

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME V.

TOPEKA, KANSAS,

JULY 1, 1894.

NO. 3.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"HEAVEN."

Give me no shining pavements,
Nor "pearly gates of gold;"
Only the common walks of life,
Where none are hungry or cold.
No costly temples of worship,
No mocking crown of wealth,
But the sweet, green halls of Nature
Agleam with the roses of health.

We ask that none be scourged for us,
Nor suffer a moment's pain;
We stand alone in shine or gloom,
And ours the loss or gain.
We demand our spirit's legacy,
The right to speak the Truth;
The song of freedom in our heart
Is the heritage of youth.

* * * * *
If there are "golden gates in heaven"
And "jewelled pavements rare,"
We ask that they be sent to earth
That we their worth may share.
We will melt these graven images,
Buy food for starving ones,
Who throng to-day Life's green highway
Without shelter, hearth or home.

—HELEN MCGREGOR, in *Fibre and Fabric*.

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

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

P. S. Their stomach powders are invaluable. Enough for one month 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 sieves 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.

Dr. Randall is being made to suffer in a way he has not counted on. Three of his children were employes in the office of the *Progressive Thinker*. The eldest one asked for a vacation that he might accompany the army and assist his father a few days. Upon his return he was informed that his place had been filled, and more than that his brother and sister had been relieved of their positions, the reason given, that the office had no sympathy with the movement nor for any one who had.—*The Chicago Searchlight*, June 7, 1894.

GWYNPLAINE.

Gwynplaine is one of Victor Hugo's characters. The plot is this: A lord is exiled and through the malice of the king, his infant son is seized, and his face so mutilated by the surgeon's knife as to be distorted into a horrible laugh. He is then given to a band of strolling mendicants who utilize his deformity by exhibiting him to the public; but when through a rigid enforcement of the laws against them, the mountebanks are compelled to flee the country, Gwynplaine is abandoned; and being so hideous that people will not receive him into their houses, he is likely to perish, but is picked up by a strolling mountebank, good hearted, a genuine philosopher, whose only companion is a wolf. Gwynplaine grows up with this man, and a blind baby girl that he rescues from the storm.

His life throws him constantly among people whose hard ways of eking out an existence make him continually familiar with poverty and want, and his horrible deformity, his grotesque laughing face becomes his only means of gaining a livelihood.

At last fate makes his history known, and he is restored to his legal birthright, and takes his seat in Parliament. There is a bill pending to increase the people's taxes; all vote in favor of the bill but Gwynplaine, now lord Clancharlie, and he has to give his reasons for opposing it.

Below we give the impression made by Gwynplaine upon the house of lords, and a portion of his speech:

"What is that man?" was the general cry.

An indescribable shudder ran along all the benches. That forest of hair, those cavernous sinkings under the eyebrows, that deep outlook from an eye that was not visible, the fierce modeling of that head—horrible mingling of light and shadow—it was wondrous. It surpassed everything. It was vain to have talked of Gwynplaine—the seeing him was awful. They even, who looked for it, could not have looked for it. Figure to yourself, upon a mountain reserved for the gods, and, upon a serene evening, the whole assemblage of the omnipotent gathered together, and the face of Prometheus, torn by the pecking of the vulture's beak, appearing all at once, like a bloody moon upon the horizon! Olympus recognizing Caucasus—what a spectacle! Young and old stared at Gwynplaine, open mouthed.

An old man, highly esteemed by all the chamber—one who had seen many men and many things, and was marked out for a dukedom—Thomas, Earl of Wharton, rose in fright. "What's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed. Who has introduced this man into the House? Let him be put out," and addressing himself disdainfully to Gwynplaine:

"Who are you? Whence do you come?" Gwynplaine answered:

"From the bottomless pit," and crossing his arms, he eyed the lords. "Who am I? I am wretchedness. My lords, I have something to say to you."

There was a shuddering, and silence, Gwynplaine continued: "My lords, you are placed high. You have power, opulence, pleasure, the sun immovable at your zenith, unlimited authority, enjoyment undivided, a total forgetfulness of others. So be it. But there is something below you. Above you, perhaps. My lords, I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists."

Assemblies resemble children; incidents are their surprise boxes, of which they were afraid, while delighting in them. Sometimes it seems as though a spring were touched, and a devil is seen to jump out of his hole. Thus Mirabeau in France, himself, too, deformed. Gwynplaine at this moment felt within him a strange expansion. A group of men whom you address is a tripod. You are, so to say, standing upon a pinnacle of souls; you have beneath your heel, a

tremor of human entrails. Gwynplaine was no longer the man who, the night previous, had been for an instant, almost diminutive. The fumes of his sudden elevation, that had troubled him, were lightened and had become transparent; and there, where Gwynplaine had been seduced by a vanity, he now perceived his function. That which, at first had lessened, now uplifted him. He was illumined by one of those grand lightning flashes that are evolved from duty.

From all sides around Gwynplaine, there was a cry: "Hear! hear!"

He, meanwhile, gathered up within himself, and superhuman, succeeded in maintaining on his countenance the severe and lugubrious contraction, under which the grin was prancing, like a wild horse ready to break away. He went on:

"I am he who comes from the depths. My lords, you are the great and the rich. That is perilous. You take advantage of the night. But have a care, there is a great power, the morning. The dawn cannot be vanquished. It will come. It comes. It has within it the outbreak of irresistible day. And who will hinder this sling from hurling the sun into the sky? The sun—that is right. You—you are privilege. Be afraid. The true master of the house is about to knock at the door. What is the father of Privilege? Chance. And what is his son? Abuse. Neither Chance nor Abuse is enduring. They have, both of them, an evil tomorrow. I come to warn you. I come to denounce to you your own bliss. It is made out of the ills of others. You have everything; and this is composed of others' nothing. My lords, I am a disheartened advocate, and I plead a cause that is lost. For myself, I am nothing save a voice. The human race is a mouth, and I am its cry. You shall hear me. I come before you, peers of England, to open the grand assizes of the people—that sovereign who is the patient one, that convict who is the judge. I am bowed down under what I have to say. Where to begin? I know not. I have picked up in the vast experience of suffering, my vast, though straggling pleas. Now, what shall I do with them? They overwhelm me, and I throw them forth pell-mell before me. Had I foreseen this? No. You are astonished. So am I. Yesterday I was a mountebank, to-day I am a lord. Deep played game. Of whom?"

Of the unknown. Let us tremble, all. My lords, all the azure is on your side. You do but see the holiday side of this immense universe; learn there is a shadow to it. Among you I am called lord Fermain Clancharlie, but my true name is a poor man's name, Gwynplaine. I am a wretch cut out from the stuff whereof the great are made, by a king whose good pleasure it was. This is my story. Several among you have known my father. It is by his feudal side that he is akin to you, while I cleave to him on his side of banishment.

I was thrown into the abyss. To what end? That I might see its very depth. I am a diver, and I bring up thence the pearl, truth. I speak because I know. You shall hear me, my lords. I have experienced. I have seen. Suffering—no, it is not a word. Omasters in bliss. Poverty—I have grown up in it; winter—I have shivered in it; famine—I have tasted it; scorn—I have undergone it; the plague—I have had it; shame—I have drank of it! And I will vomit it forth before you, and this vomit of all miseries will splash your feet, and will flame up. I hesitated before permitting myself to be brought to this place where I am, for I have other duties elsewhere, and it is not here that my heart is. What has taken place in me is not your affair. When the man whom you call the usher of the black rod, came to look for me on the part of the woman, whom you call queen, I thought, for a moment, of refusing. But it seemed to me that the mysterious hand of God urged me in this direction, and I obeyed. I felt it requisite that I should come among you. Why? Because of my yesterdays rags. It was in order that my voice should be raised among the satiated that God commingled me with the hungered. Oh! have pity! Oh! you know not this fatal world, whereunto you believe that you belong. So high that you believe you are on the outside of it. I will tell you what it is. I have had experience. I come up from beneath pressure. I can tell you how much you weigh. O ye who are masters, know you what you are? What you are doing—see you it? No. Ah! all is terrible.

"One night, a tempestuous night, very little, abandoned, an orphan, alone in boundless creation, I made my entry into this gloom that you call society. The first thing that I saw, was law, under the form of a gibbet; the second was wealth—it was your wealth—under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger; the third was the future, under the form of a child in agony; the fourth was the good, the true, the just, beneath the figure of a vagabond, whose only friend and companion was a wolf."

At this moment Gwynplaine, overcome by poignant

Department of Applied Christianity, Iowa College.

GRINNELL, IOWA, March 31, 1894.

Mr. B. O. Flower, Editor *The Arena*,

MY DEAR MR. FLOWER: I very heartily thank you for your strong and sympathetic words in commendation of the message of my little book, "The New Redemption." I thank you not simply on my own behalf, but on behalf of the kingdom of God, of which kingdom I believe we are both citizens. I believe that you have done this kingdom of God—by which I mean a just social order on the earth—a service in calling the attention of a large class or readers to my plea for righteousness. I believe that there are many who will respond to this plea who have not thought of themselves as religious men and women. From my heart, and on behalf of the movement for which I stand within the church, I thank you.

I must say, however, that I think you wholly misunderstand my religious attitude toward my fellow-men. I do not think you distinguish clearly between a dogmatic statement and a confession of faith. In my book I make an unceasing confession of faith in Christ as the one in whose person and teachings may be found a solution of all our problems, but I nowhere intimate that others shall see Him just as I see Him in order to work with me for the same end for which I am working. I do not believe that you are one whit readier than I am to work with a Turk, a Jew, an Agnostic, or men with no creed and every creed, in the movement for the establishing of righteousness in the world. If you will read my definition of a Christian, beginning on the twenty-fifth page of my new book, "The Christian Society," a copy of which I send you with my name inscribed within, you will see that I use the term not to define one's creed but to define a quality of life. For instance, I call John Stuart Mill and Frederick Harrison Christians. They are not such in creed, but they are such in practice. I do not demand that men shall believe all that I believe about Jesus, but I do plead for our trying to get practiced His teachings concerning right and wrong. The belief for which I plead is a moral rather than a theological belief. I will join hands with any and all men who will work with me toward establishing a Christ quality of human relations on the earth, without ever stopping for one moment to demand of any man that he shall believe as I believe. It is not a man's opinions that I care for, but his purpose and character. If unselfishness is the law of his life I believe that he is a Christian in the sight of Christ, though he be absolute materialist in his philosophy.

If you knew how much of a heretic I am considered within the church, and how I am sometimes condemned as a destroyer of the church by its theologians and ecclesiastics, and by its rich worshippers, I suspect that you would never dream of putting upon my words, confessing my faith in Jesus, the interpretation which you put upon them. You read into them a dogmatic and ecclesiastic meaning which is wholly foreign to their purpose. If you will read those words again, and read my new book, "The Christian Society," I think you will understand me better.

I do indeed believe in Jesus Christ. I believe in Jesus as the one man who has been wholly filled with the spirit of God, so that he was of one mind with God. I believe in Jesus as the one perfect revelation of what our human life really is. I believe that all the epochs and crises of history are but the process by which the world is being Christ-made. My belief in Jesus is the stay of my reason, my hope for the world, my meat and drink. I do not think there is an hour of my life when I am not conscious of this Jesus as a living, human, saving Christ. I can make no sense out of life, I can read no sense into the universe, except through faith in Him as the man we are all becoming. My belief in Jesus is the passion and vision of my life. I can find no other personal standard of righteousness than His that is worth having. I find that men who deny His standard as the one altogether unselfish and right, do exactly as you have done in your article—measure every other standard by Him, after all. The very utmost that has ever been claimed for those who have gone before, or come after Him, is that there are some things in them and their teachings like the person and teachings of Jesus.

emotion, felt the rising of sobs in his throat; and from this cause came the sinister fact, that he broke out into his laugh.

The contagion was immediate. There had been a cloud over the assemblage; it might have burst out into affright; it burst out into hilarity. The laugh, that full-blown madness, seized the whole chamber. The guest chambers of sovereign men ask nothing better than to play the fool. It is thus that they avenge themselves for being serious.

A laugh of kings is like a laugh of the gods; it is never without its cruel point. The lords betook themselves to sport. Sneering made the laugh more pungent. They clapped their hands around him who had been speaking and mocked him. A hurly-burly of jocose interjections assailed him—a gay and murderous hailstorm. Gwynplaine looked earnestly for a moment at these men who were laughing.

"Then," he cried, "you insult misery. Silence, peers of England! Judges, hear the pleadings! Oh, I conjure you, have pity! Pity on whom? Pity on yourselves. Who is in danger? You are. Do you not perceive that you are in scales, and that there is in one scale your power, and in the other your responsibility? Oh! do not laugh! Think of it. You are not wicked. You are men as others are, neither better nor worse. You believe yourselves gods; be ill tomorrow, and see your divinity shaking with fever! we are all of equal value. I address myself to honest minds; there are some here. I address myself to exalted intelligences; there are some here. I address myself to generous souls; there are some here. You are fathers, sons and brothers; therefore you are often moved. He among you who looked this morning at his little child, is good. Hearts are the same. Humanity is nothing else than a heart. Between those who oppress, and those who are oppressed, the only difference is in the place where they are situated. Your feet tread upon their heads; but it is not your fault. It is the fault of the social Babel. Faulty construction, everything out of the perpendicular. One story overlaps another. Listen to me, and I will explain it. O! since you are powerful, be fraternal; since you are great, be gentle! If you only knew what I have seen! Alas! in the lower grades, what torments! The human race is in a dungeon! How many convicts who are innocent! Light is wanting, air is wanting, virtue is wanting; there is no hope, and what is terrible, there is no expectation.

"Take note of these distresses. There are beings who live in death. There are little girls who begin at eight by prostitution, and end at twenty by old age. As for penal punishments, they are fearful. I speak somewhat at random, but I do not pick out. I say what comes into my mind. No later than yesterday, I, who am here, saw a man naked and in chains, with stones upon his belly, expire under torture. Do you know that? No. If you knew what is occurring, no one of you would dare to be happy. Who among you has been to Newcastle on Tyne? There are men in the mines who chew coal to fill the stomach and cheat hunger. Look you, in Lancashire, Ribblesdale has sunk from town to village, by force of indigence. I do not find that Prince George of Denmark stands in need of an additional hundred thousand of guineas. I should prefer receiving the poor sick man into the hospital, without making him pay his funeral charges in advance. In Caernarvon, at Traithmaur, as at Traithbichan, the exhaustion of the poor is terrible. At Strafford, the marshes cannot be drained for want of money. The cloth manufactories are closed all through Lancashire. Want of work everywhere. Are you aware that the Harlech herring-fishermen eat grass, when the fishery fails? Are you aware that at Burton Lazars there are still certain lepers driven into the woods, who are fired at if they come out of their dens? At Ailesbury, whereof one of you is lord, dearth is the permanent order of things. At Penckridge, in Coventry, whereof you have just endowed the cathedral, and enriched the bishop, there are no beds in the hovels, and holes are dug in the ground for little children to sleep in, so that, in place of beginning with the cradle they begin with the tomb. I have seen these things myself. My lords, do you know who pays the taxes that you vote? Those who are dying. Alas! you deceive yourselves. You take a wrong road. You augment the poverty of the poor, to augment the riches of the rich. It is the reverse that must be done. What, take from the laborer to give to the idle? Take from the ragged to give to the overfed! Take from the indigent to give to a prince! Oh! yes, I have old republican blood in my veins. I hold all this in horror. I execrate kings. What is there in a king?—a man, a feeble and sorry subject of wants and infirmities. Of what use is a king? You fill to overflowing this parasite royalty. Of this earthworm you make a boa. Of this tapeworm you make a dragon. Mercy for the poor! You add weight to the impost for the benefit of the throne. Beware of the laws that you decree! Beware of the painful sting of the ants whom you are crushing! Lower your eyes! Look at your feet! O great ones, there are little ones! Have pity! Yes pity for yourselves, for the multitudes are in agony, and that which is below—in dying—brings death upon that which is above. When night comes, none can keep their own corner of daylight.

"They are merry faces, these men! It is well. Irony sets itself face to face with agony. The sneer does outrage on the death-rattle. They are all powerful. It is possible. Be it so. It will be seen. Ah! I am one of theirs. I am also one of yours, O you, the poor! A king sold me; a poor man picked me up. Who mutilated me? a prince. Who cured me and nourished me? a man dying of hunger. I am Lord Clanchester, but I remain Gwynplaine. I am connected with the great and I belong to the small. I am among those who enjoy, and of those who suffer. Ah! this society

is false. One day the true society will come. Then there will be no more lords; there will be free, living men. There will be no more masters; there will be fathers.

This is the future. No more prostration, no more ignorance, no more abasement, no more beasts of burden, no more courtiers, no more valets, no more kings—light! In the meanwhile, here am I. I have a right, and I make use of it. Is it a right? No if I use it for my own ends. Yes, if I use it for the benefit of all. I will speak to the lords, being one of them. O my grovelling brethren, I will tell them of your destitution. I will stand up with a handful of the people's rags in my hand and I will shake over the masters the misery of the slaves, and they will be able no longer—they, the favored and haughty ones—to hold themselves aloof from remembrance of the unfortunate, and to deliver themselves—they, the princes—from the smart of the poor; and if the poor be vermin, so much the worse; and so much the better, if it fall upon lions."

There is always some one who sums up everything in a word. Lord Scarsdale translated the feeling of the assemblage into an exclamation: "What has this monster come to do here!"

Gwynplaine stood up, desperate, indignant, as it were in a supreme convulsion. He eyed them with fixed look.

"What do I come to do here? I come to be terrific. I am a monster, say you? No; I am the people. I am an exception? No; I am the whole world. It is you who are the exception. You are the chimera, and I am the reality. I am the fearful Man who Laughs. Who laughs at what? At you. At himself. At everything. And what is his laugh? Your crime and his torment. This crime, he throws it in your face; this torment, he spits it in your face! I weep."

He stopped. They were silent. The laughter continued, but it was low. He could count in some degree on having regained attention. He drew a long breath and went on:

"This laugh that is on my face, it was a king who put it there. This laugh expresses universal desolation. This laugh means hate, contains silence, madness, despair. This laugh is the result of tortures. This laugh is a forced laugh."

* * * * *

"Paradises built over hells totter; there is suffering, there is suffering, and that which is above, leans over; and that which is below, gaps open; the shadow asks to become light; the damned discuss the elect; it is the people that are oncoming. I tell you it is the man who ascends; it is the end that is beginning; it is the red dawning of catastrophe—and this is what there is in this laugh, at which you are laughing. London is a perpetual fete. Be it so. England is, from end to end, one acclamation. Yes. But harken. All that you see is myself. You have your festivals—they are my laugh. You have public rejoicings—they are my laugh. You have marriages, consecrations, coronations—they are my laugh. You have births of princes—they are my laugh. Above you, you have the thunder—it is my laugh."

England's Lesson not Adequate.

The *Light of Truth*, in commenting upon the National Union for Practical Progress, as outlined in the *Arena*, says:

Mr. Flower is very emphatic in the statement that there is no need for bloodshed, and he cites the revolution in England in the forties which brought about the repeal of the Corn Laws, and argues that in those conditions and their peaceful settlement lies our lesson. We are in the midst of such a crisis. The cruel, inhuman laws and customs of the day must be overthrown. The same juggernaut which ground into the dust the black slave now rides rough-shod over the white wage slave. Men are being driven to deeds of violence. Events are following upon each other with startling rapidity. We are nearly at the meeting and parting of the ways and the question: What constitutes government? has got to be settled in the near future. The fair-minded men of the nation are convinced that the supremacy of either the old parties means one and the same thing to the people at large, particularly the producing classes to wit: wealth, luxury and idleness for the few, and poverty, despair and slavery for the many. No nation can live where the natural resources and the products of labor pass from the control of the people. That this is our position to-day requires no argument. It is obvious enough, and the only question now agitating the minds of those who see ahead is the patience of the people to await the process of evolution, aided by wise counsel, or plunge into its alternative, revolution, with all the horrors attendant thereupon. Mr. Flower and the National Union for Practical Progress are striving for the former side of this question. The nature and scope of the work embraces popular educational agitation, the welding together of "those who love for the service of those who suffer," education of a fundamental character, and practical philanthropy. Here, then, is an opportunity for all who desire to co-operate in averting bloodshed. There should be no sect in this work. It is for patriots irrespective of religious proclivities or political alliances.

The lesson from England may do very well as far as it goes—an "emergency measure," but so long as London slums remain uncleansed, so long as there is a "Darkest England," the lesson does not cover the ground, will not meet the demands of the dawning era of *right-ness*, of a social system which rightly relates each part to all others.

I am driven to Jesus by my passion for humanity. The wrong, injustice and oppression of the world humiliate, hurt and crush me. I feel as if the sin of the world were all, somehow, my own sin, and that I myself am responsible for getting it out of the world. The woe and shame of the world break my heart, wrench my brain, and make life a sort of a continuous, divine agony. To whom shall I go, and to whom shall any of us go, for a way out of all this except to Jesus? I see more clearly every day that if men would only do as Jesus tells them, if they would only practice His teachings, that there would be perfect justice and peace and right among men, and we should have heaven upon the earth—as I believe we one day surely will have—and perhaps sooner than we think. It is because of my love for men, because I would save the world from the evil and misery, slavery and selfishness, I find it in, that I point to Jesus. I can find no other man, no other teachings, to have absolute faith in except in Jesus. I do believe that His is the one name under heaven whereby we may be saved.

But you wholly misunderstand me if you think for one moment, that I speak in this way because I am determined to have other men accept my opinions or work in my way. I think I am one of the last men on earth who would undertake to compel other men to believe exactly as I believe, or refuse to work with men of other creeds. In fact I have no creed except that I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as incarnating, revealing and teaching the kind of righteousness we must all practice, in order to set this world right and make it a kingdom of heaven. Faithfully yours,
GEORGE D. HERRON.

Where the Sun Goes Down.

Saturday, June 16-'94.

TO COL. A. VINETTE:

The present opportunity is taken to inform you, one and all, that you have all been heard from in various ways since you took your departure the second time; and we are all glad to know that you have passed through the great American desert and entered the confines of Kansas without fatal results.

Of course you have heard of the 172 men sent up for four months in this city by the U. S. district judge, and how they were placed in six different jails to serve that time and meditate on the heinous offence which they committed in stealing a ride.

Col. Baker was not with them when captured, but was here in the city during the trial passing about incognito. Anna Smith is badly grieved over the sentence inflicted, but has spoken three nights to big crowds. Your commissary was with these men on that side from Mojave to Barstow, but escaped arrest. Any man who saw that object lesson at the U. S. court room, who saw those 172 men marched in there and out by a pack of deputy U. S. marshals, saw something he will not soon forget.

It was a scene that led to meditation, that stirred the feelings and aroused thoughts of indignation and rebellion. To think that unjust laws should have brought honest, willing labor to such a condition—a condition where every one of them could say, and have it fit their individual cases: "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." Not one of these men has a home on this green earth which is credited with belonging to the Lord, and not one of them can find rest for the sole of his foot outside of the highway without trespassing on forbidden territory. Not one of them has a change of clothes to his back, a second pair of shoes to his feet or any money in his pocket, so if poverty is a sure passport

to heaven, as the bible informs us, they will never be in a better condition to die than they are now.

And both society and the government seem willing they should die, for by act and tacit admission they concede we have no room or use for them in any part of this broad land.

Four months will hold them until the great register is closed, so you see 172 votes against plutocracy are knocked out by a sentence which produces two results. Private information received by Savage from Oregon, reveals the fact that money in unknown quantities was used to decide the late election, the result of which was proclaimed within 500 votes before the returns were known, or over 1,000 votes counted in Portland.

The effect of that state on others was considered too great to be backward about the free use of the sack, and money did what it has many times before, decided the result of a state election.

Savage speaks to-night at Santa Monica and we have a blowout at the old court house. Bernard, Ellis and White still remain under bonds, with no date set for a trial, at Redlands. One hundred of Baker's men who left the main body at Mojave came down here Thursday, but were told if they came inside the city they would be arrested and made to do time on the chain gang. How they succeeded in getting anything to eat, I do not know, but they broke up in small squads and have started on to pass through hell before they can get through Arizona and New Mexico.

The Roscoe train robbers with whom you fellows were lodged by Uncle Sam in this city, were declared in just three minutes by the jury; but the county will pay \$2,000 for getting that verdict, just the same. Law and perjured detectives come high, but we must have them. The associated charities report that twice as many people are being fed to-day as were six weeks ago, and the number is on the increase. Suicides are getting too common to mention; and I noticed a report of one in the *Chronicle* the other day where they said no cause could be assigned, but as he left nothing but a pair of socks or such a matter, it might have been poverty.

I have earned and spent \$81 in legal money of the U. S. since Jan. 1st, and the year is most half gone. At this rate I shall soon be a millionaire.

With regards to you all,

C. SEVERANCE,
Los Angeles, Cal. Box 451.

"The Foundation of all Questions."

Mrs. WAISBROOKER:—I have your esteemed favor of June 19th, and note carefully all you have to say. I read quite a number of the issues containing the story, and I thought well of it, but after awhile, from the pressure of other business, I stopped reading it. Not that I do not have an interest in such matters, and especially in your work, for you have shown an earnestness to benefit the world almost unprecedented, and I presume will continue to the end.

I enclose two dollars so that you can continue Mrs. B's subscription. If I had more time, I would like to write you more at length. Of course, in the occult, I see the true principle of the sex question, but it is a subject so thoroughly misunderstood by the world

at large that it is not pleasant to write much about it, especially for one so deep in business as I am. In my occult magazine, I shall lead up to it later on, and I hope to have much to say to enlighten others.

We, as a people, are so fearfully corrupt, financially and morally, that I do not see why we are not wiped off the face of the earth, but we are approaching a time when we shall almost be exterminated, in the bitter fight that is coming between right and wrong. Wrong will go under, but the cost will be fearful.

The commonweal armies are but the beginning of a movement that is to come, but the politicians will not take warning from it. They cannot see what is back of it, but will undoubtedly seek their destruction. I am a peace man at any cost and would dread to see an open eruption. The sex question is the foundation of all questions. It is the question that can make us into gods, or drive us to be devils. If we are master of it, we will be divine. If it becomes master of us, we will be lower than swine. Wishing you good health and success, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

JOS. M. WADE.

Boston, Mass., June 23-'94.

Not Hopeful.

[The following is the postscript to the letter published in F. P. June 5th.]

Since writing the other sheet I thought that I would give you my views on the political labor reform agitation. So far as I am able to learn, a majority of these agitators are just as selfish and dishonest as the men that they would put out, and their motive for agitating is that the other man has capital and they, themselves, have none, and no other way to get it; but give them the chance and they will legally shove! in their fellow laborer's pile quicker than the other man with a golden spoon will.

I would as soon trust a czar or a kaiser with power as I would "reformers." But it is thought that if they are elected by the laborers they will think it to their interest to help labor; but the capitalists have the wherewith to make them feel that it is for their interest to help capital. In fact the capitalists as now combined are stronger than the government, and when they see fit they will put the government out of their way. And this will not be because they cannot control it, but because a government with a republican form is too expensive for them.

Jay Gould said it was cheaper to buy legislatures than it was to elect them; but constantly buying them costs too much, so they will put in some of their confidential help for a life time.

You may think that the people won't stand it, but they will. Numbers may oppose, but Gatling guns, repeating rifles and thousand pound bombs can soon reduce numbers to order. The people have the majority but the other man has the means; and if the people cannot rule with the ballot they cannot with the bullet. The advantage of means here is greater.

You refer to the slavery agitation, but you should remember that when that came the larger part of the country was already free from that form of slavery, and capitalists preferred hired labor because it did not cost so much; but now the earth, the air, and even the spirit world is full of those who stand for "vested rights" of capital, and those who do not can be bought by it.

Well, I do not wish to discourage you, but my guides teach me that war is no remedy for the our present ills, that we must "flee into the wilderness" and stay until the evil works itself off, which it will when present civilization (?) kills itself again, as it did fifteen or

more centuries ago. It is too sick to live.

Well, you may do what you please with this letter. I have relieved my mind to you and that is all I can do so far, so will stop for the present.

Yours for truth and humanity,
J. G. TRUMAN.

Wants it Published.

DEAR FRIEND:—For one who is so truly the friend of humanity as you, is my very dear friend, too. I was very much pleased to receive a copy of "FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES" and hope you may have the means and the strength to send it out sowing the seeds of truth for a long time yet: for as long as there is need I pray.

I read the "Wherefore Investigating Co." with a great deal of interest, and profit too. If there was anything needed to convince me that it is wrong to hold land out of use, that story has removed every doubt.

My copy of the story is travelling and will reach many hands before it is home again. I would like to have it in book form; if you decide to publish it I will do what I can to help. If times were not so hard I could sell a good many copies here. I think the story is well worth preserving in a more permanent form than in the columns of a periodical.

If I had been at that meeting of the Wherefore Investigating Co. when they were discussing the "how," I believe I would have said something about my pet hobby—the Initiative Referendum, or direct legislation. It is the only remedy I can see unless, as you say, we shall be able to think these wrongs out of existence.

I hope it is true, but I have not yet risen to the height where I can say "I believe." Very truly yours,

MRS. TINKHAM.]

Woolly, Wash.

Helped by Euehalyne.

SISTER LOIS—I received yours some time ago. Gave the extra copies away, and have the second party reading all of the numbers containing the story.

I hope that astrologer is wide of the mark in regard to a chance of your passing over this year. We do not want F. P. to be without Lois at the helm, nor, if she must go, to have her take the secret of Euehalyne with her.

It has done me a power of good. My nervous system is getting back to its proper tone since using one package, and I think one more, for which I enclose the money, will make me all right.

Please send me also *The Fountain of Life*, and *A Sex Revolution*. Have the *Occult Forces of Sex*, and have read *Helen Harlow's Vow*.

Wishing you success through these hard times, I remain your friend,

GRIFF LLOYD.

Carbonado, Wash.

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 complexion 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.]

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. containing the story, "The Wherefore Investigating Company," can be furnished for 50 cents each, or three to one address for \$1.

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.

I rescind 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.

The letter from brother Séverance, headed: "Where the sun goes down," was read from the platform of the city park last Sabbath, by Col. Vinette, of the Los Angeles Commonwealers, and I requested it for publication. We are having interesting meetings there from Sunday to Sunday. Their inauguration is due to Mrs. MaBee.

Mrs. Mary Jones, of Chicago, called the mother of the Commonwealers, was to have spoken at the court house last evening (June 25,) though permission was obtained from the sheriff, the janitor did not make his appearance, and the meeting was adjourned to the city park. It is said that Mrs. Jones is wealthy. Her appearance indicates that she is used to good society, but she espouses the cause of our disinherited with zeal and enthusiasm. The evolutionary power of the eternal forces of growth is behind this movement, and those who belittle and oppose it are made mad by the gods. When I found the court house closed, the heat and the duties of the day had so far exhausted me I returned home, and at this writing have not heard from the park meeting.

Mrs. Jones tells me that Gen. Randall has reached Washington with his men—there are several thousand Commonwealers at the capital, that the report that Bennett had skipped with \$100 collected at the Populist convention is false—that he is in St Louis with his men.

Those who have my small books which have not my likeness, can have one printed from the same plate as that in my large books, by sending ten cents.

OUR GWYNPLAINE.

Victor Hugo, in his character of Gwynplaine has personated the disinherited everywhere, and to-day, our Gwynplaine is demanding his birthright. Justice to the disinherited! how shall it be accomplished? If a single nation can solve the problem, if one nation can restore Gwynplaine's inheritance without self-destruction, then all nations can, and will; for the fruits of justice will be such that all nations will hasten to partake. Some nation must move forward, must succeed or civilization is a failure. Our business then, is with our Gwynplaine, with the disinherited, in our own land, for if this nation does not, cannot solve this problem, what nation can! Not one. It is our work, and we must succeed or—the nation must die.

Gwynplaine says: "I am a wretch cut out from the stuff from which the great are made, by a king whose good pleasure it was."

Our Gwynplaine has not purposely been made what he is, but still that which he has lacked has been withheld for the pleasure of the ruling powers. Congress, president, ministers, corporations, land monopolists, bankers, millionaires, college endowment funds out upon interest, bonds, all these, and more, have eaten up his substance—and have left him a ragged tramp, have made his sons drunkards and his daughters prostitutes, have disfigured him soul and body till he is the sport and the horror of those who look upon him.

Are women starving in garrets or rotting in cellars, it is because the wealth of the land is wasted in pleasure and extravagance. Are children crying for bread? Dogs—the pet dogs of the rich wear diamonds. Does Gwynplaine complain? put him upon the rock pile or attach a ball and chain to his leg. He raves in our insane asylums, his progeny fill our prisons. The blind, the dumb, the suicides claim him for sire. On every hand he wanders and what shall be done with him?

Ah, he has started for Washington. He will surround the capital; he will call his servants to account. He will plead with them to give him relief, or he will demand that which is his own. He says:

"Look at us and see what your wealth—see what that thing called property—that to which you give your allegiance has cost us. That you may live in palaces, we live in huts, in dugouts, or tramp the highway. That you may have immense tracts of land, we are landless. That you may dress in satin and fine cloth, we wear rags. That you may have gold and diamonds, we starve, and yet you do not mean it; you do not see what you are doing."

Yes, our Gwynplaine is beginning to see that this is true, that there are causes for such results that have not been considered causes—is beginning to see that this competitive system of society is all wrong—that while it continues just such results are inevitable—that the system itself must go.

Interest must go. Wage slavery must go. Large salaries for some, and toil for a pittance for others, must go. The motive powers of society must be brought to bear upon the moral, instead of, as now, upon the selfish organs of the brain, and I have never yet seen such a change of motive power portrayed except in Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

Let those who have not read that book, get and read it, and let all who have read it, get and study it.

With such an application of the motive powers of society as is there portrayed there need be no "paradises built over hells." With such an adjustment of labor as is there portrayed none would need to overwork and yet there would be an abundance for all, and it is the only system yet proposed which wholly liberates woman, and deals justly by children. Under such a system there could be no Gwynplaines.

Oh, if the land could belong to all the people, and

labor be harmonized and utilized, what a paradise this land of ours could become.

Four hours of labor a day would be sufficient to produce enough to secure to each and all an abundance to meet every individual want, while public magnificence could be continually on the increase, and every citizen, great or small, could say of such magnificence: It is ours.

Mr. Flower in the May *Arena*, talks of emergency measures, of the Mississippi and its tributaries with their annual overflow destroying property and preventing the utilization of millions of acres of the richest of lands—says the government could have employed our idle men in making such overflows impossible. Yes, but when that work was done all who owned lands along those banks would be enriched, but those who did that work must still be poor and hungry unless more work was furnished. No respite for them from a life of toil.

Coxey proposes his good road bill, and as an emergency measure it would be a success, but when the roads were all right, what next for the wage slave? When each and all are secured, as their natural human birthright, a full supply for all their needs; when no one can push another in order to get the most, then the nation can have its roads what they should be; then river banks may be bricked and stoned, cemented, or whatever material may be used, till the Missouri will no longer leave her course to wash towns down stream.

Then the Mississippi can be told: Thus far and no farther can you go, and the mighty river will obey the mighty nation while the children of the nation can play in safety beside its swollen tides.

There will be labor enough and time enough in which to do all this, and a thousandfold more, and none need suffer from hunger, cold or weariness while doing it. Four hours a day with the best of machinery at command; swift running national roads upon which each man can hasten to his family, no worker going so far away but he can do this when his four hours' work is done. Twenty hours to himself and four hours to the nation, and all the comforts, all the luxuries of life secure.

Yes, there will be labor enough, for with the incentive to crime taken away crime would almost if not quite, cease, and policemen enough could be liberated from the degrading task of being watch dogs, to do that little job—to secure the banks of those rebellious rivers, and it wouldn't take long, either.

What an enthusiasm could be gotten up! What discoveries could be made! Will men volunteer to go and be shot at for the sake of national glory or to save from national dismemberment, and women force back their tears and bid them go, and shall we doubt their enthusiasm where life, health, and the glory of making our land the leader of all lands is the motive power.

Then death to competition, conflict and war. Death to the whole paraphernalia of the old. Let it give place to universal fraternity, to the solidarity of the race.

FORCED GROWTH.

In spite of the narrowness of creeds there is growth in the churches; a growth which is brought about through the vitalizing of the mental atmosphere by independent thinkers whose hearts yearn over humanity, and whose discovered truths are not held back from fear, policy, or any other motive. Such truths permeate the mental atmosphere as the sun's rays do the physical atmosphere, and that which has life must grow.

Yes, there is life, spiritual life in the churches, but it is a bound life, an enslaved life, a tied up life—tied by the psychology of ages of teaching impressed upon the plastic brain of childhood, and transmitted through hereditary law. Such as have spiritual life must grow in the mental atmosphere that is now be-

ing-generated, and which bears them forward in spite of themselves, but they still cling to titles, names, authority. Like the little girl with her dolly, they want to take that which has been their ideal with them but they re-clothe, give it broader significance while they still retain the old form.

It is living, loving souls whose brains are still in bondage, or at best are but partially liberated, who do this. Thus we have such books as "The New Redemption," and such men as Professor George D. Herron of Grinnell college, Ia. Will the reader scan his letter to B. O. Flower as published in the *Arena* and reproduced in another column of this issue of F. P., and then say, if they can, that such men are not honest, earnest and loving in their natures. They are so enslaved by their early teachings that they cannot, as yet, perhaps never in this life, let go their reliance upon another, either as a saviour or as a pattern, and standing squarely upon their own feet, repudiate all personal authority. Prof. Herron says:

I am driven to Jesus by my passion for humanity. The wrong injustice and oppression of the world humiliate, hurt and crush me. I feel as if the sin of the world were all, somehow, my own sin; and that I myself am responsible for getting it out of the world. The woe and shame of the world break my heart, wrench my brain and make life a sort of a continuous, divine agony. To whom shall I go, and to whom shall any of us go, for a way out of all this except to Jesus?

I know of those who have as great a "passion for humanity" as Prof. Herron can have, a passion involving all their powers of body, soul and spirit, who feel much stronger much more hopeful since they let go of Jesus. The Jesus idea, as I see it, is but the narrowing down of an, as yet enshadowed but universal truth, to the limits of a personality, and what is idealized as the teachings of Jesus can never be actualized so long as colleges draw interest from endowment funds. If the man, Jesus ever lived other than as an ideal character, whatever of truth he uttered did not and could not derive its authority from him. It was as authoritative before he said it as afterward.

The principles, the law of relations involved in mathematics never needed a Jesus to uphold them; no more do the sciences of chemistry, astronomy, geology, etc. When we understand and obey the natural requirements of any of these we command the results; and when we understand and obey the natural requirements of a perfect social system we can then command all that is desirable in that department of life, but in this as well as in the others the principles involved must be discovered and the right conditions secured before they can be applied, and further, we, ourselves, must make both the discovery, and the conditions. The sin and misery will not disappear till this is done, and it seems to me that the best way to accomplish a thing is to be self-reliant; relying upon others or another, is an element of weakness.

As representing a principle the idea of a—of one God-man has influenced all nations, but, that God or the ruling life of all that is, must become manifest in the flesh through each and all, is comparatively new, and yet it is, it must be true. The God-power, the capacity to understand and apply all that is needed for human happiness resides within, not without.

The life and character of Jesus who is called the Christ needs an unbiased proof reader. What do I mean? Simply this: It is well known to printers and editors that those who are familiar with the subject in hand, and particularly those who have written an article is not as likely to read the proof well, not as likely to discover the mistakes the type setter has made, as is one who has no previous knowledge of the matter to be corrected. The why of this is, one who reads an article with a preconceived idea of what it should be, gets an image of that idea so stamped upon the brain that it projects itself between him and the paper and he is quite likely to read from the brain picture instead of from the paper itself, and of course he does not see the mistakes.

That is what is the matter with the enthusiastic admirers of the character of Jesus. Did he live in our day, or did any one of us really do as he did or is said to have done we should consider the character of such an one as having much to admire, but still very imperfect. I opine that even Prof. Herron would be disillusioned. But now, educated as he has been to consider Jesus "without spot or blemish, Mr. Herron, nor any other thus educated, is competent to testify. All such are more than likely to read from their own brain and soul ideals than from the real character of the Nazarine.

Yes, I believe Mr. Herron honest and deeply in earnest, but I further believe that neither he nor others like him are really as liberal as they think they are. Mr. Caldwell, editor of *Christian Life*, as honest a man as I believe Prof. Herron to be, wrote me I had done them injustice in a statement I had made, that they were willing to work with any one irrespective of their belief, sending me at the same time the articles of incorporation for a proposed joint stock Co. and in the preamble was a declaration of Christian belief. Its purpose I could accept, but its methods I could not, and yet I could not become a member of the Company, could not take stock therein and thus share its benefits without stultifying myself by putting my name to what I do not in the least believe, and Professor Herron says to Mr. Flower:

I do not think you distinguish clearly between a dogmatic statement and a confession of faith. In my book I make an unceasing confession of faith in Christ as the one in whose person and teachings may be found a solution of all our problems, but I nowhere intimate that others shall see Him just as I see Him in order to work with me for the same end for which I am working.

Now what is it that he is working for? He says of the Summer School of Applied Christianity, of which he seems to be the leading spirit. The objects of this Institute are the following:

1. To claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice.
2. To study in common how to apply the principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time.

3. To present Christ as the Living Master and King of men, and his kingdom as the complete ideal of human society, to be realized upon earth.

The Professor then adds: To all who would unite in a week of study and prayer, to the end that God's Kingdom may come and his will be done through Jesus Christ, an urgent invitation is given to attend this Summer School of Applied Christianity.

Oh, yes, the man is perfectly willing to work with all men, "Jew or Turk" who will work for the same end he is working for. The stated objects of the Institute show plainly the end he is working for, and the irony of such a claim to liberality lies in the fact that in case such as he names should work for the same end he does, they would no longer be Jews, or Turks, but Christians. It would be laughable it were not so pitiable—such psychological enslavement of human brains. One might as well look to the teaching of Christ for the solution of a problem in mathematics as to look to him for a solution of our economic and social difficulties. In both cases it is a question of rightness, of right relations one part with another. Finding such right relations is not the work of the moral nor of the emotional, but of the intellectual nature.

"FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT."

Have received from the author, John B. McCormick, Holyoke, Mass., a pamphlet of 46 pages entitled "Reasoning from Cause to Effect," which is really a plea for free trade. Having seen many years ago that the cause of the evils which afflict society lies much deeper than either tariff or free trade reach, I do not feel sufficient interest in the subject matter to read the pamphlet critically, but from the author's standpoint the subject seems to be well handled, and that he is honest in his opposition to tariff is evidenced by the fact that he is one of a class who are supposed to be benefitted by tariff, to-wit: a manufacturer.

But however much he may feel for those he considers robbed by tariff, when he looks to free trade to restore the prosperous conditions of the past, he will find himself mistaken. We are entering upon, or are preparing to enter upon a new and higher order of society. We do not want the old back; we shall not be satisfied till the land, and all public utilities are transferred from individuals and corporations to the entire people. I was going to say restored, but that cannot be restored to the people which they have never had notwithstanding it rightfully belongs to them. We have talked brotherhood, but through the inevitable action of a false economic system, have lived robberhood.

If one doubts it let him read the letter of C. Severance, as found in another column, and consider the case of the 172 men who have not where to lay their heads. All this must be changed, and when I say all, I mean all. Neither tariff tinkering, nor free trade tinkering can mend a system inherently false. A system which fills free trade England's great cities with slums, and does the same here in America, with a protective tariff, must be probed deeper than that to find the cause of such results.

The reason I have, so far, issued once in two weeks since commencing Vol. V. is to keep my girl employed. I have a good girl, and I do not want to risk losing her because of not giving her work but half the time. I am thinking however, of putting "The Wherefore Investigating Company" into book form, and if so, the paper will not be issued so often. How many others will write me as Mrs. Tinkham of Woolley, Wash. does? Let me hear from you, friends. It depends a good deal upon you whether it is made into a book or not. Surely! the wherefore of things needs investigating, and among the evils of that 'wherefore' is unoccupied land, land left vacant, unused, while the people must tramp homeless and hungry, and that is one of the main points brought out in the story. It will make an impression upon young minds as well as older ones. It will become an educational agent for good if you will, whoop it up. Come, what will you do?

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.

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

The lowest report that has come to me of the number of Commonwealers in and around Washington is 6,000. The highest report makes it 15,000, and those who are there can say, "and still they come," as they question' what of the harvest?

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

NOT UNUSUAL.

The Union Pacific will sell tickets to 4th of July excursionists at one fare for the round trip.

See your nearest U. P. agent for full particulars.

Cheap Rates for the 4th.

One fare for the round trip via the Union Pacific.

See your nearest U. P. agent for particulars.

JUST ONE-HALF

the regular fare will be charged 4th of July excursionists on Union Pacific lines. See your nearest U. P. agent for dates of sale and limits on tickets.

A. M. FULLER,
City Agt.

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

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Appreciation.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—We can fully recommend your books to all who have not read them. We have read three of them and think them the best books we ever read. "The Threefold Power of Sex" should be in the hands of every prospective mother.

Very respectfully,
T. E. JEFFCOAT,
LUCY JEFFCOAT.

Abilene, Kan.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Through the kindness of a friend, I have received and read FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES and enjoyed reading it thoroughly. I intended sending for it as soon as I noticed it was to be published, and the one that sent the paper to me will ever have my sincere thanks.

Have read "Helen Harlow" and should like it in book form, also "Mabel Raymond's Resolve," for the girls, which I hope soon to be able to do. If you continue to publish F. P. please send it on. I tried writing you last night, but failed, so for the present will close.

Sincerely yours,
DELIA YOUNG,

Preparation, Ia.

DEAR FRIEND:—The bundle of papers received also postal. It was all right for you to publish my letter. You can continue to send the paper and I will remit. Permit me to say I regard your writings on the sex question as the soundest and broadest ever published that I know of. I showed your books to some old friends of Dr. Bradford here, who formerly lived at New Castle, Pa. They thought Dr. B. might appreciate such ideas but they did not. Thought it was Free Love!! The trouble is so few people are intelligent or progressive enough to appreciate thoughts on such an advanced plane. Anything not comprehended in the physical or material they have no use for. I must say once more, your threefold philosophy is the best thing ever written on the sex question. Wishing you many years of good work yet, I remain

Yours,

E. H. UNDERHILL,
Elmira, N. Y. Box 71.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have read your FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES of last year and I find the paper good to my social health. I am glad that friend Lizzie called my attention to this question.

I cannot procure a postal note at our office so I will take the liberty to send you stamps to the amount to pay the debt I owe you. I hope to be able to take your good paper this year, but may not be able to start with the first issue. Wishing you success, please give my best wishes to Bro. Harman.

Hope the way I remit for my last year's subscription will be satisfactory. Have been spreading the work, have two converts and found one who is old in the cause.

I will close by saying: Bring women to the front and crime will go to the rear with a rush.

GEO. W. MACNINCH,
New Basil, Kan.

DEAR SISTER LOIS:—I see by your note in *Lucifer* that you are about to commence (or resume) the publication of "FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES," so I send \$1.00 for two copies for one year, one for myself and one for Mrs. Anna Macker, same address as my own.

I think, dear sister, when you are called to change spheres of life you will be found with your working harness on, and I expect you will only exchange it then for one that does not gall you as I know your earthly one often does.

You don't know how much that message from my sweet daughter Lona, through you last summer, comforts me. Do you remember she said: "Mamma, it will not be so long 'till you come to us, and papa will not be long behind." I long to change spheres, for I seem to be doing no good here; am so feeble in body, and "over there," with a spirit, body and the earnest desire I have to work, work, I feel that the change will be beneficial to myself and to humanity.

Hoping your health is improving, I am as ever,

Truly your sister,
SYLVINA L. WOODARD,
Golden Eagle, Ill.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:

DEAR MADAM—Permit me to express my most sincere thanks for the copies of FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES you sent me a few days ago. I never had the faintest idea that you treated the sex question in the manner I gather from your paper. I must confess that I am intensely interested, and in two or three weeks shall send you my order for your books.

I wish I had known about this before, and hope to receive benefit from it now. I have read the Christian Life, and some of Hiram Butler's writings, and liked them, but it always seemed to me that the teachings they put forth were in conflict with one of the strongest demands of human nature.

I shall be interested to read your books as I only gather fragments from the paper. Truly yours, T. N. Lake May, Fla.

[I frequently receive letters addressed as is the first of the following, and "Dear Sir" ad infinitum; while even those who have known me for years will spell my first name Louis instead of simply Lois. Masculine rule!]

INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING CO.,
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Sirs:—In the June number of the *Arena* I see an advertisement of Lois Waisbrooker's books. A year ago the "Occult Forces of Sex" fell into my hands, and I was quite glad to find that Mrs. Waisbrooker had taken a position so nearly identical with my own upon so vital a question. Will you kindly send me her other books advertised in the magazine before named? "Helen Harlow's Vow, or Self-Justice," "Perfect Motherhood, or Mabel Raymond's Resolve," "A Sex Revolution" and the "Fountain of Life, or the Threefold Power of Sex."

Very truly yours,

G. I. S. ANDREWS,
40 W. 9th St., New York City, June 9th.

New York, June 16th.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Thank you very much indeed for your letter of June 11th, and the books which have arrived safely. I am quite sure that I will be deeply interested in the subject matter and I hope next fall to be able to sell a good many of your books for you.

Mrs. A. D. LePlongeon, wife of the noted archaeologist and explorer, delivered a lecture in my rooms a few weeks ago, on "Motherhood, Past, Present and Future." It was so deeply interesting that at its close a society was spontaneously organized, whose distinct and single object is the furtherance of Ideal Motherhood. The society did me the honor to elect me as its President, and as the subject has always been nearer my heart than any other, I propose to put my whole soul into the work.

In glancing over the books you have sent me, it seems to me that we will need just such material next winter and if so, I will be only too happy to send as many orders to you as lies in my power.

I am just leaving town for the summer now, but dare say you may hear from me from time to time as my friends here and there will probably want some of these books themselves.

Please put my name down as a subscriber to your paper, FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

Very truly yours,

G. I. S. ANDREWS.

New York, June 20th.

MRS. WAISBROOKER:—Please send a set of your books to the following address: Mrs. R. Roethlisberger, 201 W. 55th St., New York City.

I have only found leisure to read one article in your paper, as yet, but its courage and honesty delighted me. I

am looking forward with a great deal of satisfaction to reading all your books when I find myself in the country, as I hope to be before long. Please send me some circulars like those sent in the package last week, headed "The Key Note." Yours truly,

GEORGIA I. S. ANDREWS.

"Ignorant Treason."

DEAR SISTER:—I see that your paper is still struggling along. We corresponded considerably a year or more ago. You asked for some information which I gave. I sent a pamphlet and asked for your book. I then subsequently sent 25c to equalize the price on the book. The paper came and I read it. I approve of your war on slavery, etc., but the opposition to gold bugs, etc., is unwise. All attempts to supply "money" in place of coin is an expensive delusion. Free Trade, Fiat money and abolition of interest will destroy the government. I have no sympathy for ignorant treason. I will never pay one cent to keep alive any paper which is the open advocate of what I believe to be practical treason. Our markets are worth \$500,000,000 to the British and the inconsiderate are willing to turn over to them without a cent, this vast sum. It takes a continual repetition of falsehoods and silly maxims to make the most impulsive believe that "protection" makes hard times. I won't contribute anything to such work.

Under protection all have work who want it; when it is threatened, manufacturers shut down and no foolish scolding can do any good. If reformers would fight monopoly they might do good, but the idea of leather or paper money will neutralize all their efforts at sensible reforms.

Yours, ———

Swanton, O., June 23-'94.

A terrible threat—to be told by a man who has had the paper right along and *never paid a cent for it*. "I will never pay one cent to keep alive any paper which is the open advocate of what I believe to be practical treason." Oh dear! Yes, we did have some correspondence, but I never acted upon the information given for I feared it was too highly colored to be just to others concerned, and when he told me he had never left a woman but that four had left him I did not reply, for I could not do so without telling him he then, must be the one to blame. "Sent 25 cents." His book I paid for by the space I gave it in the paper in reviewing it. I never once imagined he expected pay in any other way for what I did not ask, and for which I have no use. "Ignorant treason." I may not know as much as he does; I will let others judge of that. I can lose the little he owes me and feel less badly over it than I do to find one I would like to respect unworthy of it. I keep back the name from respect to his children and their mother.

MEN WILL FIGHT RIGHT WHEN THEY WONT VOTE RIGHT.

Please permit an old "Greenback crank" and cartoon man to say a few words concerning the Coxey "Commonweal" and other industrial armies now organized. I don't expect the "ho bos" in Congress nor the ass in the presidential chair will try to give any relief to the laboring classes or pay much

heed to Mr. Coxey's plans, but I think the movement will do more to arouse the people to a proper sense of the condition of the working classes than all the entire reform press could do in five years. I think, instead of doing harm to the cause of political reform, it will do much good, for it has been and is, a grim and living advertisement "with boots on," of the pressing need of reform and the deplorable condition of the industrial classes brought about by the political rascality of the old party leaders. This movement has been noted and discussed all over the whole country, and has caused many to stop and think who could not be persuaded to read or notice a reform paper or any arguments from a Populist or third party standpoint.

Party spirit and prejudice keeps many a poor devil from reading or listening to what they term "Populist nonsense." There is an element of heroism and pathos in the marching of these "industrial armies" that appeals to the emotional nature in men and women, and you can arouse the great mass of the people through their emotions much quicker than you can by all the arguments and array of facts you can bring to bear on their reasoning powers, because the majority of people are not given to much thinking or studying of economic conditions. The John Brown raid for the liberation of the slaves was a very foolhardy scheme in one sense, but it brought the question of slavery before the people in a way that all the eloquence of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips could not have done in a lifetime.

We want no war nor bloodshed, but there is a marital spirit in most men which appeals to their emotional natures and they will do their duty as soldiers, when they will not as voters. As an instance, let me cite the example of the 57th Ohio Volunteer Infantry during our civil war. That regiment did their duty nobly, as soldiers, to carry on the war for the union, yet were foolish enough to give a majority of votes for C. L. Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio, when he "would not vote a dollar nor a man to carry on the war!" They fought like men, but voted like fools, which proves that most men will fight right when they wont vote right.

The marching of these industrial "armies" is but the ground-swell which proceeds the earthquake, and let the traitors who run this government attempt to use the regular army to shoot them down if they dare! I do not say this in any spirit of bravado, but hades is not big enough nor hot enough to hold the Cleveland-Sherman-Inkleheimer hirelings who will be sent hellward across-lots if the traitors in power are foolhardy enough to try slaughtering the armies of the "Commonweal." I like Brother Norton and he has done heroic work in the cause of political reform, but his "Ten Men of Money Island" will grow bald-headed and die with old age before mere verbal arguments will do as much to awaken people to a sense of their wrongs, as Coxey, Kelly, Fry and others and the boys with them are doing, but I am sorry to see any Populist throw cold water on a movement which has been so abused and slandered by the lying puppies of the plutocratic press. There is a spirit of unrest among the people which will not be held in bonds by party strings or schemes, and he who cannot keep up with the column had better heed the "sick call" and put himself under treatment. Let the boys march if they choose, for unarmed and peaceful agitation is what we need, and if the Populist party is so weak in the knees and backbone that the marching of a few hundreds or thousands of deserving, but starving men will kill it, it ought to die. Better march like men than stay at home and starve like dogs.

WATSON HESTON,

Morristown, Tenn.—*Chicago Searchlight*.

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 Busteed 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.

PERENNIAL 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.

SEND FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AND EDUCATE The Rising Generation

IF THE FOUNDATIONS BE DESTROYED WHAT CAN THE THE BUILDERS DO?

Sex is the foundation of life, and we can never build a grand people upon it till we have learned to use it rightly. Ignorance here has filled the world with sorrow.

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

2.

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 the 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 as bodies perfectly wedded to spirit, perfect channels of communication 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.

3.

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

4.

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 Selteredo is calling men to proclaim that they must fight to prevent the sequestration 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 Selteredo 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 five books for \$3. Send to this office.

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 Rosicrucian; 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. Its the best thing I have ever read in that line."

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

J. F. F.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30-98.

"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 planning to take the government into their own hands. What are the bosses going to do about it?"

Where the tax is felt. The "list-ing" 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.

DAVID 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. LANE in *American Nonconformist*.

SAT UP ALL NIGHT.

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

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

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.