

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN?

FAINT NOT.

Faint not, soul, beneath thy sorrow;
Long the night that brings no morrow;
Woo thou hope, and she will sing,
While she folds her fluttering wing,
Soothing strains to cheer thy way
Till night brings the new-born day.

Courage, courage, struggle on:
If a cloud obscures thy sun
Deem not that thy joys are past;
Of thy strength 'tis but a test:
Courage, and it soon shall be
The crowning gem of victory.

L. W.

SPIRITUALISTS

Are fast becoming the advance guard of Christianity. One of its leading organs calls for the union of those who believe in the Spiritualism of Christ. The editor of *The Spirit of Truth* has always taken that position; but while considering him an honest fanatic, I have looked upon him as a medium obsessed by some Christian spirit; and the claim that his paper "is instituted by the highest, most exalted wisdom, and unselfish spirit of the angel world," is on par with many other claims that have little or no basis except in the egotism of the claimant. I am surprised when men like Willard J. Hull quote from his paper communications signed by J. Rhodes Buchanan, Theodore Parker, etc., giving such communications credit for being what they claim to be. I have no doubt but they are real communications—some one (some Christian spirit) personating those noted men; but I have no more idea that the parties whose names are signed thereto had anything more to do with them than I had. Yes, I am surprised at the course the *Light of Truth* is taking, not only in that but in other ways.

By the way, the wonderful claims of J. M. Peebles as a healer have dropped from "thousands" to "hundreds," but they do not come within the lines of truth even yet. When he says, or permits others to say for him, "Dr. J. M. Peebles has done more for the afflicted than any man known to history," he knows it is false. There are many now at work in that same field who have done as much or more. It is my honest opinion that even Helen Williams, the woman who has no use for his God, or his Jesus, can outdo him not only in the number of cases healed, but in extravagance of statement. Such advertisements as the doctor permits to stand with his sanction, even if he does not write them, may be in harmony with his religion, but they are not in harmony with my idea of honesty.

Why do I name this man, when so many others are doing the same? Simply because he claims so much, and because he calls scientific men and women who are in the Spiritualist ranks—men and women who do not accept the religious side of the question, simply "Spiritists," and I am not in love with Phariseism.

How our idols, one by one, get smashed! Time was when I looked upon the man I am now criticising as—well, quite a superior being, but I have looked deeper. I have come to see that his writings do not contain one original thought, and that he is as faulty as I am.

It is one thing to gather up and arrange the ideas of the past, applying them as possible, to the thought of the present, and quite another thing to really think, analyze, discover. Both Mr. Peebles and Giles B. Stebbins, who has recently passed away, belong to the former class. J. Rhodes Buchanan was a thinker on many lines, but even he held on to Jesus, while

repudiating what has been built up in his name. Until the hypnotic spell of that name is broken, people will continue to be like chickens crawling under the Christly wing. The Christ plane is a failure. Self-assertion and not self-abnegation is what is needed. In an article taken from *The Spirit of Truth* by *The Light of Truth*, I find the following:

When some of the blessed guardians above come to greet us, speaking audibly of their interest in us; telling us to take no thought for our material needs, or what we shall do, for they have us in charge, it is a sweet relief to our cares, and a lesson of trust to all humanity.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, mother is watching over you." How long are we going to be babies, and what have those "blessed guardians" done for the nations since the days of Jesus? Whatever we have in advance of what was in the days of the Nazarene is due to science and not to religion. Yes, Jesus was well enough as a man, a medium, and that we have spirit friends who are still interested in us, I do not question, but the silly sentimentalism indulged in by so many sickens me. I have dear friends both in and out of the body, but I have no desire that either should take charge of me or my affairs. I cut the following from a *Light of Truth* editorial:

Franklin, Jefferson, Paine and their coadjutors knew nothing of love. They were at war with intolerable political conditions which they had to work out as instruments of the DIVINE WILL. It remained for a couple of babes to announce the stupendous fabric of American destiny and the world's betterment. Christ was with the babes. Be on your guard, men of power, drunk with affluence, when babes speak to you in tongues from heaven! Look out when a great truth is let loose into the world!

I am sincerely sorry for the able man who has thus been hypnotized by Christian spirits. He would never utter such drivel if he were not. If Christ was with the Fox girls, why did he let them go into the Catholic church, and why did he not prevent them from doing some other things that were not very commendable, to say the least? Not that I expect mediums to be better than other people. I am a medium myself, and I know that when subject to inharmonious conditions, sensitives often become nearly desperate. It is the claim made for the dozen year old "babes" that I am talking of.

Father York, an influential Catholic priest in this city, in defense of the priest in politics, says: "Millions of God's poor are doing their best to save their souls and earn an honest livelihood. Who shall speak for them if the priest does not? It is the priest who is left to battle for the poor." When did the priest do anything for the poor but to rob them! His claim is no more ridiculous than the claim that Spiritualism is going to save the world. The world will never be saved until it acts from the plane of common sense and saves itself. In answer to Father York's question in reference to the poor, who shall speak for them if the priest does not, let them speak for themselves. The Catholic layman trusts in the priest, and sentimental Spiritualists trust in the "blessed guardians," and both get badly left.

Organized Spiritualism has fallen into line with the churches. It will prosper materially, for a time at least, but its real power is gone.

CORRECTION.

Mrs. Hurson wishes me to correct one mistake I made in my report of her meeting with Parsons and

his daughter Lulu in a Cincinnati seance. She says: "I did not lay the child out, nor see her till she was in her coffin. I then said to her mother: 'I wish you could realize as I do that the child is not dead, but only gone to her papa.' In Cincinnati the child said: 'I was glad you told my mamma what you did, for it was true. My papa took me right in his arms.'"

I am glad to make this correction, but somehow I had the impression that Mrs. H. laid the child out. It is more than ten years since she told me. L. W.

READ AND THINK.

Some fifteen months ago I set out to get the means to publish this paper. It would have looked like a hopeless task had I consented to think so, but I would not, and here is your twelfth number. I propose to issue No. 1 of Vol. II from Home, Pierce Co., Washington. It looks like a big task to get the money to purchase what I must have, but I shall get it and I shall get there. A little room built for myself on land that friends will furnish, and I have a home, and no more rent. Some things are coming my way already; I have the opportunity of buying second-hand type, and this will lessen expense. Yes, I must beg out a big bag for what is needed, but when once adjusted in my home, with type for my own use, I shall beg no more. With the conditions I am determined to secure, the paper will be assured as long as I am able to handle it, which will be for years yet. I haven't the least notion of dying till this world knows I live. Now, friends, do your best, and then take a rest, so far as appeals for help are concerned. How many of you will, when renewing, send \$1 and take the first volume bound? Well, I will believe in you—will believe that you will do your best, and will let the matter rest there. L. W.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY.

This is the last number of Vol. I. Please renew promptly. Those who have had the paper free, will probably get one more copy, then, if after reading it a year, they do not value it enough to pay for it, I think too much of them to annoy them by sending it.

Self-justice demands that I raise the price of *Clothed With the Sun* to 50 cents. Paper has raised 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.

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.

After January 5, 1891, address me at Home, Pierce Co., Wash.

I have not yet all the money needed to take me to Home and start the paper there; but I feel so sure I shall get it, I make the above announcement.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Freedom of Woman.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, editor, and publisher, by the help of her friends.

PRICE 30 CENTS A YEAR.

In San Francisco 40 cents per year.

All communications directed to the editor, 1501 1-2 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Please send silver, or postoffice order. A few stamps come handy but when hundreds send their subscription in stamps it is not so convenient.

Entered at the post office at San Francisco as second-class matter, April 30, 1900.

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, 1.

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.

CIVILIZATION OR DEVILIZATION?

If there is one text in the Bible applicable to what is called civilization, it is that in which the writer declares that the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint—that from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet are wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. The following is from the San Francisco Examiner of October 26:

William F. Malone, who says he has been in the Philippines eighteen months, states that on the transports coming home are hundreds of soldiers discharged for disability, who are afflicted with stomach diseases, due to the fact that the officers are selling the supplies sent over for the soldiers.

This came in a press dispatch from Omaha, stating that said Malone had just arrived there en route for Washington, to present charges at headquarters. Beautiful, isn't it? When reading and hearing of such civilization, I am reminded of the man who was noted for the glibness with which he could swear, but when, on ascending a hill, a roguish boy took out the hind end-board of his wagon, and sent his load of apples all rolling down the hill, he stood silently looking at the mischief done, and was asked by a bystander why he did not swear, he replied that there were no words to do justice to the subject. I feel that there are no words strong enough to denounce the lie that we are a civilized people. But here is some more civilization(?):

Great indignation is felt and expressed by people who read in the Deseret News, on Monday evening, the letter signed by C. E. Thorpe concerning the indignities experienced by three young girls a week ago. According to the account therein given, they were eating their supper in a restaurant in this city, when two policemen entered, took them in custody and escorted them to the police station, where they were subjected to a personal examination by the city physician.

It is admitted by the chief of police, that the girls were brought in and examined; that it was believed they were loose characters and were diseased; that they were subjected to this examination in the public interest; that the youngest girl—about twelve years of age,—showed evidence of having been "tampered with," but that neither of them was diseased, and the older girls had not been violated.

The chief and others connected with this affair seem to treat it lightly in one way, and vehemently in another. They appear to think they were justified by

their good motives and by the statement that this had been done under previous police administrations. And they take the publication of the matter as a personal attack upon them by the News. They further claim that the writer of the letter is not a respectable or trustworthy person.

What difference does it make as to the respectability of the writer of the letter that made this official infamy public, so long as it is admitted that the outrage was committed? The News continues:

We see a danger to the community in this arrest without a charge against these young girls, and their exposure to such an indignity as was perpetrated upon them. If such proceedings are permitted in their case, what is to hinder similar assaults upon anybody's daughter or sister, who through thoughtless or unseemly conduct may be suspected of unchastity?

The younger girl, twelve years of age, showed evidence of being "tampered with." Well, who had tampered with her? Men, of course, but where are they? When men are seen around disreputable places, are they seized and examined? Oh, no! Men who have wives, men who may blight children with transmitted diseases, are they looked after by the police, who insist that they be inspected as to their condition, claiming that it is "in the interest of the community"? Not at all. Men seem to think themselves incapable of injuring the community in this way. It is only woman who can do that. Where do women get their power to injure in the way named except in contact with men?

Oh, that my sex would wake up to a realization of the indignity practiced upon them both by church and state, when they are denied the right to their own persons. Oh, that they would wake up to the fact that if they were really free, so free that an unwelcome embrace could never be imposed upon them by any outside pressure, that with such freedom, there would be no sex diseases to be guarded against. How often must the self-evident truth be asserted, that if a woman only received when she desired and from whom she desired, sex disease, even that mild form called female weakness, would be unknown. And farther, in such freedom the sex forces would become so balanced that men would not go wild with passion and commit rape, and then murder to hide it. We have just been horrified by the Colorado tragedy. Portor was burned at the stake by an insane mob; will anybody burn those policemen for their open outrage on those girls?

If those girls had been mine, I am very much afraid I should have killed those men had it been in my power. No, I do not believe in taking life, neither do I believe in quiet submission to such outrages. If those who attempt to enforce what they call morality, could see the full result of their work, the honest ones would stand horrified; but such things as those are civilization, you know. But here is some more of governmentalism, civilization, and law and order. The Deseret News continues:

This city is not the only one where the police at times take it upon themselves to make laws and to execute them at the same time.

The story is told about a young Chicago woman who was arrested in that city and detained at the station for six days. There was no charge against her. Her family were in ignorance of her whereabouts, and supposed she had been murdered. For a whole week she was thus kept a prisoner without the slightest justification in either law or common sense.

The supposition was that the girl knew something about a diamond robbery, but there was no reasonable ground for the suspicion, nor was any information extorted from the girl during her incarceration.

Oh, yes, diamonds! Of course the shining baubles are of more value than human rights! Think of the feelings of that young girl during those six days, of the anguish of the parents—there are not diamonds enough in Chicago to compensate them; but this is a property civilization. The people are of no account when pitted against property.

Why am I so bitter? Because my kind are made to drink so much wormwood and gall, and because, from the law of sympathy, I take in more than I can hold, and it has to run over. No, I do not go out of the way to find these things, but when they look me in the face I do not shut my eyes. But a word about the cause of this state of things, and

one's own experience ought to teach a practical lesson.

When I was ten years old I attended school about half a term, where I was counted the worst girl there. I was in constant conflict with my teacher, and finally came to hate her so much that I refused to attend any longer, and my parents did not insist. What was the matter? My father was a poor man working for a rich farmer. The farmer's daughters, about the same age as myself and sister, attended the same school; and the teacher would punish me and other girls for what these girls could do with impunity. I did not realize then that she dare not punish those girls lest she should lose her place, and I do not think it would have made much difference if I had, for my sense of justice was continually outraged, and I had to rebel. Did my sister rebel too? No, she was a dear little saint who died years ago.

That teacher's first name was Delevan, but I used to call her Devilan. But I must tell another experience, or I shall not make a point. Later in the season father moved us into another neighborhood, and I again went to school. There I was considered one of the best girls in school. There was no injustice in that school, and I loved the teacher. Sweet Emily Tenney, the thought of her has always been pleasant.

In one place very good, and in the other very bad. The difference in myself was simply one of environment. Had I been forced, year after year, to have continued under the rule of such injustice as existed in the first named school, I feel quite sure I should have done something desperate. And that is the way a vast majority of so-called criminals are made: through injustice. The rule of one person over another, or of the few over the many, is quite sure to generate more or less injustice, generally more, and thus we may look to the personal God idea, out of which governmentalism has grown, as the root of our infernal system of civilization.

Three years after the events above related, I had another experience with a teacher who did not make authority a prominent feature of her work, and how I loved her! I did just as I pleased, and I pleased to do right because I was not made to feel that I MUST. I have waded a mile and a half in snow, half way, and some of the distance all of the way, to my knees, to get to that school and spend a few hours where I could catch the approving smiles of that teacher.

Let freedom prevail and justice be done, and we can dispense with police, prisons and asylums; while doctors who live by treating sex disease would find their occupation gone.

TO THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST'S SPIRITUALISM.

We invite co-operation in the great work which this paper is henceforth to be devoted. We only wish, seeing as we do the mighty spirit at work, that all of our journals could become ONE GRAND BATTERY, from which there should emanate the principles of our real correlations as Spiritualists, and thus move forward at a more rapid pace the Word of God as it is given by His instruments, His servants Beyond the Spheres, thence down through the temples, shrines and forums of the glorified in spirit life to this gestative sphere of man's spirit.

But each is doing its work in its own way. There is not, nor can there be, so far as the Light of Truth is concerned, any animadversion upon them and their respective views and fields of labor. We speak of that which we have seen. It is sufficient. The search for the soul of Spiritualism has begun in earnest here. "With charity for all and malice toward none" we shall pursue that search. Having found the crux of the problem, its unraveling will occupy the attention of the Light of Truth henceforth, and to that end we ask the help of all whose dimmed eyes and bruised hearts have peered and longed for more light, more grace, more peace. Myriads of souls in spirit life are breathing their sweet blessings upon this work. Like unto the Master, who had not where to lay his head, and yet withal could summon a legion of angels to his aid if need be, we declare that ten thousand disenfranchised, unopinioned souls, wise and far-reaching in

their influence, are above and around the workers on this paper, and although they may be persecuted and assailed, their work shall go on. It shall not fail, for it is of heaven, and the balance of power is there. High above the storms of passion and ignorance of earth rests the calm and tranquil sphere whence emanates the power and the intelligence which brings order out of chaos.

Let us have your assistance. Those of you receiving sample copies of the Light of Truth and find your own soul growth commensurate with understanding of its work are invited to subscribe to it, and thus help inaugurate Spiritualism on earth.—Light of Truth.

The above sounds more like an old-fashioned Methodist, or a captain in the Salvation Army, than like the talk of the sensible man I had supposed W. J. Hull to be, and was before captured by Christian spirits. I do not question that they are many, and that they are "far-reaching in their influence," as the condition of our earth abundantly shows, but that they are "disenthralled, unpinioned," is another question. No soul, here or in any other state of existence, is disenthralled who calls Jesus, or any one else, "Master." I too, have spirit friends working with me, and have been told to go ahead, for the "spirit world is with me," but I base my claim for support on no such ground, but on the innate law involved in the principles advocated. No imaged picture by spirits can influence me for a moment, if that which is shown does not accord with the truth I see. Does not Brother Hull know that there are actors on that side as well as this—that they can show any picture they please to a clairvoyant if they have an object to accomplish?

The nature of the invisible church, of which the Catholic is the ruling power, is not different from that of the visible, and, oh, what a host of friends I would have, if I would accept their leading card, Christ. No, I prefer to stand alone to that. I am not for sale on any terms. But I am not alone, never can be. The really disenthralled ones are with me.

DON'T

Order any more "Occult Forces of Sex," as I am entirely out, and don't know when I can get out another edition.

[Friend Tournois again publishes "The Appeal," giving his reasons below. This is the third time.]

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

We again reprint, below, this time by request of many who have been much benefitted by reading and studying her appeal to woman. We know her appeal as well as all her writings, by the way, everybody ought to read her monthly paper called *Clothed With The Sun*. Address 1501½ Market St., San Francisco.

Yes, her books will do much to save the human family. I now must give you a few extracts from letters received, as well as from personal acknowledgment from some who have read her appeal to woman and other books of hers.

Mrs. W. B. G. writes: "Lois Waisbrooker's appeal to woman, published by you, has rekindled that inexplicable feeling that two lovers first experience when they first meet, that thrilling sensation felt by the simple touch of the hand; yes, we have been married twenty-five years, and until Tom and I read the appeal, twenty-odd of those years neither of us felt that elixir of life, which flows from a look, a touch of the hand, a word from the lips of any two who had once known its marvellous influence. Today, after following Lois' advice on the sex question, the shake of Tom's hand sends a thrill through my whole soul and body more forcible, if possible, than before we were married. Yes, a touch of his hand sends a feeling of trust to my heart such as I had not experienced for years, and when I tell my friends that Tom owes his present cheerfulness and new life to reading and putting into practice the advice of Lois Waisbrooker, they all want to know more of Lois Waisbrooker. Please publish her appeal."

Mr. W. P. E. says in his letter: "Yes, after thirty-odd years of married life, Lois Waisbrooker's appeal has rekindled the real spark of love between wife and I. Had we read it when we were first married, never

could a moment of distrust have existed between us."

W. C. B. writes: "Every young couple ought to read and study Lois Waisbrooker's appeal. This would usher in a new and healthier race. Hers is the key that will open the gate to heaven on earth, and peace to men."

Mrs. A. D. S. writes: "Lois' appeal has opened both our eyes, and we now see how foolish we have been, seeking the fire of love by wantonly casting it to the winds. Oh, how happy we are again, now that we know each other better."

A lady writes: "For years I dreaded for the very touch of my husband's hand. He begged me to read Lois Waisbrooker's appeal. I could not do it to please him, but did it to satisfy my own curiosity, and for once woman's curiosity has been a blessing, for after reading it, I began to look at my husband with a new pair of eyes, and now I have my own way of seeking after love, for his is a real noble mind, and he is most happy when he sees me cheerful, never asking for that which I am not most willing to give."

In conclusion, after publishing the above letters, I now affirm that one of the greatest wrongs done to humanity, is that churchianity does not advocate the enlightenment of the young on the sex question. Did young people have a correct idea of how to live as man and wife, that love might for all time exist between them, we would soon have a new era—one of love, peace, and plenty. Will the church people study this proposition? If not, they must give way to others who will teach this new idea to all. Once understood by the young, wars, sickness and hell generally will be known in history only, and we are now ready to meet any and all who dare claim the above as untrue.—Thoughts of the Hour.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS.

Mrs. Waisbrooker,—As regards the names I sent you last spring: if they cannot subscribe now that I have shown them what the paper is, they can do without it. It is hard to educate the people, when they do not want to be educated. It is like trying to love a person, when that person does not want your love. There must first be a want, then the teacher can easily meet that want.

I am willing to place all of the good things I can before the eyes of all of the people I can, then they must choose according to their liking and taste as to what they want. I do not ask nor want all people to go my way; all I ask is freedom of thought for all people, no matter how much those thoughts may differ. The way it is now, nearly all questions are only half discussed because of an unwritten law called sentiment which forbids the other side a hearing.

When people want to look at nature as it is, without fearing their God will blush, it will be much easier to teach.—California.

*** I am delighted to hear of your idea of going to the colony, for I can't bear to think of you all alone in that city, and the way you had to manage when hurt. If you are settled among friends who will help in all times of need, and where you will feel independent, it will certainly be much better. Then, too, there would be a much better chance of establishing your paper on a firm foundation. Yes, you must have the means to get settled at Home. Tell me when you will need it, and I will send you \$5 at least. Will the first of the year do?—Missouri.

Editor *Clothed With the Sun*,—Please find enclosed one dollar, and receive with it many thanks for the sample copies sent. I am glad to see so earnestly edited paper in the hands of a woman. Hoping that you may be able to carry it on many years, I shall always be glad to see it come. Yours truly, Georgia.

*** I must enclose and send my subscription. Had to give up a dollar bill for family expenses, that I was saving for you, and only a day before your kind letter came. Oh, if my husband could only realize as I do, how all-important and all-inclusive this work in the elimination of the evils he so deprecates, so we could pull together, we could save dollars to help on the work, where I alone cannot save cents. As it is, I must bring up in the rear envied on all sides by hampering conditions. It is the Karma, not of some past reincarnation, but of hereditary influences, creedal superstitions, enslaved will in early life, warring against which my love of liberty kept exchanging old errors for new ones, yet never disenthralled; always a tantalizing influence of the old until I began to catch

the influence of your writings. Unlike the most of the church-taught, I never felt at home in any creed, though I went through them all, from Calvinism to Adventism before I was nineteen;—married a Free-thinker at that age. But Freethought, like Spiritualism, may be betrayed in the house of its friends, unless they keep their think-shops in tune with the infinite.—California.

*** I was delighted to see your "Ideal," etc., brought out in *Light of Truth*. Yourself and our mutual friend, Flora Fox, filled a page with gems. And I thank you for the extra copy of supplement enclosed, for it is just what I want to send to a friend in Buffalo, hoping to obtain her as a subscriber for you. She had just written most earnestly on this subject among others, and said "Send me a mental tonic, think I need something drastic and powerful." It will be powerful, and is a heavenly vision of human potencies.—California.

"SEX ON THE BRAIN."

Oh, yes, if that is the way you understand it. So long as I see what I do see of the importance of this question of questions I shall not shrink, no matter what you say of me. I am what I AM, in the world but not of it. If those who thus sneer had more sex on the brain themselves they would make less mistakes in its use, would not so often bring disease and death, where there should be health and abundance of life.

"On the brain." Where should the powers of life, of nature, of creative force, be brought for examination if not to the brain! The independent, the thinking brain, the brain that is not hypnotised by the power of church, state, or society, is the only tribunal before which the question of Nature's law, of her true method of action should be brought, and each for him or herself. Those who refuse to use their own brains naturally laugh at those who use theirs, but what difference does that make to the thinker, unless it be in the regret naturally called out because of the folly of those who laugh?

"A HOT OLD TIME."

The Mutual Life Insurance Company boasts that it has means sufficient at its command to put a fleet of 60 battleships of the first class on the ocean, and could sweep from the seas every fleet that floats and levy tribute or destroy every seaport on the globe! That it could place an army of 600,000 men in the field and maintain them one year! That it could build a railway half way round the earth; that it could build the Nicaragua canal, and buy enough land around it to start a nation as large as New York; that it could buy at \$1.25 an acre as much land as 143 states the size of Rhode Island! Here is a corporation greater than the government, and when a few others like it are created you will see the sham of hypocrisy torn off and the oligarchy openly proclaim itself master, as it really is today. We have no longer a republic, except in name. Fools in Rome believed they had a republic, long after it was lost, because the same forms were being gone through. *There is coming a hot old time* in the next few years. If such corporations as the Mutual and the Standard Oil companies can hire enough people to keep the others cowed down they will hold the fort, otherwise their names will be Dennis with a small d. The stronger the king the weaker or less powerful the people. When the people are strong the king is weak in temporal power. The United States is nearing the line when it will be a struggle to the death between the corporations and the people. The people will win. That is in the line of human progress and evolution. A little more concentration, a little more squeezing out of the merchants and factories, a little more show of contempt for the common people and the laws, and the clock will strike the hour that tells that the New Order has been born; it may be in much pain and anguish, but it will be safely placed in the hands of the common people, who will rear it to maturity.—Selected.

By circulating good, neat, attractive literature the solid basis of our movement is realized, and many who note these signs of its growth and stability will be led into our ranks to do battle with us, who now lack the courage to face popular prejudices. Never send out a letter without inclosing a tract at least.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Rosieruciae in "Evolution of Immortality."

We are what we think. The eternal verities take no note of our affectations and hypocrisies of speech and manner. We may prate of the freedom and dignity of the "new woman," but as long as we are simple echoes of conventional popular opinions on the subject before us, we have neither freedom nor dignity.

Liberty is first of the soul. She only is the free woman who has thought herself out into the light of absolute truth and can dispassionately consider and accept the positive right. A bold heart is required for free thought, and the courage and enthusiasm that inspire the martyr will alone induce us to accept the consequence of such thinking, when it is applied to the relation of the sexes. By it

The balance beam of fate is bent,
The bounds of good and ill are rent.

The collective thought of communities forms conditions, and it is this collective thought of sex which makes it almost questionable for a woman to speak to women on matters pertaining to it, while free discussion before the two sexes which make the one whole is impossible, except, possibly, in some scientific gathering. But even the scientist handles it with reserve. Its physiology is fenced off as if it belonged to a department of nature separate and distinct from the whole being, and scientific prudery puts a premium on ignorance.

If there is anything impure in sex activities it is in the mind of the thinker. We may make legitimate war on improper habits and perverted instincts, but the functions of nature are of God's planning, and the wise will seek to understand and use them according to His idea.

While we drift hither and thither on the bosom of the world's hoary conventions, marriage is becoming a problem that humanity is afraid of trying to solve. Its ideals are almost wholly material, and men and women are bought and sold in the world's matrimonial market, and always to the increased degradation of unprotected womanhood, for where legitimate marriage is a matter of bargain and sale, illegitimate passion will reward itself with some defenceless prey.

Childless marriage is fast becoming the ideal with both sexes, the prostitution of sex to the indulgence of physical appetite and passion. Vibrate this thought with sufficient force and activity and we get a generation of women physically diseased before puberty, and if not incapable of motherhood the function is exercised through such suffering and danger as must react most unfavorably on offspring. What is the meaning of the frightful increase in child immorality but this prostitution of sex? Low, licentious, selfish thought (for such thought is not cast out by the form of words which make the legal union), in the conception, during gestation, and throughout the plastic period of infancy and early childhood, brings forth its deadly fruit. The child breathes the very air of lewdness. An undisciplined father, an outraged mother; no animal save man, the crown of creation, will seek to cohabit with a pregnant female, and no female animal but woman invites her male companion during the period of gestation. Nature protects the new life, but we outrage nature and must suffer from her reprisals. The animal expression of union which is all there is of love in too many marriages; the angry revolt against motherhood; the shams, concealments, and mysteries which mark the higher order of homes—all these vi-

brations wake corresponding vibrations in the sex centers of the child, and the side of the nature which should slumber throughout a tranquil youth is roused to a permanent and disastrous activity.

What does the increasing prevalence of uterine disease in the last half-century mean? It means that we are dragging the angel we have almost become back into the slime from which we evolved—the protozoan quiescent satisfaction on the animal plane; while the other half of humanity furls his wings and reverts to the primal state of hungry male activity!

We have clubs, societies, associations in the interest of every subject under the sun but the vital one we are considering. We are familiar with the ethics of ancient religions, but the ethics of the most ancient of all relations is an unknown quantity. We know the rationale of crumbling civilizations, but the causes of social decay in modern life get only a superficial examination.

We have dominated the subtle physical elements of our planet by careful and protracted study and effort, but who has investigated the tremendous forces concealed in the mystery of sex? Fence round the purity of woman and the sanctity of home with all the protective legal enactments that are possible; there cannot be too many, nor can they be too sweeping and radical, still we only compel an outward respect for the forms of morality. Until the deadly inertia of ignorance is overcome and hypocrisy and animality are destroyed in the secret recesses of hearts and homes, this downward rushing current cannot be arrested, its forces reversed and the uplifting of humanity be accomplished.—From Lucifer.

[The writer of the above tells a great deal of truth, but he does not touch bottom. We need to get rid of ignorance and hypocrisy; but when what he calls animality is destroyed, the race is dead. What we need is to know how to so use as to satisfy. Yes, my friend, there can be too many "legal enactments" in the effort to "fence round" the purity of woman. There are too many now. Make her free; take sex out of the control of church and state; make woman the free possessor of her own person, and she will need no "fencing round." Then, what about "God's planning"? It takes a finite personality to plan, and this personal God-idea is the very root of the evils from which we are suffering. "Thy desire shall be to the husband, and he shall rule over thee." Does God COMMAND the direction of woman's desire? Such a command, and the "fencing round," are both in violation of woman's inherent right. Personal authority must be dropped before the sex question can be settled. "The tremendous forces concealed in the mystery of sex!" Yes, they are tremendous, and they can be gauged by no past standard, nor by the habits of any grade of life below the human.]

A PLAN.

A subscriber asks for a plan to carry out the idea of free motherhood. I have no plan, other than the readjustment of the conditions under which we are now bound. I have always felt that when people are convinced that a thing is necessary, they would find a way to make it possible. It seems to me the height of egotism to send out plans, as though it was one's place to think for the people

instead of stirring them up to think for themselves. There has been too much planning for others to follow. Give us freedom and plans will be adjusted by each to the needs of each.

THE FIRST RENEWAL.

[Come on, friends, with your kind words and your money orders. Both are appreciated. L. W.]

Dear Sister,—Enclosed please find postal order for 50 cents for a year's subscription to *Clothed With The Sun*, and five cents for postage for a few supplements, which I will try and distribute among the people. You need have no fear but that your paper is well worth 50 cents. The November number with the supplement is well worth a year's subscription, in my opinion; and if you continue to issue not more than one good paper in the course of a year, I do not believe that any one could honestly say or feel that your paper was not worth the price.

Wishing you success I am yours truly,
Moyeppa, Minn. A. D. S.

THE DINNER PAIL.

It turns one pale with rage to notice how interested politicians are for two months every four years in the workingman's dinner-pail; the truth is, no workingman should have to carry a dinner-pail. The best hotel nearest to his work should be the place for him to supply his needs. Labor built the hotel, produces the food, cooks and serves it, and it should only be served to those who perform some useful work in return. Those living in the greatest luxury never produced sufficient to fill even one small dinner-pail, and consequently are not entitled to a dinner.

A "sovereign" must be crazy to eat his dinner from a pail; leave such dining utensils for mules. Remember, the Chinaman does not need even a dinner-pail, and they will soon be here in swarms via Manila.—J. A. Kinghorn-Jones, 36 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

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 Pittsburg, Pa., getting \$1 to \$5 for labor formerly done by men for which they received \$14 to \$16.—Light of Truth.

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