

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, JANUARY 1894.

NO. 8.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE SPLENDID SILENCE OF

FERENZ RENYI—HUNGARY, 1848.

He was strong and handsome and happy,
Beloved and loving and young,
With eyes that men put their trust in,
And the fire of his soul on his tongue.
He loved the spirit of Freedom,
He hated his country's wrongs,
He told the patriot's stories,
He sang the patriot's songs.

With mother and sister and sweetheart,
His glad safe days went by,
Till Hungary called on her children
To arm—to fight—and to die.
"Good bye to mother and sister,
Good bye to my sweet sweetheart;
I fight for you, you pray for me—
We shall not be apart."

The women prayed in the sunrise,
They prayed when the sky grew dim;
His mother and sister prayed for the cause,
His sweetheart prayed for him.
For mother and sister and sweetheart,
But most for the true and the right,
He laid down his own life's hopes,
And led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting and spying,
Night-watch, attack and defeat;
The resolute desperate fighting,
The hopeless, reluctant retreat.
Ruin and death and disaster,
Capture and loss and despair;
And half of his regiment hidden,
And only this man knew where.

Prisoner, fast bound, sore, wounded,
They brought him roughly along,
With his body as bruised and broken,
As his soul was steadfast and strong.
Before the Australian general,
"Where are your men?" he heard;
He looked black death in its ugly face,
And answered never a word.

"Where is your regiment hidden?
Speak! you are pardoned straight.
No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues,
You rebel reprobate!"
They dragged his mother and sister
Into the open hall;
"Give up your men—if these women
Are dear to your heart at all!"

He turned his eyes on his sister
And spoke to her silently;
She answered his silence with speaking,
And straight from the heart spoke she.
"If you betray your country,
You spit on your father's name;
And what is Life, without honor,
And what is Death, without shame?"

He looked at the mother who bore him,
And her smile was splendid to see;
He hid his face with a bitter cry,
But never a word said he.
"Son of my body, be silent!
My days at the best are few,
And I shall know how to give them,
Son of my heart for you!"

He shuddered, set teeth, kept silence,
Without a reproach or cry
The women were slain before him,
And he stood and he saw them die.
Then they brought his lovely beloved,
Desire of his heart and eyes,
"Say where your men are hidden,
Or say that your sweetheart dies."

She flung her arms about him,
She laid her lips to his cheek,
"Speak, for my sake who love you;

Love, for our love's sake speak!"
Long he looked at his sweetheart,
And his eyes grew tender and wet;
Long he held her closely,
His lips to her lips were set.

"See, I am young, I love you!
I am not ready to die!
One word makes us happy forever
Together, you and I."
Her arms 'round his neck were clinging,
Her lips his cold lips caressed;
He suddenly flung her from him
And folded his arms on his breast.
She wept, she shrieked, she struggled,
She cursed him in God's name,
For the woe of her early dying,
And for that dying's shame.
And still he stood, and his silence
Like fire was burning him through.
Then the muskets spoke once and were silent
And she was silent too.

They turned to torture him further,
If further might be: in vain!
He had held his peace in that three-fold hell,
And he never spoke again.
The end of the uttermost anguish
The soul of man could bear,
Was the madhouse where tyrants bury
The broken shells of despair.

By the heaven renounced in her service,
By the hell thrice braved for her sake,
By the years of madness and silence,
By the heart that her enemies break,
By the sweet hopes wrecked and ruined,
By the years of too-living death,
By the passionate self-devotion,
And the absolute perfect faith.

By the thousands who know such anguish,
And win such divine renown,
Who have born them bravely in battle,
And won the conqueror's crown.
By the torments her children have suffered,
By the lives that her martyrs will give,
By the deaths men have died at her alters,
By these shall our liberty live!

In the silence of tears—in the memory
Of a wrong we will some day repay.
Live the brothers who died in all ages,
For the Freedom we live for today!
E. NESBITT, in "Freedom," (London.)

It is such cruelty as is portrayed in
the above poem, which has produced
the feeling expressed in the following,
entitled

The Commune.

They say she is dead, the Commune is dead,
That were she lying, her earthquake tread
Would scatter the honeyless hornet's hive.

Go revel once more, ye cowardly knaves
With the wantons your lusts have made
Be drunken again on the blood of the slaves
That are slain in your shambles of trade;
But know ye this, that I am not dead—

I am not dead, nor yet asleep—
Nor tardy, though my steps seem slow;
Nor feeble from the centuries' sweep,
Nor cold, tho' chill the north wind blows,
My legions muster in all lands,
From field, from factory, from mine—
The builders of the world join hands
Across the continents and brine.
On every sea my pennon flies;
On every height my flag's unfurled;
My sons on all horizons rise,
My arms encircle all the world.

But I must rally gathering hosts
In every land beneath the sun;
I must survey the rock-bound coasts
For hidden shoals my ships would shun.
And I must teach each one to think—
Must train the feeble hands to fight,
And weld the nations link by link,

In chains of adamant might,
And when this unison is wrought,
So all the slaves can strike as one;
Then shall the final field be fought,
The universal Victory won.

But not with forts and barricades.
Phalanx, and charge, and solid square,
Nor gattling guns, Damacus blades,
Nor tools, nor tactics men call "fair."
I'll meet them in their homes at night;
By day in mart, and bourse, and hall;
My trusty weapon, Dynamite—
My tactics, death to tyrants all.
No beat of drum, or bugle note,
Shall speak my coming to the fray;
And not a flag shall flaunt or float
Above my secret camp that day.

They call me coward that I strike
Robbers, murderers in the back;
And that I wait propitious night
To trail the tyrant's blood stained track.
But know, good masters, I but mete
The measures that you gave to him;
And by the scales you weighed his wheat
Your husks and tares I'll heft again.
All of the good your lives have known,
The tollers gave without stint or cavil;
Their lives were laid on the steps of your
throne,
You had their sweat, their tears and travail.
For which you rendered death and hate,
And toil, and bonds, and prison bars,
The galley's chain, Siberian fate,
With calloused hands, bent backs and scars.

I'll show the mercy you have shown,
Through ages of high handed wrong;
My heart shall be the black flint stone,
As inexorable, as strong—
I'll not abate one paltry jot,
Of justice from your crimson guilt;
Nor from the damning record blot
One transcript of the blood you've spilt,
Until the human race is free
On every foot breadth of the world;
Until sweet peace abides with me,
And all the flags but white are furled.

I am not dead. I am not dead.
I live a life intense divine:
Yours were the days forever fled,
But all the morrows shall be mine.

Some one has sent us some Christian
Science hymns, the title of one of which
is—"How can I keep from singing?"
and each verse ends with the same
words. We propose to make them the
chorus for another hymn, one we find
in *Fair Play*, called:

The Disinherited.

They cluster at every corner;
They wearily pace the land;
Their starving eyes devour each loaf;
They stretch the begging hand,
"How can I keep from singing?"

They're hungry, sick and tired;
Their bleeding footsteps lag—
My brothers! and none to help them!
Their nakedness mocked with a rag!
"How can I keep from singing?"

They bake, but others have eaten;
They burn, but others are warm;
They build, but their heads unsheltered,
Are bare to the pitiless storm.
"How can I keep from singing?"

They till, but the crop goes from them;
They reap, but the "Harvest Home"
Means to them: their product is stolen:
They brew, and taste but the foam.
"How can I keep from singing?"

Ah God!—how sadly they call thee;
If thou wert, thou could'st not with-
stand,
But always the wicked have triumphed;

The cunning and strong hold the land.
"How can I keep from singing?"

The hearts of the mothers are breaking;
The daughters are bedded with shame;
The fathers are brutish with labor;
The thoughts of the sons are aflame —
"How can I keep from singing?"

We can quote no more or we shall be
changing it to: How can I keep from
screaming. Yes, we will give the rea-
son why they cannot keep from singing:

"What though our mortal sense die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gathers nigh?
Songs in the night *He giveth*.
No storms can shake my inmost calm
While to this refuge clinging.
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?"

There you have it. It is because
Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, and
they claim that he has occupied that ex-
alted position for over eighteen hun-
dred years. With such a state of things
as we now have, we should think the
continued reign of so inefficient a charac-
ter would be cause for sorrow instead of
joy. "God," "Lord," "Christ." The
changes that are rung upon those words
are almost innumerable, and yet what
do we know about what they are sup-
posed to represent. In *The Alpha* we
find the following:

"Now I begin to feel sure that God
trusts me, since he is going to let me
have a child of my own."

What supreme nonsense! Was any
woman capable of bearing a child ever
denied one because God could not trust
her? We sometimes think that the
race is God-blind and Christ mad.

THE THANKSGIVING FARCE.

Go to your God and tell him your tale
Of what you have laid up in store;
And tell of the rags, the shivering wail
Of hunger and cold of the poor.

Show him the large and elegant house
You built him this year of brown stone;
Then show him the hut, the ragged old blouse,
And laborer gnawing a bone.

Ask him to bless all the merry, well-fed
Lovers of Jesus who pay;
Then call his attention to table and bed
Of his unemployed ones today.

Ask him to help you to more, and still more,
And thank him for all you have got—
Wrung from the hands and mouths of the
poor—

Thank him for what they have not.

Lead your God out to sewer and street,
Oh, Godly and God-loving man,
And ask him to scatter his blessings in meat,
And help the distressed if he can.

While gorging your stomachs with turkey
and pie,
And sauces—the best in the land,
Tell God and Jesus that every-day life
Of "plenty on every hand."

You in your palace, so warm and so cheer,
Can thank him and praise him; but not
In a spirit of truth, with conscience as clear
As many who clean up your rot.

Let us be thankful to God for these times
The schemers have caused with his aid;
Wealth for themselves—for others but dimes—
These awful conditions they made.

Oh, give us a God to thank that is true,
A God to thank that is just,
Or give us no God; just something to do,
And even a crumb or a crust.

--DR T. WILKINS, in *Pacific Coast Spirit*
ulist.

Legal Poisoning.

The *Vaccination Inquirer* of England says that "against the body of a healthy man Parliament has no right of assault whatever under pretense of the Public Health; and that the vaccination enforcement is a usurpation which creates the right of resistance." Just so. In former issues we have already called attention to the fact that when the State enters upon a crusade of poisoning healthy people by the wholesale, it is time to indict the officers for murder. Sensitive or delicate, though otherwise healthy persons, especially children, are absolutely diseased by inoculation. If the germ is not in the system, there is no danger of small-pox; and where it exists it simply changes the nature of the germ for various other effects, as scarlet fever, diphtheria, and measles, each of which is more fatal in its results than small-pox, and subjects the child to three or four deaths while the latter is a cleansing process that insures a lifetime of health in nine cases out of ten after convalescence. No small-pox patient need die if properly attended to, nor is it contagious where cleanliness is the rule. And the horror for disfigurement has led men into erroneous conclusions concerning the disease, with all the other evil results following. Do away with legal poisoning, and let physicians discover a method of preventing pox-marks.

It was Wendell Phillips who said "Injustice in the statute books is gunpowder under the capitol." The most appalling commentary on our laws and customs is the fact that justice does not always prevail. Every obstruction to the natural inclination of man to use nature's bestowments is born of that despotism which has ever built castles by plundering the populace. And so it has come to pass that a man is labeled a "hand." He is frequently numbered, like a prison door. He is a machine who learns to feel proud that he can stand up under ten, twelve or fourteen labor hours a day. He may have a vague idea that he has a soul, but the gulf that lies between the machine part of him and his soul may equal the gulf between the Pleiades and a pick-handle. Thus it is that genius is twisted into a sop to sweeten a Gorgon's lips and opportunity for mental study debarred from the masses. Education becomes a misnomer, while the commonwealth is turned over to the great liars, thieves, and barbarians of society.—*Light of Truth.*

"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.

Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

This a very full number; crowded with matter for thought.

Does Spiritualism Promote Human Welfare?

The question is at all times pertinent, but at the present hour it seems to me the one significant and test question. What constitutes the benefit of any knowledge, physical or psychical, any system of philosophy or of association, if not its practical adaptation to human life on this mortal plane?

A religion or a philosophy, a science or system of ethics that does not reach down to the depths of mortal need, as well as to the heights of soul exaltation, angelic ministrations and supernal joys, is a failure. It is desirable that the soul shall "Rise o'er sin (or want) and fear or care," but the stomach of mortals, as a race, must be supplied with food, or the body perish.

What is the question of human welfare and advancement now to all thoughtful, humane persons pressing for solution? In this land of abundant resources, hundreds of thousands of people who must be fed by charity or starve! Think of it! No pestilence, no famine, crops abundant, starving people! Compared to the claim of starving people, starving where there is abundance, is any subject rightly commanding our earnest attention?

How shall the unemployed get bread? More, far more than that, is the problem our social ethics and our religious endeavor should seek to answer. How shall the unemployed become self-employed, find permanent opportunity to earn subsistence? This is the burning question that ought to supercede every other in regard to human welfare, till the problem is solved.

Of what importance to be free from the terrors of a hell hereafter if we can't prevent the tortures of hell here? If Spiritualism does not develop in us enthusiasm for humanity, if it does not make the receiver of good news from the beyond realize that we "are bound in the bundle of the race," it does not advance us in the most important knowledges for our own development and for human progress.

What is progress? Is it not that liberation of all the faculties and powers of mind and spirit that shall develop the human ego to the grandest proportions of which it is capable? Is anything else or less than this in reality progress? Then, as Spiritualists, are we not aware of the importance of an opportunity to begin the development here, and now?

To "sit and sing ourselves away" to the anticipated joys of the sweet by and bye, is as selfish as to shut ourselves in homes of comfort and plenty and refuse to listen to the cry of the needy and suffering.

For health of body and soul, for growth towards the infinite perfection, for welfare and advancement here and now, we need to reach out of the narrow shell of self-satisfactions, momentary delights, the infantile stage of leaning on assurances of possible bliss by and bye, and take up with vigor the problem of human society that confronts us to-day.

Our country is in a crisis surpassing in the issues involved any this nation has ever experienced. We are at the parting of ways. Whether the people are to become slaves of the mammon power, or free men and free women in this rich land, depends upon the vigorous effort and wisdom of all who can rise to the gravity of the situation. The people must save themselves or they must perish.

If Spiritualists have not the love to men sufficient to engage them earnestly in a struggle to apply the golden rule to commercial, financial and industrial systems, they cannot claim to contribute to human welfare and advancement in the here and now.

George K. Holmes, special census agent on mortgage statistics, has been studying out how much of the national wealth the masses of the people possess. He confines his estimate to properties valued at less than \$5,000. The result seems incredible to Mr. Holmes, that 4,049 very rich families, or three hundredths of 1 per cent of all the families, possess 20 per cent of the wealth, excluding the comparatively few millionaires.

Nine per cent of the families of the country own 71 per cent of the wealth; 91 per cent of the families own no more than 29 per cent of the wealth of the country; 32 per cent of the farm families, and 63 per cent of the home families in the country are tenants. Millions of men representing millions of families, thrust upon the charities of the country, and millions of suffering, starving distressed women and children!

Should any subject take precedence of this? How shall the wrongs of the disinherited, the robbed, the enforced idle, starving be removed? And

how shall the present and the coming generations be saved from the benumbing, degrading, destructive effect of slavery and poverty? What have the Spiritualists of this country to answer?

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Dansville, N. Y.

Organization.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—It seems that Spiritualists have finally organized "under the law" as a National Body. I cannot but doubt the wisdom of such a step, and will try to give you my reasons as briefly as I can. Let me say, however, that under present conditions, I am in favor of organizations as such, for, if rightly conducted, they offer the widest scope for education of any thing I know of, but it is because they so often fail in this direction and are made to serve personal ends that I doubt the wisdom of Spiritualists organizing unless they do so under principles exactly the opposite of those other existing, so-called religious organizations.

Let me invite you back forty years to a review of my own observation and experience. The Anti-slavery agitation was then in full blast. The Anti-slavery element was strong enough in an increasing number of localities to break away from pro-slavery churches and organize what was called Anti-slavery churches.

Those churches multiplied to such an extent that they were enabled to organize their own Home and Foreign Missionary, Tract, Book, and other Societies.

Now here is the point to which I wish to direct your attention. In almost every instance those seceding bodies took with them *enough of the pro-slavery leaven* to neutralize them as efficient Anti-slavery bodies, and to make them what they are to-day, the very hot-beds of pro-slavery principles.

When I look back and call to mind the churches in Michigan, in Indiana, in Illinois, in Ohio, and other states which had seceded from the old pro-slavery organization, I cannot think of one from whose pulpits I showed the iniquities of the slave system in which I would be permitted to speak the same truths to-day on the modern but more abominable system of slavery which prevails over the whole nation.

I could cite you to colleges which were called into existence and were built up on Anti-slavery principles and Anti-slavery money that are to-day supported almost entirely on the proceeds of slave labor—the mortgage and usury system—and to whose halls and classes the poor white student is no more welcome than the black student was welcome to pro-slavery colleges of those days.

What is or was the trouble? Not organization *per se*, for organization is good. Those organizations whose churches would not permit slave-holders to sit at the sacramental table with them; they would not receive a pro-slavery preacher into their pulpits; they would not receive what they called "blood-money"—the contributions of slave-holders—into their treasuries for religious or benevolent purposes. Then how did they happen to become pro-slavery themselves? On the principle that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." They organized on the same foundation on which the old religious organizations were founded, that was the trouble. The new organizations had the semblance of love for the whole human race; they were supported almost entirely by those who felt that love, but they were engineered or guided by those who at heart were selfish, and without suspicion of treachery, the treacherous, selfish leaders swung those organizations into the pro-slavery ranks, and they are to-day the most formidable opponents of reform, or of love to the whole human race that anywhere exists.

If I am rightly informed, the new Spiritualist organization is organized on the old corrupt so-called "orthodox" basis. The speakers are to be "ordained" just as orthodox boycotts or blacklists those—no matter for their inherent excellence, if they are not "ordained," "licensed," they can and will be black-listed after the orthodox fashion of backlisting those preachers of righteousness who have not a permit, a "license" from self-constituted judges of what they call true Spiritualist doctrines.

Those "ordained" speakers too, as I understand, are to sport that blasphemous title of "Reverend," and are to be known as "ordained" ministers so as to get the transportation favors from railroads and other corporations.

Bah! Isn't it enough to drive a cat into hysterics to learn that a body of people who have been supposed

to be among the most progressive thinkers are sinking themselves, or are allowing themselves to be sunk to the low, contemptible level of orthodoxy in grasping for their own selfish purposes at the befoiled crumbs which are donated by corporation hands?

And for what? *To keep them quiet on those very subjects when their voices should be heard the loudest.* "Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy." And so far as I have learned, the Spiritualist Jubilee, and the Spiritualist organization have not one word to say for this class, but falls into the old orthodox rut and ignores them.

Well, Mrs. Waisbrooker, I see repeated calls for money to support this organization, but from what little I have to give let me tell you, it will go to help "plead the cause of the poor and needy," and not one cent to help any organization which is built on the rotten foundation of a corrupt and selfish orthodoxy, and so far as my voice can be heard it will be to discourage the pecuniary support of any organization under the name of a religious organization which says or does nothing to help the "cause of the poor and needy."

JAMES VINCENT, Sr.

Tabor, Ia., Dec. 29, 1893.

That Organized Jubilee.

"Cry aloud, spare not! Lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

Such are the words of the medium Isaiah. The rich have the gospel preached to them in their velvet cushioned pews, and millions are contributed to the support of foreign missions, while our own poor are dying of starvation in accordance with the "mysterious dealings of providence."

Such is the condition in which modern Spiritualism finds the world, and the question is: shall Spiritualism absorb, become pervaded with this worldliness, or shall it overcome it?

The name Christianity has come to be almost synonymous with plutocracy, and yet riches and rich men are always denounced by the Christian's so-called sacred book.

[There is where the book makes its mistake. It is not the *meu*, but the system which through the law of heredity and environments, gives men the power to become rich. Rich men, as such, are no worse than are poor men who would become rich if they could.—L. W.]

The Christian system has been captured body and soul, and so changed that hardly the form of godliness remains, and if something is not done, and that soon, down goes our civilization and another era of darkness will intervene until another race and another civilization shall arise that will be able to surmount the obstacles under which all past civilizations have gone down.

Christianity has fulfilled its mission and only awaits decent burial, but what is the mission of modern Spiritualism? Surely, it consists not in preaching, (we have had enough of that) but in doing. We have had the beauties of the summer land dinned into our ears long enough, and now we want to bring summerland to the earth as a practical realization; we must have the kingdom [republic] of heaven on earth, but what are Spiritualists doing to bring this about?

When we talk of the individual we are bound to confess that there are Spiritualists found in the first ranks of reform, but what of Spiritualists in the concrete? Recently we were treated to a long programme of exercises in connection with a "Jubilee of Spiritualism" as the first official act of the Board of Trustees of the National Association, and what do these exercises consist of? For anything that we can see, it might aptly have characterized a meeting of the church organizations! Nothing but appeals for *money* MONEY!

What of the poor that have no money? What of those who cannot hire halls? and they at present constitute the great mass of those to whom the message was sent. What of the Propagandi of Spiritualism? What of Spiritualism militant? The whole organization would seem to be one of deference—a weak position.

Before Spiritualism can take root and flourish, we shall have to lift some of the burdens that are weighing humanity down to the earth. It is of no use, this beginning with church methods. We must get the people into a condition in which they can listen. We have, as yet, only by faith, seen the faintest dawning of what may come to us through the right understanding and the right use of what Spiritualism really is.

The reason of the failure of the churches has been that they ignored the first principles of natural law. The whole system has been an artificial one, and subversive of nature. Paul truly says: "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." There is the key to the whole situation, and the explanation of the utter failure of the churches, and if Spiritualists will not heed the lesson, the chariot of progress will pass and they will be left behind. Let us lift the burden that is crushing the masses, and is acting like a pall of darkness preventing the light of truth from

penetrating their understanding, and the work is done.

Are Spiritualists less sensitive than the plutocrats, that they do not realize what is coming? Is the fact penetrating to the innermost recesses of their souls and not the souls of Spiritualists, or is it the Gabriel trump of the summoning of the old to the coming and speedy judgment that they have heard, that they quake at the slightest alarm?

Verily, great changes may be anticipated when the head of this nation must be guarded for fear of assassination, and when our wealthy men feel it necessary to guard their palaces for fear of the dynamiter, and the end is not yet.

The time is at hand when the man of wealth who has gained it by forestalling the market, and monopolizing the necessities of life, and oppressing the poor, will be as anxious to get rid of it as if struggling in the water for his life with his gold tied around his neck. We are in the age of dynamite and will have to pass through it.

How purile then it looks, with the mighty forces at work around us, that the first call and the first meeting—the "Jubilee" as it is called, of the National Association, should be for money for the publication of the proceedings of the National Convention, and that that should seem to be the sole aim and end of the Jubilee.

It was only after Christianity had organized and lost its life that the long, long night of the dark ages was ushered in.

Let us not as Spiritualists, then, forget that at our work lies in trying to remove the conditions that are oppressing humanity, thus preparing the way for the new dispensation that when the great sun of truth rises the light will flow into every soul without let or hindrance.

JAMES BOYD.

Riverside, Cal., Dec. 28-93.

The Power of Heredity.

A prominent Labor editor of the west, representing an organization of 20,000 members, writes:

DEAR MADAM:—I received yours of Dec. 2d and the papers in due time and have just finished reading the story, and have them in mail to send to T. Fulton Gantt, of North Platte, Neb., who is a thinker, a writer, and withal a philosopher on social questions. He is a lawyer, but an active member of the K. of L. We have discussed many of the points brought out in the story many times, hence I know he will be interested. I trust I shall have the opportunity of reading the conclusion of the story. And trust also that it will find readers in due time in book form. I agree with the view of heredity brought out, and have made a study of the subject since I began to study at all. Peculiar traits of my own children I can account for to my own satisfaction. Influences surrounding the mother during the period of gestation are plainly shown, and as an indelible brand of what agitated the mother's mind in spite of the fact that she disguised it at the time. Their disposition is plainly shown from like influences.

I have always found that a person who was in the reform movement because of a desire, an inner pressure to act on such lines, had ancestors who had been aroused to some action toward liberty, either personal, political, religious or other form, the basic principle of all being the same. Have not written as much on that subject as I would like to have done on account of other questions being forced ahead. That which you quote, I wrote wishing to draw out thought on the subject from other than direct editorial expression. As to raising society to a higher standard, I see but one method, that is to raise a higher class of people. We have society today just as good as are the people who compose it. The peculiar legal powers corporations have, wherein they cover up the personality of man and check the conscience, only brings out the true nature of man as he has been made.

As a man is born so he will be; training may check the evil tendencies, but that is all. The good ones may be enlarged in his offspring by proper influence, but never in him. I have said many times for the good I could do in public speaking, I would prefer to speak to an audience of mothers, or rather to the children yet unborn, than to audiences of men. The good there done is not subject to any change, no matter what the mother may afterwards think. I was born in 1858, and if I have shown any honest intent in making humanity better, I owe it not so much to ancestry as to the fact that my mother was a strong anti-slavery woman, and that her desires to know about the subject caused her to hear the speakers of the day and center her mind on what was there brought out. In looking for the "Whys" of some of the peculiarities I am said to have, I have looked entirely to find out what the environments of my mother were during the winter of 1857 and 1858. (I was born in May, 1858).

In the labor movement I find the greatest thing to contend with is this hereditary influence. Most of the "wage-earners" either are, or are children of foreigners who have been driven here to get "work" at wages, and who never have known anything else but work for the wage of another. What better condition can we ever expect in society than we now have so long as a person is even permitted to work for the wage of another? In my opinion it ought to be just as impossible (legally) for a man to sell himself to another's service, even for one moment, as to sell himself for life. Our foreigners bring with them those ideas of servitude, but if they could step into a different line of living, in a generation or so such ideas would begin to die out, but coming into similar conditions here, of course they are kept up. You can see the tendency in our labor organizations. They are all built on the idea that working for wages is a necessity, and the organizations to fortify against conditions that are not good under it. To talk about doing away with working for another is listened to with amazement by the mass of them.

Continued on Sixth page.

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

Our Vitaphic 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. Bassetta 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.]

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.]

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

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

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ISSUED MONTHLY

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LOIS WAISBROOKER EDITOR.

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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.

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.

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.

There are points in the various letters that I should like to touch upon but have not the space. Will those who receive a sample copy of this number please keep it for reference as they will be very likely to get another in March in which the special subjects of this issue will be continued.

Mr. Jones' question mark as to whether I am Miss or Mrs. will look rather strange to those who know how much I have written on the sex question. Possibly he may have known of experiences some like to those of a well known single lady who I have supposed till recently to be a Materialist. In a note to her friends explanatory of her interest in, and discussion of this question she says, I have a right to know about these things; I have a spirit husband who comes to me when I live right, obey the laws of life; otherwise he cannot.

—THAT TREATY.

I Have secured a copy, and to those who recognize the present order of things as legitimate it will seem quite a harmless document. Unless the fact of a treaty obligates assistance in the time of war there is nothing in the document to warrant such a conclusion. It is expressly stated that political offenders are not to be returned, but that an attempt upon the life of the ruling head of either nation or any member of their families shall not be considered a political offence.

That the clause forbidding rendition for political offences can be easily evaded is apparant upon the surface when it is remembered how readily false accusations can be made till again in the Czar's power and that criminals from this country should seek refuge in Russia is simply preposterous. When one half the effort is made to remove the causes of crime as is now made to punish crime and what is called crime there will be no need for such treaties.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SPIRITUALISTS EVERYWHERE.

PRELIMINARY.

Friends of Humanity: Bear with me, please, while I say a few words under the pressure of such minds as William Lloyd Garrison, Phillips and others. I name the others because, working for the oppressed while here, they still continue to do so, and are united in that work, though Garrison comes the nearest at this time.

How do I know that Garrison, and others prompt what I say?

If spirit communion is not a delusion, I have had sufficient evidence to warrant me in making such a statement. Garrison once wrote me through our so long spirit postmaster, J. V. Mansfield:

"I tried to impress several to go there, but you were the only one I could reach."

This in reference to a move I made which resulted in making one of his old Anti-slavery co-workers a Spiritualist.

On so important a question as the one now under consideration, I should be sorry to think I was the only one he could reach, but I may be the only one so situated as to be able to do as he wishes, and as I wish, for I do not resign my self-hood when co-operating with those on the spirit side of life. It is because I feel that he can impress me to say and do, and while recognizing his presence and influence, I speak, neither in his name nor in my own, as authority, but ask you to candidly look facts in the face and let the logic of truth decide.

THE POEMS.

I will first refer to the poems on the first page. "Splendid Silence." Think of the system of organized power that naturally generates just such cruelty, and remember that so far as the central principle is concerned, that system still prevails. And remember that Russia, where its hardest features are shown, is in treaty alliance with our own country. Next, please read

"THE COMMUNE."

Is it not the natural result of such cruelty of such a system of society—unless—we sink to the level of the serfs of India, where all thought of change for the better seems to have died out. Or to quote the words of Charles Dawbarn in a lecture given in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 22-'86:

"The king has ground the peasant down into a degradation that seems to have crushed out manhood, for history is silent as to any blow he has ever dared to strike for his own rights and against slavery."

So I repeat: Such thoughts and feeling are the natural results of such cruelty, of such a system of society—that, or the abject degradation portrayed above.

In the quotation made, you only need to put "concentrated capital" in the place of "king," and, "is grinding" in the place of "has ground" to give a true picture of what is now going on in this country, together with the ultimate result unless the system which permits of such concentration of wealth and power is changed—unless—there is enough of resistance left in the people to refuse to submit to such conditions—enough to do and to dare to prevent such degradation. Now, please read

"THE DISINHERITED,"

substituting:

"Oh, let us have a Jubilee"

in the place of:

"How can I keep from singing,"

and you will know something of what many in spirit life felt when in your programme of exercises there was no mention made of these conditions, no counseling of the different societies that in their assembling they consult together as to the best means of bringing about the great change, which made, would remove such conditions from the face of the earth, and:

"THE THANKSGIVING FARCE,"

seems to us to be no more out of place than was "A Jubilee" under existing conditions. While said "Jubilee" was being celebrated in Chicago, and elsewhere, scenes like the following were being enacted in that city:

The Battle for Crumbs.

According to the Chicago Tribune, one thousand men sought shelter from the weather in the City Hall one night last week. Some slept on the stone floor, others actually slept standing up, leaning in bunches against radiators and in the doorways to the various offices not in use. Early in the night the long corridor was so completely filled it almost was impossible to walk from one entrance to another without treading on an outstretched leg or arm. By 10 o'clock it was found necessary to open the basement to the

homeless wanderers, and 800 were soon crowded just as near to the furnaces as it was possible for them to get. They were not all tramps, the proportion of "laboring men out of a job" to the professional idler being almost three to one.

They were hungry, too, and the sight of sandwiches purchased by some of the more fortunate ones almost caused a riot. For a moment it looked as if the 600 men who were camped in the main hallway and stairs in the north end of the building would engage in an encounter, but the appearance of the police officers prevented trouble. The men were hungry, and when a few of them entered the place with sandwiches there was a rush for food, and those who had bought it were sorry they did not eat their supper outside. They lost all they had, and this was what caused the trouble. The sandwiches were passed from one hand to another.

BLOWS STRUCK IN ALL DIRECTIONS

In an instant there were 200 men on their feet, and blows were struck in all direction. No sides were taken in the matter except the twenty who had purchased the food, and this accounts for the fact that the trouble was easily suppressed. No one knew against whom he had a grievance, and when officers commanded the men to remain quiet they obeyed, and again took their places on the cold stone floor to sleep. There was a small amount of money among a few of those in the north end of the hall. While some could not have bought a single sandwich, the entire amount was enough to purchase three or four dozen. A collection was taken up, and soon twenty had combined their money for the purpose of buying food. While two went out to make the purchase the others cleared away a place large enough to accommodate them, and spread clean papers on the floor. Here they intended to eat their meal. All around them, however, were hungry men, and when they heard their companions talk of sandwiches they were even more hungry.

RUSH FOR THE FOOD.

When the two returned with the food each carried a well-filled box. They had no sooner placed it on the floor in front of their companions, when others rushed in and seized the food. There was scarcely a crumb left for those who had furnished the money to buy it. The skirmish aroused others, and soon every one along the line in that end of the corridor was attempting to get a portion of the food. In their eagerness the men trampled the sandwiches under foot and but few succeeded in getting anything at all. Those who had purchased the food resented the steal by striking several blows, and more than one in the hall received a bruised face. Thomas Cusik, the night watchman, was sitting half way down the corridor when the trouble arose. He hastened down the hall and commanded the men to be quiet. A few officers who were in the Central station came out, but no violence was necessary in suppressing the disturbance. Earlier in the evening five or six men in the south end of the hall nearly became engaged in a fight over a sandwich. One man had come in with two sandwiches wrapped in a paper. When he opened it they were snatched from his hand.

The above is a most pitiable picture in this, the nineteenth century of "Christian civilization." Never before has such a scene been witnessed in Chicago. It will be repeated probably many times during the winter. With ignorant, foreign hordes flocking to this country continually, crowding out of employment the native born, what better state of affairs can be expected? If each affluent home in the city would agree to take in during the winter one unfortunate, much of this suffering might be avoided."

Chicago, Dec. 16.

"PITIALE."

Yes, it is "a most pitiable picture," but to me the last paragraph is the most pitiable of all. What hope have we that Spiritualism will do more for the people than Christianity has done, so far as "crumbs" are concerned, when a prominent worker, in a sense a leader, after nearly or quite a quarter of a century's observation and experience as an advocate of Spiritualism, can find no better explanation for such a condition of things than: "Ignorant, foreign hordes flocking to this country." Such a statement and from such a quarter is more pitiable than the condition itself, for it carries with it such a sphere of hopelessness to those who have expected so much from Spiritualism.

Thomas Paine said: "The world is my country," and if we are up to his standard we shall search for the causes which have made and kept those "foreign hordes" ignorant, and shall know that similar causes will make our home born citizens ignorant and vicious also.

Statements from those who made it their business the past summer to investigate Chicago's slum quarters, inform us that the lowest and worst places were not those of the "foreign hordes," but of the native born.

Now, there is a cause for these conditions that is not local nor national, but world wide, and until that cause is removed there is no help. Unless Spiritualists are willing to combine to seek for and remove that cause, Spiritualism, like all previous movements from the spirit side of life, will prove a failure—an utter failure so far as the elevation of the masses is concerned.

The declared purpose of your National Association, as given by your secretary in a letter to D. M. King, and published in the *Progressive Thinker* of date Dec. 30, '93, is as follows: Mr. Dimmick says:

"We refer you to the declaration in the act of incorpora-

cratation which distinctly states that the object is for the purpose of religion—to promote religion and morality.”

When did religion ever do anything for the masses but rob them? When did a religious body, as such, ever concern itself about those economic laws upon which the welfare of the masses so much depend, and will Spiritualists do any better as a “Religious organization?” The very term, religion, is, as Mr. Vincent says in another column, the basis of orthodoxy; not the same superstructure but the same foundation. The word itself is a synonym of tyranny, of slavery. It is from the Latin word *ligo* to bind, *re ligo* to bind back, and the noun *religio* has been translated religion. It signifies a ruler and a subject, “a potentate and a peon” united by the hateful ligo or bond. The potentate ever dominates the peon.

Give us, please, one chapter in the world's history where religion has not been a tyranny and a sustainer of tyrants. “To promote religion.” The potentate, at least in the mind of the secretary, Mr. Dimmick, is evidently in this case, the spirit world, for he says:

“If ever there was a movement of any kind that emanated from the Spirit-world, this organization can lay pre-eminent claim to this foundation, for I stand ready to testify, in the last hour of my earthly existence, that the numerous documents that have been put forth from first to last, ante-dating the convention and since, have come to us from an inspirational source, and without any exercise of any study or will-power of my own, and these having originated with me, except such as have come from Brother Barrett, we are in a position to know whereof we affirm. I refer, of course to all business documents, for there are many relating to the convention, and those required to be presented to the societies and Spiritualists throughout the country, and which are already bearing fruit.”

There you have it; “pre-eminent claim” that it emanated from the spirit world. Two men say this. Well, what of it? Suppose it did? Does that decide anything? What kind of spirits is it who forget the crushed ones of this life, the robbed and wronged millions, and organize the Spiritualists “to promote religion.”

What is the first move made after the organization? To gather money to support the organization. Spiritualists, you must sustain this organization and be subservient to it. Speakers and mediums who do not belong to it, do not recognize it, are not dubbed “Rev.,” cannot ride at half fare on the railroads, will not be recognized as “regular.”

Spirits from the other side of life, the “Spirit-world,” aiding the Spiritualists to sell their birth right for a mess of pottage, for the protection of the law, for a few dollars of railroad fare. The “Spirit-world,” leading a class of people who declaim special privilege to put themselves in a position to claim special privilege.

What kind of spirits? We will again quote from Charles Dawbarn's lecture: “A Warning from the East to the West.” In it he plainly shows that India for thousands of years has been dominated by the “Spirit-world,” not by the multitudes who live in poverty and degradation here. Oh, no, they do not count, and remember, please, Mr. Dawbarn's lectures are inspirational, and as such are of as much authority as other inspirational documents. I do not mean that he gets the facts of history inspirationally, but that he inspirationally gathers lessons from such facts.

After showing that India has been ruled by spirit kings and priests to the utter extirpation of manhood from the masses, he says:

“Now we have found a truth. It is this: That he who would be free has a fiercer battle to fight against the spirit-world than against his fellow mortal, for the power acquired over a human spirit in this world evidently is continued in the next life too. And yet more, we have discovered that spirit bigots, if they get us in their power, will leave us to rot in filth and slavery, and labor to keep us in ignorance that their rule may be maintained. The practical question for us to-day is to examine how spirits can gain and maintain such a power. The process is very simple, and always the same. Their first lesson is to implant in a man a desire to worship something as superior to himself. That something he mentally places in the invisible world. Remember, it can make no difference whether man looks up to one spirit as God, or to many spirits as an angel world; this principle of worship gives the desired leverage to tyrants outside the mortal body. * * *

Yet, further, the lesson of these poor Hindus should emphasise the fact that we have spirit-foes ever ready to wield power from the spirit side of human nature. The bible in schools; untaxed church property the spirit of worship and degraded manhood inculcated by traitors who would turn spirit-communion into a religion, all means so much strength to our deadly foe. If eternal vigilance be the price of liberty on earth, it is doubly necessary we use it as against the adverse influences in the spirit-world.”

And yet, according to Mr. Dimmick, the “Spirit-world” has inspired them to aid in an organization, the declared purpose of which to “promote religion and morality.” I once received the requisite paper entitling me to ride at half fare as “A minister of the gospel.” I used it one year

married one couple, then tore up my Authority certificate, have never asked for another and would not accept even free rides on any or all the railroads in the country, if I had to do it at the cost to my self-respect of being called “Rev.”

It is said of the church that she fights every new idea until it becomes popular, and then claims it.

Why not, if the new uses the labels of the old?

Now, while fully admitting the law through which spirits can and do communicate, I unhesitatingly assert that the “Spirit-World” has no right to control our movements, and those who do so, or try to do so to their own ends, need environments that will propote their morality. We, here in this life, should seek first of all things to make it what it should be, and I have no use for a class of spirits who organize the Spiritualists to promote religion. When Spiritualists will organize to promote economic justice; when, as a body, they send forth a protest against usury, land monopoly and corporate power; when they refuse to use the labels or the methods of the old; when they will unite to secure a system of society under which one man cannot live off the labor of other men, nor control the conditions of another man's independence, we may feel that the new heaven and the new earth are about to be ushered in, but religion never has been an uplifting power to humanity, and an organization to promote it must prove a dead failure so far as freedom and justice are concerned.

“The homeless millions of the world” cry loudly for help, but they will never get it from such an organization.

I know there are many noble men and women among the Spiritualists who feel this, and who, as far as possible, talk and write upon needed problems pertaining to this life, but even now they are not allowed to speak their best thought, and an organization to promote religion will make it still harder for such, for the moneyed men will rule, and such questions will be more tabooed than ever.

They will imitate the churches by getting up charity balls, charity fairs, charity lectures, etc., but when principles are introduced which applied will do away with the “curse of charity” that wont do, that will bring discord into the organization, so the speaker's mouth must be closed upon such subjects or he or she must be boycotted.

It is said that when cattle break from their corrals the herdsmen do not attempt to drive them back but get upon their horses, and riding ahead, the animals follow, and by a circular route are led back. That is just what church spirits are trying to do with Spiritualists, lead them, not exactly into the old church corral but into a new one built upon the same principle—to promote religion. Well, there are some who cannot be corralled.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Thinking there would be room for nothing more I had brought the above to a close, but finding there is space left, will add what they say a woman always does, a postscript. I want to say something about “promoting morality.” I know of no better way than by being economically just. Things seem being reversed in their meaning and application to human needs. People are beginning to look upon the other side of things. The old saying is: “Be good and you will be happy.” The new is: “Be happy and you will be good,” and I must confess that when I see our Florida winter resorts for Spiritualists advertised and board at the different hotels put at rates higher than many of us could get for our work should we toil from morning till night, week in and week out, it does not make me happy, so don't ask me to be good.

No. It does not make me happy for I see that the poor are shut out among Spiritualists, as well as among others from the benefits accruing from such resorts; and that by the very law of the system of property relations, prevailing, and which, if we dare to discuss in conferences or from the platform, we are told it wont do; it is not spiritualism, and the society will be broken up if such questions are brought in.

Societies, or individuals who will not allow the discussion of any and all questions that pertain to the welfare of humanity, may call themselves Spiritualists, but they are not spiritual in any broad sense of that term. Soon or later they will learn that what Mrs. H. S. Lake said not long since in the *Light of Truth* is true, to-wit: “The salvation of man spiritually is rooted in his physical salvation.” That single sentence embodied in the National Organization, or put among the questions to be discussed upon “Jubilee” day, would have redeemed it from the suspicion that many honest, earnest souls must now feel that it is engineered by spirits who wish to perpetuate the old in the guise of the new.

We find from the same pen in *Light of Truth*, Dec. 30, '93, the following:

“We have no right to ignore the vital question of industrial equity, a solution of which stands in the very forefront of human progress.”

Bless her for uttering such words, and the *Light of Truth* for publishing them.

Could I see all our Spiritualist papers advocating as well as publishing such sentiments, I should be happy, and it would then be very easy to be so good that I should not be counted a combative disturber.

“WICKED.”

The President of these United States signs his name without any prefix, but a man by the name of Jones, of North Abington, Mass., stamps at the head of his correspondence, Rev. “Jesse H. Jones.”

Well, we live in a very wicked world, and to be qualified to teach the people all about God should command from the masses reverence; that is, the prominence of the “Rev.” seems to indicate that. And this Jones, with the “Rev.” prefix says I'm wicked. Oh, dear!

Mr. Jones is a man, a Reverend, and of course he ought to know.

But sarcasm aside, a man who, in this age of the world's history, declares the bible to be the “*oldest* and supreme book of the race,” had better read up Oriental history and know what he is talking of.

A man who knows somewhere near as much as Mr. Jones does, I beg pardon—the Rev. Jesse Jones—once asked an educated Chinese how old his nation was.

“Our histories give us 42 thousand years, and we have confirmatory evidence in our temples, and in various other ways.” “Why, our historians do not give you any such antiquity,” was the reply.

“You historians! it isn't for your historians to give our history. China was an old and decaying nation when Europe was a crying babe in the arms of a nurse,” was the scornful reply, and the interrogator said while telling it, “I never felt so small in my life,” and he was a man of much more than average intelligence. If Rev. Jones does not know, it is time that he investigated, and he will find that there is not, so far as the principle is concerned, one new thing in his bible. The waters of life come from the depths of our own being, and the bible is one of the buckets that brings those waters to our lips. Rev. Jones has looked so intently at the bucket it fills his horizon, but I will give the reader his letter.

REV. JESSE H. JONES,
EDITOR THE PUBLIC. Dec. 11, '93.
North Abington, Mass.

(?) Miss LOIS WAITSBROOKER:
Some one has sent me your work, “The Fountain of Life,” &c, and I have read in it largely.

I knew before from copies of your “FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES” and otherwise, that you was devoting all your powers to freeing woman from her bondage to man. That is the greatest of all causes for mankind now.

The main positions of your book, viz: The Freedom of Woman; No Variety, but One Man and One Woman united for life; the Union to be Mutual; the Three Sex Centers; and that Sex is the Source of Life and Vigor, and Marriage is Essential to the Best Life; with these wife and I agree.

But the manner in which you speak of Christianity is untrue, wicked, and only hurtful to your cause. When you say “the Christian trinity is a piece of nonsense,” and that progress is being made “in spite of, not because of Christianity,” you awaken just resentment. George Fox, a Christian, began the movement for the freedom of Woman. Out of his movement arose Ann Lee, who began the special movement for the freedom of Woman as to Sex. Out of his movement again arose Abby Kelley, the two Grimke sisters, and Lucretia Mott who started the Woman's Rights movement of these modern days. As the great body of your fellow humans in this land are associated with the Christian Church, it is unfitting to stab their hearts' Chosen as you do.

JESSE H. JONES.

The editor of the *U. P. Employes' Magazine*, in speaking of the success of Woman's Suffrage in Colorado, says:

"The opposition that came practically into form during the campaign, was of a nature that social students should consider. First, because it was of a nature that is usually classed on the opposite sides of the social scale; and, second, because the same opposition is likely to be met in every step of human advancement, and it is well to study its character. The opposition was confined principally to the vicious and ignorant and to the highly sanctimonious, glory-be-to-God, goody-goody young man. The natural thing to believe would be that such elements would be in opposition to each other."

Or to express the idea more fully, one would naturally expect that the ignorant, bad man, and the "sanctimonious, glory-be-to-God, goody-goody" man would be in direct opposition, one to the other, but instead they united their forces against Woman's Suffrage. The editor further says:

"It may be that sanctimoniousness is analogous to ignorance and thus account for the opposition. That there is no difference, scientifically, between vicious ignorance and sanctimonious ignorance would be the general conclusion to draw from it; that ignorance is the stumbling block in the way of all progress, it matters not what it may be clothed with, for ignorance of human rights may stalk forth with a university diploma. It was also a noticeable fact that the opposition who were well dressed were generally those who only had a sneer for the claims of labor, and the others were principally that rabble from which scabs are recruited."

What will the "Rev." Jesse Jones, who calls me wicked for saying that people have progressed in spite of, instead of because of Christianity—says my statement is untrue, what will he say to the above? He will say that intelligent Christians advocate Woman's Suffrage. True, the most of them *now* do, but did they at first? Was not Paul's command thrown at woman from every pulpit, and from every street corner? I shall never forget Sojourner Truth's reply to the minister who said in a Woman's Suffrage Convention that if it were right for woman to have equal rights with man, why was not Jesus a woman.

Some of the cautious ones wanted to keep Sojourner back because she was black, but Mrs. Stanton and her friends would not consent. The uneducated ex-slave arose and propounded this conundrum to the "Rev.":

"Where did yer Jesus come from? Man had nothing to do with it, it was God and the woman."

And on another occasion when an Anti-slavery lecture had been given in a church, there arose a terrific thunder storm, and a "Rev." who had come in and sat therein sorrow, thinking how God's house was being profaned, arose and told the people he did not wonder that God was angry—that in view of the utterances made in that sacred house, he trembled when he remembered that God was just. Just here old Sojourner sang out:

"Don't be frightened, honey, I don't spose God has ever he'rn on ye." So I hope "Rev." Jones will not be frightened, if from his standpoint, I am wicked, untruthful, for I haven't the most distant idea that God has ever heard of his opinion.

Continued from third page.

Now I feel that it is a disgrace to be forced to have to accept the wage of another. I have more respect for the man who sets up a cobbler's shop in some out of the way corner and bosses himself at his work, than for the man who becomes a receiver of the highest wage under the direction of some one else. Neither have I the faith that wage earners will ever free themselves. It is contrary to the nature of things. Never in history is it shown that slaves have freed themselves. The help has always come from those outside of themselves; consequently I look for all good work to come from those who labor, but who do so as their own boss. It is from the farmers and those who have the spirit of freedom in them. It cannot be looked for in cities; it must come from the country and small towns. A real master mind was never bred in a city. History has no record of such a thing. The environments of cities are not favorable to such development. But I have said enough on this line as I am somewhat of a crank on these subjects when I get to writing or talking, I sometimes tire my listener. With kindest wishes I am Fraternally yours, * * *

A BOOK REVIEW.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER in the leading Magazine of the century—THE ARENA.

The Fountain of Life, or The Three-fold power of Sex.

The presentation of this most important of all subjects is one that will be new to many minds, and perhaps readily accepted by few. But to all thoughtful persons it will suggest possibilities of human development and progress that will provoke serious consideration. The writer anticipates in her brief preface that few minds are probably prepared to accept the claims advanced, but expresses her willingness to sow the seed of truth as held by her, "expecting to sleep before the harvest comes." The six basic statements are as follows:

First. Sex is the Fountain of life—of all life, animate and inanimate, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and in all possible cases life is made manifest through the union of the positive and negative, the male and female forces.

Second. While the more external life can be lived without bringing into use the laws involved in the intellectual and spiritual the intellectual and spiritual cannot be fully lived without bringing into use the physical as the basis or foundation.

Third. The unknown can be proven by the known.

Fourth. We cannot conceive of that which does not exist.

Fifth. We cannot desire, hunger, for that which does not exist. If we could it would prove that we have capacities which the universe cannot fill—a manifest absurdity.

Sixth. Our thought, our idea of an act—the organs of the brain that are active at the time—this, with our general idea thereof, decides the character of any act which, in and of itself, if neither good nor bad, morally speaking, and also in a great measure the nature of the result.

In the claim that sex is the fountain of all life, intellectual and spiritual, as well as physical, the writer has assumed a radical position antagonistic to the views of perhaps a majority of minds, and to the religious teaching of Christendom, and sects in other religions.

The "purpose in this work is to try to find the highest, purest use of sex—to indicate through the laws of the known the possibilities of its as yet, to us, unknown power." The author proceeds with logical and scientific arguments to indicate what the physical purity necessary to the highest and purest use of sex. Then it is claimed that the new idea—in contradistinction to the old and prevailing idea that the highest use of sex function is the production of offspring—is "that which points to new, to regenerating life—is that the highest use lies in the perfecting of ourselves, of our physical and spiritual bodies.

That there are three sex centers in the physical organism of man is not a new thought. These centres are the physical in the loins, the affectional in the breast, the intellectual in the brain. Hence the threefold power of sex must be a physiological and a psychological fact, if we possess what Paul termed a spiritual body. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The central idea of this work is that only the sex relations which are permeated by soul and mind, in which the sex act includes love, and is held in thought to be of use in perfecting ourselves as spiritual beings, can be of highest and purest use; also that such complete sex relations are regenerating. The author asks:—

"What does the redemption of our bodies mean? If the spiritual sex center renews the soul life, will not the same renewing power descend, and permeating the physical generative sex center, so regenerate the body as to eventually redeem it from the power of death? When spirit permeates every particle of the matter of our bodies regeneratively, then indeed will God be manifest in the flesh.

The subject has been a study of the writer for thirty years and the experiences of many persons have contributed to her sources of knowledge and insight into the occult forces of sex. This book of 136 pages contains the most conclusive arguments for sexual and social purity and for the claim of the author that

What is needed is the right to openly and fearlessly investigate everything that pertains to human sex relations, that we may be free to intelligently obey that law or rule of action which leads to the highest good."

Mrs Chandler says the idea of the three sex centers is not new. None of the main ideas are new; that is they did not originate with me. I selected, connected, and reasoned out my conclusions. F. G. Welch M. D. of New York city in a lecture before the Anthropological Society in Feb. last says of sex after showing that it exists in everything:

"Always the same creative sex-force, the omnipotent, omnipresent God-power, filling all space, permeating all substance, producing all life. L. W.

Eighty-two Years Old.

OGDEN Utah, Dec. 17-93.

DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER:—Yes, I received your letter of Nov. 6th, and the books. Do you know what a bad reputation I am getting in consequence of handling and recommending such "obscene literature?"

Yes, that's the word among the chaste ones of orthodoxy. No matter, I can stand it if my accusers can, and the end will tell. Yes, it is easy to conclude that this last work is your best, but they are all best from the very first one on that almighty subject, only the last is a necessary and expectant result of growth on the real and truthful law of "FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES" of human life for the perfection of existence here, and continued life hereafter.

Oh, what thousands of human wrecks are destined to live and die in misery in consequence of the general ignorance of the subject upon which you write so earnestly and so clearly! Oh orthodoxy! fell monster in the path of our life, with your hell and devil what harm you have done! You have hidden the truth in mystery and thereby doomed millions to untold misery. Lo! your works shed a grand light upon on that "hidden mystery" which kings and priests have used to enslave the masses; not hidden from them but from the people. [They, themselves have understood from the selfish side, consequently only in part—L. W.]

Well, what can I do? I am alone in the midst of friends. How is that do you ask? It is just this way. To use a common expression with me, I am a stranger in my own home and among my nearest kindred. They know me outwardly, and treat me kindly as to my physical wants, but spiritually I am a stranger to them, but I am comforted with the assurance of a home above where I am better known, and it cannot be very long now till I hear the call. Today the frosts of 82 winters have whitened my locks and chased away my youth, but my health remains. Though not so sprightly as once I enjoy my food, riding, and working when I wish.

I am continually visited by friends from the higher life, and have many promises. My chief sadness comes from thinking of the long time, the great labor and anxiety I have expended in the cause of Spiritualism, but sad to tell, Spiritualists as a class here are very much behind. We were in a better condition 18 years ago when we had a hall and kept up meetings most of the time. The first crop have passed over or moved away and the others are a failure, and as for advancing the cause I am alone. But I still grow, and hope and consolation are strong. As ever, JOHN A. JOST.

From Another Octogenarian.

..... Heredity is by far the most important question which can engage the attention of the modern philosopher. It expresses the sum of the forces which have acted upon the race. A new force should be introduced. It is the definite cultivation of the parental and postnatal conditions of humanity. One half the care bestowed upon domestic animals by which such splendid results have been secured, would advance civilization farther in ten generations than in all its previous history.

Those who engage in scientific study of this great question of heredity shall be the saviours of the race. Only by deep and wide spread leavening can knowledge be attained of the adaptability of the sexes to reproduce themselves in a rapidly ascending scale of improvement. * * * The self-will of Adam was not a degeneracy. It has been called a crime, but allowing the hypothesis to be true, which is extremely doubtful, it was the beginning of a brave and higher life. The alleged Edenic state was a childlike incapacity wholly unlike the present man under the law of development by which he has been enabled to leave behind him the Edenic or barbaric state of his progenitors.

Adam and Prometheus are ideal types being realized in each individual who, as soon as his moral nature is awakened, feels the possibility of rising higher through reason and perception. The history of Adam's experience is repeated in every man's life. He has his paradise. He eats of the tree of knowledge and feels within him the promptings of self-will, curiosity and disobedience. That is, virtue cannot exist without its constant correlative, vice.

Statesman ought by this time to have learned that man cannot be improved by oppressive laws; but on the contrary when they come to reap the harvest of this oppressive policy they find it one of violence and crime. So has it been throughout the history of humanity; and so will it continue to be until a human policy intervenes—one that regards the interests of all alike, one which has, as its chief features, the improvement and happiness of humanity.

The worshippers of Zeus, the masters of punishment and fear, must yield to the followers of Prometheus, who are the promoters of culture and progress.

The octogenarian writer of this believes, from personal and practical observation that the radical improvement of the world depends upon the removal of this mass of mythical belief by showing to the masses its scientific absurdity. The doctrine of God's hate and punishment of hell are the prolific sources of all human ignorance and crime. Happily the weapons of orthodoxy, the doctrines of fear and punishment, are rapidly being blunted by clashing with science and common sense. ELI HUDDLESTONE,

Lawrence, Kan.

[I intended to make an extract from Father Hacker's lecture so as to have the three octogenarians together, but for some unaccountable reason I could not find it.—L. W.]

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER XVII.

PLANS "GANG AGLY."

The morning rose clear and bright, and the Boyle vs. Boyle case was called on the afternoon of the first day of the sitting of the court.

The plaintiff's counsel reported for trial, but the defendant's asked for more time, giving as one reason the statement of Dr. Ford in relation to Mrs. Wendover. She was much better, but not yet in a condition to be present, would be by next term of court. The other reason was they had not yet found Jedadiah Brown, but had got upon his track.

"A word with your honor," said Blake, as soon as defendant's counsel had ceased speaking. "I think the learned counsel on the other side has been misinformed. The lady, Mrs. Wendover, is here to speak for herself, and Jedadiah Brown can be produced on five minutes' notice."

Wendover and Boyle looked at each other in consternation, but their counsel interposed by saying "As the lady has been pronounced insane, of course her presence here now will be of no avail."

"Will your honor please read this?" said Blake, stepping forward and handing him the certificate signed by Dr. Vosburg and the two experts on insanity. The Judge took it, read it carefully, and then said: "Unless other and valid reasons can be given for delay, the case will proceed to trial."

The first witness called by the plaintiff was Jedadiah Brown. The counsel for the defendant noticed that when asked his name, he did not say "Jedadiah Brown," but, "they call me Jedadiah Brown, but I prefer to be called Jed," but he said nothing then.

"Jed" went through with his story with very little interruption, but when it came to the cross questioning he at first refused to reply, said he had told his story once, and had "told the truth, too," but when he found he must, he appeared embarrassed, replied so indistinctly that he was severely reprimanded. Then he straightened up and put on a defiant manner.

Bond Boyle was very much surprised at this, but French Boyle looked elated and nodded to his counsel.

The first question was: "When did you first become aware of the likeness between the plaintiff and the defendant?"

"I ain't much on law terms, Mr. Lawyer, but if you mean Mr. Edward Bond Boyle, and Mr. Edward French Boyle, it was about two weeks before last election day, nigh onto a year now."

"Was it then that the plaintiff first became aware of the fact?"

"Mr. Edward Bond Boyle, do you mean?"

"That is the name he assumes; he has not yet proved his right to it. Russell is the name he is known by."

"Well, he's not all the one who's called by a name that don't belong to him; yes, sir, I think that was the first time he ever saw Col. Boyle."

"You think, I am not asking what you think, but what you know; did he not talk with you about it, and plan with you to find out what it meant?"

"No, sir, he did not."

"Were you not employed by him to find or make evidence that they both had the same father?"

"I'm not a lawyer."

"Please answer the question, yes or no."

"Must I, mister Judge?" The Judge nodded.

"No, Mr. Lawyer, I wasn't; the man you call Russell never saw Jed Brown till to-day," he replied in clear, distinct tones that produced a sensation in court.

"You say this upon your oath?"

"I say this upon my oath."

"You said awhile ago, Mr. Brown, that you were called Jedadiah Brown, did you mean that Brown is not your true name?"

Instantly the mask fell off and detective Morse stood revealed. Before they could recover from their surprise he turned to the court with: "Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury: You know Harry Morse well enough to decide whether what he says is true or false," and bowing, he left the witness-stand.

The defendant's counsel was at a loss what to do next; they knew Harry Morse too well to attempt to invalidate his testimony

Mrs. Wendover was called next. She testified to the will being brought for her father to sign, that he had read it, pronounced it all right, and taken up his pen to sign it when he was interrupted by the arrival of her brother, Col. Boyle, that very soon after him came the plaintiff accompanied by Mr. Morse; that her father called the plaintiff his son, and made another effort to sign the will; that she believed the plaintiff to be her father's son; that as he was still willing to abide by the provisions of the will, she should not oppose his present claim.

"Have you not just come from an insane asylum?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"I was inveigled into a retreat for the slightly insane, but do not acknowledge myself to have been so, unless the desire to carry out my father's wishes be proof of insanity," was her prompt response. He was about to question her further, but at a sign from Judge Wendover, he desisted.

"The counsel for the defense then recalled Morse: 'Did you not tell this court that the plaintiff never saw you till to-day?'"

"I said he never saw Jed Brown till to-day."

"Was it as Jedadiah Brown that you denied being employed by the plaintiff?"

"It was, sir."

"But you do not deny being employed by him as Harry Morse?"

"I do not deny being employed, but not by him."

"Not by him, but with his knowledge?"

"Neither by him, nor with his knowledge; he did not know that such an investigation was being made till two or three days before I left Glenwood."

"Who was his informer?"

"John Wildermere, commonly known as John Wherefore."

"Why is he called Wherefore?"

"Because of his known proclivity to search into the wherefore of things."

"And he was your employer?"

"He was, sir."

"Are you sure that you were not employed by Mr. Wildermere as the agent of Mr. Russell?"

"The gentleman is here he can speak for himself."

Morse was now permitted to leave the stand and John Wildermere was called.

His testimony was clear and explicit. He had noticed the remarkable likeness between the two men, and having resolved, if possible, to learn why it existed, had employed detective Morse for that purpose, but had told no one else what he had done till the time named in Mr. Morse's evidence.

"And you profess to say that you used money in this investigation without any expectation of being rewarded?"

"I say it, sir; and those who know me, know I speak the truth or keep my mouth shut," retorted Wildermere.

The next step was to make the plaintiff prove that he was the son of the Cora Bond, that Major Boyle married under the name of Shelton. The man Russell was accused of stealing Cora's child, but where was the proof that he did so, or if he did, that the plaintiff was that child? and the counsel looked exultingly at the jury as if to say: "get over that if you can."

"Perhaps here is something that will throw some light upon that point," said Blake, handing a couple of letters to the presiding Judge who read them and then asked: "Where were these found?"

Harry Morse was again called for: "Those letters were found in an old trunk that belonged to the man supposed to be Edward Bond Boyle's father," he said.

"Who witnessed the finding?"

"Mr. Bond Boyle, John Wildermere and myself were present at the finding."

"When were they found?"

"After the adjournment of the trial in May last. I was thinking of this very point, knew that such proof would be called for, and I asked the plaintiff if he had any old letters or papers that had belonged to his supposed father; at first he said 'no,' but after a minute he said 'yes, I believe there are some old letters in the trunk that was his. I had forgotten them. There are twenty-five or thirty of them. I read about a dozen of them once, but found nothing of importance, so tied them up again and threw them back.'"

"Well," said I, "we will look at those old letters," so we went to the plaintiff's cottage, we three, and gave those old letters a thorough examination, and we found what we sought."

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.

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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,

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I consider the *Fountain of Life, or Threefold Power of Sex*, the most scientific and logical presentation of Sex yet written, because it comprehends the whole of human nature. I hope it will strengthen the idea of the dignity and tend to exalt the place of humanity as creative beings. It is my firm conviction that the harmony of society and the growth and development of the individual depend upon right knowledge of the best use of sex, and right adjustment of the sexes.

You have done what may well be a crowning work, and I hope you may see that it is not sent out of season, but has come in the fullness of time to do what needs to be done.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

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

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

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

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

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

MATTIE E. HURSEN.

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

GEORGE LYNN.

Hastings, Neb., Apr. 26-92.

For Sale Here.

"How long did it take you to fix them up?" sneered the defendant's counsel.

Morse paid no attention to this, but continued: "The one addressed to Mrs. Cora Shelton was inside the other, which was addressed, as you see, 'To my dear boy Edward.'"

The letters were then read to the jury. The letter to the plaintiff was as follows:

"Forgive me, my dear boy, for the great wrong I have done you. You are not my son; I stole you when a child for reasons that I then thought sufficient to excuse the act, but which I now see were cruelly wrong. You will find the names of your parents in the enclosed letter. If you cannot forgive me, I hope you will not quite hate me. Repentantly,

HERNY RUSSELL."

The other letter was the one written by Major Boyle to his young wife when he was cleared from the suspicion of a crime he never committed, and was thus able to give her his true name. To this was added a postscript in the same hand writing which read:

"I took this letter from the office and opened it thinking it belonged to your mother's cousin and had been sent to her under cover of your mother's name."

This seemed a sort of an apology for having the letter, but left all else unexplained.

These letters bore unmistakable marks of age and were conclusive as to the plaintiff's parentage, but the defendant's counsel next demanded proof that the plaintiff's mother was living when Major Boyle married the second time.

David Renshaw was the next witness called. Being duly sworn, he testified as follows: "I am a grandson of Cora Bond through her second marriage. I have heard her say that her first husband's name was Boyle, but that he married her under the name of Shelton. I have also heard her talk of the boy that was lost and say she always believed he was stolen by a man named Russell who had sworn revenge because she would not marry him."

"Is your grandmother still living" was Blake's next question.

"She was living in western Kansas the last I heard from her."

The defendant's counsel tried in vain to pick this testimony to pieces, and the decision was rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

Had Col. Boyle known how much evidence his half brother could bring in support of his claim, he would have accepted the provisions of the will, and the case would never have gone into court, but being one of those natures, that, a position once taken, will not yield it, he took immediate steps for an appeal, trusting to his own skill to win, now he knew just what he had to fight.

Judge Wendover looked more relieved than disappointed. The loss of his wife's company and love was to him a greater misfortune than the loss of fortune. He was a weak, more than a bad man. He crossed over to where his wife was standing and said:

"Sarah, you have done your worst and have nothing more to fear, will you come home now?"

She looked into his face so sad in its expression, into his pleading eyes, and her heart relented.

"If you will invite my brother here to go too, I will," she said, turning to Bond Boyle.

The man hesitated but a moment, and then extended his hand. The Col. ground his teeth with rage, and said in an undertone: "By heaven, I will beat them yet, or die in the attempt."

He supposed he was standing far enough from everyone to be unheard; he forgot to look behind him.

"You will be going to Kansas to see your mother now" said Morse to Bond Boyle.

"I think not," he replied, "she is so old the excitement would kill her, and it is enough to have father go in that way."

When Col. Boyle saw that Bond was going home with the Judge and his wife, he went to the hotel and sent for his carriage. In the meantime Mrs. Wendover wrote a note which they all signed, begging him to give up all contention over the property and take his third which was not only just and right, but in accord with their father's wishes, and sent it by Myrtle.

To this he indignantly replied that no man in his senses would yield to others two-thirds of what the law had declared his, unless painfully conscious of a weak spot in the method by which he had obtained it, "And that weak spot I intend to find and so reverse this day's decision."

So he went his way, and set himself to find or make a reason for such reversal.

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OR

SELF JUSTICE.

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"It will do more to kindle hope, revive the heart, and stimulate ambition to stem the tide of opposition which woman has to overcome than the bible has ever done."

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

SAT UP ALL NIGHT.

—Book received. Commenced reading it on Saturday 9:30 P. M. and finished it on Sunday, 4 A. M., something I have never done before, sit up all night and read. Well,—I may as well stop right here, for if I wrote till dooms-day I could not tell you what a grand work you have done in writing HELEN HARLOW'S VOW.—ROBERT E. McKINLEY, Latrobe, Pa.

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We have also "A Sex Revolution" noticed on another page, price 25 cents, And "The Occult Forces of Sex," price 50 cents. Will send the four books to one address for \$2.50. Send for them.