

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

NO. 7.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

BY A. P. BROWN.

We are living, we are moving
In a grand and solemn time;
Midst the marshalling of forces
For a conflict all sublime.

Institutions old and sacred
To the trial soon must come;
Questioned now in every quarter;
Questioned in the church and home.

Questioned in the field and forest;
Questioned in the lecture room;
Questioned by the high and lowly;
Questioned now for final doom.

Ages dim and long forgotten,
Ages ere historic time,
Saw the earth in preparation
For a product most sublime.

Lo! appearing on the planet,
At the all-creative word,
Man, mysterious, many-sided,
Truly called creation's lord.

Will, all-controlling, all-defying;
Heart all-daring, all-embracing;
Hands all-doing, all-essaying;
Feet so swift and shadow-chasing.

Out of earth his every atom;
On the earth his mortal life;
To the earth his dust returning;
On the earth his loves and strife.

In the midst of circling planets,
Blazing suns of ancient birth;
Head among the constellations,
Feet forever linked to earth.

Watch his course thro' all the ages,
Scan his works and scan his flights;
Ever seeking evolution;
Ever climbing higher heights.

Tell me, then, besotted tyrant;
Tell me, landlord, hard and cold;
Tell me, crafty politician,
Will your gyves forever hold?

How much longer, how much stronger
Will ye weave your swaddling bands,
Seeking man to sorely bind him—
Make him helpless in your hands.

Not much longer, not forever
Shall your incantations hold.
Pack your goods and vanish ever,
Leave your shearing of the fold.

Free in thought now and forever;
Free to use our mother's land—
This is what our Mother, Nature,
Planted in the soul of Man.

Through the course of evolution,
Through the ages yet to be,
This is pressing for solution—
Only this can make men free.

—All religious organizations are for the purpose of being better able to serve and worship God, consequently, there is not an organized religious body to be found that, as such, is devoted to finding and removing the causes which crush humanity.

Not long since I heard a man talking of a recently issued book as "an antidote to Bellamy's poison." Bellamy's ideas are poison to our present system of robbery and fraud miscalculated civilization. When this poison is once in operation there will be no poorhouses for the living nor potter's field for the dead; it is a cleansing poison.—L. W.

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER XV.

A FEW SURPRISES.

Dr. Vosburg never took dangerous patients, but the most of those who were brought to him were in a condition that warranted care and rest. Col. Boyle had made to him such representations of his sister's condition, that he supposed she needed the quiet that his place could furnish, but Mrs. Wendover had not been there long before he began to suspect foul play. Still, as he was well paid for keeping her, and as she made no trouble, said nothing about leaving, he simply watched and waited.

When she refused so decidedly to go with her husband, the Dr. made the remark he did about his holding her upon the certificate of two physicians, first, because he did not like to lose so profitable a patient, and secondly, because his sympathy was with the wife, and if the Judge insisted upon her going with him, he could thus protect her. But others were at work, were watching closely to learn where she was.

Morse had managed to see Myrtle, the faithful colored girl who was very much attached to Mrs. Wendover. He found that Myrtle did not believe that her mistress was insane.

"Will you help me to find her then?" he asked.

"Gladly, but what can I do, sir?"

"Watch the Judge closely, and let me know what you learn of his movements."

"How can I let you know, where can I find you?"

"Write to me; here is my address, and here are some one cent stamps for postage; direct to me here at Glenwood, and don't send by any one, drop the letter in the office yourself."

The evening before the Judge went to Dr. Vosburg's, he said to Myrtle: "I am going to see your mistress tomorrow, and if she is well enough, shall bring her home; you must be very careful, if she comes, to make no reference to anything calculated to excite, or irritate her, as it might make her worse."

He half suspected that the girl did not believe in his wife's insanity, and he said this to her to make her think he did. She readily promised all he asked, but wrote to Morse and mailed the letter before she slept.

The next morning the Judge had not gone more than a mile before he overtook a man on horseback who made some inquiries about the country, and asked if he was on the direct road to Postville. On being told that he was, he rode along side the carriage for awhile, asking questions about the country, and expressing himself pleased with what he saw. Finally he said:

"I fear I am detaining you, sir; my horse is a little lame, and I cannot ride fast," then bowing a "good morning," he fell behind, but never so far behind, but he kept track of the carriage, nor did this horseman get so far away, but when the Judge left Dr. Vosburg's it could be seen that the carriage contained but one occupant.

The next afternoon a peddler stopped at Dr. Vosburg's and was very anxious to see the ladies, as he had something that "they would be sure to want." At first the Dr. felt inclined to shut the door in his face, but somehow, he was so winning in his manner that instead, he invited the man in, and took him through the office into the room where his wife and Mrs. Wendover sat.

"Why, Mr. Brown, is it you," said Mrs. Wendover, extending her hand.

"Yes, its Jed, but how is it I see you here, ma'am," is the Judge and the others well, what a sudden taking off of the old gentleman, I didn't think it when I left."

He talked so fast there was no need to answer his

questions, and he didn't seem to remember that he had asked any, so she was spared giving a reason for being there.

"Yes," she replied, "father's death was very sudden, and very unexpected to me; I supposed him as well as usual."

"Oh, that's not strange, ma'am; when one gets to be his age, they're likely to go any time."

"So this is Jedadiah Brown?" remarked Dr. Vosburg.

"That's what I'm called, sir. Dad and mam liked bible names, and its all the same to me, Jedadiah, Heseckiah, Nehemiah, or Zaphantah, but I like to drop all but plain Jed; that's good enough for me."

"Do you know that you have been wanted?" continued the Dr.

"Wanted, me wanted, what for?"

"As a witness, you staid at Judge Wendover's awhile, I believe."

"Yes, the old Major took a powerful liking to me, so I staid as long as I could; yes, I did hear something about being wanted at the court, but ever since my girl gin me the mitten, I've been mighty shy of all kinds of courtin'."

"If they once get their eyes on you, they will not let you keep out of the way."

"Well, mebbe I'll be there next time, but I'm not showing the ladies my purty things," and he began to open his pack.

One thing after another was displayed, and its good qualities elaborated upon; a few purchases were made, and finally Jed began gathering up his things, expressing regret that there was nothing more they wanted. At length he picked up a nice handkerchief, and looking at it as if he thought it most too good to give away, he finally folded it carefully, slipped a note inside, and tossed it into Mrs. Wendover's lap, saying:

"Please, ma'am, accept that from Jed."

She was about to protest against keeping so good an article, but as she took it into her hand, she felt the note, so she simply said:

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, I shall keep it to remember you by."

When he left, the Dr. went with him, and when they reached the office, he said: "Please take a seat, Mr. Brown, I would like a few minutes' talk with you."

Brown set his pack slowly down and took the proffered chair, at the same time, keeping his eye on Dr. Vosburg as though he would look him through. He sat at least half a minute, as if waiting for the Dr. to speak, at the same time so holding him with his eye, that he could not. At length he said in a distinct but very different tone from what he had been using:

"Dr. Vosburg, that woman is no more insane than you are, and you know it."

"Who the devil are you?" exclaimed the Dr., starting to his feet.

Quick as a flash off came wig, beard and face covering.

"Harry Morse, as I live!"

"Yes, it is Harry Morse, and now, sir, I am ready to talk with you."

"And I am more glad to see you than I can tell; yes, I do know she is not insane. I thought when she was brought here she was slightly deranged and in danger of becoming seriously so, but I have known better for some time."

"Why, then, do you still keep her here?"

"For her own protection; the same motive that prompted them to bring her here, would make them take her where she would not fare as well."

"Is that your only reason?" asked Morse.

"No, it is not, but the other is not strong enough to make me keep her, if I did not fear they would send her some where else."

"May I know what your other reason is?"

"I am in debt, and they pay me well."

"Is your place mortgaged till the debt is paid?" queried Morse.

"It is," was the reply.

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OR
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Every reason that can be brought to bear is here given to show the value of pure, true relations, with the hope, as she says, of accomplishing what "Thus saith the Lord," and "Thus saith the Law," have never been able to do, to-wit: to hold men and women to the law of true spiritual growth as connected with the creative life of their own bodies.

Price 50 cents. Address Mrs. Waisbrooker, Topeka, Kansas.
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A Sample Letter.

SISTER LOIS—Yours received last evening and I hasten to respond, tho' not with the encouragement that I could wish to have accompany the missive.

We are in times that cause bitter reflections and dark forebodings of what the future may have in store for those who expect to live from the results of their labor. The money power, accumulated wealth, seems determined to demonstrate the truth of the old proverb to wit: "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." If president Cleveland, by his unblinking efforts to control legislation, in which he has succeeded in an alarming degree, has not demonstrated at least his blindness to the future then I am indeed blind to what the future has in store for us. It is to be regretted that I am not in a condition to give you the patronage which your work merits.

The papers report a terrible condition among the people out of employment in the northern part of the state, and the same trouble exists here. People who are out of employment are looking forward to terrible times the present winter.

I enclose fifty cents for the paper. With the object you have in view, educating the race to a higher standard of morality in sex relations I am in full sympathy. In fact, * nothing short of entire freedom will satisfy humanity.

The God idea is the great obstacle in the way of increased intelligence.

Many people think less selfishness is indispensable, but it seems to me that when people become sufficiently intelligent to recognize the fact that the greatest good of the individual can only be secured by securing the the greatest good of all, we then may begin to hope for less evil.

Yours for more intelligence.

J. W. STUART.

Broadhead, Wis.

[* I do not know if brother Stuart is aware of the fact, but in that declaration lies the whole sum and substance of philosophical Anarchy—Self-government. The same law of growth that will take us from under the control of legal statute in sex matters, will take us from under it in everything else, and if "nothing short of entire freedom will satisfy humanity," rest assured that we—the race—will get there, but it will take a great deal of growth.]

"What infernal knaves this infernal economic system makes of people!" exclaimed Morse, getting up and walking rapidly back and forth. "The links of law bind us on every side, and if we can slip out *legally*, all right, but no amount of moral power can help us if unaided by the legal. Legal crime is all right, while moral integrity ungarnished by the legal chain, is punished; damn such a system."

The Dr. looked on amazed. "What may we not expect when detectives talk like that," he said.

"Expect anything you please, sir, detectives have hearts and brains as well as other people," said Morse in an indignant tone.

"I beg your pardon, Harry, I intended no personal reflection, but tell me what you know of this."

Morse resumed his seat and told Vosburg what the reader already knows, from his journey to Vermont, because of Wherefore's desire to know the why of the remarkable likeness between Col. Boyle and Russell, up to the time of the old gentleman's death, and Mrs. Wendover's desire to carry out the intent of her father's will.

Vosburg listened till Morse had finished. "I see it all now," he said, and she must not leave here till we decide it is best. That unprincipled brother of hers will stop at nothing to carry his point, and we must protect her."

"We want her at the next term of court," said Morse, "and if she can remain here till then, all right, but they must not get the idea that you are in sympathy with her, or they will have her removed to some other institution."

"I hardly think Boyle will try to remove her against my wishes, I know too much of some of his previous doings. Because I keep a private asylum he took it for granted that I was as unprincipled as himself."

"That may be true, Dr., but it is well enough to be on the safe side. You draw up a paper certifying her sanity, and I will send two men here, physicians, ostensibly to see your other patients, so that Mrs. Wendover will not feel embarrassed, and when they have seen and talked with her, they will not hesitate to sign it with you, we can then defy them."

"That's just the thing, Morse, and I am more than glad you came," said Vosburg.

Morse now resumed his disguise, saying as he did so: "I shall be here again soon, and then I want a chance to talk with Mrs. Wendover."

"You shall have it," replied the Dr. Jed now put his head through the door that led to the sitting room, and called out:

"I shall be back this way, ladies, in about ten days, and shall be wanting to sell you something then, good by, the Dr.'s kept me talking so long I had to ter say that again," then resuming his pack, he went slowly up the road.

"You had a long talk with the peddler," said Mrs. Vosburg when she next saw her husband alone.

"Yes, and I learned some things that I must keep to myself for a time." She said no more for she knew it would be of no use.

Jed came again as he had promised, and he got a chance to talk to Mrs. Wendover, too. He gave her the whole history of that first marriage, as he had gathered it from her father, supplying what was needed to complete the evidence by relating what he had learned elsewhere. She wept as she learned of her father's early disappointment and sorrow. She said: "I knew there was a hidden page in his life, knew it from broken sentences when half asleep; knew too there was some one he was hoping to see before he died; I understand it now."

After telling her this, and listening to her comments, he said:

"And now, dear lady, I have a surprise for you; I am not what I seem."

She looked up, wondering, as much surprised at the difference in his tone of voice, as at what he said.

"I see," he said, "that I have surprised you already, but I have a greater one in store. When John Wildermere saw your brother and Mr. Russell, as he had been called, saw them within a few feet of each other, and noted the wonderful likeness between them, he sent Harry Morse, the detective, up into Vermont to see what he could learn, but Harry went disguised, he came to your house disguised" — he paused, "please don't be frightened as I remove this false face with its attachments," and touching a spring, the next instant the whole was lying in his hand.

She paled for a moment, and the next she laughed, laughed as she thought of the Vermont Yankee, Jed, and detective Morse as one and the same person.

"You'll do, I'll risk your nerves any where," he said.

"But how is it made, Jed, no, Mr. Morse, do let me examine it?"

He put it into her hands and then explained the dif-

ferent parts. The surface of the mask was as much like the human skin as though it really were such. It fitted so exactly to every curve of his features as to make it seem as if it grew there; fitted on, the inside but was made slightly thicker in some places than in others, which gave it quite a different expression on the exterior. The beard was woven into the same material, and a narrow strip went clear around the head, with hair upon it the same color of his own but adding just enough to it to complete the disguise, the whole fitting so closely that it seemed a part of himself.

After she had examined it sufficiently as she held it, he put it on and let her examine it again, but said: "Please don't explain the how of this, I think it is the only one of the kind, an invention of my own that I do not want others to profit by."

"Get it patented," she said, laughing again.

"No, for more rascals than honest men would want to buy, but now about the next sitting of the court, we want you there and we do not want the others to know it till they see you, will you go?"

"If I can, yes; how will you manage it?"

"Easily enough; the Dr. is in the secret, he knows you are not insane. All you have to do is to refuse to leave till we want you, and we manage the rest."

"All right, I will do so."

She knew that the Dr. had been very kind, but the assurance that he would help to defeat those who had put her there made her comparatively happy. She was so much more cheerful than she had been that Mrs. Vosburg noticed it and spoke of it but the Dr. kept his own counsel. Being assured that Mrs. Wendover understood and would second their efforts was sufficient; he never spoke of it even to her, for it was his theory that when a thing needed to be kept secret the less said about it the better.

The Judge wrote to his wife two or three times after visiting her, and, in his last begged her to come home on her own terms, said he would rather lose all else than to lose her. To this she replied:

"You are so much under my brother's influence I am afraid to trust you so long as this case is undecided; afterward I will think about it," and subsequent events proved the wisdom of her course.

A few days before the sitting of the court Col. Boyle and the Judge went to Vosburg's with the express purpose of removing Mrs. Wendover to another retreat.

The Col. said to the Dr.: "Her refusal to go home and things she has written, prove she is getting no better so she must have different treatment, and the Judge is so tender hearted he shrinks from doing what is best."

"She will not go with you," said Vosburg.

"Then she must be made to go; I don't intend to have any fooling about the matter."

"Neither do I, Col. Boyle, but you cannot take her from here without my consent, unless you bring an order to that effect; should harm come from it I should be held responsible."

"Nonsense, Dr., you know there will be no trouble," said Boyle impatiently.

"How can I know there will not; there is no accounting for the freaks of the insane."

Boyle paused, looked at Vosburg in a questioning way, and then said: "Oh, I know what's the matter with you, you don't want to lose your patient; well, I'll pay off your mortgage if you will give her up, and make no trouble about it."

"Pshaw, what's that compared with what you expect to win by keeping her out of the way?"

"How much remains unpaid on the mortgage?" asked the Col., thinking he could buy the Dr. if he bid high enough.

"About eight hundred dollars."

"We will give you fifteen hundred, and say no more about it. Publicity just now would only help that pretender, but I feel so anxious about sister; I know she must have different treatment or she will never be any better, so I am willing to pay you well for your disappointment."

"What do you say, Judge?" asked Vosburg.

"It is just as the Col. says," was the reply.

Vosburg straightened himself up to his full height, and he was six feet in his stockings. Looking them squarely in the face, he said: "Gentlemen, you have made a mistake; Mrs. Wendover does not leave the protection of my roof till she does so of her own free will."

"We will see about that," said Boyle, if you will not give her up to her natural protectors you will be made to do it."

"Unnatural protectors you mean," retorted the Dr., "but don't be in haste. I hold a certificate signed by my-

self and two of the best specialists on the question of insanity in the country, stating that Mrs. Wendover is entirely sane, so I repeat: she does not leave the shelter of my roof till she goes willingly."

The Judge looked as though he was glad to hear this, but the Col.'s expression was that of a caged tiger.

Neither party spoke for some minutes. Boyle was looking over the situation, and trying to maintain his self-control; at length he asked: "Does my sister know of this?"

"I have not told her yet." This was an evasion; he had not told her, but he knew that she knew it.

"And you will not just yet?"

"I had not thought to make use of my knowledge unless you attempt to take her away."

"Of course we shall not do that if she is no longer insane, which I am glad to hear; are you willing that Dr. Ford shall see her to-morrow?"

"I have no objection, sir."

They hesitated before preferring the next request, but after stepping aside and conferring together the Judge said: "We would like to see Mrs. Wendover before leaving."

"I will see what she says," replied the Dr., and calling Mrs. Vosburg, he sent the message by her. The lady returned in about five minutes with the information that Mrs. Wendover declined the honor. Boyle bit his lip and the Judge sighed.

The next day Dr. Ford called at Vosburg's prepared to make just the report desired. He was not informed of the new certificate held by Vosburg, or he would not have gone at all, much less, have staked his reputation by giving an adverse report. Boyle intended to have the case put over and had the report worded to that end.

The Col. did not feel quite sure of his plans, but he could do no better. He trusted that Vosburg's own interest would prompt him to hold his patient as long as he could safely do so, and the trial deferred, would give him time to seek other methods of defeating the plaintiff. On the afternoon before the court sat, he sent Myrtle over to Vosburg's. He knew that his sister would see her, and he would thus feel sure that she was there. He little dreamed that Myrtle was in communication with her mistress, and had been for some time, but they had not met before.

The Judge took the girl over, and she was immediately admitted to Mrs. Wendover's room, and after a half hour's visit she returned with the Judge to Glenwood. When night fell another carriage stopped before that private retreat, but instead of bringing a patient it carried away one.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RETURN OF THE SPIES.

"Yes, call us that if you will. We did go to spie out the land, to learn the real status of things and the wherefore of that status, so call us spies if you will, but we have brought no grapes back."

"Wherefore forever," called out one of the crowd.

"The spirit of inquiry, the disposition to find out the wherefore of things should last forever, if that is what you mean," replied John pleasantly.

Wherefore and Russell, after nearly four months' absence in Kansas, Nebraska and northwestern Iowa and other portions of the west, had called the people together to make a report of what they had seen and heard and some one had laughingly called it the return of the spies, hence Wherefore's opening remarks.

There was a general laugh at John's apt reply to the one who had called out "Wherefore forever," and then they waited for the continuation of his remarks.

"Friends," he said, "when a bone from any portion of an animal or a human body is given to a competent anatomist he will tell tell you from what kind of a body it came and its size; so in investigating the tendency or the result of any condition of things in any country, it is not necessary that we visit every portion of that country, but only such portions as a fair sample of the whole; is not this a correct statement of the principle involved in the problem before us?" He paused as if expecting a reply.

"Yes, certainly," "That's so," "Some school master talk, but I guess you are right, boss," "Of course he is," came from different parts of the house.

Wherefore waited till all was quiet and then said: "I wish to say to my comrade over there that I am no one's boss and that I hope the time will come when bosses will be unknown."

This announcement was received with general cheering. John waited a moment, then continued:

"We could not possibly go over this whole country in one summer but we have seen specimens enough of the

methods used to form a pretty good idea of the system under which our common inheritance, the land, can be had. We were twelve days going from here to Chicago; we stopped at different points and went each way into the country from ten to twenty miles, and everywhere we found vacant land, land that was unoccupied, held by eastern heirs till estates could be settled or by eastern speculators who were waiting for a rise in prices and so far as they could manipulating the various lines of trade and finance to bring a rise.

"Remember, friends, I am speaking of land lying idle, unused, but all of these acres were so covered by paper parchments that homeless men, poor men who had no land of their own, who had no place upon this earth in which to stay unless they paid some one else for the privilege, such men dare not occupy one acre of that land even to raise what would keep wives and babes from starving.

"If homeless men attempt such a thing the paid officers of government are used by the legal owners to drive them hence. Now, friends, this is law, but is it right?"

Cries of "No," "No," came from every part of the house.

"Another question: It is sometimes said that infidels are the leaders in labor troubles, do you believe if Jesus Christ were upon earth to-day that he would sanction a law which gives a man the legal right to hold land unoccupied while landless people all around it needed its use?"

"No," "No," "No," burst from a score of lips.

"It is also said that ignorant foreigners make a great deal of trouble; is it worse to be an ignorant foreigner than it is to be an ignorant native, and if the foreigner rebels while the native submits to injustice which is the most of a man?"

There was a hesitancy in replying to this, one looking at another as if afraid of being led too far, but the school-master arose and said:

"With your permission, sir, I will reply to that. Ignorance is ignorance, no matter where found, but that ignorance which adheres the most determinedly to old ideas, old superstitions, is the hardest to deal with. As to rebelling or submitting, it depends entirely on the motive actuating the party. A horse can kick as well as a man, and in its way, much harder. If one man rebels because he is hurt, and another submits because he does not like to be hurt more than he already is, each thinking only of himself and those who are his, there is no difference in the amount of manhood displayed. The difference between them is simply that between the wild and the domestic horse; but if either the foreigner or the native rebels because he has the good of the people at heart and is willing to suffer that others may be benefitted, that one is the most of a man in the full sense of the word."

"Thank, you, sir, your position is correct," said Wherefore, "and now to illustrate the wrong of vacant land, suppose that all such land lying on either side of any one of the railroads between here and Chicago and for twenty miles each way could be given to the poor in and around New York city, say in lots of from one to forty acres, according to location and quality, provided they would live upon it do you not believe it would lessen the crime and degradation of that city one fourth if not one half?"

They looked at one another and did not seem prepared to reply. "I do," he continued, "true, many of them would not want land, would not know what to do with it if they had it, but so many would go the others could find room and work where they are. But as it is now the best of our workers if they secure homes must travel hundreds if not thousands of miles, and past thousands upon thousands of acres of vacant land, to be ground up, as it were, their very lives ground out of them, upon those far off prairies.

"We called on several prosperous farmers in Kansas and Nebraska to make inquiries, and we found that four out of every five were not the original settlers upon the land they occupied, and the others did not go there empty handed; they had good teams and money to aid in getting started. The most of them told us that they bought the improvements of some one who had preceded them and as a matter of course, had broken the way.

"They could not go on and complete their titles so they sold their improvements for less than they had cost in labor and went farther west to try again, while the purchaser pre-empted or homesteaded just as he chose. Mr. Reid, what is it you call the pre-emption and homestead laws?"

"I call them government traps."

"Why do you call them that?"

"Because the promise of free land, or cheap land is so fascinating, people are induced to undertake that which involves so much hardship that they fail to secure their land

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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[Parties sending to Dr. Bassette will please name this paper, Jos. M. Wade, editor of *Fibre and Fabric*, and also of *Occultism*, Boston, Mass., says she is the best medium he has ever found.—ed.]

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.

I have decided to issue again this month instead of waiting till January. Shall date No. 7 December 15. Finding that what was intended, 'did not pan out,' as the miners say, I thought it best not to keep my readers waiting. If I put out the 12 numbers in ten months it will be a short year well filled.

I have not been able, as yet, to get a copy of our treaty with Russia—hope to have it for the January number. Also, will the friends please send me the names of all the Spiritualists they can, together with their addresses, as I have something special to say to them in that No.

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.

The article on the next page headed "A Prostitute" was written for, and used in *Lucifer's* columns, but the principles involved are of general application, so I now use it in F. P.

TRUTH AND FACTS.

A friend who is acquainted with Mrs. Grannis who edits *The Church Union*, thinking her quite progressive, advised me to send her "The Fountain of Life" and "A Sex Revolution" for review. I did so, and the following is her reply:

MY DEAR MADAM:

I have looked over your books. I find in them many excellent sentiments that I can heartily endorse. The general tenor of this pamphlet, seems to me to go against the Scriptures, to show a disbelief in the Bible, in the Lord Jesus Christ, particularly in the Church at large. You know that as an individual I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ as the personal Redeemer, and I wish to teach by every means in my power the truth of the Gospel of Christ, as the only means of salvation of the soul and body from sin and its consequences.

While many Christians and many persons who try to live a Christian life, do not live according to the knowledge, on account of heedless, careless study, or comprehension of the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus Our Lord, are left to believe a lie, to deceive themselves, they are not deceived by a study of the Scriptures;—their evil practices and mistaken judgment of right and wrong are owing to evil heredity and want of proper teaching respecting the physiological laws of their physical nature. Parents, teachers and pastors never read certain chapters of the New Testament in public, at the family altar, or with their children in private, expounding, admonishing and explaining according to their best knowledge and judgment, for proper instruction of those committed to their care.

Because a Christian young man or woman falls into evil practices, that he or she may imagine is without dangerous consequences for the want of proper training in youth, it is not proof that these young people have not been well trained in other respects, or that the Christian generally is in no degree at fault. It simply proves that the want of a school of pedagogy for pastors, physicians, teachers and parents is more necessary in order to train children and young people, respecting their own physical necessities, privileges and highest development.

Faithfully, E. B. GRANNIS,
New York, Nov. 1-93.

"Disbelief in the bible," etc. I have a decided disbelief in the claim that the church makes for the bible in the church at large, and in any other "Personal Redeemer" than one's own self. "Left to believe a lie." Why does not Mrs. Grannis add: "that he might be damned?" Does the malignity of that last clause stagger the lady's reason, even while she holds on to her faith. Jesus is not the only "crucified Saviour" of whom record is given in history. The fact that there have been so many shows that they simply stand as representatives of a great principle, and in "A Sex Revolution" I tried to enlarge the idea, to take the reader out of the narrow, personal view into that of the universal, and in "The Fountain of Life" I have tried to show that a thing is not true because the bible says so, but because of the self-existent principle innate therein. Many people confound facts and truth, but while a fact may be, is true, a truth is not a fact until it is embodied, wrought out; and then it is only a form of truth; the soul, or self thereof cannot be confined to one, nor to a million forms.

We may go a long way for facts

or forms of truth, but for the truth, the self-existent principle, we need not go out of ourselves.

It is hard to give in words just what is meant unless one has thinkers to talk to, and they do not need the words. I will suppose a case:

John Brown goes to a distant country and when he returns he brings a picture of a building he has seen. He shows the structure as a whole, and gives diagrams of the different parts.

The wiseacres get together and examine it and pronounce such a structure an impossibility, say that the law of mechanics does not permit of such a thing—that it is a positive falsehood—the report, and the illustration the man has brought, or he has been hallucinated, fooled.

Another man goes, one sent out on purpose to prove that the story of the first man is a fabrication. He does not gain favor with the rulers of that far country, and while they give him free access to everything else, they give him no clue to the piece of masterworkmanship which they showed to the other one. He returns and declares the whole thing a fraud.

John Brown will not give up, so he sends Peter Smith, and with him a note to the king of the country. Now it happens that the king has several buildings constructed upon the same principle but varying somewhat in detail, and the one shown to Peter Smith is not the one shown to John Brown, and Peter comes back with his report in harmony with what he saw. Then there arises a three sided wrangle which is kept up till a thinker in his study goes to work to solve the problem. He takes the principles of mechanics and analyzes them—studies them closely and finally discovers a new power in the laws involved which, applied, will enable the mechanic to construct a building like the one John Brown describes; also, like the one Peter Smith describes, discovers that this power has a wide range of adaptation—that scores of structures can be put up all pivoted, as it were, upon this newly discovered power or principle, but varying in detail.

He has solved the problem. He has found the truth while the others are contending over the existence of facts. He does not care which of the others is right, or if they are all mistaken. He knows that under the right conditions such buildings can be erected and that is enough. It makes no difference to him whether there ever has such a building been erected or not. He has the truth and it only needs to be embodied and then there will be the fact or facts also. Now we will see how this corresponds with my position as it regards the bible, as I have illustrated truth in "The Fountain of Life." The following paragraphs are the ones open to Mrs. Grannis' criticism, I presume:

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

"We have sought in many directions and

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

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

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

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

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

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

Every paragraph confirms in a broad sense the truth of the quotations taken from the bible, but I make the truth, not the bible statement of it, the authority, and that is my crime; I refuse to bow to the imperfect expression in outward form of that which cannot be fully expressed because it is limitless.

If we would be free we must possess ourselves. We must not allow any form of teaching, any system of thought to possess us, for when we do we can accept nothing which does not recognize, bow down to our possessor. We are psychically enslaved.

THE COMING WOMAN.

Lillie D. White's address before the Liberal Congress: "The Coming Woman," has been put into pamphlet form. It is in many respects an able address, but it does not quite give my ideal of what the Coming Woman will be. The following taken from a letter to *The Humanitarian* by Sarah Frances Norton, comes nearer to it:

"They thinking that in order to be herself, and to obtain her rightful place in the world, woman must go down to man's level and cope with him there! Whereas my idea is that she must go higher—be placed entirely outside, and beyond, and above man's condition and control, in order to be herself, and, what is still more to the purpose, in order to have the chance of being herself!"

Yes, she must "go higher," must be "beyond man's control in

order to be herself," but to reach this higher condition, to get beyond man's control, there must be a great deal of iconoclastic work done. When that work is done, when every link in the chain that binds her down is broken, then some who are doing that work may come to sense a something in womanhood that they do not seem to sense now.

That Problem.

Sarah Francis Norton, in a letter to the Dec. No. of *The Humanitarian* says:

I wish to write to you concerning your article in your July issue, entitled, "The Alchemy of Maternity," in which you write of the "Problem" of improving humanity.

Is there any "Problem" about it?

Is it not so plain that all who run may read, this "Problem" of what will improve humanity?

Is it not written over every defective human being born?

Does not every idiot, criminal, insane or deformed person, of whatever kind, cry aloud, of what will improve humanity? * * *

I could talk to you every day for six months, and every day give you additional facts in evidence and proof of my position on this question of Heredity—a question upon which all of the welfare of here and the Hereafter—whether that Hereafter be Heaven or Hell, *per se*, or of transmigration, evolution, or anything else.

During my investigations that have been pursued steadily for over twenty years—I found on Randall's Island, in the insane ward, a prospective-mother, taken there because of her condition, and because, when in that condition, she could not be managed at home.

When I came across this woman, she was busily engaged in sticking pins into a large rag doll she had made as nearly in imitation of her husband as she could, and which the attendants assured me did resemble him in many ways—in stupidity, I suppose for one thing.

Being on the trail of these things, I resolved to follow this case to the end—that is to say, until the child was old enough to show whether it was affected by these ante-natal conditions or not.

It was born a girl. As soon as old enough to use her hands intelligently, and to notice, she began picking pins off her mother's dress as she was nursing her. As soon as old enough to amuse herself, her chief delight was in catching flies, pinning them down, and watching them flutter and die.

She could see pins where no one else could see them, and always had pins in her possession, notwithstanding every effort to keep them from her. Her dolls were stuck full of pins, and the furniture was ruined in appearance, by her sticking it all over with pins. When she sat at the table, she had a pin always—unless it was taken from her—and pecked at the table. Her clothes were often pinned up tightly about her, in all sorts of shapes and knots. When there were no flies to kill, she would use her pins on the cat or dog. She must have pins, and be pecking with them at something.

No one ever gave her mind that bent, because no one knew but myself—or at least, had not noted and remembered that particular phase in her mother's dementia, and I said nothing, lest there might be talk, and an effect from it. Indeed, so resolved was I to have the case in all its fullness, that I gave another reason to every one, the mother herself included, for wanting to watch the development of the child.

When she was about four years old, or between four and five, the parents moved to a farm in the country, and there her propensity took this turn—every young chicken she could catch she killed by picking its eyes out with pins.

That was her main amusement, to hurt or kill something, and with pins, if they sufficed, if not, then with something else sharp.

He Understands It.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr., in a late sermon in New York city, gives three points in what he calls "The Coming Revolution." He says:

"There is today a world movement of the common people which indicates the near approach of a great social change. We observe this:

"First—In the dawning consciousness among all nations of a common life.

"Second—The rebellion against militarism and war among the masses of mankind is one of the most significant facts of the closing years of this century.

"The people have at last begun to see that it is utter insanity that they should butcher one another to further the ambitions of kings, princes and rulers.

"They are beginning to see that the only enemy they have is the common enemy of man—hunger, cold and suffering.

"Third—We observe this world movement in the tremendous development of socialism among the masses of the old world.

"Socialism is everywhere in Europe the rising power. It is no longer a voiceless mob to be suppressed by club and bayonet. It is a resistless uprising of the millions whose representatives are fast crowding the assemblies of every nation.

"Already the socialists have captured the great cities, almost without exception. Berlin is theirs by such a great majority that if it were an independent community they could reconstruct society in it at once."

A PROSTITUTE.

ED. LUCIFER:—According to the principle laid down in Mrs. Burnz's "Condensed Novel" in No. 500 of the *LIGHT-BEARER*, our president's wife is a prostitute, and if Grover should die and she should meet the lover from whom at parting she went into a dead faint, he would be justified in saying to her:

"Do you imagine that I would marry a woman of your class?"

I say: according to such a standard Mrs. Cleveland is a prostitute, but I prefer to call her a victim, a lamb crowned for the cruellest sacrifice that was ever required of woman.

The dominant will that so recently controlled Congress to do his bidding, coupled with family and society influences took from that young girl the power to act for herself. Angels pity her, and let all women rebel against that system of society which makes women—and men—slaves.

I see in a recent issue of *LUCIFER* a letter from one who says she has no money to spare but she will write stories. Be careful, my sister, that you are not so far the victim of society's claims as to wrong the man you so praise for his devotion to woman's cause. *LUCIFER* at \$1.50 per year is 12½ cts. per month, a fraction less than 3 cts. a week. Do you not believe that if your soul went out to the cause of woman's emancipation as earnestly as your words seem to imply, you could save that much a week toward sustaining a paper devoted to woman's cause? I once received a letter from a lady who remitted a part of her subscription coupled with a long plea of poverty—told how she hadn't had a new dress for so long, naming the time, and of several other things that she had barely been able to obtain, and at the same time asserting very strongly her regret that she was not able to do more, and expressing the highest appreciation of the value of the work I was doing. Now mark:

By putting this and that together that she had written I found that had she been willing to deny herself one half as much as I did, she could have handed over to me, or have used it in some way for the cause she said was so dear to her, a good many times the price of the paper.

Having been in *LUCIFER*'s office for more than a year, and for a time having the entire charge, I know of at least a score of women who, under plea of poverty are receiving the paper gratuitously, who, if they were willing to deny themselves one half as much as its editor does, could during the year, pay him two or three times over.

They do not mean any wrong; they in their hearts really wish that they could help him, but like Mrs. Cleveland, they are victims—victims to the demands of society, and spend money on its exactions that they would not do were they strong enough to refuse to submit to those exactions.

They need more of the spirit possessed by a poor woman, who, not long since, went into a dressmaker's, a neighbor, wearing a made over dress that besides her own labor, had cost 75 cts. for material for re-modeling, a dress that had been her best for four years, and she was doing so much for the cause that she had no money to buy a new one with.

"Oh, you look quite respectable," was the dressmaker's comment.

"I am always respectable, no matter how I am dressed"

was the prompt response.

Society does not own that woman. She does not allow it to prostitute her to its claims.

NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE.

But, at the risk of making my article too long I want to say to your correspondent L. G. Reed, I think he is about the 999th one I have found saying, directly or indirectly, when we speak of economic reform "divide up," but I have yet to find the first economic reformer who says: "divide up."

They have too good sense to think for a moment that the "divide up" idea would be a remedy.

Christians used to think that there was nothing to restrain Infidels from being the vilest of the vile, consequently they must be vile, but experience has proved them to be as good, or better, on the average, than Christians.

About the first thing the Abolitionist had said to him was: "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?"—inferring that freedom for the black would necessitate intermarriage. Experience proves that there is less intermixing than formerly.

The first thing the sex-reformer has to contend with is the idea the people have that it means indiscriminate mixing. Does experience prove them to be more lewd than others? Open up the lives of the average society man and woman and make the comparison, if this could be done, and even if I believed in the bible hell, which I do not, I would risk it upon the comparison and "bet" on the average Freeloader as the more chaste of the two.

Now friend Reed may find himself as much mistaken in reference to Anarchism. He is opposing what he *thinks* it is and not what it really is. I believe any Infidel who understands what Anarchists really want, I believe all such to be too good, as men and women, to speak disparagingly of the Anarchist purpose, even if they do not accept its methods.

Our whole system of society fits, one part to another, as the result of, and in harmony with church theology, and it is a mystery to me how one can repudiate the theology and at the same time support so strenuously that which legitimately flows from its teachings.

I can understand how a Christian who believes that God will damn the sinner in hell, can look on calmly and see the workings of a system which puts about 30,000 families into the street in New York city annually, but I cannot understand how an Infidel can do so.

Cannot understand how an Infidel can rally to the support of a system which is rooted in the theological God.
LOIS WAISBROOKER.

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

The Coming Nation.

The logic of events point unmistakably to the downfall of the small producers in farming, in manufacturing, trade, and in the employment of common labor. And the reason is perfectly plain if the reader will but stop to candidly consider. A manufacturer who can employ the best machinery can crush his competitor who cannot afford the machinery; the merchant who can take advantage of the markets and get rebates pushes to the front over the failure of his brothers; the bonanza farmer who can buy his implements by train loads, maintain his own mechanics to keep tools in order, use the best machines and methods only possible upon a large scale of production, who gets rebates from the railroads and ships, will continue to rise rapidly while the small farmer, do the best he may, must go down and his farm be eventually swallowed up by his monopolist brother. The bonanza farms are today producing wheat at 21 cents, say reports. Every farmer knows he cannot do that. It means he must succumb to the inevitable and become the tenant-slave of his brother who toils not but lives in a palace. What is true of wheat is true of corn, oats, barley, meat and every product of the soil. All of us can remember the disappearance of the independent shoemaker, tanner, blacksmith, machinist, and so on. Capital is now turning its attention to stores and farming. Great stores in the cities today are accumulating millions while the small stores are bankrupting by tens of thousands. Soon these great stores will begin to appear in smaller towns. One such store in an average county will do the business. Every year the big farms are growing in number and in size. They are making a profit at present prices, and at the same time keeping the prices so low that their small competitors will have to yield the field to them. The butchers have yielded to the packing houses, and are now merely factors used for profit of the meat combines. The small farmer will assuredly find himself a tenant and his children at the mercy of the charity of the cold world, as day follows night, unless the whole system of production and distribution be put upon a new and juster basis. Do not think because some of you have ten thousand acres you can be one of the grandees. The 10,000 acre farmer will be no more able to compete with the 100,000 or 1,000,000 acre lord than a million dollar company can compete with the Western Union or the Standard Oil. The time will come when a few men will own all the property of the nation and the people, in the bitter struggle for existence, will degenerate into ignorance, brutality and helpless peonage. Either this or a co-operative republic in which all will share alike, if they are willing to produce anything, and in which the opportunity, aided by all invention and capital of the whole people, will be at the disposal of each unit of the nation. There is no middle ground. It's going one way or the other. You are a unit in the determining factor. Which way will you give it? Come with us, we beg of you, and assist in bringing in the New Civilization.

The Treaty.

I have stated elsewhere my failure to get a copy of the recent treaty between Russia and the United States for this issue. The following reply from a New York lawyer, shows how indifferent the people are to what their "servants" (?) are doing. A treaty formed between "Our glorious Country" (?) and the most tyrannical nation on the globe and the "Bar Association" of the metropolis of our "land of freedom" (?) don't know where to get a copy thereof!

DEAR MADAM:—I have postponed answering until I could find opportunity to search in the Library of the Bar Association for the place where a copy of the treaty could be found. I am rather surprised to discover that the librarian cannot tell me where to find the text of their treaty, and a somewhat extended search fails to reveal the presence of the document in any book in the possession of the association. I think you will arrive at what you want if you will address your inquiry to the Secretary of State at Washington.

Yours sincerely, E. C.

Social Forces.

The manner in which society conducts its business and neglects the welfare of its members proves that men have no conception of the social forces, and do not know that causes must have effects. In the present condition of things, with every member of society seeking his own happiness, regardless of the interests of society at large, and with a constantly widening chasm between the rich and the poor, there are still men who believe that this condition will have no evil result. Fire will burn, water will seek its level, and physical forces move along the line of least resistance. Most men seldom consider that there are causes for poverty and other evils, and so we have a society that has not been improved by past experience; that has no forethought for the future, and is ruled by the sole thought of individual gain. Most men excuse themselves for their responsibility for social evils by saying, "Everything will come right in the end." Will it? Perhaps. But let the conditions of the rich and poor still further widen until the wealth of the country is massed in the hands of a few individuals, and the people are dependent on the aye or nay of these few individuals to make a living,—do the people not become slaves? What is it to them that they are free to go wherever they please? What is it to them that science and invention have increased man's productive power tenfold—if they are bound to one spot by the necessity to labor, if they must yield up the products of their labor for the privilege of living?—*Cleveland Citizen.*

"Astounded."

A friend of ours, a man well known in business circles here, and to whom I had given quite a while ago some copies of *Lucifer*, became so much interested that he sent for several books, and among them "The Occult Forces of Sex," and he said the other day:

"It is a wonderful book and it goes right to the bottom of the question, too. I was simply astounded that a woman could write such a book, showing such a complete mastery of the subject and viewing it from so many different sides. Its the best thing I have ever read in that line."

Please send us two copies; one to keep and one to donate to missionary work.

J. F. F.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30-93.

Another Copy.

Mrs. WAISBROOKER:—

Enclosed please find the money for another copy of your new book, "The Fountain of Life, or The Threefold Power of Sex." It is the grandest exposition of the true principles of womanhood I have ever read. Surely, the angels directed your pen to portray their inalienable rights. We have had the primer before, but you have given us the full reading that will free the souls and bodies of women from sex slavery. Wishing you a long lease of days in which to carry on the good work: Fraternally,

F. M. THILEY, M. D.
San Bernardino, Cal.

Continued from third page.

or having secured it, are so much in debt that they cannot hold it. They have been trapped into preparing the way for others while they wear themselves out in going farther west and trying again."

"Your definition is correct, sir; they are government traps, though not intended as such. Those who make our laws have no idea of the hardships attendant upon settling up a new country. We found one man who boasted that he was the first settler in the country, that he had held on to his land and now every acre of it was worth from fifty to a hundred dollars, said if people would not lose patience there was no need of failing. We went home with him and saw how he lived and everything showed that he had lost his soul in securing his land."

"I do not mean it in the sense that the preacher does, but he had crushed out every finer feeling, not only in himself, but in his family and any attempt to get him interested in anything except dollars and cents was entirely useless."

"He had ground himself and family, till all that constitutes manhood and womanhood had been used as fertilizers to his crop of wealth," said the schoolmaster.

The idea tickled the audience and they called out: "Fertilizers, fertilizers, is that the reason our rich men and women are so careless of the interests of the poor? has the soul of them turned into a wealth fertilizer?"

Wherefore was about to proceed, when the teacher said: "Pardon me, sir, but as it was what I said which called forth the last remark from the audience, it would seem that I ought to reply to it. There are rich people of whom that is true, but as a class it is not. They do not seek to injure the poor; they simply seek their own pleasure. The poor man who thinks only of himself is no better than is the rich man who does the same. He would hold vacant land if he could; he would take mortgages on people's homes if he could. Denouncing the rich does no good. We must find out what it is that the law allows which gives one man the chance to become rich at the expense of another man if we would right the wrongs which prevail."

Cries of: "Of course we'd all be rich if we could," "Where's the harm of being rich?"

"The wrong lies in being rich at the expense of others," said Wherefore slowly; "at the expense of others," he repeated, when he had gained their full attention, "and now if you can tell me of any way in which one man can get more than his share of a thing without some one else getting less than his share, I would like to have you do so; you ten year old boy there, will you tell me?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Suppose forty apples belong to ten boys, what is each one's share?"

"Four, sir."

"But suppose one boy takes five, one seven, and another twelve, can the others have four apiece?"

"Why, no, sir; there is only sixteen apples left for seven boys; one of them could have four, and the others would get but two apiece."

"But suppose one of the boys who got only two would have taken twelve if he had had the chance, is he a better boy than the one who did take twelve?"

"No, sir, he is not."

"There is the principle, gentlemen, and as you acknowledge you would get rich if you could, and as one has to have more than his share to be rich you see you are no better than those who are rich. The trouble lies in the law which gives one man an advantage over another. The legal right to hold vacant land must be taken from everybody for a lot of vacant land is like the boy's extra apple, more than his share."

"I thought," said one in the audience, "we were to hear about western land."

"You are right, sir, but this vacant land question is intimately connected with the hardships of our western pioneers, and the eternal law of right, of justice, is intimately connected with all efforts to destroy the vacant land legal links falsely called law; but I have mixed facts and philosophy long enough. Mr. Russell, or rather, Mr. Boyle, will now give you unvarnished facts." Mr. Russell came forward:

"Friends, I found many cases of hardship, of suffering among those who have gone to the far west under the idea of obtaining cheap land. I saw enough to convince me that such lands in their cost to the people who go onto them, are very dear indeed. True, I found no conditions that were worse than can be found any day in our large cities but it is worse for many of them than though they had remained east, for those who have force enough to pick up and go so far could in most cases, have secured some kind

of a home where they would not have had to be separated from the advantages of civilization, and in many cases, for weeks together from all human society.

"I say they could do this, but there is an if in the way; they could do this if some one would sell them even ten square rods of the soil of which they have been robbed. On that much land they could put up something that would shelter them with what it costs to go to Kansas, and they would not then be out of the reach of friends and neighbors in times of sickness and trouble. But why talk of what might be? Men who are men, in seeking homes upon western lands, have endured hardships that to even think of makes the heart sick, and that is what now is."

"We found many prosperous farmers, but the most of them as you have already been told were not the original settlers, and many more were prosperous only in seeming; for their farms were mortgaged to eastern money lenders. A man who can raise two hundred dollars to lend to a Kansas or a Nebraska farmer, is likely to get a cultivated farm sooner than if he paid the money to government and cultivated it himself."

"The conditions of which I am speaking, the cultivated farms, mortgaged and unmortgaged, are the result of years of toil and hardship; I will next speak of new, or nearly new claims."

"Perhaps I can make things plainer by telling you some things that a lady told us, where we staid one night before reaching Chicago. 'Go west,' she said, 'go west and make a home on those prairies, I wouldn't do it for all the land there. I had an uncle who went to Nebraska with six thousand dollars, and he and his wife literally worked themselves to death.'"

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"He was in business in Grand Rapids, Mich., but his business was broken up by another man's dishonesty. He had been considered rich, but he lost so much he had to make a change so he thought to rebuild his fortune by going west. He bought stock and built him a reasonably good house, but grain, cattle and sheep cost so much and when selling time came brought so little, he could not hire the help they needed, so he and his wife worked beyond their strength. It was work that killed them."

"But why was it that prices were so low?" was my next question."

"Distance from market and cost of transportation. Railroads and buyers combine, and between them the producer is well skinned. The fundamental principle underlying our economic system naturally takes from the laborer all except enough to enable them to live and propagate."

"I was surprised to find a woman who had thought so deeply, and I repeated, questioningly: 'The fundamental law of the system?'"

"Yes, sir; I have studied it as I would a problem in mathematics; and I know what I am saying when I talk of western land. I have been there long enough to know I don't want to live there. Oh, those land monopolies, and those combinations of buyers and carriers, the misery they cause can never be computed."

"Now, friends, I would not speak of what that woman told me, and I have not begun to tell you the cases of hardship she related, but that I found on investigation that so far from exaggerating, she had not told things as bad as they were."

"Just imagine yourself, wife and children living in a house made of sods with poles and straw to support the sod roof. There is but one room; perhaps you have a door and a window, and perhaps only their frames at which blankets are hung. When the house is new the roof does not leak. The floor is as hard as packed clay can make it and can be swept clean. The walls on all sides are dirt, with dirt over straw upon poles for the roof."

"Go out of doors: not a tree or shrub to be seen as far as the eye can reach, with only bleak winds in winter and the hot sun in summer, imagine such a place as this in which to live, and then think of being away weeks at a time to earn a few dollars with which to buy what must be had, while wife and children are all alone, miles from any one: pleasant thought, isn't it? cheap land, isn't it? Did we find such conditions? We did, and worse."

"Yes, worse; look at the next picture and say if it is not. The roof begins to grow old; it begins to leak when there are heavy storms, and the floor becomes so slippery one can hardly stand upon it. You can't make a new roof, for there is not a stick as big as your thumb within miles add miles, and you have no money to buy the lumber that is brought from a distance, and you dare not put on more sod lest the increased weight causes the roof to break."

through upon you, which it sometimes does and kills the occupants. Cheap land, that! How very generous to give the poor man a homestead if he will live in such a place five years!

"Another scene comes up before me. A man lies dying with consumption, and there is a coal famine. What is that? The mine holders (not owners) and the railroads have combined. They will leave no coal at the different stations, till the people are so nearly frozen they will pay any price to get it. The wife has burned up everything that can be had, cobs, cornstalks, dried grass, and as a last resort she walks three miles to the Platte river to cut and bring home willows to keep her slowly dying husband from freezing.

"This is no picture, but an actual fact, and it occurred at Kearney, Nebraska, not more than a dozen years ago. 'Glorious stretch of prairie, majestic like the ocean,' a grand expanse where the people can have free land! cheap land! rich land! England sends her convicts to Australia. Free America tempts her honest toilers to western wastes.

"I have one more fact to present; one more scene to paint with such words as will show you its wretchedness. Go with me to a board shanty of one room, and one mile and a half from the nearest neighbor. In that shanty lies a woman sick, unable to take care of her children or herself. She has lain there two years, and her husband has had to do the work indoors and out. No girl can be had. Once in a while the nearest neighbor finds time from her many cares to come and comb the sick woman's hair, and make her bed, and perhaps to do some other little thing to help mitigate her misery. Do you think that man got his land cheap? Hard work prostrated his wife; so much cost, that. Three years before she was able to work again—three years of such life as a man can live and take care of a sick wife, two small children, and work out of doors beside. So much cost, that. Now sum up the discomfort of wife and children. Cheap land; free land.

"Why," said one woman in talking of it, "I could not live so; I should kill myself; and I often wonder how it is that such wretched people as are found in our cities can consent to live; I should think they would drown themselves in droves."

"I said to her: 'Madam, why do not rats and other vermin drown themselves? Men and women under such conditions become dehumanized, and they cling to life as the animals do.'

"Perhaps that is so," she replied, "but if it is, it is the worst part of it." She was right; it is the worst part of it. Dehumanized, going backward, it is terrible; but really, when I see such conditions, and then such grasping after wealth, I cannot think they are the only ones that are being dehumanized. Those who thus combine to rob the people seem to me to be but intellectual animals; what evidence do they give that they have a soul?"

Russell paused here, and looking over the audience, said: "If the race is being dehumanized at both the head and the feet, how long will it take for the whole body to become animal?" No one replied.

He then asked: "Who wants to go west and get cheap land?"

No one said "I," but one man remarked: "When I need western land, I will stay here and send my money west."

"When you need western land, can you need that which you cannot use?"

"But I could use it if I had it; I could lease it, or hire some one to work it."

"I said that you cannot use, not what some one else can use by paying you for the privilege," said Russell, looking as though he would like to put use by proxy out of existence.

"Come, come, Mr. Russell, don't be too critical; when you get your fortune, you'll hardly restrict it to your own personal use; what could you do with it all?"

"I have witnessed enough during the last four months to make me hope, should I get it, that I shall never make any use of it which will injure another. In your opinion, friends, how could I do the most good with it, if I had it?"

One looked at another, but no one replied.

"I am in earnest," he said, "Mr. Peters, you did not want me to be too critical, please give us your idea of the best use to which money can be put?"

"I, I, well, I hardly know what to say, sir; there are so many ways in which money can be used, and so many people who need help, it is difficult to decide what is best."

"How large a fortune do you think it would take to relieve all the needy people, say in the state of New York?"

"One man could not be expected to do it all, Mr. Russell, but only so far as he could."

"But would that be the best way to spend a fortune?"

Mr. Swift, what is your idea?"

"He's a teacher, and he ought to know," said Peters.

Mr. Swift rose to his feet and stepped around where he could face the audience. "This is a question," he said, "that requires a careful answer. Suppose a number of people lived on land that was liable to be flooded once or twice every year, and suppose that by spending a fortune, the banks of the river which rises and floods those people, could be made high enough to prevent its overflow, had the fortune better be used in relieving the people, or in making the bank higher?"

The audience understood the illustration; there was no difference in opinion; the bank should be raised.

"Yes," said the teacher, "the bank should be raised; one fortune would do that, but when twenty fortunes had been used in relieving the people after so many floods, when the twenty first one came those people would be no better off than before."

"They should go somewhere else," called out some one near the door.

"They have no where to go, the land is all taken," said another.

"They might go to Kansas or Nebraska, and let a sod roof fall in on them," remarked a third.

"Those people on that low land, as we have supposed, represent the poor of the whole country, and they have no where to go. The unoccupied land held by absent owners, would, if thrown open, give them some where to go, would raise the bank so the river of poverty would no longer flood them, now which would be best? shall our friend here spend his fortune, if he gets it, in helping the poor, or shall he spend it in educating the masses in their rights, and how to get them?" said Swift in conclusion.

"Education is a good thing," said Peters in reply, but there are a great many cases in which a few dollars would help a man wonderfully. He knows how, but has not the wherefore."

"Can't have our Wherefore," called out one of the boys. "Oh, no, we couldn't spare him," replied Peters, "but there are other kinds of wherefores and they are much needed."

"Yes and much more than I am," said John, "and the one we want to find just now is the wherefore of poverty with the how to abolish it. If we can do that we shall have no need for charity, no need of some one else's few dollars. All will have the wherefore to get what they need."

"Friend Swift's illustration of the impotence of charity is a good one," continued Russell, "but it needs more than one lesson to educate out of the people a false idea. Suppose we imagine a large field of grass and a herd of hungry cattle upon the outside. The field is surrounded by a high fence and a dog keeps watch at the gate. The hungry cattle surround it on all sides, but cannot get a single blade of its tempting green. Across the way is another field, owned by a good man, but his too is fenced, and a dog is keeping watch.

"The man who owns the first field lives in another state; he has no particular use for the grass but it is his, and nobody's cattle must eat it without his consent, so it grows, ripens, and falls back to the earth unused. The man across the way feels very sorry for the hungry cattle so he commences pulling up handfuls of grass and throwing it over the fence to them. The result is: in their desperate hunger, they crowd and push each other till several of them are made lame and helpless.

"The man's sympathies are more deeply aroused than ever, so he builds a pen, puts the wounded ones in it, and continues to feed them, leaving the others to do the best they can. The wounded ones are barely kept alive, and the starving ones struggle with each other for every bit of grass that can be found till they fall by the wayside from utter exhaustion. Now, friends, how long will it take, under such a condition of things, to furnish the country with herds of healthy, well-conditioned cattle?"

"Sometime, I am thinking," said Peters.

"Yes, sometime, but not longer than it will take the charities to make the people contented and happy while keeping up legal fences around vacant land. How long do you think it would take, Willie Smith? you are old enough to answer that question."

"What, sir, about the cattle?"

"Yes, how long would it take by pulling up and throwing to them handfuls of grass, to make them fat?"

"It could never be done in that way, sir, but will there be grass enough for all the cattle if the fences are taken down?"

"Yes, my boy, an abundance, for as far as the eye can see there are just such fields, just such fences, and just such dogs; while in the most of the fields

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there are a few favored animals eating all they can, and tramping through and rolling over the rest. Now which had the man better do, try to feed a few starving cattle by pulling up grass for them, or work to have the fences taken down and the dogs called off?"

"If the dogs were called off the hungry cattle would soon take care of the fences," replied Willie. The men cheered at this, and Willie colored and shrank back into his seat.

"Yes, call the dogs off, and the cattle will be all right, only it were better to remove the fences than to have them destroyed; Wherefore, will you tell us what these green field represent?"

"I will, Mr. Russell; they represent vacant land fenced in by legal titles, and the officers of the law are the protecting dogs. The man who feels sorry for the cattle represents the various charities, public and private, such as poor houses, asylums, charity fairs, soup houses, and so forth."

"And what of the fortune?"

"Don't use it for charity, public or private, but in educating the people in their rights. Teach them to vote those fences, I mean those laws, out of existence if they can, and"—

"And what?"

"Shoot them out of existence if they must or the dehumanizing process will go on till this land of promise, this hope of the race, this last and brightest star in the night of time, the star which has promised the morning, must be obscured in more than midnight blackness, while the nations reel affrighted, and turn the wheels of progress backward."

While saying this, Wherefore looked like one inspired, while the issues he presented were so great, the importance of the result so tremendous, that those who had in heart rebelled, when he said: "shoot them out of existence if we must," forgot to be critical, forgot that such a course would be treason to government, forgot everything but the fact that the people must assume their rightful sovereignty, must take the reins, or the nation must die, and with it the hope of untold millions.

There he stood as he had spoken, with his right arm extended as an emphasizing point to what he had said; and the audience sat as if spell-bound. "And now," he continued, "let us go home and try to think out the problem as to how we can get those fences down, those links of law broken without shooting anybody."

To be continued.

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