

# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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### LUCIFER

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**THE AGE NEEDS PLAINNESS.**  
Who should be glad to know the name of the author of the following lines clipped from an exchange.—(Ed. L.)  
Speak all thy thoughts, oh! Thinker, howsoever They float the speculation of the age,  
Its pet conceits or fantasies; speak on, Marshal thy thoughts like phalanxes of horses; Scatter the idle dreamers of the time.  
The phantom host of popular ignorance Shall strike their cloudy tents, and silently Slink to their own nonentity again.  
The age needs plainness and simplicity; To mystify the people is the trick Of painted harlequins thro' out the land.  
Be true, oh! Thinker, to thy nature's law, And borrow not another's style, but speak Thine own brave thoughts in thine own spirit's tongue.  
Call things by their right names, right minds shall hear.

### "COURT OF MODERN PLUTOCRACY.

**What we are Drifting to.**

One of the most effective sermons on the drift of the times that has fallen under our notice, is a large picture in oil colors issued by the Reflector Pub. Co., 58 and 60 Fulton St. New York. A few weeks ago the papers were filled with the details of President Cleveland's wedding. This man Cleveland was elected as the standard-bearer of a party calling itself the party of reform—the party that promised a return to Jeffersonian principles of government—to Jeffersonian simplicity, purity and economy. How has this administration fulfilled that promise? Not only in Washington but in all the large cities there is rapidly growing up a plutocratic class that is rapidly drifting into all the extravagancies and splendors of dress, equipage and class distinctions that now characterize the court life of European monarchies.

Send six cents to the Reflector Co., as above for the picture, and for one of the best illustrated Labor papers now published. In stating the objects of the publication the Reflector Co., says:

As labor alone creates Capital, and capital—when properly employed—in turn increases the productivity of labor, it will be the sole endeavor of this journal to combat Monopoly, the evil which grows and thrives in proportion as it nourishes and fans the fratricidal feud between those agents of human progress and prosperity.

Monopoly paralyzes the arm of the small capitalist and prostrates the wage-worker. Unless Labor and Capital unite their strength to joint effort to check the sway of Monopoly, disruptions and dismemberment will be imminent, or the doom of a return to abject dependence—worse than feudal thralldom—is sealed.

### GRAB GAMES AND BAYONETS.

The philosopher of the Galveston Daily News has a way of condensing columns of wisdom into the space of a few short paragraphs. The following pen picture of the working of our pet political machine is true—"and pity 'tis 'tis true!"

"In city councils, state legislatures, land offices, state boards, Congress, and wherever political power resides, grab games are in order. In this young and growing republic there is plenty to grab. Now imagine a generation or two more of this grabbing business, and what will be the result? That lands, franchises, and vast accumulations of property will be seen in possession of certain persons, just as in Europe, in the stationary condition—respectable vested interests—everything having been grabbed. The grab is the "rosted right" in embryo. Knowing that it is vested wrong made "right" by fraud and infidelity to public trust the people do not respect it unless they are disciplined with Christian resignation and bayonets. Thus the republic is made the stepping stone to a despotism by which alone the successors of the grabbers can hope to hold what they have got. It is already evident that there will be no turning back, nor reform by officials till everything has been grabbed. Then it will be convenient for some people to preach forgive and forget. Theoretically property is to be honestly acquired, and is then entitled to protec-

tion. The most being made of this it still remains that the greater amount of property is being acquired by tricks, and nothing but force will hold it. It will soon be time, therefore, for the millionaires to close down upon the freedom of the press and establish a standing army. Politics will serve to divert the people awhile longer. That is what politics seems to be for now."

Yes; politics, including, of course, the ballot, serve to divert the attention of the people from the real danger. The millionaires—the corporations controlled by the money power—are gradually closing down upon everything. Their policy is to drive people to say rash, threatening words, and do criminal deeds, and then call for the standing army—the police—to enforce law and order; that is, protect their property. Already they are demanding that the police of the cities be enrolled and drilled as United States soldiers and that Pinkerton's detectives be recognized as government officers. "Freedom of the press," in Chicago and New York, is already a memory of the past.

### TALMAGE TO THE WORKING-MEN.

The larger city papers have given the Brooklyn sensationist much space of late, and especially have they given notoriety and commendation to his so-called sermon to laboring men. We are glad to see that some of our country exchanges have the courage to discriminate between the chaff and the wheat. We clip the following from the Richmond (Mo.) Democrat:

Dr. Talmage continued his sermon to laboring men last Sunday, in the Brooklyn tabernacle. There is much that is good for workingmen in this sermon, but there is also much that is questionable. There is too much of "The Lord will provide," and not enough of the solid facts that the Lord provides when there are willing hands at the right end of the hoe-handle. If Dr. Talmage will leave out superstition and sensationalism his sermons would do more good. His story of the old man and his family praying for water during a water famine, and next day finding a spring of living water while going over his land, a good enough story but a very poor miracle, and a worse illustration of special intervention of Providence in answer to prayer. If there was in Dr. Talmage's audience a single workingman who believes God will send a raven to feed him, that man had better first learn how to do without eating before trying the experiment. One sermon on self-reliance is worth all the gush Talmage preached last Sunday. As a word painter he is to be admired, but word painting is often misleading. It brings a fat salary, however, and this overshadows homely expressions and common sense preached from the pulpit of the little country church by a "\$300 preacher" who was born with horse sense.

### Taxation of Land.

To IL: It appears to me that you do not comprehend Henry George's Land Taxation scheme because you certainly are consistent in your teachings and his teachings tend to freedom of land as yours to freedom and thought, speech or action. Let us see what he does mean. The basis of his argument is that natural forces should not be monopolized by the few to the exclusion of the many. Land is as much a part of nature as light, air or water. Yet any one would be justified in resenting a charge for air, or light, or water, unless some intermediate agent were necessary to bring them to the consumer. So with land. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and ye are his people." It is plain enough on its face that land within the United States belongs to the citizens of the United States. Any one would say: "Certainly, no one can dispute that." But the facts do dispute it. A majority of our people have no interest in the land and for what is necessary to their use, they must pay some one else. The fact is, all these inequalities

of wealth and position, all our schools of anarchists, socialists, communists, etc.—which originate from a worthy ambition to better the condition of mankind generally,—spring out of and always go with a land system such as ours. The fact that King so and so, hundreds of years ago, ceded to William Penn "his heirs and assigns forever," or to any other of his favorites, certain territory in this New World to the exclusion of all others that do not make terms with William Penn, his heirs, etc., is the inequitable, disjointed, fact that curses us to-day. In a land flowing with milk and honey, millions are suffering for proper food and nourishment, while thousands upon thousands who never pretended to do any work—their rent rolls are so large—live upon the fat of the land; that is, upon the labor of their fellow men.

Now Henry George, starting upon the self-evident principle that all men were intended to be created equal, i. e., with equal claims to whatever gifts nature has provided, and finding that great tracts of territory have fallen into individual hands, he proposes, instead of compelling these holders forcibly to give up their land, to take it from them by taxation. In other words, to allow them to hold it upon condition that those who are kept from it shall be remunerated by them for the injustice thus suffered. Now, at first blush this appears to be wrong and your Kansas farmer will undoubtedly say: "Well, Lucifer advocates an increase in my taxes, which are already heavy enough, therefore I'll stop my paper." But hold on a second. Your taxes may be increased a little, but the market price of your crops will be increased a hundred fold more than your taxes. For every bushel of wheat or corn you raise, you will find a ready consumer abundantly able to pay you a good round price. Instead of burning corn for fuel, you will burn coal and sell your corn to the locked-out miner of the Pennsylvania coal regions. Instead of working your nails off to pay the interest on your mortgage, you will probably be relieved altogether of your mortgage by finding land plentiful without asking some dead king's favorite to make your life miserable with the nightmare of a mortgage. The real farmer is a laborer, and he is to be distinguished from the land-owner merely, who lives in our large cities hundreds of miles from his land and is busy counting his rents and enjoying life after the fashion of all this pampered tribe. Now this farmer must remember that there are three factors in the production of wealth—namely: land, labor and capital, and all the wealth produced in any given time must be divided among these factors, as rent, wages and interest. Rent is that tremendous and ever increasing amount, of the wealth produced, which goes to the land owner—who is not a farmer—for the use of his land. What the real farmer raises in crops, etc., is rent, and Henry George proposes, and his plan is perfectly feasible and sensible, to distribute by taxation all rent, and thereby increase wages, the share going to labor and interest, the share going to those who by economy, foresight and self-denial have accumulated and stored up a part of their former earnings. I do not imagine that these few lines will fully explain this subject to you. It requires sleeping upon; indeed it involves an understanding of the whole subject of economics, social and moral. With your permission I will develop it more at length later on.

### Plus Encore.

Court of Common Sense. JUDGE PUBLIC.

Lucifer vs. Jehovah, et al. Though the counsel for the defense lacks skill in choosing his client, he makes it up in his ability to hold up a lost cause. I cannot claim to be his equal, yet the justice of the

plaintiff's case is a tower of strength. The plaintiff brings Truth and Science as support; the defendant offers falsehood and repulsive doctrines to plead for him.

The plaintiff would have truth rule the world; the defendant says a thousand times in his book: "Fall down and worship me, or be damned." He is jealous, and visits the most horrible torture upon those who refuse to submit to him. What is the attitude of the Plaintiff? He depends upon Knowledge, God would punish men for acquiring knowledge, but Lucifer says of those who would get wisdom: "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."—Gen. 3-5.

Did the plaintiff hope or expect to rule over gods? If he is a god, equal to the defendant, he is preferable as a leader, for he would have all men equal to him, while Jehovah would have them remain ignorant slaves.

Does the Plaintiff possess most of the government's of earth? Only a few years ago every nation had "God in the constitution." Lucifer is in our constitution only enough to keep God out, and would take entire possession except for his retiring modesty, which the case Defend not refrain from admitting. The plaintiff would rule, not by despotism, but by pointing out the truth.

What does the learned counsel mean by "soul"? If I lose my soul what need would I have for a suburban lot? I object to the evidence unless a soul is produced in court.

Gentlemen, did you ever behold the equal of the sophistry of the defendant's counsel? He says that Lucifer deceived the innocent pair in the garden, (which is false) but says it was good in the end. Yet the defendant has charged most of earth's miseries to that garden affair. All sin is said to be the result of Adam's desire for wisdom; but John says: "Men are depraved as a necessary consequence of free agency," then he claims that his client created men with this tendency to virtue. Regarding the abolition of slavery, John has reversed the facts. It was Lucifer's followers who proposed abolition, and God's hired rascals who failed them. I can bring plenty of eye-witnesses to prove that the Defendant's vile churches were active supporters of slavery.

God's dupes have been praying for years without result. John now accounts for his client's absence during all these miseries and prayers. He no doubt took his share of the proceeds of slavery and skipped for Canada, where he is now with the other thieves. This explains the lack of aid to his suffering followers.

Jehovah constantly laments upon slavery. He says: "Let as many as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed."—Tim. 6-1. Therefore to abolish slavery is blasphemous.

"The wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband." This horrible doctrine says the learned gentleman shall rule the world. Near me is a tenement of 30 rooms, containing five families. Below, in the rear rooms, lives a wretched woman with her husband. Her first babe is quite a sturdy boy. But while he was at the breast, she was favored by Jehovah (her master) with a miscarriage of four months standing. Now mark, before she fairly recovered, and before the first babe was weaned, she had prospects of another slave for Jehovah. It was a girl, and after gasping for three months, gasped out its half formed life, last Monday, June 10th.

When death was near, Jehovah was kind enough to send one of his well paid deputies to sprinkle water on the infant and nutter over it. This he did to prevent himself from burning the depraved babe forever. The woman was a plump rosy girl before marriage, but now is the picture of woe.

Lucifer would say to her: "Get knowledge and be as the Gods," but Jehovah uses his debtors (such as his attorney John) as instruments to keep her in her present condition.

I will further expose the character of Jehovah and leave the court and jury to acquit him if they dare. He makes evil men for fools and then punishes them for being evil. "It is impossible but that offenses will come," but woe unto him through whom they come." On this principle he hardened Pharaoh's heart, then drowned him; he concocted a scheme of salvation in which Judas was essential; Judas acted his part faithfully but was condemned. Every evil deed can be justified by this rule. How very magnanimous is he to countenance, "with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction," so that he may "show his wrath and make his power known."—Rom. 9-22.

Offer as evidence against the defendant his own words: Lam. 3-8; Jer. 18-11; Isa. 45-7; Amos 3-4; Ezek. 20-23; Josh. 1-29; Isa. 1-13; Jer. 13-14 and Eain. 15-5.

Zeno, Atty. for Plaintiff.

Why is it that labor is trampled under foot by monopoly and its organs? Labor has fattened and pampered monopoly.

# LUCIFER

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., July 2, 1896.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER  
EDITORS.  
M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN  
PUBLISHERS.

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## RECEIPTS ON PRESS FUND.

Previously acknowledged \$22.20  
No additions this week.

## JOB WORK.

Our friends will please remember that we are now prepared to do job printing, such as Cards, Notes, Bill-heads, Envelopes, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Please send in your orders.

## Erratum.

In LUCIFER of June 18, in the second argument of "Called by Another," for "argument" read agreement.

## Local Briefs.

About thirty of LUCIFER's good friends, old and young, living in or near Valley Falls, honored us editor (Son-) and his better half by giving them a call at their humble home on Sunday last. The weather was propitious. The earth had just been drenched with copious showers the day before—consequently there was no dust and the air was cool and pleasant. Do so again, good friends, soon and often.

Telephone connection from Mitchell's Mount Market to Piazek's Mill and Elevator. Leave orders for flour, corn meal, bran and shorts, clop feed, corn, oats and food of all kinds, at reduced prices—delivered promptly and free of charge to any part of the city.

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PIAZEK & HAYWARD.

Among deferred articles are An Anarchist's Note Book, by Plumb Line; Rejoinder to H. & W., by Wm. Holmes; Christianity vs. Liberalism, by Plus Encore; Representative Government and the Ballot, by Reuben Hoosler, etc.

From Alfred B. Westrup, of Dallas, Texas, we are in receipt of copies of what seems to be a very searching and logical exposition of the fallacies and iniquities inherent in our monetary system.

## THE FAMILY.

*Le Revolte*, a paper published in Paris (France), has two well written communications on the subject of the family, as the type of society. The first gives a well digested, though condensed, history of the origin and progress of family life, but is somewhat too long for our column. Some other time we shall try and give our readers some extracts from it. The second letter is from a farmer, and as it is short we herewith translate it in full:

"You ask for my opinion on the subject of the family. I am not a bachelor, but it is not necessary that I should be one to have my opinion all the same. I am a farmer, and I work; that is sufficient to open one's eyes.

There are two kinds of families, the legal family and the natural family.

In the legal family the connections count for nothing, or for so little that it is not worth while talking about them; you associate money-bags, shops and stores, farms; you count the penicils, speculate on paper's or man's death, and that of uncle and nupts and cousins, and wait for the happy day when you can empty their pockets.

In the natural family, you simply love each other; you share the pleasures and troubles of life; you are one for the joys and the miseries, and each works for two. If there are any children, well, they are little friends which you bring up with affection and who in turn love us, whom we instruct in labor by example, and who then will assist with their labor the elders whom they love.

Outside of the natural family all is lies and vice. Yours truly,

## THREATENED WITH PROSECUTION.

Two weeks ago today we prefaced a certain contribution to the paper with the words: "Dudes, prudes and statute moralists had better not read this letter." Now it appears that our friendly warning was not heeded. The dudes, prudes and patent moralists heard that something unusually bad had been published in LUCIFER and immediately there was something of a run upon the office for copies containing the alleged obscenity. Consultations were held by those who claim the right and duty to supervise the morals of the community. A prominent clergyman of Valley Falls is reported as saying: "This is just the evidence I want. It is just what I have been waiting for. I can fix him now;" or words to that effect. A copy of the paper containing the "Awful Letter," was sent to the "Inspector," whatever that may mean, and his decision in the matter, we reasonably presume, is now anxiously awaited by these self-constituted censors of the press in Valley Falls.

As for our humble self, we have taken no precautions, and shall take none, to avert the threatened storm. We have no apologies, no retractions, to make in regard to the manner in which we have conducted our little journal. We simply claim for ourself and contributors our equal right, as American citizens, to say our say in our own way. As a matter of principle we favor the use of plain, simple, straightforward language. We think it better to call a spade a spade, rather than an agricultural implement for pulverizing the soil. In speaking of the organs of respiration and of the circulation we think it better to say heart, arteries, veins, lungs, wind-pipe, etc., rather than to use extended circumlocutions. So, in speaking of the digestive apparatus, we would use the plain, English, or scientific terms—stomach, lactals, duodenum, bowels, etc. Likewise in speaking of the organs of reproduction we think it best to have no nonsense, no prudery about it, but to use the plain scientific terms—womb, ovaries, vagina, penis, testes, etc.—As stated in last issue we honestly maintain that one chief cause of the real obscenity in language so common among boys and men, and even among women and girls, is the prohibition against the use of those scientific terms.

An effort is now being made to introduce scientific instruction in schools in regard to the physiological effects of alcohol on the human system. This is done as a preventive of intemperance or to guard against the disease known as alcoholism. The move is certainly a good one if rightly carried out. For a similar reason we would earnestly recommend and move that children receive thorough instruction in the schools in regard to the right use and the abuse of their sex-natures. The evils of alcoholism are simply fearful to contemplate, but the evils of sex-abuse are far more dreadful, because far more common, especially among the young.

Briefly then we would say, We are the advocates of plainness as against obscurity; investigation and knowledge as against repression and ignorance; sincerity and honesty as against hypocrisy and deceit; freedom and equal rights as against slavery and privileged orders—these mottoes we nail to our mast-head; on this issue we are willing to "appeal to the country," as the English Gladstone would say.

## THE UNAVOIDABLE DIRECTION

Of the intellectual march of every man who becomes an Opportunist is towards St. Petersburg and the Vatican. The moment a reformer ceases to be a reformer by becoming one in a crowd which is ready for anything that the caprice of the hour may suggest, that moment he begins to imbibe the malaria of mob morals, and one of the first and surest evidences that the deadly poison is at work in his veins is his contempt for and denunciation of the single man who thinks that his head will be clearer and his heart-beats more even if he keeps out of the seething mass of excited humanity. And this single man who prefers to remain a man instead of becoming the fractional part of a headless mob, is nearly always in danger. He at once becomes an object of suspicion; some one wonders a doubt of his patriotism or of his good intentions generally, another repeats the doubt in a little louder voice, a dozen take up the cry, and in a moment, as it were, the poor solitary finds himself surrounded by a fiercely inquisitive crowd of men who have taken it

upon themselves to see that he at once "conforms," or gets off the planet.

"Lum to Plumb-Line" is the cause of these few words just now. No doubt "Plumb-Line" can do his part of the work, but that Lum, the supposedly staunch Autonomist and cool thinker, should allow himself to drift helplessly with the current of individual-haters, is a matter of surprise and should be one of great regret. His remarks regarding the "scab" are peculiarly painful, I should say, atrocious. Because the "scab" chooses to work as an independent man, in his own way, Lum says that he thereby gives notice that he has withdrawn himself from human sympathy and desires to "go it alone," and he, Lum, proposes to let him. That is, when trade unionists maltreat in every way possible the unfortunate "scabs," oftentimes brutally beating them to death, Lum will swing his hat and yell in the jeering crowd, careless of the victim's cries of pain and appeals for help, and all because, forsooth, they have refused to abdicate their independence and join some association which demands of them surrender and servile dependence. In other and clearer and more definite words, Lum refuses to listen to the cries of the beaten and the murdered, refuses to lift a finger to save them from their cruel tormentors, simply because they have declined to join the ranks of their beaters and murderers! This is the plain English of his declaration AND IT IS THE BATTLE CRY OF COMPULSORY TRADE UNIONISM. These associations in their treatment of the "scab" are not one whit more tolerant than was the Russian Church in her treatment of libertarians. In fact, the Trades Union, as revealed in its actions and as its principles are shadowed forth by Lum in this paragraph, is the concentrated essence of Rome and Russia combined, and needs only their power to become as cruelly despotic and as suppressive of every principle of growth.

When men, self-classed as Anarchists, become such Archists that they can coolly abandon to the fury of an Archist mob the individual protestant, the practical Anarchist, saying that he has invited, deserves, and must resignedly accept his fate, it is time for a most vigorous protest to be made. As between the man and the State, "I am always on the side of the man, and when it comes to the mob and the man, the man will find me beside him, even though I have to lift my voice or draw my pistol against those who under the flags of Liberty and Justice seek to murder both Liberty and Justice. I repeat, when it comes to a mob of trade unionists on the one side, and hunted "scabs," whose crime is that they have worked that thereby their children might have bread, on the other, my sympathies are with the latter, and my exertions shall be put forth in their behalf. And I doubt not that every other true Anarchist will say the same. I have no use for a persecutor, whether he persecutes in the name of religion or of labor, whether he shouts "God!" or "Manifest Tendency!"

## CHRISTIANITY VS. LIBERALISM.

Why, the grandest men the world has ever known, those whom it most delights to honor, were or are Christians. While the very lowest and vilest were those who didn't believe in God.—(C. H. Taylor's letter to Lucifer.)

Is this true, Mr. Taylor? Let us investigate a little. Who are "the grandest men the world has ever known?" What says history? There was Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. It is true that the world—that is the Christian world, delights to honor this man. Every time Christians keep Sunday as their sabbath or holy day, they honor Constantine, for it was by his command that the old pagan festival day—the day celebrated in honor of the Sun-god—was established as the Christian Sabbath. But was he worthy of such honor? If perfidy, cruelty and murder—the murder of his own near relatives—for four they would conspire against him—if such acts as these entitle a man to honor then he deserves all the honors that Christians bestow upon him. Then there was Henry the VIII. of England; of course the Protestant Christians delight to honor him, for was he not the founder and first head of the Anglican Church? Even Methodists, though reckoned as dissenters, are in duty bound to honor Henry the Eighth, inasmuch as John Wesley the founder of their sect, lived and died a communicant of King Henry's church.

Then there was the long line of Popes, Cardinals, Inquisitors, both Catholic and Protestant whom the Christian world delights to honor. Prominent

among these are Pope Hildebrand (St.), the duke of Alva—the wholesale butcher of heretics—John Calvin who burned Servetus, and Cotton Mathew of witch-burning memory. All these and many more like them are saints whom the Christian world "delights to honor."

But further, are all those whom the world "most delights to honor" such as Mr. Taylor would call Christians? In England, for instance, but few if any names are held in higher honor than those of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and John Stuart Mill. Are these, men Christians? To ask this question is to answer it. In France no man ever received such funeral honors as were accorded to Victor Hugo, the Humanitarian and Infidel.

To come nearer home; no name in American history is more venerated than is that of Thomas Jefferson, the reputed author of the Declaration of Independence, an outspoken opponent of Christianity. Of the long line of presidents, whom the American world "delights to honor," only two, if we are rightly informed, belonged to a Christian Church—Washington and Garfield. The former, though a nominal churchman, refused to commune with his brethren, and when he came to die refused to have a clergyman called. Nearly the same may be said of Garfield. During the months that he lingered between life and death he never once called for the rites or consolations of the church. Of the statesmen who have made the most profound impression upon the American public not one, so far as we now recall, was noted as a churchman.

Whether it was ignorance, prejudice or reckless disregard for truth that prompted Mr. Taylor to pen the above sentences we leave our readers to judge. When he says "the very lowest and vilest were those who didn't believe in God," he contradicts the facts of history and of everyday observation. The statistics of prisons and reformatories would indicate that Atheists as a class, are by far the most moral part of society. As before stated, the records show not a single Atheist in the prisons of Paris, and yet one Atheistic society, alone, in that city is said to number 20,000 members. Prison records in this country show a similar state of things. Such evidence as this cannot be sullied over or gainsaid. If Atheists, or disbelievers in the Christian God, were "the very lowest and vilest," as asserted by Mr. Taylor, they would be sure to be found in the jails and penitentiaries, especially in a land where Christians have the making and enforcing of the laws.

It is true that some men reported as being atheists, are now in prison in Chicago, but it has not yet been proved that they have violated any law of right and justice. If it should be proven that they resisted and killed policemen it would still remain an open question as to whether the police or the socialists were the real aggressors.

We are glad to know that the clergy as a class are not all so ignorant, prejudiced, or so reckless of truth, as Mr. Taylor shows himself to be. Instance, a noted Scottish Presbyterian clergyman in an address to the Young Men's Christian Association at Paisley, is reported as saying:

"The great, the wise, the mighty are not with us... The best thought, the widest knowledge, and the deepest philosophy have discarded our church. They detest what they call the inhumanities of our creed... They step out into speculative Atheism, for they can breathe freer there... They are instinctively religious, despite their renunciation of our theological creed. They are big with faith in the ultimate salvation of man—a faith that inspires them to toil, and shames our whining cant. And yet these men—the master minds and imperial leaders among men—the Comtes, the Carlyles, the Goethes, the Emersons, the Humboldts, the Tyndalls, and Huxleys if you will,—are called Atheists by us, are pilloried in our Presbyterian orthodoxy as heretics before God and man. Why are such as these outside the pale of the Christian church? Not that they are unfit, we own that, but we are unworthy of them, and by the mob force of our ignorant numbers have driven them out."

Thirty years ago, Henry Ward Beecher said in his Brooklyn church, "The very best minds of England and America to-day are outside the Christian church."

Mr. Taylor has been quite free in giving us his advice. In return we will venture to modestly offer a word or two of counsel:

A little less dependence on creeds and dogmas, a little more regard to facts as they exist in nature, and a little unbiased investigation into the history of Christianity and of Infidelity, or of Atheism so-called, would enable Mr. Taylor to see that he has done himself no credit as a man, to say nothing of a

clergyman, by indulging in such wholesale denunciations of those who honestly differ from him as have characterized his late letter to LUCIFER. Candor, fairness, truthfulness and honesty towards all men, are virtues that even a clergyman would do well to cultivate.

Again we extend to Mr. Taylor a cordial invitation to use the columns of LUCIFER in reply.

## PARENTAL PRUDENCE.

Kelley Criticizes Walker.

(Continued.)

Hear Concord critic again:—"But in the progress of industry and happiness, from which there results a more advantageous proportion between the faculties of man and his needs, each generation, either through this progress or by the preservation of the products of earlier industry, is called to more extended enjoyment, and thence as a consequence of the physical constitution of man, to an increase in number of individuals; then ought there not to come a time when these equally necessary laws must come into conflict, when the increase in the number of men surpassing that in their means, there would inevitably result, if not a continuous diminution in happiness and population a truly retrograde movement, at least an oscillation between good and ill? Would not this oscillation in societies so far developed be a continually existing cause of miseries in some sort periodic? Would it not mark a limit when all amelioration would become impossible, and when the perfectibility of the human species would arrive at the term, which it might attain in the immensity of the centuries without ever being able to pass it?"

Then after explaining why he thinks this limit must be remote from us, he proceeds:

"But supposing that this term should arrive, there would result from it neither frightful, either for the happiness of the human species, or for its indefinite perpetuity, if we suppose that before this time the progress of reason has been equal to that of the arts and sciences, that the ridiculous prejudices of superstition have ceased to cover morality with an austerity which corrupts and degenerates instead of purifying and elevating it, men will then know that if they have any obligations towards beings not yet in existence, they do not consist in giving them existence, but happiness; they will have for their object the general well-being of the human species, of the society in which they live, of the family to which they are attached, and not the puerile idea of burdening the earth with useless and unhappy beings. There may then be a limit to the possible food-supply and in consequence to the population, without there resulting therefrom that premature destruction so contrary to nature and social prosperity, for one portion of the beings who have received life."

Does not W. think that this covers all that is true and valuable in Malthusianism? But if he does, then he is not Malthusian but pro- and anti-Malthusian.

And now I come to W's reply to my criticisms. He says that though the masses may not rise through limiting their families, individuals can. Granted,—but this is not Malthusianism and was never understood as such by them or their opponents. It is for W. to show that the improvement in the condition of the individual is due to the law of population and not to the law of wages. Those Malthusians who like Annie Besant are possessed of a real sympathy for the people and they were very few, did maintain that the masses of the people could be raised by limitation of families, as the following quotations from her writings will show. The dedication to her "Law of Population" reads: "To the poor in great cities and agricultural districts, dwellers in stilted courts or crowded hotels, in the hope that it may point out a path from poverty, etc.," and in the body of the work she says,—"Here and there they did their work, and the result was seen in the greater comfort and respectability of the families who took advantage of their teachings, but the great mass of the people went on in their ignorance and ever-increasing poverty," etc. If all this does not mean that the great mass could have become respectable in the same way I am incapable of understanding English. And to show that she understood Malthusianism to mean opposition to large population and not to large families, except in so far as the large families are responsible for the large population, I need only point to the following, which she quotes apparently from Prof. Fawcett: "Many who are willing to work can not find employment, in most of our important branches of industry there has been great over-production; every trade and every profession is overcrowded, for every vacant clerkship there are hundreds of applicants,"—and further on she adds herself: "The continually rising price of food is one of the most certain signs that population in England is pressing over-hard on the means of subsistence."

Now what are the facts, in regard to England? If the population be pressing over-hard on the means of subsistence, one would suppose that increasing efforts would be made each year to produce food, that agriculture, the basic industry, and from the Malthusian stand-point especially of supreme importance, would be prosecuted with ever increasing vigor. But look at the figures! The arable land in England in 1802 amounted to 13,821,000 acres, in 1818 to 13,484,000 acres; a decrease in five years of 336,000 acres. The number of quarters of native wheat sold in 1802 was 2,134,637; in 1813, 1,907,938; the number of quarters of native barley sold in 1802 was 1,723,044; in 1813, 1,491,923; the number of quarters of native oats sold in 1802 was 254,722; in 1813, 164,501. These figures do not make it look as if any very desperate efforts were being made to prevent the population's pressing over-hard on the means of subsistence. But, it may be urged, the acreage of arable land has been lessened because the people prefer to raise food in some other form, and in fact



The statisticians assert that the acreage of pasture has been increased more than that of arable land has been decreased. But what kind of animals graze on this pasture they do not explain. For in June 1874, there were in England 4,305,410 head of horned cattle and 19,859,858 head of sheep, while in June 1877, there were but 3,777,640 head of horned cattle and 18,330,377 head of sheep, a decrease in three years of 527,770 head of cattle and 1,529,481 sheep. The figures are similar for Wales, Scotland and Ireland. What then is the explanation? A little further study of the statistics. In 1870 the average price for native wheat was 19 shillings and 11 pence per quarter, in 1880 the price had fallen to 14 shillings and 4 pence, or about one-ninth. The decline in the other cereals was about the same. It is evident then that farmers raising cereals could not afford to pay as high rates in 1880 as in 1870. But in 1867 the total amount assessed for income-tax as arising from land-ownership was only £110,000,000 sterling, while in 1870 it had increased to £17,021,787 sterling, an increase in rent of over 33,000; or to translate figures into words, the land has gone out of cultivation and the people's means of subsistence has been reduced because the farmers cannot afford to pay the rates demanded, and because the rich bourgeoisie are willing to pay high for the land as pleasure-grounds, as witness the actions of that credit to our country, Winans of Baltimore.

W. says, also, that my French statistics, (in which, by the way, I made a clerical error, I should have written instead of 81,000 windowless houses, 316,000 in 1875) are of no account, as they refer to the country districts in which small families do not obtain as the people are under the control of the church. Why will he keep on contradicting his friends? Mrs. Besant says: "France shows a pattern of widely-spread comfort which we look for in vain in our own land, and this comfort is traceable directly to the strict regard for conjugal prudence. Small agricultural holdings directly tend to this virtue, the fact of the limitation of the food-supply being obvious to the most ignorant peasant. So strongly rooted is this habit in France, that the Roman church in vain branded it as a deadly sin, and Dr. Drysdale writes that a French priest begged the Vatican council to change this direction, etc." The church, too, knows how to temporize on this as all other matters. Here are its deceptions:

"Pourtant, Saint Antoine, Saint Sanehez, et beaucoup d'autres theologiens qui ont dit Saint Ignoré autrement qu'il n'y a pas peche lorsque le mari, la femme ne s'y opposent pas, retro sur le membre du vagin avant l'ejaculation pour ne pas engrosser la femme, a condition toutefois que le mari n'ait pas ejaculé, et que la femme ne s'expose au danger d'ejaculation precoce." (G. B. Housler, Bishop of Mans, Supplement au Traite sur le Marriage). "Il n'est de meme quand il n'y a aucun peche de de pollution et la population peut alors etre interrompue d'un commun accord. Il n'en resulte aucun mal, et cette penetration dans le vagin peut etre rangée parmi les atouche, ments impudiques qui sont excusables entre conjoints." Traite de Chastete par le R. P. Rene Louchet. I have these passages in the original as well as not to shock too much the sensibilities of Lucifer's readers. If it be true, as W. says, that the Catholic church is so all powerful in France, Spain being a more Catholic country, I fail to comprehend these figures and must ask W. to explain them. In 1850 the population of Spain was 15,678,483; in 1871, 16,758,025; in 1877, 16,625,850,—these being, thus, an actual decrease from 1871 to 1877. And while he is about it he might explain how it happens that with a population so nearly stationary and so small in population to the area of the country, that the people in its fairest provinces should be dying of starvation.

It is incomprehensible to me how any one with W's knowledge of history, can speak of the progressive spirit of France as being caused by the number of small families, knowing, as he must, that small families were rare until after the great revolution, which itself was an outcome of the progressive spirit. Besides nine-tenths of the heads of small families in France can at any time be relied upon to vote to sustain the central government on all questions which do not appear to involve an immediate increase of taxation,—witness the Napoleonic plebiscites.

### Walker Rejoins.

I am utterly at a loss to know what Mr. K. intends or desires to prove by the introduction of these last quotations from Condorcet. He understands me illly indeed if he supposes that I am defending Neo-Malthusianism merely because its principles are or are supposed to be the brain creations of Malthus. Malthusianism is the popular name for a certain body of social doctrines, and Mr. K. certainly can not think that he would disprove the truth of those doctrines even should he establish as a fact his apparent assumption that they had their origin in the intellectual lucubrations of a man other than he whose name they bear. I am not attacking Condorcet, I am not defending Malthus. My task is the easier one of helping to establish the truth of what is now known as the Neo-Malthusian philosophy. And these quotations from Condorcet give Mr. K. neither aid nor comfort. It is very clearly apparent from them that Condorcet perceived the truth of what was later still more definitely stated by Malthus, that population tends to outrun subsistence. It is a strong support of our position, that he, (Condorcet) considered that ultimately the human intellect would prove equal to the task of holding population so in check that many of the otherwise inevitable evils would be averted. This is precisely what we believe and the end for which we are

working. It cannot be possible that Mr. K. supposes that this increased intelligence, for prophesying the advent of which he so lauds Condorcet, is to be gained save through the persistent agitation of the waters of thought. He must be cognizant of the fact that in the present stage of Evolution the human brain is the chief factor in the progressive development of the race. This is why we, as Neo-Malthusians, strive to give wider publicity to our principles and, consequently, to secure for them a more candid consideration, and it is this that gives us hope in the work. But there is no point whatever in the quotation of these last two paragraphs from Condorcet, none whatever, unless, indeed, Mr. K. really thinks that what men and women do or fail to do for the education of the race does not affect the result at all. Condorcet does not say that the increased intelligence of which he speaks will be the property of the race even though men and women do nothing to secure it, and, not so saying, the quotation from him is of not the slightest value to Mr. K. in his attack upon Malthusianism, for Neo-Malthusians strenuously maintain that only through the general and thorough education of the people can the evil effects of over-population be minimized. Condorcet impliedly says that population will increase faster than the food supply unless the people become wise enough to scientifically limit the size of their families. I say that he "impliedly" says this, but I should be justified in declaring that he says it positively. Well, this is what the Neo-Malthusians say. Why, then, throw Condorcet at our heads?

Mr. K. says that it remains for me "to show that the improvement in the condition of the individual is due to the law of population and not to the law of wages." I reply that when two men receive equal wages through an equal number of years, and one of them is in comfortable circumstances at the end of that term, and the other is in poverty, it is self-evident that, leaving accidents, sickness and the care of aged relatives out of account, the one has been more prudent than the other in the spending of his wages and in the practice of economy generally, and that "domestic economy" in reproduction, which Mr. K. himself admits is desirable, has very probably had a part in placing one of these men in so much better circumstances than the other.

It is beyond my ken how Mr. K. finds in what Mrs. Besant quotes from Prof. Fawcett and in what she says herself in the same connection, anything that militates against my position. I have previously shown that the "large family" and the "population" questions are one and the same. My contention is the same as Mrs. Besant's, viz: that the mass of the people can be much benefited by the scientific limitation of the size of families, just as a few have been. But you said, Mr. K. will retort, that under the operation of the "iron law of wages" the condition of the people would not be improved should the masses put in practice the principle of limitations, for wages would fall to a level corresponding to that of the decreased cost of living. But was that all that I said, my friend? Did I not couple this argumentative admission of the soundness of said "iron law," with the significant proviso that when the masses of the people shall have acquired the scientific knowledge and developed the prudent judgment and the moral sense necessary to the practicalization of the Neo-Malthusian principles, there will be no "iron law of wages" to crush humanity, co-operation having supplanted the wages-system? Family limitation is a positive help in itself, it is an educator, and it gives means and opportunity for greater education. The few initiate all reforms, the example is contagious, emulation does its work, one improvement leads to others, and to-morrow the many will stand where the few do to-day. In the great Universe, most potential are the Initial Forces, and of all such I know of none greater than that of prudential limitation of population. And in this connection, permit me to say that I must positively insist that Mr. K., when taking issue with me touching my views relative to population and labor, shall confine his attacks to the positions that I assume, however absurd and untenable those positions may appear to him.

Mr. K. has answered himself, I think, in the matter of the decreased agricultural productions of Britain. The lessened price of wheat in England is no surer evidence that the people of that country have enough to eat, than is a similar lessening here proof that our people consume all that they need, and it might be pertinent to inquire how much cheap American food products have had to do in lowering the prices of English cereals. And we must not forget that in the case of a struggling laborer, out of employment a greater or less part of his time, every addition to his family means decreased consumption per individual. More than this, the increasing land rents imply that the revenues of the landlords have been lessened in other directions, presumably from the inability of all classes of the people to live so well or so extravagantly as formerly.

In regard to France, I will say that my impression is that there has been a decided improvement in the condition of the country people since the partial adoption of prudential limitation, but that there are districts in which, spite of the concessions which the church has been forced to make, the influence of the old dogmas is still all but supreme, and that it is from these districts that most of the surplus laborers come who overcrowd the cities. If I am in error, I shall be under many obligations to any French-American who can and will tell us what is the actual status of affairs in his native country.

I should be inclined to say that the French Revolution could not fairly be called an outcome of the progressive spirit of the French people, as a whole. Rather, was it not an outgrowth of the progressive spirit of a comparatively small number of Frenchmen, coupled with the almost brute rising of the masses against their masters who had for so long held them in a state of almost unprecedented vassalage and degradation? As I look at it, I consider that the revolution was caused by the lack of a progressive spirit in the multitude, just as we are hastening on to the yawning chasm of a bloody revolution because the progressive spirit is almost entirely absent, so far as the bulk of the people is concerned. Evolution is evidence of the informing presence of a progressive spirit; revolution of long-time almost total absence of that spirit.

But in looking for the causes of a people's degradation, I am not unmindful of the fact that their name is legion, and I have always insisted that the Malthusian and the labor reformer can work hand in hand, I am not in the least disposed to belittle the evil influence of government upon the prosperity and happiness man, but I am grieved and made almost despairing by the narrowness of most labor advocates. It seems nearly useless to attempt to reason with men, no matter how otherwise intelligent they may be, who are so blinded by partisan prejudice or zeal that they will deny the existence of the glaringly palpable fact of overproduction of life, the fact that almost if not every form of animate existence naturally gives birth to an immensely greater number of embryos than can come to maturity. In all forms of life fixed to the soil this overcrowding begins in a very few years; in the case of those endowed with the organs of locomotion it is postponed for a considerable length of time, especially with some of the higher orders, but with these also it is only a question of time when numbers will exceed the food supply. Nothing is gained and very much is lost for the cause of labor and liberty by denying or attempting to gloss over this tremendous fact. I can account for the attitude upon this subject of so many of our reformers only by supposing the conscious or unconscious persistence of the "Father"—"God"—"Providence" idea.

[Concluded in our next.]

**Man, the Unhappy Animal.** Consciousness arises from facts. Consciousness arises from dogmas imposed as facts. Fear is the method of the dogmatist. He says: abject thyself, reverence, obey. Consciousness is religious. Religion is the practical part of theology. Its purpose is to tame and subject men. When religion is preserved as well as may be without theology, religion brings into its subject person a substitute theology—the ideal humanity, etc. This is the old theological humbug under a new form. The believer is taught

that he is mean and needs to be elevated by the infusion into him of more of the spirit of humanity; that some things are "sacred"; i. e., he must not touch them; thus the subjection of the individual to an idea and to the purposes of the expounders of the idea is accomplished under the religion of humanity. The humanists see nothing in a person but an example of "humanity." Humanity is what they "respect." A person who does not conform to their idea of humanity has no "rights." They can find excuses for suppressing whatever they don't like, because the individual is not worthily living up to the adored "humanity." Humanism employs fear of censure and subjugates minds left quite prepared by theology for a yoke.

If a man will stand straight up and realize his position, he requires no elevating. The insanity of humanism is that it would send everybody upon a wild goose chase to be something different from what he or she is. "Moral obligation" lurks in the notion that I ought to improve myself according to a standard of excellence. Then poor I, great standard! But why should I be governed? Why should I think myself less the standard than something else the standard? I am not interested in improving myself away, lessening myself and enhancing something else. I am at the best elevation with my two feet on solid ground and kick the standards of excellence to the devil, for I want to be myself, and I have no duty to "improve" and elevate myself. True, it is my interest to whet my intelligence so that it will serve me to cut and bend surrounding objects to my purpose, but this is not knocking under to the superstition of self-subjection and allegiance or duty to something outside of and superior to myself. Liberals may cant about sacred duties, elevating humanity, conferring rights, and so forth, but these notions are a continuation of the humble submission and self-abasement of the individual in theology and religion.

Grasp the idea that the existence of everything is its own good and sufficient reason, and that a man has no more reason to strive to change himself than has any other animal. He makes such efforts only because he has been taught that he was born in sin, etc. Considering how much ashamed men are of their bodies and of natural action without consulting fashion, you may form some idea of the extent to which religion has debased them, and of the small extent to which free thought has liberated them.

T. TROTTEN.

### "EQUITY."

The latest candidate for the patronage of the progressive Froethought public is a bright faced little paper with the above name, issuing from Liberal, Mo., and edited and published by those self-sacrificing and unconquerable Idealists, Henry and Georgia Replogle. Its motto is, "Equal opportunity and full reward of effort to each."

On the first page we find a sonnet "Equity," by Dyer D. Lum, followed by "The Scope of our Work," by H. & G., in which we have a fine statement of the principles of voluntary mutualism, in which it is understood that men and women can maintain their liberties and rights only by giving their personal attention thereto instead of delegating their preservation to irresponsible "representatives." The concluding article on this page is "Law Exchange Medium," which is a good arraignment by H. of government money and a plea for Free Banking, though this term is not used.

"To Our Comrades," on second page, by H. & G., is an appeal for fair play in the discussion of all questions, and is very moderate in tone, considering the bitter persecution to which its authors have been subjected by many who have soiled the garments of Liberalism by wearing them. In this article our friends say, "freedom has no limit or compromise except the invasion of individual rights." Per contra, freedom has no limit or compromise, for "invasion of individual rights is not freedom but its antithesis, the denial of freedom." The remainder of the second and two columns of the third page will be read with pleasure by all lovers of good radical, outspoken, Froethought literature of the kind that has hitherto.

The remainder of the paper is occupied by J. K. Moore with a department entitled, "Principles of Life." I hope Henry and Georgia will succeed beyond their most sanguine expectations, and that they will soon be in a position where they can control their paper and make use of every inch of its space in the promulgation of their own ideas. They will find that their journal is none too large for the treatment of earthly subjects here, and, so far as H. & G. are concerned, its columns will be filled with articles treating of any other.

Equity is issued fortnightly at 50 cts. per year.

In conclusion, Comrades, here are

both my **Equity** in beauty, fraternal greeting. You are good, you are plucky, and you are pretty nearly right, generally, on fundamental principles. W.

### Spiritualism—Chlirvoyance.

**EDITOR LUCIFER:**  
In No. 150 J. W. Gibson deals with "aunt Elmina" in a plain and sensible manner, and clearly shows how those who condemn dogmatic utterances in others, can be very inconsistent by practicing that which they disapprove of. It is a common thing for those who stand on the death-ends-all platform, to assert with vigor and vehemence that Spiritualism is a fraud, chlirvoyance a delusion and a continued existence utterly impossible. But how do they know? Have they solved the problem of the Universe, discovered all of Nature's hidden powers and resources fully grasped the immensity of omniscience, or do their feeble, finite minds simply give voice to what they think in the absence of knowledge? From reading and observation I find that Spiritualists are not all fools, that the brains which are necessary to evolve thought, discover facts, grasp the truth and deal with profound subjects, are not monopolized by the advocates of annihilation, of a dreamless sleep or those who hold there is nothing real outside of matter in its gross form as seen by the physical eye. That all forces are inviolable no one can deny or disprove, yet the modern materialist ignores this fact when combatting Spiritualism, and falls back on "organization" as the explanation of life and its origin. But what lies back of this explanatory term so flippantly and frequently brought forward to settle the mooted question? A life force and power, most unsexedly; and in universal Nature two things will always be found—life and substance. Matter is both visible and invisible and life permeates it all, subject to, and controlled by conditions. To deny that organized matter can exist in an invisible form to our eyes of flesh and blood, is an assertion that shows both presumption and superficial meditation. It is said that gunpowder after an explosion occupies 2,500 times the space it did when the ingredients of which it is composed were found in condensed matter. To sublimate matter, even the materialist admits, does not destroy it, but when we talk of life, mind or soul as having a continued existence in a world of sublimated matter, where the spiritual body is invisible to the physical eye, although a prototype of our present form, there is not one of them but what attacks such a belief with ridicule and repulsion. I fully believe "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of" by aunt Elmina, Thomas Winter or that class of positive postulators, who place a limit on Nature's power and declare the womb is the origin, and the grave the finality of her masterpiece, the cradle of her efforts, the crown of creation—man. That the world is filled with frauds and bluffs who pose as mediums and chlirvoyants, I know and freely admit; but back of all fraud and every pretender exists immortal truth which nothing can injure or destroy, and though some fail to find it, their failure alters or changes no fact. There are many times in this life, when we all sigh for that rest which nothing can give but a dreamless sleep, yet whether we wish for a continued existence or not, we will have to take it; and our destiny is to float on the "mystic ocean of unrest," which pervades the other world as well as this, through the endless cycles of eternity, or until the power which gave us consciousness shall remove it.

C. SEVERANCE.  
San Francisco, Cal., June 2nd, 1883.

Labor stands by party, while the monopolists of all parties stand by the thief who fills their coffers and robs labor.—Toledo News.

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Table with columns for destination (Alfama & Mexico, Colorado Express, etc.), time, and agent information.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

But all the same he made Beatrice believe he was one day destined to storm the Royal Academy, and when once she believed this all differences in station between them vanished.

The drawing lessons grew longer and more and more conversational. Hervey was an educated man, or at least knew how to turn such education as was his to the best account.

She wished to write to her father at once. Strange to say this did not suit her lover. With great modesty he represented that until he had made his name famous in art Sir Mahugay might naturally object to the alliance.

He guided her to her first act of deceit. She informed Mrs. Erskine that she was going to Bournemouth for a fortnight to see an old school-friend.

With respect to her father she comforted herself by thinking that as he married to please himself, she had a right to do the same.

So to Bournemouth she went; but before going was quietly married to Maurice Hervey, and the fortnight spent at Bournemouth was their honeymoon.

In the first place her husband even now objected to Sir Mahugay's being told of his daughter's happiness, and Beatrice, not wishing to cross him in these early days, consented as before for a limited period to be guided by his superior knowledge of the world.

In the second place the postman one morning brought a large letter for Hervey. Beatrice watched him rather curiously as he opened it, and she saw it contained a document, the endorsement of which informed all who could read that it was a copy of the last will and testament of William Talbert, Esq.

Hervey explained that he merely took an interest in his darling's affairs, and thinking he ought to know something about them had written for the copy. This explanation sufficed, and Beatrice laughingly suggested that she should sit beside him and read the will with him. This was agreed to.

Hervey with a smile of satisfaction read how one third of the residuary estate was bequeathed to Beatrice, or rather to Horace and Herbert in trust for Beatrice. This was followed later on by another clause which in the event of Beatrice's making, before she was of the age of twenty-one, an unsuitable match, or even what appeared to her trustees an unsuitable match, Horace and Herbert were given what amounted to an unlimited power of dealing with her share, a power which fell little short of appropriation.

Old Talbert had determined that until his grand-aunt arrived at years of discretion, her trustees should be able to defy fortune-tellers.

This clause, which was so clearly worded that even she could understand it, made Beatrice glance at her husband. His face was pale, his hands were shaking, and all of a

sudden a string of fierce oaths dropped from his lips. A sharp pain ran through the girl's heart. Without a word, she rose and left him.

His noon followed her, apologized and believed he had pacified her, but his conduct had planted in her heart the doubt—the most painful doubt which a young wife can feel—that her husband had married her for her money, not for herself.

The next day Hervey went to town, on important business, he said. Beatrice naturally resented the desertion, but not having been long enough married to know what a fraud that plea of business often is, made no complaint. Nevertheless, something told her that her husband's business was in some way connected with the will. So the doubt became all but certainty.

Curiously enough, or naturally enough, Beatrice had no longer the wish to apprise her father of what had happened. Dimly she began to see the meaning of the step she had taken.

It was settled she should return to Mrs. Erskine's, and, as a slight misunderstanding is not sufficient to terminate the relationship between a husband and wife of a fortnight's standing, it was also arranged that Hervey should take lodgings in the neighborhood, to which lodgings his wife could come as a pupil to a drawing-master. The fellow had by now resumed his mask, and seemed to be trying to efface the recollection of the will scene.

But the mask had been dropped once, and Beatrice, except in her conduct, was no fool. She went back to her home with a pain in her heart, and feeling years older than when she had left a fortnight ago. Mrs. Erskine manifested no interest in the visit to Bournemouth. She merely hoped that Beatrice had spent a pleasant time.

The girl felt very miserable; a kind of dread which she vainly strove to thrust away, hung over her. She needed sympathy, needed a confidant. Such a secret as hers was too great for one breast. So she told her maid Sarah what had happened. The woman's slave-like worship and dog-like fidelity assured her silence.

Mrs. Miller, who, in spite of her religious peculiarities, knew the world, and knew also what such a marriage as this meant, suppressed the grief she felt. But to endeavor to ensue her mind she made such inquiries as she could respecting Mr. Maurice Hervey. She even watched him, waited for him, tracked him in his gaities out and comes in. She told Beatrice nothing of this self-instituted inquiry. To do the woman justice, had she found Hervey up to the standard of her requirements for Beatrice, she would have offered up thanks to Heaven more fervently than she had ever done in her life.

One day when Beatrice was paying a visit to her husband, he turned to her suddenly. "I must have money," he said, "there's no good heading about the bush."

"Have you no money?" asked Beatrice. "I have twenty pounds, the remnant of a large sum I borrowed."

Beatrice had expected an appeal of this sort. Although Hervey had again and again told her that by the drudgery of teaching he could make a good income, so that, in marrying, money was a secondary consideration, this had been part of the dread hanging over her. An appeal of this sort would give her fears a stronger foundation. She said nothing, but taking out her purse, she took its contents on the table. The man laughed scornfully.

"It is no dribble like that I want. I must have a thousand pounds by this day fortnight."

"Why tell me so? I cannot get it." She could not help the growing coldness of her voice.

"Yes you can, if you will. Will you do so?"

She looked at him steadily. "You are my husband," she said, "if I can, I will."

"I know it," he said, with a nervous laugh. "All you will have to do is to sign an undertaking promising to repay the money and interest out of your income within a certain number of years. You will do this?"

"Yes, I will do this. You are my husband."

"It is also necessary," he went on, with a covert glance at her, "to make a declaration—a mere matter of form. You must declare yourself to be twenty-one years of age."

The truth is that Mr. Hervey had been to the money-lenders, and without mentioning names, had endeavored to negotiate a loan upon such security as Beatrice's fortune offered. Some of the usurers laughed in his face, but he soon found one whose business it was never to refuse to lend money on a forged bill or a false declaration provided the friends of the forger or the perjurer were of the stamp who would pay money to avoid criminal proceedings.

"I do not quite understand," said Beatrice. She would not understand.

"It's a mere matter of form, my dear girl, it can do you no harm. It is only to swear you are twenty-one. I'm sure no one would doubt it."

Beatrice covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through her fingers. Hervey attempted to caress her. Sadly but firmly she pushed his arm away.

"I cannot do it," she said.

His brow grew black. "Damn it! you must," he said roughly.

She rose, "I will not," she said in accents which told him she meant what she said. "I will do this much, I have some jewelry; it shall be placed in your hands. The only favor I ask is that money may be raised on it in such a way that some day I can get it back. Part of it was my mother's."

Hervey knew that all her jewelry would not help him. So he pressed her to make the false declaration. First he commanded, secondly he reasoned, thirdly he besought in an abject way. And with his grovelling entreaties for money, every atom of love for him went out of the girl's heart. Love may survive ill-usage, faithlessness, and wickedness—meanness kills it. She turned and left him before he could stop her.

She did as she had promised. That evening Mrs. Miller brought him the packet of jewelry. There were some valuable articles in it, as Sir Mahugay, who had great faith in his daughter's discretion, and who perhaps had feared that it was not given at once, they would never be given, had entrusted her with some diamonds which had been passed to her late mother. So it was that she was able

to raise some two hundred pounds on the ticket. To his credit he said that he sent certain mysterious tickets to Beatrice which, upon inquiry, she found would enable her to redeem the things of which she had deprived herself.

Three days after this Sarah made a discovery, or rather completed her inquiry into Hervey's real nature. By pertinacity in tracking and watching; by questions asked in certain houses in a neighborhood to which she had followed him, she found the man had been for some space of time, and was even now, pursuing a low intrigue with a girl. With flashing eyes Mrs. Miller went to Beatrice and told her this.

Beatrice heard her in silence. Then she spoke coldly and gravely. Events were fast making a woman of her. "Sarah," she said, "I will see Mr. Hervey, and if needful you will see him. Bear in mind that if your charges against him are false, you leave me at once."

She took Sarah with her, told her to wait in the street and then entered her husband's room. She told him coldly and without apparent emotion what she had learned. She gave the name of a street, and the number of a house.

Hervey of course denied it. Beatrice then said she would fetch his libeller, who should be properly dealt with. Hervey wavered, stammered, and then at once for all dropped the mask. He brutally told his young wife to let him manage his own affairs of that sort in his own way. So Beatrice knew that Sarah had spoken the truth. And with this knowledge the love for this man which had already been driven out was replaced by a feeling of absolute hate and contempt.

Once more and only once she saw him: A few days later he wrote, bade her come to him, and threatened in case of refusal to come to her. She went. She scorned him too much to fear him.

He renewed his request that she would sign the false declaration of age.

"I will not," she said.

"Will you telegraph to your father, and say you must have a thousand pounds—tell him it means life or death?"

"I will not; nor would he send it if I did."

Hervey, who by now was getting to know something of his wife's character, felt that nothing would make her bend to his will. With an oath he raised his hand and struck her. His true brutal nature leapt forth. He covered her with reproaches; he reviled her, he told her he had never cared for her, told her he had but married her to stave off ruin, thinking the small sum he needed would be easily raised upon her prospects. He vowed to be revenged for her obstinacy. He would make her life a hell. He would drag her name through the dirt. She should rue until her death the day on which she refused to do his bidding.

When Beatrice got away from this storm of words, she walked back home with a buzzing in her head. Once inside the door she fainted.

Three days afterwards she read that Maurice Hervey had been brought before the Magistrates on a charge of forgery, and committed for trial. She found means to send him a message, asking if he had money to pay for his defense. He sent back word that he should plead guilty. He really did so, and as the forgery was a crafty, premeditated, cruel affair, the judge very properly sent him to penal servitude for five years. His wife as she read the sentence gave a groan of relief.

Now the weakest part of her nature, apart no doubt inherited from Sir Mahugay, showed itself. She let things drift. To a girl just past eighteen five years seems as inexhaustible as five hundred sovereigns would seem to a schoolboy. The remembrance of her secret marriage haunted her like the remnants of a ghastly dream. Five years. Five long years! Surely something must happen before they were spent. Something did happen!

What were her feelings when the truth first came home to her? When she knew she could cheer herself no longer? When no imaginary allusion would account for her condition? When in plain words the fact that she was to bear the burden common to womanhood was forced upon her? Then Beatrice prayed that she might die!

Even then she would not go to her friends and tell them all. Still those long uncertain years stretched out before her. If she could only conceal this new trouble as she had concealed her marriage, there was peace—peace for years. Sarah was told what she already guessed, and upon hearing her mistress's wishes simply set about executing them.

The child was born, and none save the mother, and her maid knew the truth. Hard as was the task, it was no harder to Beatrice than to others who, without the aid and faithful service of their command, have concealed what it revealed meant ruin. The elder woman attacked all. She left her mistress as a servant leaves; she prepared a place, and when the time came Beatrice found her grief lightened by all a loving woman can do for mother in such plight. Of course there was deceit—deceit seemed to have forced itself into the girl's life! There was a long visit to pay somewhere, a visit from which Beatrice returned a shadow of her former self. But none knew, none even guessed the cause.

Until the child was born Beatrice's prayer was that both she and it might die. Can a sadder, more pitiful prayer be framed by a woman? The truth could then be told to all. The early death would be the full, explicitation of her folly. The few who loved her would forgive and pity her. But her prayer was unanswered—death never even threatened mother or babe.

The child was born, the tiny head nestled on the mother's breast, and a strange new feeling awoke within her—the overpowering instinct of maternal love. Her thoughts which had once been, in case the child lived to hate it for the father's sake, burned to pure, sweet affection for the innocent, helpless little being. So far from wishing it dead, she would not now have wished it unborn. When she returned to her home she left it with many tears in Sarah's charge.

For years she saw it by stealth, saw it grow more and more the picture of perfect childhood; loved it and worshipped it more each time she saw it, and at last, when she returned to her father's house, and felt that her visits to her treasure would now perform but less and less treatment, a wild emotion to have

it with her always, to see it every day, every hour, awoke in her passionate heart.

Then came the second quarrel, and the new home. And even as she settled to go down to her uncle's the nucleus of the darling scheme for regaining her boy framed itself in her brain, and was eventually shaped into form and acted upon with perfect success.

But the five years were passing, passing. At the end of them stood what Beatrice shrank from picturing, a convict who would come and claim his wife. Beatrice had, indeed, expected that when first arrested he would find some way of proclaiming his marriage, if only in fulfillment of his threat of dragging her name into the dirt.

Yet he made no sign. He was crafty and calculating. The term of the sentence was not to him an eternity. When it ended he knew that by keeping the secret he should be in a more advantageous position to turn matters to his own benefit. Beatrice would be well past twenty-one, and in command of a large income. He meant to be thoroughly revenged for the obstinacy she had displayed in refusing to perjure herself, and so find him means to buy up the forged bills, but he meant to have money also.

This is the story of the life of the last five years upon which Beatrice looked back that afternoon. These are the pictures of the man and the woman—the husband and wife, who were to meet on the morrow like foes in a deadly duel.

And over and above all this, there was another matter ever present in the girl's mind—another name which came to her lips, not in accents of hate, but love. She had attempted to deceive him, but not herself. In fact, it seemed part of her punishment—the hardest part of all—that she loved Frank Caruthers. She had sobbed out the secret on the faithful Sarah's breast. She had wept through the weary hours of many a night as she thought of the utter hopelessness of love between them. His coming to Oakbury had doubled her grief. She had not only to lament "what has been," but to regret "what might have been."

Blame her if you must! Forgive her if you can! At least pity her!

(To be continued.)

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