

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME V.

TOPEKA, KANSAS,

JUNE 20, 1894.

NO. 2.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Militia out in Colorado,
Keep off the grass.
Militia out in Maryland,
Keep off the grass.
Militia out in Ohio,
Keep off the grass.
Militia out in Indiana,
Keep off the grass.
Militia out in West Virginia,
Keep off the grass.
Militia out in Pennsylvania,
Keep off the grass.
Militia out in Illinois,
Keep off the grass.
Coal stocks getting low,
Keep off the grass.
United States gold reserve low,
Keep off the grass.
Business dead,
Keep off the grass.
Workingmen starving,
Keep off the grass.
Sugar choking the senate,
Keep off the grass.

—The Cincinnati.

Toll, Toll, TOLL, TOLL.

There is a deep, dumb agony,
Sadder than any words;
Wake, wake, ye, from your lethargy!
And let your shrieks be heard—
Aye, shriek until the echoing swell
Shall dim the noontide light—
Aye, e'en till it doth eclipse
The darkness of the night—
Toll, toll the Independence bell
And let the requiem swell
From shore to shore to tell
That freedom's reign is o'er—
That here, in our America,
Policemen act as censors of the press.
And women here in prison lie
Because they paint in words of fire,
Their toiling sisters' deep distress.
Toll, toll the Independence bell
And let the requiem swell.

—Written in 1886, by L. W.

Henry Vincent's *Searchlight* of date June 7th says:

One thousand Poles are scheduled to start from Chicago to Washington, via the Commonweal route, this morning. It falls to them to outdo the most satirical native in the style of their leading banner, which is a simple American flag, with this motto in black beneath.

.....
UNDER THIS FLAG WE STARVE.
.....

Can anything be more cutting? And that, too, when Independence day is only three or four weeks distant. What a commentary, when even a Pole can't get enough labor to sustain life.

Wrecks And Wreckers,

OR WHAT MINISTERS COST.

BY MARGARET HOWARD.

"You have very fine college buildings here," I said to my friend Maud Barton, as soon as I could look about me a little, after complying with her request to come to her.

"Yes, we have," was her quiet reply.

"Many students?"

"Yes, the college is well patronized."

"Theological course?" I persisted.

"Yes, and a ladies' department also; or, if they choose, the ladies can take a college course; several are doing so."

"That is progress; we shall have the ballot yet," I exclaimed, feeling enthused with the idea.

She turned away but I caught an expression on her face I could not understand. "What's the matter, Maud?" I asked, for I had expected some enthusiasm on what was her favorite theme when I had seen her last.

"Nothing."

"Nothing, nonsense! You can't put me off in that way—you, who used to talk so much of woman's having equal rights with man, and now, not a word to say of such a step in advance as a full college course for woman; surely, something is wrong."

She smiled. "Do you remember, Margaret, the lines:

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pyrean spring,
Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain—

I interrupted her with:

And drinking largely sobers it again.

"Do you wish me to infer that you have been drinking so deeply of this college spring it has effectually sobered—taken all enthusiasm out of you?"

She turned and looked out of the window: "There comes Prof. Mitchell; he will be here to dinner."

"Did you invite him?"

"Yes, I want you to become acquainted, so I began in season: Perhaps that is what has made me so absent, Mag. I want to keep you here if I can."

"What has keeping me here to do with Prof. Mitchell?"

"He's a bachelor," she said in her old, teasing tone.

"Oh, you mischief," I called out, as I went to my room to make some change in my dress.

I knew that Maud was simply trying to tease me so far as the professor was concerned; or rather, that she had said what she did as a diversion. There was something lying back of it all, and what I determined to find out.

The dinner passed off pleasantly; the professor was an excellent conversationalist, and altogether, the prospect that I should have a profitable as well as a pleasant visit in Rush-ton, was quite encouraging.

"So you have provided for yourself against loneliness during your husband's absence, Mrs. Burton," said the gentleman, glancing at me.

"I have provided myself with a foil against Mother Grundy; you know I will not give up my gentlemen friends and the old lady is very watchful," she retorted, laughing.

"If you count me among your friends I am certainly very much obliged," he said, "for I should be very sorry to be shut out from your parlors."

"And when will you bring Mrs. Mitchell with you?"

"When it pleases her," he responded in the same vein.

"You have beautiful college grounds and very fine buildings, Professor," I remarked by way of changing the subject, and Maud had been so reserved when I questioned her about the college, I was anxious to find out what it all meant.

"Yes, we have; they are the admiration of all who visit the place."

"Handsomely endowed, I presume," in the meantime I was furtively watching Mrs. Burton, or Maud, as I al-

ways called her. She sat toying with her spoon and did not seem to be noticing.

"Some two hundred thousand."

"Twenty thousand dollars at ten per cent interest; a handsome income."

"You are very practical, Mrs. Howard," he said in a sort of surprised way, "but it takes a great deal to keep up such an institution."

"Yes, a great deal more than appears on the surface," said Maud in a tone that made us both look up, but her face was as quiet as though her tone had not been unusual.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Burton?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"I mean just what I say; is it not so?"

"Certainly it is, but"—

"You think my tone conveyed some hidden meaning?"

"It sounded like it. I fear you are getting impractical notions into your head," then turning to me he continued: "We had a man here awhile since who claimed, and tried to prove that interest for the use of money is wrong, and ever since then your friend here occasionally drops a remark that sounds as though she was becoming affected with the same idea."

"I was thinking long before he came," she replied in the same quiet tone I had noted from the first.

"Indeed! since when?"

"I will tell you that another time but, Professor Mitchell, will you tell me who earns that twenty thousand dollars?"

"Who earns it! why the people who hold the money are glad to get it, and they make it pay them, too!"

"I do not question but they do. I heard a member of the manufacturing firm here say that they cleared twenty per cent last year. They hold fifty thousand of your money I understand."

"Did I not tell you people were glad to get the money, and if they can clear twenty per cent they surely can afford to pay us ten."

"But you have not answered my question, Professor; who earns that money? Whose toil produces the results that bring it? Not the college trustees, not the men who borrow the money; now who does?"

"I suppose the men employed produce the material which, when sold, brings the money."

"In other words, the men to whom that fifty thousand dollars gives employment must earn—produce over and above all the cost of running the establishment—thirty per cent more than they receive."

"Thirty per cent!"

"Yes, sir; those who borrow that fifty thousand make it pay them twenty and you ten. I cannot speak for the balance of your endowment fund, but the presumption is that the cost to labor is about the same."

"The cost to labor!"

"Yes, or rather, the laborer. I fear, Professor, if the cost was all counted—the wrecks all brought in—all the men who take to drink because of overwork and poor pay—all the children badly born because the mothers were overworked, and all for the lack of what their husbands earn but do not get, and all of my sex who are gradually dragged into the depths because of the pressure brought to bear that you may get your twenty thousand and those who handle your money what they exact as profit, when these are all brought in, I think you will conclude that it costs more to run such an institution than appears on the surface."

For a few moments no one spoke. At last Mr. Mitchell remarked: "I did not know, Mrs. Burton, that you could be so eloquent."

"And was that all the point you noticed?" she said in a tone that brought the blood to his face.

"No, indeed! the things you name are terrible, and could it be shown that they are the legitimate results of interest taking it would forever condemn it, but I cannot see it so."

"I tried not to but was forced to yield; I tell you, Professor, our reforms amount to nothing; the whole system

"I recind my decision about not sending another copy to those who have not renewed. Some are so far away they could hardly get around in two weeks, and as I feel confident that the most, if not all, will renew, so I send to all once more.

"Please subscribe," is what sample copy says to you.

B. O. Flower says in an *Arena* editorial note of the article we have taken from the *Arena* columns headed, A Present-Day Tragedy:

In the sketch entitled as above I have given in the briefest possible language the facts relating to one of the hundreds of tragedies caused by the criminal contraction of currency and vicious class legislation, which have characterized the rule of the gamblers of Wall Street and millionaire combines. When reading this tragedy let the reader remember that at the time when John Peterson was shot many rich ladies of New York were paying five and ten dollars to a Frenchman to trim the hair of their poodle dogs and perfume the little creatures. One wealthy lady in New York recently gave an elaborate banquet to her pet dog. Such things cannot long continue.

"An Experience."

MY DEAR MADAM:—Many thanks for the "sample copies" of your brave, loyal and earnest paper. I endorse your "principles" most heartily from an inhering love of "justice" that came to me of a "heritage" that I shall ever honor and love; from a father and mother who dared to stand firm in their humble spheres in life and tell the "Scribes," "Pharisees," "Re-publicans" and "wicked (Democrats,)" whether in church or state, of their uncleanness and general "rotteness."

I have lived here over half a century, except three years spent in the defense of Washington and in front of Richmond—1861 to 1864—ever trying very hard to be true, not to man-made laws, but reasonably so to the laws of the Great Creative Power of the Universe.

As far as man is concerned, the Creative Power begins at his conception in his mother's womb and continues with him until his life (soul) dies with his body; this mysterious nucleus, "cell" or "spirit" is the "vital flame" of Life, or Creative Power or Intelligence (Wisdom and Love principles) that begins at man's conception is, or may be, either a "volcano" of Life, or the opposite, just in proportion as man uses his own inherent Powers—Reason and Will, and "Knows" himself in that fuller and highest sense.

For many years I have been very deeply interested in the subject of Social Purity and Celibacy. I attended all the Congresses of the World's Fair last year, and from an "independent" standpoint I studied critically and as impartially as possible, every phase of our social and so-called Religious natures. I believe in being "free" and "independent" of all schism, creeds or party ties that many times "bind" and hold one away from a full and free knowledge of all Truth. Let us seek Truth wherever we can find it and then be bold and fearless in its defense, with due respect and consideration for the rights of others.

Briefly stated, I hold that the "occult

must be changed, and the magnitude of the work appalls me."

"And you look like an inspired prophetess declaring its doom," he said, trying to laugh off what was becoming too serious for comfort.

Here then was the secret I sought; this was why my friend had that far-away look when I questioned her; I must talk to her; must study this question for myself.

The professor looked at his watch and regretted that he could not remain longer. "Come again," she said as she went with him to the door; "now the subject has been broached I want to talk with you more."

"Thanks, I shall certainly avail myself of the opportunity."

The next morning we started out for a walk. After visiting various other places we turned toward the cemetery. "I want you to see where the bodies of my darlings lie," she said, leading the way to where a purely white marble shaft was surrounded with an iron railing, the enclosure of which was filled with roses and other choice flowers, but all white.

"They died within two days of each other," she said, as I read the names—"Mary, aged seven, and Edward, aged five," and turned toward her.

"I heard of your loss," I said, "and that they went very near together, but do not remember of what disease; it must be very hard for you, Maud."

"They died of diphtheria, and I cannot say that I mourn for them."

"I was surprised at the evident sincerity of her words, but replied: "It is well you can feel so; of course they are better off."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that, but of myself—of how much more I should have suffered had they lived to fail in life's struggle—to have been counted among the wrecks; come with me."

She led the way through the cemetery and across the common to another resting place for the dead.

Here there were no costly monuments, no flowers—in short, it was a sort of potter's field. Coming to a grave at the head of which stood a small, plain white slab upon which was simply the name, Helen, she paused.

I read the name: I once had a friend, a schoolmate by that name, but, surely, it could not be her! I had lost track of her, and I had an indistinct memory of hearing that she was dead, but of the when, where or how I had no idea. I looked Maud in the face and something I saw there made me fear, I hardly knew what.

"It is not—it cannot be"—She interrupt me with:

"Yes, Margaret, it is Helen Holt; she became one of the wrecks. We will go now, and after dinner I will tell you her story."

We walked home in silence. I was busy with thought, was wondering how it was that Helen's life had been so spoiled. She was in the class below the one Maud and I were in, was a bright, active, and good girl, was the life of any company she was in, was a good scholar and had every prospect of a long and happy life; why had it been otherwise? Had that college fund anything to do with the result?

When dinner was over we retired to Maud's room, and to prevent being interrupted she gave orders that we were to be at home to no one for the rest of the day.

"Now, Margaret, I have you all to myself for a time, and I will first answer the question in your mind—yes, that college fund did have something to do with it; but right here I want you to understand—

"I am not blaming the college people nor the ministry. Could they see the enormity of the property system under which we live as I do, they would recoil with horror—yes, that college fund is connected with Helen's ruined life, but it would have been the same had they borrowed money elsewhere. It is the taking of interest—usury—that makes the mischief. You knew that Helen was married?"

"Yes, I heard of her marriage, but nothing after that; did she marry well?"

"If you mean, did she get a good man, yes, but he was not rich. He was very industrious, however, and very honest; he had the confidence of all who knew him. I never saw a couple more devoted to each other. They had one child, a beautiful little girl."

"Is she living," I asked.

"Yes, in Massachusetts completing her education."

"How is she able to do that?"

"She has found friends," and her tone forbade further questioning on that point.

"Verner Campbell had saved five hundred dollars; that was his fortune when he married Helen. Her parents decided to move to Portland, Oregon, about this time and they objected to the marriage for they did not wish to leave

her behind for one reason, and for another, Verner did not quite suit their ideas of what they wanted in a son-in-law, but she was left to her own choice in the matter. She did as you or I would have done, staid with the man she loved. Her father gave her two hundred dollars when he left, making seven hundred between them.

"With this they decided to purchase a small place near here, paying twelve hundred dollars for the same, borrowing of the college fund five hundred, for which they gave a mortgage upon the place, he paying them ten per cent interest—this with the understanding that so long as the interest was paid the principal could stand."

"I begin to see," said I.

"For six years they paid their fifty dollars a year," she continued, "they all the time improving the place. The seventh year they began to lay by to pay off the debt and clear the mortgage, and before the year was out there came a financial crash; prices fell and there was trouble everywhere. Verner struggled hard to stem the tide and did manage to meet the interest, but anxiety and overwork with a not very strong constitution, were too much for him, and after a two months' sickness he died"—

"And the place had to be sold?"

"Yes; if she had died he would have been left to manage his own affairs, but a woman must have some one to look after her, you know."

"Yes, I know—some one to take a goodly portion of what is left to pay himself for his trouble, but the college was not to blame for that, Maud."

"I know it, Maggie, but the place had to be sold and the college trustees bid it in for one thousand dollars, a place that cost twelve hundred seven years before, and which with the improvements that had been put upon it, was well worth two thousand. Of course, after taking out their five hundred, there was less than five hundred for the widow—indeed, when the funeral expenses, the doctor's bill and the law bills were paid Helen had but two hundred left, and"—

"Seven hundred dollars and seven year's work had dwindled to two hundred, while without working to add to it, the college five hundred had not only drawn three hundred and fifty in cash but had not shrunken at all!" I exclaimed.

"Worse than that, Margaret. Their five hundred by putting five hundred with it, secures a piece of property worth four times five hundred."

"Do they own that farm yet?"

"Yes, and get two hundred a year in rent for its use, twenty per cent on their investment."

"Abominable," I exclaimed, rising and walking back and forth across the room in my excitement.

Maud smiled: "They must have money to educate young men for the ministry," she said.

"The ministry be—well, I never wish to see another if that is what they cost."

"Keep cool, Maggie, we are not done yet."

I resumed my seat and she continued: "If there was one thing that Helen worshipped it was her child"—

"Made an idol of it and God punished her, I suppose the preacher would say," I interrupted.

"Don't, Margaret; I am ashamed of my kind that they should think of anything so preposterous. A God who could be jealous of his creatures because of their love for each other would deserve only contempt."

"But it is taught, all the same."

"Yes, I know; church teachings come between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister; I do not wonder the world is full of discord."

"I never thought of that, Maud, as one of the causes of discord, but really it is a logical conclusion; go on, please, with Helen's story. I will try and not interrupt you again."

"Well, as I was saying, she was passionately fond of her child and determined that at any and all cost she should be educated. Her home was gone; she came into town, rented a place and boarded students. She worked very hard, sometimes washing for her boarders also, keeping no girl, to save expense. She often sat up half the night to do this. I presume you know, Margaret, that in institutions of learning like this, board, washing and everything of the kind is put at the lowest figure, the motive being to make the course as cheap as possible for poor students."

"Yes, theological students are generally poor, I believe."

"Mostly; rich men's sons seldom choose that calling; but what made it easier for them made it harder for Helen, and at best she could but very little more than meet expenses. Such struggles soon tire our soul and body, and under such conditions one often does what they otherwise would not think of doing. She married again and not wisely."

"Oh, how could she! she could not have loved him,

"She was tired out—was not herself and he must have obtained a psychological power over her; still, all are not like you, Maggie, utter unbelievers in a second love. He was all kindness to her in all that could be seen, but his demands upon her as a wife were more than she could endure and when she refused his marital rights he struck her, this only six weeks after marriage."

"The brute! I wouldn't have staid with him an hour longer."

"She did not; she took her child and came to me. 'I cannot endure it,' she said, 'I shall die and then Lola will have no one to care for her.'"

"And the law makes no provision against marital murder?" I asked, or rather, asserted.

"None whatever, Maggie. Of course she was condemned. 'She was breaking her sacred marriage vows.'"

"Sacred hell! such submission must be like the tortures of the damned! Oh, Maud, I can conceive of nothing worse," and again I walked the floor in my excitement.

Maud looked at me with a half quizzical smile: "Your first two words sound profane," she said:

"Let them sound so, then. I wish I could profane all such sacredness."

"I do not wonder that you feel, Margaret; I want you to feel and deeply, but you must learn self-control if you would accomplish anything toward reforming such conditions. When you allow yourself to become excited you only scatter your forces."

"I have been told so before, but you make me feel, see that it is true, and from henceforth I will master myself," I replied, and reader, allow me to reiterate the truth of what my friend said.

She continued: "I think what Helen had suffered partly unhinged her reason. Indeed, a friend of mine, a physician, tells me that abuse of the sex-functions often produces that effect. The church cut her off from its fellowship because she would not live with her husband, and she was about as helpless as a woman could well be, while the one all-absorbing topic of her mind was how she could educate Lola.

"She said to me one day while talking of her life with her—I will not call him husband—it is worse than prostitution. I know there are men who would be glad to support me and who would not murder me either; and after a moment she continued, 'I'm an outcast now, and it couldn't be much worse.'

"There was a wild look in her eye that alarmed me and I said soothingly: Never mind, you can have a home with me. Soon after that she left me, and in a few days I received a note from her which read: 'I'm lost, Maud; do not try to seek me; it will be useless; but Lola will be educated. I have put her where she will have good advantages, and she will never know at what cost to her wretched mother.'

"For a year or so I saw her occasionally, and always well dressed; but then she began to go down and the end was reached about a year since. She sent for me at the last, told me where Lola was and committed her to my charge. I have adopted her."

"I little thought that Helen Holt could ever come to such an end," I said, as soon as I could speak for tears.

"Do you wonder then, that I do not mourn for my children, Margaret? Had Mary lived she might have met similar fate; no more unlikely than that Helen should as things were when we knew her."

"But your boy, Maud; society could not have cursed him in that way."

"True, but there are various kinds of wrecks; I will tell you of one or two more, but will sum it up in as few words as possible. There is a gentleman living down the river about a mile who manufactures machinery of various kinds. He holds twenty thousand of the college fund and employs about fifty men. He is very good to them and they are attached to him; some of them have been with him a dozen years.

"When the crash came that ruined Verner Campbell, or just before, as he saw what was coming, this man called his men together and stated the case to them. 'Now, gentlemen,' said he, 'you must pull with me or I must go down. If I am forced to stop, that \$20,000 must be paid, and at the ruinous rates at which things will be sold, I shall be broken up beyond the possibility of starting again and you will have to seek employment elsewhere.'

"I have looked the ground all over; my family will re-trench to the utmost, and if you will consent to twenty per cent reduction on your wages, I feel quite sure I can go thro'; what say you?' After a few moments tho't the unanimous response was: 'We'll do it.' He weathered the storm."

"Without any wrecks?" I asked.

"That is the point, Margaret. The men were heart and soul with their employer; they worked like heroes, and at least three now fill drunkard's graves, the habit induced during that struggle; they worked beyond their strength and stimulated to keep up."

"Oh, Maud, are you certain of this?"

"As certain as I am of anything. Their poor wives tell me they never drank before. The overwork and the stimulant so weakened them that when the strain was over they could not throw off the habit."

"This is terrible," I moaned, dropping my head in my hands. There was a quiet power in the way she told all this which made me see it all, feel it, till I actually writhed.

"Yes, it is terrible, but this is not all; I have taken pains to study the children born during that year of struggle, and averaged with those born in more prosperous years, they are inferior both physically and mentally. So much to secure without depreciation to college interests, twenty thousand dollars; what of two hundred thousand?"

"And it is at such cost that ministers are educated; I shall always shudder when I see one, after this. Is Mr. Mitchell one as well as a Professor?" I asked.

"He ought to be; he is Professor of Theology."

"And yet he visits you!"

"It is diamond cut diamond, Margaret. He has a high estimate of my ability, and would win me for the church. It would be an acquisition you know, and I, on the contrary, am watching for some avenue to his brain; at heart he is a good man, and Margaret, there is one thing I wish to impress upon your mind. If I fail in that the lesson is lost."

"And what is it Maud, that is so very important?"

"That usury is a curse, even when applied to educating men for the ministry."

AN EXTRACT.

..... "What kind of influences do woman's surroundings send along the line of her nerves to the coming one? Garrets, cellars, bare walls, coarse food and clothing are not very likely to furnish the elements for a high order of offspring."

She paused and looked at me in a way which made me feel that she desired some expression from me as to where the trouble lay.

"It seems to me," I said in reply, "that this evil, like the other, is rooted in our false system of property relations. Those whose toil produces the wealth of the world do not get their share."

"Then what is to be done?"

"The system itself must be changed; there is no other way."

At this point Selferdo said: "There certainly can be some method of adjusting things without making such a change as your remarks seem to indicate."

"Please find such a method and show its feasibility and we shall only be too glad to adopt it," replied Lovella.

"Would not a plentiful supply of legal tender currency make business brisk, wages good and furnish employment for many hands that are now idle? This would apply to woman as well as man, as women now do almost everything that men do, and that certainly would give them a chance to avoid prostitution if they so chose, and would greatly relieve the other conditions of which you speak."

Lovella was silent for so long a time that Selferdo seemed to imagine she could find no objection to what he had suggested, but just as he was about to reinforce his views with additional arguments she said:

"Those who now possess the wealth would find a way to divert the surplus increase to themselves, and the wage laborer would still be tributary—would still be a wage slave, and slaves, as such, can never become cultured, refined, or morally elevated."

"But why, madam, would the increase necessarily go to the already rich?"

"Upon the same principle that additional blood in an already congested human body would surely rush to the congested part. Our economic body is congested, the first thing to do is to restore the equilibrium. If the two kindred evils which have been portrayed before us were the only ones rooted in economic congestion, there might be some faint hope of an adjustment, but there are others to be considered. We will now look upon another scene in which it is woman that is still the sufferer."

As she said this I looked a little to the left of where I was standing, and I saw an immense multitude of women of all ages. As they marched slowly by I noted that each one plied a needle, a sewing machine or both, and what was more strange, each one carried with her an exact reflection of her surroundings. Near some were fireless rooms and hungry, crying children. Now and then these would snatch a crust of bread or some broken meat or cold, perhaps raw potatoes and divide among the crying ones, reserving the smallest portion for themselves, and then work with renewed speed to make up for lost time.

Then again these would wrap the children in the poor apology for bed clothes and hurry out to get the poor pittance for their toil with which to buy a little coal and a little food, being careful always, if possible, to save something towards the rent. On, on they went till the line stretched far beyond my range of vision, and still they came, a hungry, gaunt, sorrow-

Continued on sixth page.

forces of sex" can be conserved; that, by the use of our Reason and Will powers, it is possible to so "overcome" our sensual or lower natures, to that extent that we can enjoy the sweet and softening psychic influences from our associations with pure womanhood and not lose from our bodies the "vital" reproductive fluid,—the male principle of life. This vital principle may and should be kept and stored in a receptacle that is given every man to keep it in, within the body, to be re-absorbed into the system and to furnish a high-grade nutriment for the brain and other tissues of the body. This round of production of "sex forces," storage and re-absorption may go on continually and if the man is not a senseless fool or very foolish, he need not become insane nor "impotent," either.

I speak from nearly seven years of experience in this line of "overcoming" and can satisfy or offer proof to the noblest, or tempting woman that walks the earth, of my "powers" in this direction. I would not exchange the "ecstatic" joys of my life as it now is for all the gold of England or the riches of "money kings." The illicit happiness (?) of the "bridal chamber" or of the harem, or of the feast can have no comparison with the pure, peaceful and joyous happiness of a life or soul that has "overcome" so that Reason and Will holds command over all the forces of the body.

I agree with Paul, that it is better not to marry, but that it is better to marry than to "burn," but more than all it is better not to "burn" and lust—not to let our thoughts go out in lascivious lines, and if there is a will there is a way to stop this "burning" of hell within us. I shall subscribe for your paper and also want your Perfect Motherhood and other books soon,—must wait for some money.

Yours fraternally,

A. S. LANDON.

Wheaton, Ill., June 11, 1894.

..... This is a good number to send to honest ministers who would do good if they knew how. Will send in packages of ten or more for distribution, at a cent each.

..... "Please subscribe," is what sample copy says to you.

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.

THE KITCHEN CABINET,

OR COOK'S DELIGHT.

This convenient and useful article, recently patented, we would like to get agents to dispose of territory by counties, or by states, the states of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas. I have seen it in use and consider it the most convenient and useful combinations of the kind, the flour and meal chests being in the top, with table to fold up or let down at pleasure, and selves at the bottom of the meal and flour chests so that when sifted the contents of each fall into a dish if so desired, or directly upon the table. Then the shelves and place for all that is needed in or about such cooking makes it very desirable to have. L. W.

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.

PLEASE RENEW?

Files of volume IV. F. P. continuing the story, "The Wherefore Investigating Company," can be furnished for 50 cents each, or three to one address for \$1.

All those who received the paper last year will receive this number—but—unless they renew, or give satisfactory reasons for delaying there will be no more sent. There are some who have had the paper the past year, promising to pay but have not done so nor given a reason for not doing. What is due would be acceptable.

THREE NAMES: One old subscriber and two new ones, or all new and \$1 secures the paper to the three. By old subscribers I mean those who have had the paper the past year, whether paid for by themselves or others. Remember—one old subscriber only, included in the offer, and if each and all of the present subscribers should secure two new names and the \$1, thus getting their own free for their labor in getting the new ones, I shall be glad.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

"Let us rather, tenfold rather,
Scrubbing floors on weary knees,
Eat the bread of healthful labor,
Than of health destroying ease.
Oh, to do the Master's service
Strong and brave with willing heart,
Thinking not of self or pleasure,
Friends, this is the worthy part."

I take the above from one of our radical journals. It seems as if slavery was so deeply stamped upon some souls that if they cannot have a veritable master here in the flesh they locate one in the unseen world and love and serve him, satisfied to scrub floors, or to do any kind of drudgery if the "love of God" fill their hearts. Love is a beautiful thing, and there is a satisfaction in loving and doing for the loved one, but it seems to me they love not wisely who love one who is said to own the heavens and the earth, if he can furnish no better protection to those who look to him in love than the cruelty of serfdom to the despisers of justice.

Are those who are content to scrub floors on weary knees fit to be the mothers of free men and women, and if "The Master" knows of the deteriorating influence of such conditions upon motherhood, why does he permit such conditions?

Don't forget to secure the two new subscribers and thus make 50 cts.—that is, get your own paper by so doing.

WRECKS AND WRECKER,

Or What Ministers Cost.

I have selected the story with the above title for this issue of F. P., not from any disrespect to ministers as men, do not single them out for blame, but to show that the Great Wrecker—interest can put in its evil work as effectually in handling college endowment funds, as if used any where else.

Our eastern Humanitarians have organized a society which they call: "National Union for Practical Progress," their object being to unite progressive minds everywhere against prevalent evils.

Good men and women are in this work, and they are in earnest, but are they using such methods as will do the work desired. A sort of program campaign is outlined in *The Arena* of May-94, which reads as follows:

METHODS.

1. *The Program.*—The adoption of a systematic plan of campaign, outlined by the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress for use in the cities which organize unions of their own. The topics and dates until June 10th, 1894, are as follows: Until March 11, the Sweating System; from March 11 to April 8, Tenement House Reform; from April 8 to May 13, How best to treat the Saloon Evil; from May 13 to June 10, Child Labor.

2. *Helpers and Speakers.*—The enrolment of a body of men and women able and willing to arouse the interest and secure the cooperation of the specific organizations, religious, reform and other, of which they may be members; to address church congregations and other bodies upon the subject of the movement itself, or upon the special topic for the month; to circulate petitions and literature, raise funds and co-operate generally with the secretary in forwarding the work of the union.

3. *The Pulpit.*—The enlisting of the clergy; the opening of some one church each Sunday night for the consideration by Union speakers of the special subject on the national program for that time, and a general service held by all the churches on the second Sunday night of each month, at which it is hoped each pastor will speak on the special subject which has been under consideration during the preceding month.

4. *The Travelling Congregation.*—The organization of a body of men and women, chiefly from the ranks of the unchurched, who will pledge themselves to attend as regularly as practicable the special Sunday evening services held for the consideration of the Union topic. Thus it is hoped to do something, both toward "reaching the masses" and firing them with the missionary spirit, and at the same time toward encouraging the pulpit to consider practical questions.

5. *The Social Economics Class.*—The continuation and enlargement of the now flourishing class at Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield Street, Thursday evenings at 7:30, organized for the study of economic questions. To seek to solve social problems, while ignorant of economic science, is as vain as to essay navigation or astronomy while untutored in mathematics.

6. *The Press.*—The publication in the city press of reports of the social economics lectures, the church services at which the Union topics are considered, and especially of the general service on the second Sunday night of each month.

In looking over this program, the first to be considered are the evils chosen by the Union for discussion and attack during the months named. To wit: The Sweating System, Tenement House Reform, The Saloon Evil, and Child Labor. Four enormous evils which are the natural, the inevitable result of our economic system, and the question arises: Will preaching against results be of any use so long as the causes remain intact? That the clergy are being aroused, and that the press reiterates their words is evident from the following by the editor, Mr. Flower, in the same number of the *Arena*:

On the second Sunday in March the sweating system was widely discussed. In the city of Baltimore alone, as I am informed by the president of the *Arena* Auxiliary Club, about twenty-four clergymen preached on the evil. On the following day the daily papers gave several columns to this subject, publishing extended abstracts of some of the important discourses. Thus in this one city the evil of the sweating system was brought, not only before the attention of the regular attendants of these various churches, but the daily press gave tongue to thoughtful protests in such a way as to arrest the attention of tens of thousands of persons who otherwise would have remained ignorant of or indifferent to this great evil.

In the city of Philadelphia the daily papers published notices of the crusade which the Union for Practical Progress is carrying on, and abstracts from discourses by eminent divines on this subject, measuring over seven feet of closely printed reading matter. It is safe to say that the attention of hundreds of thousands of persons was thus called to the evils of the sweating system. In other cities the same subject was discussed by many prominent clergymen, and more or less extended reports were given. In the city of Washington the *Daily Times* published between two and three columns on this subject. If the Union had accomplished nothing more than this it would have more than justified its organization, as thought seed in this way has been sown in thousands of hearts, which will not die.

I can but wonder if those ministers while portraying and condemning the sweating system, made any allusion to the causes which produce it. Let us sup-

pose a case—one in which the same principle is involved as in that which produces the sweating system, but the movements tending to the result being less complex—that is, the result being reached by a straighter road, it will be the more easily understood.

We will suppose that a man in the city of Boston, whose business is supplying meat for the market, orders a car load of cattle from the country. Now it so happens that about this time a farmer notices indications of disease among his cattle. It has not broken out yet, but he knows the signs. He immediately disposes of those most likely to become affected, and takes such other steps as he can to prevent loss.

Those diseased cattle are among the car load our Boston man buys. When they reach him they are in a very bad condition. By the time they are in his yard he sees that two or more must be killed immediately or they will die of themselves. He kills those animals and sells the meat.

"Villain!" Take care; if a man makes himself physically black and blue in defense of his wife and children you count him brave, but if he makes himself morally black and blue to prevent their being made homeless, then he is execrated. What do you know of the pressure brought to bear upon him?

He has a home nearly paid for. It is mortgaged. The time to foreclose is near. He has made this venture with the hope of paying up the balance. If he loses those animals his home must go. The man to whom he has paid the larger part of the principal, and as much more in interest, will get at a forced sale, and for almost nothing, that which has cost him so much time and money.

He will not be defeated! thus. He cannot lose his home! "All that a man hath will he give for his life." His family are a part of his life—that sweet daughter just budding into womanhood—can he see her go forth into the tidal waves of the struggle for bread, to fall, perhaps, into the snares that will bring her to the street! No, no, he will risk his soul first!

He does the deed of wrong; he risks other lives to save those that are his. He takes the money, clears the mortgage, becomes free from that individual interest taker, hides himself from himself and goes home to his wife and children, trying, in their joy, to sun himself out of the blackness of the moral pitch which covers him like a garment. Oh, pity him, that victim of the great Wrecker, interest.

But what of the farmer who sold him the cattle, do you ask? That same great Wrecker has a hold on him also, and he must struggle with all his might to keep from going under. The principle involved in this supposition is the grinding force that gives us the sweating system—that gives us rat-riddled tenement houses reeking with filth—that stands back of the saloon—that drags children to toil till they are ground into interest money.

Interest—the right to pay and receive it is the lever of steel, and our property laws keep turning the screw till the slums become the pressed out residue.

Again, an illustration, and this time not a supposition but a hard fact from real life.

The wife of a business man who had no money went into business on her own account. How did she do it? She borrowed fifteen thousand dollars at 8 per cent interest, bought a lot and put up a good building on it, two stores underneath, with stairway between leading to the upper floors, and mortgaged the whole as security for the money. The first year her interest, taxes, insurance and other items of expense were about two thousand dollars, and her income from rent over three thousand. She bought herself a rich silk dress and paid one thousand of her indebtedness. Of course her interest the next year was eighty dollars less; but allowing that and the lessening interest in each succeeding year for losses in the rent roll and for personal use, in fifteen years those who have occupied that building have paid for it, paid principal, interest, taxes, insurance, repairs, everything, yet it belongs to her, and not to them. You can now see why it is that money draws interest.

True, in this case, there was no direct control of more than her share of the land by this particular woman. Some one else controlled the land and she indirectly controlled the labor—forced it to pay her tribute; this, while those who did hold the land sold it for exorbitant prices as the city enlarged its limits. Yes, in fifteen years that woman not only had the property clear, but from the growth of the city and its fine location, it had doubled in value.

Of course rents are higher also, and the child of

a former husband for whom she has been scheming all these years, has quite an income; but how many other children have had, and are having less of the comforts of life, and how many have had their lives cut short because of such want, can never be known. If we could paint usury and land monopoly as we see them, the world should look upon immense "Siamese twins" clothed in blood red robes, blood trickling from every hair, from the finger's ends and from every thread of their garments; and over their heads the words: "The most subtle of all devils."

Yes, most subtle! We have no idea that any one of those who occupied that woman's rooms all those years once dreamed that they were paying interest. Had they been asked they would have said no, we pay no interest, while that woman, had you asked her for a dollar for any purpose would have told you it was impossible for her to do anything for you, as she was so burdened with interest. And she *really thinks* she paid it. Oh, the subtlety!

But what will it avail to preach against the sweating system while we have such property laws; while tact and interest can combine to produce such subtle, grinding results? Preach to the winds and denounce the whirlwinds with the expectation of changing them into

The soft summer zephyr,

but do not hope to preach sweating systems out of existence and leave interest untouched.

There have been lessons enough if the people would only heed them. Why they do not heed can not be shown now, for it would take us away from our main point, but that arbitrary measures enacted in opposition to the inevitable results of an accepted business system cannot be enforced, has more than once been demonstrated.

Roscher, the learned historian of the economics, tells us that at one time in France, the Catholic clergy exhorted so earnestly against usury that the civil authorities passed a law against the taking of usury, making it punishable with death upon the testimony of two witnesses under oath; yet, with the power of both church and state behind it and the death penalty attached, the law proved perfectly powerless. It was not only enforced, but as high as 75 per cent was taken in open market, in the face of the law and in spite of the thunders of the clergy; and why? Because the needs of the people were greater than the terrors of the law.

There was no money; or not enough to do business with—and the most of what there was had been hoarded by a company of Jews and those who offered the most for it got it. The people were in debt and *must* have money; it was the only alternative between them and quick ruin and starvation, so they paid these rates and charged it up in their goods; and they not only refused to testify against the usurer, but actually went to the magistrates, and on their bended knees, plead for the life of those who were condemned or in danger of being so, lest by the death of the usurer swift ruin should come to themselves.

Now mark the point and weigh it well. So long as the *right* was accorded to those Jews to monopolize the money of the country, so long they could not only defy the law, but they could *compel* the people themselves to become their allies. To ensure the enforcement of any law, the power behind it *must be greater* than that which opposes it. In this case the needs of the people combined with the *avarice* of the Jew, proved the greater power.

Had those French priests possessed knowledge proportionate to their zeal, what a wonderful reformation they could have wrought. There would have been no occasion for them to denounce usury for they could have put it down without so doing. Suppose they had understood the principles of finance, of business relations, and instead of doing as they did, had induced the government to issue legal tender notes to loan to the people at, say 3 per cent annual tax, to be used in the place of as much remitted tax on something else, what would have been the result?

Usury would have died a natural death, while the price of bread and other necessities would have gone down till the eyes of the poor would have grown bright with gladness. But as those priests had not the requisite knowledge, and as they looked upon the king and the aristocracy as appointed by God, and as those privileged classes would have opposed any infringement of standard methods which even seemed to militate against property rights, of course the usurious rates went on; the shylock Jew continued to rob the

people in spite of law or priest.

But, could the conditions have been destroyed which produced usury, the work would have been done without further trouble. And so of your "sweating system," and *all other evils*; find and destroy the causes which produce them and your efforts will be crowned with success, and until this is done no amount of statute law nor even the supposed commands of a Deity will be of any particular use.

Those who have not looked deeper will talk of the selfishness of human nature. Well, as things now are, why should not human nature be selfish.

Did you ever see an operator experiment upon the brain of a very sensitive person by magnetizing first one organ and then another? Center the force upon one organ and the man will begin to pray; another, and he swears; yet another, and he is ready to give away the clothes off his back he feels so generous. Touch both acquisitiveness and secretiveness, and he will steal whatever he can lay his hands on, but as slyly as a cat works to catch a mouse. Touch combativeness in connection with acquisitiveness and he becomes the bold brigand, will knock you down and take what he wants. Just as his brain organs are acted upon to give one or another the predominance, so will he manifest himself in acts.

Now what are the forces—the motive powers that are brought to bear upon men and women everywhere? Does our competitive system throw its force upon the unselfish or upon the selfish organs of the brain? Upon the selfish organs most assuredly, for just so long as the necessities or the luxuries of life are so held that we must struggle to keep some one else from taking them from us, just so long must (as a rule) the self-preserving—the selfish organs of the brain be called into action, and they will—must rule the moral faculties in a greater or less degree.

Change the motive powers of society so that they will stimulate the moral instead of the selfish organs of the brain, then sweating systems, child labor, saloons, etc., will disappear like dew before the sun.

Such sermons, such a union of the progressive moral forces as spoken of, directed *simply* against the evils named, and others of like character, will prove utterly inefficient. But, if our Humanity lovers do not stop there; if they purpose to show up said evils, and then with all the attendant horrors fresh in the minds of the people, it is further purposed to follow up such effort by directing attention to causes with the determinate purpose of removing said causes—then—then there is hope.

Number 5 on the program of methods induces me to believe that such is the intent. If Prof. Will shows up the natural working of our economic system instead of the system of economics taught in the schools, then indeed we may look for practical results—in time.

Mr. Flower, *The Arena's* able editor, is a leading spirit in this movement, and the following, quoted from his Emergency Measures, in *May Arena*, indicates that he is looking beneath the surface. Let us thank all such men and take courage. He says:

[E] I know that only radical economic changes, founded on justice and which comprehend the abolition of all class privileges and special legislation, will satisfy the awakened intelligence of the bone, sinew and brawn of civilization. That such changes are bound to come I doubt not, but I desire to see them brought about peaceably, and I also believe that the government which is indifferent to the great basic truth that the welfare of one should be the concern of all, will suffer for its brutal inhumanity. We are passing through a crisis of great significance in our history—a crisis which demands the wisdom of true statesmanship and the love of broad philanthropy. [E]

A PRESENT-DAY TRAGEDY.

BY B. O. FLOWER, in *Arena*.

On the night of the 28th of March, 1894, in a little mortgage-darkened cottage on Olive Street, in the city of Carthage, Mo., a strong man looked for the last time into the hungry eyes of a devoted wife and four little children. This man's name was John Peterson. He belonged to the patient, proud-spirited, taciturn and long-enduring Scandinavian race. He preferred to suffer alone in silence rather than beg. For twelve years he had lived in the town of Carthage, and the reputation which he had made during this long period was that of a strictly honest, honorable, steady, industrious laborer. His character was unblemished, and, being a skillful carpenter, until last year he had found little difficulty in securing employment. With the panic, however, came a cessation of steady work, and during the au-

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.

Or E. L. Lomax,

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

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

I affirm it as my conviction, that class laws placing capital above labor are more dangerous to the republic at this hour than chattel slavery in the days of its highest supremacy. Labor is prior to and above capital, and deserves a much higher consideration.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

The right in which all other rights originate is the right to life. To support life, there must be labor. Hence, the second great right is the right to labor. The right to labor includes the right to the results of labor. The results of labor are productions—property. There fore all property rights, whatever they may be, arises out of the pre-eminent rights to life and labor.

Slavery exists wherever the productions of labor do not belong to labor, no matter under what guise of names the governing power may masquerade; it is a slavery whenever the rights to life and labor are secondary to the rights of property.

The divine right of kings has become an effete dogma in America, but the divine right of property sways every department of government. If the present attitude of the national government reveals anything, it is that the declaration of independence, when it declares for the right to life, is a lie. Labor is in enforced idleness, all the productions of labor are in the hands and under the control of privileged classes, and labor denied employment must starve—it has no right to life. Entirely oblivious to its needs, and deaf to the cries and blind to the sufferings of hungry, idle men, the whole machinery of the government is turned to protect the divine rights of corporation and property. The United States army and national courts are ready servants to the will of property.

This present struggle is an attempt to throw off this tyranny, and, emancipating labor, give man this first right to life. These industrial armies are martyrs to the cause of liberty, and through the struggle, *the right to life through labor* will become the underlying principle of every department of government. These armies are a living protest against those "class laws" which *have* become more dangerous to the republic than chattel slavery in the days of its highest supremacy." Let it never be forgotten that this is labor's era, and all agitation for its emancipation from class legislation, and the creation of that public sentiment that shall give labor a much higher consideration than that which is given to the thing (property) it creates. The way out is by agitation and the ballot—education and suffrage.—H. H. BROWN, in *Ottawa Journal*.

Some Serious Questions for Americans to Consider.

Four days prior to writing this paragraph, the New York daily papers reported the arrest in Washington of a member of Coxey's army for using profane language on the street. Who imagines that if it had been President Cleveland or Secretary Carlisle who had used oaths on the street, an arrest would have followed?

On the same day the dispatches reported the arrest of a member of Coxey's army's for begging on the street of Washington; and yet, during the past thirty years the present deplorable condition among the industrial millions of America has been largely brought about by permitting bands of wealthy ruggars to influence congress in the passage of class laws, by which a few have been enabled to acquire immense wealth while millions have suffered in consequence of the same.

J. S. Coxey, Carl Brown and Columbus Jones have been arrested and convicted for carrying peace banners without the permission of the authorities in Washington. One of their number was also arrested for treading on the grass in the capital grounds; yet at the same time adulterer Breckenridge, who confessed less than a month before in the same city to having committed a grave prison offence repeatedly during ten years, is allowed to retain his seat in the house of representatives and help make laws.

In the state of Massachusetts, three weeks ago, a man and woman were sent to reformatories, for a year and a half each, because evidence against them indicated that they had been guilty of adultery. Congressman Breckenridge, on the other hand, insists on running again for office, thus trying to force his district to disgrace him, after asking the Presbyterian church to take him back. And let it be said, to the everlasting disgrace of the Presbyterian church, that when this man came before them to be taken back, instead of requesting him in the name of public decency and of common morality to show his repentance by retiring to private life, at least for a time, they received him back without any such regard for decency or morality.

In the light of these things, one is naturally led to inquire, For whom are our laws enacted, and for what does the church at the present time stand?—*The Arena.*

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

BLUE BIRD.

Engineer of Night Express Running Between Darkness and Dawn.

Will show illuminated faces in headlight of freedom; ring the bell by each blighted pine when storms are due; place signal lights along the tangled paths of business or pleasure; give pencil photograph of herself to all on her train, with magnetic poems from soul mate, naming Indian guides with notes of the wild bird singing in every soul of progress. Send \$1. with name age, and connection to DR. MARION H. BASSETTE, Henderson Harbor, N. Y.

[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.]

turn, notwithstanding his persistent and unremitting efforts to obtain employment, he found little to do. Since the early part of January he had not been able to get work, although he had tramped from town to town begging the privilege of earning enough money to save his wife and four little children—the youngest a baby and the eldest only ten years of age, from starvation. Disappointment met him at every turn. On his home rested one of those "certain and unflinching signs of prosperity" (?)—a mortgage. He had fallen in arrears \$100, and expected soon to be exiled from this little home through foreclosure.

On the night in question a great conflict surged in his breast. He had determined to set out early on the following day on another tramp in search of work. But his children had gone supperless to bed and he saw the effects of slow starvation in the haggard face of his wife. He was a man of few words. At length he said, "I cannot leave you and the children to-morrow morning without anything to eat, and I am going to get something." In vain his wife pleaded with him, saying she would rather beg from door to door—something which he understood would be almost as terrible for her, possessing that sturdy, independent spirit of the Swedes, as for himself. He shook his head and remained silent. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve. The town was at rest. Then this industrious, hard-working slave, who was also a loving father and devoted husband, slipped quietly from his home. He took no weapons of defense with him.

II.

Some time later a policeman on his rounds, while flashing his dark lantern into each store as he passed, beheld a man crouching behind a counter in a grocery. Quickly rushing to the rear of the building, he found a window had been raised fourteen inches. The policeman called to the man to surrender, but received no answer. He then climbed into the store and started toward the man, who had taken down a sack of flour, and had filled a bucket with some provisions. The man ran around the counters and tried to get to the open window. Finding this impossible unless he could divert the attention of the policeman, he threw a scale weight toward him. The weight struck a sack of flour and fell on the floor. The officer dodged and the man was enabled to reach the open window and climb out before his pursuer could fire upon him. The officer, however, followed, calling to him to stop at once or he would kill him instantly. The man paid no heed. The policeman fired. The fugitive, after continuing his flight for some distance, at last fell groaning on the sidewalk. A physician was summoned, but before aid could reach him John Peterson was dead!

Continued from third page.

ful multitude, many of them working upon rich garments, while the coarsest of those upon which others stitched were better than they themselves could wear.

As one hollow eyed woman passed I felt a strange sensation, and looking to learn what it meant I saw lines that connected her with the cloak I wore. "She made it, a portion of her life has gone into it," was my thought, and then such a wave of sadness, of gloom came flowing in upon those lines of connection and enveloped me as it were. It was just what she had felt while making the cloak.

Quick as thought the question came to me: "Suppose you were soon to become a mother, would not this feeling be woven into the very life of your child?"

"Oh, heaven, is this possible!" I exclaimed. Lovella saw and understood:

"Yes," she replied, "it is more than possible. The rich cannot escape the results of the conditions imposed upon the poor. People recognize the fact that the germs of physical disease may be carried in clothing or bedding, but fail to recognize the equally important truth, that moral disease can be communicated in the same way, and that in some cases it may thus become a hereditary endowment for evil."

I can never forget the feeling of yearning horror that came over me—an inexpressible pity and a yearning to take them out of such horrible conditions. Lovella, as usual, read my thought and said in response: "And we must do it, it is a part of our work. It is because of that, that such scenes are thus portrayed. To do so simply to shock the beholder's feelings would be cruelty, but in the end we expect, intend to do away with all such conditions."

"In fifty years," asked Selifredo with a sneer.

"Why not," she replied, turning her luminous eyes full upon him, "the materials are prepared for the new structure, they need only to be rightly adjusted."

"Ah, the materials, you give us that much credit?"

"Most certainly, and we credit your ability by acknowledging our need of your continued aid."

"As your servants," he replied, bowing to hide the mocking smile that wreathed his lips.

"Why not," she again asked, "did not he who is claimed as 'the Master,' say 'He that is greatest among you let him be your servant?'" There was a smile upon the faces of those present, at this reply and Selifredo said no more, but one of the men who was in sympathy with him remarked:

"I suppose you will say these are also the victims of our economic system."

"Well, are they not?" she asked.

"I don't see how the system can be charged, madam, with the results of the selfishness of employers."

"The system is at fault, my dear sir, because it leaves the fate of the employe in the employer's hands. Any system which allows one class of people to make it impossible for another class to have direct access to the sources of supply is a false one, not only because of the dependence it involves, but because the natural tendency of such a system is to make the dominant class selfish and tyrannical."

"You make a good people's advocate," was the only reply, and he also took refuge in silence, and still the hollow eyed, sad faced women continued to file past.

"Will they never have done," said another impatiently.

At this there dropped over them something that was like a veil, thus hiding them from our sight, but Lovella said:

"As long as time lasts they must continue their march unless something is done to remove the causes which make them what they are, but there are other armies of sufferers that we must look upon in order to get some idea of the magnitude of our work," and then there came thousands upon thousands of men, and some women, who were reeling and staggering with drunkenness.

"Oh, the sickening sight! blear-eyed, bloated, pale, haggard, blasphemous and obscene songs, curses and cunning leers, desperation, imbecility, shrieks, stolidity, each phase terrible in itself, but when thus combined the scene beggared description.

"That surely," said Selifredo, "is not the result of our economic system. Those men are not obliged to drink unless they choose."

"Do you believe there is any truth in the sciences of physiology and phrenology," asked Lovella.

"Certainly, but as yet they are far from being perfect."

"True, but I would like to have those for whom you propose a prison examined by as competent physiologists and phrenologists as we have. I feel very certain that some physical or moral defect, perhaps both, would be found in every one of them."

"And you consider them irresponsible?,"

"In a measure, yes."

"That will not do, Lovella; some of the most noted men that have lived died drunkards."

"And noted, talented men and women have died insane, sir, but there was some unbalanced brain condition or of body reacting upon the brain, which, when a pressure was brought to bear, could not stand the strain, and this is equally true of the drunkard. When we have a knowledge of what perfect motherhood should be, and the conditions to carry it out, we shall have no drunkards and no insane people."

"You claim a great deal for motherhood, madam."

"There is a text of scripture, sir, which says: 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,' did you ever read it?"

"Certainly, I have, but I cannot see what possible application that can have to the subject in hand."

"But what meaning do you attach to the text, Selifredo?"

"I—I have not thought much about it; the Christian world claims Jesus as the seed of the woman."

"The Christian world has attached certain meanings to many things which a more extended knowledge has shown to be capable of broader interpretations."

"Well, please give us your interpretation of the text," he said with an indulgent smile.

Lovella took no notice of this, but proceeded to comply with request. "Civilization," she said, "is the result more of man's efforts than of woman's; not only is society as it exists to-day his child but the law also gives to him the children that woman bears. They are legally his, and they are his, too, by the quality of their natures, because gestated and born

BUSTEED'S Tested Remedy.

THE SPIRIT OF A PHYSICIAN

Who used it successfully for many years desires it prominently before the public.

THIS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF DIARRHOEA.

Except the last stages of cholera, was first compounded by a druggist by the name of Busted at a time of general sickness. The recipe was given to the public but returning health caused it to be forgotten except by a few persons

A MICHIGAN PHYSICIAN,

However, continued to use it so successfully that, no matter how sick one might be in cases of that kind, people got the idea that if "Uncle John Watkins took the case the patient was sure to recover." He passed to the other side of life more than twenty years ago but the medicine has always been used by the relatives, and children whose lives have been saved are now strong men and women. About three years since, while talking with a relative of the Doctor's about the Remedy, he came thro' a medium present and said he wanted it put before the public in a way to benefit those for whom it was intended. I promised him I would try and do so, but conditions have not been favorable till now.

Have yet to Learn OF THE FIRST FAILURE.

I have tested this remedy myself, and have seen it tested by others, and have yet to learn of the first failure. Indeed, my first use of it was at a time when suffering so much I could not have lived long without relief in some shape. One small dose was sufficient.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Sent by express to any for \$1. Sold from the Office for 75 cents. Address this Office.

PERRENNIAL HAIR RE NEWER.

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

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

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

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

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

MATTIE E. HURSEN.

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

GEORGE LYNN.

Hastings, Neb., Apr. 26-92.

Address this Office.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Price 50 cents.

THE OCCULT FORCES OF SEX.

Price 50 cents.

A SEX REVOLUTION.

Price 25 cents.

The Three to one Address, \$1.

under conditions that he furnishes. They are not the seed of the woman and the serpent's head, figurative speaking is everywhere apparent.

"Now when our sex revolution is fully accomplished, then motherhood will come to the front. The children will then be hers. Then she will see to it that a knowledge of our bodies and brains, together with that of the conditions under which perfect motherhood can be actualized—will see to it that such knowledge shall take precedence of all else. Then the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, and not till then.

"Now," she continued, "if you can show that our property system has not interfered with the best conditions for motherhood, then I will admit that it has had nothing to do with the condition of these," waving her hand towards the still passing wrecks of manhood and womanhood.—*A Sex Revolution.*

THE ARENA REVIEW OF Mrs. Waisbrooker's Books.

THE OCCULT FORCES OF SEX.

In the form of lecture, essay and story the writer of the several works mentioned in the foot-note has sought to elucidate the law of sex and its relation to human development. Since the lecture, "The Sex Question and the Money Power" was delivered, nearly twenty years ago, there has obtained a much more intelligent estimate of the importance of understanding the uses of sex, and a greater hospitality to discussing the "vexed and delicate" subject. Each of the three essays compiled in "The Occult Forces of Sex," written at intervals of several years, deals with the psychical nature and powers and brain organization on a scientific plane. "The Sex Question and the Money Power" was quite a bombshell in the ranks of petrified conservatism and the settled apathy of ignorance. The two basic ideas on which the author builds are that *Life is power*, consequently the fountain of sex, if the source of all life, must be the source of all power, and that:

The predominant feeling, the ruling love, takes control of, directs and shapes the life power which flows from sex union and sex blending. By sex blending is meant that blending of atmospheres which takes place without contact. The dominion of the money power is drawn from the sex fountain.

The ruling love of society as it exists to-day is the love of money. This love, to hold its place, must have its proper element of sustenance; that said element, to give life activities, must be both masculine and feminine. Consequently so long as the money power is in the ascendancy, woman must of necessity be mercenary in her love, and if not naturally so must be made and held so by circumstances; and in no way could this have been done so effectually as it has been by making her subject to man in the matter of sex—dependent on him for support, for protection.

The facts in the system of illegal prostitution are patent, that money tempts or forces the necessities of poverty to yield the life power of sex. That in marriage there is legalized prostitution needs no argument. Since this lecture was first delivered the avenues of self support for women have multiplied, and marriage for a home and maintenance is less frequent, and with an increasing number of women is held less honorable than two decades ago. But the ruling love of woman, the maternal, in the ascendancy is indispensable to the working of the life for the benefit of the whole of humanity—that we cannot have the brotherhood of man until the sex life and activity is from the plane of woman's highest love—this is not commonly understood, or to any extent, even considered.

In this lecture is forcibly and logically presented the key to human deliverance from all tyranny, all perverted appetite, all bondage to the power that holds wealth and controls the opportunities of subsistence. The power and normal sphere of man to acquire and his legitimate delight in it, are to be subordinated to the ruling love which uses wisely for the good of all, the maternal. Woman should be free to bestow her sex life only as an act of love. Then the sex magnetism that vitalized life's activities would not be from the acquisitive but from the love plane.

The pure, sweet, exalted relation between the sexes that tends toward regeneration can never prevail so long as woman is, in any measure, subject to man—so long as outside pressure is brought to bear to cause her to yield to the sex embrace.

Were the claims and implications of this lecture understood, accepted and applied, the vexed question would be settled so far as mortal life is concerned. But in the essay, "From Generation to Regeneration," the author deals with sex as a regenerative agency. "Sex, then, in its uses is first, propagative; second, refining; and lastly, regenerative" is the contention. "The last enemy to be destroyed is death" is quoted as a text of this argument that the right use of sex will ultimately produce through the soul, or habitation of the spirit, such a refined and spiritualized body as will hold no elements of dissolution. The author refers to nature's efforts to renew the cycle of man's life as nature's prophecies—the restoration of sight after a period of dimness, the coming of new teeth after the loss of the original, the resuming of the natural color of the hair in advanced years and after whitening.

The time must come when spirit—the "Holy Spirit"—will have, so perfected its work that we shall have just such spirit bodies—bodies perfectly wedded to spirit, perfect channels of communica-

tion between the indwelling life and the external universe; and as these bodies unite and embrace in harmony with the laws of so exalted a state, the spirit in each quickens, renews the material in the counterpart, and continued life must be the result.

"The Tree of Life Between Two Thieves" claims that religious interference has destroyed the finer generative forces, or rather, has prevented their being generated through mutual sex love; the result is the race is robbed of the soul force which comes from that which would otherwise have given those in the earth sphere in abundance—would have lifted the masses out of the slough of degradation, and at the same time have so enriched the spirit world that it would not have been necessary to rob us in order to live.

Give us only mutual sex relations, and those in which body, soul, and intellect blend and the race will leap forward a thousand years in a century.

But can the spiritual and the intellectual blend in an act which is looked upon as merely physical, merely animal? Can they blend in an act that is forced upon woman as a duty, wifely duty; or can they blend in celibacy?

The sex life by which all forms of life and thought are generated, the author considers robbed of its rightful place and use by celibacy, and marriage that puts woman under the control of man, sexually.

Oh, for the light of nature's laws upon the fountains of life! Oh, that life's vital forces may never more be abused or wasted, but conserved to the highest use of body, soul, and intellect!

is the closing exclamation of the writer; and surely all thinking persons who have the least appreciation of the implications in these essays, will join in this fervent wish. Deservedly these essays have received highest commendation. Dora S. Hall M. D., Riverside, Cal., says, "It is the only work I know of on the subject, that I think just the thing for my children to read." In

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW

the author has woven into an interesting story which pictures experiences often repeated in actual life, the high ideals and faithful obedience thereto of a woman possessed of sound self respect and stability of purpose. Betrayed by a lover to whom she had yielded, she bravely takes up the battle of life against the unjust and adverse social barriers and wins subsistence for herself and child, giving him an education, and ultimately commanding the confidence and respect of community. Helen Harlow is an ideal that glorifies womanhood, and the entire story is a condemnation of the infamous injustice that degrades unwedded motherhood and brands with illegitimacy the child of any woman. Mrs. Marion Todd 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 those 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 should be promulgated by every parent. When its sentiments shall predominate, then, and not till then, will justice prevail."

PERFECT MOTHERHOOD

does not deal with the physiological aspects of the function in any direction. Its great aim is to indicate the powerful effect of environment during antenatal existence upon the tendencies and character of the child. It paints vividly the evil and degrading results of the unjust economic conditions that prevail in our civilization. The bias of mind and disposition of the heroine, who devotes her life to efforts toward deliverance for the worker, are premised to be the result of favorable antenatal influences upon a mother whose heredity and training had been morally of a high order.

A SEX REVOLUTION

is written in unique and fascinating style. It does not deal with sex as such, but with the relative position of the sexes. In the opening Lovella, the embodied spirit of motherhood, summons woman to the field where Seleredo is calling men to proclaim that they must fight to prevent the seperation of a portion of the states from the union. After he has secured a sufficient number of volunteers, the women take a place beside of brothers, husbands and fathers. Spite of the remonstrances of the men the women firmly declare they shall go and fight with them. The outcome of this contest is that Seleredo consents to a proposition of Lovella that for fifty years women shall be allowed to hold the reins, and that men shall live for women as women have lived for men, and shall earnestly endeavor to find a way to remove the present evils of society. The different, phases of our distressing, destructive social system are briefly and strongly placed on an imaginary canvas; and it is enjoined by Lovella that "this subject must be thoroughly understood before we can adopt measures that will ensure success." The closing comment is:

If there cannot be formulated and put into practice a system of society which will not grind up one portion of its members for the benefit of other portions, then we might as well cease trying to do for others. The only thing left us will be to make the most of ourselves individually, and let those who cannot stand the pressure go down to be ground over in the evolution of the eternities.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, OR THREEFOLD POWER OF SEX

was reviewed in the January Arena. It is an emphasizing and elaborating of the occult forces of sex, and the idea that the soul or spirit body is generated and perfected by sex power. It contains testimonies which have been confided to the author as a student of this profound question. Her closing chapter contains this paragraph:

When the era of justice to labor comes, men and women will hold the product of their own toil, will hold it to evolve their own powers of body and mind, will cease to be the subjects of others—will be masters of themselves. So when this sex or psychic law is fully understood each will command his or her own creative powers to the use of his or her own body, soul and intellect, and that will be the era of the power, the era of universal love and justice.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

The Occult Forces of Sex.

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

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

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

Mind and Matter, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Pliny Smith,

Fredonia, N. Y.

Please send me another pamphlet; mine has been read all there is nothing left of it. I wish every woman in the world would read it—and man too.

Mrs. N. J. Landon,

Piqua, Ohio.

I shall value it to send to my children more than any book I have ever seen.

O. H. Wellington, M. D.,

Boston, Mass.

It is the only work I know of on the subject, that I think just the thing for my children to read.

Dora S. Hall, M. D.,

Riverside, Cal.

After the second pamphlet was added.

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

Mrs. M. M. Egli,

Caton, Dakota.

I would not like to be without the lecture you have added to your pamphlet. I know that what you say is true.

Mrs. M. Baker,

Tama City, Iowa.

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

New Thought,

Maquoketa, Iowa.

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

Rev. A. B. Bradford,

Enon Valley, Pa.

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

Joseph Kinsey,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Since the last essay was added.

I have been reading your book again and I cannot forbear another word of commendation. In writing that book you have reared a monument whose base crashes down upon animality and whose top reaches beyond the stars and enters the celestial heavens.

Cora A. Morse, M. D.,

621 O'Farrell Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

I would not take ten dollars for my copy. Indeed I would not consent to do without it at any price.

Mellisa Smith,

Kane, Pa.

I am lending my book to those too poor to buy. Long may you be spared.

Mrs. McKinley,

621 O'Farrell Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

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

• Send all orders to

Price 50 cents.

Lois Waisbrooker,

Topeka, Kansas

LUCIFER.

DEVOTED TO THE

Earnest, Candid and
Fearless Discussion

OF METHODS LOOKING TOWARDS THE

Elimination or Total Abolition of All Invasive Laws and Customs,

Published every Friday.

Price \$1.50 per year, or clubbing with FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES \$1.75.

Address M. Harman, Drawer 1, Topeka, Kansas, or this office.

EUCHALYNE.

A Tonic for the Nerves, An Antidote for Malaria, and a Good Preventative of Cholera.

Read the following testimony from the Principal of the Western Medical and Surgical Institute, 127 LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill.

I have examined the new medication, EUCHALYNE, as prepared by MRS. WAISBROOKER with the help of her Spirit Guides, and regard it as among the most certain of all medical preparations to accomplish what is claimed for it. ROBERT GREER, M. D. □

Price fifty cents per package.

Address this Office.

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.

"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. It is the best thing I have ever read in that line."

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

J. F. F.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30-93.

"Six hundred men in Chicago have banded themselves together to start a co-operative colony. Striking potters at East Liverpool, O., backed by wealthy men, propose to colonize and start a new plant. In Omaha a private mint has been established that is turning out dollars as good in every respect as those coined at the regular United States mint. The people everywhere seem to be planning to take the government into their own hands. What are the bosses going to do about it?"

Where the tax is felt. The "listing" bills do not tax bonds or riches, but they tax the patience of the American people about 100 cents on the dollar.

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 authores 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

For one dollar.

Address this Office

PERFECT MOTHERHOOD.

A Book of which one of our popular speakers and writers says:

It is not only one of the most interesting, but one of the most instructive books I ever read.

This is another of Mrs. Waisbrooker's books, and written, not to teach the specialties of physical motherhood, as that is the work of the physician but to call the attention of every thinking man and woman to the fact that society must be reorganized before we can have conditions under which superior children can be gestated and born.

This is another \$1.50 Book reduced to one dollar. Address as above.

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