

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME V.

TOPEKA, KANSAS,

NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

NO. 12.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE PARADE.

BY S. H. RANDALL.

Hear the firing and the drumming!
Watch the pretty soldiers coming
See the vallant military,
March in valor's millinery!

Watch the ranks of peacocks strutting,
Heroes proud of shooting, cutting,
Gallant souls for battle pining,
While their gallant boots are shining

Brighter than their glory's sonnets,
Gleam the trinkets on their bonnets.
Like their buttons, brilliant very,
Are the gaudy military.

Watch them, fired with martial passion
Each in warfare's latest fashion,
Stiff, and solemn, like a steeple,
Marching past the humble people!

See the lofty men of mettle,
Ye, who down to labor settle!
See the gewgaws grandly glaring,
On the dauntless sons of daring!

Terrible as looking-glasses
Shines their steel, to awe the masses;
And at heart the brave are frantic
For a massacre romantic.

Martial hearts are proudly bounding,
Martial heels are proudly pounding,
Ready ev'ry orphan-maker,
Of the foe to mow an acre.

Oh, how grand to rage in battle!
Grand, to slaughter other cattle!
Grand, the jewelry of Glory!
And a bloody name in story!

How sublime the soldier dying,
In the arms of Glory lying!
Butcher, butchered, how poetic!
Butcher, butchered, how pathetic!

And how proud the muster gory,
On the camping ground of Glory,
Where, on legs that weary never,
Murderers parade forever!

—The Cincinnati.

FAITHFUL.

A long, bare ward in the hospital;
A dying girl in the narrow bed;
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall,
Soothing softly the restless head.

Slain by the man she learned to love—
Beaten, murdered and flung away;
None beheld it but God above
And she who bore it. And there she lay.

'A little drink of water, dear!'
Slowly the white lips gasp and sip.
'Let me turn you over, so you can hear,
While I let the ice on your temple drip.'

A look of terror disturbs her face;
Firm and silent those pale lips close;
A stranger stands in the nurse's place;
'Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows.'

A glitter of joy is in her eye;
Faintly she whispers: "Nobody did."
And one tear christens the loving lie
From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

Nobody did it!" she says again,
"Nobody hurt me!" Her eyes grew dim;
But in the spasm of mortal pain
She says to herself: "I've saved you, Jim."

Day by day, as the end draws near,
To gentle question or stern demand,
Only that one response they hear,
'Tho' she lifts to Heaven her wasted hand.

"Nobody hurt me." They see her die,
The same words still on her latest breath;
With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,
And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,
Loving above all wrong and woe,
If she has gone to a world of ill,
Where, oh, saint, shall we others go?

Even, I think that evil man
Has hope of a better life in him.
When she so loved him her last words ran:
"Nobody hurt me! I've saved you Jim."

—Rose Terry Cook.

FROM THE ARENA

In The Midst of Wolves.

BY EDWARD W. CHAMBERLAIN.

PROF. ANDREW D. WHITE, in his "Warfare of Science" has shown how, at every step, scientific progress has been resisted by bigoted intolerance. He has proven from history that no department of science has been free from inquisition, and no beneficent result of scientific inquiry has ever reached the masses of mankind until the obstacles raised by Pharisaism have been overcome. Because of this opposition, the most important science has been neglected. "Plato said, 'Know thyself,' and Christ taught, 'is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?'" And it has been the dream of many reformers, as it was the ideal of Sir Thomas Moore, that as much painstaking should be devoted to raising good men as was bestowed upon breeding good animals. Yet the knowledge of man's life, development and reproductive possibilities is to-day very meagre, and intolerance stands threatening research. This condition is curiously exemplified in the fact that, while the United States, by its Department of Agriculture, disseminates information on the reproductive organs and functions of the horse, a Kansas editor, the venerable Moses Harman, for mailing very similar language on a similar topic, but relating to the human species, was on a conviction of "obscenity," in a federal court, sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

So it is that man propagates recklessly, with no regard to racial development, and as a result humanity is cursed with all sorts of abnormalities and perversions. Hospitals flourish, insane asylums are swarming, prisons are overcrowded, suicides shock us daily, prostitutes throng the streets and greed saps national integrity. The deformed, the weak, the vicious confront us at every turn. Society is one vast conglomeration of vain glory and misery, cant and vice, debauchery and scandal, and the Pharisee keeps up his grim struggle to appear respectable, saying "I am holier than thou," until overtaken by exposure, his hypocritical brethren rejoicing in his calamity turn and rend him, as the starving pack devour the wounded wolf. Still from humanity goes up the lamentable cry, emphasized by Tolstoi in his "Kreutzer Sonata," "If I had only known!" "If timely knowledge had not been withheld from me!" And still beneficent science, that would spread a saving knowledge, is thwarted by ignorant prejudice. The depraved usurp the function of moral censors, and wield a terrorism as appalling as that of witchcraft days, and even the classical learning of centuries is proscribed.

But within the last generation men have shown a determination to gain this self-knowledge of which they have been defrauded. Professor Agassiz says, "The time has come when scientific truth must cease to be the property of the few—when it must be woven into the common life of the world," and a new race of reformers has arisen to withstand the monopoly of learning and to defeat the obstacles to the spread of vital truth. Kansas is the early battle ground of this crusade, as it was of the anti-slavery agitation, for the authorities there, not content with outraging Moses Harman, have raised the cry of persecution against a woman [almost] seventy years of age, whose efforts to enlighten her fellows deserve the highest commendation.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, who for years has been an earnest, sincere, devoted worker, is now arrested on a charge of sending obscene matter in the mail. Neither her age, her sex, her purity of soul, her nobility of purpose, nor a long life of worthy work avail to save her from the stroke of the assassins who as usual in such cases, misrepresent her as a wanton, frivolous, impure woman. Like Moses Harman, Mrs. Waisbrooker has advocated the freest and most ample discussion of vital subjects, and it is for this she is attacked. She too, a sufferer from ignorance, takes up the plaint of the "Kreutzer Sonata" and with unbounded love for humanity, and unflinching devotion to the best interests of her race, determines to throw the light of truth into the dark places of earth. In a circular issued since her arrest she says:

Did men properly use creative life, properly treat women, or were not both so ignorant as to destroy their own marital happiness men need not suffer from a lack of such response as would satisfy the hunger of their now starved spirits or astral bodies—starved till they think and live obscenity; but it must be covered up, kept secret, then no harm will be done.

Can fetid cellars be kept from permeating the atmosphere with their effluvia because hidden from sight? Your health inspectors, those whose work it is to keep things physically clean, will find such places and demand their renovation, even if one does have to hold the nose in doing so. But our moral inspectors will not let us turn our light upon the great, filthy moral cellar that underlies the structure called society. They think to preserve the morals of the young by keeping this mass of moral corruption out of sight.

Alas, for the blindness that refuses to investigate this most vital of all questions, even till the land is filled with deformed specimens of what should be a grand humanity—will be when sex law is rightly understood and obeyed. We shall then have no insane asylums filled with such as cannot stand the strain of life's struggle—then there will be none born who are only fit inmates of idiotic asylums, no blind, no deaf and dumb, and none will be found whom it will be necessary to imprison.

Yes, I assert it, and future generations will sustain me—not one of all these wrecks of society—not one of those in the various asylums—not one in your prisons who have been put there for real crime—not one of them have been rightly conceived and gestated.

Indeed! none of us are a tithe of what we might have been had the full tide of creative power entered into that which gave us being. I mean had there been such reverence for the creative act that soul forces had entered into the blending as a controlling factor. Because of this lack, because physical pleasure was the dominating factor, we are all born under the dominion of the flesh instead of the spirit.

Painfully conscious of this—conscious of the poverty of my own makeup, and with an unceasing heartache because of the imperfections of one who drew his life from mine—now, when the remembrance of my own ignorance and its results stimulates me to do my utmost to arouse people to the importance of this question of questions; now when my head is whitening for the tomb, some poor, obscure minded man or woman marks my paper and sends it to those pure men at Washington . . . and I am arrested—am under bonds—am liable to go to prison.

Well! The sun will still shine, and people will still think. Thoughts will in time become deeds, and the prison walls which enclose martyrs for truth will disappear.

This is not the language of a wanton. No lewd woman would or could make such an appeal. Her determination to free her race from the shackles of ignorance has made Mrs. Waisbrooker a victim of persecution. It is the old warfare of science. She is not thoughtless nor mercenary. She has not sought her own aggrandizement. She has acted from a sincere desire to spread a knowledge which will lead to a better understanding of human needs, and through that understanding to better conditions, better living and a better humanity.

Deeply impressed with the necessity of her work, the dignity of her purpose and the grandeur of her self-sacrifice, I bespeak for her the sympathy and support of THE ARENA readers in her resistance to this assault of the inquisition. To the patriot who sees an inquisitorial censorship and its law to silence arguments not otherwise allowed is to and restricting freedom of opinion on American soil, the scientist who sees investigation suppressed, the humanitarian who sees the noblest efforts to enlighten mankind thwarted by licentious authority; to all men who love their fellows, this appeal will not be in vain.

Mrs. Waisbrooker's Case.

(The Advertiser's Guide.)

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, a venerable lady of Topeka, Kansas, has been arrested on charge of "obscenity." It is the same old humbug with which we were made familiar by the cases of Bennett, Heywood, Slenker, and Harman, and is probably intended by useless functionaries to make a show of great activity. We have seen the matter which it is pretended is obscene and, whatever any court may say about it, we are distinctly of the opinion that there is nothing in it at which any honest, clean-minded person would be offended. We can conceive of nothing more cowardly than this Comstockian attack upon this noble old woman and we have seldom seen a more sturdy and valiant defense than is contained in her retort upon her accusers. After lamenting the general ignorance and stupid blundering in matters of the relations of the sexes which result in furnishing a constant and increasing population for prisons, hospitals, insane asylums and poor houses, she says:

"Painfully conscious of this—conscious of the poverty of my own makeup, and with an unceasing heartache because of the imperfections of one who drew his life from mine—now, when the remembrance of my own ignorance and its results stimulates me to do my utmost to arouse people to the importance of this question of questions; now, when my head is whitening for the tomb, some poor, obscure minded man or woman marks my paper and sends it to those pure men at Washington * * * and I am arrested—am under bonds—am liable to go to prison.

"Well! The sun will still shine, and people will still think. Thoughts will in time become deeds, and the prison walls that enclose martyrs for truth will disappear."

Some of her friends knowing the unreliability of courts in such cases, and terrorized by apprehension of the prejudices which Comstockian tactics always excite when a victim is to be sacrificed, advised her to temporize and get out of her difficulty the easiest way possible, to which she resorted:

"Keep still, and get out on a technicality." I will not keep still. I will fight the question on its merits if I go to prison for the rest of my life. I have done no wrong and no concession of mine shall be construed into admitting that I have. 'Oh, keep still.' Indeed, I shall not."

This has a true Garrisonian ring, and we sincerely trust that in attacking Mrs. Waisbrooker the obscenists have marked out a victim who is not going to be victimized so easily.

The Arena of the current month contains a strong ap-

EFFECTIVE VOTING.

The *Arena* editor says of Miss Catharine H. Spence's article in the Nov. *Arena* on the above topic:

The World's Fair emphasized as never before the power of woman as thinker along the lines of social, economic, educational and scientific thought. Among the strongest speakers on political and economic questions at the Fair was Miss Catherine Spence of Australia. In this issue of THE ARENA we publish a notable essay by this remarkable woman on "Effective Voting," which is peculiarly timely, as it is in the line of the subjects being discussed this month by the Union for Practical Progress throughout the length and breadth of the land.

I have read the article with pleasure. I am glad to see such thoughts from the pen of a woman. Solid common sense. No W. C. T. U. about Jesus being king; no pleading for the ballot to suppress saloons and other evils, but a recognition of the fact that effects cannot cease till causes are moved. Oh, for thousands of such women!

The Strike.

Have received from Mrs. Etta Semple her story, "The Strike." Have not read it as closely as I shall—sick and lack of time, but find therein solid truths that all should ponder. I wish the author success.

The Arrest of Lois Waisbrooker.

[By Editor The Arena.]

In this issue we publish a protest from the pen of Mr. Chamberlain against the recent arrest of an aged woman, Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, whose Society has been given to the elevation of kind and the furtherance of reforms. I have not seen the published letter which led to her arrest, but, while some phraseology in it may have come within the letter of the act known as the Comstock Law, the life, the teachings and the spirit which have animated all the noble work conducted by Mrs. Waisbrooker, appeal in trumpet tones against such infamous measures as permit the arrest of gray hairs whitened in the service of humanity, on account of the publication of some particular word or phrase, when the spirit of the article, the spirit of the life work of the prisoner has been in the line of the abolition of prostitution, within as well as without the marriage relation, and the establishment of a higher morality. From what I have learned of the case, this prosecution seems to bear the same stamp as the infamous arrest and prosecution some time since of the Rev. Caldwell, the editor of *Christian Life*, for the publication of an article on marital purity.

Such papers as the *Police Gazette* and other publications which are published for the purpose of making money by catering to a vicious taste, are untouched, but those who are laboring to establish a higher morality within the marriage relation and to secure for woman the right of her own body, are watched by the sentinels of conventionalism, and if a word is published which can be construed to come under the afore-mentioned law these reformers are sure to suffer. Below I publish a letter just received from the well-known author and noble-minded reformer, Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, touching the case of Mrs. Waisbrooker. Mrs. Chandler is thoroughly conversant

with the integrity of our nation to defeat this attack upon Mrs. Waisbrooker. Under the title "In the Midst of the Wolves," Mr. E. W. Chamberlain has very cleverly shown up the iniquity of the outrage, and before any trial is had the wickedness of her prosecution will be so exposed that in any event a great moral victory will be hers.

Those of our readers who are interested in such matters will find her books very instructive and well worth reading. They are: A Sex Revolution, 25 cents; The Occult Forces of Sex, 50 cents; and The Fountain of Life, 50 cents. She will send the three to one address for \$1.00. Better send \$1.00 to Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, 1115 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

DEAR FRIENDS.

What I have said in 1st. column of 4th. page does not satisfy me. I want to talk to your hearts. I want to tell you I have appreciated every word of sympathy, every cent of aid, every good wish, as so much priceless treasure, that neither moth nor rust can corrupt. I have many times failed to respond personally, not from indifference, but multiplicity of cares and lack of strength. I do not inherit physical strength from neither father nor mother.

My father was from a consumptive family and I cannot remember when my mother was well. I have heard her say she could not recollect when she had seen a well day. She died at thirty-six, when I was fifteen.

I cannot say what she did, for I have seen some days, once in a while, one, two, and even three at a time, when it was a glory to live, when it has seemed that, could I always feel so I would ask no greater heaven. But alas! they would not tarry, and the most of my nearly seventy years have been years of weariness and pain; so the friends will please pardon me if I have sometimes seemed neglectful.

Sometimes, when as now full of pain, I long to go, to be at rest; and then, when I see what needs to be done, I feel as if I would be willing to stay any length of time, in spite of the pain, if I could only have strength to work. I may resume the paper in January, but when I commenced this 12 No's I felt as if it would finish my newspaper work. I feel so now. It is not impossible, though I think hardly probable, that when April comes, I shall be beyond the reach of earthly courts. If I am not, it will be because my work is not done.

I have much to say that I want to leave in shape for future generations, things that I cannot say through a paper now.

But friends, I have a work I want you to help me do. I want every one of you to constitute yourselves advertising agents and selling agents for the new book I expect home from the press any day now: "The Wherefore Investigating Company." The people need what is there taught, and you will thus become co-operators with me in sowing seed for future harvest—for the time when every worker shall have a home, with none to molest or make afraid.

If any of you wish to make a business of selling this land and labor story, write me and I will give you good terms. Let me hear from you, and don't fail to send in your orders for my books. They are all I have to depend upon to get my bread. Don't forget to send for the new book, "THE WHEREFORE INVESTIGATING COMPANY." Surely, the wherefore of things needs INVESTIGATING and thoroughly. The book has 313 pages, good book paper, lined paper cover; price 50 cents.

Don't forget the prisoner under bonds.

Now, Good Bye for the present.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Just received the following from a valued friend and prominent worker, which is given without name or place. No matter who nor where; it is the what, the matter contained—a finger-mark showing what bottom truth workers have to contend with.

"Disgusting."

DEAR MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Your letter and the several packages of papers have duly come to hand. I ought to have acknowledged sooner, but could not. The letter for the publication of which you were arrested, is a disgusting epistle, and I could not place it before the public, nor even in private hands.

I understand your purposes, principles and motives; but I really do not believe that such stuff can fail to injure many who read. I refer to the letter.

I regard your work, of course, as vital, and you as courageous and devoted. I am engaged in the same warfare, though I conduct my campaign quite differently. I had

hoped to enclose a trifle to aid you, but the season's work thus far, does not warrant it, and I must be content to wait.

Although I do not regard the publication of the letter as helpful to the end we have in view, still I wish you to know that I realize that you are doing the only real and true work in the way of human progress. Possibly, after a little time, you will see that I am re-enforcing you from a different direction.

I regret to learn of your physical disability. I sincerely hope you may be spared many years.

Very truly yours for the right, * * *

My good sister says that the letter upon which I have been indicted is "disgusting." It did not strike me that way; but it seemed a pitiful expression of the condition of society as the result of ignorance, and my heart went out in a great wave of sympathy for the thousands similarly situated. To me, it is a false feeling that any honest expression about sex and its relations is necessarily disgusting. Sometimes when school is dismissed and the laughing children go rushing by, I say to myself: Embodied sex-acts. But for that act the earth would become depopulated; then why shrink from any phrase of its manifestation, normal or abnormal, that may aid us in learning the true law of sex?

It seems to me we should be disgusted with ourselves that we are sexed, if an honest expression of sex needs and love's attractions disgusts us. The suppression of this question, the covering up which has prevailed, it seems to me, has done more to foster the evils which curse us than any amount of open discussion can do. I know what that morbid feeling of shrinking is, for I inherited it, also a reverence for the bible, and both were fostered by education, but my judgment, my reason tells me better, and in the latter case my feelings now fully conform to my reason; not quite so fully in the former.

"I realize that you are doing the only real and true work in the way of human progress."

Indeed! Then why be disgusted with earnest methods which uncover hells, not to spread, but to cleanse. Covered evils are hard to reach.

After writing the above I came across a fragment of an old letter which it will be well to give here:

... Mrs. R. was going to write some but she has been out since two o'clock treating patients. I went with her to one place, and oh, the poverty! A little girl twelve years old with nervous spasms from the mother's overworking before her birth, and the children! nine in the family! and the father unable to work from a fall injuring the nerve centers at the neck. Two little boys, thirteen and fourteen, one working days and the other nights in a paper mill to support the family. Abject poverty and, oh horrors! a babe at the breast; bare floors, tatters and rags—

Nothing disgusting in all that. It is more than disgusting, it is heart-breaking. The immeasurable wrong done those little children—the terrible suffering of that little girl—the ignorance that permits "a babe at the breast" under such conditions. The civilization that permits of such things is to me intensely disgusting. They tell me I am a re-incarnation—one who has deliberately come to earth again to do this work. I do not know, nor care, but when seeing such things I can understand the feeling that might prompt me to do so, were the choice given me, and if a prison or the death of my body can help to rescue people out of their selfish indifference and disgust, I am ready, and in the final hour I may cry out "Why hast thou forsaken me," but do not now believe it.

The Jewish Ark of the Covenant.

(The Progressive Thinker.)

There is nothing new on the face of the earth, and there is no doubt that electricity was well known to the Israelites and probably to the Phoenicians. The first record of electrical phenomena is as old as the Ten Commandments. Moses, when he received the stone tables on which the Ten Commandments were written the second time, built a box out of fir—not the common cedar or any other native woods, but firewoods, which had to be imported by Phoenician merchants from the southern part of Europe. Was this choice accidental on account of the great value of the resinous wood, or was it in the choice of the best known nonconductor among the great number of various timbers?

Moses had the fir box lined inside and outside with beaten gold, which converted the ark of the covenant into a very expensive but very perfect Leyden jar, or storage battery for electricity. As gold is by fifty per cent a better conductor of electricity than copper, was the choice of gold again on account of its value, or was it an inspiration or revelation? So much is certain, that if Edison or Tesla had lived in those days they could not have improved on the

with the case, and her words merit the careful attention of all our readers:—

MR. EDITOR: The arrest of Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker on the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails is a proceeding of monstrous injustice, not only, but an exhibition of the wretchedly inadequate ideas of the agency provided by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in regard to the protection of society from vicious influences.

A woman of advanced years who has earnestly sought during a quarter of a century to help humanity to a truer, cleaner, nobler views of the relations of sex, and the bearings of these relations upon the advancement of the race through parenthood, is placed in the same category, and subjected to the same legal interference as if she had been the keeper of a brothel or the disseminator of vile and degrading teachings.

The justice which has been devised by masculine lawmakers is correctly represented as blindfolded, and a moral preception which does not distinguish between the publication of a letter even containing plain statements for the purpose of conveying wholesome truth in the editorial reply, and a publication for the purpose of disseminating immoral ideas, is as blind as the ideal justice conceived by man.

If the infamous injustice to worthy persons in consequence of the operations of the Comstock Law cannot be averted by the repeal of the statute, some means should be devised to prevent such outrages.

Usually such persons are least able to bear the expense entailed, and the cost in interruption of business and added strain upon vitality. Cannot the common sense of justice devise a better way to protect society from objectionable forms of expression than the operation of this law through the agents of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice?

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

From The Progressive Thinker.

DEAR MRS. WAISBROOKER:

Please send me 100 copies of your new book, *The Fountain of Life*. I think it very good indeed, that it is the best I will not say, for all are full of thought, and the world will be the better for your having lived in it. You have planted the seed and it must bear fruit in time.

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

Most truly yours,
CARRIE FRANCIS.

IRRIGATED FRUIT LANDS.

Did you ever see the fruit in the Idaho Exhibit at the World's Fair? Nothing finer, first premiums and all raised on irrigated land. Its sure, its abundant, its profitable, its your opportunity.

The country is new, the lands are cheap, and the eastern market is from 500 to 1,500 miles nearer than to similar lands in Oregon, Washington and California.

Advertising matter sent on application. Address, A. M. FULLER, City Agt., Topeka, Kan.

On E. L. Lomax,

P. G. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

BUSTEED'S TESTED REMEDY

In regard to "Busteed's Remedy," Myra has just recovered from a four weeks' sickness. While nursing her I had a spell of ague followed by severe diarrhea. Homeopathic medicine failed to give relief, when I happened to see the forgotten "Remedy." Six 5-drop doses brought me out and I have remained in good health since. A negro who works with me had a severe attack of diarrhea; gave him two drachm vial of the "Remedy," in two days he came back to work feeling sound and well.

G. W. MARKLAND.

choice of material, and the result was a powerful Leyden jar.

How was this Leyden jar charged was the next problem. A fire of material rich in carbon was kept burning on top of the ark of the covenant, and during daytime a tall column of smoke guided the twelve tribes of Israel through their wanderings, and at night a tall flame was equally well seen by them. Now carbon is a good conductor of electricity; and the particles of carbon floating in the smoke would conduct sufficient electricity to charge the Leyden jar. At least the current of electricity would be amply strong, so that if a hand were laid toward the ark of the covenant sparks would result. That this was done by Moses at different times is a matter of record, and that he could always depend that his faithful Levites would obey his instructions to the letter and have the jar always charged.

After Moses' death his brother Aaron took the matter in hand and greatly improved the electrical power of the strange battery. He had the ark of the covenant placed in the temple and had it surrounded by poles fifty ells high, or 150 feet. These poles were covered with beaten gold, and golden chains were hung from the poles to the ark of the covenant, which made a very expensive, but very complete and powerful electrical connection. In a country where electrical storms are as frequent and as powerful as in Palestine at an elevation of 600 feet and a reach of 150 feet of the best conductor, an abundant supply of Franklin's electricity would necessarily always be on hand.

It is very likely that Aaron knew nothing of amperes, ohms or volts; otherwise his two sons never would have monkeyed with this powerful apparatus and they would not have been killed by fire breaking out of the ark of the covenant and killing them without any wounds or burns appearing on their bodies.

Any coroner's jury of to-day, if it were to sit on an inquest over the bodies of Aaron's sons, would at once bring a verdict of death by a discharge of electricity.

Aaron knew this power, and to make it effective, all he had to do to deal death from his apparatus was to remove the costly camel's hair carpets, which are almost perfect nonconductors of electricity, and make the culprit stand on terra firma. Death would result instantly by fire breaking out, and leave no wounds or burns to account for his death. That several members of revolting tribes of Israelites were thus electrocuted is also a matter of record in the Bible.

Solomon in building his temple, advanced one step further. He found that copper would do as well as gold. He had the temple covered with copper, and copper water-pipes led into the cisterns inside the temple.

On the temple, or rather on its roof, a number of gilt spears were placed in vertical positions, ostensibly to scare off the birds, and to keep them from defiling the temple, but these spears were several cords high, or from sixteen to twenty-four feet. Such a height would hardly be necessary for scarecrows, but it was ample to load the roof, water-pipes, etc., with a powerful current of electricity.

Franklin, the electric chair in the state of New York, and the discovery of the Leyden jar itself, in Leyden, Germany, are all back numbers. History only repeats itself, whether recorded or not.

The arrest of Lois Waisbrooker, the editress of "Foundation Principles," in the end will be more productive of good to herself and the cause of Sex Ethics, than if she had not been so unjustly treated. The prosecution of the disciples of truth, serves to bring to public notice the truths they teach, and that is all that is needed to have them rapidly adopted.—*The World's Advance Thought*.

STERN REPRESSION.

"Hire One-half the Workingmen to Butcher the Other Half."

(The Cincinnati.)

The following letter, which was written a few years ago, is especially appropriate to the conditions of to-day because of the fact that under instructions recently given by President Cleveland the military forces of the nation are being concentrated at or near industrial centers. The plutocratic newspapers of to-day, like the Bloomfield Citizen in the quoted paragraph, denounce as "socialists," "communists," and "anarchists" every workingman who engages in a strike against injustice. In the light of the experience of the past few years American workingmen should be able to absorb at once the lesson contained in the following letter:

Not many years ago a suburban newspaper, the Bloomfield (N. J.) Citizen, printed an editorial on "Labor Troubles." In some respects it was fairer to the workingmen than the average editorial in the local papers, but after enumerating some of the difficulties surrounding the settlement of the "labor question" it says:

The presence of socialists in every large city, with newspaper teaching that "property is robbery," is another source of danger. How shall it be met? We answer in several ways—by teaching workingmen the necessity of obedience to law, by legislative enactment and by stern, repressive measures.

"Stern, repressive measures." How much does that mean? Workingmen, are you to be repressed? Who are to pass these "stern, repressive measures?" Representatives elected by workingmen—as all our representatives must be? And, when these "stern, repressive measures" have passed into law, by whom are they to be executed? By the workingmen themselves? If not, by whom? By a body of soldiers supported by the workingmen?

The man who wrote that editorial, whether he calls himself a Democrat or a Republican, has not yet learned the first principle of a people's government. He ought to study the Declaration of Independence for one day at least.

This Citizen editor says that "property and life must be protected at all hazards." True to the instincts of his class, he puts "property" first.

Would it not be a captivating sight to see The Citizen editor and all the editors who fawn on the money power, and all the ministers who preach patience to the poor and the sacredness of property to the rich, and all the lawyers and judges who echo and re-echo "vested rights," and all the landlords and railroad kings and usurers, and all the soldiers of the standing army living idly at labor's expense, and all the legislators who misrepresent the people—I say would it not be a captivating sight to see all these start out to "protect property at all hazards" and to execute their "stern, repressive measures?" But I wonder if they would realize what a puny little handful they would be compared to all the workingmen in the country who are to "be taught the necessity of obedience to law." My friends—and now I am talking to the workingmen—do you know on whom these men depend to "protect their property at all hazards?" On you every time, directly or indirectly.

Have you heard of the northern senator who was told by a southerner that "the north had more to fear from the discontent of its laboring classes than ever the south had to fear from its slaves?" And did you hear how this senator replied: "Don't trouble yourself about us. If worse comes to worst, we can hire one-half the workingmen to butcher the other half?" True, and so whenever I hear editors or workingmen talk of violence I am sad and troubled. We want such intelligence and unity, such a feeling of brotherhood among the world's workers that no man will dare to advocate "stern, repressive measures," thinking in his heart or saying with his lips that they can be enforced by "hiring one-half of the workingmen to butcher the other half."

I once heard of an incident bearing on this matter which always, when I think of it, fills me with a great glow of hope for the workers of our country. In 1877 a militia company, probably composed of workingmen, was called out to suppress a riotous strike. In this company was a young man—God bless him—who said: "I'll go, captain, but I shall hand my musket over to the strikers if I do anything. Do you think I can go in the interest of a corporation and shoot down men who are asking for a living for themselves and families?" The threat of "court martial" made no difference to this hero, who was brave enough not to fight. Suppose every man in every company that was called out to suppress the strikers had acted like this one.

What is needed to drive tyranny out of the world and forever emancipate the many from bondage to the few is to so educate the many that every tyrant will know that he cannot "hire one-half of the workingmen to butcher the other half."

Let every tyrant know that no man can be hired to be a human butcher, either as sheriff or soldier, and our freedom is won, for it is on hirelings that tyranny has always depended to carry on its "stern, repressive measures."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

"IT'S A LIE."

When in Portland, Oregon, over five years since, we shocked some of our good friends by saying of the bible declaration: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," "It's a lie." The following is taken from a lecture by Gerald Massey. He says:

"Some of the sayings of Jesus are no more appropriate to our human wants than was the old lady's tract on the sin of dancing, which she offered to a poor fellow who had to hobble about on wooden legs and crutches! * * *

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Do you call the teachings of that saying divine? I think it would be false and fraudulent if uttered by a voice from the Infinite with all heaven for its mouth-piece. The poor in spirit are the accursed, the outcasts, the pariahs of the earth; those who sink into the squalor, and crawl in the filthy dens of poverty to become the natural victims of all its parasites of prey. The poor in spirit are prematurely old men, weary, worn out women, and wizened children, all bleaching into a ghastly white in the chilling shadow of daily want.

"The poor in spirit are those who crouch and offer their backs to the whip, who remain bowed just as they were bent, and allow their hands to be fettered and held fast in the attitude of prayer, when they ought to be up and striking. They who are content to crawl like caterpillars and be trodden as caterpillars underfoot.

"Poverty of spirit is the very devil; the source of half the evil extant; most of the evils of human nature may be traced to poverty of spirit! It dwarfs the mental stature of men, makes them creep and crawl for a little gain, or go down on all fours in the dirt, like beasts in human form, from lack of spirit to stand erect!

"The poor in spirit dare not think for themselves, or utter what they think! They only wonder what other folk will think! They who are only preliminary people go monkeying around under the pretense of being men and

[Continued on seventh page.]

Foundation Principles.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY

FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, EDITOR.

TERMS, 50-Cents for 12 No's.

We Hold It As A Foundation Principle

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

TO MY READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS: As you are aware, I commenced this paper one year ago in July as a *Monthly*, at 50 cts. per year, or for 12 No.'s. I issued the first volume of 12 No.'s in ten months, and having made no pledges beyond that I intended to stop then, but somehow I could not very well do so. I then decided to issue another 12 No.'s. This issue will complete that number, making a volume in six months. When that is mailed I must, at the least, take two months' rest. There are a few who have not had all the numbers, consequently I shall be a little indebted to them at the close of this volume. If such will please tell me they wish it, I will send them a file of last year's paper, Volume IV, as, *if I go on*, I want to commence even. There are others who owe me for the paper. I do not mean those who have never subscribed; to such there will be no bills sent, but those who were subscribers, and who never signified their wish to have the paper stopped. Such justly owe me, but I shall leave it to their own sense of right as to whether they pay me or not.

I HAVE BEEN TOLD:

If I would stop the paper, I would probably be troubled no further in reference to the prosecution. If that would influence me either way, it would be to continue its publication. I make no CONCESSIONS. I have violated no law, if honestly interpreted, but I have much other work to do which I cannot well do and have the care of the paper, *unless* I can find or make such conditions as will relieve me of *all* care except editing. There will be two months' rest anyhow, and circumstances will then decide if resume later, or at all.

L. W.

THREE BOOKS.

The Occult Forces of Sex, price 50 cents. A Sex Revolution, 25 cents. The Fountain of Life, or The Three-fold Power of Sex, 50 cents.—the three to one address for \$1.

INDICTMENT, BAIL.

From the time I had heard that I was indicted, until last Thursday morning, Nov. 1st., I have been listening for the rap of the *deputy* marshal. One Saturday I staid at home rather than miss his call; otherwise I should have gone out of the city to spend from Saturday till Monday with a friend who was soon to leave the state and I might never see her again. The next Saturday I went, trusting that if the gentleman called, he would excuse my absence and call again. On Monday evening I returned; no call yet, but they say, all things come to those who wait; I waited, and on Thursday he came.

When I opened the door and saw who it was, I said: "Well, you've come," and he smiling replied "yes." I asked him if he would give me time to go for my bail. He said, "Go down to the court room now and then you can have time to get bail."

"You won't lock me up, will you?" "Oh, no."

Well, I commenced getting ready and the gentleman walked off. Mrs. Helen S. Johnson, who had just returned from a 50-lecture trip in Colorado, talking for the Populist ticket, was calling on me. I had just told her that I did not know but her rap was the marshal's. She went to the postoffice with me, (the U. S. court room is up stairs.) We found the deputy marshal waiting, he conducted us to the court room, and as we entered the door the marshal looked up and said to the deputy: "Your prisoner?" "Your prisoner now," was the response. There were but few words said. The marshal asked me what I was accused of; I told him, and he said I could come down in the afternoon with my bail.

"At what hour?" I asked.

"Suit your convenience;" so I went home, unattended, to dinner, went about two o'clock for my bail, and before four o'clock the business was completed. I, and my bondsman, Mr. J. B. Billard, of North Topeka, had given bonds in the sum of \$300 that I would appear at the April term of court. Well, if I live I shall be there, but with my age and frequent sick spells, it is quite possible that I may be beyond the reach of Comstocks and McAfees by that time, be where creative life is counted clean instead of obscene.

As to the indictment, if, as I presume he did, the complainant gave the jury that letter disconnected with all that should go with it, I am not so very much surprised at the decision, considering the way men have been educated. In the publishing, however, I never once thought of obscenity, but only to utter my protest as strongly as possible against such double-dealing and to say to as many as possible by my reply that we were not investigating this question of sex for the purpose of license, or to encourage hypocrisy, but to find Nature's law of purity, health and happiness, for we believe that the great Over-soul speaks more plainly, more authoritatively through Nature than in any other way.

One critic claims that I, by my reply, advised the man to forsake his wife and to stand defiantly before the world with the other woman. I did not once think of such a defiance of law. He said that for ten years, (I think it was, I have not the letter by me,) he had not lived with his wife, as a wife, that he could not, she depleted, weakened him. I felt that claiming to love the other woman and holding her against her own conscience, was unmanly, cruel, and that he should sever the first connection, or live true to it, saying, and feeling, that no law could make a woman a *wife* to a man who repelled her person. Such ties are chains that enslave, but cannot bless.

But let us suppose for a moment that all men situated as that man is, and all women situated as the woman he loves, should stand out and defy the law; that law would have to let them alone, or Congress would have to appropriate a few million dollars im-

mediately to erect prisons; and does not such a state of society need investigating? Shall the different moves made, the different things published, with the sole end in view of trying to learn the why of this, and the remedy for it, be separated, one part from another, and some portions be called obscene because the most important relation of life is discussed.

As to obscenity proper—that which is such in the true meaning of the law, neither Mr. Comstock nor Mr. McAfee can repel it more than I do and always have. The obscene look, the obscene jest, the innuendo in reference to what should be held sacred by all, these things not only repel me, but they hurt me. The difference between those who have construed my act as criminal, and myself, (counting them honest) is not intent, but in reference to methods. The old method of keeping the young ignorant, or trying to, has utterly failed, and there are those who think other methods should be tried.

My observation is that where sex—its laws, its uses and abuses are the most openly discussed in the presence of the young, and explained to the young, there you will find the purest, most self-respecting men and maidens, and such will not be as likely to make shipwreck of marriage, if the grandmothers who are trying to tell them how to avoid mistakes are not prevented from so doing by being imprisoned.

Perhaps I can better illustrate what my purpose is by telling a little, a sort of domestic history, the like of which there are so many. A gentleman had been telling me his experience as a husband. Ignorant, but with the idea of getting what pleasure he could, his wife was so broken down in meeting his wishes and bearing children, she could do so no longer and he was alone.

His unsatisfied nature tried to appease its hungerings with tobacco, with whisky, and he was fast becoming a wreck. He became acquainted with a woman, not a public woman, "Oh, no," he said, "I could not associate with such," but one who claimed she belonged to herself.

"My association with that woman," he said, "cured me of the drinking, and the more I knew her the more I respected her. Had I known what she taught me when I was first married, how different my life would have been. I afterward met another who believed as she did, and my association with her cured me of the tobacco habit. I am well; my brain is clear, and I know much better how to treat my wife than before I met those women."

I heard him through, and he seemed to suppose he had given me an unanswerable argument for variety.

I said to him, "Suppose you had known how to treat your wife when you were first married as well as you know now, and thus had kept up the mutuality of feeling which induced marriage, and because of that no other woman had come into your life in that way, would you not feel better satisfied to-day than you now do?"

"Indeed I should!" was his earnest reply.

In that reply his soul spoke; in that reply he shattered his own argument for variety as the ideal of life. That reply proved variety to be, not a *remedy*, but a palliative for ignorance and for the imperfect inherited conditions which have resulted from ignorance. My work lies right here—to try to learn what the laws of harmony are in conjugal life, and to be able to so teach them that there shall be no call—no need for outside relations, and in discussing the question, in gathering and using evidence for this work, the subject is so sacred to me, so fraught with the most important results to the race, that the idea of obscenity never once enters my head unless forced upon me from the outside; and, if in pursuing this work I must go to prison, it will not hinder, but help that work. As for myself, it does not matter. The eternal years are mine.

"Names of Ladies."

[From Lucifer.]

Mrs. Waisbrooker, in LUCIFER No. 534 seems to disapprove of Elmina's use of the names of ladies which have been sent to her.

I wish to explain how it is. Ever since I commenced writing for Liberal papers, men have been asking me to recommend to them some liberal women with whom they could correspond and form an acquaintance.

Mrs. W. thinks respectable liberal men need have no trouble in finding their own lady correspondents. But they do have. Many seek them by selecting from Liberal papers names to write to, and others get them by exchanging names and addresses with each other; and some fail in all these ways and resort to advertisements. Hence my notice in LUCIFER for names of women who were free enough to respond to such a call.

It should be naturally known to all respondents, that once a name goes out in this way it may bring up in unthought of regions. But in this age of equal rights (or *should be* equality) women are strong, sensible, self-reliant enough to accept the situation and make the best of it. To select the good and reject what is evil. No one is compelled to continue a correspondence or a personal acquaintance that repels or displeases them.

Now I have been in this kind of correspondence ever since I was a girl, and advertised for correspondents in the *Water Cure Journal*, and some of these respondents—(there were 60 of them)—still continue to write to me. True, in my widespread correspondence since then, I have had all kinds of letters, good, bad and indifferent, many thousands of them, but I have never once regretted such a correspondence, and seldom fail to continue the interchange of letters as long as my respondents do, especially if they send stamps for a reply. Of course that is understood in a position like mine.

It is true that a very few men do write objectional and indecent letters to stranger women, but they usually follow our lead the same as they do on a personal acquaintance. Very few men insult decent women; of course there are exceptions. But we have to risk that under all modes of acquaintance-ship.

I see a great many of the letters from both men and women, which they write to each other, and I must say that the most lascivious ones of all are penned by women! Probably now and then a man uses a woman's cognomen, but I've seen a world of such ones from those I knew to be women and pious church members too. Indeed church repression causes more prostitution than liberalism ever can make.

Uncover society at large and you would be shocked at the horrors you would find, and much of this is caused by conscientiously repressed sexual feeling. The starved love element impels to abnormal ways and means for temporary satisfaction.

Now this free public correspondence, (for it is, much of it, almost as public among ourselves,) as if it were newspaper correspondence.

It is a grand, good and useful outlet for sexual magnetic exchange; and comparatively few regret entering upon it.

One cannot find any plan or theory

RECOGNITION AND SYMPATHY.

600 Pennsylvania Ave.,
Washington, D. C., Nov 7—94.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker.

DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER:

By vote of the Trustees of The National Association of Spiritualists, I hereby tender you their Sympathy. They regret sincerely that you have been called upon to pass through so much for the truths you teach, and they hope the day is not far distant when those who work for Humanity shall be left to do that work free from orthodox censors and Comstockists.

Sincerely Yours.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Sec.

"GOD'S OWN MESSENGER OF PEACE."

In No. 11, F. P. I published an article headed "Military Fortresses," which I took from *The Chicago Searchlight*, in which it was headed as above. That article, which I promised to repeat this week with appropriate settings, has in it so much of hereditary infernalism that I am really at a loss how to give it the colors it deserves. The Captain of that regiment of organized murderers, says:

"The soldier's whistling bullet has come to be God's own messenger of peace."

Read it again:

"The soldier's whistling bullet has come to be God's own messenger of peace."

Read it; don't just glance over it; read it as though every word were graven in letters of fire—hell-fire at that. "Have come to be." Not so. The Christian's monster PERSONALITY, the one to whom they have given the name of God, never used any other method to secure his own selfish ends but that of force, inducing fear. True, they say God is love, but do, act, God is hate, fear, terror, unless you are satisfied to be damned, if it is his will.

They have a figure head, a stool pigeon—used as such—which they name Christ-Jesus, and they point you to him as to "The Lamb of God," but of the real Christ they know nothing. That Christ belongs to the future—that future in which justice shall prevail, love be spontaneous, and the old Egyptian priest, Gehokah, who was cast out by his fellows, passed into spirit life, chose his medium, Abraham, and through him, with boundless ambition, commenced his work of trying to subdue the whole earth to himself, will find his own niche among dethroned monsters, while the uncounted millions he has sacrificed to his insatiate ambition will find compensation in the infinite life force which moves the universe through evolutionary law.

This monster of selfishness and ambition stole the livery of goodness, not to "serve the devil," but to be a devil in.

If there ever was a devil in human form, it is the God of the bible—that he has the human form is evidenced by the fact that he showed Moses his hinder parts, but not his face. Do I make heavy charges? The New Testament bears me out. The Jews worshipped this spirit priest Gehokah, as God, claimed to be his chosen, his children, but Jesus tells them: "Ye are of your father the devil who was a liar from the beginning." If the Jewish God is not there called a devil I do not know the meaning of language.

"God's own messengers of peace." Yes, the peace of death, the peace of slavery, the peace which forbids growth, the peace which demands that we kiss the hand which smites us, the peace which the highway robber enforces upon his victim.

"God's own messengers of peace." May such a God be accursed—cursed in the name of starving, fatherless children, cursed in the name of widows unnumbered, cursed in the name of maidens sacrificed to the lusts of soldiers set apart to speed "God's messengers of peace" on their way; such are God's servants, doing God's work, and why not appropriate the women as well as send "messengers of peace" through the men. If the aura from burning sacrifices laid upon Jewish altars was a sweet smelling savor in the nostrils of Jehovah, (Gehokah) why then could he not enjoy the aura of virgin creative life saored upon the burning altars of lust? Indeed, what might not

be expected from this monster personality who has dared claim the place of the Over-soul of the universe.

Knowledge is power. Read the article found in another column, as taken from the *Progressive Thinker*, in reference to the construction of the Jewish Ark of the Covenant. See how ingeniously the knowledge of electricity is used to rule that people by striking terror to their hearts. Then, "God's own messenger of peace" was that cunningly contrived electric battery. Accursed be all such ruling, all such peace, all such conditions as tend to transmit from generation to generation such hereditary love of power at no matter what cost to the people. But I again give you the address of the Col. who calls whistling bullets "God's own messengers of peace." If you have souls in your bodies, read, and weigh it well.

COL. TURNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. President and Gentlemen Trustees: Destiny has been kind to me in that she has decreed it shall be mine to voice the overflowing gratitude of a great regiment to a generous people. Out of full hearts the First regiment thanks the friends who have given their money—thank you Mr. President, and the Trustees for your continued friendship and support—thanks its dearly loved quartermaster Capt. Bell here, for his lavish enthusiasm and labor which have rendered this achievement possible.

But destiny has been kinder still, in that she has touched my tongue with prophecy and bidden me say to all these men, to the great army of our ex-members who served loyally in former years; to you, men of rank and file, whose promptitude and courage, whose superb discipline have made this regiment worthy such a home, destiny has bidden me say that when days of trouble and terror come this regiment shall be a strong shield, this army a city of refuge, that in a founding and saving the one and rebuilding the other you have wrought more grandly than you know toward the re-establishment of the shaken foundations of liberty.

A great armory, a splendid regiment. Is there room for them in the civilization of to-day? Room for the American military? Alas, yes! For humanity unchained in 1894 has proved itself the same old savage of centuries ago. Room for this armory and regiment? We might well if need be, crowd out of our civilization much of its art, science, music, and progress to make room for them as guarantees of peace. American civilization needs this and other armories as pledges of its perpetuity.

It needs them as hothouses for the cultivation of the American idea—that old-fashioned idea which flourished so luxuriantly in the beginning of the century—which your fathers and my fathers cherished—that America, as it is, is good enough for all Americans; that the constitution, as it is, insures every right which human citizenship requires; that revolution here is mutiny against everything which is higher, noblest, best in the governmental economy of life.

Civilization needs this and other regiments that through them may be taught the lesson of obedience, for only on the law-abiding does the great American magna charta bestow any rights whatever. They are needed to inculcate the stern precept that we, the people, though enunciators of the law, are yet not greater than the law—that mighty as they are in their massive aggregate, people may not override law and order on which the immutable everlasting principles of regularity and order on which the universe is founded. America needs its present regiments and others still, that through them modern Americanism may learn that fealty to any organization or union when arrayed against the sovereignty of law is treason to the nation.

American civilization needs its armories as schools of chivalry. On a day not long gone by, I beheld a scene which set my soul on fire. The skies were lurid with flames of anarchy and chaos. Torn and trampled, overborne in the riotous discontent of many thousands of her people, Columbia lay bleeding. I cried aloud: "Oh, for a new order of knighthood to lance in rest for rescue! Oh, for the spirit of King Arthur and his table round! Oh, for a modern Sir Galahad to find the holy Grail, that quailing from its golden lips, the American people might know content once more and with convalescent vision see how really beautiful is their native land." But whilst I looked the heavens paled their fury, silence and peace stole in where riot and confusion had held sway, and dear Columbia ruled queen again. No king or emperor had dubbed them knight, and yet the American military has been in 1894, is now and ever shall be, the table round of constitutional liberty. We are not relics of barbarism. Our step is in perfect rhythm with the trend of the times. We are marching in cadence with the evolution of progress. The American soldier of

that will please an; even LUCIFER realizes that. If a name is sent "confidentially" I keep it so till permission is given to add it to the list of free names.

I never, knowingly, enter the name of one who is too young to take proper care and precaution for self-protection.

I am always glad to have my "fads" criticised, as it gives me a chance to better them if they need it, or to make them more plain to comprehension.

Hoping this will clear up a few doubtful and dubious points in the minds of those who could not know the why and wherefore, I shall try to continue in the good way as I see it.

Truly, AUNT ELMINA.
September 19-'94.

MAYWEED BLOSSOMS.

[A friend, after reading the article published below used to call me Mayweed, so I named the collection of fugitive pieces I afterward published, "Mayweed Blossoms." I propose giving my readers an occasional article from that collection.—L W.]

TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARD.

Yes, twenty years had passed; twenty years, during which I had become motherless, a wife, mother and widow; and now I was to stand again upon the same old place, and what a whirl of contending emotions filled my soul! Uncle's home was near the school-house and just by the old path that led across the hills to what had once been my home; the same path I had traveled so often, and hurried up the little ones when they lagged, by saying that bears lived in the woods, and would catch them if they didn't hurry; and now I was to travel that path again—travel it to the same terminus, and what should I find? Not my mother, for she had gone to the land of the hereafter; not my father, my brothers and my sisters, for they were scattered and far away. I had purposely prevented the friend to whose house I was going from coming for me, because it was "so little way across" that I could walk it as well as not; but when the hour for starting arrived, aunt was very much afraid that my satchel was too heavy for me; she would go and help me carry it. O, dear! must I be disappointed now, after all my planning!

This matter of fact, practical, good soul could never be made to comprehend that her presence, even, and much more the sound of her voice, would be sacrilege in that hour. No, no, she must not go with me; but how should I prevent it? She was so intensely kind and conscientious, that if she permitted me to go without her assistance, and I should get sick by the means, she would never forgive herself. I was just on the point of giving up in despair, when she concluded that if I went very slowly, perhaps it might not hurt me. With a great deal of alacrity, I assured her that I should go very slowly indeed, and hurried out, in order to get away before she should change her mind.

How familiar everything looked, and yet how strange! The freshness that I had carried in my heart all these years, was not reflected back upon me from tree, bush nor hillside; and even the pebbles in the pathway stared at me as if I was a stranger. And I was! I went away a child; I had come back

1894 has blossomed out of the brawling machine-like chrysalis of years ago into an intelligent individualism of unquestioned respect for every civil right.

So true is this that a troubled people have come to look upon the tread of the American regiment as the mighty tramp of law and order—upon the flashing of the American sword as the signaling of succor. The gleam of the soldier's bayonet has become the people's glimpse of hope. The soldier's whistling bullet has come to be God's own messenger of peace.

Room, O dying century! Room for American military, the one element in your civilization which, through shifting times and theories has remained steadfast in its devotion to the pure ideals of your earlier years. Room for this regiment and its armory, which we now dedicate to the perpetuation of true Americanism, to the renaissance of American obedience, to an undivided national loyalty, to the development of a patriotism which believes that a free government can and shall be permanent, which holds Old Glory yonder the fairest flag that flies, the land it floats over the fairest land afield, and the law-measured liberty it guarantees the most peerless possession ever given the human race.

"THE SHAKEN FOUNDATIONS OF LIBERTY."

What kind of liberty? that which enables the rich to legally rob the poor? Will they never learn that no people ever rebelled who were justly dealt by!

"FOR HUMANITY UNCHAINED."

Unchained! Yes, unchained! Then our "law-measured liberty" is a "chained" liberty, a free slavery, a green blue bird, a—well, language fails, so I will now show you what "God's own messengers of peace have done for the rich, for the rulers of Russia, and our land of "chained" liberty is fast becoming Russianized.

The Czar's Winter Palace is the largest in the world, says William E. Curtis in the Chicago News. It is a square structure fronting on the Neva, contains 1,700 rooms, and, it is said, that in olden times as many as 6,000 people, including a guard of soldiers, have been sheltered and fed under its roof.

The main entrance, which however, is used only on occasions of ceremony, opens from the bank of the river onto a magnificent vestibule of marble, with wide stairways reaching to the halls and imperial reception rooms above. The stairways are adorned by groups of statuary, and the long vestibule, 200 feet by 60, presents an array of ideal figures in marble, as well as statues of the heroes of Russian history.

The throne room is a magnificent apartment of marble, so large that the entire White House at Washington might be erected within its walls, and here upon New Year's day, the Czar receives the congratulations of the diplomatic corps, the officers of the government and the army, and the nobles.

The white hall is also fine and large, but the most imposing room is the hall of St. George, 140 by 80 feet in size and 60 feet high, of marble, with a ceiling carved and gilded with pure leaf gold. There is no finer room anywhere, and it is used only for the assemblage and decoration of heroes with the Order of St. George, the highest Order the Czar can bestow, and like the Order of the Garter in Great Britain, a distinction never enjoyed only by those who win it in the field or by some service to the state. Another fine hall is that of the ambassadors, where the diplomatic corps assemble on occasions of ceremony, while another is the hall of the field marshals, so called because the walls are covered with the portraits of those who have commanded the armies of Russia. In these great rooms a multitude can assemble, and the balls and receptions that have taken place there surpass description. No court in Europe is so lavish of display as that of Russia.

These Great halls have sometimes been used for banquets, and in them have dined, seated at tables at once, 3,000 persons, served on solid silver plate throughout a menu of twelve courses, by 1,800 liveried attendants, and the imperial family have sat at the end of the room upon a platform and taken their dinners off solid gold.

The rest of the great palace is divided into long lines of dining rooms, drawing rooms, art galleries, reception rooms, etc., the most of which are of great beauty and gorgeousness, the amount of gilding to be seen passing all comparison. Not only furniture, but walls, ceiling, doors and mouldings around the windows are covered with sheets of gold. There seems to be no end to the display. Whenever opportunity offered to slap on a lot of gold leaf there

was no failure to do it, and the amount of bullion hammered into sheets and spread over that building must have been enormous. There are several drawing rooms whose walls are of single sheets of glass of various colors, set in gilded frames, and the effect is gorgeous. We had seen no end of mirrors elsewhere, miles and miles of them, in the most unexpected and inexplicable places, mirrors in closets, attics, cellars, bath rooms and boudoirs lined, ceiled and floored with them, but these rooms are something new. Imagine, if you can, a large apartment 30x40 feet in size, with walls and ceilings of purple glass, set in heavily carved cornice of gold, the panels broken now and then by gilded tracery and filigree work, and from the center of the ceiling an immense crystal chandelier of the same color hanging. And there are not only a purple room, but yellow, blue, pink, scarlet, and all the other colors of the rainbow are represented. There are Japanese rooms, Chinese rooms, fitted and finished most sumptuously. Pompeian rooms, Roman rooms, and rooms setting forth an example of the luxury, the taste and the fabrics of all ages and races. Dozens of rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and hundreds with ordinary silk and satin brocades.

There is also the gold room and the silver room, the red marble and the green marble room, and a bewildering series of apartments that one cannot remember.

Beautiful! Grand! the results that "God's messengers of peace" have brought to the Czar and his family. "On a raised platform" and "dishes of gold." An aping of personal Godism. *Personal Godism*, that curse of all civilization, the savage idea amplified, not eliminated.

That wonderful palace! How many souls have been ground down to death in Siberian mines to furnish that gold! How many widows and orphans have wept till they could weep no more because of the sacrifice of human happiness and human life to obtain that splendor! The Czar, his family and his attendants can sing with unction that expression of intense selfishness:

"My God, I thank Thee who hath planned
A better lot for me."

Well, we will now turn to another picture, one in a city where dogs wear diamonds, the metropolis of our land of "Law measured liberty," and please remember it is an official report that we give.

The Chief of the State Bureau of Labor Statistics in an official report to the Legislature says of his experiences among the cloak makers:

"During one of my visits to a tenement house of New York City I inadvertently entered a room on the attic floor of a wretched old rookery on Hester street and found myself in the midst of a number of cloak makers. The room was possibly ten feet square. The ceiling was low and slanting, and its only source of light was the begrimed panels of a gable window opening onto the roof. In these cramped quarters were six women and four sewing machines. Piled up on the floor were stacks of cloth ready to be put together. The air is stifling to one not acclimated to a temperature well up into the nineties, and odiferous with sewer gases. The women were scantily clad, their hair unkempt, and their pale, abject faces, as they bent over their work, formed a picture of physical suffering that I certainly had never seen before, and trust I may never be compelled to look upon again. They were working as if driven by unseen power, but when I learned that they were enabled to earn but fifty cents for sixteen and perhaps more hours labor per day, it needed no further investigation to convince me that the "unseen power" was the necessity for bread for their own and their children's mouths.

The style and quality of the cloaks upon which these women were at work was of the latest and best. They were lined with quilted silk or satin and trimmed with sealskin or other expensive material, and found ready sale in the largest retail stores at from \$35 to \$75 each. Two of these women could manage by ~~the~~ hours and the most diligent application to finish one cloak, and the price they received from the contractor, or more properly, 'sweater,' was \$1.50 apiece.

Inquiry elicited the fact that the strong smell of sewer gas, which seemed to permeate every crevice in the broken plaster that still hung in patches on the wall and filled the room with a sickening stench, came from a sink in an adjoining apartment. Curiosity led me to venture within this inside room. It was without light or ventilation save that which came through the door of the front room, and it was only after standing several minutes that I could distinguish the black lines of the walls, and sink from which rose clouds of deadly gas. Upon the floor was a spread mattress, which

a woman: and how could they be expected to recognize me? I felt, but did not stop to analyze the why of all this, as I hurried on, wooing the warmth that did not come. Surely, when I reached the meadow, the orchard, the spring, and the rock, I should be at home then. Alas! even here they had known only the child. A stranger still; I sat me down and wept.

Here, right here, stood the log cot, that was to me "a cottage fair." It was gone; but not the surroundings,—the hills were the same; the fields and forests nearly so,—but sleeping away in the autumn sunlight, nor waking once to welcome me. Here was the grassy spot where once I laid me down and tried to count the stars. Here it was still, and as green as ever, but somehow its beauty for me was gone. Yonder stood the old log barn, where I used to go to pray to the God they told me of, who didn't like bad girls; but he didn't seem inclined to answer my prayers by making me good, for, judging by the standard of those about me, I grew no better all the time. It, too, was gone! all gone, together with the fence, beside which I used to hunt for the hens that stole their own nests—strange stealing that; if every one came as honestly by what they have as did those hens by their nests, we should be a very honest people.

The meadow was there, the same as in the past, but I didn't feel a bit like going around it on the top of the rail fence, as I had done twenty years before, and the "hoary old rock" loomed up into sight just across the creek, but I was too sad even to go to it.

O, dear! O, dear! Well, I had carried this landscape in my heart for twenty years—carried it there hidden from sight, as one of the precious things of earth; and now, as I brought it forth, it crumbled—crumbled to dust, leaving me but the ashes of the dead past with which to enrich the living present. Yes, it had gone—gone from me as my childhood had. They belonged together, and what was thus joined I could not separate. The first pang of disappointment softened, and I began to question. Is it not well, I ask, that this is so? If the sunshine, the freshness of the past could remain to us, should we not lose very much of the present, and of the future also, from the too frequent turning of our eyes backward?

Ay, we should; and it is well that we are not permitted to overload ourselves with that which blooms in our pathway. Gone from the eternal life, both our childhood and its surroundings; but, upon the walls of memory's crystal palace, they are stamped in colors of imperishable brightness, and knowing this, we are content.

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

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

in appearance partook of the general filth of the whole building, from cellar up; and it was on such a bed, and in such quarters that three cloak-makers, tired and worn with a long day's work, and with a scanty if any supper, throw themselves down to sleep and await the coming day's awful toil for bread.

This is no fancy picture, nor is it an exceptional case. Hundreds of a similar, and even worse character are scattered through the city of New York. To my own personal knowledge, there is a degree of want, misery and degradation existing among the working-women living in these tenement houses it is next to impossible to describe. No words of mine can convey to the public any adequate conception of the truly awful condition of thousands of these suffering people."

On the top floor of a tenement in Hester street, is a room "which might possibly measure twelve by fourteen feet, with ceilings perhaps nine feet in height." The chief of the bureau says he found "six women and two 'sweaters' at work on cloaks, while a third was engaged in pressing in the 'inside room,' the darkness of which was such that he was obliged to have the table close to the door in order to get sufficient light. The temperature of these rooms was next to suffocating and dense with impurities. On one end of the table at which four of these women sat, was a dinner pail partly filled with soup—that is what they called it—and a loaf of well seasoned bread. These two sumptuous courses, served with one knife and one spoon, satiated the thirst and hunger of four working women."

This is the official language of a high State officer.

Living in a neighborhood reeking with foul odors, in tenements rotten from cellar up, with age and filth, in rooms where a breeze from a sewer would come like a breath of fresh air, these wretched women toil out their lives of hopeless misery, and dying from starvation and overwork, leave behind them as their curse upon a community that has ignored their sufferings, a race of puny children, to whom vice and crime must seem the only means of escape from the life of degradation and wretchedness to which they were born.

Oh, yes, "America as it is is good enough for all Americans." So says Col. Turner. Are those poor women in those tenement houses all foreigners? "Oh, for a modern Galahad to find the holy Grail, that quaffing from its golden lips, the American people might know content once more, and with convalescent vision see how really beautiful is their nature land."

What do those women in Hester street know of their native land, whether beautiful or not! Who complains, that has a chance to know, that the land is not beautiful, but what avails its beauty to the homeless and hungry? "Know content!" Yes, be content to starve, or "God's messengers of peace" will give you the content that knows no waking. Yes, be content, ye poor sewing women; be content, ye hungry tramps; be content, ye half made up, half starved, half clothed, overworked children; and be content, ye who by thousands are annually being pushed into such conditions; and be content, oh "Rev. Dr. Thomas, to invoke the divine blessing" (?) on such infernalism.

[Continued from third page.]

women! In this world of struggle, this scene of the survival of the fittest, the poor in spirit stand no chance, and find no place; there is no victory for those who fight no battle. And as to heaven—do you really think it is a harbor for the poor in spirit and the area-sneaks of earth? The poor and needy, the hungry and suffering, are not the blessed, and no assumption of divine authority on the part of the sayer will ever make them so.

"These beatitudes are not divine revelations; they are only the false promises of priests who were crafty founders of the faith, made conformable to Roman rule."

We have seldom read so terrible an arraignment, and its strength lies in the truthfulness of the picture—in its perfect conformity to nature and common sense. It is simply nonsense to think for a moment that the degraded specimens of poverty and oppression of which we see so many—men and women who are so poor in spirit it can hardly be said they have one—it is absurd to think that such are ready for the beatitudes of heaven by simply passing through the gate of death under the hands of a priest. As well say that the ignorant beggar who knows not a letter and has never seen the inside of a well furnished room, is a suitable occupant of the parlor of the mansion because he can walk or is forced through the open door into the kitchen.

Why, even the servants pity, or fear, and shrink from him!

No, no, ye poverty stricken toilers! let not false promises of the future deceive you longer, but know that you are being robbed, not only of the good things of this life, but of all that can make that life desirable. You may cry out that this is unjust, but that will not change things. It is nature's law and she is inexorable. Grow or die, is her mandate, and if you have not life enough to grow to higher conditions, then you must abide in the lower; there is no alternative. There are insurmountable obstacles, do you say? Not so. Remove, overturn them, if you have to overturn nations and shake the earth.

THE GLORY WORLD.

[An old Editorial.]

The year of Garfield's death we did a little public speaking on the Greenback question. On one occasion we rode five miles to a farmer's house in order to be nearer to our appointment for the next day. We were given a bed in the principle room of the house, the others being a bedroom or two, a rough kitchen, and a camping place in the loft—well fixed compared with their neighbors, and people who had been educated to thrift and neatness could have made things comfortable. As it was, the first thing we discovered was that the bed was very dirty. How long it had been slept in, or by how many different persons, since the sheets were washed, the chronicles do not say, but certain marks upon them warned us of the bugs which soon made their appearance, hungry for our blood.

Presently, we found by the sounds that a large dog occupied the under side of that of which we disputed the possession of the upper side with bugs and fleas, while once in about fifteen minutes some Poland geese (an acquisition of which the family were very proud) would give out their harsh notes. How much we slept we will not say, but in the morning when about half dressed, in walked the man of the house with: "good morning," and passed on into the kitchen, not seeming to have the least idea of the impropriety of entering a lady's sleeping room unannounced.

While his daughter was getting breakfast he began to talk to me of his wife who had died the summer before, and he expressed himself quite sure she had: "gone to the glory word." Poor man! he had no more idea of that world and was no better prepared for its enjoyment—intelligent enjoyment—than a child!

At the table, the flies disputed the food with us with a pertinacity equal to their numbers, and we found apple and potato parings all about the door and other evidences of untidiness calculated to bring them—pigs about the door, swill barrel close at hand, etc., etc.

Now, lovers of order, you who love to have things clean, and beautiful also, what kind of a glory world would satisfy such people? How long would the bowers of heaven remain in order, or could they be at ease in the midst of beauty and harmony?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." What kind of a heaven? Remember, please, those people were poor in spirit from having been all their lives, and there ancestors before them, poor in purse, in education, in all that tends to develop men and women out of the mere animal nature.

Away with poverty! blessings and all! such blessings do not suit us! The next morning we took the cars at a coal mining station, and having to wait for the train, had ample time for observation. Here were people living in cabins whose only outlook, so far as underfoot was concerned, was coal, coal, coal. There were no yards to shut the houses—huts, from the street, but hogs wallowing and children playing in puddles of water black with coal dust. No chance for neatness—no chance for garden or flowers, or even a clean floor. What can be expected of people living under such conditions—of children coming up thus? How beautifully they were being fitted for heaven! How many sore beggars will Abraham's bosom hold? and what delightful employment to hold them!

It has been by such nonsense that the people have been chloroformed and robbed of their rights here in this life. Oh, for the trumps of a thousand Gabriels with power to blow them all at once! What would I do? I would summon this whole system of things to judgment in a way that would tell. The blood and bones of toilers would no longer be coined into palaces for idlers to occupy.

THE CHURCH OF THE NEW ERA.

We give our readers the Formula and Constitution of the Church of the New Era, Los Angeles, California. It is a good step in that it leaves God to take care of himself, making its object the highest good of Humanity. Parties desiring to correspond with this Society can address W. C. Bowman, 411 Fremont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. This Society is not yet two years old and has nearly 600 members.

FORMULA FOR RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

Applicants presenting themselves before the platform, the minister after welcome song says:

In becoming members of this Church, we accept the following principles and pledge ourselves to the life and duties therein set forth, viz:

That it is the bounden duty of all to seek truths of all kinds, from all sources, with free and unprejudiced minds, and in accordance with reason.

That the truest and highest wisdom is to shun vice and practice virtue according to the dictates of a sound morality, an enlightened conscience and universal experience; to the end that both body and mind may be kept pure, and brought to the best and highest perfection.

That religion, in its highest and best sense, includes the entire sphere of human interests, both material and spiritual, temporal and eternal; that it is the duty of a church to seek in all possible ways the promotion of all these interests alike.

That human welfare in the social state depends upon the wisdom, justice and righteousness of the law, and administration based on the principles of love, brotherhood and co-operation; that the happiness of individuals and the home depends upon those virtues and graces of mind and disposition, which produce harmony, peace, gentleness and tender affection, unselfishly seeking the happiness of others as the great and constant motive of life.

We will ever seek to be built up in these principles by all helps, human and divine.

CONSTITUTION

—OF—

THE CHURCH OF THE NEW ERA.

ART. I.—NAME.

The name of this organization shall be The Church of the New Era.

ARTICLE II.—DESIGN.

Its design is to meet the social, industrial, intellectual, moral and spiritual demands of such liberal and progressive minds as do not find these demands sufficiently met in any of the existing organizations to satisfy the requirements of the present and approaching era.

ART. III.—PRINCIPLES.

Principles underlying the above design are such as here follow:

SECTION 1. That the Church of the New Era is not to be characterized by the propagation of any particular creed or "ism," but to be devoted to the advancement of universal truth for its own sake and the promotion of every human interest, social, intellectual, moral, civil and religious, for humanity's sake.

SECTION 2. That in its range of investigation, inquiry and instruction, it will be unlimited, drawing freely from all sources; scientific, literary, historic; ancient and modern, sacred and profane; Christian, Jewish and Pagan; drawing most largely from those sources, which seem most instructive and helpful; freely handling every question in the problem of human life and human aspiration, whether relating to this life or a life to come, whether concerning the body or the soul of man.

SECTION 3. That in its attitude towards all other organizations and institutions, social, civil and religious, it will maintain a spirit of the broadest toleration and charity; regarding them all as fulfilling a special purpose and mission in the great plan of evolutionary progress.

SECTION 4. That in matters of belief and opinion there will be absolute liberty of mind, to accept whatever is proved or seems provable, to reject whatever is disproved or seems improvable, unprejudiced in all matters not yet investigated; truth alone being the object sought and the only authority relied upon.

SECTION 5. That in the matter of practical duty and beneficence towards the unfortunate and disabled, help is rendered, not as charity to a pauper, but as justice to a child of the human family.

ART. IV.—METHODS

The methods for carrying out the foregoing principles will be:

SECTION 1. A general organization consisting of such officers as are usual in church organization, and providing such methods of financial support as may be agreed upon. Officers to be chosen in manner and form hereafter to be provided.

SECTION 2. Such general and special committees as may be necessary for the several branches of practical work to be done by the organization. These committees also to be provided for, and their duties defined in future by-laws.

SECTION 3. The employment of a regular minister or lecturer, whose duty it will be to deliver at least one regular discourse each Sunday for the instruction and entertainment of the people; each Sunday service to be aided with music, and such other accompaniments as may add dignity, beauty and impressiveness to the service, and thus contribute to the enjoyment and culture of the higher nature. The said speaker or lecturer to be left absolutely free and untrammelled, as to his selection of topics, and his manner of handling them.

ATTENTION, READER!!

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW.

OR

SELF JUSTICE.

MRS. MARION TODD,
THE POPULAR ALLIANCE SPEAKER, SAYS:

"It is a book that intensely interests, educates and elevates. It inspires the weak with courage and the strong with admiration. It is based upon principles which will redeem men and women from the thrall of social despotism, and wage slavery.

"It should be found in every household, and its teachings promulgated by every parent. When its sentiments predominate, then, and not till then, will justice prevail.

"Oh, if men and women only would walk out of the wilderness by the light which the author of this production has given to the world!"

JAMES VINCENT, SEN.,

THE VENERABLE FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN
NONCONFORMIST, SAYS:

"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."

A PROMINENT WORKER WRITES:

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Your book, Helen Harlow's Vow, is one of the grandest books I have ever read. It should be read, not only by every woman in the land, but by every man as well. I thank you for your pure, brave words. DAVITT D. CHIDISTER.
New Waterford, Ohio.

ANOTHER POPULAR SPEAKER WRITES:

"I have just been reading Helen Harlow's Vow, and I wish to say that it far exceeds what I expected. The story is finely written, and teems with such sentiments of beauty, truth, and courage, it cannot fail to benefit all who read it. I hail its splendid portrayal of love and fidelity. It is calculated to produce an elevating effect upon the social body."

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

SAT UP ALL NIGHT.

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

The above named book contains a good likeness of the authoress and four fine, plate illustrations of striking scenes in the story—these, with superior finish in other ways, make a \$1.50 book; we offer it for the balance of this year

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"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."

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Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30-93.

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OR COOK'S DELIGHT.

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