



VOL. I.

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NO. 11.

[The following article was written by a reporter sent to the Philippines by that Christian paper, The Voice, to investigate the liquor traffic there. It was published in The Freethought Magazine and copied in The Freethought Ideal, from which I take it somewhat condensed. If Mr. Johnson ever was a Christian, he is now thoroughly disgusted with whatever bears the name. L. W.]

CHRISTIANITY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A few days ago I returned from a two month's stay in the Philippines, where William McKinley, the Methodist, is now conducting a war of "benevolent assimilation" in the name of the Lord God, and for the spread of "Christian civilization," etc. We have from time to time been assured by the administration newspapers that the Filipinos were delivered into our hands by "the Providence of God."

But Mr. McKinley's campaign in these islands (in the name of God), bears such striking resemblance to the celebrated campaign of Moses against the Midianites (also in the name of God), that I quote the official report of that affair from the thirty-first chapter of Numbers.

Soon after my arrival in Manila, I picked up a copy of the Daily Freedom, the leading exponent of Christian civilization in the city, which, by the way, could not pay expenses were it not for an income of about \$1,800 a month for advertising the whiskey of this "Christian civilization." I read there that six drunken American soldiers had broken into the home of a respectable native; that they looted the house; that the brutes took turns in holding the struggling husband while the others ravished the frantic wife before his eyes; that when the old mother of the girl pleaded for mercy, one of these advance agents of Christianity knocked her senseless with the butt of his revolver, that the little children ran shrieking from the house and alarmed their neighbors; and that when the police finally arrived, the American civilizers had all fled save one, who was lying in a drunken slumber on the floor.

I read the files of this paper through for the year ending with June 15 last. Its pages were fairly streaked for the whole time with the most abominable outrages of this sort committed upon inoffensive natives by those "advance agents of Christian civilization." I found that this same "Christian civilization" had opened up nearly 400 saloons in Manila alone, besides scores of grog shops in all the cities and towns where "the flag" had been planted.

[I will now give a summary instead of the statistics taken from a report by Gen. Otis, and from the Bulletin of Philippine Commerce recently issued by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. From these it appears that during the first ten months of American rule about twice as much liquor was imported into the island as during the two years of 1893 and 1894. From further statistics it is shown that fully one third of all the soldiers who were sent here to teach civilization, were arrested and tried for crime or misdemeanor before the first eleven months of the American occupation were completed. The balance I will give in full. L. W.]

About two hundred brothels containing about six hundred women are now being operated under the direction and supervision of the War Department, a regular military bureau having been organized to look after this business. At Jolo, in the Sulu group, no

prostitutes could be found among the natives, so these advance agents of God Almighty were obliged to import a pack of women from Japan in order to stock their three military brothels opened there.

By one of the chief surgeons of the First Reserve I was told that of the one hundred thousand troops sent there to civilize the natives, sixty thousand had gone through the hospital. Of these sixty thousand boys, ten thousand had been stricken with infamous diseases. Moreover, this diseased host of ten thousand soldiers did not include thousands of others who took private treatment of private physicians.

Prize fighting is another factor of Christian civilization which has been introduced into these islands. Two or three times a month a brutal prize fight is given at the Teatro Libertad, the sluggers being toughs from this armed host of Christian progress.

The Catholic priesthood of the Most High have these simple natives by the throat. There is but little in the way of houses or lands that does not belong to the priests. They own the land; they exact a tax at birth; they demand another fee at baptism; they extort another for "confirmation"; they demand another fee at marriage. They work the least day assessment several times a year; they extort a coffin tax of \$5, and demand rent for the grave. If the corpse gets behind five years on his rent, the bones, coffin and all, are dug up and dumped into the "bone heap" back of the church. I know of no words in the dictionaries, by which I can express my feelings of wrath, as I stood among the coffins on the bone heap behind Paco church, and with my own hands handled the skulls of the dead who had gotten in arrears with their rent, and who had been dug up and thrown into the scrap heap by these ghouls of Christianity.

There is a whole race of half breeds in the Philippines, who point to this priest or that friar as their father. As in the campaign of Moses, these befrocked wretches, for an hundred years, have demanded the choicest of Filipino maids, who "have not known man." For eight years there has been on Calle Neuva, Manila, an establishment of lust, for the exclusive use of the priests of the "holy" Catholic Church.

This is a brief resume of the work that is being carried on in these unhappy islands by William McKinley in the name of Almighty God. W. E. JOHNSON.

This is a terrible state of affairs, but McKinley is but the tool of the money and the church power, and denouncing him does no good. It is the system that must be changed. There must be a total repudiation of the right of the invisible to control us. When we learn to stand upon our feet, repudiating all claim to invisible authority through visible agents, we shall see even these priests deserve our pity; that their degradation is the result of false teaching and false environments. The religion that takes us away from our own selfhood to worship some outside power, is of itself a degradation.

WHAT AM I DRIVING AT?

Why, to open the eyes of all the people as to what must be done by each individual. In this issue I republish the appeal to woman by Lois Waisbrooker, the veteran thinker and emancipator of her sex. I now boldly affirm that though only a

pupil in the A C B of her philosophy, I am certain that hers is the only course for us to follow, if we want to give our children a better system of life, a healthier mind and body; for she clearly points the way to give birth to a new race of human beings. She tells us how to instill freedom instead of selfishness, into the mind of the infant, for as you sow, so shall you reap.

Readers, you who are not yet prepared to take up her line of battle for the betterment of society, don't throw this number away; it may not be long before your heart and mind may seek for Lois' soothing words to the searcher after truth. Her appeal to woman is only a glimpse of what she can teach you.—Thoughts of the Hour, Los Angeles.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY.

One more issue, and then RENEW, RENEW.

Self-justice demands that I raise the price of Clothed With the Sun to 50 cents. Paper has risen in price and so has printing. I pay more for every issue than I did at first. Think of this, and don't blame me.

But I want to increase my list, and you desire the same, so to every subscriber who will send me two new subscribers, or four six months' subscribers and one dollar, can have their own free for a year.

Also: all new subscribers who send 50 cents before January 1, can have the three last numbers of this volume also. Present subscribers can offer this as an inducement in getting new subscribers.

The reason I am so in earnest about prompt renewal is—that with them and a little outside help, I can place myself where the cost of the paper and the cost of my own living will be lessened by half.

"How?" I can eliminate rent, which is half of what it costs me to live; and placed as I propose, I can do more than half the work on the paper, that I now pay for being done.

This year the friends contributed to money for the paper, but I cannot expect—do not wish that to be done from year to year, so I want to place myself where I can do without it, and I can if I can carry out my present purpose.

I shall have 100 copies of the present volume put in shape for preservation; and subscribers can have the paper for a year and a bound copy of the first volume for \$1.

You can aid me by prompt renewal, by taking bound copies of the present volume, and by buying my books. Renew promptly, please. I will send full explanation of my plans to those wishing to aid me. L. W.

Legal marriage is the seat of the power of the priest. Through marriage the priest rules the children and the husband. Through marriage the priest rules the world.—Orford Northcote.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Freedom of Woman.

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Those who receive sample copies will 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."—Nautilus.

And Clothed With The Sun says the same. One of the first lessons that the masses must be taught to recognize, is that the editor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

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 there have been those who have sensed and symbolized the truths of the coming time—have symbolized, but have not understood the fullness of the meaning thus shadowed forth; and of none is it more true than of the vision or symbol from which I have taken the name of my paper. "Clothed With The Sun"—the sun, the symbol of direct power. Woman will not always shine by reflected light. She will assert herself and put the moon under her feet. Oh that all, man as well as woman, could see the significance of this symbol. The glory of the future race would then be assured.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARTYRS.

Sunday evening, November 11, at Turk Street Temple, San Francisco, I attended the thirteenth anniversary of the murder of our comrades in Chicago. Blacker murder was never committed in any state or nation.

The Temple was filled, galleries and all. I listened to an able speech by James F. Morton, Jr., editor of Free Society, which was frequently and heartily applauded, not by the few, but by the entire audience, with scarcely a silent voice. The band played music that thrilled me, though I lack the capacity of understanding it.

The blackness of that judicial crime becomes thicker and as time rolls on and incident after incident comes to light. The speaker said that while talking with an old friend in Boston, Mass., some two years ago, the subject of the Chicago bomb throwing came up. "I knew he had been west in police service, but did not know that he was in that rush made upon a peaceable meeting; but I found that he was, and had received a sliver in his back from that bomb. He told me that the police lied outrageously about that matter, and that he himself was kept out of the way, because they knew his testimony would not agree with that of the others." This is but one of many facts which go to show that that hanging was deliberately planned murder.

Mr. Morton was followed by a speech in German. I did not remain, as I could not understand it, but I am told that it was very fine. The only criticism I have to make on the exercises is that none of my sex took part therein, their only place being that of taking the collection. I would like to have heard woman's voice mingling with the songs that were sung, if no more.

When I left Iowa fourteen years ago, I visited Chicago, and with Capt. Black, their attorney, and his wife, I went to see those men. I saw Fischer inside the wire pen in which they took their exercise, fondling his little girl, while his wife sat on the outside and talked with him through the

meshes of the wire, holding upon her lap the babe that was born while its father was making his speech in defense of his life. When we left I said to Mr. Parsons: "Well, Parsons, what shall I say to the people?"

"Tell them the flag will never be lowered."

There is one fact in connection with that execution I should like to see oftener spoken of; that of Mrs. Parsons, her two children, and Mrs. Holmes, who, upon the strength of a promise that the children might see their father once more, went there on the morning of the execution, and were not only refused admission, but they were all arrested, thrown into separate cells, and beings in the form of women searched them for dynamite. How cowardly are those who know they are in the wrong. I have often dwelt upon the agony of that wife and mother under those conditions, till my very soul ached through and through.

Some four years after Parsons made that reply to me, "Tell them the flag will never be lowered," a medium in St. Elmo, Tenn., while entranced, reached out her hand to me and said:

"I gave my life for the cause, but the flag was never lowered."

That same winter, a lady, an old friend, who came from Chicago and staid with me at St. Elmo several months, while on her way there, stopped a few days with the a family she knew in Cincinnati, a family whose acquaintance she had made before they went there. While there she met a gentleman she had known in the North, who was, like herself, stopping there temporarily. He invited her to attend a materializing circle held in another part of the city. She went.

Not a soul knew her except the friend who went in with her; but before she was fairly seated the medium called out: "There is a little girl here who says her name is Lulu Parsons; does anyone know her?"

"Yes, I knew her," replied my friend.

The medium immediately responded: "She says: 'Yes, Mrs. Hursen knew me.'"

This was from the clairvoyance and clairaudience of the medium. The three, Mrs. Hursen, her friend, and the medium, went together into the room for materialization; and there Mrs. Hursen saw and talked with Lulu. The medium seemed unable to get used to the phenomena, for which he was used as an instrument. They were a continual wonder to him. He was not only conscious, but retained the power to ask questions.

"Did you really know this little girl?" he asked.

"Yes; I helped lay her out"; and the child responded:

"Yes; and you were right when you told mama that now she had one and papa had one," referring to the words Mrs. Hursen had used in trying to comfort the mourning mother.

The child vanished; then Parsons came, laid his hand on Mrs. Hursen's head, and thanked her for her kindness to his family. Then Lingg came, and tried to tell who he was, the men being so unlike that one could not be mistaken for the other. He could not speak plainly; but Mrs. Hursen guessed who it was, and called his name, to which he bowed assent. Those men are not dead. Like John Brown, their souls are marching on.

While Brown was in prison awaiting execution, a Spiritualist paper, published in New York city, the Herald of Progress, said that if John Brown was hung slavery would die, that on the shore of his new home he would find himself as much alive as ever; and would gather about him those who were in sympathy with his purpose to abolish chattel slavery; that he was deeply in earnest, and would yet accomplish his object; that the only way the Southerners could conquer John Brown was to set him free.

That he was hung is a matter of history. That chattel slavery was abolished; and that "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching," was one of the rallying cries of the war through which that institution was

destroyed—these are also matters of history.

I have since said that those in that life, who desired the abolition of that form of slavery, needed a leader, and the Southerners sent them John Brown. It is just as applicable to say that those there who are working for the doing away of all forms of slavery needed leaders, and the Illinois judiciary sent them Parsons and his comrades.

Hail! glorious leaders of the forces that bring the inevitable revolution!

Those martyred ones are having a thousand times more influence today than they had while here in the fleshly body.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

SISTER LOIS.—I must correct a mistake of yours. I am not even acting as a Socialist; have too much indolence, too little of the martyr spirit even for that. I take no active part in any issue, no active means to let my views be known. I simply don't pretend to believe what I don't believe; and occasionally, when it seems strongly called for, say what I do believe, in part.

Yes, Anarchy is the highest ideal of human existence; but the race must develop far beyond its present stage before Anarchy is possible. Of course, I speak of ideal Anarchy, not of the Anarchy of the majority of the Anarchists of today. One who would introduce Anarchy by force is anything but an Anarchist. One who would make Anarchy lawful cannot be an Anarchist.

The only way Anarchy can ever be introduced is to let law die a natural death from disuse. The only real help we can give the cause of Anarchy is to teach by precept and example the "golden rule," teach love, teach justice.

So long as self-called and so-called Anarchists demand their rights at the pistols point, so long will law prevail. Anarchy will in truth be born when, and only when the Anarchist's cry is: "I will give all men, women and children their rights." Before this can be, we must have law. We must have laws greatly modified from those at present in force; laws that recognize the equal rights of all; and our race must be so born and bred under them, that the law will by itself die; then Anarchy.

Yes, the mass of people are now not only "born" but conceived "damned"; and you are doing all that one woman can do to educate the people to such a plane that this curse shall disappear. You well say that to purify the stream one must begin at the source. When, as it will be sometime, the race is born of free mothers, for several generations, the "born damned" will disappear.—Mississippi.

[It seems to me that the writer of the above has taken his ideas of the Anarchy of today from the public press, and not from an acquaintance with Anarchists. I see nothing in his ideal contrary to what I have learned from association with Anarchists; and if the Anarchist's cry, "I will give all men, women and children their rights," is needed for the birth of Anarchy, then Anarchy is in truth born. The main point of difference between the writer of the above and the Anarchists of today, seems to be in reference to its present practicability, were the conditions of real freedom afforded.]

SISTER.—I am one with you in sympathy and aims, except in the matter of marriage. I think it a natural ordinance, and not wholly an artificial bond. The first thing to do in every case is to realize that, "no woman is ruined unless she thinks so." There is no doubt but marriage, at present as well as in the past, shields many cruelties and tyrannies, but it is because false education has taught woman subjection where she should have dominion. "In the sphere of my own mind and body I am omnipotent," should be engraven on the heart of every child, and most indelibly impressed upon the prospective mother.

I recall the case of one woman whose husband, in their early wedded life, became rather miscellaneous in his associations. She considered the matter carefully, then said:

"See here; we have two children. That is not many; they are yours, and you are welcome to them. I am young and strong, and can make my way anywhere. Do the best you can, and follow your own chosen path. I will find one for myself."

"But," gasped the astonished father, "what will become of them, poor little things, without their mother!"

"I was left without father or mother, as young as they. I grew up, so will they; and if not, let them die. Offspring of an unworthy father and an unhappy mother; they are better dead; and I shall not add to the number of unfortunates cursed before they are born."

She had the force of character to maintain her position, so wisely taken, and she added:

"I never had cause to complain of him after. He was as good a husband as any woman could wish."

I know the old objection that she was lacking in natural affection; but I know she was a good mother, and an example of enlightened common sense so uncommon as to make her remarkable.—Illinois.

[The lady above referred to may have done the best thing under the circumstances; but I am not trying to fit people to the present conditions, but to fit condition to the people. I am trying to show what woman's place should be in freedom; then there will come the union of natural attraction, call it marriage, or what you please; but the terms of association will be regulated by the parties themselves, and not by church or state. As to woman's having been "taught subjection where she should have dominion," if the writer simply means dominion over her own person, all right; but, if there is an attempt to extend that dominion over man, I object. The Free Woman in her own home, and secured the conditions of support for self and children, will not need to throw the children on the father, and go out and make her own way.]

*** For three years I have overdone, and now I am paying the penalty, filled with rheumatism. My neck hurts me every moment, both wrists stiff, only one finger on each hand that I can close up. Yet I hope to get well by the old Thompsonian method of eliminating disease from the system. [If she does, and I hope she will, I will tell my readers.—L. W.] I am sorry I did not get your letter sooner; but I will send you \$1 toward publishing your "Ideal of Love in Freedom," and when I get home you may send me some.

I have barely had time to glance over your proof; but I know from what I have read and heard of the law of vibrations that you must be correct. How I would like to see such tests made. There certainly must be some way out of this wilderness of woe; some scientific way, so we shall not have to depend on our mistakes to gain knowledge. A little scientific knowledge in my young days would have saved me years of heartache, physical pain and all the long train of misery in so many ways. I wish you could get the right conditions for regeneration in the flesh, so you could fight till the battle was won. It may be that in the near future O. will be able to help more in the cause. You are the only one who is as fearless as truth, and nothing less does any good.—Michigan.

*** I enjoy your paper very much. It is good because it is right to the point. Excuse me, but there is so much said on the sex question, and of the bondage of woman. I do not see how we are going to get out of this condition, unless we stop putting the animal into our bodies, and rise with all our will power above the lower lines of life. When we do this, we will have power to lift men up to our standard. By constantly feeding on the animal, we attract their nature to us which we have to make manifest through the physical.

Feed the body upon food that doesn't contain such chemicals, then men and women can come together and there will be only an exchange of magnetism between their bodies except when offspring are desired.

In regard to marriage law, it is only man-made. God never made such a law, or we should be living in harmony. Men and women should have the right to come together and exchange magnetism until equalized, and then go apart; but children should not be the result. We have no business to bring a child into this world only through love.—California.

[That there could be, should be a great deal more general familiarity between men and women, a familiarity that is not expected to culminate in sex expression, is quite true. Such familiarity, recognized as legitimate, would tend to equalize the sex forces of men and women, and there would be far less special demand; and that men and women should have the right to come together as the sister claims, is quite true; but when she says "to feed the body on food that does not contain such chemicals," she does not understand what she is talking about. There is no food that does not contain the two forces which, in union, not only produce all things, but keep us and all

things in existence. Could food be found that did not contain "such chemicals," it would not be food. It would not nourish us, for sex is the life of all things. I have noticed that many women, as a result of the marriage bond, have been crowded upon till so disgusted with the sex relation, they are always planning how to get above it. They do not realize that, from having been abused, they are abnormal—are in an unnatural condition. L. W.]

BLUNDERS.

I believe it was Emerson who said that ideas seemed to float in the air, and the most susceptible caught them first. I think there must also be an occasional streak of blunders on the float, and those who are the most stupid catch them first. How I could have left out the most important line in the poem of last month's issue, is more than I can understand; and more than all, to look the proof all over and not discover it till after the paper was issued. The sixth line of the second verse, the one left out, reads:

"Stop at no wayside station,"

and it is of more importance than the balance of the poem, from the fact that so many are inclined to stop at side stations, instead of moving on to the goal of full emancipation; therefore I reprint with the injunction, "Stop at no point other than that of full freedom." Such are the souls that are needed in our conflict with the powers that usurp human rights. Again I say:

"Stop at no wayside station."

TRUTH, LOVE, AND LIBERTY.

Of workers we're a fearless band;
One common cause unites us;
Where hearts are joined, to join our hands
For love and truth delights us;
For love and truth bring liberty,
The freedom nature's given—
And freedom, truth and love shall make
Of this old earth a heaven.

While other souls are drinking in
The past with all its folly,
We'll follow with the few, who go
Where truth and freedom rally;
Yes, on to freedom, on, my friends,
Stop at no wayside station,
For what are buds and blossoms
Compared with full fruition!

Hardships cannot our spirits shock;
We know they lie before us,
But standing firm upon the rock
Of truth, her banner o'er us,
We'll gladly meet the hosts
Of superstition hoary;
Her shafts can pierce us but to bring
The conqueror's crown of glory.

For souls like ours can never stand
And see their birthright riven
While dwellers in this glorious land
To error's rule are given;
Can ne'er permit the hosts of night
To shut the gates of morning,
To intercept the rays of light
That on us would be dawning.

No, by the truths already born,
And by their birth throes' anguish,
Tho' myriads of the foes unite,
Our cause shall never languish.
Thro' walls of adamant we'll pierce
With truth to cut asunder,
Till those who are so fearful now
Shall shout with joy and wonder.

For truth herself sustains the right
Against whatever opposes
And thro' it, to the sons of men,
Her constant love discloses;
A love whose efforts cannot cease
Till every cloud is riven
That hideth from the needy soul
The light and life of Freedom.

LOIS W.

WHAT ANARCHISM IS.

New theories and issues and their exponents, are always subject to misrepresentation and misunderstanding. Perhaps Anarchism and Anarchists have received more than their share.

Anarchists are believers in progress. The progress of mankind has been a continuous breaking of chains, and a striving for more liberty and more light. The time has come when humanity is consciously beginning to feel that the chains of government are burdensome, irksome, and unnecessary. More liberty and more knowledge is the spirit of the time. Anything that is calculated to interfere with people's independence is more and more resented and repelled. An-

archism, and its wide acceptance among the most advanced thinkers, is the natural outcome of the day.

Government is based upon the theory that some people are incapable of governing themselves, or that others are able to do it better for them. That this theory is false, let the history of the world attest. Every self-respecting individual will resent any attempt on the part of others to manage his affairs for him, because he feels that he is capable of doing so himself, and any action which tends to dispute this ability, is an insult to his intelligence. Moreover, if men attempt to govern others, it is an assumption of a superiority on the part of said individuals which is entirely lacking.

The people are now capable of living without government, as they have always been. It is not necessary for them to advance to some angelic state, before they can be trusted to govern themselves. Any evils arising from liberty are not near so serious as those arising from government. And more liberty, as has well been said, is the cure for the evils of liberty. Therefore, the Anarchist says: "Let us put aside this encumbrance on our liberty. The barriers on the road to more light must be cleared away." But government, as an organic body, is a small part of what Anarchists strive against. The idea of authority of man over man, in whatever form it manifests itself, is the main point of attack.

The Anarchist upholds his position by logical arguments and historic facts. His purpose is to enlighten the people as to his principle, and expose the frauds which have been practised upon them. Violence does not enter into his method, unless it is forced upon him.

There are always those who are opposed to progress, either through ignorance, or the fact that it is to their interest to keep things as they are. It is these factors, which the governments represent, that uphold their position by deception, trickery, and brute force. But for these methods, they would not be able to maintain themselves.

The Anarchists, in their attempts to enlighten others, have not been left to do so in peace; but have been ruthlessly persecuted in every conceivable manner. Banishment, imprisonment, hanging, torture, have all fallen to their lot. What wonder, then, that some of them have struck back at the representatives of the powers which have inflicted these wrongs upon them? But the force which has been used by Anarchists, insignificant as it is, has in almost every instance been the direct result of some outrageously brutal conduct on the part of the powers that be. It is wrong to say that they are warriors to the blood, for they are peaceable; and only where they could not advocate their principles freely, has there been any violence at all; and it is the nature of every living creature to resist when cornered.

It is not to be expected, however, that rulers will give up their powers willingly. To do so, would be lacking common sense, and to disregard the lessons of history. Governments always increase their powers; never diminish them. To expect the law to commit suicide, is an absurdity. Laws cannot be expected to remedy our wrongs, because they are the cause of them. The Anarchist sees the inevitable, and prepares for it; but it is none of his seeking.

The world must advance, and woe to that which stands in the way! Mankind cannot remain enslaved. Anarchy, freedom, more light, more knowledge, is the hope of the world, the hope of humanity.

San Francisco, Nov. 18, 1900. ABEL ISAAC JR.

[The typo, not yet eighteen, writes the above article on Anarchy. He has been brought up an Anarchist, and knows what they teach. If all our boys were as well behaved as he is, many a parent would have less heartache. L. W.]

"Resignation is a perpetual avowal of impotency. The moment we recognize our defeat and seem to accept it, all possibility of victory vanishes. When we exert all our strength it is magnified, and becomes sufficient to enable us to attain our object, even a difficult one, even a difficult one. Moreover, it should be difficult. It is by aspiring high that we succeed in raising ourselves a little."—Christian Life.

Resignation used to be counted one of the Christian virtues. L. W.

Every good principle known in the world was invented by man as a matter of necessity. The church has stolen these human principles and added dogmas and creeds.—E. M. Howe.

ASTONISHING.

It is astonishing to see how much the working people will bear without turning upon those who wrong them. The following, taken from Discontent, is a fair sample of what many of them have to endure; and yet the tramp is pointed out of a vicious mortal. Yes, it is astonishing that a thousand crimes are not committed by the class spoken of below, where there is one now. "Cursed everything in sight." Yes, but what good did their cursing do? Had they wronged the Oregonian as much as they were wronged by the proprietors of that capitalistic sheet, they would have found themselves in the hands of the officers of so called law; and prison would have been their fate. Under the wrong inflicted upon them, it was useless to seek justice; and they knew it, so they took it out in cursing. Had they attempted to take vengeance, had they dynamited the Oregonian building, the money to erect which was secured by just such fraudulent means, then! then! Oh THEN! the whole world would have stood aghast at what would have been called the depravity of the tramping class—those who tramp for work, for a chance to buy bread.

Now, why is this so? Simply because the mothers have been enslaved. Marriage buys the sex of woman; and if she dares to use it till thus bought, she is damned by the slaves who have sold theirs. There will never be freedom for the race until there is sex freedom. Until woman owns herself, the strongest, the most cunning, the most unscrupulous will rule.

Sex contains all, bodies, souls, Meanings, proofs, purities, delicacies, results, promulgations, Songs, commands, health, pride, the maternal mystery, All hopes, benefactions, bestowals, all the passions, loves, beauties, delights of the earth, These are contained in sex as parts of itself and justifications of itself.

—Walt Whitman.

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

It has been said that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives," but to satisfy one's curiosity on this point he has but to take his place in the rank and file of the labor army and drift with the tide.

The average worker in the country and on the farms, as well as many in the city, are unable to realize the hardships which the floating labor element endures in its struggle for existence. Those who have the cheer of home life to welcome them each evening after a hard day's labor, have much in life to be thankful for, in comparison with their less fortunate brothers who are homeless. Words cannot describe the miserable condition which some pass through. The writer of this landed in Portland in search of something to do, and, not succeeding in finding anything, went to one of the employment agencies. There I found that the Columbia paper mill company at LaCamas, Wash. (the controlling interest being owned by the Portland Oregonian), wanted 100 men to use pick and shovel. The office fee was \$1, fare 50 cents, both of which would be advanced and deducted from wages. There would be three weeks work, with board \$3.50, and dry diggings.

I decided to go, thinking a few days at \$1.75 might give a little cash. I went aboard the steamer with the last ship-

ment of men, and landed in the town at 8:30 p. m., to find that the hundred that had preceded us had been stowed away in barns and vacant houses, with only straw furnished them to sleep upon, and not having been able to obtain any supper, I, with the others, repaired to our lodgings, to find the floor already nearly covered with blankets as evidence that use and occupancy was their title to that much space. We finally discovered an unoccupied portion and unrolled our blankets and turned in. In a few moments it commenced to rain and there was no place where it did not leak; and men, who had worked that day in the rain, were trying to dry their clothes for the morrow. Others had gone to bed expecting to dry their clothes upon them, and finding that they not only had to work in the rain by day, but sleep in the rain at night, cursed everything in sight—the fate that brought them there and those who were the means of their coming. Morning came at last as a relief. The dry digging proved to be mud and slush which required rubber boots and suits to keep dry. Many, not being able to buy them, either returned to the city or worked all day with wet feet and clothes. Instead of the three weeks work promised there were but ten days, one day's wages was required to pay the employment agent. Had the Oregonian desired, this fee might have been saved by simply putting an advertisement in the paper; but no, it is only by keeping such men down that they are enabled to live off their earnings. There is little hope of aid from that class of men in solving the labor problem. They scarcely think. They have no time and no desire to occupy their minds with social themes.

A. SLAVE.

DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.

It is time we quit asking what Lincoln would do, or what Jefferson would do, or what Moses would do, or what Marx would do, and decide ourselves and by our own original inspiration what we are to do in the face of the world problem that confronts us. No age or its leaders can live by the inspiration and leadership of a past age. There is always more truth and resource in the present than have ever been available in the past.—Geo. D. Herron.

Had Professor Herron added the name of Jesus to the above list he would have done a good thing. What is it that so hypnotizes the people that they cannot or will not judge of the sayings and doings of one man upon the same principle, by the same law they do other men? By the way, I have just heard a new version of the case of the woman taken in adultery. A man who has investigated the subject says that when one was accused of crime among the Jews, the accusers, if the party was found guilty, must stone the guilty one unless guilty of the same crime. If the accuser or accusers could not do this without condemning themselves; then the judge must do so unless he also was guilty of the same; Jesus, in failing to condemn the woman in the case named, acknowledged himself guilty of the same act.

The priest has taken Jesus as a figurehead on which to fix the minds of the people while he hypnotizes them. It is hard to break this hypnotic spell, but some are strong enough to do so, and Prof. Heron is nearly out from under it.

THE TRUTH MADE A LIE.

The article headed "Prophecy" in No. 10 of Clothed With the Sun, was taken from The Light of Truth, and should have been credited. I think the editor, like myself, took too much on

trust. That Professor Buchanan was in many respects a remarkable man, is quite true. It is also true that he was not lacking in egotism, and from the fact that some of his previous predictions had proved true, it is not strange that said egotism should lead him beyond his depth.

I knew that the professor had made predictions in said number of the Arena, and I also knew that said predictions, so far as the death of individuals was concerned, had proved a complete failure; but as many factors enter into that which decides the length of human life, which cannot be traced as readily as can matters connected with geology and astronomy in their relations to the earth, I thought, and still think, he may have been comparatively right in the balance of his forecast; but when he is misquoted in order to connect him any particular event, it is a very grand mistake.

He does not say that these disasters will begin about 1900, but speaking from the standpoint of ten years ago, he says that the destruction he predicts will take place "twenty-four, possibly twenty-three years hence, about noon and all within an hour."

It is true that what is quoted as his exact words, are his; but when the writer failed to quote the first sentence of the next paragraph, he makes the truth a lie. He says it will commence on the Pacific coast, but it will not suffer as much as will the Atlantic, commencing on the Pacific coast, and tracing its course south and east, Galveston would naturally come first in the order of the cities named, but he does not say it will begin there, and in order to connect the Galveston flood with the professor's prediction it should have waited thirteen or fourteen years longer and there should be an earthquake in connection.

Is it not a crime to garble or misquote a prediction in order to build up a reputation or an ism! So it seems to me; and Spiritualism has facts enough to stand upon, without distorting the truth to add to the reputation of a noted advocate.

MORTIFICATION SPOTS ON THE CORPSE OF CIVILIZATION.

Rev. J. M. Travies in the Literary Digest of July 21, says that in 414 cotton factories in the south, he saw thousands of white children working all night for 10 cents. In Massachusetts 15,800 girls and children are working in the factories 12 hours for from 21 to 47 cents. Five hundred women are working in the iron works of Pittsburgh, Pa., getting \$4 to \$5 for labor formerly done by men for which they received \$14 to \$16—Light of Truth.

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