

# Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, AUGUST, 1893.

NO. 2.

## Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### FREEDOM vs LOVE.

Oh, I had long in freedom roved,  
Though many seemed my soul to share;  
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,  
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

"Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,  
Beguiled me only while she warm'd;  
'Twas young desire that fed the dream,  
And reason broke what passion formed.

"But thou—ah! better had it been  
If I had still in freedom roved,  
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,  
For then I never should have loved."

### TAKE CARE.

So the story is a going,  
False or true there is no knowing,  
His name is Skinner instead of Hyde,  
That in the West he has a bride.

And thus it oft times is the case  
With those who marry in a haste,  
They know not what they'll prove to be,  
They'd better wait awhile and see.

### "Two Old Geese."

Some people who went down South  
and took a plantation, had a black woman in their employ who was very pious. This fact did not prevent her, one week, from stealing a couple of geese belonging to a neighbor. This crime was found out and reprobated by the mistress of the plantation. Next Sunday the negro woman prepared to go to Church, and announced that she would not be home at the usual time, because it was communion Sunday, and she was going to take communion. The mistress was astonished, and asked the woman if she thought that, in view of her recent performance, she was in a condition to take the sacrament? The old black woman opened her eyes in astonishment, "La, mis," she exclaimed, "you tink I'se gwine to miss my dear Jesus for two ol' geese?"—*Boston Transcript.*

### The Prayer She Wanted.

The humorous annals of Episcopacy ought to be written up, said a Methodist woman; they wouldn't hurt the Church and would divert millions. Some Episcopalians, you know, imagine they can find a prayer for every event in life laid down in their precious ritual. When I was in Florida the baby girl of an Episcopal neighbor of mine was dreadfully scalded. I was sent for and found the household in great excitement everybody running about, hunting for cotton, oil and other needed medicaments for the injured child. As I did not see the mother in the crowd working over the infant I searched for and finally found her. She was in her parlor leaning over a table and wildly whirling the leaves of a large prayer book. As I approached she looked up with an agonized countenance and exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh! What shall I do? I can not find the prayer for the scalded baby!"  
—*Chicago Times.*

## The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

### CHAPTER III.

#### PUZZLED CURIOSITY.

"I wonder what has become of Wherefore, I haven't seen him about for some time; do you know where he is, uncle Ed?" said the postmaster to Mr. Russell one day as he met him on the street.

"How should I know?" was the curt reply.

"There's a letter for you at the office, and I thought it looked like John's hand writing; that is why I asked."

"A letter for me, Mr. Garner?"

"Yes, it came last night; it is postmarked Glenwood. Have you friends there?"

"Not that I know of, and I shouldn't know Wherefore's handwriting from a sheet of Dutch, but I'll go and get the letter; I suppose I'll know who it's from when I open it."

"Col. Boyle lives near Glenwood, doesn't he?"

Somewhere up that way, I never asked where, but what has that to do with my letter?"

"I don't know as anything, Mr. Russell, but as John is always looking into the wherefore of things, I didn't know but he had found out the wherefore of you and the Col. looking so much alike."

"If he has I know nothing of it," replied Russell a little impatiently.

The postmaster passed on without further remark, and Russell, as he looked after him muttered: "Mighty inquisitive: I wonder what business it is of his where John goes or what he does," and then, "I hadn't thought of such a thing but it would be just like John—I'll go and get the letter and see what that says."

In pursuance of this thought he turned and walked toward the postoffice, but as he did so the thought of the postmaster's inquisitiveness continued to annoy him. "I wonder if he would dare question squire Golder about his letters," he said to himself, "not much he would't, but us, poor devils, it makes no difference; well, I didn't tell him anything, wouldn't if I could, and as it happens, I couldn't."

Thus talking to himself, and almost audibly, he passed the postoffice before he was aware of it and had to retrace his steps. Presently Garner's son, who staid in the office while his father went to dinner, was startled out of a whispered consultation with another boy by hearing some one say, "The letter for Edward Russell, if you please."

"Edward Russell, I don't think there's one for that name," replied the boy.

Russell's eyes flashed. "You don't think; it's your business to look."

"Easy, easy now, old man, if such a letter had come I should remember it."

"Very well, I will wait till your father comes and see if he has lied to me, young sir."

Oh, did my father tell you there was one? well, perhaps I am mistaken," said the now alarmed boy, as he hurriedly ran over the B's, anxious that Russell should leave before his father returned.

"Yes, here is a letter, I am sorry I did not look at first."

Russell took it, cast a contemptuous look at the now crestfallen lad, and walked out.

"Zounds, who'd a thought of old Russell's getting a letter, but I'd like to have a peep inside of it though," said the young hopeful, to his companion, and then: "Willie, you must go outside now, father will be here presently."

Meanwhile, Russell was hurrying home, and not once did he look at the missive he held tightly in his hand. Even when he reached home he proceeded to lock the door before he opened his letter. He could not have told himself why he did so, but he felt somehow as though his destiny was wrapped up in it, and that he must not let it slip from him.

Alice looked on in wonder, but she said nothing. She had learned that what her grandfather wished her to know, he would tell her, and if he did not, it was of no use to question him. He read the letter carefully; laid it down upon his knee, thought awhile; took it up and read it again, examined the check for fifty dollars that it contained, to see if it was all right, and finally said to the wondering girl:

"Alice would you like to take a ride on the cars?"

"I should like it so much, grandfather, but I have no good dress."

"We'll see about that, child; how long will it take you to get ready?"

"If I had the cloth, and Hannah Freed to help me, not more than two days, perhaps in a day and a half."

"You will want some other things too," he said, glancing down at her patched shoes, "we will get what is needed this afternoon, and get ready as soon as we can; I suppose I shall have to get some new things too."

"Oh, grandfather, you will look so nice if you have some good clothes!" exclaimed Alice, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"I suppose I should look as well as most of men, if this accursed rheumatism would let go so I could straighten up as I once was," he replied in an indifferent tone, but it did not need a very close observer to see that he was pleased by the remark.

"But you have not said where we are going," continued Alice.

"I have a friend who wants me to visit Glenwood, and he says I must take you with me."

"Oh, I'm so glad, but I must get you some dinner before we go out," and suiting the action to the word, she started to her feet—

"Hush, child, and step back out of sight."

His quick eye had caught sight of some one passing the back window. He thrust the letter into his pocket with one hand and unlocked the door with the other leaving it to swing open just a little, as Frederick Golder and Richard Lawrence came around the corner of the house.

"How do you do, grandpap," said Golder, "I presume you have forgotten the little rascal who used to steal your watermelons, but I have n't forgotten you. I have been away to school and have not been back long, but thought I must come around and confess my naughtiness; this is my friend, Mr. Lawrence."

The old man looked at the young man, but did not speak and Golder, thinking that his boyish pranks were neither forgiven nor forgotten, continued:

"Indeed grandpap, I am sorry I used to plague you so" then, catching a glimpse of Alice, he added, "I heard you had a granddaughter come to live with you"—the next minute his face turned scarlet. He had recognized in Alice the girl who had been the object of their comments on the day of the speaking.

"Alice, leave the room," said the old man with startling emphasis, then confronting the young men with blazing eyes, he said:

"My name is Russel, gentlemen, and my grandchild is no daisy for such as you; leave my place, and never show your faces here again."

"Come," said Lawrence, "don't stop to parley with the old fool, we have honored him too much already."

Russell paid no attention to this remark, but kept his finger pointed toward the street, to which they hastened without further words. He then called Alice and bade her look after them.

"I want you to remember them as persons with whom you must never be friendly," he said.

Alice had put the door between herself and those from whose presence she had so peremptorily been sent, but she had heard every word. She went quickly to the window, when her grandfather called her, and as she looked out Lawrence looked back. She had a fair view of his face and she never forgot the look of hate and defiance, that changed



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

In our first number we gave our readers 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.

This number of the paper will be sent to *Lucifer's* subscribers but it is the last time unless the subscription price is sent in. Please remember that every subscription commences with the first number, except to those to whom it has already been sent.

Dr.'s 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 Topoka 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 for \$1.00.

Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

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

"When John Brown's body fell it shook the earth."

quickly to a smile that was like triumph as he saw her looking after him.

"That's the one who needs the most watching," said Russell, as he saw the young man look back.

She looked up at him with an expression which said: "What does it all mean?" but she did not speak. He hesitated a little and then said: "Yes, I will tell you; you are old enough to understand."

He then related what Wherefore had overheard at the hotel on the day of the political speech making, and also what he had heard after they went to the public square.

"And remember, child, it was not for honorable marriage that he planned to win you, but as 'game,' as a play-thing to pet till tired of you, and then to cast you aside as a degraded thing that any wretch could claim and abuse. My God! I would rather kill you with my own hands than have you live for such a fate!"

Alice listened wonderingly, till the meaning of what he was saying began to dawn upon her; then both neck and face became flooded with the blood that indignant and outraged modesty sent leaping through her veins, and when he concluded as he did, she fairly screamed with terror, she had become so agitated, and it took some minutes to quiet her.

"That's some of Wildermere's doings," said Lawrence, when once fairly away from the house.

"Together with what you said to me when he and Russell sat behind us; we should be careful of our words when in a crowd," replied Golder.

"What I said, what did I say?"

"You said you didn't see my daisy there, and we had some further talk, I don't remember it all."

"Did you know she was old Russell's granddaughter, Fred?"

"Not till today, Dick, but Wherefore heard what we said at the hotel, and of course, told the old man, then when he saw us afterward, could point us out to him."

"D—n it, Fred, you give a fellow cold comfort, and when I cross Wildermere's track, luck seems to be against me; but it's a long road that has no turn. Did you see the girl looking after us? I'll win her yet."

"Looked after us, did she? What for do you suppose?"

"Why, girlish curiosity of course, and admiration for our fine forms."

"Don't be a fool, Dick, that was the old man's doings."

"The old man's doings, what do you mean?"

"He wants her to remember us; I have no doubt he is telling her the whole story now."

"Well, I bide my time," said Lawrence sullenly, and then they walked on in silence for a time. Presently Lawrence broke out with:

"His name was Russell, of course it was. Grandpap was too familiar; we're getting big, we are, I tell you Fred if we don't hang a few of those communists and other agitators, no gentlemen will be able to live in this country."

"We must emigrate, then, for hanging will make the matter worse," was Golder's quiet reply, and Lawrence again relapsed into silence.

The little town of Mandaville was in a fever of excitement when it became known that old man Russell had had a letter, that he had had a fifty dollar check cashed, and that he and Alice were going away, but all attempts to fathom the mystery were vain. John G. Saxe says:

"Where'er six chimney stacks go up  
Contiguous to a steeple,  
Are those who can't associate  
With common country people."

Mandaville had more chimney stacks than that, but not a great many more—that is, Mandaville proper had not. Golder's men lived at the mills, but they were nearly a mile away, besides, they were new comers and felt no interest in the curiosity and gossip which stirred the village.

True, Mandaville boasted a bank, but then it was the center of a farming community which had only stage connection with the railroad, so a bank was a sort of necessity. And as bankers do not object to taking farm mortgages as security on the money they like to lend, so one or more would be likely to gravitate to a place of the kind. Then there was the hotel on one side of the public square; and on the other side were stores, groceries, a blacksmith shop, and saloons enough to meet the demand of the community.

There was also the inevitable lawyer, and the real estate agent, who, together with the banker, the landlord, the merchants and the minister, yes and the school teacher, these with their families, were the aristocracy.

These did not stoop to trouble their heads about "old Russell's" affairs. But the about three dozen families of

common people, were for weeks nearly bursting with curiosity. And what added fuel to the flame was the fact that Wherefore came back the same day that Russell left.

They had gotten the idea from the postmaster (he in this case, was a connecting link between the aristocracy and the common people) that Wherefore was in some way connected with that letter, and that it was to him that Alice and her grandfather were going, but John's coming home as he did upset their calculations, and they were at a loss what to think.

They were doomed to wait the slow march of events however, for all attempts, as before said, to fathom the mystery proved entirely fruitless. John Wherefore showed no disposition to solve their why's and wherefores, if he did follow up his own with such pertinacity. They felt very sure that he knew if any one did, but whether he knew or not, they could not learn from anything that he said, and they finally gave it up.

There was one thing, however, that was rather strange. When the time came that everybody knew what it all meant nearly everybody said: "I thought it was something of that kind." It seemed that they had been very successful, however, in keeping their thoughts to themselves.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HIDDEN THINGS REVEALED.

One day, about a week after Brown's return from going home "to fix up things" as he sat talking with the Major, he started up with:

"Oh, I remember now where I heard the name, Shelton. I knew I should get it; it was in a story the man who married my youngest sister, told me; it was about his grandmother."

"What about her?" asked the Major, in an interested tone.

"It's a pretty tough story, sir, and as it's about none of your folks, I should n't think you'd care to hear it; howsom-ever, I'll tell it if you want me to."

"Tough, how, what do you mean?"

"Why, the fellow was such a deceivin, wicked cuss."

"In what way?"

"Well, you see, Bob Renshaw's grandmother's name was Bond, Cora Bond—"

"Cora what!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone that startled Jed.

"Cora Bond, but what's the matter, is the rheumatiz a yankin at your foot? you look pale."

"I am in some pain, but go on, please."

"Well, as I was going to say, Cora was one of the purtiest girls in the whole county, and more'n one fellow wanted her; but there came to the place a man by the name of Shelton, Edward Shelton, I think his name was—"

The old man groaned, and Brown said, "your foot must be hurtin you bad, I guess I'd better wait till another time."

"No, go on, it will be better soon."

"Well about this man, Shelton, after he came, Cora wouldn't look at any of the others. She seemed to have eyes for no one but him. Her folks were kind 'o set agin him because he was a stranger—told her he might be calling himself by a wrong name for all she knew—that such things had been done—that she didn't know but he might turn out to be a thief, or a gambler, but it was all of no use, she would marry him. It was a real, bonafide marriage too, no mistake about that. He seemed to think the world an all of her, and stayed with her till about a month before her boy was born, and then claimed to be called home to see his father. He never came back."

"But she heard from him," said the old man in a tone of voice that made Jed again propose to wait "till that durn foot got better."

"Didn't she hear from him?" persisted the Major, paying no attention to Jed's proposition.

"Never a word. She got a slip cut from some newspaper, saying he was dead, but some of the folks east of the mountains saw him after that; it was in a crowd of people. They didn't get to speak to him; but they knew him; and by inquiring, found that the woman who was with him was his wife, and would you believe it, he was going by another name. Mebbe it wa'n't him at all, that the papers meant, but some other man by the name of Shelton."

As the old man remained silent, Brown added: "I fear I have tired you, sir."

"No, I was thinking, he replied, trying to speak naturally, but his face was drawn and haggard. Presently he asked: Wasn't one of the young men who wanted Miss Bond a printer?"

Cory, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course."



"I don't know, perhaps."

"It must have been so, I can't see any other way."

"You can't see?" said Brown, inquiringly.

"I can't see how the news of Shelton's death could have got into print in any other way, for there has been either a terrible mistake or a willful lie somewhere. I wonder if the report of her death was false too?"

"No, she didn't die, but she came mighty near it; she had a cousin that did, though: there were two of those fellows, cousins they called themselves, but what—do you know anything about it, sir?"

The old man did not reply immediately but he seemed to be considering the matter. At last he said: "I knew Edward Shelton."

"You did?" exclaimed Brown "and his cousin too?"

"Yes, I knew them both. Shelton was not their true name but Edward never meant to deceive Cora—"

"Why then did he marry her under a false name?" interrupted Jed.

"Because he did not know when he could resume his own if ever. He had been accused of a crime of which he was not guilty, and he was waiting till the real criminal could be discovered."

"But he ought to have told his wife, sir!"

"Perhaps he had, but a man shrinks from being known as a suspected criminal by the woman he loves, even though she believes him innocent."

"Well I suppose it's natural, was the other one accused too?"

"No, he only went for company, and he married Cora's cousin Corinne. Corinne she was called for short, but he got killed, poor fellow."

"Well, I can't quite understand how that printer, if there was a printer who loved Miss Cora—I can't understand how he could deceive her so, in the way of a newspaper slip."

"Well, there was a printer whose name was Russel, but Ed thought it was Crinne he wanted; Ed received a printed slip too, telling him Cora was dead."

"Did he, Major? but you don't tell how the printer could have fixed it."

"He could set it up in type just what he wanted to say, print it on a proof press, and then send a copy to him and one to her."

"Jerusalem, who'd a thought it!"

"It must have been done that way, for the people there would know if their paper published a false report, and I know that Edward Shelton loved his wife, for the news nearly killed him."

"Strange," muttered Brown, half to himself.

"What is strange? Jed."

"The whole thing seems strange, sir."

"Yes, but you had some particular thing in your mind," persisted the Major.

"Did Shelton get that letter, the one with the printed slip in it, was it directed to him in his own name or as Shelton?"

"It was directed to him in his own name, and that is what made him think she got the letter he sent her."

"So he told her what his name was did he?" said Jed.

"Yes, when his name was cleared, which was just before he got home."

"That printer must have stolen his letter then, Major Boyle."

"That must have been the way, for Ed wrote to his wife as soon as he reached his home and told her all about it, and that as soon as he could leave his father, he would go to her again, so when he got the slip telling of her death, he supposed it was sent by one of the family, and that in time they would write and give him the particulars."

"And they never did because she did not die, Major."

"It seems so."

"I should have thought Shelton would have gone there again any how, and found out whether his child lived or died," said Brown, musingly.

"When he heard nothing further, he believed himself repudiated by the family, and he shrank from crowding himself on them, he believed too that the child would be better with its mother's people than with any one else."

"Mebbe he was right in that, shouldn't wonder if he was, but what became of him, Mr. Boyle, is he living yet?"

"He married again, and left there a great many years ago." The Major now sank back upon his pillow as if weary, and Brown turned to the window and watched the passers by. Presently Boyle started up and said:

"That man who married your adopted sister—his father must have been Shelton's son."

"No sir, he was the son of her second marriage."

"She married again, did she," said the old man in an irritated tone.

"Yes, why not? did you not say that Shelton married again?"

"True, he did, and she had the same right; Renshaw I think you said his name was; I ought to have known he couldn't be Shelton's grandson; Do you know what became of Shelton's boy?"

"Soon after her marriage with Renshaw, Russell, who had tried to get her and failed, disappeared, and two days afterward, the child was missing, and neither of them have been heard from since. Russell had been heard to vow revenge, and he no doubt stole the boy."

"The audacious villain, I would like to strangle him," exclaimed the old man, starting up and clasping his hands together in a convulsive grip.

"It was a villainous trick and hanging would have been too good for him; but you take it too much to heart, sir, such things will happen, and we can't help it."

"Too much to heart! if—" he closed his lips tightly and said no more.

Brown waited awhile and then said: "I know a man down at Mandaville by the name of Russell, a man about sixty years of age, yes, I think I heard he was sixty last August. It can't be possible that he is Shelton's boy, can it? Russell would be likely to call the boy by his own name, wouldn't he, Mr. Boyle?"

"It may be," replied the Major in a trembling voice, but there was an eager, hungry look upon his face like that of a famished man who smells food, and then: "Mr. Brown, can I trust you?"

"Trust me! you don't think I'd steal?"

"No, no, that is not what I mean, can I trust you with a secret?"

"Try me, sir."

"Yes, I think I can; I am Edward Shelton."

"You sir!"

"I am, and I would give half my fortune to find my boy. Neither the Col. nor Sarah have the least idea that—"

Brown held up a warning finger. He had caught the sound of approaching footsteps. The next minute Judge Wendover entered the room and taking a seat near Brown said: "I haven't seen much of father lately, so I thought I would come and visit a little, how are you getting along, both of you?"

"Oh, I'm always well," replied Jed, "the old gentleman there can speak for himself."

"I am as well, yes, better than I was last winter at this time," replied the Major.

"I am glad to hear it; I wish it was warm enough for you to be out; it must be so tiresome to stay in one's room all the time."

"It is, Judge, but Mr. Brown here, or Jed, as he insists upon my calling him, is such good company, that I don't mind it as much as I did before he came."

The Judge looked approvingly at "Jed" and sat talking nearly an hour, his father-in-law wishing every minute that he would leave. Judge Wendover was a man who read character pretty well when he undertook to do so, and he kept an eye on Jed, while talking with the old gentleman. He had been absent most of the time since Brown came, and had paid but little attention to "father's chum," as he called Jed; but today he thought he would look the man over a little. Brown was conscious of being watched, and played his part well, but the Judge was not wholly satisfied.

"I hope you will not be sorry for taking Brown in, but I'm no judge of physiognomy, or he is not what he seems," he said to his wife afterward.

When Wendover left the room, Jed waited till he was out of hearing, and then stepping close to the Major's chair, he said: "Be careful what you say, and when you say it, that son-in-law of yours is on the watch."

"Oh, if I could only know if that was my boy!" was the reply.

"Well, Major Boyle, I believe you are right, and now I have a secret to tell. I am not Jedediah Brown, but Henry Morse, the detective, and I have been making it my business to look this matter up. There is not the least doubt in my mind, but Edward Russell, as he is called, is your son, and the evidence is nearly or quite complete by which it can be proven that he is."

"What, how!" and again the old gentleman sat erect.

"Don't get excited, sir; if ever you had reason to keep clear headed and cool, it is now."

"But who set you to looking this matter up? Does he

*continued on sixth page.*

#### A FEW RESPONSES.

##### HAVE ROOM FOR ONLY A FEW.

DEAR LOIS—I see you are coming out again, and you know I told you years ago I was a life subscriber, so here is the little old half dollar, wish you had enough of them to make your life smooth. Oh Lois, you could do a mighty work were you provided for as many women are.

Good bye. E. Otwell,  
La Platte, Neb.

DEAR FRIEND—The bundle of papers forwarded from San Francisco reached me today. Have devoured mine and mailed the others to friends who may subscribe, & The paper is simply immense, and surely, the mothers of the world will sustain it; I will do all I can for it and Lucifer. They are The papers, for they begin at bed rock to build. I wish you every success, and long life to see the fruition of your blessed work. Yours truly, CORA A. MORSE.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR OLD FRIEND—FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES came to me all right; am glad you have started your paper again. I wish every mother in the land could have it to read understand it, and live up to the principles that it contains. May your life be spared many years to come, you are breaking up the ground, sowing seed for future generations, etc. I enclose one dollar and will remember you in the future. Your true friend B. Childs.  
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

DEAR MRS. W—I enclose the price of paper for a year. I like FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES, for it seeks the causes of discord and inharmony. No effective work can be done in reform until we dig to the primal base, and then with the subsoil plow of absolute truth and justice expose to the sunlight of this enlightened (?) age the reeking rottenness of this generation. I have no dread of what is called for by the instinct of mankind nor fear I that truth's world will fall apart because we tear a parchment more or less. J. WESLEY PRATT.  
West Hanover, Mass.

DEAR FRIEND—Your paper came just as of old. The same hand writing, and the same sized paper with the same phase of thought as in years gone by.

Strange to say I had been thinking of you wondering to myself of your whereabouts and of your howabout. You seem your own self yet, only more so. Your thoughts on motherhood I think I must have.

Yours truly, DR. DORA S. HALL  
Riverside Cal.

DEAR FRIEND—I received the copies of the excellent little paper which you have so heroically started, and I bid you Go[old] speed in the grand work you are doing for woman. I will give them out to those who are interested and hope they will subscribe. I enclose subscription price for one year.

I can see that women are advancing all along the line; they are commencing to think for themselves. I hope to live to see the dawn of the new era when woman will be free. I feel that you will have success. The only sad thing about it is that your life is so near its close, and there are so few who have the energy and pluck to go ahead with the work of freeing woman.

Your little friend, ISIS B. MARTIN,  
Wichita, Kan.

SISTER LOIS—Find enclosed 50 cents for which send your paper, FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES, for one year to Mrs. ——. She is a thinker, is a young woman, married less than two years, has one babe a few weeks old. I think she is teaching her husband to be a thinker too. She was born and brought up in hell at home, her parents always quarrelling, but somehow being a sensible girl she has like Hagar Lyndon, grown into a thinker. I like to talk with her, and think I can give her considerable help in thinking.

Oliver and myself have very poor health. I need help badly and I have often thought of asking you if you can tell me of some girl or woman who needs a home—I am sure there are many such—with whom I could correspond with a view to making a home with us; being both a household help and a companion; one from 25 to 35, a spiritualist, or at least a freethinker, some one quiet and homeloving, and who likes progressive reading. With love, I am as ever, your old friend, SYLVIA L. WOODARD.  
Golden Eagle, Ill.



## 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.

### MY AMBITION.

Somewhere about thirty-five years ago as I sat in a neighbors house thinking instead of talking, I got a new idea of myself, and I turned to the lady of the house and said:

"Mrs. Noe, did you know I was ambitious?"

"Certainly I did; you are the most ambitious woman I ever met," was her prompt response.

"Well I never knew it till this moment; the fact has just dawned upon me," was my reply, and, dear reader, that fact has been growing upon me ever since. I get more and more ambitious each succeeding year. And yet it is not ambition in the usual sense of that term. One of our best writers says that man is ambitious, woman aspirational, and I certainly have no desire to be other than a woman, so call it aspiration if you choose, but permit me to tell you what I want, what my ambition, or aspiration prompts me to reach after.

I want to send the rays of the setting sun of my earth life upon hundreds of thousands of women. I want those rays to so illuminate the great question of woman's power as mother of the race, and to so show the impossibility of exercising that power under our present system of society, that each and every one of those hundreds of thousands of women will feel impelled to work for such a change in the institutions which now bind, throttle and destroy her work, thus making, oftentimes, the fruit of her own body a source of sorrow unutterable—I want each to feel impelled by the light that shall thus fall upon them—upon the paths in which they walk—to use all the power of body, brain, and purse if they have one, to aid in bringing in a new order of things, a state of society that shall give the best conditions for motherhood.

I want their souls to be so stirred with the idea that all that stands in the way of a good heredity for every child, must go—must be changed,—so filled with the idea that every child has a right to be well born that the children that may be born of them during the next few years

shall come into this life with those traits of character ingrained, "bred in the bone," which will naturally tend toward the winding up of the present order of things and the ushering in of the new.

Then, I want from that other life to send back the tides of my own being till they touch the inner life of all children so born and thus quicken them to work out in deeds that which shall wipe out prisons, jails, shall wipe out the need for insane asylums, idiotic asylums, blind asylums etc., wipe out the need for them, by securing to all children the heritage of being born right.

MY SISTERS: I cannot walk this path alone and make it the path of success. I cannot say what should be said, nor as it should be said unless supported by your warm, sympathetic life. My lamp is too small unless aided by the flame of your lamps, to illumine the darkness, to light up the path so that we may not stumble but march on to victory. See, they are coming! the little children! Shall they have a royal welcome, such as the children of a god-like race should have, or shall they continue as now, to be born in the stables of animalism and to be cradled in the mangers where cattle push their way? They are coming, and which shall it be? It is given woman to decide.

### THE FIRST STEP.

One of the first, if not the very first step toward perfect motherhood is to secure to woman freedom from intrusion upon her person, even by a husband. Indeed, the law protects her now from every other man, and it needs but to be decreed that the husband must respect her wishes and the law can do no more for her in that direction. Education must do the rest.

Jesse Pomeroy, now languishing a for life prisoner in a Massachusetts prison is evidence of the effects of unwelcome motherhood. The indignation felt by the mother made him a "sex-maniac" murderer. Various reasons were given for Jesse's condition when his case was pending between swinging from the end of a rope and life imprisonment. His mother told the cause to one to whom she dare unbosom herself, a sister woman, and physician. Mothers, I tell you the story as I heard Dr. Abbie Cutter tell it to a large audience of interested men and women. I will give you the Dr.'s words as nearly as I can recollect them. She said:

"Mrs Pomeroy told me that she had a young babe in her arms and when she found that she was like for Jesse she was so angry she felt as if she would like to take a butcher knife and so fix her husband that

he could never put her in that condition again."

Now mark—Jesse seemed to feel a spite against the sex organs and mutilated them in his victims. In view of such a result I would ask every woman who has the power to think if the subjection of a wife to a husband's wishes as against her own tends to produce children of a superior type, children that make a mother happy and are a blessing to community?

If that mother had had the control of her own person and had been intelligently instructed, think you she would have permitted herself to be started on the road to motherhood so soon again? Then think how much suffering that one act of personal gratification has cost the mother, the child born therefrom, the mothers and friends of those he murdered and attempted to murder, the cost in funds to the state, coming from taxes taken from the people, and the long weary years of imprisonment to Jesse himself, to say nothing of him who had the "right," legally, to do this great wrong, the father.

But you are striking at the sanctities of marriage, says one. No, we are striking at its slaveries. Where is the sanctity of a relation which justifies such a wrong as that?

Because now and then some man abuses marriage by acting like a brute that does not militate against marriage itself, says another.

"Now and then!" who can know how often with such a veil of secrecy thrown around it that for exposing one case in language that could be understood a man is sent to prison?

What is there so dreadful about marriage, says another, that a few of you cranks are always fighting it.

"What is there so dreadful about marriage?" It does what no other institution under heaven permits, gives the legal right to the use of a woman's person against her will, gives the legal right to debauch, outrage, rape her. It takes the ground that "Once consent, (in legal marriage) is always consent."

No, my friends. I am not fighting the sanctities of marriage. I am fighting that which makes marriage a slavery and a mockery of all that is sacred; I would clear the track of all that prevents the true union of the sexes in the relation of parentage and mutual good; I would have it all that poets have sung and hearts have plead for. But this we cannot have under a property system which makes woman financially dependent upon man and one man dependent upon another for his daily bread. We can never have marriage as it should be under a system which puts the person of the wife

under the control of the husband as his by right of ownership.

I would secure such conditions for wifehood and motherhood, that from henceforth no more criminally inclined children would be born, and I would secure such conditions for certain support, if the necessary effort was made, that from henceforth there would be no temptation to dishonesty in that direction.

I would turn and overturn every stone in our present societary structure till each and every weak point was found and removed, thus leaving it to rest upon the rock of the foundation principles of eternal truth, while our children under the bracing influence of a good heredity and a pure moral atmosphere in which to unfold their powers would mount higher and higher in the scale of being, even till they become fit companions for the immortal gods.

We can do this if we have faith that we can, and add to that faith the knowledge which makes faith a verity through the correct application of nature's laws.

### CATHOLIC-PROTESTANT.

Brother Judson, who has an ably written article in another column, writes strongly because he feels strongly, and he has touched upon a great truth when he talks of the desire to be, or to have a chief. I wish the God question could be analyzed, and understood as it must be before we get rid of tyranny, for the idea of a personal God—one who gives commands and has representatives upon earth, is the root from which spring chiefs, rulers, supremes of all kinds, from supreme courts to supreme Pontiff.

But in his strong utterances, why select the Catholics to the exclusion of the Protestants. Both are animated by the same spirit—the desire to rule in the name of God. Both use all the means, all the wisdom they can command to accomplish their ends, and if the Catholics are more far-reaching, more skilled in intrigue, it makes them no worse morally than are the Protestants. It is a question of intellect, of skill, of organization and not a question of intent, of purpose, of morality.

In the particular case to which Brother Judson draws our attention the Catholics may be the leading factor. I rather think they are, but there is so much involved in this whole question of authority, of chiefdom, that while we need warm hearts to feel, we need cool heads to decide what is best to be done to change a condition of things which is deplored by all good men and women both in and out of the organizations known as churches. □



There is one question that needs to be asked—asked earnestly and fearlessly. Are the religious and moral codes to which we have been taught to give heed, failures?

I am satisfied that all forms of religion that do not begin and end with the aim and object of blessing humanity, are, ever have been, and ever must be failures. A God who needs, demands our worship, our service, our devotion, is n't worth the effort.

When it comes to the standard of morality that is considered untouchable, as above criticism, I want to say yes, and no. Yes, it is a failure with its arbitrary application without taking into consideration the conditions, the relations that exist, the grade of development, etc. The central thought of all that morality which relates us one to another is correct, would not be a failure if it could be divested of the authority idea—the idea that an act is right because God says so, and wrong because God forbids. We must learn that an act is right or wrong as it blesses or injures ourselves and others.

That which blesses one or more and injures no one is right. There is much that needs to be said in connection with this standard of right that cannot be said now, what I want to say is this:

Both Catholic and Protestant are enslaved to the idea of personal authority and, for the most part, are honest in trying to carry out their different ideas of God's will.

This is especially true of the great body of the church, the lay members. What is needed then, is to strike at the great dragon of religious authority.

Destroy that monster and make a common humanity the supreme object of our efforts and harmony will result. Denunciation can do no possible good; let us try some other method.

#### PROSTITUTION.

The following statistics, together with the comments, were given by Dr. Benn at a meeting of a Medical Association in New York City. One can but wonder why there have been no such statistics since 1857.

Was the evil so appalling, and has it increased so since, that those whose business it is, dare not investigate farther? One thing is certain. Neither statistics nor the lack of them will remedy the evil.

We must understand what this passion means—that it means more than pleasure and children, and until this is understood and its higher uses lived for, its tidal waves will continue to swamp the life boats of myriads of our race.

"Thus saith the Lord" and "Thus saith the law" are as powerless to arrest and control this tide of life that, misdirected becomes a tide of death, as arbitrary commands would be

to arrest the stars in their courses. It is of vast importance to our race that this question be understood, for the highest results from motherhood can not be reached until it is.

This is what I am making an effort to do in the book soon to be issued to which is given the significant title of: "The Fountain of Life, or The Threefold Power of Sex."

Mothers, please read the statistics and in view of the welfare of your children, and your children's children—in view of the fact that man cannot, or will not find a remedy, I ask: What is to be done? Must this state of things go on forever?

If not who will find and apply the remedy? Who but woman!

But to do this, she must so understand as to direct this most potent of all forces as to make it a blessing for body, soul, and spirit.

"Within a few days past I have seen some statistics of the diseases caused by public prostitution in New York City and Kings County in 1857, when the population of this city was less than 700,000, and that of Brooklyn much less than it is now; and I was surprised to learn that in that year, 14,770 persons were treated in the public institutions of New York City and King's Co. for syphilis. That is, or was, estimated to be about one fourth of the number treated in private practice, thus making about 74,000 patients for that terrible disease in these two cities in a single year, when the population was less than half what it is now. When we consider that this disease is hereditary, and is transmitted from parent to child, and that this sin of the parents is visited upon the children not only to the third and fourth generations, but far beyond that, we get some idea of the magnitude of this evil in one aspect of the case. In looking over the statistics of this vice made in 1857, (and I know of none being made since), it appears that of 2,000 prostitutes 1,909 were professors of Christianity; that 1,937 of the 2,000 had Christian parents, and that 1,947 of the 2,000 had had Christian training. It is often said that the Roman Catholic religion where the girls are obliged to confess their sins, does restrain this vice, but these statistics certainly do not prove it; for of those 2,000 prostitutes 972 had Protestant training, 977 had Catholic training while only 51 had no religious training.

"The idea underlies all Christian teaching that woman is inferior to man, that she caused the fall of man and was consequently accursed of God, and in all Christian countries she has been regarded and treated as inferior to, and subject to man.

"And this was the foundation of the Canon law by which woman has been so long deprived of her rights, and degraded, so far as human laws can do it; but in spite of, and not because of Christianity; because of the progress of mankind in arts, science, education and civilization, woman is being elevated, is fast acquiring her rights, and may hope soon to be legally, as she is now morally and intellectually, the equal of man. This progress is being made, not in the most Christian, but in the most skeptical parts of this country; and where such progress is made, there woman becomes, and is more intelligent, virtuous and refined. There she is truly elevated.

#### TALKS WITH MOTHERS.

##### Why is it So?

MRS. WAISBROOKER: Your "Talks with Mothers" induces me to write you some facts as connected with a very dear friend. I want you to think about them and solve the problem of the why if you can.

This friend has been the mother of two children, the oldest dying when quite small and the other a son now nearly grown to manhood. While she was carrying him she had it in her mind what she wanted her child to be, and not to be, and she carefully avoided all trashy reading; she never cared for it any how, but under the circumstances cultivated with greater care the habit of reading what was instructive, so as by that means to lay the foundation of that taste and habit in her child.

She did not wish her child to come under the influence of exciting drinks or diet and she drank no tea, coffee, nor anything stimulating, thinking thereby she would head off such taste in her child.

In short she lived for her child, restraining in herself all that she did not want developed in it.

What is the result? In every respect precisely the opposite of what she desired him to be. She ate no meat, he craves it. She drank no tea nor coffee, he is not satisfied without strong coffee. She despises light reading and craves intellectual study, he cares nothing for study and will read nothing but the trashiest of trash, and the lower the company he can find the better he likes it, and will run after it. He is deceptive and has no idea that a mother has any claim on him for help or respect, but that all she is for is to cook, wash for, and be a general slave for him.

He has no veneration. His head on the top is almost as flat as a board. To look at him he is a good looking lad, but his make up is what is distracting his mother, for of course, she wants to see her only child the man she has aimed and sacrificed health and comfort to make him; and I have seen her wring her hands and exclaim with agony in every line of her face: "Oh, what shall I do!"

Here are briefly the facts as to her. Is it true then, that a child is what its mother makes it? If she had been heedless, unmindful, careless, indifferent as to results while she was carrying him, and before, because before she was married she anticipated marriage and motherhood, and tried to prepare for it, and took as her text-book and adviser, Dr. Jackson's Treatise—she might now have it to reflect upon that she was indifferent, but after all her care, anxiety, and watchfulness, to see such results—well, it makes one question as to whether if there is not some wrong somewhere that has escaped detection and provision against Your friend and fellow thinker \*\*.

[The above facts need serious consideration and I want help in the matter, help to solve the problem of the why of such results. Will our readers, particularly the mothers, send in their ideas as to why it is that the mother spoken of failed so entirely of accomplishing what she so much desired. In a future issue, perhaps next month I will throw some light on the question if I can, but I say again I want help.—L. W.]

#### MUST THE CHINA-MAN GO,

SIMPLY BECAUSE HE WORKS,  
And is not a Roman Catholic?

All along the line of human advancement we find mankind trying to settle upon a central some thing, or somebody that can be safely relied upon as supreme. The lowest of races make a showing in this direction by recognizing a supreme chief, or head of their respective tribes. As barbarism has taken on new ideas from time to time, other superior dignitaries and

institutions have sprung into existence, such as supreme Pontiffs, kings, queens, supreme courts. The supremacy of a common humanity having never been fully established in the minds of men we must deal with institutions and governments as we find them.

No religious order or race, however numerous, energetic, or fanatical its members, has ever been able at once, to influence a government to enact laws expelling another order or race from a country.

It has always taken years of factious training by political and religious demagogues and bigots, before an act of expulsion could be successfully carried out.

First, diplomatic line of demarcation must be established; any simple edict that cuts off the doomed race from their fellow citizens will do for a starter.

The Jews in Europe, like the Chinese in America, were first prohibited from becoming citizens; then for a time they were assiduously libeled. Next, laws were passed prohibiting their entering certain towns, limiting their numbers in others, and finally forbidding them to marry except under restrictions designed to check the growth of the race. Thus by degrees, the masses, naturally sympathetic, were turned into ferocious fanatics, eager to do the bidding of their teachers, who set up the cry: "The Jews must go."

When we compare the present movement against the Chinese in America with that of the Papal persecution of the Jews in former times in Europe, we are amazed at the great similarity of the proceedings. Congressman Geary, in a recent article, gives as a reason for expelling the Chinese, that their birth, education and religion are at variance with ours. There is nothing in any of the anti-Chinese laws that indicate they were adopted for any such reason. All are directed solely against the Chinaman or woman, who works for a living. The Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and other Christian Chinese must, hand in hand, walk the gang-plank of deportation with their toiling brothers, while their rich countryman, although Pagan, go and come at will, enjoy the liberty and revel in the blessings of our glorious country. However, we are not going to deny that there is great significance in Mr. Geary's explanation of the matter while congress has the power to declare war, grant letters of mark and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water, it does not follow that it also has the same right to make war upon any particular race, who are a part of its



resident people, scattered through the length and breadth of the land.

The Constitution as a whole, recognizes but one people to protect in their just rights.

There is not the least intimation that it was ordained to protect one portion of its resident people more than another, but we find our representative not only assailing the Chinese race, but also assailing the citadel of honest toil, and the question naturally arises, who is responsible for these outrageous persecutions? Who is it that permits Congress to stamp honest toil with the stigma of servility, and to enforce class oppression within their borders? The answer reverberates from the Atlantic to the Pacific:

"The yeomanry the real rulers of America, men pledged to make labor particularly honorable here."

The United States Government belies itself when it enforces national law insulting any man or woman simply because they perform manual labor. To-day we as government are posing before the world, before the universe, a national fraud; are pretending for equal rights, and at the same time legislating a double, yes, a treble government for a common humanity, residents upon a common soil.

No hell nor devil would be guilty of being in league with such infamous national laws. No people short of vassals to ignorance, race prejudice and religious bigotry could possibly conceive of anything so dastardly mean and cowardly.

If labor is servile and base, and an object of special legislation and condemnation in a Chinaman, it can be nothing better in an American. The boomerang thrown at the alien will be very apt to strike the native in the back of the head as it swings around.

The national politician or teacher, who will direct a force known as prejudice in such a way that it will miss the so called aristocracy, and at the same time strike the working classes of the same nation a malignant blow, will not hesitate, or have any scruples over degrading his own nation's laborers when the time comes for the same.

W. W. JUDSON.

Oakland, California.

#### A SEX REVOLUTION.

THE OPINION OF A NOTED WORKER.

LOIS WAISBROOKER:

Topeka, Kan.

DEAR MADAM:—I received some time ago a line from you, also your wonderful little book: *A Sex Revolution*. 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

#### "The Daughters of Cain."

Under the above title, Mrs. M. A. Freeman has written, in a dashing vein of sarcasm and daring phantasy, a story which shows a reverse picture of our helpless, dependent sex. In the "Land of Nod" the men are the repressed, bedecked, useless, inferior portion of the family. The daughters of Cain have attained to heights of knowledge, wisdom, science and art unknown to us, even to our superior sex, while the sons of the land take no hand in the game. They are simply to look pretty and wear nice clothes: the work is all done by mechanical invention, so they don't have to drudge. "In fact to be ornamental in this wonderful world of action was their principal avocation." Man's assistance in propagating the race still seems to be necessary, but in the study of reproductive physiology the women are on track of a scientific discovery that will obviate all need of his help in this line.

One of the learned daughters says: "Woman, absorbed in the glorious problems of the universe, no longer considers his companionship a necessity. There is a constantly decreasing demand for him. He is becoming a wretched, helpless superfluity. We can see a possible future—the dream of the scientists when as a factor of creation man may be dispensed with altogether." In view of the contempt in which man is held this is a very wise dispensation. If the god of our fathers had not lost the art of creating full grown men, we may rest assured, woman would have been served in just that style—wiped off the face of the earth, long ago, so great has been the scorn and contempt with which she has been regarded, especially by the church, her pretended friend, but in reality her worst foe.

The inventive genius of woman in this "Land of the Sun," is wonderful, marvellous. Their airships, motive force and productive appliances, put to shame the boasted achievements of our wise and superior sex.

"Does she not fly through the air? Do the birds do more? Is she not stronger than the lion? Swifter than the antelope? Does the tempest roar in its fury? we lash it into silence. Do the waves dash against our coast? We say 'Mighty deep, be still.'"

This story may be depended upon as strictly authentic for Mrs. Freeman obtained her facts from the written record of a returned missionary, who had labored zealously with this strange people to place the slavery and inferiority where they properly belong, on woman, as taught by Paul and Jehovah. He tried to arouse in men a proper rebellion against their bondage, their trailing skirts, compressed waists, silken halter, golden bands and measured step. All in vain! They only begged to be allowed to retain the paraphernalia of their time-honored servitude. Especially was the golden band that regulated their length of step, held sacred, as it "for ages has been the gleaming symbol of our glad service." LILLIE D. WHITE.

*Continued from third page.*

suspect who he is?

"No, he knows nothing of it. There is a man in Mandaville whom the people have nicknamed Wherefore; his true name is Wildermere. He is thought to be poor, but he is not, and when anything puzzles him, or seems mysterious, he never stops till he has searched it out. On the day of which I have spoken, I was sitting near the platform watching some suspicious characters and heard the Col. ask: 'Who is that man?' and following his eye, I saw his almost exact image making his way through the crowd. I had never seen the man before, but I knew Wherefore. As we were leaving the ground, Wherefore said: 'Come and see me to-night, Morse, I want you,' so I went. 'There is a reason for those two men looking so alike,' he said, 'and I want you Morse, to look the matter up, for I want to know the wherefore of it.' Because he uses the word, 'wherefore,' so much and in so odd a way, people have taken to calling him that."

"And you've been at work on the case ever since?" questioned the Major.

"Yes, sir; Wherefore and I talked till after midnight. The next day I happened around at Russells and learned all I could there then Wherefore came here to Glennwood, and I went to Vermont as soon as he found out where you were from and sent me word. He is here now at the hotel and registered as J. Wildermere from New York City."

"And you think the proof complete that this Russell is my son?"

"As complete as it can be till"—he paused, and the old man asked: "Till what?"

"Till I find a link of which we will not speak now."

"And must I wait till you find it?"

"No, I will see Wildermere to-night, and he will write to Russell, but Major Boyle, Mr. Russell is poor and will need some money to make himself presentable."

"Please bring me that little tin box on the secretary, Jed," said the Major with a smile.

Morse laughed at hearing the Major call him Jed, as before, but did as he requested. The Major took a key from his neck, unlocked the box, touched a spring and opened a secret drawer. From this he took some bank checks, filled out one and handed it to the detective. "And now," said he, "the Col. and Sarah must know about this."

"Not yet," replied Brown, or Morse, "don't say a word yet; there are several things to be done first."

"But how long must I wait? If he comes from Mandaville right away, I shall want to see him right away."

"Yes, but we must move cautiously; your children here will not want to give up their inheritance."

"Give up their inheritance? why should they do that? I surely have enough for them all."

"Why don't you see, Major, if this man proves to be your son, and you should die without a will, he inherits everything."

"I don't see how that can be, Jed."

"You had a living wife when you married the mother of these children, and the law makes them illegitimate," replied Morse, with a slow and emphatic intonation.

"Illegitimate, my God! I never thought of that! The one who so deceived me deserved hanging; but I can make a will."

"Yes, you can, and it ought to be done immediately."

"Why, Mr. Brown— I mean—"

"No, don't change it; call me just what you have been calling me, Major Boyle."

"But what difference can a few days make?"

"It might make all the difference; you are not so young as you once were, and there will be a good deal of excitement connected with this matter. We hope and believe that you may live years yet, but we may over rate your strength; it is best to be on the safe side."

"Perhaps it is," said the Major, slowly as if unwilling to admit the possibility that an immediate will would provide against. He was going to add something more, but Morse held up a warning finger, then turned and stepped to the window, and when Mrs. Wendover entered the room he stood looking out upon the street.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A HALF BROKEN LINK.

"Work well done is twice done.

Work half done, is not done at all."

The Emancipation Proclamation only half did its work. The law links which makes the child follow the condition of the mother, were only half broken. But the following story, a heart history linked with other heart histories, will illustrate the above better than mere assertion can do it, and logic is sometimes tiresome.

When Henry Lawrence, the father of Richard Lawrence, married the beautiful heiress, Helen DeLand, he was the envied of his circle of gentleman acquaintance. Mr. DeLand, her father, was a French gentleman of wealth. His daughter had from childhood, attended the best schools in France. When her education was finished, including English as well as other tongues, she desired to visit the new world and her indulgent and only living parent was ready to grant her request. So they came to New York, and bringing letters of introduction to several good families, they went at once into society.

The dark beauty became the rage. The tint of cheek, as it blended with the rich young blood was pronounced perfect, and the sons of the best, as well as of the richest families were ready to offer hand and fortune. Henry Lawrence was the favored one. Mr. DeLand talked of going south on business, but when he saw how matters were shaping, he waited till Henry and Helen were declared lovers; and then when the marriage was set for the October following he decided to remain till after the wedding. He said:

"I shall feel better to leave her in a home of her own. True, I have a sister in the South to whom I might take Helen and let Henry go for her, but my sister is so bitterly opposed to my anti-slavery views it wouldn't be pleasant."

"You have been in the South before," said the elder Lawrence in reply.

Yes, Helen was born near Savannah but when her mother died I took her and went back to France. I have a large tract of land there that I must look after; it will be a fine property for Helen's children."

"How is it that you and your sister differ so on the sla-



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 expression to my thoughts so clearly that it almost startled me. I have been organizing 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 crisis 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.

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#### Another.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:

MY FRIEND—I have just finished reading your big little book entitled "A Sex Revolution." I must congratulate you on its production. I read with interest "The Strike of a Sex" by Miller. That was a good introduction to your work, but allow me to say, my friend, that this little brochure of yours is as much more suggestive and profound than "The Strike of a Sex" as a revolution is greater than a strike.

You have succeeded in condensing a large volume of thought into 61 pages. That of itself, in this busy age, is commendable. The principal characters, Lovella, "the embodied Spirit of Motherhood," and Selifredo, "the embodied Spirit of Selfishness," are drawn with a master hand; and your plea that love, guided by wisdom, shall take the place of brute force in the government of mankind, is so logically sustained as to be irresistible.

That woman, without ballot or bullet, but by love and an intelligent firmness of purpose, can by concerted action rule and reform the world, you have successfully shown.

Your illustrations proving the futility of enforced morality and the uselessness of surface reforms, putting a plaster on the outside while the cancerous roots are penetrating the vital parts, show a profound study of our false economic system, and the radical treatment that must be applied for the purification of the body politic. I was particularly struck with the aptness of this expression: "If our earnest workers for reform would only try to trace the reaction as well as the action of the forces they set in motion, they would work to better purpose, because they would work more wisely than they now do." No statement more truthful or suggestive than this has been written in the entire body of our reform literature.

There are suggestive gems of thought, condensed and clear, on almost every page; and I only hope this grand little book may have as it deserves, a million readers.

Very sincerely yours,  
W. A. WOTHERSPOON.  
Topeka Kan. March 26, '93.

very question," continued Mr. Lawrence.

DeLand shrugged his shoulders. "Personal interest is a powerful factor in moulding belief," he replied, "and when I tell you that her husband was a slave owner, it will not seem so strange. I never owned but one and I bought her to save her from a worse fate."

After making this statement nothing was needed to make the DeLands popular with those who were trying to break the law-links which held human beings in bondage, while the readiness with which Mr. DeLand gave his money to aid them in their work, added to the esteem in which he was held.

That which is here related occurred just before the Emancipation Proclamation made the slaves free, and of course, the anti-slavery sentiment was at its height. As Mr. DeLand decided not to go south till after his daughter's marriage, they with Henry Lawrence and a dozen others, mostly members of the Lawrence family, went rustication among the hills of New England, thus escaping the heat of the summer months in the city.

They had ample time for their trip and returned about the time the bride's trousseau came from Paris. His daughter married, a fine residence secured and furnished ready for the young couple's occupancy on their return from their wedding tour, then Mr. DeLand was ready for his southern trip.

He did call on his sister and she invited him to stay to dinner, but when she asked him if he had gotten over his fanatical abolition ideas, he replied: "No, Maria, I have not and I never shall."

"I'd be consistent, then, and give up the property that was made by the sale of slaves," she retorted.

"To whom shall I give it up?" he asked. "The slaves that were sold cannot be bought back; if they could, I would buy them and set them free, and it is not my fault that uncle willed his property to me. Had you not married wealth I should have divided with you, but—"

"I married a man who had wealth but not the wealth, sir."

"I stand corrected," he said with a smile that seemed to exasperate the woman, and she snapped out;

"If the property had been in slaves instead of in land and money, you would have talked differently; what have you done with?"

"That will do, Maria."

The woman saw a look in her brother's face that made her decide to say no more in that line.

From the date of his daughter's marriage till his death, Mr. DeLand divided his time between his daughter's home and France, with an occasional trip south, but though calling upon them when there, he held no correspondence with his relatives, and they knew of his whereabouts only as they saw him.

A few days after Richard Lawrence had been so summarily dismissed from Russell's, he was summoned home because of his grand-father's serious illness, an illness that ended in death some three months later. Once during the time the conversation turned upon making wills, when the sick man remarked "I do not need to make a will now."

"No need to make a will now, what did father mean?" repeated Mrs. Lawrence to herself as she thought of it afterwards.

The next day she asked him why there had ever been any need for a will. "I didn't say there ever was," he replied evasively, kissing her fondly as she bent over him to adjust the covering. She said no more but she could not forget; the words seemed to haunt her.

About a month after Mr. DeLand's death an agent was sent to Georgia to take possession of the estate in the name of his daughter and only child. What was the gentleman's surprise when he was coolly told by Mrs. Marston, Mr. DeLand's sister, that if there was no will she was the next kin and heir.

"You, madam, the next kin when he left a daughter!"

"He had no daughter that the law recognizes," was the rejoinder.

"But, but—"

He was interrupted with: "An illegitimate child can't inherit property from the father. My brother loved the niggers so much I have no doubt he'd married her mother but the law did not allow that. The girl was born a slave, and but for the so-called proclamation that robbed us poor, she too would have belonged to us."

"Then that proclamation only half did its work; children thus recognized by the father should have been made legitimate," exclaimed the man indignantly, as he looked at the hard, un lady like woman before him and thought of Mrs. Lawrence.

"Indeed, and then finished up by making us servants," sneered Mrs. Marston. The emancipation act had freed

their negroes, thus leaving them poor and she felt very bitter toward the Northerners, so she was not very choice in her language.

"You people love niggers, so it is no trouble for you to make associates of them but that wench hadn't better come here to push her claim," she continued.

"She wouldn't lower herself enough to claim relationship with you," was what he came very near saying in reply, but instead, he shut his lips tightly and turned away. "I bid you good day, madam," he managed to say as he left.

Mrs. Marston gave a triumphant little laugh as the door closed behind him, then turning to her husband who had stood just out of sight in the next room, she said:

"We shall not hear from him again."

"You managed better than I could have done, Maria but he'll not take your word for it, he'll make further inquiry," he replied.

"Let him inquire, the more the better; he will only find that I have told him the truth."

That night, learning that Mrs. Marston had indeed told him the truth, the agent wrote Henry Lawrence the facts of the case. The letter was delivered at the up town office on Saturday evening just as Mr. Lawrence was shutting up to go home. He was going earlier than usual because of an entertainment to which he proposed to take his family that evening, so he thrust the letter into his pocket without opening it. Seeing the postmark he knew who it was from, and thought he would give it to his wife to read first.

Richard was in his mother's room when he reached home, but the other children were in another part of the house. He tossed the letter into her lap with:

"This is from Ford, read it Helen, and see what he says," then stepped into another room.

Mrs. Lawrence picked up the letter, opened it and began to read. Richard was looking at his mother as she did so, and presently he saw a frightened expression come over her face.

"What is it, mother, let me see," reaching to take the letter from her hands, but she held on to it and continued to read; the next minute she fell back in a dead faint.

The word "father" spoken sharply brought Mr. Lawrence to his wife's side while Richard picked up the letter and thrust it into his pocket. Mrs. Lawrence went from one fainting fit into another till exhausted nature could bear no more and she sank into a restless slumber. Richard, who had managed to read the letter, now handed it to his father.

Mr. DeLand had indeed educated with all the love and care that his heart could bestow the child of his slave, his child and hers. He was a careless bachelor when he first saw Helen's mother, a beautiful girl and the child of an octaroon by a white father; but her mother was a slave and the child follows the condition of the mother. She was to be sold in order that an estate might be settled, and what was left after the debts were paid, given to the heirs. A very high price was set upon her, and if she would not bring it at private sale, she must go upon the auction block. DeLand had just inherited by will, a large fortune from an uncle. The girl pleased him, and feeling rich enough to buy her, he did so.

She was his slave; she had no right to resist his will, and she soon learned to love him as he did her. He had serious thoughts of giving her free papers, as he did not believe slavery was right, but he also had an innate dislike to the idea of one person conferring freedom upon another. He felt that Isadore was by the law of nature, as free as he was, and he chafed under the chain that made it necessary to give her what was rightfully her own.

He finally decided that he would go to France in time to be there when her child was born, but she fell sick and was unable to travel, and she died a few weeks after Helen was born. As soon as she was buried, the bereaved man took his child and its nurse and went back to his native land, and he afterwards regretted that he had not embalmed Isadore's body and taken that also, that he might have had the satisfaction of knowing that it rested in free soil.

When after many years, he brought Helen back to this country, he was careful not to take her south, nor to let any one know if she were living or dead. He sometimes thought of making a will, but his natural dislike to the forms of law led him to defer it from time to time. When slavery was abolished he knew that that act had broken the link which made her a slave, and she was his child; why then should the law step in and say that she could not have what was his unless he willed it to her.

So things went on till about three months before his last sickness; then the fact of Helen's illegitimacy



August, 1893.

under man made statute came upon him so forcibly that he made a will but the family knew nothing of it, for he knew it would seem strange to them that he should make a will at all, so he kept it a secret from all but his lawyer and the witnesses. The lawyer was not in the city at the time of his death and did not return till after Ford's unlucky trip south.

When he did return the will was produced, and Mrs. Marston found that she was not the heir, but she vented her spite by making it known, among Helen's friends that she had "nigger blood" in her veins.

When Richard Lawrence went to his room after reading the letter that seemed to blast his very soul, he felt like cursing everything, and particularly his kind old grandfather. "What business had he to mix his blood with that of an accursed race," he said in his wrath, "and then to hide the fact from my father, and trap him into marriage with the fruit of such a union! I wish I could take his wretched carcass from the grave and kick it."

And thus he raved hour after hour; his father, on the contrary, watched till he saw that his wife was conscious, and then bending over and pressing a kiss upon her lips, said:

"Dear wife, this is terrible for you, but it makes no difference in my love for you, and never will. It matters not what blood may be in your veins, it is yourself that I want and you have not changed."

"Why should father and son feel so differently?" it will be asked.

The law of heredity. Henry Lawrence had no ancestry who had been wronged and degraded till all the bitterness which human hearts are capable of feeling had boiled and fermented in the hearts of the mothers thereof, but his son had. The bitterness was a part of his make up and it needed only the occasion to call it into action. The occasion had come. Not that he had inherited this from his immediate ancestry, but streams often disappear in desert soil, and reappear when least expected.

Mrs. Lawrence was a sensible woman; it was the suddenness of the news coupled with the fact that she had not been strong for a time, which had overcome her. As soon as she recovered from the shock sufficiently to talk the matter over calmly Mr. Lawrence said:

"Let the woman have the land, wife, if she wants it; the money your father had, is deposited in the bank in your name, so they can't touch that."

She drew a deep sigh and laid her head upon his shoulder, as she said:

"Never fear, I shall soon rally from this; I understand many things now that have always seemed strange to me. Poor father, how good and kind he was, but I cannot see why he said there is no need for a will now; a will would certainly have saved this land to us."

"Did he say that?"

"He did, not a week before he died."

"Mr. Lawrence thought a moment: "No need of a will now," he repeated, "it is possible, wife, that he had made a will; I will see Mr. Hawksley when he returns and ask him. Hawksley always did his business and will know if there is one."

"Is Hawksley out of the city?" she asked.

"He is, has been ever since before your father was taken sick, but he is expected home any day now."

Even while he was speaking, the bell rang and in a few moments Mr Hawksley was announced. He had brought the will. When Hawksley left, Lawrence and his wife commenced talking of chattel slavery.

"Father was always opposed to it," she said, "I can remember hearing him, when I was very young, calling it a cursed institution."

"And well he might call it so, my dear, for if slavery had not been abolished, and he had failed to give you your free papers, you would now be a slave."

"Oh, Henry!"

"True," continued Mr. Lawrence, "his bringing you into a free state would have freed you, had you known who your mother was, and claimed your freedom; but not knowing, you could easily have been induced to go to Georgia on business connected with that land, and once there nothing could have saved you."

"And that is law!" she said as a shudder ran through her frame.

"That is law," he replied,

"Well, I shall never have any respect for law after this."

To be continued.

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

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—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 if 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.

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