

# Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER, 1893.

NO. 3.

## Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes  
Among the human heartstrings  
Are dull with rust;  
The sweetest chords  
Adjusted by the angels  
Are clogged with dust,  
We pipe and pipe again  
Our dreary music  
Upon the self-same strains,  
While sounds of crime and fear,  
And desolation,  
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world  
We go, an army marching  
With listening ears,  
Each longing, sighing  
For the heavenly music  
He never hears.  
Each longing, sighing for  
A word of comfort,  
A word of tender praise,  
A word of love to cheer  
The endless journey  
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us,  
And we know it; this suffices  
For reason's share.  
Why should they pause  
To give that love expression  
With gentle care?  
Why should they pause? but still  
Our hearts are aching  
With all the gnawing pain  
Of hungry love that longs  
To hear the music,  
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them  
And they know it; if we falter  
With fingers numb,  
Among the unused  
Strings of love's expression,  
The notes are dumb.  
We shrink within ourselves  
In voiceless sorrow,  
Leaving the words unsaid,  
And side by side with those  
We love the dearest,  
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread,  
And thus each heart in silence  
Its fate fulfills,  
Waiting and hoping  
For the heavenly music  
Beyond the distant hills.  
The only difference of the love  
In heaven from love  
On earth below is: here we love  
And know not how to tell it,  
There we shall know.

### Cyclone Straws.

"A committee of relief and safety has been organized in Chicago. It consists of twenty-five labor leaders and twenty-five leading business men. They will work together to find work and bread for the thousands of unemployed."

"Some hundreds of unemployed in Milwaukee marched to the courthouse and called for 'bread' and 'work'."

"Newark, N. J. had a 'hungry demonstration' on Sunday."

"The sixty day notes offered the miners of the Hocking valley, have been refused and a strike is probable."

A little boy was asked what the Sunday school text was. He answered: "Many are called but few are frozen."  
—Newark Call.

Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

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

## The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

### CHAPTER V. Continued.

"Why Helen, you are turning anarchist I fear," he said playfully.

"Anarchist or not it makes no difference; a code in which such a law could be, find a place and remain there till washed out by blood, cannot be a righteous one in any of its parts. Why, such a law would blacken the character of the devil in hell; as to anarchism, I don't know what its advocates teach, but nothing worse than that I am certain; I had much rather be blown to pieces by dynamite than to be a slave."

And so the love between husband and wife remained unbroken; but the knowledge of antecedents tried the "dear five hundred friends" who had been so ready to pay court to the Lawrences. When they learned the facts, a large proportion of them elevated their noses considerably when they happened to meet "the beautiful Mrs Lawrence," but the better portion of society stood by them because of their real worth.

"It is true," said Mr. Lawrence when questioned about the report, "and because my wife's father dealt justly by his own child the hatred of those who uphold slavery follows him even to his grave. If they can afford it I can. His doing as he did has given me one of the best of wives and I see no cause for blushing because there happens to be one thirty-second part of black blood in her veins. I would rather it would be half that, than that she were as silly as are many of our society women."

Such was the effect upon the husband, and he and his wife were still respected by those whose respect was worth retaining. The effect upon Richard was quite different, as time too plainly showed.\*

\*This story has been criticised because I make the grandmother of Mrs. Lawrence an octaroon, the claim being that the two races will not mix beyond that point. This may be generally, but it certainly is not universally true, as there can be evidence brought to show. It is claimed to be a settled fact of physiology that the mule is the limit of the mixing between the horse and the ass but I have in my possession the picture of a mule with her colt taking its nourishment, the property of Mr. Timothy Dyer of Wyoming. The *Agriculturist* from which this statement is taken, says there are two other well authenticated cases. Coming back to the human, *Foot's Monthly* gives an account of a case where unmistakable evidence of black blood appeared in a child where both its grandparents and its great grandparents were known, and no hint of such a thing in the looks or manners of any one of them. How far back the mixture began which thus showed itself in the child they had no means of knowing; neither had the mother been thrown in contact with colored people, so it could not have been a mark.

### CHAPTER VI

#### LOST AS SOON AS FOUND.

Brown, or Morse, as we may now call him, got no opportunity to speak to the old gentleman again that night, and he, all excited as he was, could not think very clearly.

"What is the matter, father, that you seem so nervous, are you not as well as usual?" asked his daughter.

"I don't know but what I am," he replied, closing his eyes to avoid further questioning.

Morse went out and saw Wildermere, as he had said, and the letter was sent to Russell. "How long before you can get him here?" asked Morse.

"Let me see, this is Monday; the letter will go by to-night's stage, and be distributed the first thing in the morning. If he gets it to-morrow, and I think he will, he will be here on Friday at the latest. He will bring his granddaughter with him, and it will take them a day or two to get ready," said Wildermere in reply.

"I wish he could come sooner," said Morse impatiently. "The Major is in such a state of excitement, I fear his taking off before this business is finished."

The next day there was little opportunity to talk as some one of the family was in the room nearly all the time, or lingering around so near that conversation not intended for other ears was impossible. The Major was so restless that his daughter tried two or three times to learn the cause—tried till he grew impatient and wished he "could have a minute's peace," but soon after, as if to atone for having spoken crossly, he said:

"To-morrow is your birthday, isn't it, Sarah?"

"Yes sir, to-morrow will be my fifty-fourth birthday, and my Lillian will be thirty-five the next day."

"And how old is her oldest child?"

"She will be sixteen next month."

The Major turned to Brown with a smile, saying: "If I live to be as old as father was I shall be great, great grandfather," and then, "how many of us are there, Sarah, children and grandchildren, yours and the Col.'s?"

"It will not take long to count us father; you, Edward and myself make three, then I have three children and Edward four, he has five grandchildren and I six, so you see we are just twenty-one."

"No more than that, well, we have been smarter in the property than in the propagation line," and the old gentleman laughed at his own witticism.

"Where are your children, ma'am, if its not presuming to ask?" said Jed.

"My girl lives in Omaha, and the boys are in San Francisco," she replied with a smile at his quaintness.

"My, but's a long way off that your children are ma'am."

"Please wheel me to the secretary, Sarah, I want to do some writing," said the Major.

She did as he requested, put whatever he needed within his reach, then took a book and went to reading. Her father then took some keys from his neck, unlocked the secretary, and taking from it a tin box, unlocked that and selecting some blank checks, filled out one for five hundred dollars and handed it to his daughter, saying:

"Here Sarah, is a birthday present for you." He then filled out another for the same amount saying as he did so, "That's a present for Ed. when his birthday comes."

He next filled out four checks for five thousand dollars each, and then wrote as follows:

"To the President and Directors of the First National Bank of Glennwood N. Y.

"Gentlemen:—You will please pay, as per checks; the sum of twenty thousand dollars of my money now in your possession to Edward Russell, a resident of Mandaville, N. Y. with interest on the same to this date.

"Yours,  
EDWARD BOYLE SENIOR.

Under this he wrote: "This certifies that I witnessed the writing and signing of the above," then he called: "Jed, please come here, and handing him what he had written, said: "Will you be kind enough to read, and sign that?"

Jed signed his true name as the Major expected him to do, and Mrs. Wendover asked: "What now, father?"

"A little surprise for some one; you'll know in time," he replied, and she said no more.

He put the check he filled out for the Col. back into the box with some other papers that he had taken out, locked it and restored the key to its place, but a shrewd observer would have seen that the other checks, together with the paper that Jed. had signed, were folded closely and held in his left hand.

Presently Mrs Wendover laid down her book and went out; then the old gentleman extended his hand to Morse, saying, "Take them and have him collect the money before he comes here."

"What is your idea in doing this?" asked Morse as he thrust the papers into his pocket.

"A freak if you choose to call it so; I don't want him to come here a poor man, and I must be doing something or I shall die."

This issue of F. P. contains some good articles for "Talks with Mothers." Mrs. Hunt's idea that the unborn have an individuality upon which even the mother should not intrude will incite thought. Mr. Brown gives the strongest possible motive to stimulate us to higher loves, for it is what we love that broods the baby soul. We must be and the doing will come all right. Mrs. Chandler always writes well. Next month the editor may possibly have something to say; that is, if others do not forestall her ideas. If so, all right.

To those labor papers who ask for exchange I will say: I have all of that kind of papers I need and more would only be in the way. I will send F. P. to editors for half price, but I do not want my office filled up with papers I do not even get time to look at, or if editors will insert in their papers twice a notice of FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES, its size, price, and object, and send the same to me with "marked copy" on the wrapper, I will send them the paper.

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

Twice I have put the following note in F. P. saying "friends over there" and the dropping out made it read "over here." I try again. It seems there is only the difference of t between, over here, and, over there.

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 there 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.

A friend has sent us an old paper published in Boston, dated 1877, in which we find a poem of our own writing. The last verse is so in accord with some things in this issue of F. P. we give it below. In the chorus of the first verses the refrain is:

"For God has willed it so."

In the final line it reads:

"For we have willed it so,"

and that is what it must come to: "We" must do the work of righting ourselves. All the God that can help us must act through us.

"We toilers are God's coming hosts,  
In phalanx firm and strong;  
We're going to bring the kingdom in,  
That has been pledged so long.  
We'll do what e'er the times demand,  
With broad uplifted brow,  
And pray that wisdom may be given  
To those who rule us now.

And the rich must work, ha, ha,  
By the side of the poor, ho, ho,  
Their righteous share in the kingdom coming

For we have willed it so."

The warning finger was raised, and when Mrs. Wendover returned Jed sat in the same position as when she left. He sat awhile, seemingly absorbed in watching the people who were passing, making occasional quaint remarks about some one of them. Finally he arose, stretched himself, yawned, and said:

"This is lazy business for a workin man; I think I'll go down town," and taking his hat from its accustomed place and his overcoat on his arm, he sauntered down to the gate; looked first up street and then down, then he slowly drew on his overcoat, and went as slowly toward town.

Mrs. Wendover had been watching his movements, and when he passed out of sight she said: "How lazy Brown is getting; he acts as if he didn't care to move."

"I presume he is getting lazy; I guess I made a mistake in keeping him so far as he is concerned. It don't do to make too much of these working people, but I like his company," was the reply.

"Why not send him away then if you think his staying here is injuring him?"

"That's just like you, Sarah, always thinking of some one else's good. I tell you I like his company, and I think I am able to make up to him any loss he may sustain."

Mrs. Wendover said no more for when her father spoke in that tone it was time to stop.

Brown, or Morse went directly to Wildermere with the note to the bank and the checks, and told him of the Major's wish that Russell should draw the money before he came to the house.

"I do not see the necessity for that," said Wildermere.

"But I do," replied Morse. "I fear the effect of this excitement upon Major Boyle. He may, is likely to die at any moment, and even if he lives the Col. and the Judge will stop at nothing to prevent Russell coming in as the heir, even to the spiriting of the old man away to an insane asylum. As soon as they learn what is coming there will be an injunction put upon everything till the law can decide the question. I'm not inclined to be superstitious but it seems to me there is a providence in this. Russell must draw the money as soon as possible and have it put where it will be safe and then if he has to fight for his rights he will have something to do it with."

"I think you are right, Morse, but why do you say 'the heir,' instead of an heir?"

"I say so because unless the old man has a chance to make his will the law will give the others nothing as they are illegitimate. They must depend upon Russell's generosity and they are too proud to accept anything that way."

"Illegitimate!" exclaimed Wildermere, opening his eyes very wide.

Morse laughed heartily. "You are a pretty Wherefore," he said, "not to have discovered the wherefore of that; was not Boyle's first wife living when he married the mother of these children?"

"True, I had not thought of that; does the old gentleman know of it?"

"He does, and wants to make a will, but I have had no opportunity to talk with him about it since he said so. If the fools keep on as they are doing they will knock themselves out of everything I fear."

"Wants to make his will, does he?" Wildermere thought about two minutes, and then added: "See here, Morse, this thing must be finished up just as soon as possible or the power of wealth will keep Russell out of his rights. Instead of defeating themselves I fear they will defeat us unless that will is made and left for record before Russell and his father meets; do you—wait, I will write what I wish to say," and taking his pen he dashed off the following note:

"MAJOR BOYLE,

"Dear Sir:—Please write out such bequests as you wish to make outside of what goes to your children, and give the same to Jed, and he will get a good lawyer to draw up a will, which he will bring to you to read and have such changes made as you may wish. It will worry you less than to have it all written at your room. Please give this back to Jed, when you have read it, and give him a schedule of your wishes as soon as possible.

"Respectfully yours, J. WILDERMERE."

Handing this to Morse, he asked: "Will that do?"

"Yes, that's well thought of, now how much time have we in which to work?"

"To-day is Wednesday; I think Russell will be here on the two o'clock stage on Friday. You can hardly get the schedule to Blake before to-morrow. Russell will be here before the bank closes and can draw his money. If you can get that will business fixed he can go and see his father on Saturday. I shall not stay to meet him but take the stage to Rivers to-morrow evening and go to Mandaville next day. If this thing gets into the courts there will be a charge of conspiracy and I can do more if I am not included."

"Will they not include you now? I have been here to see you several times you know," said Morse, (Jed) laughing.

"They must find Wildermere the gentleman, first. In Mandaville I am only the old codger, Wherefore."

"And I think it will puzzle them to find Jed., but I must go now," replied Morse.

He hastened back to Wendover's and for a wonder found the Major alone, and immediately gave him the note that Wherefore had written. The old man after reading it, asked to be moved to the secretary. He then wrote out in a few words the substance of what he wanted, handed the same to Jed, and was wheeled back to his place.

"And now, Major Boyle, I must ask you to excuse me for few days" said Jed, "I have a letter that requires me to be elsewhere for a time."

"Going away!" exclaimed the Major in alarm.

"Yes, sir; Jed. Brown must go." The comical expression on his face reassured the old man and he said:

"I suppose I shall have to spare you but isn't this rather sudden?"

"Rather, but"—Myrtle came in just then and he finished with: "Miss Myrtle, Jed's got to go away, so you must take good care of the Major," looking so sorry as he said it that she was sorry too, from pure sympathy.

"Going away Mr. Brown! I'm very sorry, but isn't it rather sudden?"

Just what the Major asked me, yes, it is; I didn't think of such a thing this mornin, but I got a letter when I was down town, and I must pack my carpet bag this minit or I shall lose the train," and he hurried up to his room as if his life depended upon the quickness of his movements.

The inevitable satchel, which he called a carpet bag, was soon ready; Mrs. Wendover came in; good byes were said, and Jed. was off. "Say good bye to the Judge for me," he called back as he went out of the door.

Mrs. Wendover felt relieved, she could not have told why, and Myrtle said: "What a strange man."

Brown, to-wit, Morse, went immediately to lawyer Blake's office, gave him the Major's schedule for a will, told him of the son by a former wife, gave such other information as would assist the man of law to write up what was wanted and asked him to have all ready to go to Judge Wendover's as soon as possible.

"I cannot go before Friday," said Blake, but I will be there as early in the day as possible, though I fear that will not be till after dinner."

"Well, don't fail to be there then," and the veritable, the irrepressible Jed. hurried away, reaching the depot just in time to catch the train. He went to a little village about ten miles distant and stopped for the night. Securing a room at a hotel he paid for it in advance, saying that he must take the early stage for Illia. Supper over, and safe in his room, an entire transformation took place, and Jedediah Brown was no more.

In the morning when the stage was ready it was about five o'clock and quite dark. The hotel clerk rapped at the stranger's door. "There in a minute," was the response. When all was ready for starting the clerk rapped again.

"Yes, yes, I'll be right down," but he delayed till the driver swore if the other passenger wasn't there in ten seconds he would go without him. Just as he raised his whip to execute his threat the tardy passenger came tearing down stairs and leaped into the stage, the driver cursing him the while for keeping the horses standing so long in the cold.

Lawyer Blake, as was stipulated, called at Wendover's on Friday between two and three o'clock. The Judge and his wife were both sitting in the Major's room; they were a little surprised but too polite to show it. After a few minute's chat, the lawyer drew a folded paper from his pocket and laying it down before the old gentleman, said:

"Please read that and see if its all right," then turning to the astonished daughter and son-in-law, he continued, "Your father sent to me to draw up his will, sending at the same time a synopsis of what he wished, so I have prepared one and brought it for him to read."

"Who did he send by?" asked the Judge, glancing at his wife.

"I sent by Jed. and I wanted him for one of the witnesses but he had to leave," said the Major in reply.

"But what put it into your head to make a will, father?" asked Mrs. Wendover.

"Oh, I've been thinking about it for some time, and finally concluded it was time it was done," he replied as he continued to read the document before him. When he had given it one good reading and looked it all over carefully the second time, he said:

"Yes, that's all right," took up his pen, dipped it in the ink and turned to sign it, when there was a noise at the door. He paused to learn what it was, and when Col. Boyle's

voice was heard in the hall he laid down the pen and waited to greet his son.

The moment the Col. entered the room it was evident he had been drinking. The fact was too patent to be denied, and the Major, speaking in a severe tone said:

"Edward Boyle, you insult me by coming into my presence in this condition."

"Major Boyle," was the reply, "if you have any un-owned children around the world I wish you would pension them and send them out of my sight. I do not like to be continually insulted by having them pointed out as looking so much like me. I just came up from Illia and right in front of me sat a man who looked like my second self. I saw the same man in Mandaville last fall; now there is some damned mystery here and I want to know what it is," he paused for lack of breath, reeled, steadied himself again and continued:

"Detective Morse was with him, and I know there is some devilry somewhere."

"You saw him, did you," said the old man, "well I will tell you; he is my son, but he is as well born as you are. His mother was my first wife; he was stolen when a child; I have but recently learned that he still lives and where he is, and that is why I am making my will. I don't want any trouble about the matter when I am gone."

The mention of the will set the Col. in a rage. He had too much liquor down him to listen to reason. "Its a lie" he exclaimed, making an effort to snatch the paper lying before his father, but Blake was too quick for him and transferred the document to his own pocket.

"Its a lie" repeated the infuriated man, "and no son of a strumpet shall come here to rob me of my rights."

"Be quiet, Ed," said the Judge, laying a hand on his shoulder, "there's some one at the door."

"I don't care if there is," was the response, but he sat down. Morse and Russell had left Alice at the hotel and then gone directly to the bank. Morse was so well known Russell had no difficulty in collecting the money, and in answer to the looks of surprise bent upon him because of his likeness to Col. Boyle, Morse said in an aside:

"A son of the Major's by a previous marriage."

The money safe, instead of waiting till the next day they decided to go directly to the Judge's residence and the Col. was hardly seated before they were ushered in by Myrtle, Morse so changed that it would have taken sharp eyes to have recognized him as Jed.

When the old man saw Russell he stretched out his arms and cried: "My son, my son, but as Russell went to meet his father's clasp, the Col. sprang between with:

"No, you don't come any of that game here."

"Oh Edward," cried the old man in piteous tones, and sank back on his pillow with a gasp; then, as though realizing what was coming, he sprang to an erect position, seized the pen, glancing at Blake as did so. Blake answered his look by placing the unsigned will before him. He tried to sign it, failed, sank back on his pillow, gasped some two or three times; then ceased to breathe.

This sobered the Col. and he sank into a chair while Russell went forward, and kissing the lips that had so lately called him son, said:

"Oh father, it is hard to find you and lose you in the same moment."

Mrs. Wendover went up to him, extended her hand and said: "Brother; I know you are my brother from your looks and from what father said before you came, but I don't understand it."

Russell took the proffered hand and stooping, kissed the kindly face, but the Judge frowned, and glancing at the fast stiffening form said: "We have something to do now besides greeting newly found relatives." Lawyer Blake had in the mean time bowed himself out, taking the unsigned will with him.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OFF TO THE WEST.

"Go west, young man, go west and grow up with the country."

About three years previous to the time that Russell learned his parentage, three men and their wives were discussing the problem of the future. The men were Charles Russell, his cousin, Daniel Smith, and his brother-in-law, Burton Reid.

"We can never get a start here," said Russell, "and I have half a mind to go west."

"I've been thinking the same, Charles, but Gertrude does not like to hear me talk about it; she says if she goes so far away she shall never see any of her people again," replied Reid.

"And that's just what Anna says," was Smith's comment, "but our people cannot support us, particularly if they can hardly take care of themselves."

"That's the reason I don't want to go, and leave father and mother," replied Anna, "the other children are all away and I know the time is coming when they will need me."

"It is a credit to your heart to feel so, Mrs Smith," remarked Russell "but one's duty is to one's own family first; you are a mother as well as a daughter and those boys of yours will need some land by and by."

Mrs. Smith made no reply to this, but Reid turned to Russell's wife and asked; "What do you say, Lucy?"

"I say that I will go anywhere, and do anything that is right if in our old age we can have a place of our own."

"Brovo," "That's right," "Goodgrit," were the comments of the men. Gertrude and Anna did not like to be behind in the estimation of the others, so they said they wouldn't mind it so much if they could all go together and settle where they could be near each other.

"Well, why not? I can see nothing to hinder our doing so," said Smith.

"Neither do I, what do you say, Russell?" responded Reid, glad that his wife had consented thus far.

"It certainly can be done; there is a tract of government land just thrown open in western Iowa, forfeited railroad lands; and people are flocking to it."

"Yes," added Smith, "Reid and I were reading about that yesterday and wishing we could go."

"I cannot go on without a comment. Remember please, that these are not idle fancies but facts—that hundreds of families did go on to those lands with all the confidence in "our government" that children have in parents, and then remember how shamefully their confidence was betrayed—driven off by English aristocrats who used American officers as their bull dogs—this while "our government" looked idly on or looked the other way. Read Cleveland's reply to General Weaver, as given farther on, and then ask yourselves what government does for the poor man other than to rob him? Mothers, my heart is hot within me as I put these lines in type and I want you to feel with me, to investigate with me, to ask with me, "what of children born under such conditions?" And permit me say here that in portraying the hardships of pioneer life, as I do further along in the story, I am not drawing upon fancy but take facts—L. W.]

"If we go together we can assist each other," said Russell, "five years will soon pass away, then the land will be ours, and in the mean time we shall have no rent to pay."

"No, we shall not have to pay rent but taxes cannot be evaded," remarked Gertrude.

"We must pay taxes on what personal property we have more than the law exempts, but not on the land till it is ours, Mrs. Reid."

"But what about the crops, Mr. Russell?"

"Yes, what about the crops?" added Reid, "If our harvest can be taxed it amounts to taxing the land."

"I do not know how that would be, but I hardly think they would tax our crops, for a time, at least."

"I should say that corn and wheat on hand was personal property, the tax on that is very high," said Mrs. Smith. I have a friend living in Clinton, Iowa who paid \$2 70 tax on personal property that was assessed at but \$50.

"But that was in a city, Anna, there will be no such rates as that in the country," said her husband

"Well, taxes or no taxes," said Russell, "we, working men, have them all to pay in the end, if not directly, none the less certainly, and we can't escape it as things now are; so I, for one, want some land that I can call my own."

"And I," "And I," responded the other two men.

Gertrude and Anna said nothing, and though looking as if they would like to cry, they tried to be cheerful.

Before they parted it was agreed that as soon as things could be got ready they would start for the land of promise. That night Gertrude and Anna wept more than they slept and as brave as Lucy was, she was not altogether tearless when she remembered all that she must part with, but her husband never knew it, and after that first night the others put aside tears and worked with a will to help carry out what had been decided upon.

Having made up their minds to go, the next question was: how should they go? Should they sell off everything but such household stuff as they must have and go by railroad, or should they take their teams and a cow each and go by land?

Here Lucy, with her practicality, did good service. Her first question was: "Can you sell teams and cows here for what you would have to pay there?"

"Not the teams for they are worth much more to us than they would bring in the market," was her husband's reply.

"But we can do very little without teams when we are

*continued on seventh page.*

☞ If nothing intervenes to prevent, the new book will be ready by Sep. 9th. Price 50cts. Send in your orders.

Copies of "The Pacific Coast Spiritualist" have reached our table edited by Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, and published by Schlesinger and Fish. Mrs. Schlesinger as editor of the *Carrier Dove* has won no mean place among editors, and that she will be equally able in this new venture cannot be doubted. Published weekly, price \$1.00 per year. Address the publisher at 121, Eighth st. San Francisco, Cal.

I have received three copies of *The Humanitarian*, edited by Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin and her daughter, Zula Maud Woodhull at 17, Hyde Park Gate, London, England. Published Monthly, 50 cents per year.

It is full of good matter—earnest breathings for the welfare of Humanity but Mrs. W. M.'s methods are much more paternalistic than formerly, consequently, will be less acceptable to a class of thinkers whose numbers are on the increase.

### TAKE NOTICE, PLEASE.

I find that the friends are giving away their first numbers of F. P. and then sending to me for another, as they want to keep the whole story, I can supply them with a mis-paged copy, one or a dozen, if they need, as I had to have a second edition printed because of the mistake in the first. I would not send out a mis-paged paper. The story is all there, however, and I cannot send of my reserves for future subscribers. If the friends want the story they must take care of their first and second numbers. After this I will save more.

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

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

### PERENNIAL HAIR RE NEWER.

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

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

My head has not been entirely free, till now, from dandruff for twenty years. One week's use of the "Renewer" did it.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

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

MATTIE E. HURSEN

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

GEORGE LYNN.

Hastings, Neb., Apr. 26-92.

**For Sale Here.**

## 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.

### WHO DID IT?

It has been said by some that the Catholics elected Grover Cleveland. It may be so, but my honest opinion is that the combined money powers of this country and Europe put him into office to do their will—that will the gold standard—more gold bonds, and in the end, serfdom for the people.

Why not? Why should it be more strange than that Grant was made president that the credit strengthening act might be passed? That act of treachery to the people by which the original contract that the interest on the bonds should be paid in gold, but the bonds themselves in the current money of the country—the treachery by which the contract was changed, making both principal and interest payable in gold.

That infamous violation of faith with the people was one of the first, if not the very first act of Congress to which Grant put his signature. Poor figure-head; poor tool of the conspirators against the liberties of a great people! If he were obliged to suffer ten minutes of torture for every hour of suffering that "credit strengthening act" has caused the poor toiler, his wife and children, he would not be half way through his hell yet, no, nor for the next hundred years.

And now the gold bugs have another job ready and, in my humble opinion, based on what is to me good evidence, they have chosen Grover Cleveland to that infamy,

Why he was preferable to Harrison I do not quite understand, but that he was elected shows that he was, and now

### THE ALTERNATIVE

placed before the people—not in words, but in fact, by the logic of events shaped by these same money powers—seems to me to be as follows:

The corporate monopolies own the railroads, the telegraph and express lines, the banks etc., on the one hand, and the government with all of its resources on the other, and the language of events is—submit or we will make Cleveland king and wipe out your boasted Republic in

name, as we long ago did in fact.

Be submissive! Lie still and be tied, oh citizens, oh toilers, and don't kick! don't strike! you might hurt somebody!

Yes, lie still and be tied. What matters it if your wives do bear children in poverty and sorrow—these same children to grow up as meek and submissive as yourselves, as fit subjects for tyrants to put their feet upon.

Yes, lie still and be tied, please do, and when tied, you might better be taken and cast into the sea than to continue to propagate your kind, for, only enough of you will be needed to wait upon your lords and masters and to produce enough to furnish them with luxuries.

The rest of you will be to them but as vermin.

Sarcastic, am I? Severe?

I am thinking of the unborn who have no defenders—of the unborn whose rights you are too meek to maintain, of the mothers whose children under the conditions thus furnished will be even more meek and lamb-like, more easily led to the slaughter than are their fathers.

### POVERTY AND LOVE.

NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

Love, love and poverty! O is it true  
That love makes poverty less hard to bear?  
Is life more sweet, endow'd with these two  
Than lonely splendor? Is it then, so fair?  
Love, love and poverty! O we are told  
That love will beautify the sorest need—  
That he who clasps one cherished form may  
Hold mere gain as worthless. Is it so indeed?  
Love, love and poverty! Ah no! Ah no!  
The keenest sorrow on this earthly strand  
Is surely that the breaking heart doth know  
When Love and Poverty go hand in hand.

She sits beside her child,  
This mother pale and thin;  
From out the street with garbage piled,  
Foul scents come floating in.  
The room is dank with must,  
Undraped the windows are,  
A somber cloud of smoke and dust  
Hangs darkly, near and far.

Harsh noises rises and fall,  
A motley sea of life  
Breaks thro' the house, the narrow hall  
In sounds of woe, of strife—  
The cry of babes for food,  
The tread of hopeless feet,  
And, like a sullen interlude,  
The rumble of the street.

But ah! she heeds them not,  
Her thoughts are on the bed,  
Where, flush'd with fever dull and hot  
Is pressed her baby's head.  
She hears its restless stir.  
She hangs upon its breath,  
And sees the life so dear to her  
Go slipping down to death.

No time to weep has she,  
No strength for sobs or tears,  
Dry-eyed, her task upon her knee  
She toils amid her fears.  
But ah! her baby's cry  
Strikes through her like a dart,  
Its lightest moan, its faintest sigh  
Is echoed in her heart.

"My babe! My pretty one!"  
She sighs with every seam.  
"Ah me! That I must leave undone  
The things of which I dream!—  
Must see thee, dear, denied  
That which would help thee so,  
While I—O God! my hands are tied;  
I can but let thee go!

"O God! a little gold!"  
She murmurs day by day,  
"So small a sum would help me hold  
This bitter grief at bay,

So small a sum would buy  
The cure, the needed skill!—  
O, must I see Death's hand draw nigh  
And let him work his will?"

"So small a sum, my sweet,  
Would take us from the town,  
Would set thy puny, wasted feet  
In dappled meadows down.  
O, thou wouldst gain new life,  
My baby, now so weak!  
The breezes, all with fragrance rife,  
Would fan thy fevered cheek.

"O, I have toiled each night,  
And labored soon and late,  
And sought with all my feeble might,  
To soften cruel fate,  
Yet must my spirit taste  
This deepest grief," she cries,  
"For want of that which others waste  
My darling droops and dies.

"My babe! are we accursed?  
Is pain our only dower?  
Must we be doomed to hunger, thirst,  
From dreary hour to hour?  
Must love such torture bring  
The tie of mother, child,  
Lends to our fate a keener sting,  
And makes my grief more wild?"

"Men say that gold is dress—  
'Love sweetens want' cry they.  
O God! They have not borne the cross,  
They know not what they say,  
Ah yes! they argue well;  
But we—we know, my dove,  
That earth contains no deeper Hell  
Than poverty with love.

"My precious one! my own!"  
She softly says again.  
"O, I could starve and make no moan,  
Could die, to ease my pain,  
My fate—what matters it?  
My life is naught to me.  
But O! it wrings my heart to sit  
While anguish falls on thee."

She pauses; for a space  
She kneels in sorrow there,  
And smoothes her baby's fevered face,  
Its hands, its tangled hair.  
Then takes her sewing up  
Ah me! tho' grief betide,  
E'en as she drinks from Sorrow's cup  
Her task must still be plied.

The sun, from brazen skies,  
Beats thro' the smoky gloom,  
Hot fumes from out the street arise  
And smolder in the room.  
Her baby, touched with sleep,  
Moans even in its dreams.  
But she—she has no time to weep:  
She sews the endless seams.

### BOYS AND BULLIES.

My typo, while setting up the following article remarked:

"When a bully comes along and whips little boys it is well enough for them to comfort each other but I had rather see the bully whipped."

In other words, our working people are crowded into starvation by the bullies of our civil—devilization, and they are playing little boys—are calling for the mortgage ridden farmers to comfort them with bread instead of being men and demanding their rights. I once heard a man say "I would submit and save myself to work for my wife and children instead of risking my life and leaving them helpless."

His aged mother spoke up: "My son, I would rather see you, your wife and children all sent to death at once than to have these children grow up to become hungry tramps"

"And so would I," was the quiet reply of the wife.

When all women feel like that the institutions which enslave humanity will totter from their base, will fall to rise no more.

That incident occurred fourteen years ago. Men since then have saved themselves to their wives and children by submission, and myriads of children have since been ushered into life heirs to the same submissive fate—have been born into conditions that may well be designated as "born damned," and things are getting no better all the time.

Want an excuse to kill the workers, do they? How many tens of thousands have they killed during the last fourteen years by the long drawn out torture, the inquisition of the grinding want which pulls the moral joints apart and transforms men into cowardly brutes?

Go on, working men of the nineteenth century, saving yourselves; go on, citizens of this "glorious republic" (?) conciliating the tiger to keep him from eating you; do this till you learn that only in the destruction of the tiger is there safety.

There is another point, yes, two of them, in reference to the call upon the farmers to feed the hungry. The financial legislation that has produced this state of things robs the farmer and enriches those who hold bonds, mortgages etc. Let them disgorge or take the consequences.

Again: I have seen it stated that only a portion of what the farmers sent to the Homestead men reach'd them, the balance being side track'd by the railroads. I have not the proof of this but I know that it could be done if they so chose, and if: "They starve them first, then furnish an excuse to kill them afterward," as is stated in the call for help, all that the farmers can send will not prevent it, for the side tracking will take place and an excuse be found to place the whole country under martial law.

Read the appeal for help and ponder it well.

SYLVAN BEACH, N. Y., Aug. 21.—The delegates to the Farmer's Alliance and People's party state convention have issued the following appeal to the farmers of the west: "A cry of hunger and starvation comes up from the heart of the great metropolis. It comes from the throats of tens of thousands of American citizens who are without work and without bread. It ascends to heaven amid the noise of the jingling of gold on the counters of Wall street. It is intensified by the tears and moans of starving mothers and famishing children. Men are becoming desperate from want, and the gaunt specter of famine stalks abroad unheeded by those who have grown fat by the pillage of labor and the ravaging of industry. The lobby approaching the council chambers of the republic is filled with the paid agents of the moneyed classes ready to debauch the people's representatives and weld the chains of financial slavery still more securely on the neck of labor. The money sharks are unrelenting, the government indifferent and the people desperate.

By the pangs of hunger, law abiding, honest men are being transformed into reckless wolves and this is the condition desired by the enemies of the poor. They starve them first, then furnish an excuse to kill them afterwards. This must not be. The starving poor of New York must not become the prey of designing enemies. Farmers, you must feed them. We know

you are poor. We know the labor of your hands is unrequited and your toil and perseverance unrewarded. But these men and women are your brothers and sisters. Their cause is your cause. Their starvation and your poverty are the joint productions of our common enemy. Send speedily of your corn and wheat, your potatoes and bread stuffs that disorder and bloodshed may be averted. Let the president of each alliance call his alliance and act without delay. Ask your railways to offer you transportation free as you give your substance. Organize relief committees at once and communicate with Dr. David Rosseau, 310 Mott avenue New York City, who has been elected by us the consignee of relief supplies and who will arrange for their prompt and effective distribution.

### The Duty of Labor.

ED. CITIZEN:—

Your "Citizenisms" are always fresh pertinent, instructive and teeming with intellectual food such as the toilers in field and flood, in the mines and workshops, as well as in all other lines of industrial activity, need. But how astonishingly small a number, seemingly of these toilers avail themselves of the privilege of becoming mentally strong if we may be permitted to judge by results. On the other hand, the masses of the wage-workers and farmers, seemingly, prefer to leave their reading and thinking, on labor lines, in the hands and heads of the thoroughly unprincipled leaders of the republican and democratic parties, vote the ticket of either and in preference to their own, as they are instructed by them at election time; and this done, labor squats down on its haunches and howls and howls against the machinations and operations of combines, trusts, monopolies, and capitalists, bosses, class legislation, etc., without seemingly realizing for a moment that by its own acts at the ballot box, under the direction of the old political party leaders, it makes it possible for such things to exist to the detriment of itself and the balance of the people in the country. With the voting strength of the wealth-producer—the toilers—it seems almost inconceivable, the stupidity prevailing that prevents them giving practical attention to the adjustment of their grievances by the only sure remedy—the American ballot box.

The above quotation from the Akron (O) correspondent of the *Cleveland Citizen* shows that the "stupidity" does not all belong to the working people.

Once upon a time a self righteous man who had a piece of meat on his fork, said: "I am as sure of going to heaven as I am of eating this meat," but as he went to put it in his mouth he dropped it and the cat got it. Hitherto the Akron correspondent's "sure remedy" has every time been swallowed by the cat.

So long as the people can be made to believe that the ballot can save them, so long they will do nothing else. The money power commands the situation—and the ballot. The cat gets the meat and the working man's heaven is not in sight.

There is no "sure remedy" under our present economic and societary system, and the sooner we wake up to that fact the sooner the struggle will be over, and the new be ushered in. Daughters—mothers of the race, the conditions for Perfect Motherhood cannot exist upon the earth till this is done—till every bond is broken, and you stand in your grand selfhood—free.

Man's freedom will not, can not come till yours does. Not till then can Motherhood triumph and love rule the world.

This is earth's judgment day—the Judge not some personality sitting upon a throne, but the God

power of men and women, and they judge—not each other, but the institutions which have cramped and bound them as if in a sepulcher hewn out of a rock, such as that in which they say the body of Jesus was put. It matters not whether such an individual lived or not, the drama represents the condemnation of the masses by their judges—the scribes (like our Akron correspondent) and pharisees—and their crucifixion by the governments of all lands, ours not excepted.

It is a prophecy also. The resurrection and the second coming have a grand significance. In the drama, the People are the representatives of Jesus who is called Christ, and in Revelations they are personified thus:

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God.

That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great. —Rev. XIX. 16, 19.

Yes, the People will yet be King of kings and Lord of lords, and in the struggle, both bond and free, high and low must fall in great numbers, but the final voice of the People will be the voice of God manifest in the flesh in so broad a sense that the narrow symbolism will sink out of sight.

### TALKS WITH MOTHERS.

#### "Why Is It So?"

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—In replying to your question above, quoted from last month's paper, I would say first: In deciding upon any question of pre-natal influence of mother upon child we are hampered for want of sufficient data.

That a mother does influence is fact. The how must wait for more data before a positive answer can be given.

In the case you mention there is an insufficiency of data. As reported, we are led to judge that the mother coolly as mechanic plans a house, planned the character of her child, and then purely in the intellectual domain of the will went about the process. From results we should suppose this was the case. Thus coolly gestated we would expect simply a monster.

Love is the law of life. The thoughts of the mother, the will of the mother cannot directly influence the child. He has neither intellect nor will but the potentiality of both. He is spirit holding all intellectual and moral functions in embryo. Only by spiritual means can the unborn be impressed and these spiritual means are the emotions. It is the mother's loves, desires, aspirations, all that goes under name of emotions and passions that build the character of the child. If his mother did not love, if her whole being did not thrill with emotion when she listened to music, the spirit of the child would not be so attuned. If there was not a responsive thrill in her soul as she read, the spirit of the child would not be shaped by her reading.

There is another law to be remembered. What is restrained in the mother expresses itself in the child. The correspondent says "Restraining in herself what she did not want developed in it." This very restraint impressed by

the law of reaction what she did not want impressed. Moderate, natural expression in herself of what she did not want expressed in the child would have prevented the birth mark; and strong emotions aroused by music and literature would have given him a tendency that way. The whole thing to guard against is the cultivation in us of wrong loves. Our loves shape our lives and the lives of our children, modified only by some stronger emotions that may on occasion be aroused in us. Children cannot be manufactured to order coolly. The whole life of the parent must be a preparation in the development of a love for the higher in all departments of our lives. With proper love and harmony even heredity may be overcome. The soul of the mother is continually brooding over the soul of the child. The intellect of the mother is subservient to her love. By reaction the intellect may rouse emulation, but not till emulation is aroused can soul of mother inspire the soul of babe. It is to psychic, not to intellectual laws that we must look for the solution of the problem.

Yours, H. H. BROWN.  
Topeka, Kan. Aug. 9-93.

#### "Thou Shalt not."

Woman has lain prone so long with the sands of the desert piled about, and over her, it is no wonder that in her first attempt to rise and shake off the dust of ages—to think and act as a rational independent being—she should stumble, fall and utterly fail to accomplish the good she earnestly desires to do.

It is far more wonderful that she does as well as she does, in view of the example and instructions freely given her by those who claim to possess the wisdom and experience of all the ages. She desires above all things to be a devoted and faithful mother, to give to her child the best possible opportunity for healthy, happy development. But alas for the result. "In every respect precisely the opposite of what she desired him to be." She tried prohibition on her unborn son with much the same results as follow in its wake in every stage. The prohibitory "Thou shalt not," has followed humanity from the cradle to the grave and yet we as a race are not happy.

They who ought to know, tell us that poverty, crime, homelessness, vagrancy and general misery are on the increase and "the cure is more prohibition." It is not enough to begin at birth but we must go "behind the veil," where the helpless ones cannot protest by kicks and screams as they are wont to do as soon as they are able, but where they are wholly at the mercy of those who have blindly taken upon themselves the responsibility of conferring a life that may be a curse to itself and others.

From the intimate relation between the mother and unborn we may believe it is peculiarly sensitive to all her moods and designs, and when these are not favorable to the harmonious growth and development of the new life, sad wreckage is likely to result. I do not possess infallible wisdom—I may not be able to make myself understood—but if in nearly half a century of earnest seeking for truth through experiences often painfully bitter, I have garnered any thought or knowledge, that can benefit my sisters who are honestly, earnestly trying to solve life's prob-

lems—to enhance its joys and lessen its griefs, I am glad to impart it.

The thought coming to me is—near as the mother is to her unborn babe, it yet has a life independent of hers, with which even she must not meddle. Few parents realize this either before or after birth. If they did and respected it humanity would be on a much higher plane than now. The mother should guard the new life from every invasion even her own thoughts. She should not think of it too intently. Her very anxiety to "head off such tastes" has a tendency to foster and excite their growth. She may love her child not wisely but too well—if anything unwise can be well done.

We are too apt when in search of Truth, if we but catch a glimmer of her white wings, to think we have found her. Immediately we wish to materialize her into an image that we may keep and worship.

If our ears were open we would hear her say: "See thou do it not. I am thy fellow servant. I live, I grow, I may not appear to you tomorrow as I do today; do not hedge me about with coercive measures." Truth like light cannot be cast into a mould and kept there.

As a practical suggestion to mothers who desire to improve the race and bestow on their children life worth living, instead of self denial, give yourselves the very best opportunities for growth and development. If your appetites are injurious to yourself, destroy them do not let them live even in chains, to be revenged on your unsuspecting offspring. Set your house in order, then invite your guest and make him welcome to the best you have.

The mother whose case we are considering—not for her own, but for her child's sake, ate no meat. Was she hungry for meat? He would inherit that hunger more intensely than if it had been satisfied; the same with exciting drinks. "He has no veneration." This faculty may have been disgusted by the homage she had set up and named "Duty," offering at its shrine all that was best in her own and her baby's life. No doubt the prohibition was continued after birth, with increased rigor, until everything sweet and tender in her son's nature was immolated to a false conception of truth and duty.

But in spite of blunders and failures it is a hopeful sign when mothers ask "Why is this so?" and cry out in agony "Oh what shall I do?" She may not undo, yet she may soften the evil that has been done, if even now she cease to do evil and learn to do well.

The Hunter, who climbed the rugged mountains in search of Truth, fell back wounded and sore many times, but he rose and climbed on until his strength failed and he died happy, feeling amply rewarded, as he clasped to his breast one white feather from the wing of Truth.

H. J. HUNT

#### "Why Is It So?"

The case related in Aug. number of F. P. under the above heading, and the request of the editor that ideas should be sent as to why the mother spoken of failed in accomplishing what she so much desired, moves me to present some thoughts. I do not present them as an answer by any means, but as suggestions which may perhaps help to further thinking.

No one can have more faith in the power of intelligent motherhood to mould and give direction to the disposition and capacity of the child, than myself. Notwithstand-

ing the sometime occurrence of similar experiences to that of the disappointed mother related, so far as my personal observation has extended and my single personal experience proved;—it is a fact that the most potent factor of human endowment, and of a modification of ancestral traits, is vested in motherhood through ante-natal culture and impress.

But instances occur now and then which demonstrate another potency operative independent of the mentality of motherhood, the phenomena or law termed atavism. Except by a careful and long extended study covering a large number of cases, it would be impossible to obtain data that would possess scientific accuracy upon any hypothesis concerning this phenomenon.

The thought immediately suggested to me by the experience was the power of heredity to reproduce a type entirely opposed to the aspiration and formative energy of the mind of the gestating mother. Other mothers have learned this fact and are satisfied that the pregnant mother has more far reaching and subtle potencies to deal with than the immediate attitude and physical and mental conditions of paternity and maternity.

Whether this or any special case was the result of ante-natal impress upon germ cell or sperm cell in ancestry near or remote, whether the heredity was through maternal or paternal line, is a question we cannot answer. One thing however is certain, according to the experience of intelligent, observing mothers, as expressed by one of my acquaintance,—“women don't realize when they incur maternity that they have taken upon themselves and their offspring the heredity of paternity.”

Possibly this mother referred to might find a reason for the characteristics of her child could she trace clearly the line of ancestry for several generations back. Physical peculiarities reappear, why not mental?

There is but one other theory in the scope of my knowledge which offers any explanation of the phenomenon. This is that the spirit to be embodied acts upon the embryo from the moment of conception. Were the doctrine of re-incarnation true, it would be easy to account for such a failure as recorded. If a soul had passed an embodiment without a development of mind quickened by any ideal or aspiration, a groveling animal but possessing positive will, then such an one might overpower the mental influence of the gestating mother in the new embodiment.

The light we have upon psychical potencies and the influences bearing upon generation is so feeble, our knowledge so scant, we can be but poor experimenters at best. But one thing is without question, if woman aspires to produce an exalted type of humanity she must not only exercise her highest wisdom and aspirations in ante-natal culture but she must look well to the quality and tendencies of paternal ancestry for generations. No study is of more importance to humanity if advancement is sought for the race.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

## PARAGRAPHS

FROM THE NEW BOOK,

“THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE,  
OR, THE THREEFOLD POWER OF SEX.”

If the analogies of nature are not universal, if the higher octaves in music are not governed by the same law of relations as are the lower, if the higher mathematics are not based on the fundamental principles involved in addition and subtraction, then spiritual growth is not a full degree above the physical nor governed by the same law of relations, and regeneration has no connection with the organs of generation; but till the first named and known are shown to be false, I shall continue to believe that nature acts from the law of the universal, shall continue to believe that the fountain of life—sex—has more for us than we have hitherto deemed possible—shall continue to look for spiritual growth through pure sex relations, and shall continue to urge that mixed sex relations between men and women are not pure in the highest sense of that term. Please remember, I am talking of physical, of chemical, and not of moral purity.

That regenerative power is being recognized is shown in various ways in the trend of modern thought. In a review of a new work published by Fowler and Wells, occurs the following: “It treats of the domestic and social nature in its relation to character, and holds that Regeneration, or the New Life is indispensable.” The title of the work is “Character Building,” a very suggestive one, by the way, and Z. T. Howerton is the name of the author.

What the author means by Regeneration, or the New Life I do not know, but the natural meaning of regenerate is to generate anew, and how can this be done unless by a higher phase, a higher action of the generative forces? If then, sex is discarded, is not allowed to act upon this higher plane, by what way can it be reached? Christians claim that spirit, “The Holy Spirit” does the work. Is this Holy Spirit double sexed, or can it re-create—generate anew without the aid of sex? What is meant by the terms—Holy Spirit, regenerate, and the like, or do they not mean anything?

Have these ideas sprung from nothing or is there a reality behind them? If there is, why not explain their meaning in harmony with natural, common sense laws! We are conceived by the sex union of man and woman and gestated from woman's heart's blood in the first or merely material phase of life, then why not say the new life, the regenerative phase comes from the recognition of the spiritual in the sex act—that this new life is thus conceived, and then is gestated, nourished by the aroma of mutual soul sex love?

“Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly.”

Soul love: oh how we hunger for it! The bosom, across the breast; near the heart where the center of the affections lies, where the spiritual sex center is located. This center, when fed by the currents of love, renews the life day by day. But it is declared that we wait for the redemption of our bodies. Is there an idea in this declaration? Does it mean anything, and if so, what?

If the spiritual sex center renews the soul life, will not the same renewing power descend and permeate the physical generative sex center, so regenerate the body as to eventually redeem it from the power of death? The mystery of godliness—God-likeness. They tell us that spirit is God. When spirit permeates every particle of the matter of our bodies regeneratively, then indeed will God be manifest in the flesh.

But we need to have more than the genital and the heart centers regeneratively active. The brain center must also be used. The genitals generate physical life, the heart center generates love or spiritual life, but it needs the brain center to generate light. We want the light of the intellectual to so shine upon our path that our feet may not go astray.

A lady who has had much experience in this variety business in her own family, sons, son's wives and others, said to me recently: “I don't care what they say about the benefit of exchanging magnetisms, no husband or wife can bring another into that relation and ever be quite the same to each other again, and it generally results in total sexual separation even if the

outward form is retained before the world.”

These things have come to me while accepting varietists as friends—these, and much more in the same direction, have come unsought, but they have entirely overthrown the theories I felt inclined at one time to defend, and while laying down no laws for others I am fully satisfied that mixed sex relations are an evil which only needs to be understood from the standpoint of both material and spiritual science to be repudiated by all intelligent people.

There has never been a sufficient motive placed before men and women, and particularly before men to make them feel the importance of studying sex law from any other standpoint than that of gratification. The arbitrary authority of Thus saith the Lord, and thus saith the law proves but a rope of sand, but when once the idea, as it is beginning to do, gets hold of thinkers, and from thence permeates the general thought, that pure sexuality rightly used is a savior of life unto life—that through it the highest graces come to humanity—that the sex force of body, soul and intellect blended with that of a true counterpart, becomes the power which will conquer disease and even death itself—such a motive power will tend to cause each and all to guard their sex life as the very crown of being and never again will this source of life, and power be trailed in the dust.

In the last part of the Occult Forces of Sex, the statement is made of a power and THE power. Priests and other psychologists have held a power over the people of all ages; a power such as wealth holds over poverty; such as monopolists hold, and these draw their wealth, the means of their power from the masses. Psychic monopolists do the same in general and from their victims in particular.

When the era of justice to labor comes men and women will hold the product of their own toil, will hold it to evolve their own powers of body and mind, will cease to be the subjects of others—will be the masters of themselves. So when this sex or psychic law is fully understood each will command his or her own creative powers to the use of his or her own body, soul and intellect, and that will be the era of THE power, the era of universal love and justice.

A word more here about nature's reserve forces. Our mental scientists perform many cures through this law. A few months since I met a lovely middle aged lady who had been sick, confined to her bed for a long time, but mental science, Christian science she called it, had taken her out of bed, set her upon her feet, and she looked the picture of health. She had full faith that this science, understood and lived would give us the power to conquer death. A few weeks after a slight sickness ended in death. Now what is the philosophy of all this?

Suppose there is a lamp one third full of oil and the wick has from some cause been turned very low. It gives but little light but it will last a long time. The full light is needed but no one knows how to turn up the wick. Finally some one comes who succeeds in bringing the wick to its proper place and lo, what a change! The room is illuminated, but unless the oil is replenished the lamp will soon go out. The turned down wick illustrates the condition of that lady when sick in bed. The lamp of her life burned low but very slowly and she might have lived in that condition many years. The Christian scientist, with about as little understanding of science as faith generally has, managed to turn up the wick. Life brightened; it was all aglow, but the oil was soon gone and the light went out. Before this kind of scientists can be more than a temporary success they must learn how to replenish the life lamp with fresh oil. Lamps without oil are of but little use.

Will not this illustration apply to variety in sex relations? New relations quicken the sex life. There is new radiance for a time, but will not the oil give out the sooner? Is it not like tempting the appetite till the stomach is ruined, or trees to fruitage till the life force is all used up?

It is but too true that there are those who grow strong and vigorous under such a sex regime, but a close analysis will show them to be natural gatherers. The effect upon their associates must be taken into account before judgment is rendered. We have psychic thieves as well as property thieves; psychic slaves as well as other slaves, and the psychic slave, the psychol-

ogized man or woman is the most hopeless of slaves till the power of the psychologist is broken.

Men and women who are psychologized sexually are said to be infatuated, and those who use their sex magnetism to control others to their own ends are the most heartless, the most unprincipled, the most dangerous of all people, and will continue to be so till this question of sex is so thoroughly understood that every body will know how to so conserve their own sex life as to protect themselves from sex vampires.

A man who is susceptible (the most of men are) and whose mind is already biased in favor of variety, is ready for a "new experience," but if his wife has accepted his views his first step is to get her co-operation. He wants her to be glad for him, to rejoice in his happiness. She may take kindly to this home application of his theories, and she may not. That depends very much as to whether she is on a level with her theories, or as to whether she is thoroughly imbued with the idea that exclusiveness is selfishness.

In the latter case she will really, for the time, love the woman because he does, or thinks he does. I have watched this thing for more than thirty years; I have had the confidence of a great many people, and I know what I am talking about. This idea of unselfishness, as urged by Mormons and varietists is very fascinating to a generous, sympathetic soul, and for a time all goes well.

But the couple are gradually floating apart, and by and by he is attracted to one that she cannot endure, or she is attracted to one that he cannot endure. Conflicting magnetisms are thus introduced, and the result is an entire separation. It seldom happens that either has a love elsewhere that they can rest upon. The music of the oratorio is destroyed and the ballads no longer please, and thus they are left desolate. They learn too late that they have sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

This is but one of the many phases of the outcome of variety love. I have yet to find the first case that has resulted in restful soul satisfaction.

Aye, but they are free, says one.

No, they are not free, and what is worse, they have lost the road to freedom. As paradoxical as it may seem there is no freedom except in obedience. The true definition of freedom is the opportunity to find and obey, and then *command* to our service the natural laws or principles involved in the fundamental problems of life. In every other road that promises to lead to freedom our feet become entangled in the brambles, are cut upon the sharp stones, or scorched upon the burning sands upon which no friendly shadow falls.

There is a law of conjugal life which found and obeyed will bring the satisfaction for which the soul longs, while the fact of such soul-longing proves the possibility, the reality of that which is so much desired, even as thirst proves the existence of water and hunger of food.

*Continued from third page.*

there, so if we sell we must buy again," said Reid.

"And you expect to have to go back from the railroad some distance, do you not?" continued Lucy.

"Yes, certainly," responded Smith.

"Then, if we go on the cars, we must have some place to stay till you can select your land, and must hire a conveyance, and it all costs money."

True, Lucy, and I am told they know how to put on a price for such work, in a new country."

"And when we get there, Charles, as Burt says, very little can be done without teams, and if you sell, you must pay more for poorer animals than you will be likely to get for these, and sell you must, if we go by railroad, for it would not pay to put them through on the cars."

"No, it would not; with so little money as we shall have, it is a difficult job, the best way we can fix it, but others go, and so can we," said Russell.

"Now let's look at the other side of the question. It will take us two or three months to go, and it will cost considerable to feed the teams as well as ourselves, but will it cost more than it will to pay our fare on the cars?"

"You mean counting everything till we get to our land?" said Smith.

"Yes, certainly."

"No, I do not believe it will cost as much. We can take some provisions to start with, and as we can cook it ourselves, it will not be like paying hotel bills, you know."

"Dan Smith and hotel bills don't correspond," laughed his wife.

"I suppose not, Anna, but our hotels will be our wagons if we take our teams, and when we get there we can stay in them till we get something built to live in."

"We shall have to live in sod houses I presume, for a while, Smith," said Reid.

"What! burrow in the ground like rabbits!" exclaimed Anna.

"Only for a time, wife; when we have eighty acres of land all our own, we can in the end put up a fine residence."

"Eighty acres! I thought government gave twice that number for a homestead," remarked Gertrude.

"That depends upon whether we are inside a railroad grant or not, Mrs Reid."

"What has that to do with it, Mr. Russell?"

"Uncle Sam, in order to help men build railroads, gives them one half the land for a distance back, on both sides of the road, and doubles the price of what is left."

"Uncle Sam is a fool or a knave; he makes us pay for the roads and yet we do not own them," said Lucy, and so indignantly it made the others laugh.

"We build them?" repeated Smith.

"Yes, we, the people, those who homestead or purchase the land; eighty acres from each family of us if we do not go beyond the prescribed line, Mr. Smith."

"Lucy is right" said Russell, but how are we going to help this and the many other wrongs which are done us?"

"Were I a man, Charles, and could make all working men see things as I see them, we would find a way to help it."

"There is but one thing, Lucy, that prevents my wishing you were a man."

"And what is that?"

"You could not be my wife."

Lucy blushed with pleasure at the implied praise, and the others laughed.

"But we have not decided yet how we are to go," said Gertrude, beginning to enter into the spirit of the campaign as she called it.

"We will vote on the question," said Russell, "each one of us can write our preference on a slip of paper and drop it into my hat which I will place here on the table; if it should come out a tie we should have to argue the case all over, or submit it to Alice here," he said, referring to his only living child, a girl in her fourteenth year.

The Russells had been very unfortunate with their children. Three had died with scarlet fever, and one was drowned, leaving only their oldest one.

"If I have to vote," said Alice, "I shall vote to have grandfather go with us."

"Father wouldn't go," said Russell, "but we must have him here to make us a long visit before we go."

"And if anything happens out in that new country, I shall come back and live with him, papa."

"And so you shall, child, but give us the ballots."

When they were cast and read they were all found to be in favor of what Lucy called the "overland trip," that is, private conveyance. There was some surprise expressed at this, Russell declaring that it was all due to his wife's "winning tongue"

Gertrude said in reply: "We knew you four would vote to go that way, so it was of no use for us to be on the other side, as you are a majority any how, and though we expect to get very tired, it will be jolly after all."

"Speak for yourself," said Anna, I should have voted as I did if I had known that all the others would have voted the other way. I always did like to tramp over the hills and through the valleys."

"You will have some tramping that will be neither hills nor valleys, but long stretches of prairie," said Reid.

"Then I will ride, if I wish to."

"You will not have to unless you do, we shall not insist upon any one's riding when they prefer to walk," said Reid, laughing.

From that time on, the all-absorbing work was getting ready. Every thing was done that could be, to make things comfortable and convenient. They started the last week of April. Grandfather Russell was there to see them off, and the last thing Alice said to him, as she tried to laugh through her tears, was: "Now remember, grandpa, that you are not to go and get married, for I shall come back after awhile and keep house for you." They were prophetic words but no one thought them so then.

Of course, friends and neighbors gathered to see them take their departure from the scene; that they had known, some of them, from childhood. There were hand shakes and tears. Several of their neighbors said:

We should be glad to go with you if we could, but we have only our hands, and it takes all we can earn to take us through the year, so we must live and die with no hope fo

## A SEX REVOLUTION.

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 reprimand 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 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.

## 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 Seleredo, "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.

ever having a home of our own. We can only have such temporary staying-places as we can pay the owners for the use of until they choose to turn us out, and then we must find some other place upon the same terms.

Such words made a deep impression upon our little company of emigrants, and they were the subject of many a talk as they wended their way westward. One of the first things that they noticed, even before the second day had passed, was the tracts of unoccupied land. The women spoke of this first, and wondered why people must go so far to get land when there was so much that was unused, so near home.

They were told that somebody owned it all, and then they wondered why people were allowed to hold land unused when so many needed it.

"That is one of the mysteries of property and government, is one of the chains that the law forges to keep the people poor and in subjection," said Reid.

They found the same thing all the way to their journey's end—vacant land, great wealth, and the homeless poor and the more abundant the wealth, the greater the number of the helpless and dependent.

They directed their course toward north western Iowa and in July they reached a point where lands were open for pre-emption or for homesteads. Their first business was to go to the nearest United States land office, and get an authorized plot of the land not yet taken. Russell did this and finding a section of which none had been taken he went back to see what the advantages of it were, good or other wise. It was inside the forfeited railroad claims—still being forfeited, they could homestead their one hundred and sixty acres each, and they located their houses, or sod cabins, within half a mile of each other. Though they had not ten dollars left amongst the whole of them when their land fees were paid, and but a small stock of provisions, they were full of hope, for the thought of possessing those broad acres, was of itself an exhilaration.

At first they only used their wagon covers as a sort of tent, and lived out of doors, as there was money to be raised before they could even build sod houses, for they must have lumber for a door and window in each, and they must have poles for the roof; that is, the poles must be placed upon the top of the walls and straw or grass spread over them, and then sods, and of course, the poles must be strong enough to support the weight of the rods.

All this took both labor and money, so the men took turns, one of them staying with the families and looking after them all, while the other two took each a team, and going out in the settlements did such work as they could find to do. The one staying behind had enough to busy himself with; rods were to be cut and drawn to their place; walls were to be laid; grass was to be found, cut and gathered for the cattle during the winter, and some kind of a shelter made for them.

The women and children aided all they could, for were they not going to have homes of their own! to be sure they were and after a time there would be great fields of corn and wheat, of potatoes and everything else good and fresh from the bosom of the earth. They would have pigs and chickens, sheep and cows, and they would have yards in which should be pinks and roses and all sorts of beautiful flowers. It was thus they anticipated the future, as they cheerfully worked in the present.

[Were this fiction, tears would be out of place but they start even as I write, for I am portraying facts. When I think of the hundreds of families who went onto that land to be so cruelly disappointed, and all because of a dishonest railroad corporation, a worse than dishonest Congress, and aristocrats across the sea—when I think of it all my heart's cry goes out to all mothers saying, "Don't be submissive! Rebel against every encroachment upon your personal rights, and inspire your children with such a spirit of rebellion as will lift those who sit in high places and oppress the people, out their seats of power and stand them upon their feet, one with the people." Mothers, awake, arouse all your energies, or see your children slaves.—L. W.]

Winter found them in their warm if not elegant "burrows," as Lucy called them, and their first winter on the "broad prairie," was not unhappily passed. Spring came, seed was sown, and crops began to spring up, and though the women were lonely at times, and homesick for old scenes, they drove all such feelings away as soon as was possible, and their letters to their friends east spoke only of cheerful hearts and fair prospects ahead. Such was the effect of their letters, that more than one of their old neighbors began to cast about for ways and means to go west also.

Before the summer was over there were some set-backs which dampened their ardor somewhat, but still they were not discouraged, and the next winter found them well provisioned, and with high hopes for the coming year. There are many hardships attendant upon pioneer life, almost without exception, but their success, so far, had been such that they had nothing of which to complain.

To be continued.

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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. MO KINLEY, Latrobe, Pa.

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