

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, OCTOBER, 1893.

NO. 4.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THINGS THAT ARE NEEDED,

A brush, a broom a dusting pan,
Good elbow grease, and soap and sand,
And then some one who knows their use
Are needed much in every house.

Go deck your house with costly things
And have your fingers hidden with rings,
Unless you use a brush and broom
Nothing looks pleasant in the room.

Sometimes you chance to make a slop
And then you know you need a mop.
Unless you know the use of such,
I'm sure you can't be good for much.

Perhaps you'll get a city gent,
Besides his clothes not worth a cent.
Then learn you must, for by and by
You'll have to go to work, or die.

SARAH.

James G. Clark on the Russian Extradition Treaty.

I see that THE POPULIST VOICE copies from the Vanguard my article on the extradition treaty with Russia, in which I call that infamous compact "an international fugitive slave law."

It is all this, and far more—a "treaty" between heaven and hell. It is obvious in the very nature of things that no one is in danger of flying from the United States to Russia, though tens of thousands of Russians are glad to escape from Russia to America, or any other place on earth.

Hence, as extradition treaties are understood and applied, Russia has every advantage without rendering any apparent equivalent. But that there is an equivalent lurking somewhere in the agreement is certain. It can be found in the clause which obliges Russia to "assist the American government in case of war of any kind."

This means that if the U. S. senate, at the dictation of the plutocracy, chooses to resist the majority in case of a people's party national victory in 1899, the czar and his Cossacks can be depended upon to aid the millionaires. Unless the treaty implies this it means nothing. The best proof possible that it does mean this very thing, is the damning fact that the treaty has become international law without any chance whatever for protest or discussion.

It is the offspring of silence and of darkness—the closing tragedy of Harrison's rule, witnessed and approved by Cleveland. The latter, in signing the treaty, has signed the death warrant of himself and party. The American laborer and producer will never allow the treaty to be enforced without riot and bloodshed. Every Russian detective who attempts to kidnap a Russian exile on American soil, will do so at the risk of his own life.

Verily, the crisis is upon us, and there can be but one result even though it comes through blood chin deep.

JAMES G. CLARK,

Perris, Cal.
—The Populist Voice, Portland, (Or.)

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEACE OR WAR?

Of course the news flew like wildfire—that of the newly found son, and of Major Boyle's sudden death, and though the attendance at the house was limited to invited guests, the cemetery containing the family vault was filled with those who were more eager to get sight of the new heir than to honor the departed.

Russell had been invited to remain at Wendover's till after the funeral, which invitation of course included Alice. Not that their presence was desired, but from motives of policy. They would be less observed, would cause less remark than if they remained at the hotel. But while Mrs. Wendover was inclined to be kind, the others were so coldly polite that but little was seen of Alice and her grandfather except at meals.

Morse returned to his boarding place in town, but he called at Wendover's on Saturday and had a long talk with Russell upon the situation.

"I am satisfied that they intend to contest your claim, and we must be prepared for it," he said.

"I do not see how they can with any hope of success," replied Russell.

"Neither do I, or should not, did I not know the power of wealth, and the determined character of Col. Boyle," said Morse.

"Who has the unsigned will?" was Russell's next question.

"Blake has it. I saw him this morning and he gave it to me to read. If there was no property in the case no one would dispute the evidence there given. It is full and complete, so far as the fact of a previous marriage is concerned, and of the birth of a child. Your mother's name is given, and the dates, together with the name under which he married her, and which he says he, for private reasons, assumed. He calls you Edward Bond Boyle, now known as Edward Russell."

"Is it in father's handwriting?"

"It is not, but he had read it, assented to it, and taken up his pen to sign it, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Col."

"Who gave Blake the data from which he drew up the will?" continued Russell, or Bond Boyle.

"Blake says your father sent it to him by a fellow by the name of Brown, who has been staying there for awhile back, but left the other day."

"In his own handwriting, or did Brown give the information verbally?"

"It is in the Major's handwriting, which is proof that Brown did not concoct the story," said Morse, with a queer sort of smile.

"And why should they think that?"

"Oh, I think that they think he was a fictitious sort of character," and again that queer smile, but Bond Boyle was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice it. Receiving no reply, Morse continued:

"If they attempt to fight your claim, Mr. Boyle, they will assert that because of your father's wealth, and your likeness to the family, there is a conspiracy to obtain a portion of it."

Russell started as if he had received an electric shock upon being called Mr. Boyle, and then smiled as he realized the situation.

"It's your name, sir, and it is time we commenced calling you by it," said Morse, noticing the start.

"What did you say had become of Brown?" was the next question.

"I said he had gone away, but I think he can be found

when wanted."

Russell was silent for some minutes; at length he remarked: "Law is a queer thing."

"Law is a complicated piece of machinery, Mr. Boyle, but it is the only channel through which you can get your rights if they are contested."

After another silence, Russell, or Boyle, said: "I had about as soon take what I have and go away as to attempt to get my rights by law."

"You may not have to appeal to the law, sir; we will hope for the best, even while preparing for the worst, but you are not the only one to be considered," said Morse earnestly, "you have children and grandchildren, and they have rights, even if you do not care on your own account."

"That is true, Mr. Morse, and for their sakes I shall not yield, unless I must." He spoke firmly for he remembered the privations that poverty had inflicted upon himself and family, even till his wife, worn out with the struggle, had sunk into the grave. And there were things of later date, too late to be forgotten, that added to the intensity of his feelings, things of which the reader will be informed further on.

Morse sat awhile longer but finding that Russell did not seem inclined to talk further, left with a promise to call on Monday, the day after the funeral.

"And bring lawyer Blake with you," said Russell.

"I shall be sure to do that," was the reply.

On Monday morning about ten o'clock, as Col. Boyle and his wife, and Judge and Mrs. Wendover were in the back parlor discussing the situation, there was a ring at the door, and presently Myrtle ushered in lawyer Blake and detective Morse.

"Show the gentlemen this way," said the Judge divining their purpose, and desiring to prevent their having any talk with their unwelcome guest first.

"Thanks, but we will see Mr. Bond Boyle first," said Morse, as they proceeded to that gentleman's room.

"Mr. Bond Boyle, we will see about that," said the Judge, and the Col. actually shook with rage.

"Control yourself, Edward, or you will say something that had better be left unsaid," said his sister warningly.

"You see that you don't say something that had better be left unsaid," was the curt retort, and then: "We shall doubtless learn now what are the contents of that precious will."

"And I hope its provisions will be carried out the same as if it had been signed, I can never forget father's look when he found he could not complete his work," said Mrs. Wendover.

"You women know how to play the fool; give up to a beggar one-third of an estate worth over a million, never," growled the angry man.

"Oh, Edward, don't; father hardly cold in his grave and we regardless of his last wishes, you surely do not mean it."

"You will find that I do mean it, madam."

"Hush, they are coming," said Mrs. Boyle, or Mrs. Col. Boyle, as she was called by the obsequious toadies of society.

Judge Wendover politely bowed the three gentlemen in and gave them seats, and after an exchange of remarks upon the weather Mr. Blake said:

"Friends, it is customary in cases like this, where a will has been made, to read it to the assembled relatives, after the funeral of the deceased, and though in this instance death stepped in and prevented the completion of the work, I presume that you have no objection to hearing what the wishes of your late father were."

"Certainly not, please proceed," said the Judge.

Blake read the document slowly, slightly emphasizing that portion which explained the Major's first marriage, and the birth of his eldest son, also the statement, after making a few trifling bequests, that the balance of his estate should be divided between his three children, Edward Bond Boyle, Edward French Boyle, and Sarah Boyle Wendover.

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

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.

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

THE NEW BOOK

Is now ready. L. W. is vain enough to think it THE BOOK of her life—THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, OR THE THREE-FOLD POWER OF SEX—136 pages, good paper, paper-lined covers, price 50 cts. This with Occult Forces of Sex, price 50 cents, and A Sex Revolution, price 25 cents—the three for \$1. Send for them, please.

DEAR MRS. W.:—After reading your books, (recently purchased) Mrs. S. and I declare they are the best part of our library, and we have benefited very much by reading of them. You are doing a great work. Yours very truly,
REINHOLD STARKE.
Junction City, Kan. Sep. 11, '93.

We quote the following:—

ED. LUCIFER:—Books ordered received. The world is hungering for just such literature as "The Occult Forces of Sex." * * *

A. A. GRATIGNY.
Barnesville O. Sep. 5-'93.

Those who, with this issue of F. P., receive the back numbers will understand that some friend has subscribed for them unless otherwise informed. In any event there will be no bills sent.

DON'T YOU DARE! Talk Back to a Senator!

One working man did it and is now—say there! may I tell it?—will you put me in prison if I do, as you did Mr. Harman for telling what the bad man did?—No reply; busy somewhere else—well—I'll venture. Senator MacLelland said of a bill to shorten the hours of a day's labor on railroads to ten, that it came from Labor Tramps who do not want to work.

William McNair, working man interested in the bill, sent the Senator the following on a postal card and he has been sentenced to four months in Ludlow Street Jail, New York City, and fined \$500. The card:

"SENATOR MACCLELLAND:—

Attached is a newspaper clipping of the 13th inst., and as an American citizen and honest workingman, which

"Who wrote that will?" asked the Col.

"I did, sir."

"Upon what authority?"

"The authority of your father's written request, sir."

"Can we see the same?"

"I have an exact copy of it here, as impressed on copying paper; the original can be produced, if it becomes necessary," and taking a folded paper from his pocket, he handed it to his questioner.

The Col. took it, looked it over, and handed it to the Judge, who also read it and was about to return it to Blake when his wife reached her hand for it.

"I think I have some interest in this matter," she remarked, as she scanned the paper closely.

"You certainly recognize your father's handwriting," said Blake.

"I do, sir," she replied.

Could either her brother or her husband have annihilated her with a look it would have been done just then. "You will please remember, Mrs. Wendover, that you are not on the witness stand," said the Col. in a tone that expressed as much wrath as controlled effort could give.

"And shall never be called there in connection with this matter, if my father's wishes can be carried out," she replied with a smile.

"The question to be decided is: are you willing that the provisions of that will shall be carried out, the same as if it had been signed," said Bond Boyle, speaking for the first time.

"Had the will been signed we should still require proof that you are the Edward Bond Boyle spoken of in the will. The fact that you look like the family does not satisfy us," said the Judge, while the Col. remained silent.

"You mean to say that this question shall be tested in the courts?"

They both bowed.

"Very well; then you have only yourselves to blame if I insist on my rights in full; come, gentlemen, let us go."

"Your rights in full, what do you mean by that!" exclaimed the Col., starting to his feet.

"Wait a moment," said Morse, "perhaps it will be better if they understand the situation fully."

"As you will, sir; I am entirely willing to carry out my father's wishes, but if they will not, it takes the responsibility from my shoulders." Morse then turned to the others and said:

"Pardon me, please, for what I have to say, but I have been looking up this case for some time, and—"

"Under whose pay?" asked the Judge.

"I am not on the witness stand, sir, but I am fully satisfied that this gentleman is Edward Bond Boyle, your father's eldest son. There is also evidence to show that being falsely informed, but fully believing that the information was true, Major Boyle married his second wife while the first was yet living, and that complicates the case, you know."

"You mean to tell us that my sister and myself are not lawful heirs," said the Col., "well, this is cool, what shall be done, Judge, with such a pair of lunatics?"

"The first thing to be done is to ask them to leave my house and never enter it again," replied the Judge, stepping to the door and throwing it open, "Mr. Blake, will you please remain, I wish to have some conversation with you."

"I am sorry, but you will please excuse me, I have business elsewhere, now; some other time I shall be at your service," and he bowed himself out with the others.

As the door closed upon the occupants of the parlor they looked at each other as if to ask: "What next?"

"This is astounding," the Judge finally remarked.

"Better to have carried out father's wishes, there is enough for us all," said his wife.

"Oh, you know very well that your father has been in his dotage for years; its all nonsense, this sentimental bosh about carrying out his wishes," was the impatient reply.

"You are troubling yourselves about nothing," said the Col., "can't you see that if they were sure of proving what they claim, they would not have offered to abide by the unsigned will. Trust a beggar not to accept a part when he knows he can have the whole, and you will find yourselves mistaken. I am satisfied that the whole thing is a conspiracy; the man may be my father's son, but not by marriage."

"Would you advise that they be arrested for conspiracy?"

"Not now, Judge; I would watch and wait. Let him, or them, show their hands; Russell is not alone in this matter; he never would have thought of such a thing, had he not been prompted by some wiser head."

The Judge pondered awhile, and then said: "You may be right, but this thing of the will looks queer."

"Oh, that can be handled if we manage rightly; I for one, shall spare neither time nor money to defeat their game."

"I should like to know who that Brown was," continued the Judge; "he certainly knew, or knew of many of the old man's old acquaintances, and I believe it is through his being here that all this has come about."

"Well, keep cool, and in time you will find out."

"You seem to have gotten over your excitement, Col.," said his wife.

"Big things always cool me off, Mrs. Boyle; it is the little things which irritate; but why don't you say 'Edward French Boyle?'" imitating the lawyer's tone and manner.

"I am glad you have settled down to work, Ed, and I hope you will keep a cool head all the way through," said the Judge.

"I shall keep cool enough to manage this affair, you can rest assured; there is more than one way to carry one's point."

When he said this, the expression upon his face was such that his sister shuddered, but the Judge laughed and said: "You look so savage, Ed, you frighten the women."

The next day they were legally notified that Edward Bond Boyle, formerly known as Edward Russell, as the son, and only legal heir of the late Major Edward Boyle, claimed the estate of his father, and that they were requested to deliver up the same to said Edward Bond Boyle, to have and to hold as his own, or to show sufficient cause for not so doing.

"We will show cause, never fear," said the Judge, who had been in consultation with his brother-in-law nearly the whole night.

They were both very angry when they learned of the withdrawal of the money from the bank, but there was no help for it. The bank officers held the order for so doing in the Major's own handwriting, and it was useless for them to even pretend to say that he was not competent to manage his own business, when he had done so till the very last without protest from them.

Mrs. Wendover said nothing, but she secretly rejoiced that her newly found brother had secured even that much.

CHAPTER IX.

GOVERNMENT MAKING ANARCHISTS.

When our trust is betrayed by the highest power in the land; when government fails to stand by its pledges to its citizens, not political parties, but the government itself, how long can confidence in its institutions be retained?

Two years had passed since Charles Russell and his two neighbors had begun to talk of going to Iowa; all was in good shape for the coming winter, and their hopes for the future were high, when there began to be ugly rumors of an English claimant to their land.

The men laughed at first. "The idea," they said, "that an Englishman's claim would be good against United States' papers."

True, they had not their patents yet, but they had papers which entitled them to patents, when they had fulfilled the conditions, and which they were doing as fast as possible—surely, there was no danger.

It was thus they reasoned, but still, they could not feel quite so cheerful as though the report had not gone abroad. During the long winter evenings following, many a discussion was held in the houses of those who were interested in this question, and there were hundreds of such.

"How came the Englishman by his claim?"

"Bought it of the railroad company."

"But how came the Company by it?"

"A grant from the United States for building a road."

"Where is the road?"

"They never built it."

"Then what was the grant worth? nothing of course."

"Well, they sold their claim to this Englishman, it seems."

"And much good will it do him; the land has been declared open for settlement, and a pretty government it would be that would give us papers that it wouldn't back!"

And so they talked, and talked, and kept up their courage, but still, there was a heart sinking that they could not quite overcome. At length winter was over; the birds began to sing, the grass grew green, the flowers opened their eyes to look at the sun, and the whole landscape was a thing of beauty, while in the home of Charles Russell still brighter hopes were upspringing. Death had taken all of their children but Alice, but now Life had promised to bring them another.

All the love and tenderness that both Alice and her father had to bestow were now centered upon Lucy, and everything possible was done for her comfort and happiness.

The ugly rumors died away, and the work of subduing the earth went prosperously on. Summer had come; the harvest was plentiful, but with it came the order to leave their homes.

"Leave! never!" such were the feelings of the hundreds who were making themselves homes there. "They had paid their fees to the United States government, and held its pledges, and surely, it was strong enough to protect them," so they kept at work and paid no attention to the imperious mandate.

Still another order, and still they remained, but sent word to the proper officers asking for protection. "Had it been a capitalist asking for soldiers to shoot down rebellious workmen, the 'blue coats' would have been sent in double quick time, but as it was only honest toilers asking to be protected against an English nabob, no attention was paid to their request," said an eye witness while relating the outrages which occurred.

Soon the officers came, came armed with legal papers, and backed by shooting irons, and out of the homes their toil had made, off from the lands that their hands had cultivated, into the highway, homeless and shelterless, were driven two hundred and twenty families of American citizens, driven from what the United States had declared to be the people's lands, and for titles to which they had all received government assurance, and for which they had paid the required fees to United States officers.

"Surely, the whole country will rise in arms. The church north, which claims the credit of destroying chattel slavery, will speak out in unmistakable tones of condemnation. The eighty thousand ministers of our country will send in an echoing cry through the entire land; listen! Not a sound. Is the nation dead?"

Such, we might imagine to have been the feelings of the men, as with their wives and children, they fled before the American spaniels of England's power.

"Not true," do you say? It is a matter of history that scores of living witnesses can verify. Listen to what one of them says:

"Men were run down with horses, hand-cuffed, and with their families, dragged off their lands. Women within a few days of confinement, have been, in the absence of their husbands, left in the midst of their household goods, farming implements, etc., sitting in the highway."

"Where were the ministers?" ask the innocent, the trusting ones who believe that they denounce all wrong.

Some of them were petitioning the governor of Illinois not to prevent the hanging of the men who had been telling the people of too many such outrages, to make it very safe to continue them if the mouths of such men were not closed.

But we are so constituted that we cannot take in and realize such vast suffering en masse; it stuns, benumbs the cords of feeling till they refuse to act; so we come back to our friends, Russell, Reid and Smith,

We have listened to their plans before leaving their friends in the east; we have followed them on their journey, and have seen them settled in their new homes; we have watched their efforts to conquer the difficulties of the situation, and have rejoiced in their success; and now, alas! we must see them put into the street by "the strong arm of the law." Law! what mockery! and yet, we are a law abiding people, and, "that's what's the matter." The links of law bind Justice hand and foot, and we are too servile, too apathetic, to set her free.

Our boys could not be made to believe that the government would not sustain its pledges, and so, with the others, paid no attention to the warnings sent, but kept right on with their work till the evicting process had actually commenced. Lucy's delicate situation had caused them all to say as little as possible of anything of the kind in her presence. She had not been told of the warnings sent. It was a mistaken kindness, for, had she known sooner, she would have rallied to meet the emergency.

But a few days before her expected confinement, word came that a few miles away people were being put out of their houses, some of which were good buildings, and they, too, had each added a room built of boards to the sod rooms they had first erected. The invaders were bearing down in that direction and would soon be there, and what was to be done?

Lucy must be told; it could be put off no longer. Charles went to his home with this intent, but when he entered the room that had been built for her sake, and saw it so neatly arranged, saw the evidences of her taste in every part, and thought of what they were expecting, man that he was, he

sank into the nearest chair and burst into tears.

"Oh, Charles, what is the matter!" she exclaimed, dropping the bit of dainty work she held, and springing to his side, "have you had bad news, are some of our friends dead?"

"Yes, I have had bad news, wife," he said, controlling his voice as well as he could, "and we must bear it as best we can, but our hope of having a home is gone!"

She looked at him with wide open eyes, unable to take in his meaning.

"The Englishman is stronger than the United States," he continued, "he claims this land and we must give it up."

"Give it up," she repeated.

"Yes, we are to be turned out upon the street, they have already commenced putting families out at the other end of the settlement."

She gave one quick glance about the room, and the next instant sank in a dead faint at his feet.

"Now God curse this English ridden government!" he exclaimed, as he gathered her in his arms and laid her upon the bed.

Alice, who was out upon the prairie gathering flowers, saw her father go to the house, and wondering what had brought him home at that time of day, came running home. She reached the door just as her father laid her mother upon the bed, and seeing her so white and still, believed her dead, and began to scream.

"Hush, child, or you will kill your mother," said he, as he hastened to apply restoratives.

"Then she isn't dead," said the girl with a hysterical sob.

"No, she isn't dead, but she will die if we are not very careful."

This steadied Alice, and she was, from then on, as thoughtful and careful as a woman of years and experience. Mr. Russell worked faithfully for some minutes before his wife showed signs of consciousness, but she only came to herself to sink away again, and for more than two hours she hung between life and death. Finally the fainting spells ceased, but she lay as helpless as a child, and as white as death.

Reid came in a few minutes after, and seeing Lucy's white face, divined the cause of her condition. "She knows it, then," he said.

"Yes, I came home as soon as I heard, and it has nearly killed her," replied Russell, in low tones.

Well, we are in the street, and they have gone to Smith's; they will be here next."

"So soon," was Russell's only response, glancing toward the bed.

"Yes, it will not be long; Gertrude feared you hadn't heard, and she made me come up to look after Lucy."

"They will not put her into the street," said he, looking toward his wife.

"They will do anything, yes, if she were a corpse, they would not stop; they say we have had time enough, and now they shall make clean work of it."

Russell set his teeth and clenched his fists, but said not a word, while Reid continued: "We must stay out of doors to-night, all of us, and we must find some place where we can camp together, and we will make her as comfortable as we can."

Here a word from the bed called their attention. It was the single word: "Charles," he was by her side in a moment.

"What is it, Lucy?"

"Have they put the others out?"

"Gertrude and the children are out, and the men have now gone to Smith's."

"Are the horses in the stable?"

"They are."

"Then take me to Gertrude, I cannot stay here and meet them."

The men looked at each other: "It will be better said Reid," and so the horses were harnessed as quickly as possible, a bed was put into the wagon, and Lucy carefully lifted on to it, but before they had time to make all ready they saw the home despoilers coming.

"Take her away Reid, before they get here," said Russell, hastily gathering up a few things from her room and putting them into the wagon, "go, Alice, with your mother, I will stay and meet the devils."

"Do nothing rashly, Charles," said Reid, as he picked up another bundle and sprang into the wagon.

"Not while she lives," was the reply.

Alice, in the meantime had seated herself where she could take her mother's head upon her lap. Reid put his bundle on the seat beside him and they were off, but he dared not drive fast because of Lucy's condition, and they were not out of hearing when the work at the house com-

Continued on seventh page.

I can prove, permit me to ask you in reply, did you ever earn an honest dollar in your life by honest labor? If you have you should be ashamed of yourself as a public servant to make use of such language against the unfortunate and honest railroad employees whose interest is centered in that bill. May I ask how much have the railroads promised you for such action? No doubt you will reply and say 'it is none of my business.' But later on it will be my business. WILLIAM MCNAIR, No. 205 Avenue C. [New York.]

What do you think, kind reader? In my opinion, a man who will use the law to fine and imprison another man for thus replying to such an attack upon his class would make a good successor to Torquemada. And, in my opinion, the government that enacts a law which can be thus misapplied, the court that acts upon it, and the officers who execute it have all lost their title to respect.

REMEMBER, Please:

The story we are publishing is well worth the price of the paper for a year, 50 cents, and every subscription commences with the first number, so you will get all the story.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES with the story running through it makes a good missionary document. Those who will use it for that purpose can have three copies one year for a dollar. In this issue one can readily see how Anarchists are made, so far as repudiating unjust governments is concerned. Once give the people a just one and they will stand by it as long as grass grows or water runs.

Will not some one analyze Grover Cleveland's reply to General Weaver? To tell men in their condition that they must fight for their rights in the state courts is as insulting as to ask a hungry man why he don't eat cake if he can't get bread, or to tell a man at Oklahoma who is perishing with thirst that there is water in lake Michigan.

"Find enclosed \$5. for which please send me as many of your new book as you can afford at wholesale price, and if I cannot sell them I will give them away. I am nearly through my 81st year, but I shall work as long as I can."

Thus writes our venerable brother, John A. Jost of Ogden, Utah. Just the way he has been doing ever since I have known him, which is since '80.

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.

Don't get the impression that when you lead a good, unselfish life, and are thereby blessed by a life fairly free from trouble, that a being called "God" is sitting on the tail end of a cloud paying special attention to your personal affairs and regulating them; for if you do, you will be mistaken. The happy condition of your life is the result of the actions dictated by your inner consciousness, which is all the "God" there is to enter into your life, Occultism.

Foundation Principles.

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FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

LOIS WAISBROOKER EDITOR.
TERMS, 50 Cents PER YEAR.

**We Hold It As A
Foundation Principle**

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

MOTHERHOOD.

The word involves so much; and yet, so far as pertains to the religious teaching we have received, we are motherless. "Father God" is continually presented to us as the legitimate and authoritative object of worship and obedience, but not a word of a Mother with divine attributes.

The Mother is coming however. She is rising out of the ignorance and servility of the past preparatory to taking her rightful place.

But to take it, she must make it; Man has no place for woman only as she can serve him. Now, her work as mother is not considered. For the most part, she must conceive and bring forth in the stables of animalism. The law protects the husband in his marital rights and children come as a second, no, third consideration, if considered at all; the wife's happiness stands second, must give place to mere passion demand.

No, man has not, neither can he make a place for woman as Mother. She must do this for herself; and to this end she must question every institution of his making, must find its bearing upon her work as Mother of the race.

Read the letters in this issue of F. P. Mark how even the devotedly religious are repudiating past teaching as to masculine supremacy and demanding freedom for woman. "Woman must be free, must have the control of her own person." Such is the cry that comes from advancing womanhood, and when she is truly free and motherhood rightly honored we shall begin to understand what purity means.

What do I mean by woman's being free?

I mean that never, under any possible conditions shall woman's person be legally subject to man; I mean that all conditions, all institutions which tend to make woman yield from any other feeling than that of reciprocal desire must be changed; I mean that unwilling concession as a wife not only wrongs the unborn, but wrongs the man who claims it; I mean that when the subtle forces of sex life are better understood a man will as soon take fire into his bosom as an unwilling woman.

In each of the letters published in this issue there is, directly or indirectly, a prayer for a more full breathed freedom than present conditions can give. I read between the lines of them all much that is not expressed, and there are points in each that only need to be taken up and enlarged upon to become

very instructive. Mothers, read carefully, then give us your ideas, ask questions, criticize, send in personal experiences, anything to call out thought. The boy who has a way of his own is helping to do this to say the least, and since reading 'The Mother's Story' I feel inclined to think he may turn out to be a pretty good man after all.

True, a mother's estimate of her child may sometimes be taken with a grain of allowance, but it is equally true that another may go somewhat too far the other way.

With the letters from mothers, there comes one from a father who believes largely in discipline, and seems inclined to charge mothers with being too lenient. He does not say so in so many words, but one can read between the lines here also. Strictness, rigid discipline, may succeed with those who have that kind of heredity, but not so well as formerly, for "old things" are passing away, but to one whose heredity and early training were quite the opposite, such discipline would be likely to have a crushing tendency, or it might bring out the the worst instead of the best traits of character.

Some children while developing into manhood or womanhood manifest traits that disappear when fully settled in the new phase of life.

They are restless, erratic, crave they know not what, moral sense confused and more from physical than from moral causes, conflicting lines of heredity struggling for supremacy—sometimes they are, for the time, stupid, inert, ambitionless. Now, however carefully we may watch them, it is not always best to take too much notice of such idiosyncracies.

But right here it is well to remember that while dealing with children we have our own heredity to contend with, and our cool reason often approves a course which we fail to carry out. The writer of these lines, holding her heredity from those who believed that sparing the rod spoils the child, the more they loved me the more they tried to whip my faults out of me, and contending with this kind of impression upon my plastic years, though philosophically convinced that severity is not the best method, I often find myself using a sword with both tongue and pen where carefully chosen words considerably used would have a much better effect.

I am acquainted with some men, really good men, who in theory, and in their belief in themselves, are the sustainers of the equality of men and women, but who, notwithstanding, often manifest, unconsciously to themselves, the spirit of masculine domination, and the difficulty is, such people are so likely to be misunderstood, their best intentions interpreted from the worst standpoint.

"They love us but know not how to tell it."

They take the wrong way and repel instead of attracting.

As to rigid discipline, one of the best young ladies of my acquaintance tells me she has an indistinct remembrance of being punished by her mother once when very young, but that otherwise she never received a blow in her life, but the mother,

has forgotten the matter and says the girl is mistaken. Extra good naturally? No. She has a disposition that if severely disciplined, she would either be crushed or become a veritable virago.

A few days since a white haired mother said to me of her youngest daughter who now has children of her own: "I never laid a command upon her in my life. My wishes were always expressed as requests, and no mother need to ask for a kinder, more loving daughter"

I know of others who can say the same, and these examples are not lacking in force of character and are above the average intellectually. So my friend who urges discipline as more than heredity will please pardon me if I decidedly differ with him in opinion.

One instance of undesirable traits disappearing when the transition period was fully past—When about thirteen years of age I had a friend who at times annoyed me exceedingly. This was particularly true if we were to go somewhere when her work was done, for I could not hurry her in the least and she was sure to delay us by her slow, moping ways. Lazy, careless, indifferent, was the judgment pronounced upon her. So far as work was concerned I was considered by far the most promising girl, but five years afterward she would work right away from me—could do more and do it well than I could think of trying to do.

In this issue of F. P. I publish letters for which I may be criticized but do they not contain needed lessons? If the sex question could be freely discussed with a view to the highest and best life, such abominations as are indicated in our young friend's letter under the name of "Adamite" would find no place.

Why do they not go back and try to live as did the apes and monkeys of ancient times? They, according to the laws of evolution, are our more remote ancestry. Suppose we found an Order of Apeites, or Monkeyites? Indeed, we have a plenty of them now, only they are not called by that name.

In the wife who preferred the straw stack to her husband's demands, we are shown the covered up misery of thousands of women, and what kind of motherhood can result from such conditions?

In Mrs. Stewart I see a growing, spiritually developing woman, lengthening her chains but not quite ready to break them. Whatever she may think of her special place and work, she demands that motherhood shall be free from masculine domination. So much, so good.

When the specialties of a narrow theology built upon personal Gods and Christs, give place to a perception of the universal, we who may have imagined that we were of some special importance—"chosen from the womb," will realize that there is such a thing as the organ of self-esteem getting feverish.

"Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely, sobers it again."

Mrs. Taylor's article is very suggestive; and again I say, I hope that "personal experiences" will be given, ideas enunciated, and all that can make "Talks with Mothers"

interesting will continue to be sent in. There is much more that I would like to say but space forbids—yes, one thing more at the risk of becoming tiresome.

Mrs. Chandler in her excellent article of last month spoke of the mother taking the responsibility of transmitting to her child, not only her own heredity but that of the father. Right here is where woman's power would come in were she free and could command conditions.

Her loves, her aspirations, rightly directed and properly stimulated would overcome such heredity as might be undesirable, whether it were from her own ancestry or the father's. In that power lies the hope of the race. Love, the love of the beautiful and the true, thus glorified in and through Motherhood, becomes the Redeemer.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.

The Mother's Story.

Mrs. LOIS WAISBROOKER:—I have never seen you personally, but have known of you through your writings and good friends, since I was a school girl in Wis. And I know, too, you have been working all these years, not for aggrandizement, but for the good that you can do. In F. P. No. 2, "Talks with Mothers," you ask for help to throw light on "Why the mother failed to make of her child what she desired." Here the truth is but half told, and I am glad you do not try to solve a problem until you get at the "Foundation Principles."

As to heredity, I am the first girl, and my mother tells me a welcome one. Mother is English descent, and it goes without saying, that she had a WILL, was ambitious in having plenty to supply physical wants and high aspirations. Need I say that she loved her children better than herself—for they were first in her thoughts, and are still.

My father was of Irish, Scotch, and Holland descent. He not only planned for physical wants, but supplied his home with the literature of advanced thought.

I read the Phrenological Journal with more interest than any other work when a mere child.

Next in turn came "The Banner of Light," Andrew J. Davis' works, your own and others of like tone.

My parents gave the family a good, liberal education. When about 21 years old I gave up school teaching and took a companion, James N.—, aged 24 years. The name tells that he was of English descent, this on the father side, but Scotch and English on the mother side. We started in life together with limited means.

After harmoniously working together for better conditions for more than five years, our desire for a child still increasing, until we said "We must have a child." From the moment of her conception I loved and blessed her. I was impatient even to look at my darling. Yes! every pain was a pleasure, for, was I not to be recompensed? I had not taken upon myself the great responsibility of motherhood without a careful consideration, and I also looked for help from my dear, kind husband.

But to my great surprise, he came in the back room one day with a young lamb, then called to me to help bind up its broken leg. In an instant I called to mind a mother who bound up, and cared for a duck with a broken leg—the result I had seen—a boy with club feet—I knew the grief of that mother as time after time she went to the surgeon to cut and shackle those feet—but all in vain. I have seen that boy some ten years old, going through the deep mud on his knees, when he could not walk on his crippled feet, and enter the church.

All this came to my mind. I said in a manner that startled my husband, and even brought tears in his eyes: "James! I should not think you would ask me to do such a thing!!!"

From that moment I resolved that I must rely upon Self. Some months after this I

went with my husband to listen to a scientific lecture. On the walls hung phrenological charts and pictures; on the rostrum was a human skeleton, a manikin, and skulls. My husband sat upon my left, a cousin on my right, mother and aunt in front. I noticed mother and aunt whispering. Then mother turned round, saying to me, "I did not think you would come here!" I made no reply. But I thought "I came here to learn, not to gratify curiosity."

After the lecture, to please the mass a panorama was displayed, representing different characters from the intellectual to the idiotic. When the last named appeared, my cousin jerked, hitting me, mother and aunt looked at me. I was unmoved. I had not been looking at what they had become excited about. I found faces on the wall and in the audience to interest me.

I had made up my mind to depend upon myself.

I was fond of music, also of artistic work. When this child was born she was more individualized than I am at this time. She was an artist and musician. When a tiny babe would coo the tune with her father or with me. When a little past five years old she came in from play with her brother and said: "Mamma! I am about to die!" She had asked many questions I could not answer, but never talked of death. I was struck nearly speechless, yet knowing her love for me was such that a sigh would distress her; I tried to smile, then said: "Oh! no, my precious, you are not going to leave mamma." She went out again to play, and I hoped she would forget, but I could not.

The spirit took its flight in less than two days.

Now, as to my boy. When my first born was about fifteen months old, I became aware that I was to give birth to another child before I had gained strength and vitality. This grieved me, though I tried to be cheerful and to do all I could to make this child what I desired a child to be. But I did not love this child as I did my first one. I lived, too, in a different neighborhood, on a farm, and was my own maid servant. In this neighborhood were good, kind people, but I could not enter into their ways of enjoyment, so contrary to the way in which I found enjoyment.

One neighbor was very much interested in a story paper, and would send me large packages to read. I only looked at the pictures in one paper and knew that I did not want to read them, so put them away, then after a time returned them, when she would send me another grist. She was a woman much older than I was at that time. I spent a little time each day reading general news. I liked Prof. Swing's sermons and Grace Greenwood's writings, also read Truth Seeker, Banner of Light, and good instructive books.

You ask, "was she submissive, yielding her wishes to his, or refuse to be intruded upon against her wish?" My boy's father NEVER in one instance, intruded himself upon me. He was in every sense a good, kind husband. He was generous and mirthful; and always provided my purse with money without the asking. He had confidence in me, and invited his friends to visit with his wife, saying with pride, "she can interest you."

Six months after the death of my darling girl, my dear husband followed, leaving me only my boy, not yet three years old. In my grief I had forgotten him, when he spoke these words of comfort, just the words to call me back to the realities of life—"Mamma, I'll take care of you. I'll get you lots of pretty dresses." Oh! how I felt my weakness. That babe was thinking of caring for me. I must live for my child.

What could I do, home all broken up? I sought new conditions, and at each turn found great difficulty in having the surroundings for our child that we had hoped for. Even before the birth of our children we had talked about "how can we educate our children?" "Our public schools are schools of vice," said my husband.

Again I went to school to brighten up my faculties before teaching, for I must keep my boy under my own care. I tried living out on the farm away from city influences; it seemed a dull, stupid way to live. Then I tried town life, where he might get larger views of life. I will pass over, until I came to this place, away from

railroads, away from mines, away from saloons, where colleges and churches rule, but now, how do I find it?

My quiet boy is getting almost rude under school influences. I visit the public school, had it been the Reform School I should have felt grieved at the conduct I witness while there.

Then I try the college, and learned something more. This boasting of its christian influences, away from city vices, draws from the cities those only, whose parents seek to put their vicious youth under christian discipline. Such boys, with plenty of their father's money to spend, cause others to feel uneasy because they must earn their own. I have said in all earnestness, that the dormitory here is far worse than an open saloon.

The college influences are not what I hoped they were. One of our professors is more interested in inducing students to buy bicycles, he being agent, and to make large profits outside of good salary. At one time he forgot to attend his class. He was in the park riding his bicycle.

If you can gather any points from this for usefulness, do as you think best.

Yours for JUSTICE, + *

Glad to see the "Talks."

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—I am so glad to see in your paper a column devoted to "Talks with Mothers." If all the "mothers" among your readers would relate some of their real experiences, tell the effect on them of the treatment they have been subjected to from their marital companions, it might help to open the eyes of husbands to the great amount of misery that is caused by their selfishness. That raising better children depends very greatly on treating their mothers considerately.

Children may be what their mothers make them, but they surely are not always what their mothers wish them to be. I have known quite a good many cases similar to the one given in No. 2. May not heredity on the father's side, together with outside influences which surrounded that mother, have overbalanced her desires of what she wanted her child to be? I would want to know more of the conditions attending her during the time of gestation, before I could decide in my own mind, the why of the result as stated.

I would like to tell you of the experiences of a dear friend of mine. She was brought up in a home where unkind words were never allowed to be spoken, and each was considerate of the others feelings, was refined and sensitive for the feelings of others as well as her own. When she married she determined that if her home was not a happy one, it should not be her fault. Her husband was an honorable man, and above the average intellectually, but they were not mated.

In her nature the affectional predominated, in his, the sexual, and by his selfish demands on her, within a few years he had chilled the love she had felt for him till there was no response at all, and sometimes a feeling of almost loathing at his love (?) advances. Oh, how wrong it is for a man to importune a woman to grant his desires when there is no response in her own nature to meet it. She so often submits just for the sake of peace and to try to retain the love that her husband claims to feel for her.

That was the way this woman did. She did not want to be selfish and have her own way altogether. She wanted to be worthy in every way of the best love of her friends; she was aspiring, too, and how earnestly she desired her children to be all that her fondest hopes might dictate. But what was

the result! She had too proud a nature to quarrel, so submitted to injustice, neglect, and sometimes abuse, rather than make a bad enough matter worse by contention. The children kept them together.

Dare I tell of one instance of the abuse she experienced, (would to Heaven there were none such to tell!) after repeated attempts to induce her to submit to his desires, he finally undertook to use force; she frantically eluded him and left the bed and the house. It seemed to her that her brain was on fire. She had gone to bed tired out with hard work (doing all the work for a family of six) and a nursing babe on her arm, with the one thought of rest on her mind, then to be awakened for something to her wretchedly unwelcome, she could not bring herself to submit.

Can any one who knows nothing of such things imagine what she felt when she sought refuge from her 'legal master' in a straw stack in a field near by, but her torture of mind was heightened by the presence and actions of their large dog who had followed her, and refused to go away and leave her alone.

At last, her brain almost crazed by the pressure upon it, she cried out in an agony of feeling, "oh, God, must I need be tortured by even the dogs." Then to rid herself of him she shut herself into an out-house, where soon afterward her husband came to seek her. And to his inquiry, if she was coming in soon, she replied as calmly as she could, that she would.

He never knew, nor could he know what she suffered during that night. After his passion was satisfied he could turn his back to her and go to sleep and rest, never thinking of the miserable hours spent by her at his side lying awake, thinking, thinking, thinking, when she so badly needed rest and refreshing sleep to prepare her for the demands on her physical strength during the day.

She longed for affection and sympathy; she received only what he called love. The children all inherited their strongest characteristics from the father.

How can a mother endow her child with self-reliance and other characteristics which her ideal would make them, when she is obliged to submit to the will of another! Heaven speed the day when it will everywhere be considered a crime for any one to impose upon a woman who is to become a mother, is the prayer of—

Yours for human progress. * *

"Why is it so?" again.

MRS. LOIS W.:—Dear Friend of Humanity. I read carefully the article, "Why is it so?" I will give you my ideas on the subject. My impression is this: that a mother's thoughts, while carrying her child, should dwell altogether on what she wants her child to be, leaving the not to be entirely out of the question.

And the diet required would depend altogether on the labor performed by the mother. Perhaps in her over-anxiety she deprived herself of nourishment her system required, and by so doing it reacted on her boy. And unless she was not in the habit of drinking tea, coffee, and strong stimulants, the very fact that she abstained from them at that particular time, would

again react on her unborn babe.

The writer says: "She lived for her child, restraining, in herself, all that she did not want developed in him." That word restraining brings up another thought. I contend this: We cannot firmly implant a character we do not possess. In other words, we must honestly be ourselves what we want our children to be.* Example is better than precept.

No mention is made of the father. Perhaps he, too, was "restraining" himself in the habit of cigar smoking or the moderate use of stimulants. Now we do know, that any habit formed, whether by man or woman, be it for tea, coffee, liquor or tobacco, when suddenly broken off, nature makes a strong demand that the habit be continued.

Surely, there is nothing mysterious in the effect such restraint would have on the babe: "under the mother's heart," as it is a part of her flesh and blood. Partaking of her every emotion.

I say most emphatically, no, a child is not "what its mother makes it," but what father and mother both make it. The writer also says: "The boy has no idea his 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."

These are the sentiments we hear expressed on every hand. In fact, it sounds quite natural. I can almost imagine myself a girl at home, and think I hear that oft-repeated question, "What do you, a woman, know about the subject?" It doesn't necessarily follow that this boy's father was that style of man. A boy imbibes so much from society. Can we expect our boys to show us proper respect, morally or otherwise, as long as society countenances men in the saying: "I'll go as far as a girl will let me." I believe in equal rights, and one code of morals for all. And until women demand and obtain this equality, there will be little progress in society.

Parents are in the habit of turning their boys and girls out utterly ignorant of all the laws of their being, thinking in their mock modesty, that ignorance is virtue. A fatal mistake that many can testify to.

Here, again, our boys and girls learn from the vile and low, that which should be taught them as pure and sacred; too pure to even be made a subject of joking or ridicule. We, as parents, must shoulder our responsibility in this respect, and not blame our failures upon Mother Eve or the devil, but bring them home where they belong, if we expect a boy to be "what his mother makes him."

I feel my inability to express myself, but I am so intensely interested in the uplifting of society, that sometimes I cannot refrain from trying to say a few words on the subject. Your books and paper are grand. May you be spared many years yet, to continue your great work, is the wish of your friend,

MRS. E. H. TAYLOR.

Abilene, Kans.

Worse than Dead.

DEAR MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Your communication of the 24th. inst. at hand. In reply will say that I have received two copies of your paper and like it very much. I would like to subscribe for it, yes, I would I were able to send you an occasional \$10.00, but what am I to do? I already take more papers than I possibly have time to

read. There is so much work to do on a farm and my mother not being well, the blunt of it falls upon my shoulders. We have lately had the great misfortune of losing a half-sister, that is, lost to the world inside the walls of the insane asylum—better, yea, a thousand times she were in her grave—and we have taken her two children to raise. This, in addition to our own family, gives me plenty of work to occupy my whole time and attention. This sister is a daughter of my mother's by her first husband (her father was insane some six months before his death and a nephew of his died in the asylum) and having inherited dyspepsia from my mother she has all her life had very poor health. She was unfortunate in her selection for a companion, a woman of fine feelings, social and intellectual herself, and her husband just the reverse, though a well respected citizen, a good provider and a kind father. I believe the hereditary tendencies would have been overcome had she had pleasant surroundings. Thus our terrible social evils are not novel, are not fancies with me, but an actual experience quite as impressive as though they were my own. I see the deadly effects of our Christian marriage system. I realize the bitterness and torture following the violation of the sex law. I see a blighted mother, a well-meaning though ignorant and heart-broken father, a broken family. Oh, who can measure the meaning of all this who has not actually experienced it!

But the world is full of such examples, and it is time the rising generations were taught to put their shoulders to the wheel and help roll humanity's car out of the mire of ignorance and death.

I am alone in my study of the reform questions. There are near me very few lady friends who are not astonished and mortified when I approach such a subject as sex slavery.

My most intimate associates are correspondents, and you will be pleased to know that in this way I have opened up avenues for discussion upon almost all lines of social and sex reforms. The extract from my letter to you, which you published in *Lucifer*, brought me letters from one young lady and two gentlemen. One man claims to be an Adamite, and I would be pleased, if you would care to do so, to have you explain to me what kind of a race or sect or society this is.

[I do not know.—Ed.]

As outlined by this man, it by no means meets with my approval. It seems to be a secret society where men and women, in a nude condition, meet together (I suppose in the same room) and associate together in almost every conceivable manner. He says, married women can meet men of the city elsewhere, secretly of course, and thus enjoy these associations unknown to their husbands. He was kind enough to ask me if I would like to join a society of this kind, and further asked if I would, at some future date, come East to join him.

Now you may possibly imagine how puzzled, how completely astounded I was. It did not strike me as being just the proper thing, nor does it seem to embody the first principle by which we are to work out this great problem of social and sex reform. I think it is only an evil to cover an evil, but of

course, as I said, I know nothing further about it, and I may have gotten entirely the wrong impression from his letter. But we ever find chaff among the wheat, and even if such a society really does exist, I am by no means discouraged because they call themselves sex-reformers.

I enjoy the reading in *Lucifer*, though many times I have to read when I should be in bed. Not far in the future I will send the name of another party, with amount of subscription for same, and will surely do what I can to secure subscribers for you. I have so little chance to see those whom I could probably induce to subscribe, that I cannot promise you many names. Just as soon as I get the means will send for more of your pamphlets to give to my friends. This is the most effective way to reach them.

Well, I have written you a long letter. I have thought so many times I would like to tell you of my situation and condition for study, and you see it is not very encouraging for a girl of my disposition. Here I work, work away feeling all the while I am wasting precious moments, yet do not know how to improve them to any better advantage. I ought not to feel thus, I know, for my father is old and I enjoy making his last days as pleasant as possible; but when I know the misery that is in the world, when I realize the pressing need for active workers, I get restless in spite of myself and think, oh, if I could only be fitting myself for higher work I could work content. But we must follow first where duty calls, making the most of the passing hours, and where there is a will, the opportunities will come. When you have time, for I know you are busy, too, I would be so pleased to have you write to me. I cannot but associate you with dear Carrie, and I love the memory of her so well.

Your loving friend, * * *

Another View.

MY DEAR MRS. W.:—Your letter was duly received. Thanks for the enclosed order. The book, "Perfect Motherhood," was secured and eagerly read. I have just laid it down and taken up my pen to fulfill your request—that I should write to you when I had read it.

The letter I shall write to you will probably seem strange; for even to me, the experiences that have come into my life, filling it with so much of romance, as well as tragedy, are a source of continual wonder. For instance, when I began to read your book, in its opening chapter, I found life lines begin to weave into your story, which run through the texture of my own life.

Down through all the years of my life I have felt an influence which came out from the Lyon family, of Mass. Nancy Lyon (sister, if I mistake not, of the founder of Holyoke School) married Rev. Jesse Purinton, who came out to western Pa., as pastor of the Smithfield Baptist church. His wife, Nancy Lyon, gathered me into her infant class as a Sunday school scholar, when but a very little child; and under the influence of her thrilling Bible stories, backed by all the earnestness and zeal of a devoted Christian character, my earliest aspiration to dare and do great things for humanity were awakened.

Then, again, as I read further, in the

words of Mrs. Raymond's letter to her cousin, Lucy Gray, I hear the very words of my dearly loved pastor, Jesse Purinton; who baptized me during that dreadful war, and who always declared it (the war) to be "the beginning of the end"—and so was my baptism.

This, no doubt, will seem to you a very bold claim for me to make, nevertheless I know it to be true—that as Jeremiah was called from his mother's womb, to be a prophet in Israel, even so, have I been called of God "according to his purpose:" and in my life has been completed the necessary soul experience which Mable Gray recognized as lacking in the life of the man—Jesus.

When I say this, I mean the travail of soul, which began in the life of the God—man—Jesus the Christ, has come down through all the ages and found its completed satisfaction, or experience, in the life of a woman. Please see Isaiah 53: 11, 12. In reading this passage of scripture, you will notice it is human soul knowledge, gained by experience that is the justifier and saviour of humanity. Jesus lived and died, as you say, "the result of conditions;" but *His* is the *Spirit* that is marching on to find triumph in the life of woman.

Please see Micah 4: 8 and compare with the 12th verse in the reference given above. Draw your comparison on the word "strong" and then turn to Isaiah, 1: 31, the strong here referred to is the feminine soul of man made perfect in Christ (see Jeremiah 50: 44). Until this could be accomplished, the triumph of the gospel of Jesus (as enunciated by himself in Luke 4: 17, 18, please read it) must wait; for the *man* is *not*, without the woman, in Christ.

To return to the book, I certainly read it with deep interest. You touch many questions of great import and lay bare some of the fallacies of our present social system: but it is in the discussion on "The New York Ministry" that you reach the bottom and uncover the fact that it is the domination of the masculine element in our civilization which is responsible for the oppression in our social system—not the Christian religion or any other religion, only, in so far as they support the domination of men over women.

This is a "new idea" to Mabel; but you make George say—"Yes, and it will keep until we are ready for it." Now, if, as you make Miss Hibbard say—"Your reforms amount to nothing and the whole system must be changed," why delay the attack upon the "root of the tree?"

Where is the root of the tree? It is not in the Christian religion, or in any other religion any more than it is outside of all religion. It is in the very nature of the masculine element of mankind—the love of rule from the love of self.

The subjection of woman by man is a curse upon humanity, under which every child of the race has been born. We are a race born of the act of self-gratification or selfishness. Among all people, of whatever nation or clime, the subjection of woman by man is the condition under which the race is generated. We are a race begotten in selfish gratification, and all oppression has its root and origin in that fact.

To change the social-system, we must change the *nature of the act* which begets us. This change is the *first es-*

sential condition of *perfect motherhood*.

How can human nature be changed? Please think along this line, and when my circular letter, to the Religious Congress, is ready, I will send you a copy. The letter is an emancipation proclamation. I belong to the church of "holy discontent," but it is by faith in Jesus the Christ that I have found the way of salvation. "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?"

In His name,

MARGARITA A. STEWART.

New York, Sept. 2nd, 1893.

* See Psalm 51: 5, 6.

[How is this? *Trusty* prisoners Infidel?—L. W.]

What is the Use?

Experience in Italy has likewise proved that tracts often prepare the way for the Bible. Our colporteurs and evangelists have distributed more than twenty thousand tracts, and sold a good many Testaments, Gospels and small evangelical books.—*J. H. Eager*, In "Facts About Italy."

We are prepared to credit the assertions of Mr. Eager with regard to Italy, but there are a few facts which we desire to notice. If the Gospel of Christianity is divinely intended to permeate the entire globe, is it not singular that we should be forced to send missionaries into Italy to sell Testaments, when Paul himself wrote much of the Testament while a prisoner at Rome, in this very Italy? With starvation and want staring us in the face at our very doors, must we continue to pay out good money to send Testaments to a land where the testament originated?

If "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," this system of belief will surely be able to hold its own in a community after once gaining a foothold there. The opulent churches of Carthage and Alexandria were among the earliest in Africa; yet they have long ago faded from view, and to-day we are being divested of hard earned dollars to send missionaries to Africa.

At one time, Marco Paolo tells us, the son of the great Tartar, Gedghis Khan, dispatched messengers to the Pope, begging the gift of a monk or two to instruct his subjects in matters of religion. The Pope, engaged in an altercation over his temporal affairs, paid no heed to the Tartar's demand. The Dey of Algiers, being then appealed to, dispatched a few Brahmins and, as a result, China is today filled with Brahmins instead of Roman Catholics. How many millions has this oversight cost America alone? The faith of some 600,000,000 people could have been secured in advance, in almost the twinkling of an eye, had the Pope been inclined; and the Pope we know is infallible and consequently incapable of committing mistakes.

In the face of such facts as these, why should we longer send our substance into foreign lands? The poor and needy are all around us: why not feed and clothe the hungry at our own doors? If we do not soon give them attention the time will speedily come when the fires of another Reign of Terror shall darken the skies and shut out the face of our Lord * even from our own gaze. As a matter of self-defense, let us give to the heathen at home.—*Prison Trusty*, Lansing, Kan.

* Does he mean the Sun? The sun is the only Lord that would be shut out if the skies were darkened.—Ed.

Continued from third page.

meeced. Lucy heard the sounds, but she only clasped Alice's hands the more tightly, and said not a word.

In about three hours' time the three families, with what was left to them, were together, but forgetting their own trouble in their anxiety for Lucy, for it was too evident that she would never recover from the shock she had received. There was no sleep that night amongst that anxious group, and ere the morning light, the dead mother lay with her dead babe upon her arm.

The man across the ocean, who had an abundance, had used the arm of our civil (?) government to drive honest American citizens from land of which he had no need, but the British lion was satisfied, and what matter if the wings of the American eagle drooped.

For hours after Lucy had ceased to breathe Russell sat with his face in his hands, while Alice had hers covered against his shoulder. Quietly the women arrayed the body for burial, and when they had finished the morning had come.

After a whispered consultation with his wife, Smith approached and touched Alice upon the shoulder. She looked up. "My wife wants you," he said, pointing to where Anna stood just outside the temporarily prepared tent.

Alice arose and started to go to Mrs. Smith, but reeled and would have fallen, had not Smith supported her with his arm. Mrs. Smith brought a chair and said:

"Sit here, dear, till I bring you water and towel, and when you have washed you will feel better, then we will go back to your house and get some flowers from the yard for mother."

The girl did as she was told, and the thoughts of the flowers for mother, set her mind to acting in a more healthy way, and bursting into tears, she took Anna's arm and started back toward the home from which they had been driven.

The next move was to rouse Russell. Reid went to him and said: "Charlie, will you go with me back to what was my house? there are some things in the field that I forgot, and it doesn't seem as if I could stand it to go alone."

"What did you leave?" asked Russell, looking up.

"The shovel and hoe are at the back end of the garden, and the pitchfork and rake are down where I was cutting grass."

"Yes, I will go," but he said it with an effort and Reid had to help him to his feet, but the paralysis of grief was thus broken. When they returned Gertrude met them at the door. "Come and see her," she said. Alice and Anna had come back laden with flowers, a beautiful bouquet of which had been placed in the pulseless hands, and another lay beside the calm face on the pillow, while the babe was literally covered with them.

Alice went to her father's side, and together they stood contemplating the loved features when they were startled by hearing a rough voice say: "You cant stop here; you are still on Sir Henry's land."

Reid put aside the door of the tent and said in reply: "Will you please come in?"

The man looked surprised at being addressed in so mild a tone, hesitated, then dismounted and stepped inside. Reid pointed to the silent form while Gertrude moved the flowers sufficiently to show the babe.

The man actually turned pale at the sight, and stood as if half paralyzed as he looked first at the body of the dead woman and then at the different members of the group. Not a word was spoken for several minutes; at last he burst out with:

"Curse the whole infernal business, I wish I had never accepted the office; what do I care for Sir Henry or his land, but I'm like a chained dog, I must obey or be beaten; when the papers are put into my hands I must see them executed. We may seem needlessly hard but we have to harden ourselves to go through with it and when we meet with resistance it makes us angry."

"No," he continued, "we are not brutes by nature but are made such"—

"By law," interrupted Smith.

"Yes, that's it, by law, and it is harder than was Pharaoh's heart, but I cannot stay here," and remounting his horse he galloped away as if anxious to get beyond the sight of those to whom he had been the instrument of so much wrong.

"If the law makes brutes of its officers the less we have of both the better," said Reid when the limb of law had gone.

Russell still stood looking upon what he had lost, but now he turned and with startling emphasis said:

"If the government does not do something toward righting this wrong, I, from henceforth, have no coun-

try, and if the Christian ministry does not denounce this outrage in tones that the world can hear, I, from henceforth, have no religion."

For several minutes after this outburst no one spoke; finally Reid asked: "Where shall we put her?"

Again there was silence. At length Russell said:

"Underneath where our bed used to stand in the sod room. Dig her a grave there and we will leave no trace of the fact; then her dust will hold possession of that of which we have been robbed."

"Oh papa, then we can never go to her grave!" exclaimed Alice.

"True, we are robbed of even that, but she will live in our hearts, my child."

It was a singular request, but as the thought seemed a satisfaction to the bereaved man it was done as he wished. The next question was where should they go and what should they do?

"I shall send Alice to father and wait here till I know if government will give us redress or not, and that will decide my future course," said Russell.

"It is useless to wait for that," said the others, "for the courts will have to decide the matter; Congress will thus ship the responsibility from its own shoulders, and we have no money to fee lawyers."

"That may all be true, but I shall wait and see, was the firm reply, and they could not move him from his decision.

It seemed an almost hopeless task to try again, but it was the only way to get a home so Smith and Reid decided to go to Nebraska. With bitterness in the hearts of the men and tears from the women they took leave of Alice and her father and started to go they knew not whither.

A few days afterward, as soon as he could raise the money by selling his cow and some other things, Russell went with Alice and bought her a through ticket to a point near Mandaville. There her grandfather met her, took her home and, as she had said, she became his housekeeper; alas, the sorrow that had made her words come true!

The way that government made reparation may be learned by reading the following letter from the President, its Representative Head.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C. Oct. 29, 1887.
"HON. J. B. WEAVER:—

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 25th inst., regarding the eviction by proceedings in the state courts, of certain parties in O'Brien county, has excited my interest and sympathy. Such results are sure to bring distress oftentimes on those entirely innocent, and who have settled upon lands in good faith. I very much fear there will be much of this consequent upon the loose and wasteful manner in which our public domain has heretofore been managed.

"I find upon consultation with the secretary of the interior and the attorney general that the cases to which you refer were sometime since considered by them, and they concluded that the United States could not interfere in those controversies, because, in any event, its title to the land is gone, and I am obliged to concur with them in their opinion that under the circumstances, the United States would have no standing in the contest and could demand no redress for itself. I think, with reflection, you will see the difficulty. I am afraid the claimants in these cases must fight out their respective rights in the state courts; but I suppose the determination there may be submitted to the supreme court of the United States for final adjudication. If any legal way can be suggested by which the general government can aid in the settlement of the question involving so much hardship and vexation, it will be considered. Yours truly,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

When the above letter was published Charles Russell read it over very carefully. When he read, "in any event, its title to the land is gone," he said:

"What right had the United States to open land for settlement to which it had no title?"

He read on, commenting as he read till he came to, "If any legal way can be suggested," here he took his pencil and drew a line under the word legal, saying as he did so, "Law is God; justice has no show," then, hrowing the letter aside, he rose to his feet, and clasping his hands above his head, gave utterance to the following:

"The poor have no protection from government, but if they say it too loudly they are hung for it. Chi-

A SEX REVOLUTION.

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.

Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

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 ales Here.

cago is waiting the hour to strangle its victims. From henceforth I repudiate both the government and the church. There is no more help in one than the other."

A few days afterward his father received a letter, saying: "If ever the time comes that I can serve the cause of human liberty advertise in — for — and I will respond; till then I am dead to the world. I go to forge thunderbolts for the day of reckoning."

"Your son,
To be continued. CHARLES.

The Occult Forces of Sex.

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

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

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

Mind and Matter, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

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

I shall value it to send to my children more than any book I have ever seen. O. H. Wellington, M. D., Boston, Mass.

It is the only work I know of on the subject, that I think just the thing for my children to read. Dora S. Hall, M. D., Riverside, Cal.

After the second pamphlet was added.

The added matter in your new edition is worth twenty dollars to me. Mrs. M. M. Egli, Caton, Dakota.

I would not like to be without the lecture you have added to your pamphlet. I know that what you say is true. Mrs. M. Baker, Tama City, Iowa.

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

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

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

Since the last essay was added.

I have been reading your book again and I cannot forbear another word of commendation. In writing that book you have reared a monument whose base crashes down upon animality and whose top reaches beyond the stars and enters the celestial heavens. Cora A. Morse, M. D., 621 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I would not take ten dollars for my copy. Indeed I would not consent to do without it at any price. Mellisa Smith, Kane, Pa.

I am lending my book to those too poor to buy. Long may you be spared. Mrs. McKinley, 621 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

One Chicago lady to another in reference to another work Mrs. W. has ready for the press. She can never write anything better than The Occult Forces of Sex.

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Lois Waisbrooker, Topeka, Kansas.

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

SAT UP ALL NIGHT.

—Book received. Commenced reading it on Saturday 9:30 P. M. and finished it on Sunday, 4 A. M., something I have never done before, sit up all night and read. Well,—I may as well stop right here, for 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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