

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, JULY, 1893.

NO. I.

THE FUTURE.

But still this longed for future seems afar;
Yes, when I think of how my fellow men
Tread thoughtlessly on wailing throats or
take

With shameless greed, the crust from hun-
gry lips,

Or ride in savage state mid palid mobs—
This, while the children of despair and toil,
Gnash teeth or fainting, drop in despot's
chains,

How far, how very far that future seems—
'Tis thus we feel—thus felt the sable slaves
A few years since—one chain from them is
gone:

Then let us work till every chain is broken,
Till freedom blesses all. *Selected.*

"When John Brown's body fell it
shook the earth.—MYRON REED, Den-
ver, Colo.

Mr. Reed preached the sermon from
which the above is taken while Par-
sons and his comrades were in prison.
The progressive but politic divine made
no reference to them, yet his whole dis-
course involved and justified the prin-
ciples for the advocating of which those
men were hung. There was accusation
of crime committed as an excuse for
the deed but their accusers knew they
were not guilty. John Brown's body
shook chattel-slavery out of existence.
Neebe, Schwab and Fielden are already
shaken out of prison but the shaking
has hardly commenced. Hoary head-
ed wrong has more to fear from such
determined souls than from all else
combined.

A SEX REVOLUTION.

THE OPINION OF A NOTED WORKER.

LOIS WAISBROOCCER:
Topeka, Kan.

DEAR MADAM:—I received some
time ago a line from you, also your
wonderful little book: A Sex Revolu-
tion. It is a revelation, as well, to
many a weary mother, of the vastness
and magnitude of her power if she but
use it rightly. We have mourned too
long for sons that were slain. In the
future we shall rear our children for
something better than putting a knife
to the throat of brother.

I wish every woman in the land could
read your little book. You gave ex-
pression to my thoughts so clearly that
it almost startled me. I have been or-
ganizing the women to war for peace,
paradoxical as this may seem; now that
I have your help in this most helpful
book of yours I shall work with more
certainty of success.

We have reached a time when we
can no longer remain inactive. A cri-
sis is upon us which only mothers can
meet. May your little book find its
way into the hands of every woman till
the white-winged angel of peace broods
softly over all the world. Yours for
Humanity,
MARY A. LEASE.

[All labor reformers have heard of
Mrs. Lease, the earnest and eloquent
speaker in the cause of labor, and the
only woman ever named for the U. S.
Senate. Such a commendation from
such a source ought to secure many
sales for the book. Price 25 cents.
Address 327 Monroe st.,
Topeka, Kan.]

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN WHEREFORE.

"There comes John Wherefore," said one boy to anoth-
er, pointing down the street.

"I wonder what brings John out to-day," remarked one
of the men standing on the hotel steps.

"You wonder why he comes, why to find out the where-
fore of things; you know there is to be political speechify-
ing to-day," laughingly replied another.

"Yes, I know, but I didn't suppose that John took any
interest in politics."

"Interest in politics or not he has some wherefore to
hunt out or he wouldn't be true to his name."

in the mean time the man they called Wherefore passed
around the corner of the hotel, up the side stairs into the
reception room, and crossing it took a seat just inside the
door. He moved so noiselessly that the two young men
sitting with their backs toward him upon the porch outside
had not heard him. He was hardly seated when one of
them said to the other:

"There's game for you, Dick," drawing attention to a
young girl who had just crossed the street and seemed to be
looking for some one. Wherefore looked too, and saw one
who with the advantage of dress would have been called
beautiful, but her whole appearance indicated poverty.

"Game for me, why not try for yourself?" said the one
called Dick, scanning the girl's form and features. She, at
that moment looked up, and the bold stare fixed upon her
sent the blood to her face and neck tingling them with scarlet.
"She is not my style, I like opposites," was the reply.

"True, she is too much like you, Golder; the same blue
eyes and golden hair, to say nothing of the lily complexion.
Really, Fred., I shouldn't be surprised if she were your
half sister do you know anything of the governor's larks?"

"My father's life belongs to himself," replied Golder in
a tone of annoyance.

"Well, there's no harm in the asking, and I should like
to sip nectar from those lips," said Dick carelessly.

Fred Golder had drawn Richard Lawrence's attention to
the girl because of the latter's known proclivities more than
from any genuine sympathy with the same. There was a
something which attracted the young men to each other
but they were as unlike in character as they were in person,
Richard, having dark hair and eyes and a very dark com-
plexion. Golder had a sort of companionable sympathy
with Richard's kind of life but did not care to make it his
own, so when Richard made the remark about sipping nec-
tar from lips, there came before his mind the vision of a
ruined life, and he said:

"And when you have done with her, what then, Dick?"
"Oh, some one will take her off my hands, I do not
care who."

"You seem very certain that you can win her," con-
tinued Fred.

"I have never failed yet, and what is she here for if not
to meet her destiny?" and Richard Lawrence rose to his feet
and straightened himself to his full height with an air
which said: "What woman can resist me?"

"But the city, the city hath bought her,
It hath doled her piecemeal to students and rats"—
they turned to meet the wrathful eyes of John Wherefore.

"Are you students or rats?" he asked, looking from one
to the other.

Lawrence was the first to recover his speech. "You
had better mind your own business or I'll make a rat of you."

"Suppose I have none," was the cool rejoinder.

"Then we will give you some," said Golder.

"Thanks, when I need it I will let you know," replied
Wherefore and turning, he went quickly down the back way
and out upon the street.

"Who is that man?" asked Lawrence of Golder.

"They call him John Wherefore."

"Well, he had better keep out of the wherefore of my bu-
siness, but you say 'they call him that,' isn't it his name?"

"No, the boys began calling him that because he says so
much about the wherefore of things, till now every one calls
him so and many people think it his name."

"Do you know what his true name is? Fred?"

"I used to know but I can't think now, Will, something."

"Is it Willdermere?"

"Yes, that's it, what do you know about him, Dick?"

"Not very much, but enough to owe him a grudge. It
is sometime since we met, and then only for a moment but
I thought I knew that face; I will tell you all about it some
other time."

"Look there, will you," said Golder, pointing down
the street.

Lawrence looked in the direction indicated and saw
Wherefore talking with the girl of whom their previous re-
marks had been made.

"You will never win her now, Dick, so you might as
well give up the idea," continued Golder.

"We shall see," was the careless reply.

"You'll waste your time if you try it; Wherefore's no
fool if he is queer. You'll be sharp if you outwit him, and
he'll make that girl his especial care."

"I don't care how sharp he is, I'll have the girl if for no
other reason than to beat him; I'm not quite an imbecile."

"We shall see," said Golder, repeating Lawrence's words.

The man they called Wherefore had passed quickly
around the house and coming up within a few feet of where
the girl stood had watched her without seeming to do so.
Presently she turned away with a disappointed air.

"For whom are you looking, my child," he then asked.

She started, but seeing only a middle aged man, with
a kindly look she replied:

"For grandfather, but how did you know I was look-
ing for any one?"

"I am in the habit of studying people and your manner
showed me that you were."

"My manner," she repeated, and then, as if a new idea
had come to her she added: "I wonder if that is what grand-
father means when he says I have such a telltale face?"

Perhaps it is, what is your grandfather's name?"

Russell, Edward Russell, do you know him?

"Yes, I know him well, but I didn't suppose him able
to be out since his fall."

"He isn't, but he said he must go to-day if he had to
crawl, and I'm so afraid he'll get hurt."

Well, I will help you find him, and I think we both can
take care of him, but please tell me your name."

"Alice,

"Alice Russell?"

"Yes, sir."

"And people call me John Wherefore."

"Oh, I've heard grandfather talk of you," she exclaimed
her face lighting up as if she had found an old friend.

"Well, Miss Alice," continued John with a smile, "now
that we are properly introduced we will look for your
grandfather."

"Introduced?" she said, looking up with a puzzled air.

"Yes, introduced, didn't I tell you my name, and didn't
you tell me yours?"

"Yes, but"—

"Couldn't we introduce ourselves?"

She thought a moment:—"Of course we could, how stu-
pid I am, but come, please, I must find grandfather, for if"—
she stopped and colored.

Wherefore understood that she feared he would get to
drinking but he took no notice of her hesitation as turning
into a less frequented street he started to take her where

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

Those who receive copies of this paper will please read, then hand to their neighbor. There will be no bills sent for collection.

I have set all the type for this issue of the paper myself. I hardly believe it will be best or necessary to do so again. I believe the mothers of the land will sustain me in this effort.

My Spiritualist friends will be surprised, when I tell them that no time in my life have I given so little thought to the future life and to the friends over here as during the last five years. Have you ceased to believe in another life? No. Have I ceased to love my friends? No; but I am here now; what I have to do is here and if I would do it well it must have my entire attention.

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

The 'Glorious (?) Fourth' is being celebrated. The money worse than wasted would, rightly applied, do a great deal of good. If those who glory in this display could see that they were celebrating their own slavery they would turn away indignant and disgusted. Freedom! There is nor can be no such thing as freedom so long as woman is owned. Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

In this number the reader will find the first chapter of another book on the most important of all subjects, in that it is the root from which all else springs, the fountain out of which issue both life and power as morning issues forth from the embrace of night. There has never yet been a sufficient motive placed before mankind to prompt them to live pure lives through the right use of their creative functions—never sufficient to prompt to such investigation as will find their highest, purest use. I hope to be able in this work to give at least a glimpse of such a motive. If possible, with other work on hand, the book will be ready by the first of September. Be ready for it. The probable price fifty cents. Shall not publish more of it in the paper, or at most not more than an occasional paragraph.

Children's Questions.

A child whose questions are not answered by its parents, say the Popular Science Monthly, will either turn to others who are willing to gratify its desire for knowledge, but who perhaps are unable to distinguish between what is good for the child to know and what is not, or else it will lose its natural susceptibility, and learn to look upon life in a dull, spiritless way, without interest or curiosity. Worse, however, than not answering a child's questions is to ridicule them. Nothing wounds a child so deeply as finding its inexperience abused and its earnestly meant questions made the subject of mockery. How common a thing it is to hear a child's question impatiently and even contemptuously condemned as "silly!" yet in most cases of the kind, the silliness is not with the child, but with the older person who fails to understand how a child's mind works. Every child has an involuntary feeling of distrust for grown up people, which

she would be most likely to find the one she sought. Just as they came to the crossing of the next street Judge Wendover and Col. Boyle, speakers for the day, passed in an open carriage. Both Wherefore and the girl stopped quite still and continued to look after the retreating vehicle till it could no longer be seen the girl then drew a long breath and said: "That man looks so much like grandfather!"

"Yes, he does, very much indeed," replied John, and he then and there resolved to learn the why of that likeness.

"Who do you think it is, Mr. Wherefore?"

One of the speakers perhaps, if we keep watch we may find out, but here comes your grandfather now."

Alice started forward and grasping his hand exclaimed: "Grandfather, did you see that man!"

"What man, and what are you here for, didn't I tell you you shouldn't come?"

"You said I shouldn't come with you," replied the girl deprecatingly.

"That's the way you get out of it, but what of the man?"

"One who looks so like you I thought it was you at first, all dressed up and riding in a carriage."

The old man frowned: "It is Col. Boyle I suppose," he said, "and that is why I was determined to come here to-day. When I was younger and not so infernally poor but I had a good suit of clothes, I used to go to the city sometimes and I have been mistaken for Ed. Boyle more than once. I have never seen him, so when I heard he was to be here to-day I vowed I'd come if I had to crawl."

I don't wonder you wanted to come and I hope you'll be none the worse for it, but you are really too lame to be out alone in such a crowd," said Wherefore,

"Yes, I know it's rather risky but I guess I can stand it."

"I will go with you if you will accept my company."

"Glad of the chance, John; Alice, you run home and when we've seen the Col. I'll bring Mr. Wherefore home with me, so get us a good dinner, child."

"Alice looked at her grandfather and then at Wherefore and the latter smiled and nodded. Her look said: "Don't let him have anything to drink," and his said: All right, I'll take care of him."

Mr. Russell was not what is called a drunkard but sometimes he took too much, and since a fall which had disabled him for some weeks, thus giving him time to brood over the injustice which had sent Alice to him worse than orphaned he seemed inclined to take more than usual, hence the girl's anxiety. Wherefore kept his silent promise and though one of the two men who looked so alike was, well, next door to being very drunk it was not Edward Russell.

Alice, after her silent request of Wherefore turned and walked slowly away but she did not seem quite satisfied. The old gentleman looked after her a moment and then said:

"Alice would like to stay too; I'm half a notion to call her back; shan't I, John?"

"I do not think it best, Mr. Russell."

"Why not?"

Wherefore replied by quoting:

"Another begetteth a daughter, white and gold,
She looketh into the meadow land water, and the world
Knoweth her no more. They have sought her field and fold—
The city, the city hath bought her—it hath doled her,
Piecemeal, to students, rats, and reek of the graveyard's mold."

"Come, come, John, none of your poetic craze; what has that to do with my question?" said Russell impatiently.

"Is she not 'white and gold?' is not her complexion like the lily's, and is not her hair a crown of golden glory?"

"She's white enough and has yellow hair, but that's nothing; you talk like a love sick fool, John."

"Softly, softly, now; don't you know, friend Russell, that there those who watch for such as her only to destroy?"

"I'm told they do in cities, but in a place like this if a girl uses common sense there little danger."

"Such as she are in danger everywhere if the sons of the rich once get their eyes upon them," and then he repeated what he had heard not an hour before.

"Why didn't you tell me this at once, John, instead of sweeping off into poetry; had the child staid at home as I told her they would not have seen her."

"Not now, but sometime when I wasn't around."

"That's so, John; perhaps it is best as it is, for I esha watch them now, but we must go or we'll not get a seat."

As Russell and Wildermere, alias Wherefore, made their way through the crowd more than one pair of eyes were turned from Russell to the platform, for difference in dress and position could not hide the remarkable likeness between the two men. They were hardly seated before Fredrick Golder and Richard Lawrence came and took seats directly in front of them. They did not notice Wherefore but he saw them and drew his companion's attention to them.

"Golder and his friend from the city," replied Russell. "And the ones who made the remarks about Alice" responded John.

Russell gave a perceptible start but made no comment. The young men had been seated but a few minutes when Lawrence, looking over the crowd, remarked:

"I do not see your daisy here, Fred."

"My daisy," responded Golder interrogatively.

"Yes, yours by the right of discovery."

"If we were to claim all that we chanced to discover we should have some queer possessions, but really, I do not understand you, Dick."

"Well, you are stupid, have you so soon forgotten the golden head you pointed out to me from the hotel porch?"

"Yes, I had forgotten; not my style you know, but the fact that you remember shows that you are interested."

"I am interested enough to show Wildermere that I can outwit his meddling; I wonder if he is here."

"Did you particularly wish to see him?" said a voice so near that it brought them both round face to face with Russell and Wherefore.

"Speak of the devil and he's always on hand," growled Lawrence.

"Doled her piecemeal to students and rats," responded Wherefore.

"This is insufferable, Fred., let us find seats elsewhere," said Lawrence rising to his feet. As they made their way to another part of the ground followed by the questioning looks of those who had heard a part of what had been said, Wherefore yawned and Russell remarked:

"I never saw such a crowd in Mandaville before."

"Do you not know wherefore it is here?" asked John.

"The wherefore it is here; you are the only Wherefore I see here," replied Russell.

"I mean do you know what has brought them here?"

"Their feet I suppose, those who couldn't ride."

Wherefore made no reply to this and presently Russell asked: "Well, what did bring them?"

"The desire to see the Judge and the Col. I presume, they are both noted men you know."

"But what brought the Col. and the Judge here, none of the big guns have ever come before?"

"Now you have come to the point; it is because they have never needed us before."

"Have never needed us, John, what do you mean?"

"I mean just this: the dominant party has been so strong in this state it did not need to send its best speakers into the smaller places, but now it is different; they want votes and have come here after them."

"I can't see how Mandaville can be of so much more importance than usual, each man will vote for his own party."

"Perhaps, but there is always a class that are swayed, more or less by good magnetic speakers, and Golder will plan to control his mill hands without seeming to do so; they are the new element here."

"Yes, but I presume they are about equally divided in their politics."

"They'll all vote one way though."

"All vote one way, what makes you think that?"

"Because winter is coming on and places are not as plenty men. A man doesn't like to see his family going cold and hungry; that's the wherefore of it."

"A free country this," said Russell as he slowly rose to his feet and looked about him as if seeking a way out.

"What is it?" asked Wherefore.

"I've seen the elephant and I'm going home."

"Don't you want to hear the speaking?"

"No, I don't. If they've come here only because they need us they'll wait till hell freezes over before they get my vote. You can stay if you wish but I'm not going to listen to their lies."

"If you go I shall, you know you promised Alice you'd take me home with you."

"Yes, and I know what made her so anxious but I shall drink nothing stronger than coffee to-day if I ever do again; I must keep my senses about me to take care of her. I'll show them whose daisy she is, come if you're going."

"As Russell and Wherefore were leaving the ground Col. Boyle got a full view of Russell's face. "Who is that man?" he asked of the chairman in a startled tone.

"Which man?"

"The elder of the two who are leaving?"

"Oh, that is old Russell."

"Boyle said no more, and presently the chairman arose and announced him as the speaker of the hour."

The Col. stepped forward, bowed, and commenced his address, but his manner was hesitating and what he said lacked force.

is only expelled through trust in the love of its parents. This trust once thoughtlessly abused and shaken may perhaps never be restored to its original purity and strength; and who could have the heart deliberately to impair such sweet confidence?

R. P. Journal.

OUR FUTURE MOTHERS.

Under the head of "Slavery of New England Women" the *Twentieth Century* has the following:

The writer thereof should remember that "New England stinginess" is the result of causes farther back. Had Julia Hall's parents been free from the superstition which blighted their daughter's life, it would not have relieved thousands of women who toil in the "Hell's Mills" of our economic system.

Recent tragedies have brought out more clearly the horrible state of New England home life where grasping penuriousness makes conditions as unbearable as grinding poverty. Julia Hall of New Canaan, Conn., was a daughter of a banker, yet overwork, in the home where luxury was considered sinful, and recreation a waste of time, caused Julia to drop herself into a well. Unsuccessful in this attempt to change her lot, she wandered away for a few weeks, then returned and took her place as an obedient, uncomplaining, household drudge, sick and weary. In the month of March last she threw herself under a locomotive and was at rest.

The father of Miss Manchester, so recently murdered in Fall River, says of her:—

"This girl was everything to me." He then describes how she had done a man's work as well as a woman's, doing all of the housework, looking after the milk and making the butter, assisting her father and the boy out of doors, and feeding the twenty head of stock if the father was away. The neighbors called her "the household drudge." She often complained, but as the stock was kept fat and the butter was well made, she was everything to her father.

Lizzie Borden's hard life in the home of a skinflint is now being exploited in the daily papers. It is immaterial to us now who killed the elder Bordens. It is very plain who killed the happiness out of the lives of Julia Hall, Miss Manchester, Lizzie Borden, and thousands of New England girls who would welcome death as a release from slavery. Woman's complete financial independence is the only remedy for New England's stinginess. If there be no other way of escape only through the co-operative commonwealth, then let us try that, and if that prove insufficient, let us still improve upon it. To permit such conditions to exist, to make crime seem the only way of escape from drudgery and then punish the criminal, is a blot upon civilization; and to contribute from the savings of stinginess to mission funds for the heathen, is a blasphemy against humanity.

Please subscribe? The Story is worth the price of the paper.

"What is the matter with the Colonel?" said the elder Golder to Judge Wendover, "I never knew him to do so poorly."

"I Presume he thought he had seen his own ghost," said Wendover when he heard of it.

That the remarkable likeness between himself and Russell had disturbed him was true, and that, with the consciousness that he had not done as well as usual induced him to drink beyond the point of discretion, and altogether, his visit to Mandaville was a distressing one, so much so that it engendered a bitter hatred toward the innocent cause thereof, the man who was so like him.

CHAPTER II.

THE INVALID.

"Myrtle, Myrtle—oh dear, she's never here when she's wanted," and the wearied, nervous old man settled himself back in his invalid chair with a sigh. Waiting a few moments, he called again:—"Myrtle."

The door opened and a pleasant faced mulatto girl of perhaps twenty summers, looked in:

"Were you not as deaf as a post or where you have no business to be you would know that I did."

"What is it you wish?"

"These pillows haven't been shaken up in an age and the fire needs fixing; oh dear, how hard it is to be helpless."

Without manifesting the least annoyance the girl proceeded to do what he wished and then asked:

"Can I do anything more for you?"

"Not now, yes, is it cold out?"

"Not very cold, sir, but colder than it would be good for you to be out," she replied as she turned to leave the room.

"Wait, please, Myrtle; it is so bright, and I get so tired sitting here, can't you take me out for just a few minutes?"

"I should like to, sir, but I fear the mistress would not like it; you might take cold you know."

"Well, then, get something and read to me; I'm so lonesome and so tired."

"The girl looked the pity she felt but made no reply; she turned instead, walked out upon the porch and stood there a few minutes looking toward the village.

"Are they coming?" asked the old man when she came in.

"They are not in sight, and really, it seems quite warm in the sun; I will wrap you up good and take you out just ten minutes by the clock."

"Oh, thanks; I will remember you in my will, Miss Myrtle," he exclaimed, as she proceeded to do as she had said.

"When will you make your will, grandpa?" asked the girl pleasantly.

"Time enough yet; I shall get over this and be about again when warm weather comes."

Myrtle made no reply to this but wheeled him carefully out upon the porch.

"Don't you think so?" he asked.

"Think what?"

"That I'll get about again when warm weather comes."

"Possibly," she replied in an absent sort of way.

"Possibly," repeated the invalid, sitting up and almost throwing from his shoulders that which had been put so carefully about them: "possibly" he repeated, "that means I am not likely to live till spring. I don't believe it; my father lived till he was past ninety and I am not yet eighty-two, and better than he was at that age."

"Don't get excited, sir, or you will take cold and I shall wish I had not brought you out," carefully wrapping him up again.

"Stop saying things to startle me then, but it is not so; I shall not die till"—he stopped short looking as if he had nearly said more than he had intended.

"Till what, Mr. Boyle?"

"Nothing, you may take me in, I've been out here quite long enough."

The girl wheeled him back again as pleasantly as she had wheeled him out, and then after finding that he wished nothing more, she stepped into the next room thus leaving to himself, and presently he was asleep. He had slept perhaps twenty minutes when the roll of carriage wheels was heard and soon after a pleasant faced lady came into the room. She looked down upon the sleeping man with an expression of mingled pity and affection for a few moments and then turned to go, when he started up and murmured: "I shall see him yet."

The sound of his own voice fully awakened him. "When did you come, Sarah?" he asked.

"I have just come in, have you had a good sleep, father?"

"O, just lost myself

"What were you dreaming about?"

"Dreaming, I haven't been asleep long enough to dream."

"I think you must have slept longer than you suppose; you were not only dreaming but talking in your sleep."

"What did I say, Sarah?"

"Something about seeing somebody."

"Likely enough; I can't remember," he replied in a tone of annoyance. Just then the bell rang.

Myrtle went to the door and after exchanging a few words with some one, she returned and said:

"There is a man at the door, a stranger, who would like to see Mr. Boyle."

"Why didn't you bring him in then?" asked the invalid.

"I was not sure that you would like to see him, or," glancing at the lady, that it would be best."

"Very thoughtful of you, bring him along," persisted the old gentleman.

"Yes, Myrtle, bring him in," said the daughter.

Thus assured, Myrtle returned to where the stranger was standing: "Yes, he will see you, please come this way."

"While she was gone the lady said: 'I must caution you, father, not to talk too much; you know you are not strong.'"

"And never shall be if I must always see the same faces and hear the same voices, what is it you want?"

"We want to keep you with us as long as we can," was his gentle reply. The sick man was about to respond but a low "hush" prevented. Myrtle was bringing the stranger in. "This is Mr. Boyle," she said.

The stranger bowed. "Excuse me sir, for troubling you, but I have just returned, or rather, am returning from a visit up in Vermont, and I found so many people there who used to know you, sir, that I thought I must stop and see you, sir; or rather, they made me promise to stop, and then to write and tell them all about you, sir; I am sorry to find you sick, sir."

"Oh I shall be all right when warm weather comes the winters are always hard on me. It was just so with my father and he lived to be several years older than I am" said the old gentleman, straitening himself up and looking at least ten years younger than he had ten minutes before.

"Glad to hear it, sir, my name is Brown, Jedediah Brown the first is a good scripster name if not a handsome one; Jed. I'm generally called; I've never been among great folks much and I told the folks I didn't like to introod, but they said you wasn't a bit stuck up if you had been Major and your son Colonel."

"I am glad to have the good opinion of my old friends, my daughter, Mrs. Wendover, Mr. Brown."

"How do you do, ma'am; the Judge's wife I s'pose. I saw them both jest before election, him and the Colonel I mean, and fine looking men they are; you look like your brother, ma'am."

Mrs. Wendover smiled at this adroit piece of flattery, and turning to the girl she said:

"Take Mr. Brown's coat and hat, Myrtle, he'll stay with a day or two I hope, for father will have so much to talk about, more than he can think of all at once."

"Thanks, ma'am, you are only too kind," said Brown, as he handed the girl his hat and then proceeded to divest himself of his overcoat. "Not so cold as farther north," he continued, "but cold enough to make the fire very pleasant," glancing at the glowing grate.

"It has been quite pleasant this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Wendover.

"Yes, it looked so bright I coaxed Myrtle to take me out upon the porch awhile, but I didn't stay long, it looked pleasanter than it was," added the Major.

"Why Myrtle," said Mrs. Wendover reproachfully:—

"Indeed, ma'am I wrapped him up so well he couldn't have taken cold had he tried," then, shaking her finger at the old gentleman, "if you tell tales and get me scolded I shall not take you out again."

There was a general smile at this and then Mrs. Wendover said: "Come, Myrtle, we will leave father and Mr. Brown to visit till tea is ready."

Left alone with the stranger, the old man turned his eyes eagerly toward him.

"Well, now," said Brown, "I'm real glad I stopped, you all seem so homelike and kind; but I have so menny thing to say I don't know jest where to begin; do you remember Elias Frost?"

"Remember him, I guess I do! Ely we used to call him, he's just six months older than I am; is he smart yet?"

"As smart as a cricket, sir; I tell you sir, those old Vermonters are a mighty tough set."

That they are, Mr. Brown. I consider myself good for
continued on seventh page.

Foundation Principles.

ISSUED MONTHLY

FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

LOIS WAISBROOKER EDITOR.

TERMS, 50 Cents PER YEAR.

We Hold It As A Foundation Principle

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

MOTHERHOOD.

Once more, Dear Friends, I come sowing the seed, the harvest of which will be gathered when my body is dust, and the burden I bear upon my heart is Motherhood. We are learning more and more that people are very much as were the conditions under which they were gestated and born.

One writer says if we want to reform a man we must begin with his grandmother—not after she is grandmother for then it is too late. Before the grandmothers get here give them good conditions under which to come, then educate them fully in the law of motherhood, and by the time they are grandmothers the grandchildren will be likely to show a decided improvement.

Motherhood is the gateway thro' which perfected manhood and womanhood must come. It is under woman's beating heart that the nations march into existence, but hitherto, she, like the Israelites of old, has had to make bricks without straw—has had to furnish body and brain without the needed elements, the requisite conditions for their perfection.

It needs not for me to say that the conditions for perfect motherhood are not to be found upon the planet as yet. We must first find what the needed conditions are and then it becomes our work to remove whatever stands in the way of securing them.

The woman movement of the last half century means more than the ballot. It means more than equality with man in all the pursuits of life. It means an entire reconstruction of society. It means a system of society in which the motive powers to action shall be brought to bear upon the moral instead of upon the selfish elements of character.

It means a system of society in which human beings are considered of more value than property, and the knowledge of how to improve our kind of more importance than to improve animals; not as now, that government should devote time and money to the latter while imprisoning men and women who devote themselves to the former.

It means a system of society in which all that tends to the physical, mental and moral well being of gestating mothers shall be considered of more importance than cathedrals, palaces, bank accounts, or any other form of public or private wealth held for the use of individuals or the building up of sects. In a word, it means a system of society that shall give us perfect motherhood.

But how is it now? Ah, how is it now! Let the mothers of the one half of the children born with so small a stock of life that it will not last them over five years, answer; let the mothers gestating the coming generation in garrets and cellars, answer—the mothers who are weaving the coming life in the loom of bare walls, smoking chimney stacks, scant food, excessive toil, and stifling heat,—such conditions under which to gestate human life and then to wonder at its stupidity, its depravity!

A thousand women destitute of the comforts of life that one woman may be proud of her diamonds—woman, that is a rare gem which sparkles upon your finger, but the economic system which enables you to wear that and live in idleness, takes its cost from the labor of toiling fathers, of toiling mothers, and robs the child before birth.

Ah sister, you do not see this; you, as an individual, are not to blame for it, but if you could see it, the mother element enshrined in your soul would groan in agony—the sparkling gem would become hateful to you only as you could use it to help change this false system—this result of the ignorance of the past, for one in which enlightened justice will be the controlling element—one in which gestating mothers shall be entitled to every comfort, every influence for good, every consideration of love and respect from community that the importance of human motherhood demands.

Mothers—help—aid me in these the declining days, the sunset of my life, to do all that I can to bring about this result. Help me to sow all the seed possible—to scatter the thought which will hasten the coming of Perfect Motherhood.

BODY GUARDS.

[What would the representatives of authority do without them! Sometimes these guards are men who stand between the protected and danger; sometimes it is only an intangible but even more potent public opinion; but whatever the form, take away the guard and the authority of man over man would be shortlived. One seldom finds more truth in the same space than in the following from J. S. Loveland. Were all Spiritualists as sensible we might hope for more from

them of real benefit to the race than the present indications give reason to look for.—ed.]

... The myth incarnates the real, not as to one Jesus, but as to one humanity. The grand man, Humanity, has been bearing the sins of the transgressor—has been bruised for iniquity, etc., and still blindly staggers under that fearful load. Why?

Because of the blind trust in intuition, inspiration, or revelation. Because of the lack of that intellectuality which you say is not spirituality.

Forces ample to revolutionize the race in a generation surge in mighty waves of destructive energy, because the wisdom to direct is crushed by the constant talk about God and Jesus. If those two obstructions were eliminated from the consciousness of man, and his attention directed in the line of common sense thought, the transformation of human conditions would be marvelous indeed. But so long as so many Spiritualists constitute themselves a voluntary body guard for Jesus, our work will be slow.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.

"EXCEEDING SORROWFUL."

It is said of that personified symbol of human struggle—human suffering which is idealized as the Christ, that at one time he declared himself to be exceeding sorrowful even unto death. Humanity can idealize only what it perceives, hence the failure to make the ideal Savior a woman, a mother. Her work, her suffering had not been recognized; it had not been seen that through her mother love woman must become the Savior of the race.

To-day woman every where is feeling, if not expressing exceeding sorrow in view of what her children are, or may become.

"Exceeding sorrowful." Who can paint a mother's feelings when she sees the son born from her body and fed from her bosom a reeling, staggering drunkard. What made him such?

"What made him such! Bad company and saloons," exclaims the exceeding sorrowful but unthinking mother.

"I think you are mistaken, my sister; it is just such sons as yours that create the demand for saloons, and help to make bad company; think again."

"I do not know what you mean, madam; my son was a good son till he got to going into bad company and to saloons. He was always, even when a boy, good and kind to me only he never was quite satisfied and as he grew older this feeling seemed to increase upon him. At last it became absolute restlessness, and he was all the time wanting something he could not get; then came the bad company and the saloons, and now he is hopelessly ruined—is a drunkard. I sometimes feel as if my sorrow is greater than I can bear—that I would like to die."

"How was it with you before his birth? Were you satisfied, did you have what you really wanted or needed, or was you all the time hungry for what you could not get?"

I certainly was not satisfied, but I tried my best to be so. We were very poor then, and to secure a home we worked very hard and lived upon the coarsest fare; sometimes I could hardly swallow what I must eat or go hungry, but you don't suppose that had any effect on him, do you?"

"Alas, poor mother! I must tell you there is good reason to believe it to have been the real cause of your son's present condition. While growing under your heart he could get nothing only what you furnished. He lived upon your heart's blood, that blood freighted with your feelings, your weariness, your hunger for that which you could not have. You furnished food for yourself not suited to your needs because it cost less; you used the best part of what you gathered from that food in exhausting toil, and what was there left for your child? He came into the world starved, came with an inborn feeling of want. As he grew toward manhood this feeling increased, and in excite-

ment and the stupefying effects of the intoxicating cup he forgets his unsatisfied inheritance for the time."

"Oh, dear! I don't see how I could have done any better. The home must be paid for and there was no way to do it only by hard work and privation. We got it paid for at last and then we felt independent. How can poor folks expect to get homes unless they are willing to work hard and live close, and now you tell me it made my boy a drunkard. I won't believe it."

"Then what is the cause, there is one somewhere?"

"I said it was bad company and saloons."

"How old was your son when you got your home paid for?"

"Four years; it took us five years to pay for the home, five years that it makes me tired to think of them even now, but the feeling of independence we have had since makes up for it. I lost my baby girl and that was hard, but I suppose she is better off. I came very near dying myself."

"You have another son I believe?"

"Yes, and as good a boy as a mother need to ask for."

"He does not take to bad company then?"

"No, indeed; people of that class have no influence over him whatever."

"Was he restless, unsatisfied as a boy?"

"Not at all, I have often wondered why Henry was so different from James."

"My dear woman, it is all very plain to those who have studied this question, how the difference came. You overworked and fared poorly while carrying your James. You gave all you had and was to the home; your child was thus robbed of what was, or should have been his. Hard work and privation so reduced you that your baby girl could not gather enough from your life to live and you nearly died; but when the home was paid for you was happy; you did not work so hard, did not live so close, and your Henry is a son to be proud of."

"Oh, oh, can this be true! Oh, oh, you break my heart! but what can be done! how can these things be helped! I tried to do the best I could and why must I be so terribly punished?"

"The past cannot be remedied, poor sorrowing mother, and such is the rule of man that if your unfortunate son should grow insane under the influence of drink and do what their law forbids they will punish him all the same as if he had been well born and had maliciously committed the act."

"Yes, I know they will, but if the past cannot be remedied what of the future, tell me that? It terrible as it is; don't leave me to feel that this state of things must continue through all the coming generations."

"It need not if woman can be thoroughly and intelligently aroused, but we will leave that for another talk and in the mean time do as much thinking as possible."

Woman Under the Law As a Wife.

[From an essay by Dr. E. B. Foote, read before the International Congress of Eclectic Physicians at Chicago.]

... The unwise statutes of almost every State in the United States, and the unwritten law in nearly all civilized lands forbid the giving of any advice to prevent conception. The physician's hands are tied. A council of physicians may legitimately produce a miscarriage or an abortion for certain legally defined reasons, but neither one alone nor a dozen in council would be permitted to furnish means to the wife of a husband subject to lunacy to protect herself from bearing a family of lunatics or imbeciles. The conscientious wife of a drunkard is neither protected by law from legal rape, nor permitted by statute to sterilize his pestiferous seed. She may be compelled to rear a family of drunkards. She is without legal protection.

A sexual pervert, one who by secret vice or excessive venery has become a victim to neurasthenia, and acquired a morbid sexual appetite may compel his dutiful wife to bear a large family of children who, in the very nature of things must fall victims to neurotic diseases. If she applies to the courts to protect her from his inordinate lust she

finds she has no legal redress; if she applies to her family physician for protection against undesired and unbalanced offspring, he would be liable to fine and imprisonment if he placed in her way the means whereby she might prevent conception.

In all these cases undesirable and diseased children must be born into the world, nor can they be exterminated as the farmer or stock-breeder disposes of the undesirable products of his domestic animals; nor again would it be consistent with our advanced civilization to expose them to causes that would lead to their death, after the example of the ancient Spartans. No, they must be permitted to live, and when such of them as have survived the periods of infancy and youth reach adult age, they in turn produce fit subjects for the medicine of the doctor or the knife of the surgeon. Thus it will be perceived that the family physician, however gifted with good intentions, or bountifully qualified with wisdom and resources, is limited in what he is permitted to do to eliminate from the race diseased tendencies.

A Woman Who Dares.

[Brother Judson of Oakland California sends us the following. We should certainly honor a woman who dares to defy the priest.]

Maria Kullbury, a storekeeper of East Boston, Mass. has sued Father O' Donnell, Catholic priest, for \$5,000 for ruining her business. She alleges that because she refused to send her children to the parochial school the priest publicly boycotted her from the altar.

Mrs Kullbury, according to this report is certainly setting a noble example for her co-religionists to follow. She is not only proving herself a brave mother by thus openly defending herself and children against the imperial decrees of the Romish priesthood, but she is publicly manifesting the true spirit of liberty by attacking the enemy in his stronghold. This brave woman is standing up against a combination of holy terrors where not one Catholic man in ten thousand has ever had the courage to make even a modest protest.

The case of Mrs. Kullbury is only one of many thousands going to establish the fact that papal highbinders are blackmailing American citizens.

The circumstance of American children being born of Catholic parents is taken advantage of and an otherwise free man or woman is deprived of his or her right to the full and free enjoyment of American liberty.

The many Irish [or any other] Catholic priests who use their sacerdotal office to crush a mother's right to think, live and work to feed, clothe and educate her children as she thinks best, should be made to feel that they are a band of piratical villains sailing upon the high sea of intellectual liberty.

A fire fiend who burns a widow's house, a midnight burglar who robs a woman's store, and the priest who ruins a woman's business should be reached by the same criminal law, and if convicted, suffer the same punishment for an equally heinous crime against humanity.

W. W. JUDSON.

[Much more heinous, because more far-reaching in its deleterious effects upon humanity; and much harder to overcome because rooted in the idea of a personal God and the fear of offending him by disobeying his agent the priest. The burglar and the incendiary do not claim God's sanction for their deeds. Protestants who attempt to force their ideas upon the people, who would use U. S. troops to override their wishes and the decision of the court by forcibly closing the World's Fair on Sunday, are worse than the Catholics in that they are less consistent.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE

OR

The Threefold Power of Sex.

CHAPTER I.

That sex is the Fountain of Life cannot well be denied, for everywhere in nature from the union of the two forces, the positive and the negative, the male and female principles, life springs into positive or external existence by taking form, each after its kind.

This is true from monad to man, and if there are still higher grades of life, which is generally admitted as true, then they are, they must be subject to the same law. Students will understand what I mean when I say, problems coming under the simple rules of arithmetic can be solved without having recourse to the principles involved in the higher mathematics, but that the higher problems cannot be solved without the principles involved in the lower. The same must be true of the higher and lower grades of life. First principles cannot be dispensed with.

Even here, in the intangible realm of abstract principles, in the science of numbers we find the inseparable two, the positive and negative methods upon which the whole mathematical superstructure rests. It is commonly said that there are four basic principles upon which this science rests but a closer analysis shows that multiplication is but a short way of performing many additions and division but a short way of performing many subtractions, leaving only the two as foundational. These will solve the simple problems without calling into use the methods needed in interest, in the square or cube roots, or those of any other intricate problem, but in the more intricate problems we find we cannot dispense with addition and subtraction. And yet, when it comes to the life-fountain we are told that to solve the problem of intellectual, and more especially of spiritual growth we must ignore the material basis of physical expression; in other words, must remove the foundation to rear the superstructure.

Perhaps it will help us to think more clearly upon the subject in hand if we make a sort of summary of what may be called axiomatic truths.

When we say, equal numbers taken from equal numbers the remainders will be equal, we state what must be true under any and all circumstances, in any and all places, in this or any other world, and what in the very nature of things is thus universally true is called an axiom. It was by the use of such an axiom that the boy upset the assertion that God could do anything, no matter what. He knew that to be two years old a person or thing must have lived two years so he said, God can't make a two year old colt in a minute. He was willing to concede that a colt the size of a two year old might be made in a minute, still it would be only a minute old.

Another boy was equally to the point when in answer to the question, how many legs would a calf have should you call the tail a leg, he promptly replied, four. The father repeated the question and still the same answer, and yet again, with no variation in the reply. Finally the man became impatient at what he thought his son's stupidity. Why father, said the boy, calling the calf's tail a leg don't make it so. He too expressed an axiomatic truth. Under no possible conditions could the calling of a tail a leg make it one. And so of all things else; changing the name does not change the nature.

When we learn to think, reason, decide from the standpoint of axiomatic truth instead of taking things as we find them thinking they must be as they are, the world will be the better for it. Principles, natural laws as they point to—indicate the path of growth—this, and not personal authority.

I will now give the axioms upon which I shall try to build as upon a firm foundation. But I must say some things in connection with what I thus call axioms which to many will not seem like axiomatic methods. Axioms, they will say, are statements of self-evident truths; they need no argument. True, but mind must have some degree of development to understand any truth no matter how self-evident to those who are more advanced. Those who are searching in the sphere of principles perceive many truths which have to be compared, analyzed and illustrated in various ways to give those who think only in the sphere of

facts even a glimpse thereof, while to the others they are as self-evident as that two and two are four, therefore, though I may be criticised for it I shall continue to call the following statements axioms.

FIRST.—Sex is the Fountain of Life—of all life animate, inanimate, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and in all possible cases life is made manifest through the union of the positive and negative, the male and female forces.

SECOND.—A superstructure to be substantial must rest upon a solid foundation, and while the more external phase of sex life, the physical, can be lived without bringing into use the laws involved in the intellectual and spiritual yet the intellectual and spiritual cannot be *fully* lived without bringing into use the physical as the basis or foundation. The higher necessarily rests upon the lower and "if the foundations be destroyed what shall the builders do?" or, if the roots cease to act what shall the branches do?

THIRD.—The unknown can be proven by the known, but only to those who understand the unerring results of underlying law, understand the entire reliability of that which is universal in its action. Astronomers proved the existence of new planets by first deducing the fact of an unknown planet from the known laws of matter.

FOURTH.—We cannot conceive of that which does not exist. We may narrow the conception, twist it out of shape, pervert it because of our ignorance, but still it is, it must be rooted in truth.

FIFTH.—We cannot desire, hunger for that which does not exist. If we could it would prove that we have capacities which the universe cannot fill, a manifest absurdity.

SIXTH.—Our thought, our idea of an act—the organs of the brain that are active at the time, this, with our general idea thereof, decides the character of any act which, in and of itself, is neither good nor bad morally speaking, and also, in a great measure, the nature of the result.

The fourth and fifth are really one in fact, for we cannot hunger for that of which we can form no idea.

From the first of these propositions or axioms we deduce the importance of sex—sex, the life-fountain; get a glimpse of what a wonderful power it is—that if we would grow in life and strength, if we would become as gods, handling and molding the forces of being intelligently, we must treat it reverently, never abusing or prostituting its functions.

From the second we are taught the importance of a healthy, normal, unperturbed sex life upon which to build a natural, healthy, well balanced intellectual and spiritual life. The absolute necessity of preserving the foundation intact if we would have a substantial superstructure is an indictment against all the teachings of Christendom which carry the idea, either directly or indirectly, that sex is only of the flesh.

This, taken in connection with our sixth proposition makes the indictment against Christian teaching on this subject a very serious one, for if the idea of an act innocent and natural in itself, determines in a great measure the results flowing therefrom, then, those who regard the act as simply of the flesh are "sowing to the flesh" whenever they enter into it.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

Self-evident propositions that should be commended to the consideration of those who regard sex as only of the flesh.

From the third—the unknown being proven by the known—we discover the universality of axiomatic truth, or inherent, self-existent law—can discover that knowing the method of action we can trace ultimate results from simple beginnings—truths of universal application from specific indications.

From the fourth and fifth which, as already said, are practically one, we get a glimpse of the wonderful capacities of the race, of men and women who have so long been taught to look upon themselves as worms of the dust, and from the sixth we can see how low ideas of sex tend naturally to make the product of sex union low.

Taking the first and sixth of the axiomatic propositions stated, the question comes home to us: What kind of life shall we draw from this wonderful Fountain of Life? Which of the combined elements that constitute a human being shall take precedence?

If soul and intellect did not unite in some degree in that which constitutes a new being then we could

possess neither soul nor intellect—should not be human, but merely animals in human form, but when they are not recognized factors of the feelings, the emotions, the purpose which prompts to the sex act they are passive, negative, must be developed through the suffering, the conflict which forces them into action. If in this relation the merely physical predominates and a human being is the result that human being will be under the control of the passions—will be, as one writer has it, beast born. Such are born on the wrong side of hell and must pass through it—must have bitter experiences, keen suffering before the real man and woman can come to the front and rule in their own kingdom—rule themselves. Till this is done the beast in them rules. It may be a mild, docile sort of beast or it may be ferocious, but it rules all the same.

If love, soul love and intellectual appreciation take the lead—if the gratification of the senses holds the second place in the considerations which bring a couple together—if the act is sanctioned by the intellect and infused with true human love—comes as the result of such love—those born of such unions will be the masters, not the subjects of their passions.

But how has it been in the past? What elements have been drawn from this life-fountain? With what characteristics have we stamped the product?

We have drawn from this fountain just what we have brought to it. We have stamped the product with that which we have put into the blending.

Man has brought into this partnership the idea of a personal right, a lawful claim to the person of his wife as a receptacle for the refuse of his passion. How could he bring the love, the genuine respect, yea, the reverence—how could he bring these necessary characteristics of a true manhood and womanhood to one who was his by law, to one who had no legal right to her own body? He, through the teachings he has received, brings to the union which produces another human life the elements of selfishness and tyranny.

Woman, with her idea of "wifely duty" has given the element of submission to tyrannical selfishness. The results are tyrants and slaves all through society. With such characteristics in the ascendent, and the merely physical desire on the part of the husband the prevailing condition, is it a wonder that passion rules, takes the command, asserting physical needs at the expense of wife and offspring?

But we must not tarry at the foundation. We must learn the highest uses of the great life-fountain. Only an artist can see beautiful forms in the solid marble, but he brings to it his ideal and chisels away till that ideal stands before him in perfect form. The capacities of the stone are measured by his capacity to mold and shape it. So of the life-fountain, sex. In and of itself, it is as the ancient writer says the earth was in the beginning, without form and void. Its capacities for good to us are determined by what we bring to it. We can gather intellectual and spiritual life from this fountain if we will, but to do this we must regard it with the reverence that the intellectual and the spiritual naturally inspire.

Our purpose in this work is to try to find the highest, purest use of sex—to indicate through the laws of the known the possibilities of its as yet, to us, unknown power. We cannot demonstrate in the sphere of facts what this highest use is until it is reached by the discovery of the principle involved in the first step toward soul growth. Those who are intuitive will first sense it and then will study upon and so elaborate it that to analytical minds it will be as clearly demonstrated as though the fact had been wrought out before their eyes. Every inventor is proof that the unknown may be discovered through a further application of the laws of the known. They see, they know that a right application of certain principles will bring a given result. They know this; there is no guess work about it. The only difficulty lies in not knowing how to apply the principle, or in not having the conditions under which it can be applied.

The unknown powers of men and women are being discovered in the same way. We only need now to find and apply the principles under which these unknown powers can be made known, and practical.

Sex, as we have seen, is the fountain of life, and, as a natural correlative, the fountain of power, for we cannot even think of power as entirely separated from life. We infer then that through a right application of its laws we may conquer even death itself.

In elaborating this subject we must again refer the reader to the fact that while simple problems can

be solved without using the formulas or rules of the more complex, the complex cannot be solved without retaining the use of the principles or methods necessary to the solution of simple problems.

We next ask: Are mind and soul more complex than matter? By soul I mean the astral or spirit body—the body of the ego, the selfhood, the indwelling "I am." Quoting from a former work—"When this indwelling ego is clothed with soul and body we call it a man, a woman, a child, but when clothed with soul only we call it a spirit. The problems of mind and soul, the laws which govern their growth are certainly more complex than are the laws which govern the inception and growth of the body only; still, all the principles involved in the body problem are involved in solving the soul problem, and he or she, teacher or student, who rejects bodily need in trying to learn the law of soul need will certainly fail.

But our fifth axiom declares that we cannot hunger for that which does not exist. We do hunger for, seek for, try to discover "The Elixir of Life." It must exist, and where? We have looked everywhere else and is it not time we learned that:

"The proper study of mankind is man," man the race—the male man and the female man—the phallus man and the womb man, both equally included in the term? The following poem by S. W. Foss is very appropriate here:

"OH SHIP, AH OY!"

"Oh, ship, ahoy!" rang out the cry,
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
A voice came o'er the waters far,
"Just drop your bucket where you are,"
And then they dipped and drank their fill
Of water fresh from mead and hill;
And then they knew they sailed upon
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry,
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through arid climates of the soul;
'Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath,
Smit with the thirst that drags to death,
And fail, while faint for fountains far,
To drop our buckets where we are.

Oh, ship ahoy! you're sailing on
The broad mouth of the Amazon,
Whose mighty current flows and sings
Of mountain streams and inland springs,
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,
Of heaven dropped evening's twilight calm,
Of nature's peace in earth and star—
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leans,
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps.
Parch not your lips with dry despair;
The stream of hope flows everywhere,
So, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

It seems to me that the race in its progress has reached the "broad mouth of the Amazon," that the time has come in our searching for the Elixir of Life to "drop our buckets where we are"—to drop them into the fountain of our own life—our life, that of man and woman combined.

Resting upon the axioms stated I avow what has already been indicated, to-wit., my full belief in the declaration: "And the last enemy to be destroyed is death," believe that this will yet be done so far as its power over the human race is concerned—believe that the creative agency will become the redemptive agency when the laws that lead to its "Threefold Power" are understood and obeyed.

"Oh," says the reader, "I do not want to live always; life is too full of disappointment and sorrow."

My good friend, you forget that death is the last enemy to be destroyed. When we have conquered death we shall have conquered the disappointments and sorrows—shall have secured conditions that will make life desirable.

"The wages of sin is death." "Sin is the transgression of the law." These are bible words but I do not quote them because of that fact, but because they are an expression of dimly perceived laws or principles in the bosom of nature—Nature, the wonderful mother who says to all: "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

We have sought in many directions and have knocked at many doors that have opened to us. Sometimes we have knocked long, loud, and persistently—

Moses Harman's Case.

[The substance of the following summary of Mr. Harman's case appeared in his paper, LUCIFER THE LIGHT-BEARER, soon after his second imprisonment, and as the right conditions for Perfect Motherhood can never be had so long as the maternal functions of the wife can be legally outraged by the husband, it seems to me proper to give it here, more particularly as I know the statements to be true.]

LOIS WAISBROOKER.]

As many questions are asked and our friends have not the data by them to confirm their statements, it is thought best to give a summary of the causes which have led to this persecution, for that is what it is and has been from the first. A few words about Mr. Harman himself.

He was born in Pendleton Co. Va. Oct. 12, 1830. He was educated in Missouri, is a graduate of Arcadia high school, a Methodist institution with collegiate powers, was a traveling minister for a time under the authority of the M. E. church South; was twenty-five years a teacher in public and private schools in different states.

Twelve years ago he commenced the publication of the KANSAS LIBERAL, now called LUCIFER, or the LIGHT-BEARER.

In September 1886 E. C. Walker, associate editor, and Lillian Harman, Mr. Harman's only daughter, married themselves in the presence of friends. For this they were arrested, and sentenced, Mr. Walker for three months, Lillian for six weeks, to the county jail.

They served their time but refused to pay the costs, saying that they had done no wrong and would do nothing that would look like acknowledging that they had. This persistence of self-justification together with the fact that Mr. Harman sustained the couple, incensed the prosecution to that extent that a copy of LUCIFER published the June before was laid before the grand jury (?) as obscene matter.

The so-called obscene matter was a letter which was a protest against an outrage perpetrated upon a sick wife in the name of husband's rights—even the tearing apart of the stitches made necessary by severe confinement, to satisfy his (legal) passion. Mr. Harman published the letter as it was sent to him, too indignant to be conventional, and, cover your face, modesty, he actually put in print the scientific name of that organ of the masculine body without the use of which there could have been no jury to condemn him.

The number of LUCIFER containing this indignant protest against a cruel outrage was hunted up, pronounced obscene, and not only Mr. Harman and Mr. Walker but George Harman, not then nineteen years of age, who was nominally associated with his father in the publication of the paper, was included in the indictment. The Christians of Valley Falls seemed determined to destroy this Liberal family.

When this indictment was obtained Mr. Walker paid the costs and came out of jail so as to meet this new complication. These indictments against the above parties were found in February 1887, now more than six years ago. For over three years the case was put off from one court to another. Finally a hearing was had at which it was shown that at the time of the publishing of the offending letter Mr. Walker was in Minnesota and George Harman in the country on a farm. The prose

cution had but one victim left, and on him the blow fell. Judge Foster sentenced Moses Harman to five years imprisonment and \$300 fine.

It seems incredible that a nineteenth century Judge could be found to pass such a sentence for such a cause, but so it was. Judge Foster was deluged as it were, with letters from women showing there was cause for such a protest as Moses Harman had made and protesting in turn against any punishment for him. These letters seemed to make the learned Judge angry, and the more so as about this time Mr. Harman published another letter which was considered even more obnoxious than the first—this, not to defy the law, but to give the public the testimony of a physician upon the frequency of married outrage upon woman, and cases of sex perversion, all going to show the need of a thorough opening up of this question, for no evil can be remedied so long as it is kept covered up.

Mr. Harman went to the penitentiary, remained there four months and then was brought out on a writ of error. In the mean time he had been indicted upon the physician's letter, and when tried, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment by Judge Phillips. Mr. Harman's lawyer succeeded in having both sentences submitted to Judge Caldwell of the higher court for review, and after nearly two years considering, he threw the five year sentence back into the lower court upon a technicality and confirmed the sentence of Judge Phillips. Mr. Harman then returns to prison, remains eight months and is finally set free of that charge, but the five year sentence still hangs over him less the four months he has already served.

One year in prison, over six years in bonds with all the harrassing attendant, and for what? For an act that merits the gratitude of all women, for telling the truth, or permitting another to tell it, of a horrible outrage and to show up the disabilities to which married women are subject in language that could be understood. But what was the terrible thing he published, asks the reader.

Ah! don't you know that our courts have become secret tribunals that if I tell in print and send you through the postoffice just the words that were used in that letter I am liable to arrest and imprisonment? The postoffice no longer belongs to the people.

As to how Mr Harman is regarded by a man by these who know him best the following resolution one of several passed by the Topeka Ethical Society at his last imprisonment, and of which whewas president, sufficiently shows:

„Resolved: That this Club has the highest regard for the moral worth of Moses Harman, its President, that it believes no word of reproach has ever been uttered against his personal character, and that he commands the respect and esteem of all who know him well, and that even those who antagonize ideas which he may entertain, many of which this Club will not attempt to fully endorse, still have the utmost confidence in his integrity of purpose.”

It seems then, that in this land of freedom, so called, a good man who dares to think and to express that thought, if it antagonize the wrongs perpetrated by the dominant sex upon the weaker—wronges perpetrated upon our mothers, if he dares to do this, he is liable to imprisonment if his language chances to be unconventional, unfashionable.

Surely! our censors are straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel.

have knocked almost to the point of desperation, but at last the closed doors have turned upon their hinges revealing secrets well worth the thought and toil expended. No persistent searcher has failed of a reward soon or later, but as yet, we have hardly entered the vestibule of Nature's great temple.

“He that overcometh shall inherit all things.” Is it really true? Can we indeed overcome all obstacles and stand at last triumphant? The propositions already laid down as axiomatic make the fact of such a prophecy, no matter where found, at least the reflection of a truth; but the bible declaration is not the only evidence we have, nor the strongest. The activities of the race, the readiness with which its members attack difficulties is the result of the inherent faith which is an evidence of things not yet seen. We are pressing on, ever on toward the actualization of our ideal.

But to return to the transgression of law which is declared to be sin—what law? With the idea of a personal God to punish in the sense that men punish it is supposed to mean the moral law, but nature executes her laws in the sphere of their infraction, consequently physical death could not come from the violation of moral law only as it involved violation of the physical also. We may violate what is called the moral law by working on Sunday, but such work will not kill us any sooner than work done on any other day, but if we violate the law which forbids that we abuse our own bodies we suffer the physical but not the moral penalty if we do it ignorantly. It is evident then that the law the transgression of which brings death is a physical one.

“Oh, I don't believe anything in that old story,” says one. It matters not what you believe, the axioms which are put in the form of propositions and used as foundation stones, prove that the “old story” reflects a truth. That truth we want; that truth we are searching for; that truth we intend to have.

Nature teaches us her laws through the inevitable results of their infraction. It makes no difference with her if we do not know that fire will burn, if we put ourselves in contact with it we are burned all the same, or if we take poison by mistake it will kill us as quickly as if taken on purpose. In either case the law of life has been sinned against and the forfeit must be paid. All transgression of those natural laws which, obeyed, would be for our highest good is sin against—ourselves—but all sin is not unto death, for nature is not vindictive. She always uses her restorative power as far as is possible.

We may cut off a finger and thus sin against the law of a perfect body but we do not die; we only suffer the penalty of mutilation. But were the finger a central, a vital part the result would be quite different. Sex is central. Out of sex comes life.

David, the Psalmist says: “I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.”

What's the matter, David, did your mother exercise her maternal prerogative outside of law?

No, not that; David was lawfully, respectfully born according to the standard of the times, but from nature's standard there was ignorance and consequent violation of the higher law of life. Of course David did not understand this but he felt that something was wrong and it was thus that he accounted for his own waywardness.

“From nature's standpoint there was ignorance.”

Alas! that sin is a universal one! Ignorance still reigns in this department of life! The potencies of sex which tend to perpetuate life must be recognized before the laws that govern will be sought for and lived; but such recognition cannot come so long as sex is looked upon as simply of the flesh, for the idea of a higher is thus precluded. But the reply to our cry of distress is coming “from o'er the waters far.” The soul hears that reply and whispers it to the intellect and some are beginning to seek, hence the interest in the sex question.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It was claimed by a medium at the Spiritualist meeting on Sunday, July 2d, here in Topeka, that Wendell Phillips was her controlling power at the time. Among other strong utterances was the following:

“The sister in her invocation asked aid in freeing the people from different kinds of slaveries but failed to name the greatest of them all, that of slavery to the money power. England, the nation that has been

likened to the great red dragon of scripture, puts her finger on India, (upon her silver) and 25,000 men are thrown out of employment in the western part of these United States. What of the influence of that act of England's upon the next generation? When depressed, despairing, unemployed, the creative fire burns on, and the more fiercely in that the energies are unused in toil, and what of the thousands of children begotten under such conditions?

MOTHERS:

Has man in his thirst for power ever stopped to think of the effect upon the unborn of any movement tending to his own grandeur? Does he, has he ever lived for the race? No, his is the centrifugal, the projecting force. He starts off in a straight line, will if he can, drag all else in his train while he rides roughshod over whatever opposes. He must do so until balanced by a power that can hold him. Woman alone can do this, but she cannot do it as a subject; she must be free, body and soul. When she makes her declaration of independence and maintains it, then she can attract and hold him to the law of universal love; but, as before said, she can never do this as a subject. Had the Paul of scripture feared that the progressive tendencies of the race would break them away from the control of his God and had set himself deliberately to work to find some means to hold those tendencies in check, he could have devised nothing more to the purpose than his command to the wife to be subject to the husband in all things.

Continued from third page.

several years yet; as I told you, I shall get better of this lameness when warm weather comes.”

“I hope you will sir, but rheumatiz is a mighty bad thing to stick. I've a fust rate medicin for't to hum, and I'll send you the resate for't when I get there.”

“Thanks, so Eli stays right there on the old place does he?” continued the Major, more anxious to hear about his old friends than to talk of recipes for rheumatism.

Yes, sir; he, his children, and his grand children with their families all live within a day's drive of one another, all but one son; he went west.”

“Which one?”

“The youngest; his mother got terribly restless before he was born and kept teasing Elias to sell out and go somewhere else. She said she was tired of always living in one place, and they do say she marked that boy for he never would stay at home.”

“His mother was Myra Sherwood, and a smart girl she was; is she living yet?”

“Laws, no. She kind a drooped after Eli was born, they called him in part for his father, and before he was a year old she died. The old man has been married twice since.”

“Well, what of the young Eli, the boy who went west, Mr. Brown?”

“I think it was Iowa, sir, where he went, and he made his fortune; he's worth more than all the others now.”

“Bought land I suppose; there's nothing like land to make one rich, Mr. Brown. I could take half a million dollars for what I got for a mere song forty years ago.”

“Half a million! whew, but you are rich, and not a bit proud either,” said Brown, looking admiringly upon the old man lying there so helpless in his invalid chair.

“I've enough to last me and leave my children rich,” was the smiling reply.

“If I was you, Major, I'd have my son run for Guvner or President, you'r rich enough.”

“You dont suppose I'd spend my money to buy votes, Mr. Brown!”

“No; you wouldn't have to, sir. The folks who don't get rich look up to the ones who do. People'll vote for a rich man quicker'n they will for a poor man”

“The most of people are fools anyhow, but what about young Frost, how did he manage?” said the old man impatiently, for he did not quite relish Brown's remarks about rich men and voting.

“Oh, he went west when land was cheap, and for years worked very hard. They do say his children had to stay away from school winters because he couldn't get'm shoes, but about ten years ago a railroad was built along the longest way of his three-hundred and twenty acres of land, and a depot right across the track”—

"And that made it valuable, of course! Well, well, he was lucky! That pays him for all his trouble, Mr. Brown. His children when they handle his money, will not care if they did have to go barefoot in winter."

"Yes sir, but suppose the railroad hadn't come there, what then?"

"He would have had his land all the same, and sure to grow valuable as the country grew older; I am so glad you stopped Mr. Brown, it does me so much good to see one who has been back among those hills; you have relatives there I think you said."

"Not exactly relatives, but all I have ever known. My father was accidentally killed and it gave my mother such a shock that she died when I was born, which was about a week after, and a young married couple living near took me and brought me up as their own."

"How fortunate for you, and they live there yet?"

"Father lives there with one of his sons, mother died several years ago. That is, father lives on the opposite side of the mountain, but one of his daughters lives in Granlock and when I visited her I got acquainted with your folks, as she married a grandson of one of your cousins."

"We are somewhat connected, Mr. Brown, said the Major, with a laugh."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Boyle, I wouldn't presume to count on so small a thing; but its a long road around and over the mountain, and where I first landed I finished my visit before going anywhere else."

"At what point on the other side of the mountain did you go, Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, please, call me Jed., Mr. Boyle; that has been my name ever since I was knee high to a hop toad, and it sounds natural. Then, I've been mistered so much up there among the folks that I've got kind o'tired on't; what point did you say? Its not a point but a nice little village called Fairview."

"Did you hear of any one there by the name of—"

"Tea is ready, Mr. Brown; father, shall I wheel you out so you can eat with your friend, or shall I bring yours here?"

"Send Myrtle in with enough for both of us, Sarah; I shall like that better."

"Very well."

"Who was it you was asking about, sir? said Brown as soon as Mrs. Wendover had gone to give the order for their suppers."

"Who was I asking about, oh, I remember now, did you hear of any one by the name of Shelton?"

"Shelton, Shelton, I've heard that name somewhere, Shelton, he stopped, scratched his head, shook it, 'no, I cant think where, but 'twill come to me, sir; sure to, for it kind o' haunts me, and when a thing haunts me I allers get it in the end."

"Well, never mind, here comes the supper; we can discuss that awhile."

"Discuss it? said Brown, looking up with a puzzled air."

"Yes, with our teeth."

"Oh, you mean eat it; well, I'm agreeable for I am a leetle hungry, but ai'nt it wonderful how natural they can make teeth look; now yours, sir, look just as if they growd."

"Yes, they are the best that could be had, but they are not like one's own. I didn't want them, but Sarah would have me get them and now I am used to them I find they are much better than none."

And so they chatted on, the octogenarian and the younger man, both seeming as pleased as children, and when the others returned from the dining room they had not more than half finished their suppers."

"I think you two must enjoy talking more than you do eating, remarked Mrs. Wendover."

"Oh, no, ma'am, the vittles is extra, but then the old gent. has so many things to ask about and it does him so much good, I like to tell him all I can. We don't get any too much happiness in our lives, ma'am, and its a pity to let any of it slip."

The only response to this was a smile, and the rest of their meal was eaten in silence."

There was no more talk about "folks in Varmont" that night but Brown staid on day after day, spending a portion of his time with the invalid and the balance out of doors looking over the place. His quaint ways, his genuine good sense and his unfailing good nature made him liked by them all, and when he talked about leaving, the old gentleman would beg so hard for him to stay longer, Jed. would say:

"Well, I'll stay jest another day. Finally he said:

"Look here, folks: I've nothing in perticiler to hinder, and if you want me to, I'll go and fix things to hum, and then cum back and stay all winter."

The proposition was agreed to and Jed. left promising to be back in "jest a week."

To be continued.

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