



VOL. II.

HOME, WASH. FRONT BY 1901.

NO. 1.

GREETINGS FROM HOME.

Yes, I am here in the state of Washington, on one of the many arms of Puget Sound called Joes Bay. Aside from the little settlement here, only trees and water in sight, with the exception of Mt. Rainier which can be seen in the distance when it is clear. There is no way to get out only by water, the little steamer Typhon visiting us four times a week. We are 13 miles west from Tacoma in a straight line, but by water it is 20. There is a grocery here, but for all else we must go to Tacoma.

But the settlement is new and this last disadvantage, as well as others, will be overcome, as the energy, industry and purpose of those here amply warrant me in saying. With time and labor this place can be made beautiful as well as productive. The size and vigor of the fruit bearing trees already out surprise me when I remember the short time since the first blow was struck in the forest here.

Now they have a school, a postoffice and a paper, the first of the last—"Discontent the mother of Progress," hence the name, "DISCONTENT."

In their social life, though occupying separate homes, the people here seem very much like one family. They have weekly literary meetings, held in the different homes, in which they have music, readings, recitations, and other evidences of intelligence and refinement. They have also a singing school, surprise parties, etc. etc. In fact, they are very much like other people though the most of them are Anarchists, men and women who are trying to solve the problem of freedom and self-government, consequently, they want no moral censure to measure their lives on earth or to point the way to heaven, and if any such are thinking of coming here I can assure them that they will not be welcome unless they first learn the lesson of minding their own business; a hard matter for all such as believe they are serving God by watching others, and also for all so-called liberals who wish to be respectable from society's standpoint.

Neither are those who simply want a place to sit down and have a good time, desirable acquisitions. It is men and women with a purpose outside of self that are needed—men and women who are not as anxious about a heaven hereafter as they are to learn how to make a heaven here.

But how are those who are in sympathy with you but who are poor, to live if they go to Home, is the next question. What are its resources?

On that point I cannot speak so definitely, I have asked no questions; but there are those here who have lived, have comfortable dwellings and enough cleared to raise what vegetables they need and some to spare, and they bring a good price in Tacoma.

And then I have never seen finer looking hens anywhere. I saw a flock of something near a hundred the other day. They looked so nice I felt as if I could take them right in my arms and hug them, and I do so love little chickens. These are a source of income. There are two or three here now who are able to pay for having their land cleared, and

here is cordwood to cut and sell. Some go away and teach a part of the time, and some to work at trades—there are ways enough to live, but I know no place where those who have money, are of the right stamp, and wish to advance the lines of progress, who can do so more effectually than here.

But in talking of Home I have forgotten to say a word of my journey from San Francisco here, and some of the friends, I know, would like to hear about that. It is not a common thing for a woman of seventy-five to take such a journey alone. Men of that age could do so, but a "weak woman" must be "protected." I will confess that I somewhat dreaded the trip myself, but, barring the inconveniences caused by the storm, I never got along better.

The delay was about the only annoyance, for we had a good tourist car, an attentive porter, and plenty of good company, and we were glad we were not in the mountains when the storm struck, but below. My son came in 60 miles from the country and did for me what was needed before I started, and as for protection afterward, there was not a man or woman in that car but would have divided dinner with me had it been necessary. They seemed to glory in the fact that a woman of my years could do as I was doing. There is a change coming over the spirit of our dreams. The woman of the future will not be relegated to the "chimney" corner because of her years. She will have less of one man ownership-protection and more LIFE than have most women of to-day.

We arrived in Portland 60 hours behind time but I never spent hours of waiting more pleasantly. The train left for Tacoma at 11:30 P. M. and I reached that place at 5:45 the next morning, and in the rain. As I had no sleep the night before I began to feel the effects of my journey. The depot and other buildings reeled, but I had no sense of dizziness. At 1 P. M. took the steamer for this place. The wind was keen and the water was rough, and I expected to be sea-sick but I was not. Arrived here and was comfortably domiciled before dark; pretty tired, but a good warm welcome, a good supper and a good night's rest made things all right.

Rainy weather, and other hindrances have prevented work on my home till now, (Jan. 27th) I, in another house am putting up this number of the paper. But, as the friends are at work on my house I expect to put up the next number in my own home. Then good bye to paying rent. Good bye to landladies, reasonable or unreasonable.

And here let me express my joy that because of the importance of the work I am trying to do I am thus aided to continue it.

Not for a moment can I think all this has been done for my sake. Could I do so I should not be half as happy as I am feeling that it has been done for the work, as the latter indicates progress in the line of the most important of all subjects. Comrades, let us rejoice together.

No better water anywhere than we have here at Home. Soft and pure, digging 6 to 20 feet to reach it

SELECTIONS AND COMMENTS.

... "The logic of Christ is simply universal brotherhood, mutual service, communism, peace. Perhaps Tolstoi is the only Christian who accepts this in all its bearings; therefore Tolstoi, with much logic, calls himself an Anarchist. But this logic lacks in just one point. Jesus stood all for Peace but Anarchism stands for Liberty, and so, if need be, Tolstoi would give up his liberty for peace, and cheerfully become a slave for Christ's sake. That is not Anarchism which condemns alike the slave and the tyrant and would break peace, if need be, for freedom.

"All women have something sweet and beautiful about them, and I would have every woman true to her taste and make herself beautiful in her own way, yet there is a type of woman that is more beautiful to me than any other. It is the woman who has lived and suffered and loved and lost and dreamed and struggled to attain till she has grown rich throughout, and ripened and sweetened like fruit. A woman who has so lived with great thoughts and deep experiences, and far ideal that you can no longer dissociate her from truth. They have become a part of herself.

You will know this woman by the sweetness and depth of her eyes, by the strength of her face, the serenity of her brow, the simplicity of her hair, the simplicity yet richness of her chosen attire, the indifference to trinkets, the gracefulness of her movements, the latent conquest in her step, the rare, reminding influence of her smile, the unspoken words that you listen for in the tones of her voice, the sweep of her charm like the broad current of a great stream.

A woman of power, truth, repose, soul-sufficiency, experience, feeling, grasp, and the far view; a woman to whom you can confess anything and she will understand; a sister to your labor, a mother to your mistakes, a comrade to your battle, a warm, strong tide, like a Gulf Stream to your love.

Too great for jealousy; too large for spite; too sweet for scandal; too beautiful to think of her own beauty as other than a part of the universe.

Hardly conscious of herself; always listening to some music far away. Too strong even for love too rule.

This Woman, O my brother! is the hope of the world, the Prophetess, the Inspiration!"

THE FREE COMRADE.

Comrade Lloyd has drawn a beautiful picture of woman, has idealized her as she is capable of becoming in the freedom that is hers by Nature's right, but which man has ignorantly denied her.

But she, just as ignorantly, has accepted slavery at his hands; consequently, blame is entirely out of place on either side. Education is what is needed, but we are so hypnotized by the teachings we have received that we are very slow to learn. One writer puts into the mouth of Mother Nature the words:

"I kill to teach."

Is not this in a sense true? If all the mothers and all the babes that have died because of Nature's violated law in the ownership of woman's person—if all such could speak, and intelligently, would they not reiterate the same idea? Would they not ask: "Will you never learn your lesson—never learn that legal enactments cannot set aside th-

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CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FREEDOM OF WOMAN.

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LOIS WAISBROOKER, editor and publisher.

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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.

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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.

ORGANIZED SPIRITUALISM

A church is a religious body. Spiritualists have organized as a religious body, thus putting itself under the protection of the state. Query: If the protector cannot save the world how can the protected save it? and yet this is the work that all religious bodies claim to be doing. Is it strange that they do not succeed?

Yes, I am a Spiritualist so far as the fact of communication between the living and the so-called dead is concerned, and if seeing is believing I have seen enough, more than enough for belief. It is knowledge with me, but not religion; and when Spiritualists organized as a religious body they enacted a farce that put them in position for church spirits to take the management, and they are doing so, as is evidenced in the increased religious tone of Spiritual papers and other of their publications, in the effort to make the love element in what are called the teachings of Jesus the basis of action, irrespective of reason and common sense; in their hankering after a God, trying to define the undefinable to satisfy that desire, and in many other ways. It seems to me it is time we let God alone and tried to understand ourselves.

And this brings me to the most important of all questions, the right use of the creative life in our own persons. It is right here that Spiritualists have made their greatest mistake, and right here, through her knowledge of sex law, the great Catholic church holds her power. Through this knowledge the priest holds the people, and there is no one thing church spirits so oppose as the opening up of this question for investigation; therefore, when Spiritualists repudiate the sex question, or so spiritualize it as to carry the idea that the natural relation is only of the flesh, they are doing just as their worst enemies wish them to do.

So long as the church rules sex she rules everything. True, the state claims the right to regulate the sex life of the people, but the Catholic church repudiates the claim of the state so far as her own are concerned, hence her power. Do you ask for evidence of that power? It resented McKinley in the presidential chair. Why? Because he is pledged to protect its possessions in the Philippine islands. I charge the Catholic church with being at the bottom of the war we are waging with that brave, liberty loving people who, feeling the oppression of the priest, were trying to throw off the hated yoke, to take back that of which they had been robbed. The demon cunning of said church using the men-

ey power as its agent, and this great nation as its tool, set about preventing the escape of that struggling fly from its spiderous net. Oh no, it does not appear in the matter, but it pulls the wires behind the scenes all the same.

Whence comes this power, you again ask. From the religious sex aura of the Brides of Christ. As Whitman says: Sex contains all things. There is a hypnotic power in sex aura that always goes with a strong purpose, and what is the purpose of the church but that of universal dominion. This is true of both Catholic and Protestant, but the Protestant does not understand Nature's law of power as well as does an educated Catholic priesthood, so, while the Methodist is singing:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth its successive journeys run,

and saying, as Bishop Hamilton did in San Francisco in connection with the trouble in China, "Christianity, to exist, must be the only existor," the Catholic church, understanding that sex is power, and that neither man nor a masculine God can do anything alone, is busy in furnishing its Man-God Brides ad infinitum.

This is done by appealing to the devotional, the self-sacrificing element. The sex life becomes spiritualized under the influence of religious feeling. Yes, spiritualized. It is time we learned that the spiritual is a finer force to be used wisely or otherwise, for good or for evil, as the intelligence and purpose of each individual I AM may determine. If you do not believe that the religious feeling is connected with sex, then read the following statement made in a leading journal while its contributors were discussing the "age of consent" law.

"It is a fact, and one capable of easy demonstration that there is a close relation between religious emotion and sexual desire—the natural desire and the acquired emotion taking the places of one another, on occasions unconsciously, and without volitional effort on the part of those in whom the transformation takes place." And again:

"The young girl, yearning for she knows not what, will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, find perfect satisfaction in religious emotion."

Can you not see where the church gets her power? But what a thought is here! Exhaling the sex life through intense emotion as water is exhaled by intense heat. But the water thus exhaled is not lost; no more is the sex life, but what becomes of it? Do you remember reading in the old bible that what was exhaled from burnt offerings was a sweet smelling savor (we would say flavor) in the nostrils of the Jewish Jehovah? If so, you have your answer. Jehovah, a spirit, had not outgrown his love of flesh, and as he could not take it direct he had it pass through the fire that he might drink in the liberated essence, so of the fire of the emotions; sex desire which is life, is exhaled, becomes an aura, an essence which the priest and the spirits in sympathy with him gather and appropriate and it becomes to them a source of power. Hypnotism has been spoken of and it is well known that hypnotized persons cannot reason; they can be influenced only by the hypnotist. There is a hypnotism of ideas as well as by persons. The continued reiteration of the same thought so psychologizes the brain that people thus held are incapable of breaking away from perceiving the erroneousness of the thing taught. The will is paralyzed. This is why the laborer votes against his own interest. He is held by this subtle power, that of the battery of the aura of sex religiously and patriotically generated by the stirring of the emotions of the many, while the few, the priest and the politician gather it and thus control the many, control them because hold a part of their life.

Those who will study this question will find that the emotions are connected with sex, and as sex is the source of life, the emotions necessarily draw on the life force. Is it not true then that those who gather this emotional aura are gathering life aura?

Sex is the basis of creation, and hence the basis of power. It follows logically that we shall never

have the power to break the chains that enslave us till we demand and obtain the right to control our own sex life. This is what sex freedom means.

It is the only way that the reign of force, of war, hatred and bloodshed can be superseded by the reign of love, of unity and peace.

In the light of this law what is the status of Spiritualism as represented by an organized body; what but that of one who claims to be doing a great work but refuses to take the only method by which it can be done. Spiritualists have become one of the many who are using those methods that have always failed, and because of a little new veneering they are vain enough to think they will succeed.

They will succeed as to numbers under the old, but not in bringing in the new. One must begin at the bottom for that.

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unerring law that makes the feminine the builder of all living forms, and as such, holds an order on the universe for what is needed to build aright?"

How can we expect other than disease and death when woman, the highest embodiment of the feminine upon the planet, is so en-laved that her inherent right to herself is denied, and so ignorant that she not only accepts, but she defends the usurpation, per Ella Wheeler Wilcox who sustains marriage ownership and the respectability of man-made statutes falsely called law.

But the question is asked how we know that the ideal of woman given above, and even a grander one, may be realized. In the same way that the prospector finds gold; by the out-croppings. Suppressed as woman has been, traits of character have appeared at various times, and under various conditions, that warrant all that is claimed for her in freedom. And by the same law of liberation from external bonds and an intelligent application of Nature's methods will man rise to the same high estate. In the progress of the race the sexes are inseparable.

As to the difference between the Christianity Jesus taught and of which Tolstoi seems to be a living example, and Anarchism, I am glad the Comrade has stated it so plainly, for it will enable me to put in shape something I have felt but have not found words to express, as to what is lacking in Christian teaching, why it is not, and cannot be made practical.

"Mrs. Wilcox—I thought you were a woman of broad liberal views, but you say a man who loves a woman, wants to own her in every way, in the eyes of both God and man. You are wrong. The woman of today will not stand such talk!"

[I will not quote more of Minnie Hammersmark's letter but will simply say that the popular poet has made it an excuse for so defining her position that her respectability is as safe as the "tired horse in the stable" with the door well bolted and barred.

Hear her and be surprised at the shallowness of her reasoning, if it can be called such.]

"I AM VERY glad to undeceive my correspondent regarding my 'broad and liberal mind.'"

Because I clamor for love as the basis of marriage and declare that marriage without love is immoral, many people have at various times imagined me an advocate of "free love" an admirer of the "common law wife." I am neither.

In the course of my experience I have met known of and heard from scores of happy wives, who were loved, honored, and protected by their husbands into old age.

I have never met, known of, or heard from one "common-law wife" (or mistress) whose happiness lasted through a score of years.

I have met, heard of, and received letters from scores of them who were very wretched, and were eating their hearts out with a feverish unrest and dissatisfaction, mingled with the fear of losing the man they loved, and resentment at the world for its attitude toward them.

One I met who declared she was perfectly happy for the first time in her life. She had lived with her lover

a year but her face belied her words, for it spoke of restlessness and anxiety, and her words were so full of bitterness that it proved happiness to be far from her heart.

It seems difficult for some of my readers to understand the position I take in this matter, and yet it is very simple.

I insist that the woman who resigns herself utterly to a man through love without marriage, is a much better woman morally than the woman who marries a man she does not love. But I insist that this is a very foolish and unwise person, and that her happiness in her love can not last.

It cannot last because it is man's nature to turn his face toward "respectability" as he grows older, just as surely as the tired horse turns toward his stable. And I repeat that the man who—absolutely—loves a woman will move earth (and heaven, too, if in his power, to make her his own in the eyes of society—as well as in the eyes of God. If not he eventually leaves her. It is the history of nine "common-law" wives out of ten. Any one who chooses to investigate such cases can prove the truth of my assertion. When I speak of a man "owning" a woman, I use love's language. I think the woman of to-day "will stand such talk" when she knows what I am talking about.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mrs. Wilcox—DO YOU KNOW

"That in thirty-seven of these United States the married mother has no legal right to her children?"

"That in sixteen states a wife has no right to her own earnings outside the home?"

"That in eight states a woman has no right to her own property after marriage?"

"That in seven states there is no law compelling a man to provide for his own family?"

Oh yes, you know all that, and you will say that but for the effort woman has made these things would have been true of all the states. What! with men as our *Protectors*, is it woman who has secured to the mothers in some of the states the right to their own children? *Protected*—scores of happy wives! The apologist for chattel slavery could have said as much.

How foolish for slaves to run away, to subject themselves to be chased by bloodhounds, to the constant fear of being taken back and punished when there are scores of slaves who love their masters and are well taken care of, *protected*. All very true, but what of those slaves who were not protected? Oh, love should be the basis of the union between master and slave and then all slaves would be protected. Do you see the application, Mrs. Ella?

No, there should not be union between the sexes without love, and there will not be when both legal and economic slavery is abolished, and that is why I demand freedom from both. I want the race freed from its present status of sexual impurity. With a full understanding of what freedom means, and the condition to live it, such horrors as are partly told in the following police scene, would be unknown.

"Before the Police Board last Monday in New York, Tina Bantz gave evidence regarding the character of a house of questionable resort. The girl is pretty, but her face bears traces of the suffering she has undergone as the result of her three weeks imprisonment in an Allen street dive. She showed plainly the sense of shame she felt in telling her story before a room full of men, and several times she wept softly as she replied to the pointed questions of the lawyers, but she never flinched nor attempted to withhold one of the horrible details of the usage to which she was subjected.

Miss Bantz said that prior to January, she had worked as a waitress in various restaurants, and when out of employment lived in a room connected with an intelligence office on Third avenue. She was living there, she said, when she met a young man whom she did not name. She declared she was a pure girl when she met this man, and he accomplished her ruin. Only about a week later, through his agency, she became an inmate of the Allen street house. When she went to the place she was introduced to the proprietress whom she knew only as "Rosa." This was about three weeks previous.

After she had eaten luncheon she was taken up stairs by the woman, who told her to take off her street clothes and put on a red wrapper. About 4 P. M. she was called down to the parlor, and an hour later she received her first visitor. Before the end of that first horrible night she had eighteen more callers"—[but I forbear; it is too horrible!]

Citizen and County, Toronto, Can.

I am told Theosophists claim that the words, God and Satan represent the right or wrong use of sex, and one writer claims that Father—Mother God is an ocean of sex fire. That we live, move, and have our being in this sex ocean can hardly be disputed. Dr. Elliot, in his plea for contracepts, says that men will have sexual intercourse. Well, I for one, am glad of it. No, I am not glad of its misuse—not glad that the false system by which ignorance attempts to regulate this God-force, this power through which all things are created, thus producing such degradation as we get a glimpse of in the facts above quoted—not glad for that, but because, believing that a living Satan is better than a dead God, I realize that the persistence of men will one day be satisfied in the right use of this life giving force.

As to the terrible experience of the girl who yielded herself, and then, feeling that she was lost to "respectability," allowed herself to be led in the only path she saw open before her, do you think she would have gone where she did had she known to what she would be subjected; and yet her experience differed only in degree, not in kind, with that of many a woman in marriage, the insatiable demands of one instead of the many. The man who seduced that girl was, no doubt, a hypocrite in the employ of the house to which he took her. There are plenty of such, men who are the natural product of the system under which we live.

It is an easy matter to say the girl was a fool, but how are our girls to be wise when parents are ignorant and those who could teach them must do so at the risk of being imprisoned if they dare to use the people's channel of information, the public press. There are facts, horrors, that have come to my knowledge since I was fifty years of age, that, could our girls know them they could hardly be induced to follow a life of prostitution, but should I give this knowledge to the public prison would be my fate. When marriage is no more a legal matter than love will be in harmony with "respectability" and prostitution will cease.

THE REIGN OF IGNORANCE.

The most of my readers have heard of the recent arrest of Charles Govan, one of the group that publishes the little paper called "Discontent," here at Home. The charge, as is usual when thinkers tell too much truth, was obscenity. This:

"Seeing what the world would least have seen, And telling what the world would least have known" disturbs people who fear change. The powers that now rule are no wiser for the lessons of the past, so the old regime of aiding new thought by persecuting it is continued.

Some are regretting that Mr. Govan's case was not pushed upon its merits, believing that a conviction could not have been had, as the article in question is of the same nature as was the one the Judge in Moore's case said did not come within the meaning of the law. But that was in Kentucky and our Northern Judges are not all of them as sensible.

The main reason for Mr. Govan's taking the course he did, allowing the Judge to have his own way, was the little paper. That must not stop and he was the only one that could put it up. No one else could be found to give the time and they were not able to hire. The other members of the group consider'd themselves as liable as Mr. Govan, and two or three of them offered to take his place. Had the matter been pushed it might have involved them all, so, under the circumstances, I think Mr. G. took the wise course. It is simply a case of legal robbery, and why push it to be robbed much more? Doubtless the friends throughout the country would aid generously, but is it wise to overburden our helpers; besides, one half the money that Comrade G.'s course has saved them, and less, would be an immense help to the little paper here.

When I tell you it is printed on an old army press that it takes two men to run, and then but two pages at a time, thus necessitating double work every issue, you will get some idea of the patience and perseverance needed to keep it going. Mr. Govan tells me he has the offer of a press for \$250 on which he can do all the work in one half the time it takes two men to do it now, and better work. One Comrade at a distance, a friend of Mr. G., sent a \$100 toward a press just before he was arrested, and he had intended to use a part of that which was paid as fine for the same purpose. Now, Comrades, why not use a part of that which you would have used had this case gone into court, and secure that press?

It is true that fighting it out would have been good

educational work, but public opinion is changing so fast that church members are condemning the complainant, as the following letter will show, the writer being a Methodist, as is the complaining minister. I publish only that portion bearing on the question at issue, the arrest and its cause.

A. Bantz, Ga., Jan. 16th, 1901.

I received Discontent last night with report of your trial. I am sorry it cost you so much. I think Butler went far from his province and acted the part of a religious bigot. I shall tell him so when I see him. The Christ whom he professes to follow never persecuted any one for any cause, much less when that cause was a difference of opinion. Personally I cannot see things as you do, but that is no cause for persecution. I know you are honest in your conviction, but we can't all see and understand alike.

So long as the spirit of greed and the desire for power is bred in the human family I do not see how Anarchism is practical, but when a number of people desire to put it in practice and do so without interfering with the rights and privileges of others, I think they should be allowed to do so, and I hardly condemn the action of any one who tries to prevent them.

I cannot agree with your idea of free love, as I understand it, for the reason that unscrupulous persons would take advantage of it to satisfy their beastly desires and ignorant persons would suffer thereby.

I will quote no farther, and I feel quite sure Mr. Govan would not agree with his friend's idea of free love, as is evidenced by his further remark. There is no freedom in the supposition made. Mutual desire is the basis of freedom in love, and mutual desire intelligently satisfied injures no one. But where, I would ask the gentleman, is a man protected in the indulgence of his desire against the wishes of the woman except in the marriage bed?

MONEY TO BURN.

"I've money to burn," he yawned, "and I'm sick of the smell of smoke;

The life of a man of leisure is a beastly, solemn joke. I've fished and fished for pleasure, and had only fisherman's luck,

Till I'm tempted to take my treasure and give it a goodby chuck,

I was sick before of backing; I'm sicker of married life;

My honeymoon's not over, and I'm tired to death of my wife;

And she's just as tired of me—we can't seem to hit it off;

We're sick of our bikes and our coach, we're sick of our yacht and golf.

I'm dead to the old world, dead to the new; I'm weary of drink and grub;

I'm sick of me, and tired of you, and every bore of a club!"

"Money to burn!"—as I say, but a demon of mockery spoke;

For his fellowmen bake in the sun; with the fumes of the heat they choke.

The sky goes mad with the glare, and the pitiless, withering heat

Turns every house into an oven; to a canyon of hell each street;

But the pavements are seething with wretches who stagger and jostle and run,

From the dawn that kindles the earth to the dusk of the burnt-out sun.

"Money to burn!"—my God! and he doesn't know what to do

With the dollars that rescue souls from the straits want drives them to!

A man has a right to a respite from bending his bones to the rack—

And the world owes a woman a moment to foster her cheekroses back:

But, most, the world owes to its children the freedom of all out of doors,

The playground of legendary forest, with meadows and water-sweep shores.

The rich have this privilege royal, to help the down-fallen to rise,

And get back to nature for comfort—keep touch with the earth and the skies.

Oh, fortunate you who have money to burn; go see pity's altar aglow!

Pay back to the toilers who built it up, a tithe of the wealth you owe,

And help God's poor from the bitter fire of unrequited love.

JEAN A. MORRIS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Please do not send stamps. In San Francisco those who used stamps largely in their business would take them but I cannot do that here.

Those subscribers who have not renewed will please do so when they receive this copy of the paper. Those to whom it has been sent by the generosity of friends; or for other reasons, will also please subscribe if they wish it continued.

Mrs. O. F. Shepherd has changed her residence from Los Angeles, to Decota, Cal., and in connection with Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, re-issues her "Spirit Mothers." Two such women ought to succeed. They certainly have my best wishes.

I have received from Orr W. Lee, Des Moines, Ia. a work of 95-pages entitled "Where is Freedom-Free, or Equality Equal;" and from some one a pamphlet credited to "A North American Indian."

Judging from the style, I should say they were both by the same writer. As to the contents, I will say in the language of another, I never read so much that is really good so mixed up with that which is worthless. The writer really has some thought to present, but it needs to be more fully digested. Work away, brother; you will learn in time to separate the wheat from the chaff. It is hard to discard, at once, the errors of the past, to discriminate between the old in a new dress and that which is really new.

Thursday, Feb. 7th. Just one month since I reached Home, and my house is done. I shall move into it as soon as I can get this paper ready for the printer, but, as I am setting the type, that work moves slowly. The first No. of the first Vol. was mailed my 74th birth day, Feb. 21st. This will be issued on, or before my 75th birthday. So, you will see I have not fallen behind so far as the year is concerned if the time does seem long since the last issue—yes, you want to hear about the house:

It is 10 feet high on the sides, 24 feet long, and 14 feet wide, giving me a 10 by 14 feet room, and the other one 14 feet square. A good shingle roof, well under the corner of the house with pump inside—better than a 9 by 11 room, as last year, isn't it? The friends on the outside gave the money to buy the material and the friends here have put it up, and verily, their reward is with them—the love of human freedom.

It seems good to get hold of FREE SOCIETY again. I congratulate the comrades on its new dress and its eight pages, but I think there is one mistake, price. Such a Weekly is well worth a dollar a year, and it seems almost like an insult to its readers generally to offer it them for fifty cents. Indeed, it was worth a dollar when only four pages to say nothing of eight. It is human nature to value that which is considered valuable, and I seriously question if this lowering the price of radical papers does not tend to lower the estimate of their value, even among radicals themselves, to say nothing of the "alf and alf" thinkers. However, if 'tis a mistake Comrade Isaak is not the only one who is making it, and he and his family will always have my good wishes wherever they are.

FREE SOCIETY is now published at 155 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

England's queen has "passed away." So quotes a Spiritualist Journal from

the message of her son to the Mayor of London. Yes, "passed away," not died. It is the language of one who knew that his mother was a Spiritualist, but what comfort brother Newman can take in that fact is more than I can understand. It is certainly no honor to any cause to have a woman, a queen accept it who, having millions at her command, leaves her subjects to starve. I do not question but she held communion with Albert, her husband that was, but she did it as a Queen whose right it was to rule. She drew about her kings and queens by whom she was beloved, even as she was beloved by the kings and queens of this life, but what hope for Humanity is there in any of them? Those over there, no doubt, kept her here as long as they could, but it was for their own purposes. Born and bred to rule, passing from this life does not change their nature, so they remain in sympathy with rulers here, and will in a greater or less degree, till the upheaval here deprives rulers of their power.

Look at the course of the robber nation during Victoria's reign, mark the thirst for conquest. One could almost imagine that Albert, and later, John Brown, as subjects of her will, had helped from the spirit side of life to extend her dominion. Rest assured that those ex-kings and queens are not employed in singing praises to God, but in seeking ways and means to retain their hold upon the earth. Oh that Spiritualists would think, would reason logically from their own premises!

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