



VOL. I.

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NO. 3.

LET WOMAN TAKE THE LEAD.

For ages past men have led
In church and state and home,
And battle fields have strown with dead
To guild ambition's dome,
But now the great transition comes,
Earth's souls are being freed,
Love's light is kindling in our homes,
Let woman take the lead.

Man's forte is force, centrifugal,
And to destruction tends,
But woman's love centripetal
And all life's forces blends.
The reign of force has had its day
And scattered wide its seed;
Love claims the harvesters to sway
With woman in the lead.

In fields of scientific art
Man hath achieved high fame,
And now within the realm of heart
Let woman guild her name;
The homeless millions of the world
Cry loudly for love's meed,
Let prejudice from power be hurled
And woman take the lead.

—Robert Sinnicksen.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

To-night we were having an animated discussion of the czar's late peace conference, when the door swung open to a stamping foot and Jim came in shaking the wet off his coat and holding out his hands to the cheery blaze.

He seemed unusually silent, and the captain looked up with a laugh: "Tough night, this, Jim, old boy! But you may as well get used to it. This big peace meeting of all the tribes will dispose of armies and you and I will have to look for another job. No more war, they say; so no need for soldiers or army surgeons. You'll be ahead of me anyway, for folks are always sick somewhere, army or no army."

"Bah!" growled Jim through his teeth. "Peace conference be hanged! Fine thing to preach peace when we breed war from palace to hovel; when nine-tenths of us come into the world Ishmaelites, our hand against every man and every man's hand against us. Pretty world this, overrun with philanthropic fools, all busy varnishing effects whose causes they prefer to ignore as unfit for decent minds. My God, boys! When I think of it I wonder we are not all imbeciles or criminals."

"Well, not that exactly," he continued sadly; "but I've watched a woman die to-night; a woman so brave and earnest and noble-hearted that a king must have respected her, though she was only a rancher's wife. I've seen death often enough, and in many forms, but this will haunt me forever. I was powerless to save her, and she knew it; for months she had looked death in the face and set her house in order for his coming. Her six little children were gathered around the bed to say good-bye; she had patiently told them that 'mama was going on a long, long journey, and they must be good to each other and grow up honest men and women.' The sixth was only a tiny toddler, scarcely taking his first steps, and and by her side lay the seventh, a pitiful morsel of unwelcome, unneeded

humanity, for whose existence the mother was paying with her life. He slept peacefully, but his baby brother caught at his mother's fast-chilling hands and pulled himself up by the bed, begging; 'Tate Boydo, muvver; Boydo so ti'ed.' Poor baby! at whose birth I had told the father plainly that another such event would cost the mother's life.

"When she had recovered a little from the nearness of death I told her too, and never while I live shall I forget the hopelessness that came into her eyes.

"She sent for me a few months later, and as their ranch was on the main road I invented some excuse to stop every time I was near. They were very poor; the father was a hard-working man and an honest one, but a poor manager, and no one will ever know the toil and hardship that woman underwent to make a home for her children and keep them fed and clothed. Without much education, she was keenly ambitious for knowledge and devoured with pathetic eagerness the few books that came in her way. She was always clean and tidy, and when she turned from the steaming tubs, where she added to their slender income by washing heavy shirts for the miners, she was as much a lady in manner as the mistress of the White House. The husband was not an ignorant man; he read the political papers and discussed tariff and silver ably; but if he ever noticed his wife's more refined tastes at all it was with tolerance or open amusement. He was kind to his family in an easy going way that made small demands on his selfishness, but he had tobacco while his wife went barefoot, and joked about the never filled woodbox. Just an average man of the people; a good citizen, a good husband and father as far as his means went, you would say—yet more truly a murderer than many a one who swings on the gallows.

"Do you wonder that the poor woman's soul was filled with bitterness in those weary months when she walked comrade with Death? That as she watched her soon-to-be motherless children she burned with hatred for the selfish cause? What will become of them? I don't know. The father will marry again, and they will be scattered among strangers. Their case is only one of thousands.

"I am thinking of the poor little mite who came into the world tonight. He is one of thousands, too; one of thousands born of uncurbed passion on one side and enforced submission on the other. Is his little heart aching with his mother's agony, I wonder? Would it be strange if his life repeated those prenatal months of sorrow and despair, ending in some outburst of uncontrollable passion?

"Poor little mite! The asylums and prisons and city streets are full of his brothers and sisters; hapless beings forced into existence in pain and hatred and terror when all nature cried out against the desecration. Conceived to hunger and poverty and scant care from work-filled hands that would have held one babe or two a heavenly heritage, but sink before the misery awaiting ten.

"Nobody wants him; there is no place in the

world waiting him. As a child, if he escapes the workhouse or reform school, it is to be known as 'the dullest boy in school,' or 'the worst boy in the neighborhood.' As a man he gravitates naturally into the ranks of criminals or the great army of fitfully employed, who wander up and down the world seeking bed and bread in any corner.

"If chance grant him a home, it is only to repeat there the tragedy of his own existence, and if fortune give him a place in public life it is only to vent there his inherited discord and restlessness, and to embroil his followers in great or petty strife. War is his destiny; only in the clash of battle do clashing instincts of his nature find parallel and temporary repose.

"There are a good many things beside Krupp guns and Lyddite to be considered in the peace meetings of the world, and he is one of them. Who has found life so good that he dare pass it on under blackest circumstances, entailing a lifetime's misery for a moment's gratification? Not till the Angel of Love alone heralds the dawn of life shall we do away with war and contending armies. Till man has planted the seeds of justice in his own heart he will never gather the blossoms of peace abroad, though all the world confer for the harvesting."—Sharlot M. Hall, in *Secular Science and Common Sense*.

STRUCK BY LIGHTENING.

A man and a woman, old acquaintances who had not met for a long time, were talking of what had occurred during that time. The man, who had long posed as a reformer, said: "I have married again and we have one child, but my wife went to her parents because I was out of employment and could not provide for her. I have a school now and am going for her tomorrow. If she will not come with me I shall take the child."

"The woman replied: 'You have no right to take the child from its mother.'

"Oh, but the child's future must be considered and she is not fit to bring it up."

She turned upon him a look that was like lightning and the words fairly leaped from her mouth: "What right had you, sir, to make a woman a mother who is not fit to bring up her own child?" and he looked as if he had been struck by lightning after she had said it. He hemmed and hawed a little but could find no words with which to reply, so relapsed into silence, and after a few moments got up and left.

READ IT.

Yes, carefully, thoughtfully, again and again—the article taken from *Secular Science and Common Sense* and headed: "The Peace Conference," and then send for the magazine. A monthly of 36 double column pages, \$1 a year. Address Atlas Bk., Chicago, Ill. I am glad to find so well gotten up a magazine publishing such an article. It tells so much and with such simple eloquence that nothing I can say can add to its value. But to do away with such terrible results woman must be free, and institutions must be made conformable to her freedom. Then "the Angel of Love will alone herald the dawn of life." Then the war spirit will die for want of nourishment.

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"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.

* * * * *

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!

* * * * *

SOURCE AND CHANNEL.

Comrade Kate Austin, in a letter in which she wishes me success, proceeds to say, "Now I am going to point out what I honestly think is a serious mistake which occasionally manifests itself in your writings; for instance, you seem to appeal to that long cultivated and pernicious trait in woman, and it is the claim that she individually and collectively is the source from which comes all that is noble, good and true. Reformers without end have barped on the same string; woman is pointed out as being ordained by god or nature as a leader in all that pertains to the higher morality or welfare of the human family."

The question is: Have I made a mistake, or does my sister misunderstand what I say? The source of all that is, good or otherwise, is the male and female, the positive and the negative forces of the great cosmos called nature in their constant interaction. From these flow all life, all beauty, all use. Of these two forces, the male and the female, the feminine is the embodying power, thus becoming the channel through which all forms of life are manifest. An abnormal goodness, an unnatural morality has been so instilled into the minds of the people that it is very difficult to find language to express just what we mean when speaking of the different work of men and women.

When we try to explain, the idea is that we consider woman as above and beyond man; that she is by nature a being of diviner qualities, when nothing of the kind is intended. My foot and my hand are both members of my body, but their work is very different, and yet they are equal. No more honor is due to one than to the other. Progress is by steps. The feet cannot move on side by side. First one will—must be in advance and then the other. Counting man as the right foot, he has been in the advance long enough. It is time that the left foot took the lead, being certain that the right foot will follow; but no matter which is in the lead one is no better than the other.

Of course, this is but a partial illustration; it cannot fully fit the case, but it may help to do away with the idea that when I call on woman to take the lead it is because I think her better than man. Woman's time in forming the child is so much longer than man's that if, with a proper understanding of her work, she could

not make the greatest impression upon it, it would argue her inferior instead of equal with man. After woman has taken the germ into her keeping man can have no influence over it only through her; through the impression that he makes upon her, and that is why I demand freedom and the best of conditions for prospective mothers. That is why I want her to have what she desires, and can attract to herself,—this because I fully believe that nature, through her, indicates what is needed for the best good of the coming one.

"Women imbred with this idea are not only pitiable but dangerous. This sentiment keeps the breath of life in the churches, so that we justly say that the fires on the altar are kept alive by the vanity of woman."

I do not know what to say to such an application of woman's adherence to the church. That woman is a strong but subservient support to the church is quite true, but that she is there because of her vanity is something that I never should have dreamed of. What my sister says of the W. C. T. U. and of other efforts of woman in her ignorance and helplessness, is eminently true, but she forgets that woman is generated under the present system as well as man, and that as yet, but very few have come to see that his method of force can never do the work. But that woman has acted from it, and is still so acting, is entirely true. She knows no other way,—will not till her better self awakes.

But sister Kate's idea of leadership and what I contemplate are entirely different. Personal authority leadership and the natural law of attraction are as wide apart as the poles. I do not propose that woman shall step out of the rule of force, take the better method of love and attraction and then compel man to follow her there. Nature does this. He is led by the higher law of his own being to move on when she does. This implies no inequality of worth or rights, but a difference of function.

"The most beautiful and encouraging feature of the Anarchist Revolutionary movement is the absolute equality of the men and women who do battle in the ranks against the combined forces of greed and might."

There is nothing in what I claim for woman that implies any inequality in the sense that sister Kate applies it. I claim the absolute right to follow attraction when that attraction can be followed. The pitableness of the condition of many a human being comes from the fact that they cannot follow where attraction leads. Yes, "mental exertion comes from within," but attraction stimulates that exertion as the sunlight stimulates the growth of the harvest. Attraction. I advocate no other leadership. Give woman freedom to act from the law of love and man will just as surely go where she goes as that water runs down hill, or that the sun attracts it upwards.

"I, for one, hope the time will never come when woman will enforce her thought demands by burning words that will stimulate men to obey her wishes as if they were the commands of God. Your assertion 'that they will be, speaking through woman's heart and life,' is the weakest thing you have ever written. I ask in all candor, are there possibilities in poor, weak, feminine nature to warrant this assumption on your part? There have been masculine attempts at posing as the mouthpiece of God and you know the lamentable results. I protest against any petticoat features of the same game."

I do not think it possible that more misconception could creep into one paragraph, and it all comes from the different meaning attached to the term God. I thought that sister Kate had read enough from my pen to know that I recognize no God but the God within our own souls, within our own selves, if the term is more acceptable to those who reject the idea of a soul. True, I used it in the above in both the old and new sense. As men have obeyed the supposed commands of an external God in the past, so now will they obey this action of the selfhood (Godhood) of the other half of themselves. And why will they do this? Because, as she says, "The sexes cannot be separated, and the Godhood in man will naturally respond. The word 'God' has been the source of so much tyranny that it is really repellant to me, and yet, it is so interwoven with the ideas of the people that it seems almost impossible to get along without it."

Yes, there are possibilities in woman's nature that warrant just that claim, and it is only by such assertion of the Godhood in woman that the Godhood in man can be reached, and the highest possibilities of the race be developed. The best in man will not respond to the poorest, or to less than the best in woman. That is why I urge woman to represent her real self instead of, as now, being simply a reflection of man's wishes and man's methods. The most advanced men

are calling what it is. "Let W who go find wha sexes ca as before that I n put her But we in fact free, till assert he possible, cannot be the letter will not d Kate. Y mean.

"I demand, and to such freedom. What w of my sister

do if you were really free as I demand above? Exercise your imagination, please, and make your plans as if such freedom were really yours, and then write them out and send them to me. I will, with your permission, publish some of them, with or without name, as you may direct, and will keep them all. They might be useful in the future.

* * * * *

STUPID MOTHERS.

In reading comrade Austin's letter I feel that I cannot do justice to the subject without further quotation, and by dividing the review it will not become tedious because of its length. She says:

"It is true that the child is born of the woman's body, but somewhere that child has received its due share of father, and in some cases more. There are living examples of well endowed children all about us with stupid mothers who have a father to thank for their natural heritage."

This may be true though I have no recollection of ever having seen such a case; yet I can imagine a condition in which this might occur. Take a woman so utterly stupid that she has no will of her own, and if she thinks at all does so in connection with what her husband says, counting his words as authority, such a woman would only furnish the body, but I cannot understand how a sensible man could marry such an inanity. But women are not always stupid when they seem so to those who do not understand them. One of the best writers of this age was counted very stupid as a child, and even after she reached womanhood, and had she not found conditions under which her powers could unfold she would have been counted stupid to the end of her days. I know a woman who is considered stupid by her neighbors. Indeed, I have heard her called a fool, but let some thinker, some one who is in touch with the spirit of progress, visit her home and she can converse freely, intelligently, on subjects of which these others know nothing.

Years ago I knew two brothers who married women so unlike that people who only judge from the surface would have called one smart and the other stupid. The smartest man had the quick, active wife, while the wife of the other was slow in movement, slow in speech and shrank from the public gaze. Stupid, perhaps? It happened that her children were much superior to those of the other woman and where did they get it?

Whence came their superiority? Not from the father for he was not counted anywhere near equal to his brother. The father of the stupid one, so-called, was very intellectual and her mother a bright, active woman. She thus had the elements of a much higher development than the other woman could possibly have reached, as neither she nor her husband could look back to an intellectual ancestry. But the stupid one had no conditions in which to develop her powers, yet that suppressed nature was so intensified in feeling that her children inherited it to that degree that they arose in spite of surroundings, and one of them is making a mark upon the age that will not soon be effaced.

And this is what I want to impress upon the mind of the prospective mother, to-wit., that she may concentrate the vibratory power of her thought upon the best that is, or that she imagines can be, and to reach

Friends of Progress.

The postal regulations are such that until my list is much larger, I cannot send out as many sample copies as I wish, and as it will cost a cent to send one copy and will cost no more to send five if put in one wrapper, so I ask all to whom that number or more may be sent to please distribute them judiciously.

Also I propose right away to put up a booklet to which obscene minds might object, but which I consider important to all thinkers. It will relate to sex experiences on the astral plane, with comments on the same. Send 25 cents for a copy. Address Lois Waisbrooker, 1501 1/2 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NOW READY.

after it in desire, that her unborn babe may live to exemplify what she had not the conditions for doing.

One thing sister Kate does not seem to see: If under some circumstances a child can have the largest share of father, and without thought in that direction, the same law will with conditions to permit give it a larger share of mother, and thus she has recognized the law of power that inheres in the mother if she knows how to use it. But woman's nature is such that if she loves and admires her mate she will give her child its share of father.

If sister Kate will stop and think she will see that it is not just to judge woman as to what she will do in freedom by what she is as the result of her slavery. The ideal I present is what I believe her capable of under conditions that should be hers, and I present them as a help toward inspiring her to work for that possibility—to give her a sense of her power to do, and to show that love is more potent than force. I regret the false moves that so many women are making, but I see why it is so, and would rather love them out of it than to blame them for it.

“THE FREE WOMAN.”

A brother writes: “Do you think woman better than man that you talk of her rising into her own sphere?” Not at all, but man has conceded to us a finer, a more spiritual life than he himself possesses, and from the fact that this is so, we look upon woman as coarse, unwomanly, if she says and does things that we do not notice when done by a man. No, this is not a double standard, but a practical admission that man looks to woman for refining influences. If then, which I claim is the fact—if we are the natural refiners of the race, we should take the lead in the line of progress.

Man does not like to be driven, and I am glad he does not. But he is easily led by that which attracts him. We are or should be that attracting power, but if we are in bondage how can we get ahead to attract? Tell me that, please.

“The son of the bond woman shall not [cannot] be heir with the son of the free woman.”—Bible.

Even here, in that old book in which there is so much that has been used to curse the race, even here we find the prophecy of woman's ultimate freedom. Paul tells us that the story of Sarah and Hagar is an allegory. Yes, and in a much broader sense than he ever dreamed of. Only the bond or bound woman now has the right, according to man's edict, to become a mother, and Grundy with her forked tongue stands ready to enforce what man has decreed. Society today is the child of the bond woman, and look at it!

Oh my sisters: in the name of the untold blessings that will be the inheritance of the really free woman, in the name of the needs of all nations and peoples, I ask, I implore you to claim your birthright—that birthright your unqualified freedom as women, and that all the institutions of society be made conformable to such freedom. I ask all to do this who have faith in themselves, in their own strength; but to those who fear to trust themselves, who fear that they would run wild if free, let all such continue to hug their chains.

THE MISTAKES OF JESUS AND GEORGE.

One cannot read the story of the life and teachings of Jesus with an unprejudiced eye without seeing that he dealt with effects instead of causes; that he recognized the then existing laws of society and denounced those who failed to be good under said laws—under such management as then prevailed. When the young man came to him asking what he should do to be saved, he was told to obey the commandments. The young man said he had done that from his youth up and asked in what he lacked. He was then told to sell all he had and give to the poor, “and then come and follow me.” In all this it was individual and not society's salvation that was indicated.

The young man went away sorrowful for he had great possessions. Now we know that the few cannot have great possessions without robbing the many, but Jesus never even hinted at anything of the kind, and what good would the scattering of such possessions among the poor do while the laws remained that enabled one to get rich at the expense of the many? Such indiscriminate scattering of one's possessions would be about the most foolish thing one could do.

If there is one word in all the teachings of Jesus that tended to point out the causes of then prevailing evils, that tended to point out the causes that produced the sickness he was called upon to heal, then I have failed

to find it. Indeed, when he was asked the cause of the blindness of the man he had restored to sight—when asked, “Did this man sin or his parents?” he ignores the fact that there must have been a cause, a violation of some of nature's laws, and says, “Neither did this man sin nor his parents, but that the glory of God might be made manifest.”

It makes me sick at heart when I look upon that statement and remember that thousands of my fellow beings regard it as evidence of the wisdom of the God they worship. What! a man born blind by the will of God, and remains blind till one called his son comes and gives the man sight! And all, that this Father-God, as so many love to call him, might be glorified in that son. Should an earthly physician cause blindness in a child and then, when that child had grown to manhood, give his son the knowledge, or the power to restore that sight, we should acknowledge the power, but should look upon the whole thing as infamous. Black magic, we would call it.

No, no, Jesus was mistaken. There was no premeditation in the matter, no causing blindness that it might be cured in the time to come. The parents ignorantly violated some law of life in his begetting, or something went wrong with the mother during gestation, and as a consequence the child was born blind, and by the same law that healers use today, Jesus restored his sight.

Yes, Jesus made the mistake of dealing with effects instead of teaching the people how to remove causes, first pointing out what those causes were. But his greatest mistake lay in dying that he might redeem the people from effects the causes of which he failed to name, indeed, gave no indication that he understood them. But he is not the only noble soul who has made the mistake of referring a suffering people to a personal God with power to heal if they will be righteous, or at least, those who do obey are to be saved in another state of existence.

Neither Jesus nor George are the only ones who fail to see that nature has her own laws which are all-sufficient when obeyed, and what we have to do is to search out those laws. George's heart aches over the wickedness of the nation and the ruin wrought thereby. Listen to his wail:

Whatever I do I can neither feed nor clothe my family nor take part in public affairs as a citizen nor speak the truth as I conceive it without being stained with the blood of my brothers and sisters, without putting my hands into the wickedness that prostitutes every sacred national and religious function.

It is only the densest ethical ignorance that talks about a “Christian business” life, for business is now intrinsically evil, whatever good may come out of it. Whoever says that a man may live the Christian life while at the same time successfully participating in the present order of things is either profound in the lack of knowledge or else he deliberately lies. There is no such thing as an ethical bargain, for bargains are matters of force, fraud and chance. There are no honest goods to buy or sell; adulterated foods, shoddy manufacture of all that we wear, the underpaid labor and consumed life that make every garment a texture of falsehood, the hideous competitive war that slays its millions where swords and cannons slay their tens—all unite to baffle and mock the efforts of the awakened conscience at every turn and make the industrial system seem like the triumph of hell and madness on the earth.—Prof. George D. Herron.

Professor George seems to get a glimpse of causes, but he makes the mistake of clinging to Jesus as authority instead of probing those causes to the bottom independently of all personal statements. So much of truth spoiled by error! The “sacred national and religious functions” of which he speaks might be shown to be the very causes which prevent the investigation of nature's laws, thus becoming the secondary causes of the evils he so much deplors. Is there anything that should be considered more sacred than the inherent rights of men and women? Why should those rights be violated by any power, seen or unseen?

That both church and state do violate known rights is too evident to be denied, and much that Christian moralists deplore comes from this attempted outside control. Tell a man or a woman that they shall not do a thing and at once they are very likely to want to do, if they do not go and do that very thing. This is not because they naturally are so wicked, but because they instinctively protest against arbitrary power. What George says of business dishonesty is entirely true, and in his measurement of economic methods he shows a greater insight into the real state of the case than Jesus had; but when he looks upon prevailing evils as due to a lack of Christianity he makes a very grave mistake; and when he turns back to a man who lived 1900 years ago as a leader for this age, the hyp-

notic power of the teachings he has received stultify his common sense.

Yes, he is a good man, noble in purpose and life; but if a good man gives poison believing it to be nourishing food, the poison acts all the same as if given by a bad man.

But George is only one of the many who continue to make the same mistake that Jesus did, to-wit, that of dealing with effects instead of causes, and why should they not when they have been made to believe in that greatest of mistakes, that he is the saviour of the world. I have had a little book sent me from Chicago, Ill.; the author, Walter L. Sinton. It is full of sympathy for the wronged classes and of condemnation for the wickedness of the times. It is from Walter's book that I take the extract credited to George, but on the title page I find the Bible account of how Jesus went into the temple and cast out the money changers, the revised edition making him say: “It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye make it a den of robbers.”

It is a question in my mind which does the most harm, the praying or the robbing. I do not mean which seems to do the most harm, but which really does the most, and I am inclined to think that praying is the most harmful of the two. It is certainly a very inconvenient and disagreeable thing to be robbed, but in a just state of society there will be no robbery.

We ourselves must find and apply the principles upon which such a state of society can rest; we can depend upon no outside power to do it for us. Prayer indicates that we do not trust ourselves, do not trust the innate powers we possess. Prayer indicates that we expect others, or another to do for us what we must do for ourselves, if it is ever done. It lessens our sense of responsibility, and thus delays the work needed; delays the time when there will be no robbery, and no excuse for it. Is not prayer then the most harmful of the two? Is it not time to stop praying and go to doing, time to search into the causes which produce robbery and all else that tends to enslave us? I think it is. Prayer is of itself a sign of weakness, of slavery. What we want is freedom, and we must achieve it.

In quoting that scripture as the basis of his argument, Walter also made a mistake.

WISER THAN I KNEW.

I never take up “Helen Harlow's Vow” and read the words that thirty years ago I put in her mouth: “No woman is ruined unless she thinks so,” but I wonder what power was behind me to make me write so much wiser than I knew. I did not begin to realize the meaning of that sentence—to see that it was and is the key note to woman's full freedom. It may have been the deeper self that sensed what the intellect had not yet grasped or it may have been some emancipated soul in the unseen realm that prompted me. Whatever the source the words are true. Neither man nor woman are ruined unless they think so.

I shall never forget the feeling which came over me when I (a child of eight years) first read the following lines:

“Man tarnishes his character and brightens it again,
but if woman chance to swerve from the strictest rules
of virtue:

“Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame;
One false step forever blasts her name;
In vain the loss she may deplore;
In vain look back to what she was before;
She sets like stars that fall to rise no more.”

How cruelly heartless that sentiment as its edict has been meted out to woman, but in this age she is gathering the power to defy its injustice, and in defying she conquers.

THINGS THAT ARE NEEDED.

A brush, a broom, a dusting pen,
Good elbow-grease and soap and sand;
And then some one who knows their use,
Is needed much in every house.

You may deck the house in costly things,
And have your fingers hid in rings,—
Unless you use a brush and broom,
Nothing looks pleasant in the room.

Sometimes you chance to make a slop,
And then you know you need a mop;
Unless you know the use of such,
I am sure, you can't be good for much.

Perhaps you'll get a city gent
Besides his clothes not worth a cent;
Then learn you must, for by and by
You have to go to work or die.

—Sarah M. Ingersoll.

THE NEW RULING.

"The subscription list of a publication as second class matter must approximate 50 per cent of the copies issued."

Such is the word that comes back from Washington as a reason why I am denied pound rates on *Clothed With The Sun*. The subscription list of a new paper is necessarily small and the above ruling makes it impossible to issue enough to supply back numbers to new subscribers, and most people like to commence with the volume of a monthly paper. Had I issued only twice my actual list, the second issue would have absorbed every copy of the first to say nothing of what I desire to keep on file and to hand out to those who wish to see before subscribing. There was no fault found with the paper and I have the privilege of making an application on the new basis.

As my list is more than double what it was when I issued the first number, I propose to wait till full two months from the date of that issue, to-wit, till the 21st of April, thus giving time for the list to increase as much as is possible before making another application. Our post office department does not foster small industries. With forty or fifty subscribers one can only send out a hundred copies—may not issue more, even if willing to pay postage on the extras, but if one has 5,000 subscribers they may issue 10,000 copies. "To him that hath shall be given," is clearly the policy of this department of government, thus proving it a Christian institution. Why should the old publisher with a large subscription list have the right to send out more samples than the editor with a small list?

Comrades, this is OUR work, and I send out this statement that those who contemplate subscribing may hurry up and so fill my list as fast as is possible. I do not think I shall have any trouble in the next application.

NOT RUINED.

(From "Helen Harlow's Vow.")

"I have already written to my father that I will marry the girl of his choice, sending at the same time a proposition for her hand; heart she has none. If this girl had remained firm I should have married for love; as it is I might as well go to the devil, but I would rather go with money than without it and Miss Ward has that."

"And have you no pity for the ruined girl that you confess you love?" asked Ried, speaking seriously for the first time.

"I have, Will, but that which cannot stand the test must fall. That's my doctrine."

"Hope you will be able to abide by it then," said a steady voice close by his side.

"My God, Helen!" exclaimed Granger, starting to his feet, "you here?"

"I am here,—here to thank you for the lesson you have taught me. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If a woman who can be flattered by one man before marriage can be flattered by others afterward, a man who will flatter one woman before marriage will lie to her and flatter others after marriage, and I want a man that I can trust."

"It would have taken a skillful artist to have portrayed the expression of Granger's face as Helen thus addressed him, while Ried was simply astonished."

"You pity my ruined condition, but those who cannot stand must fall," she continued, fixing her clear gray eyes upon him. "I want none of your pity, sir, and hear me, Edward Granger:

there is no one man that can drag me down. Had you married me while I trusted you, you might possibly have led me to do what my soul condemned, but I am awake now; my eyes are open, and it can't be done.

"No, sir, I am not ruined: no woman is ruined unless she thinks so, and I here swear in the presence of high heaven that I will not sink; that even with the additional burden you have imposed upon me, I will rise higher than you can ever hope to rise, and my child shall take a higher position than any child born of an unloving heartless woman, with you for its father, can possibly reach," and turning from them, she walked away with the air of a queen by nature's right instead of taking the position Granger had expected—that of a wronged woman seeking justice, recognition through marriage with her betrayer.

A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

Mrs. L. Waisbrooker:—I have read your book, "My Century Plant," with pleasure and profit. I believe in the right of woman to her own body. The lady who lent me the book is a medium of sterling character and she told me, after hearing my experience, that what I needed was some woman who felt as I did who could love me and give me the right kind of magnetism. I am a young man of twenty-nine, handsome, well proportioned, and with splendid mental abilities, but have to work hard for my living.

I have indulged in sexual abuse and gone with public women to a great extent, and am somewhat run down in health and spirits, and have been in a negative condition for years, although I am apparently in good health physically. I am not trying to develop any phase of mediumship as I do not believe in opening the door to every kind of influence. I want to develop along spiritual lines and avoid becoming a center of manifestations. In short, I believe in doing right and living right to attain development, and as I have a strong individuality and am nicely balanced between the physical and the spiritual, I ought to suit any kind of refined young lady. I am not brought into contact with women much and cannot broach these subjects, and don't know how to become acquainted.

I should moreover like to get right away from this town in order that no breath of scandal should touch me. It seems I need the right kind of social atmosphere. I am intensely sympathetic and refined and must have a soul mate as this frightful hunger and soul weariness is gradually wearing on me. Please don't misunderstand; I am not a lustful man. I need this experience of a soul mate, but if I cannot get this must remain satisfied with less congenial women.

It is not the physical attraction I am thinking of so much as the intertwining of the mental, though the former is also desirable. I cannot begin to tell you I have suffered in this latter (want of soul companionship) and how I hate the conventional, custom bound tenets of society and the fearful prudery that is maintained! I have been told to write to you, that you were in Santa Ana and could probably place me in correspondence with some lady who like myself is hungering for sex food, and I should not mind getting married to the right party, though I could ill afford it. Any advice you can give me on such a matter will be strictly private, and with good wishes for your work I remain—

Did I reply? No, as he seemed to expect my time and strength for nothing; and again, I am not good at mating people,—never make the attempt; but if after reading the above any lady wishes to correspond with the gentleman, I will give his address upon receiving something for my time and trouble,—that is, if he has not changed it, as it is some four months since I received his letter, but I think it is still the general delivery of the city in which he lives. I have but one word to say in reference to the matter, and that is: he will be just as likely to find a soul mate among the women he has associated with if he seeks there, as he will anywhere else. Does he think there are none there who have been driven there by the same hunger, who are as worthy as he is? He seems so afraid of scandal he certainly would be a drag to the cause of freedom. Well, if he prefers soul starvation to the sting of Mother Grundy's tongue, I suppose he can have his choice.

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