose hands the cause was, were not such as inspired me with confidence or respect.

On account of circumstances of my early childhood, I early espoused the cause of womanhood, and made the sex question the main study of my life.

While dreading the conditions imposed by marriage, I think I accepted it partially to prove that even there a woman need not be such a sex slave if only she would live fully up to the privileges allowed her. Realizing fully that I was groping in the dark, I yet had a firm determination to do the right with justice to others as well as myself. Of course I soon found there were more *married Magdalenes* than those outside the pale. That self-indulgence, not reason, ruled.

Believing in the spark of divinity in every human breast, I never could draw a line *anywhere*. I resolved that the birth of my children should be governed by as much reason at least as that of dumb brutes, and that I would bring every line of progress of which I had knowledge, to assist in their advancement. I think I succeeded partially, at least, and learned much. If only I could have had the support to my self-confidence from *any* others, that one might have to-day, I could have done much more.

I mention this because I have something to tell, upon which I have founded a theory, or at least it presented itself in nearly that light to my mind. At the conception of my first child, just at the *supreme moment*, there came between me and my husband a woman's face and form, and it seemed to fiercely seized my right—thrust as it were my soul away, and it seemed to me then that my child was impregnated with a soul which was a combination of hers and my husband's. That *our* union, was of the *body*, and I was forced to support a *bastard* child, in one sense.

Although I desired a child, I considered this a sort of delusion (a jealous ecstasy I sometimes thought, although naturally very free from this trait, and having no reason to feel so of any one) yet it produced a sort of repulsion in me, which caused the same effort as I would have had to make to adopt and care for an illegitimate child.

I overcame it, but from that day I was possessed with the belief that something of this kind was one cause for the seemingly unnatural feeling that some women at times display toward their coming offspring, even where their relations seem harmonious. My general feeling was such that I thought it must have been a mind reading on my part, and that my husband held in his mind an ideal of another which came thus up between us.

I was hurt by this thought, but feeling how unjust to him it would be to make such an accusation against him, with no better foundation than such a hallucination (you must know I never heard or knew of such things as you write of) and also fearing it would make him fear for my reason, I put it out of my mind, and as soon as possible forgot it, or tried to.

Later on I became some way im-

preoccupied person, evidently one of the successful ones, the Faust of earlier days.

In him the withered face under the tree stirred no recollection.

She gave him a "Good evening, dear," as he passed. He took no heed. She ran after him and put her arm in his.

"Stand us a drink," she said in a thick, uncertain voice.

He shook her off roughly and quickened his pace. His wife would be anxiously awaiting him. She was young and pretty, and they had only been married a few months.

Years are passing.

People say there is a God in heaven.

—*Humanitarian.*

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BEST METHOD.

"The conflict deepens, on ye brave," said Frank Reid, as he came into Mrs. Lawrence's the morning of the day upon which he was to lecture at Glenwood again.

"It is not so much the conflict, as how to best educate the people to prepare for it," replied Mrs. Lawrence.

"Yes, that is the great difficulty," replied Reid. "There are all sorts of plans and earnest souls engaged in carrying them out, that had better, for all the good they can accomplish, be left untouched. No half way measures will do we must go to bed-rock."

"Such efforts are educational, Mr. Reid."

"Yes, if people would, or could be educated to drop that which continues to prove a failure, it would prove more encouraging, but failure after failure, only prompts them to try again. It seems next to impossible to make people see that the fault is in the system, that all palliative methods must necessarily prove a failure."

"I have been thinking Mr. Reid, that when you came we must meet and discuss the best method of work. We are willing to do, but want to put our means to the best use possible."

"That is a good idea, Mrs. Lawrence; we will act from it, but I hear you have been having a wedding here," glancing at Ruby.

"Yes, three of them."

"Three! I had heard of only one."

"Ruby has brought me a son, and Horace a daughter; and then Mr. Boyle thought he needed a wife as well as the younger boys, so he and Mrs. Leslie decided to be bride and groom."

"But who did your son marry?"

"Why, Alice Boyle, of course; I thought you knew who was his choice."

"I remember now that they were together when I was here before, but I am not quick at drawing conclusions."

"How did you hear of Ruby's marriage?"

"Oh, everybody in Mandaville is pitying Golder's people because of Fred's mesalliance. One would think, to hear them talk, that he had married a negress."

Mrs. Lawrence laughed and then she looked serious. "It would be laughable if it were not so pitiable," she said, "but such ignorance coupled with a prejudice which makes mountains out of mole hills, is very discouraging when we try to lift people into better conditions."

"We can do very little, Mrs. Lawrence, with those who are already spoiled, except to keep before them the thought that there must be a new system of things, and this thought, this idea will be organized in the next generation, as a part of themselves. We must make conditions, clear the way, and they will rebuild."

"What is that you say about organized tendencies, Mr. Reid?" asked Ruby.

"I say that if you can make the mothers feel that there must and will be a better system of property justice, the children born under that influence will naturally work for such a change. This generation must be educated before they can see the need of a change of system, but enthrall the mothers, and the next generation will work for what their mothers have felt and hoped for, as naturally as water runs down hill."

"Then that method which will reach the most mothers is the best method; thanks, I shall remember that," said Mrs. Lawrence, while Ruby looked very thoughtful.

The lecture that night was not interrupted, but was

listened to with respectful attention.

He began with: "Were I to ask you, friends, if might made right, you would feel that I was insulting your intelligence; it is so self-evident that might does not make right.

"Why, even that boy over there would say: 'I'm strong enough to knock my little brother down and take his marbles, but it wouldn't be right.' Of course it wouldn't, but it is what our system of property relations permits larger boys called men to do every day, and if the weaker brothers make a big fuss about it and won't be quiet, then our national father, the great big boy we call Uncle Sam sends his blue coated boys to shoot them down."

He paused and looked over the scores of upturned faces before him. "Is not that so, and can you tell me how it is done," he asked? As no one replied he continued: "Then I must tell you; our economic system is so constructed it acts like a chain pump"—

"A chain pump, that's it, they pump the money right out of our pockets," said one.

"That is not all, my friend; much that should be yours is pumped up before it reaches your pockets, and they pump the strength right out of your bodies through the hard labor you are forced to perform."

"That's so," "that's so," cried several voices.

"But is it right?" asked Reid.

"No, sir, it is not right, but how are we going to help it?" called out one of the very men who had been detailed to break up the meeting when Reid was there before.

"Look out there, Dick, or you will be put out of the house again," called out another.

"I am glad you asked that question, sir," said Reid paying no attention to the other remark. "In order to help it, we must first find out how they do it. I will try to illustrate the method in part. Suppose we have, say in a new township, a hundred men, and land enough to be had to support them all, but one of these men has money enough to buy all that land and he does so, leaving none for the others, now has that one man the right to make slaves of the ninety and nine?"

"Certainly not," was the response.

"Then it was not right for government to sell him that land?"

There was no reply to this. They could not say yes, it was right for him to buy what land he could pay for, in the light of the new thoughts that the speaker was awakening in their minds, neither were they ready to say no, it was not right, in view of the educated idea that a man has a right to buy whatever, and all that his money will pay for, so they said nothing.

Reid waited a moment: "If that land was all the land there was, or could be had, and the one man bought it all, would not the others have to work for him or starve? they certainly would, and if they must work for him are they not slaves?"

"Yes, sir, they are."

"Then if it is not right to make slaves of men, it is not right to do that which will make them slaves, so it is not right to let men buy all the land they have the money to buy, thus leaving others without any. The conclusion is inevitable. Is it right then, for this government, or any other, to sell, and give control to one man of as much land as a thousand men would need for personal use, and then when the landless ones cry out for bread, to force them to submit to the terms of the man who has the land, or starve?"

To this there was no reply. They might admit that individuals were in the wrong, but when it came to condemning the government they hesitated, and Caleb Johnson called out: "Anarchy."

"Yes, if it is anarchy to try to find out what is right," replied Reid without the least trace of annoyance, and then continued:

"If it is wrong for a man to lie and steal, would it be right for government to license him to do so for a given sum of money?"

"No, sir, government can't supercede God's laws," said deacon Gray.

"Who gave governments the right to sell land, God?" To that the deacon made no reply.

"No," continued Reid, "the land is man's natural, God-given right, and no man nor set of men has the right to sell it away from the people, and the government that sells or permits others to sell for money to one man, the land that belongs to a hundred men, is guilty of every possible crime, because people are thus inevitably and unavoidably pushed into committing every kind of crime; now call that anarchy if you choose, but you cannot get away from the conclusion."

"We have the best government in the world," called out some one in the back part of the house.

"No one has said that we have not, but now good is the

best, that's the question?"

"Mr. speaker, may I answer that?" said Morse.

"Certainly, sir."

Morse rose slowly to his feet and looked around with a comical air: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, I once bought half a dozen eggs. It was at a season of the year when we sometimes get—well, not very good ones. I broke one, it was very bad; another, it was not much better; still another, not eatable; and so on to the sixth and last; it was the best of the lot, it was not rotten but would soon have become so, for it had been set on for a week. That's what's the matter with our government; it has been set on by European customs, European methods, European money powers till it must hatch out a European chicken or become addled; yes, it is the best government, of course it is, but that's just how good it is."

The audience greeted this illustration with shouts of laughter. When quiet was restored, the speaker said: "Thank you, sir; your illustration is to the point, and the question now is, shall we be satisfied with the best of a bad thing, with European incubation, or shall we demand a good, sound egg, a genuine democracy, one in which one man cannot enslave another?"

"A sound egg or none," cried several voices.

"All right; that is what I am working for, now are you ready to tell me if it is right for governments to allow individuals to monopolize the land?"

"No, it is not right; we want no lords in this country, not even land lords," called out a stranger who sat near the door, and the others cheered.

"Then let us work for the abolition of all laws that make it possible for land lords to exist," continued Reid, "and my next question is, does Congress own this country, or does it belong to the people? You will say, to the people, and rightly; but Congress disposes of it, sells it, gives it away, cedes millions of acres to corporations, and then said corporate monopolies sell the same to rich Englishmen, till to-day, millions of acres are leased by the English to our own people, or are lying vacant, idle, while millions of our people are homeless and hungry. Is it right?"

"No, it is not right," came in emphatic response, "but how are we going to make it right?"

"Through the opposing force of aroused minds. I do not mean half roused, but thoroughly aroused minds. Create a public opinion against this state of things so strong that the law which permits it cannot be enforced. This was done in anti-slavery times. The public opinion which at first was ready to hang a Garrison, became so changed that the people refused to obey the written law, did this till the unwritten law of public opinion swept the written one out of existence. It is gone, never to return; gone, and there is not power enough on earth to bring it back."

As Reid said this his form seemed to dilate, to grow tall, and the thrill of his earnestness ran through the entire audience. He continued:

"The unwritten law of eternal justice lies deeply rooted in every human heart. It is a law which always responds if you can once get through the crust to the genuine man or woman. If you believe this, friends, if you believe in your own better natures, cultivate this unwritten law till those written laws which give or sell the inheritance of ten, a hundred, a thousand men to one man are swept to the depth of hades, and let those who persist in trying to enforce them go after them, if they cannot learn any better."

"Would you counsel us to disobey the law of the land?" asked elder Brown.

"If the law of the land bade you curse Christ, would you do it, sir?"

The elder's eyes looked almost like saucers, he opened them so wide at this question. "Curse Christ, no," he almost shrieked, perish my right hand and palsied be my tongue first."

"Did he not say while here, 'In as much as ye did it to the least of these, my little ones, ye did it unto me,' and are not thousands of the little ones, the poor, cursed in their homes and in their hearts, made wretched, left in ignorance, and turned out homeless through the natural action of these land laws? Twenty-nine thousand evictions in one year, and in one city—do you suppose they were all children of the devil because they could not pay their rent?"

The elder asked no more questions, but he looked very thoughtful; in fact, his seat seemed to grow hard, if one could judge by his restless manner.

"The first thing is to feel and know for yourselves that you have a natural right to the land, continued Reid, "a natural right to a portion of the earth's surface, and a natural right to what your labor produces; feeling this, kindle the same feeling in the heart of your neighbor—keep kindling till the mental atmosphere is all aflame, till the men-

tal wave becomes so strong that it will sweep away all this injustice. Why, do you not know that intense thought permeates the mental atmosphere, as intense heat does the physical? You can think all these false laws out of existence if enough of you think clearly, and to the point, and think hard enough—no, I do not advise you to use physical force unless you are attacked. They dare not hang you for thinking, but you can make them feel you, and if your thoughts so arouses their hatred that they lay plots and swear it was you, and send their blue coats to punish you for what they have done, then fight them to the death."

Conflicting reports went out about the lecture. Reid was misrepresented either purposely or because some were incapable of understanding his position, but when he was spoken to about it, he only said: "I would rather they would lie about me than to say nothing; storms are better than stagnation, and if they can afford it, I can."

The next evening they all met at Judge Wendover's to consider the best method for effective work. John Wherefore had come over from Mandaville, and had brought with him a book giving an account of the Stanford University: "A gift to the people, so called," said John, "but a close examination of its legitimate tendency will show that it is a gilded bond, or chain upon the people, helping to hold them subservient to the present system of things. We have met here to discuss the best method of helping humanity, but humanity is one, and that which does not touch bottom, does not lift from the bottom, does not help. A crown of gold may be put upon the head, but if the feet are fast in the mud, what then?"

"Then you object to a school as a means of benefitting the people?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"Not if it is the right kind of a school."

"What kind of a school would suit you, John?" asked Morse.

"We will first see what don't suit me, and in doing so I will examine this magnificent bequest of Senator Stanford's. First, the Palo Alto estate seven thousand, two hundred acres of land, with everything connected with it that would befit a king; next the Vina ranch, fifty-five thousand acres, costing a million dollars, then the Gridley ranch, twenty thousand acres, which is assessed at a million dollars; these three farms or immense territories, if the last is assessed at fifty dollars an acre, and merely a grain farm, the others, with their immense improvements, the blooded stock, the vineyards, etc., must be valued so much higher, that the whole gift cannot count less than from eight to ten million dollars.

"A magnificent gift, but who to? Can one of the dwellers in our city cellars or garrets ever find a footing there? Will it reach the sewing woman in her attic? Will it ever say to one of the students, or to the great masses of the people that the economic system under which one man can amass so much much wealth is a false one? Never a word, and the student who would dare assert such a thing, if not expelled from that school, would not be considered a proper subject for assistance; he or she would have to pay full price for everything"

"A gift to the people; it is not. It is a place, or will be, where the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of education will create an atmosphere in which manly, self-respecting poverty cannot breath. Now, friends, I am not saying that senator Stanford intends this, but he does not understand; he mistakes legal right for moral right, and thus judging, really believes that these vast possessions are his to give. He understands the conditions of the poor, and the causes leading thereto, just about as well as did the rich man's daughter, who when told that the poor could not get bread, asked why they did not eat cake then?"

"The declaration is that there will be no branch of the arts and sciences that will not be taught in the schools to be established at Palo Alto, but there is one science that will not be taught there, to-wit, the science of justice, for the institution itself will be founded upon wealth or which the people at large have been robbed."

"But how can wealth thus obtained be given back to the people again?" asked Mrs. Lawrence; "we have some means that we as individuals, never earned, and yet we are not to blame for having it; what can we do?"

"The only way in which it can be used for the people is in teaching them how to replace the present false with a better one; will teaching young men how to become successful business men do that?"

"What do you think, Mr. Morse" said Mrs. Lawrence "I think if our business system is a robber system it is simply teaching them to be successful robbers, and the more of such we have the more will people be robbed."

"That is logic," replied Wherefore, "and yet one of the declared objects of this institution is to fit student for successful business life, and one of the stipulations of the trust is that the principal shall remain intact, shall never grow less; and yet, allowing one man to every forty acres of land it will take the perpetual labor of two thousand and eighty men to take care of that property. Will those men get

Concluded on seventh page.

pressed with the belief that impregnation was double. First, the woman on the man, and then vice versa. Very much as hinted in "Drama," and some of your works, if I rightly understand them. It seemed to me that, after this as I call it, impregnation, the soul was borne by the man to a ripening birth, and then sought entrance into a body. That this accounted for the insistence of some men. More especially those whose lives are more or less separated much of the time from the home influences, and who are the most urgent in their demands, while those who are in close and loving companionship with their wives are always less demanding.

You must know my idea was that a man became pregnant for a time (short perhaps, but no matter) and that after a time this soul was fully developed—born, one might say, and then if it did not find entrance into a body it would fall into dissolution, die, as a child will when not fed and clothed.

Perhaps this is a little different shade of meaning than you indicate in your works, and that is why I gave it.

Some one mentioned to me not long ago about something called "reincarnation"—souls returning to bodies, though I have not read anything of the kind except reference to beliefs of former times, and occasional fanciful stories like "She" but it had not seemed to me in that light, and certainly my own experience did not.

I should never have thought of mentioning what will seem so fanciful an experience but for reading your books, and thinking perhaps it might add to evidence of something in your mind.

CLARINDA.

My correspondent's "idea" seems more fanciful than her "experience". There is nothing in the books spoken of to indicate such an idea, unless it is in the quotation in "The Key Note" published in this issue and: "the indications are that woman first reaches the plane," etc., was not written with any such idea as Clarinda gives; and yet in a sense it is impregnation, or rather, stimulation of his need for refining, life-giving elements. But I have not the space to elaborate. Will others give of their experience? We all need more light.

L. W.

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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.

In the letter of the "Rev. Jesse H. Jones" published in No. 11, F. P. there occurs a typographical error. In the last paragraph, third line, read: "If any"—not "If my" 'sanctimonious,' etc.

The year's numbers of F. P. have been crowded into ten months—shall take a rest of a few weeks, but issue again in June. I every day feel more and more the importance of work at this particular now. It is indeed:

"An age on ages telling."

I expect that every subscriber will renew by the first of June. I hope that those who have been receiving it through the generosity of others will take it the coming year for themselves. Every subscriber who will send \$1. and two new names shall have their own paper free.

The No. containing the article headed "The Key Note" was called for again and again, so it is republished in this issue. Also, at the request of a generous friend who pays me for a quarter of a thousand I have it printed in slips—will send 25 for 10 cents, 40 cents per hundred. Please send for them.

And now, at the close of the volume, a word to my readers:

DEAR FRIENDS—If at any time I have seemed to neglect your favors, your words of encouragement and sympathy it has not been because they were not appreciated, but because of pressure of work, or from lack of strength to express what I wish. When brain and body are both weary the words will not come. Besides, I am not naturally wordy in reference to favors received. Words, oftentimes, seem to obscure instead of expressing what the soul feels. But rest assured that I hold you all in kind remembrance. I have done the best I could, and ask your leniency in what I may have failed. Now, hoping to meet you all again in June I will say goodbye till then. Ever yours. L. W.

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 seats 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.

HE--SHE--WHICH?

In the *Humanitarian* of March, I find an article written by the Rev. ARTHUR ROBINS, M. A., who is credited with the following titles.

Rector of Holy Trinity, Windsor; Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Chaplain to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; and Chaplain to H. M.'s Household Troops.

This article, written by said Rev., is headed:

"Our Home Made Heathen."

In it, he says that "in London only, there are, at this present time, more than 50,000 families, who have, amongst them all, but one room to each family." In telling of his visits among these crowded families, he says of a family of eight who lived in "a little narrow, two-roomed house."

The next week this household had increased, not quite legitimately, to ten. The wife had at her breast her newborn babe, whilst her eldest daughter, unabashed, showed me her bastard boy. There, in a foul and filthy arena, where no one would have put a brute beast with a pedigree, had been a double birth, with all the family assembled. There were five in a bed that day. I could multiply such examples, but there is no need. I asked myself as I looked upon this very representative human home of Christian England's poor, does not the sty make the pig, does not the hovel help to make the harlot? Is it the duty of the Church, that has her warrant to preach the Gospel to the poor, to aid in the promotion of practical reforms? How does this gross demoralization work? That mother, who looked upon her child of sin without a blush, has long since relieved the congestion in that little upper room by joining outright, the forces of the fallen.

Now I come to the question asked at the head of this article: "He—She—Which?" Which, taking into consideration all the circumstances, was the worst of the two, that "Chaplain to the Queen," or the poor girl who had become a mother under such circumstances?

I take the ground that the *Chaplain* was. He fed on the bread—lived on the luxuries, had the culture paid for by the money that should have been hers—the salaries of England's priesthood comes from the toil of the people. The wealth wasted in teaching about the hereafter, if expended upon searching for the causes of the evils here, and then a fearless uncovering in order to the removal of such causes, would soon make such a change that such pictures of misery and degradation could no where be found.

Would that Rev. dare say to the queen, justice to the toiler would take from you your unearned wealth? Would he dare to say to the "lords and ladies" of that land, you have no right to your great parks and landed estates while 50,000 families in that one city have only one room each? Would he dare to say to the bishops, you—we all are eating the bread of the poor and needy and giving them in exchange what they cannot appreciate any more than the stomach can digest a stone!

He shows plainly enough the impossibility of any appropriation of either moral or religious teachings under the conditions in which these people must live, but if he should decry the privileged classes in any other way than to appeal to their "charity" (?), and urge upon them beneficence, he would be an "anarchist" and not a Christian, in the estimation of the people, and he dare not declare for the abolishment of privilege, even if he saw its necessity, which I very much doubt. All this being true, I repeat my full belief that, stripped of all conventional judgment, and going down to bottom facts, that poor girl of whom he says: "unabashed she showed me her bastard boy," was the best of the two, and any god who would decide against her would be unworthy of the respect of a right thinking Humanity. This same Rev. says:

He ("Lazarus") is a fierce rebel against law, order, and religion. The first day of the week always brings to him its brawls. The stums have shut out Sunday from his soul. He lets slip his lurcher dog and lets loose his tongue. By the death bed of such a one I once found myself kneeling. I don't want to go to heaven, where I shall never know no one; let me go to hell, I say, where I shall be sure to meet my friends. This in the lair of Lazarus, was the cry of the dying, on the very brink of the grave. This was the shriek from the wreck of slum life, then cast on the reef that was washed by the waves between time and eternity.

Look astonished if you will, but while I hate and deplore the conditions, I am glad that *under such conditions* there is enough of the power of protest left to be fierce rebels against such "law, order, and religion," as exist to-day, the law, order and religion which *produce* such conditions. That poor fellow who did not want to go to heaven was sensible, and in such rebellion I find the spark of hope for the future. Such rebellion intelligently applied, as it yet will be as it makes its way upward, will abolish privilege and make all things new.

But, says one, must you go to England for examples of grinding degradation? Have we not enough such in our own country?

Yes, and from the same causes, privileged classes, with law, order, and religion that rests upon a false basis. The time, money, thought, effort, that has been, and is still being expended by Revs. and their sustainers to put the God of the bible in our Constitution, were it expended in searching for ways and means to bless Humanity, would have given us quite a different state of things from what we have to-day.

Of one thing I am satisfied. Those who aim to subject the people to any God, or gods, are a curse to Humanity. This Chaplain to the Queen says:

Get the Cross to the cradle, and bring the child to the dawn.

That's what's the matter. The

cross has overshadowed the cradle—has shut out the light. That's what's the matter. The God-powers of Humanity are nailed to the cross by the law and order that upholds the wrong by force, while religion stands by, prays, weeps, urges poor Humanity to submit to the "powers that be," but says not a word about the powers that should be. And yet this man, this Queen's Chaplain, has a heart. Only the head is wrong. Hear him:

I asked the superintendent of police in a profoundly polluting district of a great city, where the slums have degraded human life down to the deepest depths of defilement and depravity, what, in his opinion, was the chief factor in filling the public houses, and he answered, "the dreadful dens they dwell in. It is the slum that does it. If you tell those who live in them what is right it will never stick, where they are littered about anyhow. In such homes no good thing can live, and so they take to drinking on their way to the workhouse or the gaol." "Has not," I inquired, "all this education beaten back some of the evil influences of overcrowding in death traps?" To this he answered, "The bettering influence of all they learn at school is bound to be lost when they get back to homes that are, most of them, a deal worse than stables, or stys, or sheds. What they have learned only teaches them to become shrewder knaves, and cleverer criminals. *It's all the home that does it.*" With the policeman I ask of what avail can be the promptings of purity where, whatever is not tainted can only harken day and night, in some low and little room, where men and women, boys and girls, lie down together, to the sallies of wicked lewdness, the gibes of the unchaste, or the coarse confessions of the fallen? Can there be temperance, is there anything to promote or protect it, in tenements where the tenants for lack of space cannot with decency dwell therein, when, the while, at the bar of the beer house, and in its snug mug parlour beyond, there is plenty of room? Can there be thrift, can there be anything but heedless, godless waste, where the sty has made the pig, and humanity, below the level of the brute, wallows like the swine? Is it a marvelous thing there is no shamefacedness here concerning that which if only shameful? Is there foothold, where demoralization is supreme, for that knowledge of, or that belief in God, for that religion in common life, whereby men and women, of whatever low degree, may be able to realize that their bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost? The fear and the praise of God are, amidst such surroundings, things of such bitterness and blasphemy, that the soul can no more grasp any belief at all in the illuminating power of the light of God's love than can the poor of England, bereft, in the main, of human homes, comprehend what is light in their dwellings by the guttering candle that is just going out. Where, in such homes, where every lust after evil things is heated by the fires of perpetual passion—a very *Gehenna* on each hearth—where there is often no more room to stand upright, than there is inspiration to walk uprightly, can religion sow its seed, or lift its beacon? The "beauty of holiness" is beaten back into the great dismal swamp of obscenity by the hideousness of unrighteousness. And yet these are the dwellings of a vast proportion of our home made heathen, where men, women and children are ordered to be good, are invited to be self-respecting, and are expected to be respected.

Poor God! when men can make places where the light of his love cannot penetrate.

WANTS THEM ALL.

My readers will be surprised when I tell them that the "Independent Pub. Co." to which the following letter is addressed, is myself

—a lone woman in her 69th year. Last spring I had some correspondence with a Chicago firm in reference to some publishing. They were willing to do the work, and agreed with the sentiments of the book, but, if they took the job, did not want to put their name upon a book on sex lest it injure their trade.

I felt annoyed, of course, and when I issued "The Fountain of Life, or Threefold Power of Sex," as I try to be an independent thinker, I put Independent Pub. Co. on the title page, and when it was reviewed in the ARENA it was so credited, and now hardly a day passes that I do not get one or more letters addressed: "Independent Pub. Co."

Well, how much I may yet publish remains to be seen, or who may join with me in the work. There is certainly room enough for growth.

INDEPENDENT PUB. CO.,
Topeka, Kan.

Gentlemen:

I noticed in the book review in the Arena one on "The Fountain of Life, or Threefold Power of Sex," by Lois Waisbrooker. There was no price mentioned. I would like the book right away and enclose \$1.00 which, if not enough, I will remit the balance on receipt of book. I have read some of her writings or lectures, and would like to have them all. Can you inform me where they can be had? I am a subscriber to the Arena. I intended to send for this book at the time I read of it, and inquired of book stores in both New York and Chicago for it; but did not find it, so thought would send for it myself but neglected or forgot it until now.

S. UNDERHILL,
Elmira, N. Y., March 20-'94.

Crazes, and Crazes.

MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER:—I have received and now thank you for your note of the 27th ult. and for six numbers of your paper, FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES. I am glad that a courageous woman is promulgating through the public press a knowledge of the principles which underlie and develop healthful, happy, righteous motherhood. They are very subtle, easily misunderstood, and misapplied, and the weal or woe of earth's inhabitants is determined according as these principles are correctly ascertained and properly applied.

Said Professor Agassiz: "Scientific truths must cease to be the property of the few, they must be woven into the common life of the people."

The hasty, unwise, cruel Comstock legislation enacted in Congress and elsewhere, has seriously hindered the acquirement and diffusion among young men and women of this essential knowledge, and for the want of which multitudes of our best young men and maidens are yearly shipwrecked; and other multitudes are born diseased, and as they mature, become occupants of prisons, insane asylums and poor-houses. Not unlikely, it is to certain zealous church people, ministers and laity, among whom Anthony Comstock is very active, that the country is indebted for the legislative restraint on the promulgation of important sexual knowledge and the consequent multimiform and countless calamities in marriage, divorce, and abortion resulting from gross ignorance of heredity and right sex relations.

J. J. Blunt's Essays mention that Bishop Butler, author of "The Analogy of Religion," while walking in his garden, suddenly stopped and asked, Dear Tucker who was with him: "What security is there against the insanity of individuals? Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals?" Possibly the Bishop had been thinking of the Crusades, of the religious frenzy which pervaded Europe when countless Christian hosts poured into Asia to rescue Palestine, and the tomb of Jesus from the power of the infidels.

Or was it of the Witchcraft craze that he was meditating, during which frenzy nine million persons were burned as witches under Christian auspices?

The Comstockian statutes and Censorship of the press, are they not the offspring of superstition, prejudice, or ignorance? Take the "obscenity" craze, for instance, which, for some years, has affrighted more or less many excellent evangelical people. Comstock's private lectures in churches and his illustrative pictures and models, may surprise and terrify his hearers, but Comstockian statutes cannot exorcise the evils he exposes and his methods of reform greatly increase life's calamities upon poor human nature. But to recur to the similarity of the "obscenity craze," to the "witchcraft craze" in England in the reign of Charles I. Then Matthew Hopkins was appointed Witch-Finder-General under a commission from Parliament.

Comstock holds appointments under government, and acts in the United States as Obscenity-Finder-General. Hopkins exacted from each town he visited a stated fee of twenty shillings, and received the distinguished consideration of the Court officers and clergy of the place.

Comstock receives his share as an Informer, of the fines inflicted on his victims. Certain Judges and Evangelical ministers appear outwardly to respect him, while others detest his methods. Hopkins employed tests, Comstock does the same.

Burning alive was the punishment for being a witch. Ten years imprisonment at hard labor and a fine of five thousand dollars additional is a legal penalty in the Comstockian statutes. Comstock inveigles certain of his victims by writing to them what he calls test letters, and subscribes to them, not his name, but fictitious and deceiving signatures, and having worked himself into their confidence, seduces them to violate the law, then traitor like, turns upon and prosecutes them for doing the very deeds which he enticed them to do, and in this immoral procedure and complicity, certain Doctors of Divinity and religious papers have sustained him to their respective denominations.

The witchcraft tests as administered under the lead of Matthew Hopkins were to strip the victims naked, starve them, and thrust pins into their bodies, to discover the witches' mark, then wrapped them in sheets with great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through

ponds or rivers, when if they sank, it was held as a sign that the baptismal water did not reject them, and they were cleared; but if they floated, as they usually would do for a time, they were then set down as guilty and doomed. If a witch could not shed tears at command, and the further items of this wretch's creed, or if she hesitated a single word in repeating the Lord's prayer, she was in league with the Evil One.

After testing witches many years, the tide of popular opinion finally turned against Hopkins, and he was subjected by a party of indignant experimenters, to his own favorite test of swimming. He escaped with life, but from that time was never heard of again.

E. A. GIDIUS,
Boston, Mass., Dec. 6 '93.

Must Be Published.

DEAR LOIS:—I sometimes wonder when reading after your pen if you know what you are doing.

You remember that some years ago a woman wrote a story and called it "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very simple title for a book, but see the result; for that book had a powerful influence in shaping subsequent events—chattel slavery has passed into history.

Now another woman is writing a story. The title has some significance, but like the other story, does not convey much information. But, when one reads this story, it is found to be like the other story, crammed full of darts, spears, javelins, and even bombs, directed against the old giant of evils reincarnated.

Now I may be foolish, but it does seem to me that this story is destined to be to the evils of sex monopoly, land monopoly, and their numerous progeny, what that story was to the chattel monopoly, and is also destined to bring about similar results. History repeats itself; may not stories do likewise?

That story was made a book; this story must be made a book. It is to the near future what that was to the recent past. Thus thinketh

MARKLAND.

Ocala, 3-22-'94.

P. S. There is one thing I have thought of, which you may not know:

During Cleveland's first term, Senator Allison of Iowa, introduced a bill to indemnify the evicted settlers, which was passed, but Cleveland vetoed the bill. Have not heard of his reason for doing so. You might make a club of it.

Am in dead earnest about the story. It grows in importance and is, I think, a veritable "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It must be a book if we have to coin our blood.

Must Have Ideals.

Without ideals, or some type of character higher and nobler than anything we have yet attained, progress, physical, intellectual, or moral, is at a standstill. Our ideals are the gauges of our attitudes: always beyond us, they yet mark the boundaries of the presently possible. The higher we rise in the scale of civilization, the higher, the nobler, the purer must be our ideals; and those of to-day should be more perfect than anything that has yet been achieved. Yet it is urged by many that the man who is ahead of his time cannot really render much service to his fellowmen if neither he nor the people to whom he speaks can make use of his advanced ideals, that in such case they are practically useless. That may be true of the present, but the future proves their worth.

"DARE TO BE A DANIEL."

In listening to the singing of that song in the Progressive Lyceum last Sunday, I asked myself, how many are repeating those words parrot fashion? How many have carefully read the book of Daniel? What is our ideal of a Daniel, that we wish our children to dare to be like! What in that song is asked of those dear, innocent children; and how many of us set them the living

example of a Daniel? How many of us are imbued with the determination to

"Seize upon Truth wh'er 'tis found,
On heathen or on christian ground."

It has been some time since I read the book of Daniel, but some prominent and remarkable traits of his character were indelibly fixed in my mind. What is it to be like a Daniel? At that time kinglycraft, priestcraft, superstition and ignorance prevailed more than now; they punished by the fiery furnace and casting into dens of savage beasts. And Daniel dared to face the worst in obedience to his convictions of right.

To be like a Daniel was, is to be opposed to our erroneous, force Government, to disobey its unrighteous demands; is to be different from the masses; is to be an individualist, to know our duties and fearlessly do them; is to be a violator of all customs and laws, which conflict with Truth and Justice; is to be a passive resistant. Who of us are able for these things?

By Daniel's obedience to the light, and living on plain, simple, vegetable food, he received the power to overcome savage, wild beasts, when cast into their den, and monster men when he stood before them. He became developed so that he saw visions, revealed dreams and interpreted them, and many other spiritual gifts.

Dare to be a Daniel by refusing to bear the sword and go to war, thus murdering our useful, industrious worker brothers; dare to so live as to dispense with the police, courts, jails, penitentiaries, armies and navies; and what is worse and more powerful, saint custom and Madam Grundy. Such would be the grand results if we all were Daniels in character and purpose.

A. J. Fore.

Just What I Wanted.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES:—By some means found its way to me, and after having read it with deep interest, am satisfied it is just what I have wanted to see for a long time. I am not in a situation just now to subscribe for the paper, but want it, and will send for it as soon as I can. I am an old woman fifty-three years old and have a family to take care of, so money is very scarce. My husband served three years in the army and has never been well since. He applied for a pension, furnished as good evidence as any one could, but was allowed only four dollars per month, not enough to pay for medicine that he had to have, so I have been compelled to take care of him and the rest of my family. If he could have given his attorney a large amount of money, he would have got a large pension, but he told the attorney that he was entitled to the pension and would not give him any thing more than the law allowed, so he didn't get the big pension.

Please send me several copies of your paper, I want to distribute some of them in this country, and I want to know more about you. I have never seen anything in my life that seemed to be what I had hunted for until your paper came.

It is late and I must get to my work. With kind wishes,

MRS. ROSE C. DUNHAM,
Mammoth Springs, Arkansas.

Cheering Signs.

Mr. W. H. Van Ornum writes to The Cincinnatiian as follows:

A movement is on foot to bring about a union of all the different schools of social reform on a basis which ought to secure unity of action while permitting of perfectly free discussion.

It simply recognizes the fact that we are all working for the same end; that is, to bring good to all men; to destroy the privileges which some have over others, and thus promote equality and a common human brotherhood. There are wide differences, but they are wholly as to the means to be employed in order to reach the end, and not as to the end. One school advocates one set of measures which it thinks will accomplish this end; while another advocates another. But they all advocate their several methods because of the belief that they will accomplish what is desired. As to the the land, the single taxer advocates the single tax because he thinks it will open up the land to the people. Socialists, anarchists and others equally desire to do this but think other means will prove more effective.

Now we think if we will all agree upon the demand for "the land for the people," while leaving every one perfectly free to advocate each his own

way of getting that land, but discussing all the different methods proposed in a spirit of perfect toleration, we shall accomplish far more than by the unstinted abuse the various schools have been flinging at one another for so long. When we all go out before the world teaching that the land belongs to the people and that the people ought to take it in some way, it will not be long before we shall see substantial results. We may make another and still more general demand; one which would strike every abuse in the world, and which would include every possible reform which is, or can be proposed, and say: "We demand that every special privilege or advantage be abolished."

I am sure there is no real reformer who cannot heartily subscribe to this proposition. Under this we can strike at the land monopoly, the money monopoly, the franchise monopolies, the patent monopolies, the tariff monopoly and every other monopoly under the sun.

I am sure this will meet your approval; and myself and others who have interested ourselves in this project are anxious to have you take a leading part both personally and through your paper in bringing it about. The Twentieth Century of New York is fully committed to the plan and will aid it in every way possible. The manager, who was here two weeks ago, has undertaken to see Mr. Sovereign of the Knights of Labor unless I succeed first. He will also try and interest Dr. De Leon. Hamlin Garland informs me he will do all in his power to aid the movement; and assures me that we can confidently count on the active assistance of B. O. Flower, editor of the Arena. Personal friends of Gen. Weaver assure me that he also will aid it.

Our plan is to gradually work up a sentiment in this direction so that when the time comes the populist platform can be remodeled upon that plan—simplified and broadened, so that it will not contain so much brushwood of methods; while striking clearly and positively for the ends. There is no reason why, in seeking reform, the party should be committed to any particular method, when there may be many better ones offered. Leave the methods for discussion while striking straight for the ends.

There is nothing in this to prevent the single taxers, the anarchists, the socialists, the nationalists, the farmers and the labor organizations uniting harmoniously on this plan; and when they do they are going to make the fur fly.

Along with that is the scheme to enroll all who favor co-operation; and the Twentieth Century is issuing blanks for that purpose. The positive plan of co-operation has not yet been agreed upon, nor will be until there is opportunity for full discussion. It is most likely, however, that the co-operative bank, such as is proposed in my pamphlet, "Money, Co-operative Banking and Exchange," will be adopted as a starter, because it will greatly facilitate any other plan of co-operation which may be thought best. It will furnish a basis for organization which will hold men together. And it will furnish the means of carrying on our propaganda, circulating literature, sustaining our papers, and proving to the world what can be accomplished by co-operation.

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

"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. Its 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.

The following, written for, and published in *Lucifer* so well expresses my feelings in reference to my own work I give it entire. A few weeks rest and F. P. will be continued. The next No. in June, about the 15th. Send renewals the 1st of June.

SOWING SEED.

FRIEND HARMAN:—In reading the supplement to *LUCIFER* of date of Friday, March 9th, I was particularly struck with the importance of one thought which was barely touched upon. I mean the idea contained in the quotation from Mr. Tucker:

"There never was a time more favorable than the present [for the achievement of economic enfranchisement and liberty in general] when nearly all are face to face with trouble, for inducing people to inquire into the causes of the trouble. Let us take advantage of it."

Yes! Let us take advantage of it! I wish I could so impress upon your readers, brother H., the importance of so taking this advantage at this particular time that they would rally as though it were a matter of life and death to this nation. We are on the "ragged edge." Can we, as a nation, find the steps in the spiral stairway that will lead us on and up, or must we be hurled back and down by the retrograding forces which meet us here—here upon this dividing line that in the past has been the limit of national progress?

It is said that people show their faith by their works. I do not know as I can better illustrate the value that I put upon this time of seed sowing than by relating the effect that my conviction thereof has had upon my own course the past year.

Something less than a year ago, while in anything but encouraging circumstances, I felt the force of this need of propaganda, of seed sowing, and I coolly scanned the means at command. I said: "I have books enough on hand—stored up labor of body and brain—to take me through a year if I sell them at one-third price. True, that would be a great sacrifice of value but I shall be able to provoke thought in having them read, and shall be able also to give out still more food for thought through my paper."

"But," said prudence, "when your books are gone and your strength is gone, how are you going to live?"

That did not deter me, for I felt that the harvest from the seed that would thus be sown would be worth more to Humanity than how I should live was to me. The decision was, I will take advantage of this seed time, and I moved forward. The 11th No. of FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES is ready and I have enough by me to take me through.

Has the paper paid? No. It has not half met expenses. My books and an occasional V, once a V multiplied by itself has done the rest.

At the rate of 25 instead of 50 cts. per year, the extra copies that I have sent out broadcast would amount to nearly \$400. That is how I have proved my faith by my works; and permit me to say to your readers that you, sir, with your weekly instead of monthly issue, have done much more.

I do not mean that the actual cost of the extra copies has been that, for the real cost is in the putting the matter in type, but I do say that 5,000 paid up subscriptions at 50 cents a year would put *LUCIFER* on a firmer footing than it now is with all the aid from friends.

"But what of the extra copies sent out? What is the use of sending them?" Go with me in winter, we will say to Maine, where in many places an acre of mother earth is three-fourths bare rock, and on the snow we will sow wheat broadcast. The birds take some of it and the balance sinks out of sight in the snow. "What fools to scatter wheat in that way! We don't want your wheat anyhow; if we did we would buy it."

Never mind, we see what you don't see. There are contending armies coming and if you do not have plenty of food you will be enslaved by a foreign power; wait. The snow melts; the wheat sinks into the earth where it can. The summer sun perfects the harvest; the siege that the enemy lays to the country cannot subdue the people because of the food prepared from the seed sown by "the fools." "The fools" are thenceforth honored as very wise.

We are "the fools." We are and have been sowing seed upon snow. The mental soil is deeply covered with the falsities which ignorance and superstition imposes. But the sun of reason—of the higher faith based upon axiomatic truth, is coming up the heavens. The mental atmosphere grows hot with the friction of thought.

There is a great deal of rock in many places in proportion to the soil, but the seed sown finds some good ground.

Now dropping allegory, what are the real conditions of to-day? Our clearest thinkers find in the movements being made by the powers that be, a determination, not only to prevent any extension of radical thought, but to crush out what already exists. Even as I write the sound of the drum carried by those who beat up recruits for the "Salvation Army" falls upon my ears. They are one of the agencies to be used to crush the Infidel and save this nation to Jesus.

The church political party is incubating. Our students are being trained to carry arms and we are being taxed to pay the bill. Very many things point to—'97 as the time when the suppressing process will commence in earnest.

We have then but three years in which to work, and do you suppose that the copies of the *LIGHT-BEARER* that go into editorial sanctums and elsewhere, will not so open the eyes of many, that though they take no active part with us now, they will in a measure stand as our defenders then?

Readers of *LUCIFER*, will you let its light grow dim for want of support? Suppose you resolve, at least 500 of you, to send in every ten weeks not less than two ten-cent subscribers. That would be but two cents a week if you paid it yourselves, and with the most of you it would only be a

little effort to put the case properly before others. It would be but two cents a week to each of you but it would be \$10 per week to *LUCIFER*, and the copies now sent out free would all be absorbed, and with a much better prospect of making a permanent impression.

But many of you can do much more than that, and the power of the *LIGHT-BEARER* be thus indefinitely increased. Will you do it? LOIS WAISBROOKER.

A MENACE

To Our Religious Liberty, and the United States Constitution to be Marred By an Ecclesiastic Amendment.

FREEMEN, AROUSE.

Spiritualists Must Take an Active Part in the Protest.

"IF A HEARING IS GRANTED."

[To the Editor of the *LIGHT OF TRUTH*.]

On Tuesday, March 6th, the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives gave a hearing on the bill recently introduced into the House by Congressman Morse, of Massachusetts, providing for a Constitutional amendment recognizing God as the ruler of this Republic, and Jesus Christ as his lieutenant governor. The committee room was crowded to its utmost capacity, one-half of the audience being women, and the rest orthodox preachers. One Unitarian minister only, so far as we know, favors this orthodox inquisitorial measure, viz: Rev. Amory D. Mayo, formerly of Cincinnati, now of the world at large.

The hearing occupied the entire day, and only *ex parte* testimony favoring the iniquitous measure was taken. When Chairman Culbertson was told that there was another side to the question, he seemed greatly surprised thereat. When requested to name a day when the Liberalists could be heard, he replied, "The committee will consider the matter, and if a hearing is granted due notice will be given."

Now, Mr. Editor, the officers of the National Spiritualists' Association have been watching the Morse Bill or resolution ever since its introduction in the House by its Christian originator. We had intended to be present at the hearing, but so sly and subtle were our Christian opponents that not even the members of the House of Representatives were aware that the hearing was to take place until it was all over. Hence we ask your readers to note the words, "If a hearing is granted," they mean much to us. We have reason to believe it means that no notice whatever will be given to Congressmen or any others opposing the measure.

Spiritualists of the United States! We must arouse for determined action! Let us send in earnest remonstrances against this infamous bill that is so damatory in its purpose, and so iniquitous in principle that its friends dare not urge it openly and fairly upon our law-makers! Let us make these remonstrances strong and vigorous and demand our rights at the hands of our public servants! If local Congressmen and Senators can not be trusted on account of their orthodox notions to present these remonstrance, then send them to Hon. Omer M. Kem, 1121 Tenth Street, N. W., a distinguished member from Nebraska, who is working with might and main against the bill, who will present them to the House, and to Senator Jones of Arkansas, who is also opposed to this infamous measure. Messrs. Jones and Kem are both earnest Spiritualists, hence can be trusted to look out for the people's rights every time.

Eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and we must work, work, work from now forth until this dastardly attempt to throttle the liberties of our people has been completely overthrown.

Blank remonstrances can be obtained from the office of the *Truth Seeker* in New York City, on application by any one, also from the office of the National Spiritualists' Association, 510 E. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Let there be a prompt response to this appeal so that our Congressmen may know that their constituents are aware of what is going on at the Capitol. Washington and Philadelphia Spiritualists are on the alert, and we trust that our brethren elsewhere will at once see the necessity for prompt action on their part. Only four remonstrances have as yet been presented against the Morse Bill, and our Christian opponents claim that two of the four came from insane asylums! Does not this straw indicate the way the wind is blowing?

NATIONAL SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

Per H. D. BARTLETT, Pres.

ROBT A. DIMMICK, Sec'y.
Washington, D. C., March 7, 1894.

"THE KEY NOTE."

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

Ex-Judge Duffey 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 that 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 gate 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 which 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 cannot 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 yield herself except from responsive love and desire, and man must become intelligent enough to know that only in willing, glad response, can he receive any real benefit.

We have somewhere about one hundred thousand so-called ministers of God in this country who are supposed to tell us of God and his law, but when we try

to teach bottom truths, try to find and obey the inexorable laws through which this "omnipotent, omnipresent God-power" acts, we are "obscene" and must shut up or be shut up.

A score of years of persistent effort, such as honest, earnest ministers put forth in their attempts to make people 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 efforts to secure conditions for its highest action, would do more for the race than has all the theological teachings the world has ever known.—*Foundation Principles.*

Concluded from third page.

enough more than a bare subsistence, either as tenants or as wage slaves, to secure an independent home in time? Indeed not! for as the property must not grow less those men's labor must produce enough more than they get to keep up these expenses of that institution, and?"

"And Stanford gets all the credit," interrupted Morse.

"That as a matter of course," said the Judge.

"But not as a matter of right," resumed Wherefore "but we have the control of a little means ourselves and the question is, how can we best use it to advance cause of universal justice?"

Nothing further was said for some seconds, finally the Judge remarked: "You said you would not object to the right kind of a school, friend Wherefore: what in your opinion would be the right kind of a school?"

"I would have a school whose teachers would enter every house in the land, unless shut out, and at a cost of from fifty cents to five dollars a year, according to quality of teacher or frequency of visits."

"Oh, a paper," said Mrs. Wendover.

"Yes, a paper; how much can we devote to such a school? If we could spend half a million upon it we could make a greater impression for good than a dozen such institutions as that established by senator Stanford, and by him so richly endowed. He said that under such teachings as he proposed agrarianism and communism can have but an ephemeral existence, but he was blinded by his own success

"He quoted as among man's inalienable rights, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I would like to have asked the honorable senator how many men like himself it would take to absorb all the land in the country, and where the liberty would be when the landless must work under the dictation of the landlord or starve.

"Why, friends, the right to life involves the right to and or its equivalent; there can be no liberty without it.

"When, in endowing an institution, a man pledges the labor of thousands of men to its support, keeping the principal of said endowment intact by said labor, and at the same time talks of the liberty of the whole people, he either does not know what he is talking of, or he does not consider the working classes people."

"That is about the truth of the matter, we are not counted except at elections," remarked Reid.

The ladies and Bond Boyle now consulted together a few minutes and then Mrs. Lawrence said: "I think, Mr. Wildermere, the half million can be raised but a part of it will be in land which we must sell or put in shape to bring a revenue."

"That is, take the avails of the labor of others to keep up our school?"

"Not necessarily, John," said Morse, "for our school will be self-supporting by the time the half million is gone."

"Then you would use the principal," said the Judge.

"Certainly; no other method would be just."

"Please give your idea Jed," said Boyle.

"I would use the half million, not keep it as a trap to catch the earnings of others. The first year I would use a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, more if necessary, and after that, fifty thousand annually till it was all gone. If, by that time there was not interest enough created to make our school self-sustaining, then let it go."

"So far, good. I'll put in my mite if I am as well satisfied with the details of your plan as I am thus far," said Wherefore.

"Yes, details," "Gives us details, Jed," said the others

"As it is about all I have to give I will do that freely. In the first place our school must teach the principles of justice. Secondly, those principles must be verified in our dealings with our workers. None but good articles should be accepted but the writers must be paid. Thirdly, all our reform workers shall for the first six months have the full price for all the yearly subscriptions, and under, they can obtain, then one half till the paper has been established two years; after that one third."

"That is all right, how would you utilize the land?"

"Let such people go on to it as seems advisable, families taking two, five, ten, or more, but not over forty acres. Let the price be put a trifle below what such lands are selling for, the purchaser paying ten per cent down and the same each year till all is paid, but never a cent of interest."

"But suppose we can sell the land and get the money down," asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"Do you wish to take from the labor of others by putting it out on interest?"

"Indeed, Mr. Morse, I do not," she replied.

"Then it will better in land till needed; beside, those who can pay down can buy elsewhere. As before said, we want our teaching and our practice to correspond."

"Your are right, Jedadiah," said Blake, "and as I presume you will not teach law in your school the best I can do is to act the lawyer when you need one."

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!

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 connection 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.]

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.

PERENNIAL 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 now, from dandruff for 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.

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THE OCCULT FORCES OF SEX.

Price 50 cents.

A SEX REVOLUTION.

Price 25 cents.

The Three to one Address, \$1.

"Act the man you mean, we want no lawyer tricks, sir," said Boyle.

"Well now, friend Boyle, that's rather hard, seeing as how you'd not gotten your estate but for lawyers," drawled out Blake in his own inimitable manner.

This created a general laugh, while Blake continued "But to show you that I forgive you I will draw up the papers for 'The Wherefore Investigating Company.'"

"Good," "good," that's the right name, what will you call the paper?" Called out different voices.

"The school you mean; 'The Wherefore Investigator,' of course."

And here we will leave them to work out their plans.

The Occult Forces of Sex.

This little work, three pamphlets in one, the second and third added to the first at intervals of years, has hitherto been read, principally by thinkers in advance of their time, but now that the great public is beginning to wake up to the importance of "The Sex Question," it is beginning to realize "The Dignity of Sex," it is thought best to place it prominently before people that the rising generation may be blest by its pure teachings. The following are among the notices given of the first pamphlet of the three:

"What a work that pamphlet of yours is!" Personal letter from editress of the *Woman's World*.

"The writer without knowing it, is almost a Rosiemian; she has derived, in part at least, the meaning of the letter G in the flaming star of masonry.

Mind and Matter, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is a work intense with thought, given under the sun-glass of a woman's intuition—a key to the avenues of a higher life. I value it more than any \$2 book I ever bought.

Pliny Smith,
Fredonia, N. Y.

Please send me another pamphlet; mine has been read till there is nothing left of it. I wish every woman in the world would read it—and man too.

Mrs. N. J. Landon,
Piqua, Ohio.

I shall value it to send to my children more than any book I have ever seen.

O. H. Wellington, M. D.,
Boston, Mass.

It is the only work I know of on the subject, that I think just the thing for my children to read.

Dora S. Hall, M. D.,
Riverside, Cal.

After the second pamphlet was added.

The added mater in your new edition is worth twenty dollars to me.

Mrs. M. M. Egli,
Caton, Dakota.

I would not like to be without the lecture you have added to your pamphlet. I know that what you say is true.

Mrs. M. Baker,
Tama City, Iowa.

They, (the two pamphlets in one) contain such reading as can be found in no other books in the world and will provoke more thought than any book we have seen for a long time.

New Thought,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

Sex love is the bottom question of civilization. There is no subject so important and none so little understood. There can be no true progress toward general happiness till this question is settled by a pro and con discussion of all its allied topics. Some day some person will read your pamphlet and armed with its truths, will go into the discussion and help to settle it.

Rev. A. B. Bradford,
Enon Valley, Pa.

I have carefully read a copy of your new edition. It is most excellent. It will do good long after you and I are gone.

Joseph Kinsey,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Since the last essay was added.

I have been reading your book again and I cannot forbear another word of commendation. In writing that book you have reared a monument whose base crashes down upon animality and whose top reaches beyond the stars and enters the celestial heavens.

Cora A. Morse, M. D.,
621 O'Farrell Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

I would not take ten dollars for my copy. Indeed I would not consent to do without it at any price.

Melissa Smith,
Kane, Pa.

I am lending my book to those too poor to buy. Long may you be spared.

Mrs. McKinley,
621 O'Farrell Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

One Chicago lady to another in reference to another work Mrs. W. has ready for the press.

She can never write anything better than *The Occult Forces of Sex*.

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

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"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."

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MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Your book, *Helen Harlow's Vow*, is one of the grandest books I have ever read. It should be read, not only by every woman in the land, but by every man as well. I thank you for your pure, brave words. DAVID D. CHIDISTER, New Waterford, Ohio.

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"I have just been reading *Helen Harlow's Vow*, and I wish to say that it far exceeds what I expected. The story is finely written, and teems with such sentiments of beauty, truth, and courage, it cannot fail to benefit all who read it. I hail its splendid portrayal of love and fidelity. It is calculated to produce an elevating effect upon the social body."

MRS. H. S. LAKE in *American Nonconformist*.

SAT UP ALL NIGHT.

—Book received. Commenced reading it on Saturday 9:30 P. M. and finished it on Sunday, 4 A. M., something I have never done before, sit up all night and read. Well,—I may as well stop right here, for I wrote till dooms-day I could not tell you what a grand work you have done in writing *HELEN HARLOW'S VOW*.—ROBERT E. MC KINLEY, Latrobe, Pa.

The above named book contains a good likeness of the authores 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

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It is not only one of the most interesting, but one of the most instructive books I ever read.

This is another of Mrs. Waisbrooker's books, and written, not to teach the specialties of physical motherhood, as that is the work of the physician but to call the attention of every thinking man and woman to the fact that society must be reorganized before we can have conditions under which superior children can be gestated and born.

This is another \$1.50 Book reduced to one dollar. Address as above.

We have also "A Sex Revolution" noticed on another page, price 25 cents, and "The Occult Forces of Sex," price 50 cents. Will send the four books to one address for \$2.50. Send for them.