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NO. 2.

### THE MOTHER ERA.

(Edwin Markham revised.)

BY A WOMAN.

No, not as in that elder day,  
For now the MOTHER comes upon the human way;  
She comes with Love; her white unfearing face  
Shines through the social passion of the race;  
She comes to bring Love's freedom to us all—  
To touch the souls of earth  
With feelings of life's oneness and its worth,  
A feeling of its mystery and awe.

And when she comes into the world gone wrong,  
She will rebuild its beauty with a song.  
To every heart she will its own dream be:  
One moon has many phantoms in the sea.  
Out of the North the Norns will cry to men:  
"Balder, the beautiful, has come again!"  
The fates of Greece will whisper from the dead:  
"Apollo has unveiled his sunbright head!"  
The stones of Thebes and Memphis will find voice:  
"Osirus comes: O, tribes of time, rejoice!"  
But those of our own land and time will feel—  
Will know the soul of Motherhood Divine,  
And glad, quick cries will go from man to man:  
"Lo, She has come! Our Mother-God has come!  
The Mother! She who loves us all, has come!"

When she arrives, our counsellor and friend,  
With their bleak faces lighted up, will come  
The earth-born mothers from their martyrdom  
To tell her of their grief.  
And glad girls carolling from field and town  
Will go to meet her with the labor crown,  
The new crown woven of the heading wheat,  
And men will sit down at her sacred feet,  
And she will say—the Mother—  
"Come, let us live the poetry we sing!"  
And these, her burning words will break the ban—  
Words that will grow to be  
The rallying cry of all.

She comes to make the long injustice right—  
Comes to push back the shadow of the night.  
The gray Tradition full of flint and flaw—  
Comes to wipe out the insults to the soul,  
The insults of the few against the whole,  
The insults we make righteous with a law.

Yea, she will bear the safety of the race;  
For in her still and rhythmic steps will be  
The power and music of Alcione,  
Who holds the swift Heavens in their starry fate.  
Yea, she will lay on souls the power of Peace,  
And send on kingdoms torn the sense of Home—  
More than the fire of joy that burned on Greece,  
More than the light of law that rose on Rome—  
The light of Motherhood's dear love will be  
To those who now know but the reign of force.

### THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

In the following taken from *The Independent* Edwin Markham replies to his critics:

Some thousands of my countrymen have been good enough to point out in public prints during the past year certain "misrepresentations of labor" in my "Man with the Hoe" and after having read for twelve months what I meant to say in the poem it seems to me that I may be allowed to express my own opinion on this and some kindred matters.

The hoeman of my poem does not mean every man with a hoe. Thoreau hoed his bean field. He says that when his hoe tinkled against the stones the music echoed to the woods and sky, and was an accompaniment to his labor that yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. Thoreau as a hoeman could gather his spiritual harvest because he had the upward looking and the light, the music and the dream. I did not mean Thoreau.

Fourteen years ago I came upon a small print of

Millet's picture of the hoeman, and it at once struck my heart and my imagination. It was then that I jotted down the rough "field notes" of my poem. For years I kept the print on my wall and the pain of it in my heart. And then (ten years ago) I chanced upon the original painting itself.

I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance toiler, no mere man of the fields. No; this stunted and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all labors. He might be a man with a needle in a New York sweatshop, a man with a pick in a West Virginia coal mine, a man with a hod in a London alley, a man with a spade on the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

The hoeman is the symbol of betrayed humanity, the toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He is the man pushed away from the land by those who fail to use the land, till at last he has become a serf, with no mind in his muscle and no heart in his handiwork. He is the man pushed back and shrunken by the special privileges conferred upon the few.

The hoeman is the effigy of a man, a being with no outlet to his life, no uplift to his soul—a being with no time to rest, no time to think, no time to pray, no time for the mighty hopes that make us men.

His battle has not been confined to his own life; it extends backward in grim and shadowy outline through his long train of ancestry. He was seen of old among the brickmakers of Egypt, among the millions who lifted wearily the walls of Ilium, who carved the pillars of Karnak and paved the Appian Way. He is seen today among the stooped, silent toilers who build London and beautify her tombs and palaces.

Do I need to say that the hoe poem is not a protest against labor? No; it is my soul's word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man.

I believe in labor, as some believe in creeds. I have little respect for an idler, whether at the tramp end or at the millionaire end of the social octave. It is against the public good, against the economy of nature, for any man to be at the same time a consumer and a non-producer.

These were some of the memories and agitations that pressed upon my soul as I stood in the presence of this dread thing—the accuser of the world. So I was forced to utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the ruined majesty of this son of God. So the poem took shape. It sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the humiliated and the wronged. I have borne my witness. It is said; it is truth; let it stand.

Yes, "let it stand," but add a great deal more to it. Add to it the condemnation of that which is the cause of this degradation that you see and so much deplore. Why condemn effects and let the question rest there? In the poem that is revised, where woman, the mother, comes in, Mr. Markham had it a man. The only reference to woman is that she will come and tell her griefs sitting at the feet of him that is to come, that is coming in the spirit of the age, in its under currents. In the above the man with the hoe may, he says, represent a man with a needle in a New York sweatshop, but no reference is made to woman's ceaseless toil with the needle. He does not seem to see that it is through the woman behind the man that the degradation becomes organized.

### VERY ENCOURAGING!

Professor David Starr Jordan of Stanford University said recently in a lecture in San Francisco:

The country cannot get rid of the millionaire nor the pauper. Statistics of a large number of paupers in Indianapolis, Ind., showed that they were nearly all related. They all came of good English stock. They or their ancestors had been taken out of pauper homes in Great Britain and sent to this country. They will be paupers under all circumstances. They inherit it.

It is the same with the millionaire. He will always be with us. It is natural for him to accumulate. If you take away from him all his possession you will find him as an overseer of the thing you took from him. You cannot eradicate the poor. It was always "the fool and his money soon parted;" and it will ever be. It is the same with the evils of drink.

If the present economic system is to continue; if woman is still to be denied the right to her own person, the right to motherhood only under law made restrictions; if colleges and college professors are still to be supported at the cost of others; if the people are still to be denied their natural right to the land, and so on, then you are right, President Jordan. Then there is no hope that the race will ever rise out of its degraded condition; then there is no use in trying to stem the tidal waves of evil that flood our earth through and through.

But will this system always last? Does nature herself lie to us? Is she so foolish as to protest against what cannot be changed? Not so. Nature's protests, and also her efforts, are her prophecies. She will not protest against that which cannot be helped; neither will she attempt to go where it is impossible. She does protest through us, her children, against this state of things, and she does, through the same channel, make strenuous efforts to right these wrongs. When we trust "Mother Nature," as we have been taught to trust "Father God," we will make progress in the right direction.

"They or their ancestors had been taken out of pauper homes in Great Britain and sent to this country. They will be paupers under all circumstances. They inherit it." So says Professor Jordan. The biggest fools I find are the wise fools. Those who know they do not know it all, are in a condition to learn. Had the president of Stanford University been born of one of those poor pauper mothers, and had he had no more chance in the world than the children of such mothers usually have, he too would be a pauper.

Suppose Professor Jordan should try an experiment. Suppose he should take half a dozen of those boys that are born to pauperism, as he expresses it, should take them at three years of age and bring them up as if they were his own, giving them all the advantages that his would be likely to have, does he really believe they would become paupers because of the condition of their birth? If so, he has furnished one of the strongest arguments that can be given against children being allowed to be born under such conditions. How can it be helped? There is wealth enough in the world, if rightly applied, to ensure every gestating mother the best of conditions for her work, and it would be cheaper in the end than what now has to be done to care for the badly born.

Mrs. Osgood Willard, who wrote "Sexiology the Science of Life," said some thirty years ago that a nation that would not take care of its mothers ought to perish. No nation as yet has taken care of its moth-

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**AN EXPLANATION.**

I advertise the price of the paper for one year at 30 cents, but I find that within the city of San Francisco I shall be obliged to charge 40 cents and then be the loser by at that rate of two cents per annum on each subscriber. Reason: While the department will carry a pound of these papers, over 30 in number, to any other city and distribute them to their various addresses for one cent, I must pay one cent on every copy that is delivered here. Our beautiful business system is such, that government fears business men will start a monthly and so cheat the department. If my paper was issued weekly then there would be no such charge, for they do not think business men could afford a weekly advertising sheet. So the city subscribers must pay 40 cents a year for *Clothed With The Sun*. Oh, the wisdom of Solomon!

**HIGH IDEALS.**

All are ready to say a good word for high ideals, but many are prone to overlook the harm that may come from entertaining lower purposes. The woman who supports herself and children from her earnings in some general business occupation is guilty of lending sanction to a false ideal unless she does so under protest; for it is expedient that society accord to women and children the right to a part of the product of the men. When women allow it to appear that they are willing to forego this contribution from the men, they commit the same offense as does one who gives charity.—Edgar Brinkerhoff, in *Lucifer*.

Will the reader analyze carefully the above paragraph and tell us why "it is expedient that society accord to women and children the right to a part of the product of the labor of the men?" I agree with the writer, but I want to see the "why" more fully brought out. I want the law involved so fully understood that woman need never more feel the burden of dependence nor be enslaved because she has not earned the money she uses, the home she enjoys. I use the word "earned" in the common acceptance of the term, but the greatest blessings are never earned. They come like the sunlight and the showers.

Yes, it is true that the woman who supports herself and children in some general business occupation is guilty of lending sanction to a false ideal unless she does so under protest.

More than forty years ago Joseph Dejacque, a Frenchman, wrote to Proudhon criticizing his attempt to free man and leave woman in bonds. He says:

"Listen, Master Proudhon. Before you talk of woman, study her. Attribute not to man a stock of intelligence which belongs to him only by the right of conquest, by the commerce of love, by usury that comes entirely from woman and is the product of the soul within her. Do not attribute to man that which he has derived from another, or I will answer you in your own words, 'property is robbery.'"

"Raise your voice on the contrary against the exploitation of woman by man. Proclaim to the world that man without the aid of woman is unable to drag the revolution out of the bloodstained rut into which it has fallen; that alone he is powerless; that he must have the support of woman's heart and brain; that in the path of progress they should march forward side by side, hand in hand; that man cannot attain his goal and endure the fatigue of the journey without the sustaining sympathy and the encouraging caresses of woman."

Joseph Dejacque was a progressive man. He appreciated woman as a companion, not as a slave.

He had a better understanding of woman's place and work than even many of our reform women of today, to say nothing of man's general idea. In what he says we find the true reason why woman has a claim upon man, a claim founded in the very nature of things. We can see why woman has a right to a part of the products of man's toil. Has a Right, and should claim it as such; should not allow herself to become enslaved because of receiving her share. But Mr. Dejacque does not see it all. He says:

"Proclaim to the world that man without the aid of woman is unable to drag the revolution out of the mire, to pluck it out of the bloodstained rut into which it has fallen; that man alone is powerless; that he must have the support of woman's heart and brain."

That is what one man tells another man, but when it comes to talking of the revolution having fallen into a bloodstained rut, is that true? No, it is the normal place of revolution engineered by man. Man represents force; woman love, attraction. Woman was active in the French revolution, but it was on man's line, under his direction as the controlling power, and as love turned to hate is the most bitter of all, so did she outdo man in the savagery of that revolution. This being true, woman can never lift any revolution out of the rut of blood till she becomes the leading factor of progress. She must be free, and by rising into the plane of love, the plane which she represents, she will naturally attract man to her side.

The radical ex-Rev. Shelton says: "The true feminine principle revolts at bloodshed, strife and vain glory. It is the masculine in woman that falls down to worship war and deeds of blood. It was the woman in Jesus who did all the healing. It was the woman who was crucified, and it was the woman who rose from the dead and went to heaven," and he adds, "the truth lies in the freedom of the individual to live a life which gives the same freedom to every other individual," and then he asks: "What right has a woman to change her name and assume the name of a man, then to name all her children after him, and claim the right to deed the earth to their heirs and assigns forever? What right or what power has a mortal to deed eternity to other mortals?"

Yes, what right? But Mr. Shelton is mistaken as to the resurrection of woman. She is still in the grave. Man cannot represent her, not even a Jesus; she must come forth herself from the thrall-dom in which her womanhood is bound. The real woman has not yet appeared. Her feminine side has never been fully developed. We have had only glimpses as yet. My sisters, we do not yet know ourselves.

But the time is coming when woman will stand in her true place, and then there will be no question of support for woman and children. Then man will so appreciate woman in her unfoldment of true womanhood that his devotion will be unbounded, and woman will so see the glory of man as reflected in the light of the love sphere that she will give him the full allegiance of her soul. The only religion we shall then need will be the worship of man for woman and of woman for man.

**THE CURSE OF WEALTH.**

I cut the following from the report of a lady reporter who visited Sarah Althea Hill Sharon Terry, as she calls herself in her insane home at Stockton:

There was ceaseless battling for years in the courts of California; there was the disbarment of one great lawyer and the upholding of another as great and quite as guilty; there was the flight to Honolulu and then to Australia of a law clerk with \$25,000 paid for a spurious document; there was a decision in this woman's favor, granting her a divorce from ex-Senator Sharon and awarding her half the community property; there was the importation of a judge to preside in the federal courts, who became one of the supreme justices of the United States, that the decision might be reversed; there was the fearless defiance of the judge by this woman

in open court, that brought a bailiff to her side to arrest her, and the swift interposition of an ex-supreme judge, who would have killed the man who laid his hand upon her; there was a six-months' term for one of them; there was a slow death by inches for the paralyzed ex-senator and many times millionaire, who died bequeating a legacy of hate to the woman he had wronged; and there was a quick, clever murder in the dining-room at a way station that put out of the way forever a strong, fearless, honorable man, whose name still stands for all that was true-hearted, clear-headed and firm-willed.

Is it a wonder that with all the weight of that terrific case upon her that Mrs. Terry's mind gave way, when the chivalrous, big-bodied, big-brained man who had taken upon himself the worry and burden of it all, was killed before her eyes?

I do not remember the cause for which Mrs. Sharon was granted a divorce, but that, according to the law at that time, she was the legal wife of the senator is certainly true or she would never have been granted a divorce. But the millions triumphed. Judges were bought and sold; the decision was reversed, and the woman who was once Senator Sharon's wife is now a maniac.

After her divorce from Sharon she married Judge Terry and when the divorce was rescinded thus depriving his wife of the millions that were rightfully hers (from present standards), it is not surprising that the judge was indignant and used strong language; but, generally, when a man makes a threat, if anything is done, he is merely put under bonds to keep the peace and is not punished unless he takes some step toward putting his threat into execution.

But in this case Judge Field goes guarded and when Judge Terry and his wife enter a public dining room where he and his guard are taking dinner, the guard, like a dog that is guarding his master, did not wait for an aggressive movement but shot Judge Terry on the moment, and the millions covered this cold-blooded murder also. When will the masses assert their rights and abolish the curse of wealth!

There is now in the courts here in San Francisco a case similar in principle. A woman claiming to be the widow of the deceased and asking \$9,000,000 as her rightful half of the estate, and the children asserting that she was not the wife but the mistress of their father. Already a knock down, perjury and attempted murder are among the results of the conflict, and what the outcome will be remains to be seen.

In talking of Mrs. Terry's condition, a gentleman present remarked: "It is her own fault; Sharon would have given her half a million but she would not be satisfied with that." Indeed! and why should she? From the standard of society as it is, she would have branded herself as his mistress instead of his wife, and have said to the world, "I sold myself for half a million. In a just state of society, one in which a true civilization prevailed, no man would have half a million to buy a woman with, and no woman could be bought at any price."

Not long ago a young girl was found dead in the park here, shot through the head and it was a matter of doubt for a time whether it was murder or suicide. It was finally decided to be suicide. Also, it was some time before she was identified. A young man, or rather, a single man, came forward and told that he had been paying her what she had hitherto been getting for night work and she had been staying with him instead of being at work as her mother thought.

It seems that her home was not a happy one and she paid her mother for board and room, she being the child of a former marriage from which the mother had a divorce. She had told her young friends that at such a time this man was going to marry her, while they did not know that she was then staying with him, and would not have known it had he not told it after her death. I said to a man that I had looked upon as above the ordinary run of men, what a pity there was no law to punish him, and what was my surprise to find him resenting the very idea.



Why, she had sold herself to him; she was eighteen; she knew what she was about and where was he to blame? When they separated had he killed himself people would have said he was a d—d fool. The cool manner in which he spoke of bargain and sale in that connection made me sick at heart. In the first place we have only the story of the man shamelessly told, and cannot know how much of truth there was in it. Her word should be considered as good as his, to say the least, and the testimony went to show that she expected to marry him. It was evidently not sale but love with her and when he found an excuse to break with her, she took her own life.

Had it been simply bargain and sale with her she would not have done that but would have found another buyer, while he, by coming out and making his statement, proved that it was only a matter of merchandise with him. And thus it is that men regard women. They will pay money for their own gratification, but in how many ways is that money taken from the poor creatures who thus minister to men's passions!

I have it from what I believe to be good authority that here, in the city of San Francisco, one of those women must raise \$140 per month for expenses before she can have one cent for herself. She must pay \$2 per day for the little stall in which she receives company, and that is \$60 per month. Then there is a specified sum to the police to keep them quiet, and the various other items I do not know. But this is not enough; these women are every once in a while raided and fined and that goes toward paying the city expenses.

Now, I do not speak of these things simply to harrow up the feelings, but I want woman to rise in her strength and put a stop to it all, and there is but one way to do this. Claim the right to your own person under any and all circumstances. Stop walking into the pens that men have prepared for you; pens in which you must pledge your bodies for life to a man for the privilege of becoming a mother; otherwise you must live alone your natural life or become an outcast.

So long as you submit to these conditions, so long there is no hope. Rise in the strength of true womanhood and assert your right to yourselves, and always remember that no woman is ruined unless she thinks so. I urge this in the name of man, and for his good as well as for woman's. When man once learns that there is no compensation for him only in mutual love and desire he will shrink from the purchase plane as from fire, and we as women must teach him this by refusing all association but that which is mutual. Oh, that all women could see the importance of this question!

#### THE AMERICAN INQUISITION.

The American Inquisition of the Nineteenth Century has substituted for the mediæval charge of "heresy," the modern charge of "obscene literature."

The animus of this American Inquisition appears to be several "Societies for the Suppression of Vice," the original one of which was founded by Anthony Comstock. They are four in number, the New York, the New England, the Western, and the California Societies, respectively; they are independent of one another, and maintain a "lion's mouth" in the post office, into which "confidential information" against a citizen may be thrown. I am informed by a clergyman who is active in a certain branch of law and order work, that, upon one occasion, in a prosecution in Milwaukee, Mr. Comstock was shown to have (and appears to have in other cities too, so this clergyman seemed to think) a secret agent who was ostensibly a man of business, but whose real occupation was to get acquainted with business men and young fellows about town, win their confidence and learn all he could of certain matters.

*If this system of espionage really does exist in our large cities, it is evident what unlimited opportunities it offers for compelling business men of supposed immaculate lives to support the Society for the Suppression of Vice, under threat of exposing some hidden phase of their career.*—Ida E. Craddock, in Lucifer.

#### DEEDING ETERNITY.

An ex-reverend who is getting some sense into his head asks: "What right have people to deed the earth to their heirs and assigns forever? What right or what power has a mortal to deed eternity to other mortals?"

A few years since I had a very forcible presentation of the power that land ownership has over the products of labor. I used it then, and it will bear using again. I was living in a town of less than twenty thousand inhabitants and when we compare rates in such a place with those in a city of half a million we may well stand appalled.

Stepping into a little fruit store to make a small purchase, I found it occupied by a lame man who had to wait upon his customers leaning upon a crutch. Being the only customer, I manifested my sympathy by talking to him while he waited upon me. Among other things I asked: "How much rent do you pay for this little place?"

The reply was: "I own the building but pay \$5 per month ground rent." "Five dollars per month, \$60 per year," was my instant thought and I asked further: "How much ground have you?"

"Let me see: there is ten feet back of this, and the little room at the side is ten feet wide; 25x28 feet," was the reply. "Five dollars for that much ground!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," and it is all that I can do to support myself and wife." They were an aged couple.

I took my grapes and started, thinking fast if not loud all the way home. When there I made a computation and found that it would take a fraction over sixty-two such pieces of ground to make an acre—that at the same rate an acre would bring the legal holder a yearly sum of \$3,850. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that streets and alleys leave but forty-six such plots of ground, and that every one of them are occupied at the same rate. Forty-six men working year in and year out six days in a week to get a bare living, while the owner of the one acre of land can remain idle and still have an income of nearly \$3,000.

Farmers, what do you think of that! Toilers, can you see where the results of your toil go! Do you see why your sons become disgusted with the meagre results of honest labor and hasten away from the home roof, thinking that they too can get hold of something through which they can grow rich! Do you see why your daughters sometimes grow weary and then listen to the flattering tongue of the man who gets the lion's share of the results of your labor!

Talk of liquor selling! It is but the mote; usury is the beam. Buying and selling the heritage of the people, holding it for use, for usury, gain through the toil of others—there is no crime that can be compared with it! It is slaveholding, robbery, prostitution, rape, drunkenness, murder, and more, all combined. And yet, in this terrible arraignment, I say unhesitatingly that but very few of the millions who do all these things are in any definite sense morally responsible for the evils resulting. They were born to these conditions; they have been falsely educated; they do not see the wrong they are doing. But we who do see are guilty indeed, if we keep silence.

Once I felt to condemn the Southern slaveholder, not now. He was educated in that way of doing; it was born in him, and while church members, ministers, and philanthropists generally (I mean in the North), hurled their thunderbolts at him, they forgot that they were common participants in what the bible condemned more entirely than it condemned chattel slavery, to wit: usury, and selling the land.

We of the North glory in what we have done, and are puffed up up with self-righteousness; but our righteousness is as "filthy rags" and very filthy at that. There never can be freedom for the sons and daughters of toil so long as the land is bought and sold, or held for other than personal use. But why do I talk of this? All thinking people know it to be true; then what hinders it being abolished—the law that permits, enforces this summing up of economic wrong?

Listen, all ye people! It is government; government will send its soldiers to protect the landholder against its rightful owners, the people. Governments protect property against the people, and yet the people are so blind that they continue to sustain the enormity because they think they must be protected. The people protect the government, not the government the people.

I will extend the offer of a dollar book and the paper for a year for one dollar, till the first of April.

#### VERY ENCOURAGING!

Concluded from page 1.

ers, and as those of the past have perished so will the nations of this age perish unless woman asserts herself, declares her right to her own person and demands that every gestating mother shall have the best conditions that intelligently applied wealth can give.

Let us look at that university business for a moment. Governor Stanford, having no child to whom he can leave the vast estate that was legally but not morally his, determines to perpetuate his name in that university. He so fixes it that the income shall support the institution, but the principle must never grow less. Now, from whence is that income derived? From the toil of the people. That university is supported by the toilers who cultivate the land that is given to the institution, and by those who produce the wealth elsewhere that is controlled by others, and from which the interest is paid that constitutes a part of that income. Remember, the principle must never grow less.

In what way will the working people be benefitted by that institution? Hundreds of them will sweat and toil for a bare subsistence while the results of that toil will help to perpetuate the name of Leland Stanford. Yes, hundreds of men will thus toil and sweat. Turning to a little book of statistics I find that the Vina estate of 35,000 acres was to be divided into 40 acre farms. Here is a recognition of the landlord and tenant system; 875 farms all to be worked for the benefit of the university; 875 families who should have land of their own, they and their children are servants to that estate the proceeds of which go to perpetuate a false system of economics. I would rather die in the county house than to have wealth to use for such a purpose.

If some of the mothers among those tenants should overwork when they ought to have care and comfort, should feel forced to do so because the use of the land must be paid for, and in thus overworking should rob the coming one of needed strength and the child grow up and become a pauper because thus robbed before birth, I presume that Professor Jordan would look upon it as inevitable. Yes, and so it would be under the present order of things. Struggle away, professor, in your efforts to justify a system that you are not big enough to attack.

But those Indianapolis paupers of who the professor says, were the descendants of paupers who came from Great Britain. Several years since, I saw a statement that the annual income of the aristocracy of England was \$700,000,000. I have repeated that statement publicly and have never yet heard it disputed. Is it any wonder that England has paupers! When Lady Henry Somerset visited this country a few years ago it was stated by the press that she had hundred thousand tenants on her immense English estates. A hundred thousand tenants, every one of which had a better right to the land they cultivated than she had; but government would sustain her right against theirs.

God and government! One protects us, and the other so loved us that he gave his son to die for us. Well, millions of the sons of men have died for God, so I think the debt is more than paid; and as for government, the people have been sacrificed by millions to sustain it, and still it continues to feed upon the masses. Cannibalism is no name for the insatiate maw of government.

Poor Professor Jordan! He has looked over the field of human endeavor for a means of relief, but in vain and with a heartache that it is so, he says: "It can't be helped." Professor, did you ever hear of such a thing as a radical, an entire change? Forever and ever as it now is? That is the language of what you say. "And the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever." . . . No, no. Humanity is finding out that it is the God of this earth, that what it decrees must come to pass and in its soul center it has decreed that this state of things must cease. The external forces have not yet been brought into line but they will be in time.

Yes, the soul, the love center of humanity is saying in the language of the scripture: "For your covenant with death shall be annulled; your agreement with hell shall not stand; the overflowing scourge shall pass through and shall sweep away your refuge of lies." Don't cry, Professor; there is a better time coming.

"I do not believe any creation ever took place, except under the law of sex and through the activity of sex attributes. There is nothing in nature that deserves so deep a reverence as sex, and there is nothing so shockingly profaned."



## AN INVOCATION.

Oh, ye angel hosts above us,  
Oh, ye souls who live to love us,  
Blow the breath of life eternal  
Through these earthly hells infernal;  
Blast the germs of sin and sorrow  
With the lightning of truth's arrow;  
Lift the rolling wheels that crush us,  
Burn the cruel thongs that bind us,  
Wake us from lethargic dreaming,  
From the falseness of this seeming  
To a grander, nobler freedom  
That shall fit us for the kingdom  
Of our own eternal self-hood.

Those whose subscriptions fail to reach me before one issue must wait till the next. I cannot mail between issues without extra postage.

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 little 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 full significance of this symbol. The glory of the future race would then be assured.

## WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 29, 1900.

Mrs. Waisbrooker, Dear Lady:—A friend of mine handed me your "The Fountain of Life, or Three Fold Power of Sex" Saturday and that evening and yesterday I read it, and I could not stop reading it, and it seemed that every page there was something better. I found an explanation to many thoughts I had had, but did not understand; I found my sentiments expressed in language I could not command, they were my sentiments but I had not found the power to express them; and there was also a solution to many things that I could not understand, I knew it existed but I did not know why, so taking it all in all yours is the best work on the subject that I have yet found.

The lady who loaned me the book has a card pasted in the front of it in regard to the paper you are to begin the publication of next month. I hope to send you about four subscriptions. Will you please tell me the date of your birthday in February? I should like very much to know.

Are you a member of the Hermetic Brotherhood? If not, I wish you would become one. Our Elder Brother of the Circle of Isis is now in San Francisco, Dr. W. P. Whelon, but I think it is more than likely that you are a member, being the writer that you are. Just as soon as it is possible for me to do so, I am going to buy one of the books just read, and also your other works.

I will enclose 25c. for any necessary expense of writing to me, for I certainly want to hear from you. You will please send me the price of your works, and with very kindest wishes for your success, I am, Most sincerely yours,  
M. L.

No, I do not belong to the Hermetic Brotherhood, nor to any other order or organization. I am looking for the mingling of the eastern and western thought and magnetism to bring to light a higher, broader truth than the world has yet known. I cannot bind myself in any measure to anything that belongs to the past. There is enough here and to come to occupy my time and thought.

Allie Lindly Lynch of Chicago writes: "I have lately had the privilege of reading 'Helen Harlow's Vow' and 'Perfect Motherhood.' They are excellent books for reform work, though 'Perfect Motherhood' covers more ground, takes in a wider range of thought. I wish those who have the means would buy those books and place them in our public libraries. Had I the money to do so, I would put them in every library in the land."

Ruth A. Earle of Denver writes: "I received your pamphlet, 'The Temperance Folly' last week and must say it is the best thing I ever read on that question."

The Editor of Light of Truth writes: "Your pamphlet received and read. It is just in line with my thought on the subject. I will do what I can to introduce it."

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker:—I have just received two copies of your excellent paper Clothed with the Sun, which delights me more than I can tell.

Enclosed find 25 cents for which send me "The Temperance Folly or, Who's the Worst?" and for the balance No. 1 of Clothed with the Sun.

Hindsboro, Ill. J. C. BARNES.

Dear Sister:—Your grandly, good little paper Clothed with the Sun reached us in due time. Both copies are out missionarying. I read it aloud to Mr. S. and mother. Mr. S. said: "We must have it and send a copy to each of the girls." So please find enclosed M. O. for 90 cents. Denver, Colo. M. J. SOUTHWORTH.

## LIBERTY FOR THE SPIRIT.

There is no safety for the truth, or for anything else, save in absolute liberty for each man to see the truth, institutions, laws and God for himself, and to speak what he sees with utter fidelity. Nothing in the universe is so wicked or wanton as the invasion of the citadel of a man's soul by any kind of force or authority. Yet who of us does not meet threat, and who of us does not menace the liberty of our brother the moment a word is spoken that crosses the existing order? Where are the really free men—men who are servile to no one and to nothing, but who will see truth for themselves at all hazards and live it at all costs? For them the universe exists and travails; for them history toils; for them the world's disinherited wait and stretch worn hands of hope.—George D. Herron.

## THE CODE FOR THE POOR.

"The virtues the poor are always praised for are Industry, Honesty and Contentment. The first is lauded because Industry gives the rich everything they have, the second because Honesty prevents an iota of said everything being taken away again, and third because Contentment is to hinder those poor devils from every objecting to a lot so comfortable to the persons who profit by it—this is the morality taught by the rich to the poor."

## SOUL GROWTH.

I am in receipt of a card from what is called the College of Soul Culture, and a lady friend asks me if I am interested in that line. Yes, as Gail Hamilton was interested in her reputation. When she was told that if she would write less and take more pains it would be better for her reputation, she told those same college professors that she had too much to do to trouble herself about her reputation; if it could not take care of itself it would have to go uncared for.

That is just the way I feel about my soul; if it cannot unfold naturally, spontaneously, while I am busy about the work my head, heart and hands find to do, then it must be dwarfed. When we do our part, nature will do hers.

## PATCHIN[G].

A gentleman was in the habit of teasing his wife about a suitor she had before he married her, by the name of Patchin. One day she found a hole in the elbow of his coat, and she said: "Oh Jamie, Jamie, if you don't get you a new coat I shall take to patchin'." This government married patchin[g]. It keeps patchin and does not seem to have the least idea that a new coat is needed.

I firmly believe that the reform, the only reform that is needed at this time, is the emancipation of woman, and that not till this is accomplished will men cease to be born knaves, fools, or both.—Annie K. Swebel, St. Louis.

"The keenest pleasure we receive through the sense life is but the faintest suggestion of the gladness of the spirit. Instead of distrusting and condemning the sensuous nature, and strangling its expressions, we should understand its spiritual correspondence. Spirit is all sensibility and all knowledge."

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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.

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This is a story, the key-note of which is: "No woman is ruined unless she thinks so."

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