

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN?

VOL. II.

HOME, WASH., NOVEMBER, 1901.

NO. X.

SYNDICATES.

Some wealthy men, the other day
A syndicate would run;
All saline works in a general way
They bought, and the trick was done.
'T'was all for the public good, you know,
Though the public might revolt,
When wages went uncommon low,
And up went the price of salt.

This syndicate was a great success,
So another one was tried,
And the public mind, in a month or less,
Again was horrified,
For all the collieries, it was found,
Were bought by the crafty souls;
Then down went the miner's pay all round,
And up went the price of coals.

The corn and flour they bought up next;
For the people's good, they said,
But the public felt a little vexed
When up went the price of bread.
They bought up everything, somehow
By a stroke of business neat,
Each pig and sheep, and calf and cow,
Then up went the price of meat.

And when the public muttered: "Why,
To live is now so dear
We must prepare ourselves to die,"
These speculators queer
At once bought up each burying ground,
(The money grabbing knaves)
And poor men couldn't die, they found,
For up went the price of graves.

Selected.

AN INCIDENT.

Sep. 30th. 7.30, P. M.—This afternoon Mary and Lois, two Home girls, orphans, aged respectively 69 and 75, went out in the hills to gather huckleberries. Young as they were, no one offered to go with them, but, as the booby men were 20 miles away manufacturing lies to publish, they were not afraid. Lois took her berries home, looked them over, and canned three quarts for the coming winter. I don't know what Mary did with hers.

I still have a few files of the first volume of *Clothed With the Sun*, those with covers 50 cents, without covers 30 cents. Don't you want one?

SATAN'S PERPLEXITY.

Saryan Gets an Extra Letter.

Well, Saryan,—I writ yer a letter last week, but I must tell yer of a particler quare dreme I've had. I wuz jest orferl tired, an so worried at sum things I feerd I'd not sleep wun wink, but I did, sleep, or vish-un. Ennyhow, I was in a quare place, an sumhow the folks didnt see me. But tha talked an talked an peerd worried too.

One feller tha called Satan. That scart me an I tride to get awa but codnt. No, I wernt in hell fur it wernt hot, so I jest sot down an waited. The plesent lookin feller tha called Satan, or hed a lookt plesent but fur the worried look. The others wer standin roun as if waitin fur orders, an Satan scratched his hed, an smoothd out his pants an sed:

"I raly dont no what ter do. I've held the arth a long time, but it looks as if those fellers who ar so cra-

zy after that ole tree uv knowleg ar want t r manage therselves wer goin to upset everthing, I thot that obscenity law wod stop ther hankerin to kno, but ther gettin so tha dont mind prison. If we cod shut ther months an stop ther writin sumthin mite be dun ter get back what weve lost."

At Satan's right hand stood wun ov the ole Popes. He need ter be here, but now he was ther.

"Yer Honer" he sed, "can I make a suggestion."

"Certainly; suggestion is wun ov the latest fads."

"Then I suggest that we kill McKinley an lay it to the anerkists; that 'll make the folks so mad we ken get laws made to shut'm up."

"By Jeminy!" exclaimed his Honer, "ther, I didnt go to swar, but its jest the thing, but how ken it be dun? The wepons we use here wont tech him."

"Oh, that's easy enuf, we'll gat sum'n that knose how, to controle a mortal ter do it, an if tha hang the man we'll take care ov him over here."

"But thers mor'n the anerkists, thers the eschulists an the fresluvers, all on the trac ov what my ole enemy, the Nazarine sed."

"Neednt worry bout that; laws that'll shut wun up 'll shut 'm all up. All's want'n is ter keep people's minds off the mane pint, an amuse 'm with fads."

That Pope fellar lookt so awful when he said it, I so wus scart I waked up. Now, Saryan, wernt that a quare dreme? I hope they cant find ennybody to controle ter do that orful deed.

HEPSY MARIAR.

Dremton, Aug. 15,

(This letter was hinderd till too late to warn McKinley, an I'm orful sorry.)

SARYAN.

BIGGER GAME.

(FROM THE PUBLIC.)

.... Under existing laws, philosophical anarchists cannot be restrained nor punished. So long as free speech is constitutionally guaranteed, no one can lawfully forbid their assembling and making or listening to expressions of opinion, even if the opinions are opposed to government, for it is no more criminal to advocate the abolition of government than to advocate restraints upon government. In America, as the law now exists, speakers are responsible to law only for criminal utterances actually made and riotous assemblages actually riotous.

So long as men may constitutionally act together freely for any purpose, without danger of prosecution for conspiring against government, being responsible to the law only for actual crime committed, advised or encouraged,—so long peaceable anarchy cannot be suppressed. And that is the reason—not the fear of assassins or the instigators of assassins, for whose conspiracies and crimes the law is already adequate—why revolutionary changes in the law are demanded. That is the reason why it is proposed to abolish constitutional guarantees of free speech, to exile anarchists, and enlarge the crime of treason. The object is to silence anarchists of the peaceable sort.

But blind indeed must that man be who sees in this programme only a move against anarchists. The sentiments of philosophic anarchists that really make their speeches objectionable to the plutocratic engineers of this conspiracy against free government in America, are cordially shared by every one who opposes the political and economic influences which are everywhere making a few rich through privilege and keeping the many consequently poor. This crusade of plutocracy, nominally against anarchists, is in reality against all who express these sentiments. It includes, also,

such as oppose the policy of conquest, colonialism, and imperialism. Indeed, it includes all who criticize with any vigor at all the political party which happens to be in power.

[Yes, and the Pope at Rome decides which party shall be in power—to-wit., the one that will serve him best. Blind is the man who does not know that the Catholic vote decides the presidency. L.]

Is this not so? If not, why has the assassination of President McKinley been coolly charged to Bryanism? If not, why is it traced to Bryan's speeches criticising the imperialistic policy upon which our republic has embarked? If not, why has it been charged to anti-imperialists? If not, why has it been charged to public men and private men upon no other basis than that they have spoken against conquest, against militaryism, against colonialism, against trusts and against other public policies that tend to subvert the principles of liberty and to make the few rich at the expense of the many?

Let there be no mistake. This movement for the abrogation of constitutional guarantees of free speech and for the creation of a new form of treason—or rather, the revival of an old one,—has for its object larger game than philosophical anarchists. No effective law to suppress philosophical anarchists can possibly be drafted which would not be a powerful weapon for any party in power to use against the opposition.

E. H. Brown of The Eulian Pub. Co., Salem, Mass., writes: I sympathise with your friends in their bonds but the public are paying dearly for their ignorance.

Just so long as they prevent honest discussion of sex and regard this function as impure, just so long will disease and misery run riot. Ignorance will not save them; nor legal suppression avail. Their minds are full of mud and they see no purity anywhere, not even in God and his creation.

The Eulian Pub. Co. handles the writings of B. F. Dowd, the Rosicrucian. The Order of The Rosy Cross teaches, as I have discovered from nature's law, that sex is the basis of regeneration, but the how, the law of growth that brings us to it, as it is presented in Mr. Dowd's books, "Regeneration" and "The Temple of The Rosy Cross," seems to me more mystical than rational.

Their Idea of God is not the orthodox one, but we have, as elsewhere, the masculine principle the prominent one all through the works mentioned, the only ones I have read) and the question arises: Is it not because the feminine has not been equally recognized that things are everywhere so unbalanced? I find in these books frequent reference to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and so of the Hermetic Brotherhood. In all such works woman seems to be only an adjunct. When she is fully recognized and left free to follow the law of her own life, we shall find that, while man may be the Creator, she is the Redeemer.

Another feature to which I object is the recognition of authority. Mr. Dowd says:

"We are not dependent upon the Bible and conjecture for what we believe on this subject. [sex] Buddhism, five hundred years older than Christianity, numbering 369,000,000 adherents, containing all the principles that Jesus taught, and much more—is sexual from first to last."

Very true as to fact, but the results that have accrued should show us that only a portion of the truth has been grasped, and so long as we rely upon past teachings as authority we shall never learn what it is that is lacking.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FREEDOM OF WOMAN.

PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, editor and publisher.

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

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Revelation xii, 1.

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

Please send silver or postoffice order when remitting for subscription or books.

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

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

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

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

Entered at the Postoffice, Home, Wash. as Second Class matter.

PERSONAL TO YOU ALL.

A dear friend writes: "I wonder if each woman who receives the paper feels as I do, that you are talking straight to her? You put so much of yourself in your paper that each one seems like a personal letter, and being so, must necessarily rouse either strong sympathy or strong antagonism, either of which will make people, and especially woman, talk as well as think, and talk, even though it be in opposition, is better than silence."

And, Dear Friends, all who are interested in the work to which this paper is devoted, I want each and every one of you to feel that I am talking directly to you in what I now have to say.

In the first place, I want all to pay me a visit, to come in imagination to my little kitchen and office combined. It is now six o'clock, and I have just eaten my supper and am now at the case; yes, work at night—work when I can. Should I sit here two or three hours I could not get down alone, much less walk, the position affects my lame hip in such a manner. Suppose you watch me for an hour, as long as I dare sit at once. Note how carefully I move; sometimes crying out with pain before I can get squarely on my right foot; and then supporting myself the best I can by case, chairs, etc., till I take a dozen or more steps before I can bear my weight on my left foot—this not always but frequently. Yes, when I get in motion I can walk a mile if I must, with a cane if up and down hill; without one if on level ground.

No, I'm not doing this to excite your pity, for I glory in the work. No, not for pity, but that I may draw you so close to my heart that you may feel, as I do, the importance of the work to be done, that you may feel it is your work, and thus vie with each other as to which can do the most.

Dear hearts, I know you are sorely crowded by the rich man's prosperity, but could you see the clobbering, aching hearts that dare not speak, but in the silence are asking for the deliverance that can only come through woman's full emancipation, could you see and feel this as I do, you would find some way to aid; you could not help it. What shall you do? you ask: I will give another extract from my friend's letter.

"I am exceedingly glad to send you a postal order for \$3. to pay for the 'ammunition' you so kindly sent me. I have fired off some of it with good results and I hope that none of it has been wasted."

Now what were the facts of the case? The writer of the above, a Spiritualist, and president of a southern Campmeeting Association, told me in another letter, she had been sent for to visit the sick wife of a saloon keeper and went, and the Christian ladies of the place were boycotting her because of it, said as soon as she could spare the money she should send for some copies of "The Temperance Folly" to scatter among them, and I immediately sent her a package, for which she has now paid me full retail price, and more.

Does my friend believe in saloons? Not at all; but she knows there is no power anywhere that can prevent efforts while causes remain untouched, and there is where the folly of the temperance effort comes in, as the little pamphlet plainly shows; our temperance people do not touch causes.

I have plenty of that "ammunition" and to any one who wishes to make use of it to help educate the people, I will mail TEN of those 10 ct. pamphlets for twenty-five cents.

I want them out doing their work, and by quietly handing a neighbor one, and saying, read that please, and tell me what you think of it; a great deal of thought can be set in motion for so small a sum, and action is life.

Again: it will soon be time for renewal. Only two more N's to close this volume. How many of you are getting ready to renew promptly? And how many of you will secure two new, and they must be new, not those whose names are on my books—how many will secure two yearly, or four six months subscribers and get theirs free, or one new subscriber and get the ten pamphlets named?

How many will send the paper to friends as a Christmas present, or take two copies at 75 cents, one to lend, and how many will buy books?

Nothing is lost. All will help in the crisis that seems so close at hand. The enemy is firing on Sumpter (Free speech and press) and it is time to be wide awake. Hupay Mariar's "drame" only faintly portrays the effort that is being made to rob us of all we have gained. Now, dear hearts, this is personal to each one of you, and while reading it I wish you to feel that you are looking right into my eyes and analyzing the very purpose of my soul.

DON'T WANT THE PAPER.

53, Forty-third St. Brooklyn, N. Y. Jan. 7, 1901
To Lois Waisbrooker:

Editor and publisher of a Monthly Journal devoted to the freedom of woman, so called. Clothed with the Sun, has for the past five months been mailed to my residence. I do not know by whom it is sent, or why, but in my estimation it is a sheet which is detrimental to the morals of pure young woman and should be suppressed. [suppressed, she means.]

Though as I remarked previously that I do not know who sends it, should it be that it is mailed from the office to me, hereafter as a favor to me, I ask you kindly to refrain from mailing them to my home, as they are a source of annoyance; and when I read and desire literature I prefer choice, elevating, encouraging and pure works for the mind, in preference to the stories published in the sheet formerly mentioned.

Yours respectfully, Miss Lulu Hassett.

Thanks, Mrs. Lulu, for telling me; you shall be annoyed no more with the "formerly mentioned" sheet. I find the name, "L. Hassett" on the book with that address, and the "sheet" is paid for till next May. It was sent by some one there. Miss Lulu, permit me to tell how you may know if a paper is sent from the office of publication. If so, there will be no postage on the wrapper; otherwise there will be postage. As I do not wish to annoy you farther I will not send the paper but cut this information out and send it in a letter, together with my likeness, that you may see if I look like an immoral woman, though the plate from which it was printed was made before I was sixty-four and now I am nearly seventy-six.

Now, Miss Lulu, I presume you are as honest in your opinion as I am in mine, but when you have lived as long as I have, your idea of what real morality is may change somewhat. Let me tell you a story—give you the two ends of a line of legal morality:

THE FIRST END.

A woman, bedridden and half insane. A man so conscientious he would think it a sin to approach any

woman other than the one the law gave him, but of course he has a right to her; that is legally moral. A son is born of those legally moral conditions.

THE LAST END.

Mourning at the White House; Mourning all over the Nation. The unbalanced, erratic son of that half insane woman and that ignorant but legally moral man has killed the President of this great Nation, and yet Charles Guiteau was more wronged before his birth than he could wrong others afterward. Every child has a right to be well born, a right that can not be secured till we have a new economic system and woman owns herself.

AN EXCEPTION.

It is said there are exceptions to all rules. We certainly have found a very remarkable one in the person of an orthodox clergyman of Tacoma, Wash. While the anathemas of the clergy generally were being hurled against the "filthy freelovers" and "murderous anarchists," not really against them, but against the image in their own minds, this gentleman told his congregation he was going to see for himself what kind of people lived at Home.

He came, was kindly received and respectfully listened to, and while not accepting his ideas we admire his honesty and sense of justice. When last heard from he was in the office of The News in Tacoma, and saying to the editor: "If you incite a mob to go to Home, I will head a company to go and defend them."

I still have a few files of the first volume of Clothed With the Sun, those with covers 50 cents, without covers 30 cents. Don't you want one?

NOT FORGOTTEN.

One evening, while in conversation with a gentleman who is somewhat of a Spiritualist, he remarked that he could never get a communication from his mother. "Perhaps," he said, "she cannot get the right conditions, and may be she has forgotten me."

Those last words hurt me to absolute pain, and after he left, while busy about various things, flashes of what I give below kept coming into my head, and I thought, I will try and write that out to-morrow. When all was done and I put up my hand to commence undressing for bed, the feeling came so strong, that instead, I sat down by the table, took my pen and wrote the following. Then I was satisfied. L. W.

Forget! Can I forget thee, son of mine?

Yes, when the stars no longer shine.

Thy soul and mine were twins

In the eternal years,

Born to this life amid the tempest's tears,

And when from outer sense we fled away,

I first returned unto a house of clay,

And lived till motherhood called thee.

Know, dear one, those nearest to the soul

Not often speak thro' others to the outer life,

But nestle close, and to

The inner sense speak softly.

And we, thine inner self and mine,

Thus guide thy footsteps

Through this earthly life.

MOTHER.

I do not know as I can do better in regard to the recent arrests here than to quote the statement made in Discontent, which is as follows:

THE LATEST PRESS OUTRAGE.

The defeat of the Comstock gang in the Moore case has not shaken their determination to unite in a determined effort to destroy free speech on social questions, and particularly on the sex question. For the second time they have invaded Home, this time to place in jeopardy the liberties of three members of our community. On Tuesday, September 24, the deputy marshal entered the office of Discontent bearing a warrant for the arrest of Charles L. Govan, James W. Adams, J. E. Larkin and G. Morong. The offence charged was that of "depositing lewd, lascivious and obscene matter in the mails," to-wit, certain issues of Discontent. Comrade Morong is not a member of the colony, but the others were taken into custody. Our comrades were taken to Spokane, [300 miles distant] Wash., as provided for in the warrant. Bail was fixed

at \$1,000. This being furnished our comrades were released, and are with us again. The trial will be held before Judge Hanford, of the federal court, in Tacoma, at its regular session, next February.

The articles complained of are understood to be that of James W. Adams in No. 128, and especially certain quotations from "The Prodigal Daughter" contained therein; and that of G. Morong, in No. 149. Both of them are quite argumentative in tone; and neither one contained a line calculated to inflame sensual passions. There is not a word in either which could offend the most susceptible ear. [Unless their ears are the nicest part of them.] It is purely and solely a question of the right to express honest opinions on the sex question. The issue could not be more clearly drawn. Every American citizen should be interested in this test case.

It is an open secret that a conviction in this case will mean other arrests, and a concerted attempt to destroy all discussion of vital social questions. The goodness or badness of the "free love" idea is not involved in the contest. It is simply a question of free speech. Those who believe in ignorance, and in the wanton invasion of individual liberty, will be found ranged on the side of the prosecution. Those who believe that knowledge is essential to progress, and that open discussion is the best roadway to knowledge, will support the defense.

This is no season for indifference. Popular prejudice is relied upon to force a conviction. This must be met by a full presentation of the true facts, and of the real animus of the prosecution. The liberties of many others are bound up with the liberties of our persecuted comrades. This case must not be suffered to go by default. It calls for the united support of liberals everywhere, regardless of past divisions. Never mind your personal opinion of Discontent or its contributors. It is your fight, if you believe in free speech at all. The indicted comrades represent the principle of the liberty of the press.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

A friend in New York City sends a copy of a reply to a friend who was surprised that he should read the New York Journal, thinking his reasons for so doing might interest myself and others. I see it a hopefulness that I wish I could share. I watched the course of the San Francisco head of that Journal for a year, and so far as his interest in the working people is concerned he simply wins their dimes. The sustainers of monopoly are not troubled by what he says on that point, as they know it is all wind. And yet, that is the reason my kind, hopeful friend is interested in that paper, and why he sends me pages of it for my encouragement—the protests against injustice to the worker. But there is much good thought in the letter, which I give below.

L. W.

New York, 39 Broad St. July 13th

My Dear Sir:

Your honest and good natured wonder, as expressed yesterday, that I should find merit in the New York Journal which I read as other papers, and which I understand you do not regularly, explained to me why that paper appeared differently to our respective visions. Certainly these reflections are not prompted by any desire to change your or anyone's individual opinion, for I am a strong believer in free thought which intelligence seeks and best thrives on.

The obstinately "kicking" fraternity that seek improvement, often annoy, and even injure us individually, but the progress of the world is chiefly due to them. Contentment and idolatrous worship of the past grows stagnation which is followed by decay. Therefore if you would encourage more general justice and prosperity, help all reasonable agitation and discussion, which will finally winnow out the truth, error falling by its own dead weight.

The New York Journal was once a very trifling sheet. Now with its tripple (New York, San Francisco and Chicago) support it can and does employ the most able and costly literary talent both foreign and domestic. The capacity of a newspaper to achieve merit is chiefly governed by the success it wins through circulation and consequent revenue, which in turn is dependent on the number of different classes of readers it attracts. You and I, not caring for sporting or other news foreign to our taste, need not waste any of our time with such, yet we can and I think we should permit others to exercise their different tastes, and also in the same attractive company, catch an educating glance of more solid and higher reading, which

in their sporting sheet alone they would entirely miss. Even good wheat has its chaff and the intelligence which exercises selection should broaden and strengthen by comparison rather than contaminate.

As I view the New York Journal in comparison with the other papers which I read generally, while I do not endorse all its views (no paper nor individual being perfect) its morning, evening, and Sunday editorial pages as well as its Saturday Review of domestic and foreign publications offer much bright and worthy thought to those who wish to think and grow.

First the New York World and following, the New York Journal introducing new ideas and methods, have by their enterprise awakened, and through competition improved our city and national Journalism generally. The American newspaper of to-day has so grown more instructive, more watchful of public rights [at the expense of private rights, L.] and is more generally read. It no longer confines itself to daily news gathering. It now extends general intelligence the world over, develops thought and helps to draw humanity closer together.

Very truly, C.—A.—S.—

TWO OPINIONS.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN:—A monthly journal devoted to the freedom of woman, edited and published at 50 cents a year, by Lois Waisbrooker, Home, Pierce Co., Wash. And this woman, although 75 years of age, and a cripple at that, not only edits and publishes her paper but sets the type as well, and with the books she has written and published, perhaps has done, and is doing more for the emancipation and elevation of her sex than any living woman of to-day. Truly, she deserves your hearty support and sympathy in her noble calling. The People's Press, Chicago, Ill.

THE OTHER ONE.

Lois Waisbrooker ought to have been arrested, she is the filthiest one there. Tacoma Ledger.

I hope my Chicago friend is not quite correct. I should be sorry to think other women have not done as much as myself, but am at a loss to know from what the Tacoma man gets his opinion. He certainly knows nothing of me other than that I work for the sexual emancipation of woman. I have heard it said that a man's estimation of woman was the index to his real character. Has the editor of The Ledger so poor an opinion of my sex that he thinks all women, if free, would sink into the degradation out of which a hundred thousand annually escape through the gateway of death? I think that with such freedom as I demand for the mothers of the race, prostitution would be unknown. Would the Tacoma editor be sorry for that? Certainly not, for I would not even insinuate that he desires a degraded class for his own pleasure.

FROM OUR FRATERNITY.

Comrade Gillie writes:

Since our removal from San Francisco to Oakland Our Fraternity is refused second class mailing rates on the grounds that it is not devoted primarily to current news or miscellaneous literary matter.

This practically means that any publication issued in the interest of industrial education or any special reform movement of whatever nature, is in danger of becoming subject to a postal censorship which may be used to cripple or prohibit all advanced publications in the interest of humanity and progress.

WOULD CLAIM IT.

When people begin to understand the teachings of Anarchy and Love in Freedom nine-tenths of the Protestant ministry will say: That's what Jesus taught. The statement may be true or false, but when the claim is made, the church begins the effort to control, and just as naturally as water runs down hill.

That is why I object to liberals quoting facts in that line as evidence of the growth of our ideas. If a man or a woman becomes convinced by reason and logic that we teach true to nature's law, then I know there is genuine growth. But when a minister says, that's just what Jesus taught, (and they are beginning to say it) and I hear liberals quoting it as something to rejoice over, I see in prospect the free souls who have placed these truths upon a logical basis, relegated to

the rear while church adherents, in the name of Jesus, take the credit and control.

The church puts up with what it can't help, but it will not endorse that which it can't control, directly or indirectly. When one accepts a truth because Jesus did and adherents of that truth quote such fact as a matter of encouragement, I am pained because the truth is thus shadowed by authority.

That is the rock on which Spiritualism has foundered—more delighted when a minister came into their ranks than when a plain outsider came. The minister always brought more or less deference for Jesus and the bible with him, and he also took his place in front as a teacher, and the result is, Spiritualism is simply another religious sect laying the burden of its machinery on the shoulders of the laity.

Mrs. Waisbrooker's Books.

MY CENTURY PLANT—So called because so much in advance of the age that only Thinkers will appreciate. Price \$1.

THE OCCULT FORCES OF SEX—Out of print.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, or Threelfold Power of Sex. Paper, Price 50 cents. The law of sex treated scientifically and spiritually.

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This book does not enter the sphere of the physician but shows how the present structure of society interferes with the improvement of the race by failing to provide good conditions for motherhood.

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This book does not treat of sex as such, but reverses the position of the sexes to give woman a chance to try her hand at rectifying the wrong.

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DOCTOR FOOTE'S CYCLOPEDIA.

DEFINITIONS.

A Freeloader:—A man who never, under any circumstances, approaches a woman sexually unless she manifests a desire for him—a woman who believes she belongs to herself—never submits, but acts from choice.

A libertine:—A man who, under the sacred name of Freedom, uses various influences to subdue woman to his will.

A prostitute:—A woman who permits the sacred precincts of her being to be entered from any other motive than love and desire.

An Anarchist:—One who believes self-government to be the best and only legitimate government, this to be reached by education, and through the law of evolution—believes that violence only retards the movement.

A destructionist:—One who uses the peaceful name of Anarchy to cover an anarchistic deeds—assassins who seek to avenge wrong instead of trying to educate people out of it.

Freelove and Anarchy are as unlike libertinism and force as white is unlike black. The latter steal the robes of the former to serve themselves.

The Red Flag:—Its Meaning:—Of one blood all nations and peoples, or, Universal Brotherhood. Those who resort to violence should carry the black flag, whether calling themselves Anarchists or Governmentalists.

UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARR.

Continued from last issue.

Mr. Gray looked and listened, his face the picture of astonishment. "I wonder what the world is coming to," he said at length.

"Coming to its senses, I hope," was Hester's quick reply.

"Going out of its senses I should say, when a woman who plays prostitute is sympathized with as you are doing."

Ida shivered at the word, prostitute, and Miss Vaughn said:

"Hush, man; do not apply that term to your daughter: it does not belong to her, but to the wife who has no love for the husband. By nature's law, love sanctions the union of the sexes, but no amount of law can make a loveless union sacred."

"Hester," said Mrs. Hayden, "don't discuss this question further now, but state the object of our call, and have that matter settled."

"Thanks for the reminder: when I get to talking on this subject I forget everything else. Miss Gray, will you go home with us? Your society would be a treat to two lonely old bodies like ourselves."

"I think I shall object to that," said Gray, "I do not think your teachings would conduce to her welfare."

Here Helen settled back in her chair and laughed heartily. "It is really too funny Mr. Gray!" she said, "this new born anxiety about your daughter's welfare. When I came, you were telling her she could not stay here, that you did not care where she went if it was to the poorhouse, and now listen!"

"You don't understand, Miss Helen. I would rather she would go to the county house than with these women. I feel that she is ruined for this life, but suffering may bring her to repentance, and thus she will be saved in the life to come, whereas, if she is treated as if she had done no wrong she is ruined for the next life also."

"Oh, that is the reason you are unkind to her, is it; you want to save her soul."

"Don't be too severe on the man," said Miss Vaughn, "he has doubtless, had some bitter experience which has hardened him; I believe his daughter is of age, and she is the one to decide; Miss Gray, will you go with us?"

"Not now if father will let me stay. My brothers need me and he can't well get along alone. There are some things I would like to do to make it pleasant for the lady he is to marry. The day she comes I will come to you: can I stay till then, father?"

Two hours before Ida could not have said as much for herself, but finding she still had friends gave her courage, and Gray actually blushed as he replied:

"Certainly; you should not leave at all if things were not just as they are."

"And if the one you intend to marry is worthy the name of woman, she will not think any more of you for sending her away at all," said Helen.

To this he made no reply, and as the visit had modified him somewhat, making conditions more tolerable for Ida, with kind words for her and a bow to her father, they left.

In about two weeks Mr. Gray went for his wife; in the mean time Ida had done all in her power to make the home inviting. The day they were expected she sent for Chloe Crogan to come and help in preparing the supper, and to receive them when they came; then she picked up her things, and Mrs. Hayden came for her half an hour before the train came in.

They came from the station in their own carriage, and on the way home Mr. Gray said:

"I am sorry to say you will not find my daughter there. She has a great aversion to stepmothers, and a couple of women the other side of town have induced her to go and stay with them."

"Then I must go and see her and convince her I that I am not an ogre; your family must not be divided on my account," was the reply.

Here was an unexpected complication, a something he had not calculated upon. What would she think when she found he had lied to her, and though a bridegroom, he was not a happy man.

The supper was a success, and Chloe was complimented by Mrs. Gray.

"Don't give me the credit," said Chloe, "Miss Ida got everything ready before she left, the darling."

The lady saw there was something she did not understand, so when, after supper, Mr. Gray went to look after things on the outside, she repaired to the kitchen and soon got the whole story from the warm-hearted Chloe. When her newly made husband came in she said:

"Mr. Gray, when I married you, I expected to be the partner of your sorrows as well as of your joys."

"Why do you say that, my dear?" he asked in a tone of surprise.

"Because I have a request to make."

"Which, doubtless, I shall be pleased to grant," but he shrank as from an expected blow for he felt that she had learned the truth.

"I want you to go with me to bring your daughter home."

He looked into her face with an expression akin to terror, but said not a word. He was thinking of the lie he had told her. She seemed to divine his thought for, seeing that he did not speak she added:

"I am not surprised that you did not like to tell me how things stood; when you know me better you will not be afraid of me."

She smiled as she said this, and he gathered courage to ask:

"Why go to-night?"

"The sooner we go, the better, then it will attract less attention to-night; it will be dark soon."

This last argument decided him. "I will go," he said.

In a few minutes the carriage was at

the door; in the mean time Mrs. Gray had spoken to Chloe about remaining a day or two.

"That's what Miss Ida asked me to do," replied Chloe. "She said I was to stay till you got used to things, but I'll stay a month for nothin if you'll bring the darlin' back, an may the devil fly a way with the man what desav'd her."

Chloe had used her eyes and ears to some purpose.

On the way to Miss Vaughn's but little was said, as each was busy thinking. The meeting of Ida with her new mother I will pass over. Suffice to say that the girl occupied her own room that night. Mrs. Gray, after seeing Ida safely in bed, went down to where her husband was waiting, sat down by his side and laid hand on his knee.

He took it in his own, and looking in her face, asked: "What is it?"

"I want to tell you some experiences I have had which make me feel very tender toward girls who have been betrayed and forsaken, if you are not too tired to listen," she replied.

"Not too tired to listen to you."

She was silent a few moments, and then said:

"The first part of what I have to say is so painful I hardly know how to commence. I can see that dead face before me now as I saw it then, and shall whenever I think of her, while I live. She was my cousin, or rather, what might be called a step-cousin, but I loved her as well as if she had been of my own blood. Uncle married a widow and she was his wife's daughter."

The summer she was eighteen she went to Boston to visit her mother's relatives, remaining among them several months. As aunt was not very strong, I took her place in the family and stayed several weeks after Annie's return."

Here Mr. Gray gave a perceptible start and she looked up at him inquiringly.

"A twinge in my shoulder, a little rheumatism," he said, "please go on."

"Well, she said nothing, but there was a look of expectancy on her face which, after a little, changed to something like a troubled doubt. I, who knew so well her every mood, saw there was something I did not understand."

"But all too soon we learned what the trouble was, and such a scene I never wish to witness again. In the midst of it a letter came for her. When she saw it a gleam of hope lighted her face for a moment, but as she read the few lines, she turned palid, threw it into the burning grate, watched till it was consumed, then went to her room. We never saw her again alive. Her body was found the next morning in the pond back of the garden."

"The grief of the family was terrible; the burden of their moan was 'oh, if we had only spoken kindly to her!' and I then resolved that, no matter what the circumstances, I would never be unkind to a girl in that condition."

"You have certainly taught me a lesson, but where did you live at the time?" he asked in a voice that trembled in spite of his effort to steady it.

"At Glendale, New Hampshire."

And the girl's name," he continued, in a tone that startled Mrs. Gray.

"Annie Winters," she replied, looking at him wonderingly.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet, "it has come back to me at last! I am the wretch who betrayed Annie Winters! I am not worthy of you! I will take you back to your friends and bear my punishment alone!"

To say that she did not at first recoil would not be true, but, as she looked into his haggard face her usual good sense came to the rescue.

"No, Mr. Gray, that would not make things any better, and we have the children and the public to consider, and I have more to tell you, something which may help us to understand some things better than we now do."

"A few months after Annie's death there came into the neighborhood a man with a wife and one child. She was a beautiful piece of marble, cared only for wealth and popularity, but he was of a loving nature, and it could be easily seen that he was not happy. That man affected me as no other man ever did before nor since, and I could see that he felt the same. The attraction was so strong I did not dare to trust myself alone with him lest I should betray my feelings."

"This experience taught me charity for both men and women, for, had that man been free to pay me special attention, I know we should have forgotten ourselves, then I should have been called fallen; and, had I been a man and felt toward a woman as I felt toward him, the strength of the attraction would have made me forget all else."

Gray was so interested and steadied by the relation, that he could speak calmly. "Those are almost the words Miss Vaughn used in reference to Denlow's feelings toward Ida," he said. "I knew it was the way I felt toward Annie and I wondered how she, a woman, could understand the matter so well."

He then told her what Helen had said about the creed and the deed.

"She was mistaken in one point," he continued, "the creed grew out of the deed, and not the deed out of the creed, but I would like to understand better what Miss Vaughn meant when she said that men as well as women were victims in cases of this kind."

"Did she say that?"

"Yes, victims of a false system that necessitated a false education."

Mrs. Gray thought a few moments and then said:

"That is a larger problem than I can solve to-night, but I feel that it is true. Had you not been falsely educated you would not have forsaken Annie."

"Indeed I should not."

"And have you been happy?"

"Happy? why, bless you, wife, I had to formulate that creed to endure myself at all."

"Then so far, you have been a victim, but we are nearing the small hours of the night and we will study the question further at another time."

Mrs. Gray's course was much commented upon, mostly with approval, though some criticised, and one woman was malicious enough to say that Mrs. Gray must have had some such an experience herself in early life or she would not put up with Ida like that.

Some three years after, as Gray was dandling Ida's child on his knee, a neighbor said to him:

"Gray, you'd better give me that boy."

"I'd as soon give you my eyes," was the quick response, while Ida smiled as he remembered how much trouble the prospect of his coming had caused.

To be continued.

SPIRIT MOTHERS.

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