

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER, 1893.

NO. 6.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

LIFE'S SAILORS.

BY NETTIE OLDS.

Life is one vast, one surging sea,
Where the chill waves of destiny
In loud and angry fury roll,
As onward sweeps each struggling soul.

Some on the foaming billows tossed,
By the rude storms, are wrecked and lost,
Some firm of sail, in courage strong,
With grace and ease are borne along,

But he who o'er life's sea must waft
Is not the chooser of his craft;
Though weak the masts and rigging be
He hears the charge, "Put out to sea."

"Put out to sea," ah, sad command!
"Put out to sea, you cannot land."
And helpless, hopeless, weak, forlorn,
He speeds to meet the fated morn.

Ah, might we not in wisdom ask;
"What architect assumes the task
Of building fleets for human kind
To sail before life's storm and wind?"

Yes, where's the builder? If the plan
Is incomplete, don't blame the man
Who sails, but lay the shameful blame
Where Justice first would lay her claim.

Awake, oh parents! Teachers, rise!
Tear off the veil that blinds your eyes!
And this important lesson learn,
If you life's treasures would discern.

That children are the sailors who
Must launch the crafts prepared by you.
And to secure them surest wealth
Inscribe upon the mast-head, Health.

"HEALTH."

One whose craft was launched with
"Mast and rigging," not weak, but so
tough as to seem unbreakable, yet so
badly adjusted that there is nearly al-
ways friction, pain, can appreciate the
words of Miss Olds in the above poem:

"Inscribe upon your mast-head, Health."

I can appreciate them. I inherit the
mental condition of my maternal
grandfather, but unhappily. I also
inherit his physical condition. When
in his eighty-first year, he told me that
as a babe he was so feeble his parents
did not expect to raise him, that he
had fits till he was fifteen years old.
My babyhood was not like his, but he
was always troubled with his stomach,
and I cannot remember when I was
not thus troubled.

I remember hearing my poor mother,
who passed out at thirty-six, say that
she could not remember when she had
seen a well day. I cannot quite say
that, but there have been very few
days in my whole life that occupation
of some kind, in order to forget suffer-
ing, has not been my method of relief.

But once in a while (angels' visits)
I have one or two, sometimes three
days, that it is a pleasure to live, thus
giving me glimpses of what health
would be. Yes, my condition is heredi-
tary, and how can we escape its iron
law?

I hold that woman properly educated
and rightly situated, can transcend, rise
above, eliminate undesirable hereditary
tendencies in her children, and gestate
them out of the race.

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER XII. *Continued.*

Both parties had fired, and simultaneously. One of the
rescuers had been wounded in the shoulder and the shot
which reached the young man's heart went through the
girl's arm. The abducting party is not known.

"Doubly fortunate," remarked Wildermere when he had
finished reading the account.

"What is doubly fortunate, John?" asked his sister.

"Read that" he replied, handing her the paper, "and
say if it is not fortunate that the girl was rescued, and also
fortunate that the man was killed, for he will never attempt
to ruin another girl."

He then turned to the secretary, wrote a few lines, cut
the article from the paper, and enclosed both in an envelope,
directing the same, and as soon as breakfast was over, went
out. About half an hour afterward a stranger stepped into
Henry Lawrence's office and asked for Mr. Lawrence.

"I am Mr. Lawrence, what can I do for you?"

"You will please read this," and handing him a note,
the man walked out.

Mr. Lawrence seemed a little surprised at the man's ab-
rupt departure, but opened the note and read:

"Mr. Lawrence:

"DEAR SIR:— You will pardon me
if I seem to intrude, but the enclosed reminds me of a conver-
sation that was overheard in Mandaville some months since,
in which a young man said of a young girl then residing there
but who has since gone to Goshen, Penn.: 'I will have her
yet; by fair means or foul she shall be mine.' That young
girl's name is Alice Russell, and the young man's, Richard
Lawrence. If the young man who attempted this abduction
is not your son no harm is done by giving you this in-
formation, but if it should prove to be Richard, this will
give you an opportunity to secure the body, and perhaps
with less publicity than could otherwise be done."

"A FRIEND"

Upon reading this, Mr. Lawrence turned very pale and
seemed about to fall. One of the clerks stepped forward to
assist him but he waived the man back, and rallying some-
what from the shock he retired to his private office, and
locking the door, went to his desk and wrote as follows:

"DEAR WIFE:

"I am called away on urgent business
and the train leaves so soon I have no time to go home first.
I will return soon and tell you all about it. Till then, good
bye. HENRY."

This he gave to the office boy to deliver and then had
barely time to catch the train. On reaching Goshen he
found that his fears were but too true. When the sheet
was turned back from the dead face his first words were:
"Oh, Richard!" then, remembering there were others pres-
ent, suppressed further signs of emotion, and after a few mo-
ment's contemplation of the inanimate features, he turned
to give some directions about the body when, with a look of
surprise he stepped toward a gentleman standing near and
said: "Why Col. Boyle, I did not expect to meet you here."

"You mistake, sir, I am not Col. Boyle," was the reply.

"Not Col. Boyle?"

"No sir, I am his half brother."

"Oh, I remember hearing something of this, but I tho't
you lived in Mandaville."

"So I did, but I came here with my granddaughter to
await the May term of court."

"And the name you have been known by?"

"Is Russell." Mr. Lawrence glanced at his son's body
and nothing further was said.

Passing over the incidents connected with the bringing
home of the body, the grief of the family, the sympathy
of the few friends who were permitted to come to them in
their awful sorrow, the next report of the matter as given to
the public, was:

"The body of the young man who was shot near Goshen
Penn., while attempting to abduct a young girl, has been
identified, but for the sake of the family the name is with-
held. The fact of the attempt was clearly proven; the man
who shot the abductor was tried and discharged on the
ground of justifiable homicide. It is said that the girl is
very beautiful, and it was supposed at first that the abductor
was the agent of some procuress, but further investigation
shows that it was a personal matter, the young man having
been heard to say months before that he would have her by
fair means or foul."

The great public read this item, regretted that the name
was not forthcoming, and then forgot all about the matter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GILDED CAGE.

On the day that Col. Boyle took his sister to see "some
friends" they stopped at a pleasant looking place and found
the man and his wife pleasant people who expressed them-
selves delighted to meet the Col's sister. Mr. and Mrs.
Vosburg were the names given, and Mrs. Wendover was
happily entertained:

After dinner the two gentlemen went out and the ladies
repaired to the parlor where, with music and conversation,
two hours passed very quickly. At length Mrs. Wendover
glanced at the clock and then asked:

"Where is my brother? It is time we were going home."

"Time enough yet," replied Mrs. Vosburg, but she got
up and left the room, and when she returned her husband
was with her.

Mrs. Wendover looked surprised and asked again:

"Where is my brother?"

"He spoke of some unfinished business and said: 'Dr.,
you must take care of my sister till morning.'"

"Till morning!" putting her hand to her head as if be-
wildered, then, looking from one to the other, she asked:

"What does this mean?"

"There now, don't get excited, Mrs. Wendover," said
the Dr. in a soothing tone, "you will make yourself worse."

"Make myself worse! I'm not sick."

"Not in body, perhaps, but you have had so much sor-
row and anxiety of late, there is danger of its affecting your
brain, and your friends have thought it best that you stay
with us awhile, where you can have rest and the very best
care we can give you."

She had risen to her feet, and stood confronting the
two. She turned so white at this announcement they
thought she was going to faint, and the Dr. sprang forward
to keep her from falling.

"Don't touch me," she said, "I understand it all now;
I am in a private madhouse."

"Why no, dear lady, only a temporary retreat for over-
worked and over-worried brains."

She made no reply to this but turned and walked to the
window. She stood looking out for some minutes, while the
Dr. and his wife waited to see what she would do next.
Presently she turned and said:

"You are a physician, Mr. Vosburg." He bowed his
head in assent. "And yet you were not introduced to me
as one."

To this indirect accusation he made no reply.

"Your caution was needless," she continued, "for noth-
ing but the cruel truth plainly shown, could have made me
believe that my brother and my husband—" her voice fal-
tered upon the last word, and there was the quiver of un-
shed tears in its tone, but she controlled herself and added:
"could have planned this dastardly outrage."

Again there was silence, till she at length remarked:
"And Mr. Ford and Ashley were physicians too. Will you
be kind enough to show me to my room?"

She was shown to a room comfortably, yes, elegantly
furnished, but so situated that escape from it was impossi-
ble. "Here at the head of your bed is the bell," said Mrs.
Vosburg; "you have only to press this button and some one

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Pacific Coast Spiritualist.

The *Boston Investigator* says, "We see that New York is frightened by forty cases of small pox; that it has been shown that vaccination is no protection against this fearful disease; that small pox is nothing more than the outgrowth of filth; that the city which will cleanse itself of all foulness need not fear its coming; that if we will take pains to keep thoroughly clean there is no danger of infection."

The Light of Truth, commenting on the above, says:

And yet some authorities are dense and stupid enough to order a legal poisoning of all the children who desire to attend the public schools; at the same time threatening the parents with punishment by fine if they are kept away from school to avoid their being murdered by vaccination or an old-fashioned cramming process of half a dozen or more different studies each day when one or two would teach them more than a larger number skipped over or crammed down against nature.

A Free People.

[*The People, New York.*]

In Lawrence, Mass., a bell rings at 9 p. m.. It is the signal for the workers to retire. The overseers go over the town a few minutes later, and if they find any mill employe out, the poor fellow is booked.

This bell signal, together with the prowling overseer, is intended to secure for the capitalist fresh labor every morning.

If the wage slaves should stay out late visiting friends, eking out some amusement, dancing or playing, they could not be as fresh the next morning, and the quantity of wealth the boss expects to squeeze out of their marrows would not be as large. The men are accordingly, rung to bed at 9. The next morning, after 7 or 8 hours' sleep, a being, as robust as sleep can make him or her, will grind out more profits at the mills.

So are horses and cows treated; so were the black slaves treated in the south; and so are the wage slaves treated in modern New England, the old-time cradle of abolitionism!

Why did the blacks submit to such treatment? Because their masters were in political power. As soon as these were hurled down the blacks were freed.

Why do the wage slaves today, black and white, submit to the same treatment? For the same reason! Because their masters are in political power!

will come and attend to your wants, and now my dear lady, do not misinterpret your friends, they really"—

"Madam, will you be kind enough to leave me?"

The lady did not wait to be asked the second time; there was something in the prisoner's tone too commanding to permit of that petty assumption of power so often shown in such cases.

When left to herself, the poor wronged woman looked around upon the rich appurtenances, and said to herself: "A gilded cage," and then sinking into the nearest chair she burst into tears.

"Carries a high hand," said Mrs. Vosburg, when she re-entered the room where her husband was, "ordered me to leave the room."

"Never mind her airs, wife; we must treat her kindly, we shall be well paid for it. Her brother was particularly careful to make me promise that no harshness should be used."

"Do you believe her insane?" was the next question.

The Dr. shrugged his shoulders: "I hold a certificate from Dr's. Ford and Ashley to that effect, and that is my authority, and it makes no difference as to what I believe."

"But why have they sent her here?"

"A matter of property, and a too tender conscience, as I understand it. When the question at issue is decided she will be released."

About an hour afterward, there was a rap on Mrs. Wendover's door. "What is wanted?" she asked.

"Tea is ready, please come down?"

For a moment there was silence, and then: "If you will be kind enough to bring me up a cup of tea, I will try and drink it."

The tea was taken up, but the girl reported that the lady had to unlock the door to let her in.

"Indeed, well if she begins any of her tantrums the key of her room will be used on the outside; she will find herself locked in, instead of locking us out," remarked Mrs. Vosburg.

"Don't be too hard on her, wife; think how you would feel were you in her place," said the Dr.

"I think you would not find it a very safe thing to try and put me in her place," she retorted.

"Tut, tut, now; you would be just as helpless as she is, but I think too much of you to do such a thing."

Thus mollified, the frown left the lady's face, and she fell to wondering how Judge Wendover could do such a thing, or allow it to be done; but the Dr. did not enlighten her farther than he had done, if indeed he could, so she addressed herself to the good things before her, of which there was always an abundance, for it paid to keep the kind of patients that came under their care.

The next morning the bell connected with Mrs. Wendover's room was rung, and the girl went up to see what was wanted.

"Will you be kind enough to bring me my breakfast?" she said.

"I will see, Madame, but the ladies generally eat with the Dr. and Mrs. Vosburg."

When the request was preferred, Mrs. Vosburg looked at her husband inquiringly, and at the same time forbiddingly. "You can take her breakfast to her this morning," said the Doctor, "and we will see about it after this;" and then seeing the frown on his wife's face, he continued:

"We will talk with her after awhile, and make her see that it is best to take her trouble to heart as little as possible."

Mrs. Vosburg did not mean to be a bad woman; she was naturally kind hearted, but there was something in Mrs. Wendover's manner that had irritated her; a natural, involuntary atmosphere of superiority that had touched her pride; and beside, she had had so much trouble with patients that would not be reconciled; some slightly insane, and others not, but were in somebody's way, that she shrank from every new conflict, and wanted discipline from the first.

The breakfast was taken up, and the Dr. ordered that it be of the very best that the house could afford. Mrs. Wendover ate sparingly, and then waited the next move. In about an hour the Dr. went up and rapped on her door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"Dr. Vosburg, will you please allow me a few minutes' conversation?"

Again there was the silence of hesitancy, but presently she opened the door, invited him in, and handed him a chair with all the politeness of a hostess, but she remained standing.

"Please sit, Mrs. Wendover; I cannot remain sitting, nor say what I wish, while you stand."

She complied with his request, but sat down at the far side of the room, and then looked up as if to ask: "Well, what have you to say?"

He hemmed, hawed, cleared his throat, and said: "Mrs. Wendover."

"Dr. Vosburg," she responded.

"Don't please, don't make it so hard to say what I wish."

"I am at your service, doctor."

"Mrs. Wendover, it is not my fault that you are here, and I hope you will make it no harder for us than is necessary," he managed to say at length.

She made no response, and he continued: "My business is a legitimate one, and when patients are brought to me by their friends, who also bring the needed certificates that warrant me in receiving them, it is no pleasant task that I undertake."

She was still silent.

"Will you believe me," he added, "when I say I had much rather you were at home, and could I do so, I would send you there, but you have been committed to my care upon the testimony of two physicians, and I am responsible for you. You would gain nothing, and you might fare worse if you were put elsewhere, than you will with us."

"Dr.," she said at length, "I will try to believe you, and for my own sake if not for yours, I will try to bear my imprisonment as best I can."

"Dear lady, do not call it by so harsh a name; I would rather be your friend than your jailor."

"Hard things may be called by soft names, but it makes them none the less hard, Doctor."

He ignored her last remark, and said: "We have two other ladies in the house who will leave us soon; will you not come down and take dinner with the family, and so make their acquaintance?"

She considered the situation awhile, and the Dr. patiently awaited her reply. Finally she said:

"Please do not ask it to-day. Give me the rest of this day and to-night to myself, and then I think I can so far command myself as to be able to meet the family at breakfast."

"It shall be as you wish, Mrs. Wendover; here are books, and there is a fine view from this window, make yourself as comfortable as possible; I promise you that you shall not be disturbed," and he left the room with the air of one who feels relieved after having performed a disagreeable task.

From that time forward, Mrs. Wendover gave no sign that she considered herself other than a guest or a boarder. She busied herself with reading, writing, walking in the grounds, and not even indicating that she saw the high wall which surrounded the place on all sides, and was surmounted by a double row of barbed wire. Sometimes she went alone, and sometimes the other patients went with her; and then again, the Dr. and his wife accompanied them, but as if by common consent, no reference was ever made to the fact that the patients (?) were not permitted to go outside the enclosure; neither did the so-called patients speak of their friends, or of outside affairs.

Weeks sped by, but still the same monotonous round continued. The enclosure surrounding about five acres of ground, consisted of two inch plank seven foot high, spiked top and bottom to plank two inches by eight. A four inch square timber was spiked on the top of this and all surmounted by two rows of barbed wire, the first four inches above the timber and the next the same distance above that, making the whole just eight foot high and resting on a stone foundation set two feet in the ground.

Of course the inmates could not get out as everything that might aid them was kept carefully out of reach, so the patients wandered at will in this garden.

One day, as Mrs. Wendover came down to take her accustomed walk the Dr. called her to come into the office. She went, wondering what was wanted.

"Please sit down, I have something for you," and when she was seated, he handed her a letter. She saw that the address was in her husband's handwriting and quietly said:

"Was you afraid I would faint that you asked me to sit down?"

"I thought you could write your reply right here, as the man who brought it waits for an answer," he replied.

"How thoughtful you are, Dr.," she said, with just a tinge of sarcasm, and opening her letter she read:

"My dear wife: My heart aches for your society, and as I know you have suffered, permit me to say that I have suffered as much as you can possibly have done. Why did I permit you to be decoyed away? because I was in your brother's power and could not well help myself; but the suit for the property has been deferred till another term of

court, and if you will only pledge yourself to be reasonable, to give up your opposition, you shall not stay where you are another day.

Your distressed husband,
RALPH WENDOVER."

She read this note through twice, then reaching for a match, she set fire to it and watched till it was burned to ashes. When the last shred of it was consumed, she said:

"Pen, ink and paper, if you please," they were placed before her, and she wrote:

"Judge Ralph Wendover: Sir. When you, my protector, as the world counts protection, failed me in my sorest need; when like a coward cur you sneaked off and allowed my unnatural brother to bring me here under what you knew to be a false pretense, my love for you died so dead it can never be resurrected. I shall never enter your home again unless carried there by force. SARAH BOYLE."

Leaving it lying open upon the desk, she walked out into the garden to her accustomed seat

Dr. Vosburg read what she had written, and in pity for the Judge who was sitting in the next room, folded it, before taking it to him. The Judge read it, covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. To Dr. Vosburg, Mrs. Wendover was a profitable patient and he was in no haste to have her leave. He stood quietly by till the Judge had time to collect himself, and then asked:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Can I see my wife?" was the response.

"Certainly, sir; you will find her in the garden, but please remember that I hold a certificate pronouncing her insane, and she cannot be taken away informally."

"I'll look out for that," replied the Judge, as he hurried forward.

Mrs. Wendover saw him coming but sat entirely still. He came up to where she was sitting, but she looked so coldly on him, his courage for a moment failed him; he managed to say, however:

"Oh, Sarah, wife, unsay your cruel words, have you no heart!"

"I once had, but it is dead."

"Oh, don't look at me in that way, can it be that you are so changed! it was cruel, I know, but you do not know all that forced me into this; be pitiful!"

"I know you said you were in my brother's power, and if so, it is because of some wrong act, some crime that you fear to have known; I would as soon associate with the insane as with criminals, which both you and Edward are," she replied in the same quiet tone.

"Sarah, oh, Sarah, what has come over you to make you so cruel!"

"Perhaps I have gone mad," she said, mockingly.

"My God, I believe you have!" exclaimed the unhappy man. Dr. Vosburg now came up and said:

"My dear sir, this must end; you are exciting my patient too much."

Mrs. Wendover arose, and taking the Dr.'s arm, said: "Please take me in?" He looked at her in alarm; the tone frightened him.

She read his look and replied: "No, I am not losing my senses, but I want to lie down, and if you will give me something to make me sleep, I shall feel better afterward."

He led her into the house, gave her some quieting drops and called Mrs. Vosburg to go with her to her room. The husband followed them to the house looking as helpless as a child. When she had gone to her room the Dr. turned to the Judge with:

"I had no idea that it would affect her so much, or I should have prevented the interview. Another such a scene would kill her; she is on the verge of absolute madness."

The man trembled, and nearly fell into the nearest chair. "Don't take it so hard, my dear sir, I will do the best I can for her, but you must not see her again soon," and going to a cupboard, he took out a bottle of the best wine, and pouring out a glass, said: "Here, drink this."

The wine steadied the man somewhat, and bidding the Dr. good day, he got into his carriage and drove away, a sadder, if not a wiser man; his wife, in the meantime, was lying quietly upon her bed with an expression of suffering upon her face that made one's heart ache to see.

As soon as the Judge had gone, the Dr. went up stairs to see how she was.

"Do not be anxious, Dr.," she said, "I shall come through all right, but I shall be better alone."

With this hint, both he and Mrs. Vosburg left the room, and, as the quieting potion he had given her, began to take effect, she soon fell asleep. In the morning she came down as usual, though looking a little pale. She made no reference to the occurrence of the day before, neither did the others.

Her strong will had triumphed. It was the same element that made her brother so persistent in his purpose, only, inheriting more conscientiousness, that became her directing force, while he was ruled by his self-love.

Wounded love in the lead, would have taken a different course, but her will went with her pride, and she believed her love to be dead. Her suffering ought to have taught her another lesson, would, had she listened to the voice which spoke through that suffering.

CHAPTER XIV. GOVERNMENT TRAPS.

Like the Irishman who refused to be dead when there was whisky about, so John Wherefore, by the very law of his nature, sensed the discussing of questions involving the why and wherefore of things, and refused to be absent. He was standing just inside the postoffice looking through the window upon the street, when Frank Reid came in to get his mail.

A farmer standing near, said: "How are you, Frank, and how are you getting along?"

"I could get along well enough if I did not have to give half I earn to landlords," was the reply.

"Why don't you go west and get land of your own?" said the other, "you know you can pre-empt, homestead, and take a timber claim, if you wish, and are willing to exercise patience and take time enough."

"Government traps," responded Reid.

"What?"

"I said government traps, did not my brother find it so?"

"Oh, he was unfortunate in his selection; there are plenty of government lands outside of railroad claims, real or imaginary."

"Not that is easy of access, but aside from unfortunate selection, as you call it, the homestead, pre-emption and timber claims offered, are traps in their very nature."

"I cannot understand how you can say that, Mr. Reid what other government makes it so easy to get land?"

"Easy," Mr. Jones, "easy," I think if you had some of the hardships to endure that are incident to life in a new country, you would not find it so easy. Where the boys went first was an exceptionally good location, but they had it hard enough, and were just getting fairly started when they were driven out."

"But that might never happen again, Frank, and everybody expects to struggle for awhile, if they ever have anything; I think government makes splendid offers to those who are willing to work."

"They are government traps, all the same, Mr. Jones."

"I do not see how you can call what is especially intended to benefit the poor man, a trap."

"In the first place, sir, our really poor men never get any of that land. They cannot go where it is; they have no money, and many of them no work, and to such, an offer of a thousand acres of land in the moon would be just as valuable as the offer of a homestead in the United States."

"In the second place, the rich want those lands, and they know how to get a large proportion of them after they are put under cultivation. It is only by such offers as our government makes that the working men can be induced to go and prepare the way for the coming of the rich."

"As we have no serfs in this country, the toiler cannot be forced into this kind of work, and it would not do to give, or sell all the public land to home and foreign syndicates, so there are patches, alternate sections that are used to decoy small farmers, and thrifty wage-workers from their homes. The booming speculator does the same thing; he gives away alternate lots to such as can build upon them, but as the town grows, the price of property goes up, and in the end, his taxes for improvements cost him as much as did the rent of a house and lot before the place was boomed, so he is not a whit better off."

"But he has a home of his own, and cannot be turned out at the will of another, Mr. Reid."

"Yes, if he keeps his taxes up, Mr. Jones; if not he is sold out and left in a much worse condition than before, for he cannot rent a place in which to stay without paying twice the previous rates. I tell you, sir, the government trap and the boomer's trap are the same in fact."

This last illustration seemed to be understood by the crowd, as their demonstrations of approval testified, but Mr. Jones did not like to yield the point: "The poor man does not go to prepare the way for the rich man, but to make himself a home," he said.

"That is where the trap comes in," replied Reid. "If he succeeds in making a home, which he very often does not, he at the same time is making some absent landlord-

Continued on sixth page.

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

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

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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 benefitted 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.

READ THIS.

I offer the books named below, from now till Jan. 1st-'94, for \$2.75. Postage paid, it does not leave me quite \$2.50. Object, I want the books read, and I want money to do other work with, for the sun is going down. Helen Harlow's Vow, \$1.50. Perfect Motherhood, \$1.50. The Occult Forces of Sex, 50 cts. A Sex Revolution, 25 cts. The Fountain of Life, 50 cts. The cost of the whole, at the publisher's price would be \$4.25.

Dr.'s E. B. and C. N. Greene have changed their residence from Hill street to 1231, Monroe street, have left the suburbs for the city proper, having decided to make 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.

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.

TWO THIS MONTH.

Wishing to have a few week's time for another purpose, I issue two numbers of F. P. this month, dating the second one for December, and there will be no more till January—94. Probably not before the 10th. That was the time in the month the July number was issued. It will not be later than the 10th of Jan. when number 7 will be mailed; more than likely sooner. L. W.

Appreciative.

MRS. WAISBROOKER,

Dear Madam:—I have read your last book, "The Fountain of Life, or the Threefold Power of Sex," with a great deal of interest. I supposed that I was pretty well posted on the subjects of which it treats, but I find that you have opened up a new field to me, one that I had never even dreamed of. It is a work that should be in the hands of every one, and more especially of women. I hope you may succeed in getting a wide circulation for it.

Yours truly,

F. P. BAKER,

Topeka, Kansas.

[Mr. Baker is one of the leading men of Topeka.—Ed.]

DON'T FAIL—to read the offer on third page. Astrology says that 1894 may be the limit of my earthly years. I do not believe it, still it may be true, and I am working as if I knew it was. The astrologer says: "If you pass '94 you will hang on a long time." I think I shall hang on; but still I want to do all that is for me to do, and say all that is for me to say, and so I want to sell my books to get the means to work with.

REMEMBER:—That Christmas is coming, and I will send you Perfect Motherhood, or Mabel Raymond's Resolve, and A Sex Revolution for one dollar.

I have many letters from which I would like to make extracts, but there is so much to be said outside of words of personal appreciation of the work the paper is doing, that I do not seem to find the space. But the friends may rest assured that their kind words are remembered and prized.

WINTER is coming. Combines put up the price of coal. That's the way government protects the people. A government that will stand quietly by and permit the necessities of the poor to be thus taken advantage of, deserves the execration of the universe. Christian ministers, where are you! What are you doing! Spiritualists, where are you! What are you

doing! Have you hearts, souls, or are you so hypnotized by the powers that be, that you are irresponsible?

Men may starve, but they may not raise a few bushels of potatoes unless they are willing to share the product of their labor with the "owner" of the land. They may freeze, but they may not dig coal because a few men in a distant city—men who perhaps do not know a tippie from an entry—have decided that the output of coal must be limited to so much; and they "own" the coal. Besides, they are philanthropists, who kindly allow miners the privilege of earning an average of sixty cents a day.—*Rajah.*

And thus government protects the people.

The shooting of Chicago's mayor sent a thrill of horror through society. And yet, awful as the deed was, it was not so cold-bloodedly brutal as that which is done when a sheriff puts a rope around a helpless man's neck and strangles him to death, or as is "Christian" society itself when, with cannon or Gatling guns, it mows down column after column of men, who have been fooled into the belief that there is heroism in war.—*Golden Rule.*

Nonsense, brother Foster, you're surely joking! God and government can do no wrong.

WILL HE DO IT?

The Clifton News pronounces *The Prison Trusty* "A dangerous paper because it goes to, and is intended for a class of readers who are already tainted with a suspicion that this government of ours is not what it should be." *The News* also accuses *The Trusty* of being irreligious. The latter replies as follows

God deliver us from the man who holds that it is unchristian to "suspect this government of not being all that it should be!" with starving thousands robbed of the fruit of their honest toil, with plutocracy crushing more and more the life from the toiling masses, with 30,000 persons owning and holding over half the wealth in a nation of 65,000,000 souls—God deliver us from the man who considers it unchristian to "suspect" this government of not doing its full duty! With honest girls forced daily to choose between pauperism and prostitution, with shutting down factories from whose silent precincts idle men have gone to hunger or to crime, God save us from the wretch who maintains that this government is immaculate.

Aye, but will he do it? Will the God you talk of protect either you or me from bad or very ignorant people who hold the reins of power when he does not protect the poor girls from having to make that terrible choice? No, don't think for a moment that any God will protect you from any such man, or from anything else. Just so far as you can protect yourself or secure the sympathy and co-operation of others you will be protected to the extent of your and their ability, but to talk of God's protecting you is on a par with the statement that he "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," and when did the wind blow less cold because of fleecy lambs?

NO DISGRACE.

And then, friend Trusty, why rebel so at being called unchristian or

irreligious? Some of the best men and women that have ever lived have repudiated Christianity entirely. Surely! it is no disgrace to be classed with such men as Owen, Paine, and Jefferson, the men to whom we owe political liberty, religious liberty, and the ten hour system of labor, what we have left of them.

While the ministerial representatives of Christianity were feeding on the fat of the land, Robert Owen the Infidel, gave time, money, and influence to securing the law which took a day's labor out of the power of the employer to measure its length, limiting it to ten hours, and thus accomplished a more far reaching good for the toiling millions than any Christian has ever done.

We have the benefit of that limit on this side of the water as far as government chartered corporations will permit. How far England has allowed corporate greed to make her false to her noble son I have not the means of knowing, but when Christianity will show three men who, as Christians, have done as much for humanity as have these three Infidels it will be time enough to feel badly if called irreligious.

WHAT HAS IT DONE?

And then, what has Christianity done for you that you should wish to bear its name? Whatever your crimes there was an adequate cause somewhere, and has Christianity tried to find and remove that cause?

No, indeed! but through its zealous agents, it hales to prison those who dare to tell the truth about causes. There went out from your walls not long since, as honest, true hearted a man as can be found anywhere. What was he there for?

For daring to tell the truth in language that could be understood. The cry of a sick, bruised, lacerated wife who had been raped by her legal owner while in a condition that needed the tenderest care, reached the ears of Moses Harman, and without stopping to ask permission of the court, Grundy, he told the world about it.

"The dirty man!" How Christian ears were shocked—not at the crime, but at the telling of it. Obscene, was the cry, and our immaculate (?) government, at the command of a Christian crank, sends Moses Harman to prison.

And that is the way Christianity tries to root out the causes of crime, for I will maintain against the whole Christian world that every criminal whether legally or illegally such, is the natural result of some violated law of parentage. That violation may have been with the immediate parents, or more remote. The fault may have been in the ignorance of the parents, or in that state of society which makes the best conditions for parentage impossible, but rest assured there is an adequate cause, and the man is as much a victim as a criminal; is as much to be pitied as blamed.

The child follows the condition of the mother. So said the law in reference to slavery. If the mother was a slave the child was a slave, it mattered not if its father was the master, the governor, or the president; and this is nature's law. The child derives the body and brain that it must use through its earth

life from its mother, and if born with but one arm it must go through life with one arm; if born with but little conscientiousness while the brain organ called acquisitiveness is large, that child must be surrounded by the best of conditions or it will be a thief. It needs loving protection. There is not as much expected of a man or woman with but one arm as of those who have two, but Christian civilization demands as much of moral cripples as of the morally sound.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL CURSE

And worse than that; Christianity, as well as Judaism, gives commands, which obeyed, secures the perpetuation of tyranny, slavery, and the prevailing state of moral obliquity. The command of the Jewish God is: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." In the light of physiology, with a knowledge of the effect of the condition of the mother upon the child, a more diabolical command could hardly have been given. The mothers of the race, by divine (?) command, made slaves!

And Christianity has adopted the physiological curse! and perpetuates it in every church marriage service! "Love, honor, and obey."

The inspiration (?) of such a command is simply infernal, infernal ignorance, if nothing worse.

The mother a servant, the petted or the enforced *subject* of a man's passion instead of being the possessor of herself with the right to decide when and under what conditions she will assume the responsibility of motherhood. What wonder that as a slave, she should give birth to to sneaks and knaves.

But for the evolutionary power of Mother Nature such a command as Paul gave to wives would ere this have produced a much lower type of men and women than we now have.

"A dangerous paper." "Suspects the government of not being all it should be." Dear! dear! I would like to know under what conditions the man was born who thinks it is all that it should be—what kind of a mother he had.

GOVERNMENTAL CRIME.

There is not a criminal inside of prison walls in these United States guilty of a tithe of the crime that this government is. When it threw open those forfeited lands in O'Brien Co. Ia. for settlement and then allowed 220 families to be driven off without protection or redress, it committed a greater crime than individuals have the power to do without the aid of government protection. But to go on enumerating the crimes of government would be a hopeless task, for the robbed and murdered millions are so numerous it makes my mental eyes ache to look toward them.

I mean our government where Christian chaplains pray that "The Lord will direct and bless," and then Congress goes right on endowing corporations with the people's wealth, and making laws to protect the rich against the poor.

I mean our government that at the instigation of the bankers of Europe and America put an exception on the back of its own money or

or

against the people.

I mean our government that created bonds instead of money, thus loading down the nation with hundreds of millions of needless debt and forcing our toilers to help support the aristocracy of Europe.

GOVERNMENTAL PROTECTION.

The idea has gone abroad that governments are to protect the people; let us see how this government protects the people; and it needs but one of many instances in which they have been robbed, to show.

In 1879 a company of grain dealers got control of, some estimated it as high as seventy million bushels of wheat; we will call it sixty million, and held it for a rise. That is, they held the power to force up the price to their figure or starve the people. They said as plainly as though uttered in tones of thunder: "Your money or your life."

And what did government do, what protection did it give the people against this company of men who demanded, and succeeded in obtaining, \$30,000,000 of their money! It did nothing, but I will tell you what it would have done had a working man secretly taken a bushel of that grain to feed his hungry children.

It would have spent enough of the people's money in trying, and convicting him, to have kept his family well for a year or more, and then have shut him up in prison, and if a company of hungry working men had attempted to take some of that wheat by force government would have ordered them shot down like dogs. There is not a government on earth that does not regard property in the hands of those who have not earned it as of more value than human life, consequently, not one that is worthy of allegiance.

IF THERE IS TREASON.

Pretty strong talk, says one. Not so very strong in a country like this. We owe allegiance to the people, not to their servants who betray them. If there is treason anywhere in this (so called) republic, it is in Congress—it is with those who consult the powers of Europe instead of The People, as to what is to be done. We should lead the nations, not follow, nor walk abreast with them; and one of the first steps to be taken as an example to the old world is to make our prisons reformatories instead of places of punishment.

The trouble is, we have been calling upon some unknown but supposed power that we have named God to do for us what we must do for ourselves if it is done at all.

As a people, we are wonderful in the direction we have believed in our own power to do. Art, science, everything of the kind, proclaims this truth; but when it comes to our moral status we are beneath the savage races, and the why is, we have not believed in ourselves. "Poor, sinful creatures," we have depended upon God to make us good, and it hasn't been done. Still, like the dog that kept barking at the hole where the woodchuck had been, we keep calling.

Now, good friends, don't go and get up an indignation meeting in God's behalf, for if you do I hardly think there will be any notice taken of it, or that you will ever find it

credited to your account, but set to work to evolve the God within yourselves.

Study causes. Learn the truth of the words: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and from henceforth live pure lives.

Take as much pains in giving the mothers of the race good conditions as you do the mothers of your choice stock; place society upon a basis of justice; then, from the seed that you sow you will not reap jail birds.

A FEW WORDS To The Spiritualists.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, one of our very best speakers, says in a letter to *The Light of Truth*:

... And when Spiritualists advocate the erection of magnificent temples like the buildings of the Y. M. C. A., in which our worn out workers can preach the delights of Spiritualism on an empty stomach; where they can listen to "grand organ strains" of dulcet harmonies, and then retire to a rented room and sup on the horrors of homelessness—if, indeed, they sup at all; when rags and rotten pretenses rub side by side in the markets of the world, it is time that attention should be turned to something beside seances, and sonnets from summerland. * * *

The nemesis of a new order is after the old social, industrial and religious shams; and a few who can neither be bought off, sold out, nor silenced, are organizing the angels of heaven into the rank and file of working mortals, who mean to move the earth with the heavens.

The new order to be created is for the hewers of wood and drawers of water, for "kings," princes and priests; for the lame, sick, halt and blind; for "women, children, idiots and paupers," good, bad, indifferent, all are to fall into line, with whatever capacity they possess, and, exercising it, are to bid defiance to dirt and despair.

Away with your traveling missionaries, building "homes" for indigent mediums! Away with your sanctified seance rooms, where competitive crusaders in the spiritual vineyard trail their saintly garments: The salvation of man spiritually is rooted in his physical salvation, and the slogan of a new army of progress is resounding over the hill tops and valleys of this benighted old world.

Fully believing, with Mrs. Lake, that "The salvation of man spiritually is rooted in his physical salvation," I would ask Spiritualists what subject of human interest is foreign to Spiritualism, if it is indeed the light that is to illumine the world? What is its end and aim? Is it to help us to bear earth's evils, or is its aim and purpose to remove them? If the former, the churches aim at the same; they teach us to bear patiently here, and look for our reward in the next life.

I ask these questions because in a recent letter a friend says: "The Spiritualists have a society here, but they want Spiritualism straight."

I was talking the other day with father Baker, a leading Spiritualist of this place, and who endorses my new book so fully in another column—was talking of Moses Harmon's case, and the old gentleman remarked: "I could have got his case dismissed, I have political influence enough, if he would have made the least concession—said he was very sorry," etc.

Only think of it, friends, political influence a factor in deciding whether men shall go to prison or not. Does not this prove that not only politics is corrupt, but that it corrupts the Judiciary? Our venerable friend feels this,

knows that politics is corrupt, consequently, opposes the bringing of any subject upon the Spiritualist platform that seems to carry a flavor of politics.

I cannot say that I wonder at it, but I think it a mistake. I think our good friend would honor Spiritualism more if, instead of feeling that politics could pollute it, he could feel that Spiritualism could purify politics; that, or consume the false system which makes politics a corrupting power. If spiritual salvation has its roots in physical salvation, then the first work of Spiritualists should be to secure the conditions for the physical salvation of the masses.

This is what the masses of the people are calling for, and the Spiritualism that will stand with them in this, can lead the world.

In speaking of some of the Liberal leaders not long since, a very intelligent Liberal lady said: "They are narrow except on one or two lines. Too many of them seem to think that if they club God and pound the churches, it is enough."

I fear that an equally just indictment might be brought against a large class of Spiritualists. They pound the churches, though they new clothe God, then claim him. Some of them pound the Catholics but rather court the Protestants—ape their customs, assume the title of Reverend, are ministers of the gospel—with a qualification, but when we talk to them of the great interests of human life—tell them that in order to "the physical salvation" of humanity, land monopoly and usury must cease—that we must have a new economic system, one that will make it impossible to prevent any honest man from getting a good living, one that will clean out the cellars and garrets of their wretched occupants, one under which no woman need sell herself for bread, when we urge an investigation of the creative powers of our own bodies, that we may not abuse them etc., etc., then they draw back and tell you that Spiritualism is what they want—"the glorious gospel of Spiritualism that is going to save the world."

"How?" "By proving a future life," and the fact of spirit communication."

Nonsense. The Catholics know as well as you do spirit communication is a fact; but it must come through the church to be authoritative. Protestants have ignored, but they are beginning to accept, and just as ready to monopolize for church use.

The fact is, it makes no particular difference, Catholics, Protestants, or Spiritualists who look to the unseen, to the spirit world to redeem this, are all in the same boat. This is our world, and its redemption is our work. Our spirit friends and the great over soul will aid, as we are able to utilize what is for us, but again I say, it is our world, our work, and we must take the lead.

The London *Lancet* expresses the

Hope that the time is not far distant when public opinion will brand with merited infamy the offense of launching upon society children for whom no proper place can be found by those who are primarily responsible both for being and well-being. On one or two points, indeed, it may be confidently said that theory is unmistakably plain. It is, for instance, the clear right and, therefore, the plain duty of the community to take steps to prevent the habitually criminal and helpless pauper classes from

multiplying by reproduction.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES expresses the

Hope that the time is not far distant when public opinion will brand with infamy that state of society which permits individuals and corporations to so monopolize the means of living that any couple who choose to make the effort cannot support their children comfortably. The heartless, the devilish cruelty that first centralizes wealth by a system of society that forces the people to support an aristocracy of wealth and birth, and then, because some are crowded down till they have no proper place and no means of support for children, they must be denied even the pleasure of sex-association, for the laws imprison the man or woman who would give them the knowledge that would allow of association without children, unless children are desired.

Readjust your internal economic system; stop piling up wealth to waste. Stop usury and land monopoly. Give us a just system of society as to the distribution of wealth. Give the people knowledge, and hope and the results that you, *Mr. Lancet*, so deplore, will cease.

Can't Understand.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—

Dear Madam: I have received a copy of FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES, and have given it a careful reading and thoughtful attention. I cannot fully comprehend your peculiar views concerning marriage, nor your belief of the God and creator of the universe. In an article on 4th page, headed Motherhood, you say:

"Woman must have the control of her own person." You further say, "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 women yield from any other feeling than reciprocal desire, must be changed."

Now, then, how do you propose to bring about this much needed change? We know as well as you do, that under our present marriage laws there is often great wrong done by the stronger sex—the "lords of creation." Now, then, will you, in rooting up and out our present marriage system, give us some better form, something that shall be just and equitable to both sexes and to the offspring, or will you do as the Anarchists propose to do, destroy present institutions and offer nothing better in their stead? Please come out plainly and tell us what you propose to give us as the true panacea. * * *

Wharton, O.

I don't propose to do anything except to try to set people to thinking. I cannot formulate a detailed plan for people to follow. There have been too many such would-be leaders. Think, think, and help to evolve the perfect condition.

The brother then goes on to say he cannot understand my idea of God. He talks to me of a *creator* of the universe. When he will prove to me that there was ever anything *created*, I will make clear to him my idea of God. In the central principal, or esse of being, all things must be self-existent and eternal—this in the sphere of the absolute—in the sphere of the relative, change.

The brother had better subscribe for the paper, and buy my books on the sex-question, and he may begin to understand after a time.

From The Progressive Thinker.

DEAR MRS. WAISBROOKER:

Please send me 100 copies of your new book, *The Fountain of Life*. I think it very good indeed, that it is the best I will not say, for all are full of thought, and the world

will be the better for your having lived in it. You have planted the seed and it must bear fruit in time.

We intend to advertise all your books more extensively than we have done in the past.

Most truly yours,

CARRIE FRANCIS.

READ--THINK

Will the reader please take note of the quotations headed: Press Censorship—Imperialism. I wish I could have given in connection with the facts there stated, two articles that can be found in the *Light Bearer* of date Nov. 10, one by W. G. Markland of Ocala, Fla. "The Imperial Will;" the other by George McGregor now of New York city, but formerly of Scotland: "A Budding Monarchy." There are plenty of buds and the people are allowing them to mature.

Press censorship might have been "nipped in the bud" had the people been vigilant. But they were not; they forgot that the same rule of action which under plea of public good permits the violation of one man or woman's rights, will, when the ruling powers desire, permit of the rights of all men and women being violated. They stood quietly by, and under the plea of law, saw the rights of those who told unpopular truths violated, under the charge of obscene literature. We hoped for better things under the new regime, but find that what was done under pretense of law is now done without pretense of law—autocratically.

There is no law against publishing the faults of those who stand high in society but they don't allow it in Russia, and our censor of the press is so much of a Russian, and we have "budded" so far toward monarchy that an Illinois postmaster is instructed not to deliver the Chicago Sunday Sun "because it is largely devoted to the exposition of prominent persons who are guilty of immoral conduct," and I know of three books that were mail'd during Judge Tyner's time that have been refused admission to the mails by his successor, John L. Thomas.

Another bud; another sign of the coming monarchy is the treaty so recently made between Russia and America.

It is said that when Jesus was to be crucified Herod and Pilate were made friends. The history of the Nazarene as given in the new testament shows that he chose, not the rulers, but the People, to represent him. Russia and The United States are made mutual protectors against any and all who rebel. If the wording of said treaty is correctly reported, each 'Imperial' ruler pledges the nation behind him to protect the other and his family. I shall try to get an exact copy of that treaty for my next issue that my readers can see for themselves what it is: but what does our national head propose doing that there should be need for such a pledge from a foreign power, or does he mean to insult the people who have placed him where he is by saying that they will not or cannot protect him and his if he is true to them? Why should he and his family need foreign protection any more than you and I with our families? What does it all mean anyhow?

"Ye fools and blind, ye can discern the face of the sky, but ye cannot discern the signs of the times."

Japanese Wisdom and Innocence.

We have had so much to say in the way of urging greater intimacy of parent and child, and earlier and broader instructions in the so-called delicate affairs of life, that we are glad to be able to quote how the plans work on a large scale among a people who are of acknowledged gentle manners, sweet disposition and generally moral.

Dr. W. Delano, Eastlake, has an article on the moral life of the Japanese in the July *Popular Science Monthly* in which he tells much of the universal love and regard for children. He says: "Japan has been frequently referred to as the 'Children's Paradise,' that no where else is childhood made so much of. The relations between parents and children are entirely natural, free and unrestrained. The truths of life and nature are unfolded to them as soon as the children are large enough to inquire about them. Nothing is left for them to learn from outside sources. The result of this perfect candor, so far from developing any undue precocity in the child, serves to preserve that undefinable, unconscious grace, so beautiful in childhood, which, by the secret access of some hidden knowledge, is so apt to be replaced by that glance of definable conscious disgrace seen in so many of the prematurely 'old' children of the Occident."

The writer further comments on the entire absence of the usual tokens of affection in Japanese families, which some might misunderstand as indicating a lack of parental and filial love. Petting and caressing are dispensed with as soon as babyhood is over, and though the relationship between brother and sister is most sincere and cordial, embracing and kissing are never thought of. Yet after the age of puberty, brother and sister have no hesitation in disrobing or bathing before one another. While the utmost freedom in conversation is admissible, he reports that this formality between the sexes, even in the same family, may be perfectly summed up in the words, "Hands off," and apart from this, closest intimacy and affection may exist.

In fact the Japanese have no word for "kiss." Though aside from our present purpose, we note from the Doctor's article that marriage consists in a home ceremony and public registration, and up to the present time the husband has always had the privilege of divorcing the wife at will and sending her back to her father's home. But as easy as it is to sever the marriage bond, this privilege is rarely taken advantage of, except in extreme cases, for divorces are looked upon with anything but tolerance by the Japanese. Prostitution there is in some respects no better than here, but he reports that among the poor families, though one of the daughters may be practically sold to a life of dishonor by her parents, it is only for three years, and after the three years' service is over, she may return again to the parental roof. It not only might be worse, but is worse in our own country.—*The Health Monthly*.

The Results of Equality.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which is about 73,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by men and women together. The work of education is in the hands of the women, and in the whole island not a single illiterate is to be found. These voting mothers, who educate their children, have produced a nation in which there are no prisons, no police, no thieves, and no army.

Press Censorship--Imperialism,

Printers' Ink of Aug. 23d, says: "It appears that Hon. John L. Thomas, the First Assistant Attorney General, who succeeded Judge Tyner, has instructed the postmaster at Martinsville, Ill., to exclude the delivery of the Chicago Sunday Sun, not because it is obscene, but because it is largely devoted to the exposition of prominent persons who are guilty of immoral conduct." Mr. Thomas confesses: "I fully appreciate the grave responsibility I assume in excluding papers and other matters from the United States mails, upon whose mailability I am required to pass." Foote's Health Monthly says: "If this function truly devolves upon him, we have at last a censorship of the press, and know who our censor is during this administration."

Continued from third page.

er rich, and by his labor has so cleared away the causes of hardships, that comparatively rich men can come there and live comfortably. If he fails, loses what he has endured so much to obtain, the others are benefitted all the same."

"You have made out a pretty good case, Mr. Reid, but I cannot see how the government is to blame."

"Let it take its grip from the throats of the landless, and there will be no such trouble, sir."

"Grip from the throats of the landless! what do you mean?"

"I mean that government protects people in holding vacant land, unused land. I mean that if a landless man should try to cultivate a portion of said land, government officers would prevent him from getting his food from mother earth; if that is not a grip upon the throats of the landless, I do not know what is."

"Oh, I see, you are for free land."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, I'm for free land. Think of children being born into this world without a right to a foot of its surface, with no place to stay unless their parents can pay some one for the privilege. Talk of God, of honoring Him! If anything can be blasphemy, it is the claim that an infinitely good and wise being sanctions the buying and selling of the land as it is done today. I can't see how Christians can look one another in the face and talk of such a thing."

Again those who were standing around manifested

their approbation. "Bravo, Frank, you ought to go out stump speaking." "You reason like a Judge," and similar remarks were made.

All but one man seemed pleased, and he said: "Such doctrines are dangerous, gentlemen, and carried into practice would ruin the country."

"How many quarter sections of vacant land have you, Mr. Holden?" asked one.

"Mr. Hold-on, you mean, for he always holds on to all he can get," said another.

"That's so, hit him again," cried a third.

"Gentlemen, I think your discussion can be better carried on elsewhere," said the postmaster.

"Government speaks and we must obey," remarked one of the party as he walked out. The others followed, with the exception of Reid.

Wherefore had continued looking out upon the street, and none but a close observer would have known from his manner that he had heard a word of what was being said. He turned to Reid when the others had left, and asked:

"What now, Frank?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I see that something has disturbed you more than usual."

"Yes, there has; I have just had a long letter from Burt, and they are seeing hard times, but I cannot talk about it here."

"Come home with me and take supper; I have some things on hand that will spoil if not eaten."

"Yes, John," laughed Frank, "the most of eatables would, but I'll go."

They walked quietly along till they reached John's home, for neither of them seemed inclined to talk. No woman need have been ashamed of the well kept room into which Wherefore took his friend. Giving Reid a chair and a book, he then turned to prepare the evening meal.

"Just what I wanted," said Frank, as he saw the title, "how fast books on the labor question are multiplying." John smiled but made no remark. Supper over and things all washed and put away, Wherefore reached for his cigar box, handed Frank a cigar and lit one for himself.

"This," he said, as he put the weed between his lips, "ought not to be. It shouldn't be necessary to soothe the nerves with narcotics, but so long as there is so much injustice organized into the very framework of society, the elements in the mental and spiritual atmosphere rasp the spiritual senses, as the north wind does the physical. Some seek relief in one way and some in another, but give us a mental atmosphere filled with the elements of justice, and there would be no need for temperance societies."

"I never thought of the matter in that light, but there may be truth in what you say; what fine cigars."

"Truth, of course there is, Frank. Saloon keepers are not a desirable portion of society, but those who hold vacant land are doing the most harm; it is such as they who force men who want homes to go beyond the confines of civilization to secure them."

"I believe you, John; read that, will you."

He took the letter from Reid's extended hand and read:

"Dear brother Frank: It is now nearly ten months since we were evicted from our home in Iowa, as you already know, and though writing you that Smith and I had left for western Kansas, I have never given you the particulars of our wanderings and our experience here, neither can I now, for I am too sick to write much; have been quite sick for a month, and am sitting up in bed to write this. I am on the gain, or should be if I did not have so much to worry me."

"After leaving Iowa we traveled hundreds of miles before we could find any government land, and then we went outside of railroad claims, and decided to pre-empt instead of homesteading. We, Smith and I, took a quarter section each, which will cost us each two hundred dollars, beside some incidentals. We made our sod shanties as near together as possible, and each be on his own land, so that the women could be company for each other while we were away, and then we went to find work, for we must have bread. It was six miles to the nearest neighbor and ten miles to a postoffice. Sometimes we found something to do, and sometimes we couldn't. We have managed to get through the winter by selling our cow, but my sickness has put us back till, unless I can get some help, we can raise no crop this summer, for I have not a cent of money to buy seed, and not even to buy food. Smith divides as far as he can, but Anna has been sick and he is nearly as bad off as I am. If suffering was counted in dollars, this western land would be the dearest on earth. Sometime, if we live, we shall have trees about our homes, but now the wide prairie is desolately lonely. It is very different here from what it was in Iowa. If government was a protection to its native born citizens, we might have made us good homes there, but here—yes, we can do it here if we do not die in the trying. But I am weary and must close. Dear brother, I do not like to beg, but if you can send me a few dollars, it will keep us from going hungry. I could get well sooner if

I could have what my appetite craves, but even what I have will soon be gone, for Dan, with his sick wife, cannot take care of both families much longer.

"With love from Gertrude and myself to yourself and family. Your brother,
BURTON REID."

When Wherefore had finished reading Burton's letter, he handed it back to Frank without a word, but turned and sat looking into the fire. When the silence became painful to him, Frank asked:

"John, what can I do? I have not a dollar to spare, must even go into debt to meet my own necessities."

"What can you?" was the response, and again there was silence.

Presently Frank burst forth with:

"A curse upon a government that misleads the poor, or looks coldly on and permits others to do so—a curse upon the law which forces men to travel past thousands of acres of unoccupied land held by paper parchments and protected by government guns, in order to find a home—a curse—"

"Hush, Frank; your curses will do no good. I will help in this particular case, and only wish I could help in all such cases. I."

"Oh, bless you John," and the man sprang up and clasped both his friend's hands in his own. John turned his head away, and released his hands as soon as possible, for his nose needed wiping just then, but his handkerchief went up pretty close to his eyebrows. As soon as that little piece of business was attended to, he turned to Frank and said:

"I am going west to investigate this free land business I want to learn the wherefore of several things that I don't understand now. If I knew how Russell's suit had been, or was to be decided, I would start to-morrow;" then, after a pause, he added, "I presume it will not be decided at this term of court; they will postpone it if they can."

"Did you hear that Mrs. Wendover had gone insane?"

"No, I have heard nothing of it," replied Wherefore.

"There is such a report out, I heard Harry Golder telling his father that it was in the county paper."

"Well, Russell will know, and I think he will be here to-night."

"He hasn't been here since he first went to Glenwood, has he?"

"Only once, and then no one saw him but myself."

"But why do you think he will be here to-night, John?"

"Because I have been thinking of him so much to-day."

"What has your thinking of him to do with his coming? If thinking of people would bring them, there are some folks I would think of all the time."

"If he is on his way here, Frank, he will be thinking of me, and his thought gets here first, so—"

"So you feel the thought?"

"Yes, and it makes me think of the thinker."

"Well, you are a queer John."

"I suppose I am, but hark:—there he is now."

The next moment steps were heard coming up the graveled walk. Wherefore opened the door and said: "Come in, Mr. Bond Boyle."

"Don't call me that, John."

"Isn't that your name, sir?"

"I suppose it is, but the old name sounds best from friends, how are you, Frank, I am glad to see you."

"John said you were coming," said Reid, as he grasped the extended hand; "I think there must be a mental telegraph line between you two."

"I thought I would make him feel me," replied Russell, and then; Well, I have been to court, and am back this far; must wait till next term for trial."

"What is that for?"

"They have put one of the defendants in the insane asylum, and plead that as an excuse. As near as I can learn, they feared she wouldn't defend. She wanted father's will carried out."

"It is true, then; Frank was just telling me of the report."

"Yes, John, its true, and but for the hope of being able to do some good with my father's money, I should wish I had not commenced suit," said Russell sadly, as he handed Wherefore the slip of paper headed: "VERY SAD," then:

"John, who is Jedadiah Brown?"

"How should I know?"

"Will you say that you don't know?" persisted Russell.

"I have nothing to say about it." Russell looked at him for some moments in silence, but said no more.

Presently Frank said: "Wherefore's going west, why not go with him, Mr. Russell?"

"How long will you be gone, John?"

"Three or four months, you will have time

enough to go with me and be back for the fall term of court."

"What is your object?"

"I want to investigate cheap, and free land."

"I will go with you, when do you start?"

"At any time, now."

"I must go to Pennsylvania first, and it will be out of the way to come back here, where shall I meet you?"

"I will go that way with you, I can start in the morning as well as any time, and I would like to see Alice."

"Will Alice stay where she is while you are away, Mr. Russell?" asked Reid. He was thinking of her attempted abduction.

"Yes, she has had an experience that will keep her on the look out, and everybody there is watching for her. She never goes out alone, and every stranger is looked at with suspicion; you never saw such a feeling as it has created."

The conversation then turned upon the evictions in Iowa. It began by Reid's asking Russell if he knew where Charles was.

"No; and I may never hear from him again, unless it be connected with some desperate deed. I gave two of my sons to my country, in the war, and now it has robbed my only remaining one of his wife and home, and driven him to desperation," was the bitter reply.

"Our Congress gives our lands to rich syndicates and robs the poor of their homes, when such syndicates demand them," said Reid.

"Don't say our Congress!" exclaimed Russell.

"We are the people; Congress belongs to the aristocrats, to the monopolies. It makes me feel like cursing when I think of the infernal way in which they have wasted our land."

"It is our land, then, if not our Congress," said Wherefore.

"It was our land, is yet, the same as my horse would still be mine after it had been stolen, and when enough of the people become as Charles is, they will take it back."

"Yes, and they ought to," said John, "for our land has not only been wasted, but it has been made an instrument of torture to us. Two hundred and twenty families driven from their homes there in Iowa, less than a year since, and who can measure the suffering of the whole of them, when what one man has had to endure drives him to desperation."

"Yes, over two hundred families," repeated Reid, "and the cry of their anguish reaches us yet, as that letter testifies," handing the letter from Burton to Russell.

Russell read the letter, and handing it back, said: "The apathy of the people is terrible; I can't understand how they can be so quiet under such wrongs as were inflicted there in Iowa."

"Neither can I," said Reid.

"The law is the opiate that deadens their senses; we are a law-abiding people."

"Law-abiding fools!" retorted Reid.

"Over two hundred families, and wherefore was it done; I must get the bottom of this," mused Wherefore.

"You will have to go pretty deep, if you do," said Russell.

"Yes, as deep as hell," added Reid.

"I think I sense the bottom now, Frank."

"You do, what is it?"

"Just what you said this afternoon, vacant land; land held for a rise instead of for cultivation. If no man was allowed to hold vacant land, then syndicates, home or foreign, could get no footing. Then the country would fill up. The western current would be more slow, and not so very much either, for if they could get land near by, men would not sleep in crowded rooms on benches, under wharfs and in other outlandish places, as they now do in our over crowded cities."

"But why have people been so blind as not to see that the ownership of immense tracts of land by individuals, or by corporations, made slaves of the masses?"

"The law, Frank, the law of past ignorance has been made the standard of present action."

"Yes, it is law, law. Law is a chain; its links bind the poor while protecting the rich."

"Why, Frank, are you and detective Morse connected by mental telegraph?" asked Russell.

England, with her scarlet coated soldiery, is the scarlet whore of scripture and she is making the nations drunk with the wine of her golden cup, (single standard, gold basis) and through the combined action of earth's rulers with the gold power the modern Christ is being crucified, and at the same time the rock sepulcher is being prepared. Soldiers guard it and the seal of the ruling powers is upon it that there may be no resurrection. But it will come all the same. The People will awake.

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Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

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

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

GEORGE LYNN.

Hastings, Neb., Apr. 26-92.

For Sale Here.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because he used almost the same words the other day."

"He is right, telegraph or no telegraph; the bondage of law as administered under our present property system, is simply outrageous."

"But what is to be done about it, Frank?"

"I wish I had a million dollars," was Reid's response.

"And what would you do with it?"

"I would publish a paper that would be read all over the country. I would take pains to find out the truth about all such outrageous wrongs, and I would keep the facts before the people. I would show them what these government traps did. I would show them how dear western lands were, what they cost in years of privation and toil. Cheap, they are called! Only weeks of loneliness for the wife in the midnight hour, and under the noonday sun, while the husband must be away earning the food they must eat, weeks upon weeks of this. Cheap! And then if some syndicate drives them off, they must 'fight it out in the courts.' Such is the protection we get from a government which, if our taxes are not paid, will itself sell our homes. Our flag is a lie, a bold and flaunting lie. I wonder the people do not rise en masse and fight till they die before they submit to such injustice."

No one spoke for some minutes after this outburst, then Reid continued:

"Three-fourths of a year since those evictions, and the people are still quiet! well, this can't last always; there must come a change or this republic will prove the greatest failure the world has ever known."

"Russell sighed, and Wherefore said: 'I wish you would take the stump, Frank, I had no idea there was so much in you.'"

"And who will feed the wife and babes?"

"I will see that they have what they need."

"I will think about it; perhaps I will after you return from your trip of investigation."

"And that reminds me," said Wherefore, "that if I leave in the morning, I have some preparations to make."

"And that reminds me that I must not stay and hinder you; good night and a prosperous journey."

"He will be heard from yet," said Russell, as Frank closed the door behind him.

"I think so," replied Wherefore.

To be continued.

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:

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Boston, Mass.

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

After the second pamphlet was added.

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

Mrs. M. M. Egli,
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Mrs. M. Baker,
Tama City, Iowa.

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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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