

VOL. II. HOME, WASH. APRIL, 1901. NO. III

QUICK TEMPER.

Hasty one, and shall we take
The excuse you still will make,
"I am quick, but it does not last?"
Aye, the lightning soon is past,
But with swift, dividing stroke
It hath rent you tow'ring oak.

——Selected.

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A Fragment From "FREEDOM'S PROMISE."

"Let there be light!" the cheerful strain prolong,
And O, ye nations! swell the magic song,
Till earth's remotest mountains shall proclaim
A people's birthright is no idle name.

Hurl Pope and Potentate from earthly throne—
Justice and Right shall circle every zone:
A higher Faith shall cheer the coming age,
Redeeming death, and bright'ning history's page.

——E. Pauline Thorndyke.

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THE BRIGHTER DAY.

'Tis coming up the steeps of time,
And this old world is growing brighter.
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.

——Gerald Massey.

DRAW THE CORDS TIGHT—Snap!

"The new City Council has passed an ordinance imposing a license of $10 per month on all Spiritualist mediums, Palmists, Card-readers, etc. This has been fought till it has been reduced to $5 and exempting all those who are ordained. I am not one of them. [and never will be if I read her aright,—L. W.] And this same wise (?) Council has passed another ordinance forbidding the Socialists to speak on the street or in the public parks. These are some of their doings this month."

The above is an extract from a letter I have just received (Apr. 1st.) from a noble woman in a southern city, and which beautifully illustrates the tyranny of government. This having to pay a license for a chance to live, the money so collected being used to pay the salaries of those who impose it, perhaps to pay for the choice liquors they drink in their well furnish'd homes. It makes me think of the little girl who was induced to give the money she had saved to buy a doll, to the missionary to "help carry the gospel to the poor heathen who had never heard of Jesus," the missionary in the mean time, bought a doll for his own little girl that cost twice as much.

But I want to say a word of the friend who wrote the letter. I have known her for years, have known of her struggle to maintain herself and children, even till overwork at that which was too hard for her bro't her next to death's door—this before she would consent to use her fine psychic powers as a means of obtaining bread. But lo, and behold! the City Council steps in and says in effect:

"It is no difference to us whether you have bread or not; you can sell your body if you choose, but you shall not exercise your natural powers except you pay a bonus to us." Thousands of women are driven to prostitution by the various methods that these 20th Century robbers use to compass their ends; but not this one; she has too much stamina; she will find some way out. I have advised her to give readings by letter, which I think are more likely to be reliable than if the party is present, for a strong individuality may so dominate the medium that what is desired is given, not from the spirit side of life, but from the mind of the one desiring the reading or communication.

I will not advertise for those I do not know, or have not the fullest confidence in their integrity, but I have offered again and again to advertise for this lady. She now consents, and tells me that she has, in a quiet way done work of the kind, and knowing her so well, I know that she gave satisfaction or she would not have consented to advertise.

I will simply say now that those who desire to test this lady's powers may address me or this paper and I will see that she gets your letter. I do not wish to give her name to the public till I understand her wishes better, as she wrote hastily and did not fully explain them; in the mean time, when you write, please say if you wish a reading of your own personal characteristics and powers, with advice therewith, business advice, or a communication from the spirit side of life. The terms are $1. for either of these and $2. for psychometrizing ores for mining. I will now leave this part of the subject, as I ache to take up another point.

THE ORDAINED EXEMPT.

No, she is not one of the "ordained" though she was a trance speaker before the religious body known as the N.S.A. was in existence. I am pained to the soul to see how completely spiritualism has been captured by the church, and our mediums wearing the insignia of the priesthood. "Rev." How degraded I should feel were I forced to wear such a title! Yes, Spiritualists are aping the Church that they may share its special privileges—this, well knowing, as they must if they think at all, that privilege robs the people. "My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned a better lot for me; I am privileged; I, or we, privileged ones, can monopolize the business, wear fine clothes and roll our eyes heavenward in invocations, and if we should cheat a little when we cannot get the genuine, they can't touch us for we are ordained."

Such is exactly the language of the popular, money making class of mediums who accept ordination to obtain exemption from what those must pay who do not wish to join the order of the priesthood. "The ordained ones are exempt." This is not only considered legitimate, but has been secured by special effort on the part of organized Spiritualism. Exempt from the burdens that others must bear and yet claiming to be a saving power to lift Humanity up! When they ranged themselves under the banner of privilege they exchanged that which would have made them a blessing to Humanity for the protection of its tyrants, for we all know that government and tyranny are inseparable, and we ought to know by this time that the very soul of Humanity calls for Freedom.

Do not think, because of what I have said, that I indiscriminately condemn all who have been ordained. I sincerely pity them, however, and more than all, I pity those who have so little self-respect, so little idea of the real character of privilege as to feel honored because of holding a privilged position. Should I accept such a position, either through ordination or some other excuse for furnishing a sustaining power to those who enslave the people, (the privileged classes are the body guard of tyranny, particularly the priesthood,)—should I accept such a position I should feel that I was protected by the wolf that ate the lambs.

But what can I do? says one who has felt forced to enter the "exemption" ranks, what can I do? Mediumship is my only means of support; my children must have bread, and I cannot pay that license."

Dear Soul, I will tell you what I would like to have done. I would like to have the mediums, one after another to the number of fifteen or twenty, write to that Council something as follows:

"Gentlemen: it was all I could do to live before you saw fit to tax my scanty income. I cannot pay the licence imposed, and you have thus taken from me my only means of support, but I and mine do not wish to starve, therefore, through you, I appeal to the city for help." —. —. ——.

Don't you think that such a course would bring exemption without ordination? I think it would.

But going back to the lady of whom I was speaking, I forgot to say that she does not propose to make psychometric or any other kind of readings her life work, but only till the children can care for themselves. She will then become a worker in more practical fields, and one of whom we need not be ashamed. She is one of us, Comrades, and if you wish to test her powers you will be aiding a genuine radical.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

On several occasions during the last three years singular shadows have appeared in the main porch of the White House, Washington, says the London *Two Worlds*. About the time that President McKinley's brother died a shadow appeared, taking the form of an aged, bent woman, seen in profile. This was seen for two or three weeks last Autumn. The shadow had its fore arm and hand raised as if in warning.

The other day, when the sun was shining brightly, a nondescript shadow appeared, which soon took a definite shape, representing a profile form of President McKinley. The appearance lasted two minutes, and gradually changed as the sun altered its position, until it assumed a remarkably perfect likeness of the late Queen Victoria, having on the head an object resembling a crown. This lasted for two or three minutes, then disappeared. Two hours later the same forms re-appeared in succession on the opposite side of the portico about 40 feet distant. Those employed at the White House are prepared to substantiate this.

——The R. P. Journal.

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When in Salt Lake City some years since I met a lady who was raised a Catholic but had married out of the Church. She was a natural clairvoyant, and among the things she told me, she said that soon after her marriage a company of nuns would come at night and set a coffin down in front of the bed. She was getting quite tired of this when one night she was controlled and called out: "To hell with your coffins." Though knowing it to be control, it startled her, and frightened her husband, but the nuns disappeared, coffin and all, and they troubled her no more.

Another incident in the line of mediumship, characteristic of Ingersoll, who, as it was claimed, was speaking. He was asked if he had found God over there. "No" he replied, "if there's one here he took to the woods when I came." A fitting answer to such as are foolish enough to expect to meet a personal God when they drop this body.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FREEDOM OF WOMAN.

PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, editor and publisher.

All communications addressed to the editor at Home, Pierce Co. Wash.

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Revelation xii, i.

In all the past, connected with all religious systems, there have been those who have sensed and symbolized the deeper truths of life—have symbolized, but have not understood the deeper meaning that time and experience can alone reveal, and of none is it more true than of the vision or symbol from which the name of this paper is taken—Clothed With The Sun—the symbol of direct power. Woman will not always shine by reflected light. She will assert herself and put the moon of subjection under her feet.

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Those who receive a sample copy of this paper will please consider it an invitation to subscribe.

Those who receive more than one copy will please hand the extras to others.

If you want private information on any subject, enclose not less than one dollar for reply. *The Nautilus.*

And Clothed With The Sun says the same. One of the lessons the public needs to learn is that an editor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

A SCANDAL ON JESUS.

"Dear Friend—Will you allow me to answer an accusation made in the Dec. paper which seems to me wholly unjust and uncalled for.

"Why should we reformers, and advocates of freedom fight against Jesus, whose teachings, if followed, wo'd bring, at once, a reign of universal peace and love.

"Is it usually the one who is guilty of the same offense against law, who is ready to say: "I do not condemn you, go and sin no more?' I have never heard of any trustworthy record of any evil or uncleanness in the character of Christ. Even those who were most anxious to find an excuse for his execution were compelled to say, 'I find no fault in him.'

Aside from our personal opinion as to who or what he was, it seems unworthy of us to spend our time in setting up a scandal about Jesus because he was brave enough to defy public opinion and the power of an unjust law rather than sacrifice the woman, as her accusers supposed he would be obliged to do.

"In love and sympathy with your own sublime bravery and strength of purpose, I am ever your friend, —. —. ——.

Thanks, Dear Critic; criticism helps me to bring out my best if there is any best in me; permit me then to ask a few questions:

1st.—Have we any "trustworthy" record of anything connected with the history of Jesus?

2d.—Is a loving, mutual sex relation an "uncleanness" because not legally sanctioned?

3d.—Is a man who lives a celibate life more pure than the man who honors his sex in its use?

4th.—If not, why should it be a "scandal" to suppose, or to bring evidence to show the probability of Jesus having held the sex relation?

And now, my sister, I would like to ask one question more. You say: "WE reformers and advocates of freedom"—has one the right to claim to be an "advocate" of what they dare not openly defend?

I should really like to know, for I have subscribers who write and commend my course, but who are very careful to caution me, if I publish anything of theirs, not to give name or place, nor say anything that will betray them, and it seems to me that such "advocates" do not add much to the strength of a cause.

But what is all this about, is asked by those who have not read the article in question. Simply this: Last November a gentleman called on me who has had better opportunities to obtain information than I have had. In the course of the conversation the story of Jesus and the woman taken in adultery came up, and he remarked that in setting the woman free Jesus confessed himself guilty of the same, if guilt it was.

"How is that?" I asked.

He then went on to state that in a case of the kind if the accuser had been guilty of the same he was not allowed to stone the victim; the stoning must then be done by the judge, and if he refused it was considered a confession on his part. I published my friend's statement, and that is what the sister is castigating me for doing. So far as my informant is concerned, I have no means of knowing as to the correctness of his statement, but to predicate an argument I will assume it to be true.

In that case, assuming also that the record of Jesus and the woman to be that of an actual occurrance, then one of two things follows. Jesus, by not condemning the woman, acknowledged that he was a man like other men—that, or he cared so little for public opinion he was willing to have it thought he was a violator of the Jewish law in order to save the woman. Either supposition does him credit, whereas, the idea that a mutual, loving sex relation is an "uncleanness," makes a man, even a Jesus unclean is a "scandal" upon our sex which every "reformer and advocate of freedom" should repel as an insult to womanhood.

Christians claim a life of celibacy for Jesus, consider it an essential element of the purity they attribute to him, and by so doing they cast contempt on sex itself. Sex, the fountain of life, the sex relation, that without which we should have had no earthly existence—that relation held when mutual love attracts, (and in freedom there would be only such) that relation by which the world is peopled counted impure unless sanctioned by some human agency outside the parties themselves, and in any event, those who combine in Love's eucharist considered less pure than those who repudiate the divine fire which gave them life! Has the world, or the people in it, gone mad!

As to Jesus, I have no desire to be "unjust" to him or anyone else. If he never felt the clinging arms of woman in love's embrace he was less instead of more because of it. If I can do anything toward lessening the prevailing low idea of sex I can feel that my life is not in vain. In no one thing are the words: "as a man thinketh, so is he," more true than in regard to sex. To illustrate more fully the principle involved I will quote from a work now out of print because of lack of means to get a new edition. On page 36 of "The Occult Forces of Sex," I find the following:

"Our thoughts help to refine or deteriorate the body through the involuntary attracting power which draws from the elements about us that which corresponds to the thought itself. The sexized secretions of the human body are, so to speak, its essential oils. They take a large amount of crude matter from both body and brain that, when thus separated, must be replaced, and the estimate we have of the sex act decides the character of that which takes its place. Such estimate, if low, coarse, gross, draws that which is like unto itself just as truly as anything else brings forth after its kind. The process is repeated; more sexized matter is taken from the general circulation which must again be replaced, and thus, year after year, does sex life drag the man down, and all because he thinks it only of the flesh, and low at that. Can we wonder then, that we find disgusting, detestible old men in society, or that women sometimes grow acrid, haggish?"

The above was written and published over twenty years ago, and each succeeding year but adds to my conviction of the evil effect of low thought in connection with sex.

Now what is the impression made upon the mind by the idea that Jesus is scandalized by the imputation of having held the sex relation? What but that a pure, holy being will not indulge in the impurity of the sex act. It follows logically that tho' allowed for the perpetuation of the race, sex, in and of itself, is a kind of satan with which we must continually war if we would be really pure.

How can the race rise to its true altitude with such an idea of that by which it comes into this world? Can a stream rise higher than its source? Oh, but God is the source of our being, is the reply.

And did God send us into this world by an unclean route? If so, he himself should have "shed his blood to wash away our stains" instead of sending a substitute. It is not true; sex is not unclean only as we have made it so by our thought, and by the acts that result from such thought. With a low idea of sex, genuine purity is an impossibility. As we think, so we are. Under some conditions it may be, is best to refrain from the creative act, but if done because the belief is that one is purified by so doing, a mistake is made, as one's own sex life is poisoned by the thought that attaches impurity to sex. Whether one indulges or refrains, the only path to purity is found in the region of reverence for sex. We do not dishonor, put to a low use that which we reverence.

There is no proof as to whether Jesus lived the life of a celibate or not; though it is assumed that he did; but, should a man in our day do some of the things recorded of him the conclusion would be just the opposite; for instance, his visit to the woman of Samaria. When I think of the misery and degradation caused by this false idea of sex—think of womanhood crushed and manhood debased, I feel that I could do almost anything, even to attacking the character of a Jesus as measured by the accepted standard, if I could thus help to lift sex out of the mire into which it has been dragged.

"Whose teachings, if followed would bring at once the universal reign of peace and love."

Which of his teachings? He taught usury by implication. Where? In the parable of the talents. How severely the "unprofitable servant" was condemned because he had brought no gain to his master. "Thou wicked and slothful servant," and further: "that I might have had mine own with USURY." No universal peace and love in such teaching. Usury, the dragon that is riding the nations to death, that is filling our fair land with tramps, that takes home from the widow, and bread from the orphan's mouth. "That I might have received mine own with usury."

He taught the idea of a personal God, of the innocent suffering to reveal his glory. In the case of the blind man whose sight was restored, when the disciples asked, who sinned this man or his parents, the reply was, neither this man nor his parents but that the glory of God might be revealed. In other words, God had made the man blind that he might be honored through the healing power of his son. Pretty small business that for God, but Jesus taught it. This idea of a personal God whose will is law has filled the earth with contention as to what that will is. No peace and love there.

The only teaching of Jesus upon which the sister can base her claim is where he tells us to love one another. That was thundered from Mt. Sinai long before in the form of: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. This, IF followed, would bring universal peace, but the fact is, it CANNOT be followed. No one ever yet loved by command. It is an impossibility. We may try to be just to those from whom we recoil but we cannot love that which is unlovely to us though all the gods of the universe demand it.

For the words: "first pure and then peacable" I would substitute: first FREE and then peceable.

Freedom is the innate demand of every human soul and there cannot be peace till it is realized. The rule of one over another must cease. It all resolves itself into the creed of the Anarchist—freedom, self-government, and no monopolization of Nature's opportunities, and these are the conditions of universal peace.

DOCTOR FOOTE'S NEW BOOK.

No man in this country has done more to liberalize public thought than has Dr. E. B. Foote. His Plain Home Talk is a mine of valuable information and his Science In Story should be a standard book in our public schools. As the ripened work of his years, he now gives us the CYCLOPEDIA, the advertisement for which will be found on our last page. That it is a valuable work goes without telling. The best of his previous works, with 500 pages

of added matter, 1200 pages in all, 400 illustrations (80 on colored plates) 250 recipes, cloth bound, and all for a sum that surprises me, only $2. I will not advertise that in which I have not full confidence but shall be proud to fill orders for this book.

CARRIE NATION.

To be in the fashion, I suppose I must say something about the saloon smasher. The editor of Spirit Mothers gives the true explanation to Mrs. Nation's course, says she is a medium, and being clairaudiant, she hears some spirit as ignorant as herself, but equally zealous, telling her to smash the saloons. She thinks it the voice of God and of course feels bound to obey. Reason, judgment, common sense must take the place of voices from the unseen.

We must learn to deal with the cause of an evil if we would remove it. The saloon is certainly a grievous evil, but it is the product of the misdirected efforts of zealous temperance agitators. There were no saloons when I was a child—yes, it was sold everywhere, but it was pure. It contained no poisonous drugs. High license drugged liquors and high prices are the result of this misdirected effort of earnest men and women who have failed to look beneath the surface of things.

If those workers in a good cause could but realize that every man, or woman, who monopolizes a large tract of land is thus helping to drive men to saloon keeping and women to prostitution, they need be no less in earnest, but they would change their methods. If Carrie could smash the immense land monopolies, and also all ties that bind woman to unwilling relations, resulting often in undesired motherhood, she would effect a permanent good, whereas now she only does harm.

Healthy, satisfied, loved, and loving women are not very likely to give birth to children who, hungering for they know not what, drink to deaden the fuestiate craving. Children born of mothers starved for love, and often for the comforts of life! is it strange that they inherit the mother's craving?

THE HYPNOTIZING PROCESS.

The following from the pen of Varoqua Daniels in Free Society, and copied in The People's Press, (Chicago, Ill.) shows up this process, how the masses are made mental slaves; for the same pinciple is involved in teaching on every line of thought.

"A letter to the 'Sunday Schools of the Church' lies before me. By its wording it would seem there is but one church. In reality, the statement is not far from the truth. Although there are numerous sects, they are one humbugging scheme; all 'worship' one god, but with varying details in ceremonies.

"This letter is a begging leaflet, asking the children for self denial in spending their money, so as to make an Easter 'offering' (not a burnt offering—that is out of date!) for missionary purposes. The lord, as usual, is out of funds, and it is his desire, so the letter states, that the redemption of the world (from what?) may be proclaimed to the multitudes of his subjects who are yet ignorant of his designs.

"This god is usually called 'king' or 'master' in the leaflet. Thus by training the children year in and year out to submissive feelings, by making a show of kneeling to a master, adults are bereft of even a semblance of independence. In hymns and prayers (part of the show,) the mixture of flattery and begging perpetually sung and repeated would tend to weaken or entirely wipe out one's self-reliance, provided the 'worship' be more than mere 'lip-service.' Even if the 'praises' be seemingly superficially given, the deadening of the individual into a mere worshipping automaton is in a measure effected. See what crowds of people there are who pretend to believe in 'majority rule,' and who profess to despise kings, yet who rapturously sing:

"'All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.'

"Glance over the Church literature—the admiration for royalty and mastership and the subserviency to them are detestable. People who will hatch up such subjective rot, if only for pastime, can have no clear conception of freedom."

I am glad to see the tendency of this constant training in submission so well shown up, and I can think of nothing smaller, narrower, more belitteling than this cunning method of robbing the children of their money under pretense of helping a being of "almighty power" to save the world. The claim is so ridiculous that only one who is so completely hypnotized by a course of training such as the comrade has analyzed, as to be incapable of reasoning, could seriously think of such a thing.

But, alas! the world is full of such hypnotized brains, the process begun in childhood. Poor little ones! dedicated from before birth to SERVICE, presented to, the parents know not whom, and trained to obey. Varoqua is right. Those who acknowledge ALLEGIENCE to an unseen personality can have no clear conception of freedom; but our refusal to be enslaved does not disprove the existence of unseen intelligences who will rule us if they can.

HEROES IN BRONZE.

. . . "There is one man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every schoolhouse in the land."

"Who! Where is he?"

"WILLIAM CARTER, a brassmolder of the town of Ansonia, Conn., just one of the common people, a toiler and moiler in the industrial sweatshop—that's all. But he has written his name indelibly on the page of history, and his action will soon be the theme of some poet's stirring strain, for he lies in the county jail in New Haven, Conn., for principle's sake. This man has convictions; one of them is that war is gruesome, ghastly, barbarous; that it is murder. He has courage too, and shows it. Eighteen months or more ago he declined to pay $2, assessed as war tax; clapped in prison he still refused; kept behind the bars, he still mutely protests against being forced to be a party to bloody violence."——C. H. Cheyse in Discontent.

[All right, Comrade; Mr. Carter deserves all the credit that you give him, but you do not need to go to Connecticut to find an example of governmental defiance. A. J. Pope has never voted lest he should thus become accessory to the taking of life. When, at the age of 74, (now 77) he was arrested on the obscenity pretense, he utterly refused to sign bonds on his own recognizance even, lest by so doing he should acknowledge that the government had a right to arrest him. So he went to jail, lay there for months, and when the farce of a trial was enacted was sentenced to four months more, a sentence he might have escaped had he made the least concession, but that he would not do. William Carter declines to pay war tax; Abner J. Pope declines to recognize the government that lays the tax. Get bronze for two, friend Cheyse.]

MOCKING GOD.

On a recent Sunday, while the hands of the B. B. P mill were toiling amid the din of escaping steam and the rumble and jar of ponderous machinery, the owners were attending a fashionable church where the sunlight was strained through richly stained glass and the mellow roll of the pipe organ soothed the spirit, and the trained orchestra thrilled the listeners with the soft cadences of vocal music. Here, amid such scenes, these owners thanked God fervently for having permitted such infernal conditions as those which prevail at their mill. Do you think such mocking is sweet incense to the Lord of Hosts?

——The People's Pres. (Albany, Ore.)

[No mocking about it, Mr. Editor. A being who would sit upon a throne and DEMAND the worship of the millions, claiming that he created them for HIS OWN GLORY—such a being would be beneath the contempt of all self-respecting people. Just imagine an earthly king accepting such homage; or suppose that Paine and Washington should demand of us the anniversary tribute we so freely accord, sho'd threaten us with punishment if we did not continue them, what should we think of it? If we should despise such self-seeking in the noblest of earth, should we attribute it to a being supposed to be of more exalted character? That there are many ambitious beings in the unseen life, and that they delight to pose as God, I freely admit, and that the Jehovah of the Jews, the Christian's God, is one of such is quite evident to an unprejudiced mind. To such a character, lord of the hosts he has enslaved, praise from any source would be "sweet incense" but the Infinite Stillness out of which all things spring, calls for nothing of the kind.

There is a saying: "Like master, like man," and Bishop Hamilton well represented the character of of those who claim to be servants of "The Lord of Hosts" when he declares that to exist, Christianity must be the only existor. A God, (one so claiming) who commands his people to utterly destroy another people and take possession of their lands, has a natural affiliation with those like unto himself. Don't worry, Comrade, about 'The Lord of Hosts" being mocked, as those he leads are those who bring hell upon the earth.

THAT DUN.

I have been dunned. I shall consider it a mistake unles I learn it is not. There is one Christian editor to whom I send Clothed With the Sun, because he writes upon the sex question, not from Nature, but from the plane of authority as he interprets the bible. I supposed I was receiving Christian Life in exchange. The last No., however, contains a slip so marked as to indicate that I ought to pay up; if in no other way, by working to extend their circulation. Thanks for the invitation, but rest assured I shall never work for anything that rests upon personal authority as its basis. What special good can come from knowing "The Relation of Christ to the Purity Question of To days" The church is making a desperate effort to hold control of this part of our life, for when woman is made really free, the tyranny of church power is broken.

☞ But I tell you, my readers, of this "dun," more particularly to assure you that no one of you will ever receive a dun from me. If I send the paper to those who have not subscribed, when I am tired of sending I will stop, and if those who have had it feel like giving something, all right, but there will be nothing asked for.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

☞ Stamps not taken for sums of over ten cents. In San Francisco I could dispose of them to those who used a great many in their business, but here I can't.

—*—

I am going to make a new list—shall transfer the names of those whose time is not out, of those who have renewed, or who have otherwise aided me, to the new book. The others will get no more unless I hear from them. It is not wise to scatter seed where it brings no returns. Better try elsewhere.

—*—

By more than three fourths vote the McMillan anti-vaccination bill has been passed over the governor's veto, and Utah's children are now free from the blood poisoning hordes.——from Vaccination.

—*—

A gentleman who subscribed for Clothed With The Sun for others than himself last year, sent more than I had expected to help on my home. When I acknowledged its receipt I asked:

"Shall I continue the paper to the names you sent last year?" The prompt response was:

"No, if, after reading the paper a year, they do not think enough of it to pay for it they can do without it." There are a number of the same class on my list who will get no more copies of the paper after this issue unless I hear from them.

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A word about subscriptions:—From the first issue of Clothed With The Sun up to September inclusive I sent each new subscriber all the back numbers, as I did not feel sure I could continue the work another year; besides, many of them requested it. The time of all these has expired. Will they please renew? After the September was issued I decided to raise the price, and then those who sent the 50 cents commenced with the November number and were credited to July inclusive on the 2d volume. To such three more numbers are due. Better renew in time. And again I say, this is the last number to those whose time is out, unless I hear from them.

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There's no use to blink the question. There must be revolutionary reform in society or it will fall to pieces by its own rottenness. Courts, police, penitentiaries and gallows' ropes will not continue to hold it together at the rate in which crime is progressing in legislative bodies and in the courts, not to speak of its progress among what is known as the dangerous classes.—Southern Mercury.

From "Things As They Are."

By Bolton Hall.

"Chris, there's too many of you shoemakers."

"How do you make that out, Pat?"

"Why, there's too many shoes; and its you that makes them. Look at those boxes of them: they can't be sold."

"I think," said Chris, "its you hatmakers there's too many of. Look at the stacks of hats in every shop going out of fashion before they are used."

"Well" says Pat, "what are you grumbling about? You're wearing a shabby enough hat—"

,'Its no worse than your boots," says Chris.

Pat scratched his head. "No," he said, but there is an overproduction of boots. I heard that in Mr. Rockefeller's 'School of Social Economics.'"

"I think," said Chris, "its a lack of circulating medium. I read that in Coin's Financial School."

"Stuff," says Pat. "I'll trade you a hat for a pair of boots; that is, when I get some fur to make it out of and find time to make it. I have to work twelve hours a day now."

"Well, I'd like to trade; but you see, I have to sell every pair of these shoes at the best price I can get for them, to get some clothes for the children. I made the grocer take out his bill in shoes last week because I haven't any money, but I can't spare any more. The rent is due this week."

"Gad," says Pat, "I'll try my landlord on hats. I don't believe he'll do it though; for he gets his rent in advance. Guess he'll put me out first. Then how will I sell hats, or trade them either, with no place to live at all, at all?"

"Mine would put me out for sure," says Chris.

"Sure, I thought you owned this shanty," says Pat.

"So I do own the shanty, but I pay ground rent; that is, I put up the shanty myself. The landlord claims he owns it now."

"Why don't you move over to the field opposite and—"

"Why, the owner there would charge me all I could make, just the same as this one."

"Well, if you get him to take a pair of shoes or so, what will he give you for them?"

"Oh, if he takes the shoes he will not put me out."

"I'll take the shoes; and I'll not put you out either," says Pat.

"Don't talk nonsense. You don't own the land. He does."

"How did he get it?"

"Bought it, same as you will have to buy my shoes."

"From the one that made it, same as you made the shoes?"

"Well no," says Chris, "I suppose he bought it of some one who got it from the Indians, 'Crows' they call them. I hear tell they were originally Chinese."

"Sure, the Indians didn't make it, or even fence it in. I don't believe the Indians owned it anyhow, any more than the crows that flew over it."

"Well, anyway, he has it now, and the lots opposite too. The people here wanted to dig the sand out of them, but he wouldn't let them at any price. If he had, the people around here would be doing well. It's hardly taxed at all either, while I have to pay a lot on this bit of a shed. D—n the landlord. He does nothing but collect rent. Here he is now. Mr. Orcus, I ain't got the rent yet."

"Ain't got the rent? If you ain't got the rent, Chris, you'll get the sack. Why don't you go out and peddle your shoes? I never saw so many people around here with bad shoes."

"Well, you see, sir, it is their rent day too; and no one seems to have any money for bread, let alone shoes."

"Well, now, I tell you what it is, my man," says the land owner, "I'll wait till Monday, and not a day longer. I've heard all about you. You spend your time thinking and stirring up your neighbors, instead of working hard, as every man ought to do. You're a kind of Anarchist." (exit)

"Say, Pat," says Chris, "do you know what I think? There's an overproduction of land owners. Why don't we vote to tax those fellows out of their boots?"

"Faith, and I would," says Pat, as he showed his toes. "It's long enough they've taxed us out of ours."

THREE TIMES A DAY

We have a Board of Death (not far away;)
There's where they vaccinate—three times a day;
Note ye how the doctors grin
And declare it is no sin
With the virus to begin
Three times a day.

But should the vaccine kill—may be it will;
What matter if it does? Just pay the bill;
Hear the frightened children scream
When they see the lancet gleam;
Vaccinate them while they dream
Three time a day.

Let the Boards of Death halt while they may,
List now the people's voice, list while they pray
For every degenerate
Whom the good must execrate,
Even all who vaccinate
Three times a day.

C. Townsend—in Vaccination.

BUSINESS DIS-HONESTY

I do not think it honest to send out a multiplied report of one's successes and carefully suppress failures, but it is business. The writer is amply responsible for the extract I make from his letter dated, Ouset, Mass., Dec. 29th, 1900.

. . . "My wife paid Peebles for three month's treatment. Before the first month closed she wrote him that the medicine was making her worse and she should decline taking any more. He sent another month, which she wrote him remained in the express office. He then sent some by mail and tried to persuade her to continue, but she said: "No." Fifty dollars would not pay the damage done, yet he is honest enough to keep the money, and probably to quote her case among the cured.

You can publish this over my signature. James H. Young.

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From Peebles' Advertisement.

[If he believes all that of himself he must have been taking hasheesh, and if he does not, is it honest? L. W.]

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We want to show the saloon-men that we regard them as brothers tangled in the meshes of a false civilization, they in one way and we in another, and to set them to thinking on a line that will enable them to help themselves and us out of these tangles. Who will help us by taking hold and selling the pamphlet? Address this office.