



VOL. II.

HOME, WASH. MARCH, 1901.

NO. II.

WHAT FOUR MEN SAID.

And The Different Results of Their Two Discussions.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

They sat and they talked where the cross roads meet,

Four men from the four winds come,
And they talked of the horse, for they loved the theme,

And never a man was dumb
The man from the North loved the strength of the horse,

And the man from the East his pace,
And the man from the South loved the speed of the horse,

And the man from the west his grace.

So these four men from the four winds come,
Each paused awhile in his course

And smiled in the face of his fellow-man
And lovingly talked of the horse.

Then these men parted and went their ways,
As their different courses ran;

And each man journeyed with peace in his heart,
And loving his fellow-man.

They met next year where the cross-roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come,

And it chanced, as they met, that they talked of God,

And never a man was dumb.

One imaged God in the shape of man,

A spirit, did one insist;

One said that Nature herself was God,

One said that he didn't exist.

But they lashed each other with tongues that stung,

That smote as with a rod;

Each glared in the face of his fellow-man

And wrathfully talked of God.

And then they parted and went their ways,

As their different courses ran,

And each man journeyed with war in his heart,

And hating his fellow-man.

AN EXCUSE.

I am well aware that excuses do not mend matters, yet I feel like making something of the kind to my subscribers for the condition of the last issue of the paper. It was partly my fault and partly the fault of the press. (not the pressman.) A new press is very much needed here.

And where it was my fault, through the conditions I had to contend with, that will be remedied. I reprint my "Greeting from Home" as I want the impression made by the poor print effaced from your minds. Nothing preventing, I will make it all up ere the year is gone.

L. W.

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 Typhoon 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 assertion 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. 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 censors 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. So-called liberals who wish to be respectable from society's standpoint will not feel at home here.

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 there 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 landlords, 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 in 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 any where than we have here at Home. Soft and pure, digging 6 to 20 feet to reach it.

The Light of Truth states that the consolidated R. R.'s have given the Express Co.'s warning that when their contracts are out they will not be renewed, as they—the R. R.'s—will take charge of the express business on their own account. If this great combination succeeds in its contest with the Express Co. the probability is that they will watch their time to give the Government the same warning in regard to the mail. Let the gods fight.

MOSES HARMAN, in the last LUCIFER, says:

"To meet the universal demand for CHEAPNESS in literature, we now offer LUCIFER a year of fifty-two numbers, for fifty cents to new subscribers in clubs of five or more; or five years ahead to one subscriber, old or new, for two dollars and fifty cents."

Our comrade worker may be doing the best thing in thus cheapening his Light Bearer but I do not see it so. The most of the small Monthlies are fifty cents a year, and since raising mine from thirty to fifty, I have not heard a word of complaint, but have been told again and again that Clothed with the Sun was well worth the higher price; some have said that some of the articles in a single number were worth a year's subscription. Those who really value what we have to give are willing to pay for it, while to those who take it because of its cheapness the whole thing is cheapened.

My idea is that even the sample copies sent out carry less weight than though a fair price was attached. Radical thought, that which goes to the root of things is valuable and if we begin to cheapen our work there are plenty to help us in so doing. I do not claim to be overwise, but it seems to me that the best method is to ask a price worthy of the publication.

The saviours of cities cannot plank themselves across the gutters and imagine that their cities are clean.

You refer to the girls who sell their bodies for money. But is not everything in the metropolis sold for money? We have the money habit. We speak of the worth of a man in terms of money. We measure the actor against the box office. We measure the writer in terms of editions. The girl marries well if she marries money.—Traubel.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES,
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DOM OF WOMAN.

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And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman
clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Rev-
elation xli. 1.

In all the past, connected with all religious systems,
there have been those who have sensed and symbol-
ized 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, en-
close 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 edi-
tor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

THE LOVE AND TRUST FAD.

All things, no matter how good in themselves, if
carried to extremes, if made to cover ground that
belongs to something else, are sure in the end to
prove a curse instead of a blessing. They may
seem to bless for a time, this till the lack of the com-
plementary force or element brings exhaustion, and
of no one thing is this more true than of that de-
pendence upon love which does not secure the con-
ditions upon which its continuance depends. This
is as true of general as of special love. How can the
general good will which is so desirable, prevail so
long as one man can control the means of another's
living? I have headed this: The love and trust fad.
I might as well have called it The Jesus fad, for lib-
erals everywhere, I mean such as repudiate church
teachings but recognize continued life, such as are
continually quoting the asserted sayings of Jesus,
for we have no proof on that point or even that he
ever lived other than as an ideal, but the class of
people I have named are making him the center
of their love ideals till it has really become a fad.

We are told that we must be guided in all things
by the spirit of love. Very well, what is the spirit
of love? Does it require me to make an associate
of one who naturally repels me? Does it require
me to sacrifice my own hopes in life for the sake of
others? Does it require me to take the place of a
servant, to "become the servant of all?" Thousands
have tried all these methods but to what purpose?
What real good has come from any or all of them?

Talk of love! There is love enough in every moth-
er's heart to save a world if she only knew how and
had conditions for making her knowledge practical.
How she would beautify this world for the sake of
her darlings! Ah! but she don't know how and she
has not the conditions if she did, and yet, with her
heart surging with its fullness of love, she is told
to love and trust, is told that Love is God. Well,
what does she do? She sees no way to forward the
interest of her child except by devoting herself to it
regardless of the interest of others, and thus her
love soured, becomes selfishness.

Selfishness is simply love confined, pressed by con-
ditions into too narrow quarters for its healthy ac-
tion. This condition, continued from generation
to generation becomes hereditary, and still the cry
is for more love. There is love enough; what is lack-
ing is the wisdom to use what we have. To find the
way we must search for underlying principles, and
we must look to Nature to find them. This calling

upon God has proved a failure, yet the persistency
with which it is continued is astonishing. When I
see people continuing to look for success to that
which has always failed, when I find them always
attributing their failures to themselves instead of
to the methods used, I am reminded of the dog that
persisted in watching a woodchuck hole because the
flavor of an escaped woodchuck was there. True,
he did not get sight of the animal, could not induce
it to come out, but it was there, sure, for he smelt
it, and if he waited long enough he would get it.

That silly dog (most dogs have more sense) was
no more surely doomed to disappointment than are
those who continue to call on their ideal God, and
to trust to charity, love, missionaries, and Jesus to
save the world. Love is the creator; it takes knowl-
edge, with the wisdom to rightly apply it, to furnish
the right conditions for that which is created.

Love, unless guided by wisdom, becomes a curse.
Those who are continually holding up love as the
redeeming power while ignoring the conditions un-
der which she can act are doing the world no good.
Two forces in union are needed, must be had for any
kind of life or action, but where one of said forces
dominates, overbalances the other there is inhar-
mony or evil. The fact of this necessity of two ele-
ments or forces is to me corroborative evidence of the
existence of an invisible or spirit world as well as a
visible, material one; But I realize that an undue
dependence upon the invisible has been an injury to
the visible. This must and will be changed.

While repudiating the bible as authority, I find
many truths stated therein, among which is the
declaration of a new heaven and a new earth.

This, from the very necessity of the case, must
come true, as all Spiritualists should understand.

By the law of evolution the spirit world that is
so connected with the earth as to be a part of it
was evolved from its innate spirit forces as mani-
fest in the human race—this just as truly as the at-
mosphere we breathe was evolved from the earth.

And not only the spiritual, but the moral and in-
tellectual conditions there have their basis here. I
am not talking of the "higher spheres" of which so
much is said, but of the law of growth, of evolu-
tion. Purify the earth and our atmosphere will be
pure; purify the material conditions of the people,
give them economic justice as the first step toward
moral renovation here, and there will be a corres-
ponding change there. Our spirit world is inhab-
ited by those who have lived here, and they have
not left that which constitutes their real selves,
to wit, their character, that which was the ruling
love, this has not been left behind.

It follows then that there are those there as well as
here who love to rule others, as well as those who
have carried with them the spirit of submis-
sion, who expect to be ruled. But the law of evo-
lution is true to itself. There is a growing sense in
the hearts of the people of their right to freedom,
and to the earth, regardless of title deeds.

A spirit of unrest is abroad, of investigation, and
when a sufficient number of the people at large be-
come satisfied that there is no help under the pres-
ent system, then commences the struggle in which
the old must go down. Thinkers are already satis-
fied as to folly of hoping for anything better under
present methods, but they cannot act till events a-
rouse the people. Then we shall have the new sys-
tem, the new earth. But, as in the order of evolu-
tion, our spirit world rests upon this, a change
must come there also, and that will be our new
heaven. Those in power both here and there, are
aware of this inevitable change, or at least they fear
it, and are doing all they can to put it off as long
as possible. But there is more opposition on that
side than on this, even as those upon the roof of a
house would more strongly oppose its being taken
down than would those on the lower floor, and
the more so if those above were ruling those be-
low, and knew that with the taking down of the
old house their rule ceased.

Right here we get the secret of the love and trust
fad. Those on the spirit life who occupy seats of

power, those who control others in their service do
not like to be deprived of privilege any more than
those here; and if we would only remember that the
two conditions or life—the here and the there—must
progress together, that no matter how beautiful the
blossom or how rich the fruit upon a tree, the roots
have furnished their portion of the needed elements
of growth; and if Nature's methods are uniform,
this is true of the material world in its connection
with our spirit world, and whatever of good or evil
found there could not exist unless rooted and nour-
ished on this side of life.

In the case of the tree we nourish the roots; in a
case of general malaria we do not expect the at-
mosphere to cleanse the swamps, but when it comes,
to our moral and spiritual life we reverse Nature's
methods; we forget that the roots must gather
from the earth and send upward before there can
be branches with their lung-leaves to gather and
return in exchange for what has been received.

We say our help cometh from above but fail to
furnish the conditions through which it can come.
Again I say, purify earth and heaven—the spirit
world—will be all right, and not till then, no mat-
ter how much we may love and trust. Loving a
sick neighbor so much that you sacrifice yourself
to promote his comfort will not remove the dis-
ease nor its cause, whereas a little intelligence ap-
plied in cleansing his cellar or in ditching the land
near him might do both. It is time that these love,
trust, and sacrifice ideas were probed to the bottom.
So far they have had but little success. Love has
had too much laid upon her shoulders. She has
been crucified to save the world, but crucifixion is a
failure. Love must be divorced from trust and Je-
sus, and mated with intelligence.

THE MOTHER WON.

It would do no good to mention their names, yet ma-
ny Ottumwa people would have recognized them had
they seen the couple as the January Sun looked coldly
into the court room windows and the white glare fell
around the form of a woman in thin, shabby garments
and a little boy who stood leaning heavily against her
knee. She was bent and worn, but the little chap laid
his hand in hers caressingly, and there was a mado-
na look in her attitude and expression that even the
unsentimental officers dimly recognized as they
glanced at her from time to time, and the judge gazed
at her as he heard the case on the docket just prece-
ding hers.

Over by the window, warm in his fur-lined coat,
a man waited for the case to be called. He was well
dressed and white fingered, but when he turned his
eyes toward the woman and child they huddled closer
together and the boy looked into her face entreatingly.

The case was called and the two, with their respec-
tive lawyers, took their places before the bar. The man
desired the custody of the boy, his son, upon the
grounds that the woman was not a fit person to have
the charge of him.

"What specific charges do you make against her?"
questioned the judge.

The man glanced about significantly.

"I could make a great many," he replied, "but my
honor as a gentleman prevents. I only wish to say
that she is not in a position to bring the child up prop-
erly; to educate him as my son should be educated.
You can see for yourself that he is not well clothed
now. I allowed her to keep him during his babyhood
because I felt sorry for her, but I want him now."

The lawyer for the defense stepped forward, but she
laid her hand on his arm, "Let me speak," she said,
and the judge nodded his head and waited.

"Your honor"—her voice was low and clear—"this
little child is mine. Bought and paid for by my pain
and tears. I have worked for him from morning till
night every day and found the most menial task sweet
and now that he is sturdy and strong and beautiful
there is talk of taking him away from me! What
does fatherhood mean to a man who never feels his ba-
by's fingers on his face? Who never watches by its
side through long nights of fever or hears its first bro-
ken words? Who has never made a sacrifice or lost a
moment's sleep on account of the little one? This
man deserted us, his little child and me, left us to
starve or live as it might happen, and now—now—
"Your honor, he spoke slightly of me a moment

ago. But women who have little baby hands to hold on to, who have little, tender cheeks to press against their bosoms, do not go wrong. I am poor, and it is with difficulty that I earn enough to live on. But we do live, and live honestly, and if you will look you will see that my boy is warmly clothed."

She stopped, and the judge looked grave as he deliberated. She took the alarm at his silence, and catching the boy in her arms started for the door. Hysterically called her back, but she turned around like one at bay, and with face uplifted said:

"He is mine, I tell you! mine by the law of God and I will never give him up."

She held him close with one arm and raised the other hand accusingly. Her voice rose like the major tones of an organ.

"Before that man dreamed of or cared about this little new life I was guarding it with the holiest thoughts a mother can have. I kept my life like a white page. I did not speak without a reverent thought of the soul in my keeping. I held up a silencing finger to keep every harsh sound away from him and cleansed my soul by prayers. When I passed through my agony I was alone. There was neither food nor fire in my house But I held on to life for baby's sake—"

A sob stopped her speech; and the boy kissed her, holding her wan face in his chubby hands. The judge cleared his throat, but his voice was husky as he said:

"This mother must have full and undisputed possession of her child—and may he live to be a blessing to her. Next case."—Ottumwa Courier.

[I wish I could fully express the thoughts that went trooping through my brain as I put the above in type. of the contingencies upon which such cases hang. We all feel glad that the mother triumphed, but the conditions that make it necessary to decide if a mother has or has not the right to her child—this is the sorrowful part of the question. Children have had their clinging arms torn from the mother's neck as they were given over to the father by the officers of the law, a law that woman had no part in making. One such case was decided against the mother because after the father had forsaken her, she dared to receive assistance and illegal love from another man. "Not a fit person to bring the child up," and this in the face of the fact that the man into whose keeping the child was given, made no pretension to the virtue demanded of the woman.

There are two sides to every question. The man in this case seems, from the glimpse we have of him, to be the incarnation of selfishness, and his insinuation against the woman a very cruel thing. And so it was, but we must remember it is a weapon that society furnishes, and the woman, in her strong plea for herself shows that she accepts the standard society sets for our sex. Now I expect to shock some of you when I tell you I consider the woman in this case as much at fault as was the man.

Read over her plea for her right to her child. Mark how subservient she makes everything to the new life.

Can you not see that from the very first, even "before he dreamed" of its existence, she was shutting herself away from her husband in her devotion to her prospective child.

I do not mean physically; that might or might not have been, but from that reciprocity which is so necessary to companionship. I can well imagine how that "silencing finger" could become a torture to the man as she tried to regulate his life in accordance with what she thought best for the child.

She was fanatical on the subject of motherhood. She took more responsibility upon herself than belonged to her. Her prayers were not answered in any visible way. Had she trusted Nature as she trusted God the results would have been quite different.

Nature says furnish the best conditions you can but leave the work to me. We organize the strongest feeling, and if a prospective mother devotes herself to the child before its birth, with the idea that it is of more importance than all else, it will have that feeling innate. Or in other words: If before the child's birth the mother thinks it of more importance than herself, afterward the child will be likely to think itself of more importance than its mother.

That mother for whom the judge wished a blessing of her boy may never wake up from her devotion; she may go down to the grave the willing servant of her child, but if she ever should wake up and find that he cares for her only as she serves him, her anguish will be terrible.

And yet she will be reaping what she has sown. The love that is led by religious ignorance often makes

terrible mistakes. Give woman the right to herself; give us just economic conditions, and keep the priest who claims all for God, who teaches love and trust in God, out of the way, and the soul intelligence of woman will shine through her brain upon the right path.

THE OLD.

Prone on the world's great altar stairs,
I lift weak hands of hope, and call
On what I feel is Lord of all—
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry—

THE NEW.

All parts away for the pathway of souls;
For the pathway of the souls of men and women
along the highways of the universe,
All things fall into niches and corners,
All arts, governments—

I have received a letter from Maria Freeborn Gray, State Sup't Peace and Arbitration W. C. T. U., San Francisco, Cal., in which she says:

I have been in correspondence with Princess Wisniewska for a year and a half. When she wrote me she requested me to give to you their greeting and good wishes. She wrote that your article: "The Peace Conference," which they had received, was read with great attention and admiration.

The article is not mine but one I cut from an exchange and published. At the suggestion of a friend who sent me the address, I sent a copy to the princess named, that it might be read at a Congress of women to be held in Europe, and then forgot all about it. But I consider the subject so well, so forcibly treated, I have decided to publish the article again.

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. You'll be ahead of me any way, for folks are always sick somewhere, army or no army."

"Bah" growled Jim through his teeth. "Peace conference be hanged! It is a fine thing to talk of peace when we breed war from palace to hovel; when nine-tenths of us come into the world Ishmaelites, our hands 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 exactly that," he continued sadly "but I've watched a woman die to-night; a woman so brave 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 totler, scarce taking his first steps, 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, muver; Boydo so tired." 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 to death I told her too, and never while I live shall I forget the hopelessness that came into her eyes.

I will quote no farther. I have given the facts and while doing so my heart swelled almost to bursting in view of the misery and degradation resulting from the enslavement of woman. The comments the narrator, makes show conclusively his conviction of what all

thinkers are beginning to understand, to-wit., the utter impossibility of peace, or of genuine improvement under the present economic and social system. I mean anything that will benefit the whole people; that will free woman. Gestating a child with a heart filled with bitterness and death walking by her side—thousands upon thousands thus gestated, and those who live in palaces built by the toil of the people, meeting to talk of peace! The year old baby clinging to its dying mother's hands and begging for care! Still another, the price of her life, sleeping by her side! "Love and trust!" The words are a mockery!

Oh, the enslaved condition of woman! "Wives, be subject to your husbands in all things as unto the Lord," and state law, founded upon the bible, enforces the same; and mark this:—and any man or woman dared to tell that woman doomed to death if she conceived again, how to avoid such a result, prison would have been the penalty. Poor slave! she must submit while her protector murders her legally.

But while leaving out the doctor's comments I will make no more myself further than to wish that I were a voice, a penetrating voice, that would reach every woman's heart.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of the pastor of "This World's Church," Kansas City, Mo. recently gave a lecture on Marriage and Divorce which was enthusiastically received. Its very radical nature, with the fact that it was so well received, makes the heart glad. Mrs. Roberts says:

"Marriage being wholly a private and civil contract with which religion has nothing to do, unless to perform the ceremony at the wish of the contracting parties, should be capable of being dissolved by the simple mutual agreement of the two themselves, they being best able to say whether or not they are fitted to live together. * * * The hope of the world is its childhood. When society compels a woman to live with a man she loathes and fears, it invites children that are born of sin, shapen in iniquity. Will any good man say, will any good woman declare that a true, loving woman should be compelled to be the mother of children whose father she detests? Is there a good woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself? And is there any woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another woman to bear that from which she would shudderingly and shriekingly shrink? Of all the hell-into which a woman may enter, I can conceive of none equal to that of beholding in her child the likeness of a father she hates. She is doomed by her motherhood to love the child whose father has become her shame and anguish."

Professor Herron, professed Christian who has outgrown his church garments, says:

"Deeper than the capitalistic system is the false thought of life in which it is rooted. Not only must the system be uprooted, but the soil that sustains it must be removed. That soil is the thought that it is necessary for some people to use and rule other people either for the good of the ruled, or for the good of the ruling class. Our whole civilization and culture are built out of the various forms of private property in man. The capitalistic system is merely the enforcement of this world system of human ownership."

The above is Anarchy pure and simple, and given to delighted crowds in the city of Chicago—the city where Parsons and his comrades gave up their lives.

Victor E. Southworth, another soul on fire with the new life, gives a discourse on the Sanctity of Life in which he justly charges society with its criminals. In his plea for better conditions for birth he says:

"I would have you feel how much worse than the death penalty is the birth penalty that all too often leads the way to murder and the gallows. * * * In the light of modern science and the higher ethics, we hold society accountable for the weakness and stupidity and brutal tendencies which it allows to be needlessly perpetuated."

Which it cannot prevent being perpetuated, friend Southworth so long as the present system of things continues. That the evils we deplore are the natural outcome of society under its present social and economic laws and customs I freely admit, but so long as these continue, society is as powerless to eliminate said evils as is the individual. And until an entire change is made science and ethics are equally helpless. So long as woman is in any measure subject to man in her maternal functions, so long will the undesirable be born both in the hovel and in the palace. But to free woman the economic system must be changed.

When I offered the paper to those who would send me two new subscribers I meant NEW subscribers, not those whose names are now on my list.

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 other wise, will also please subscribe if they wish it continued.

The Home people were invited by the leading man of the place to a mask ball at Balch Cove five miles distant, on Feb. 22d. Some 30 went over on the steamer Typhoon and were surprised, not only to find their fares paid but a good supper awaiting their arrival. Their host further surprised them by personating a huckster woman so completely that no one suspected who it was. The unmasking was the surprise. Good music was furnished by the Home crowd, and after dancing "all night till broad daylight" they came home very sleepy in the morning. Two of the maskers from here personated Anarchists and a part of Discontent was printed on their suits of white trimmed with red. They made new acquaintances, thus helping to wear away prejudice, and had a pleasant time.

C. E. Hill of Iowa writes: My Century Plant arrived to-day and as far as I have examined it I am delighted with it. It is true to nature. I write immediately because I had just written you that it had not come and I feared the money was lost. I am disgusted with the general ignorance and am with that minority of women who are fighting for freedom. Yes, I am delighted with your book and hope to be able to get all of your works later on. I wish I might see you some day but cannot hope it.

[You would be disappointed, sister Carrie; I am but a plain, unattractive woman. Better be content with my books which need studying as well as reading and as for that 'minority' could you feel the under-current as I do you w'od know that preparations are making for a "land slide" that will make it the majority.]

Frank Weller's Offer.

"Our Fraternity" tells us that Frank Weller of S. Dak. is desirous of starting a colony of such as are free in every sense of the word, fully emancipated from all religious and social slavery. Mr. Weller says in a letter to the editor:

I own a large tract of fertile and valuable prairie land of which I could be induced to lease free, for the payment of the taxes, sufficient ground for a park and cottages to surround it for a term of the life of the colony.

I would be willing to give a free life lease of several acres for an Industrial Boarding School on the same terms.

I also will rent farm lands for life to the same parties on reasonable terms.

It is not necessary for one person to wait for another. If you continue to present this plan, I am ready to give those who desire to fall into line, as fast as they come and as long as the land lasts, a free life lease for taxes, upon a building spot, the person being required to build a house and live in it, and live peaceably.

When he dies, his heirs may remove the house and all the buildings he or she makes. Or if he forfeits the terms of his lease he is also entitled to remove buildings.

[Where to, Mr. Weller? One can possibly take up one's bed and walk but to take up one's house and walk is quite another thing. You seem to think the offer you make a liberal one, but men

who are anxious to build up a town, or to increase the value of the land they hold (not own) such men often deed away alternate lots on the terms you name, but you do not let go your grip of the land. A life lease is a very uncertain thing and a man will not feel very happy in knowing that his family have a home only while he lives. Then again, your statements are so indefinite. Land for a park. That may be an acre or a thousand, and so of every statement you make; but when it comes to leasing your farm lands for life on 'reasonable' terms, no, thank you. I have no wish to aid in starting a free colony of tenant slaves.]

FOUND WANTING.

Another poet has been weighed and is found wanting in genuine sympathy with human rights, one who prefers respectability to truth and justice. Last month by quoting Ella Wheeler Wilcox's own words, the utter hollowness of her position was shown. This month I give place to Kate Austin as she scathes Edwin Markham through the columns of Discontent. Mr. Markham has amply apologized to the ruling classes, in his poem to the dead queen, for writing The Man with the Hoe, and will doubtless receive more than thirty pieces of silver for his betrayal of Humanity, but in his case the future would have shown silence to have been golden. Sister Kate says:

Instances are not lacking to prove that great poets have often perverted a natural and blessed gift to base purposes; that they have not hesitated to tune their harps to please the ears of those who fawn at the feet of titled nobles or bask in the sunlight of privilege. The truth of this is well illustrated by Edwin Markham in his poetical effusion to Victoria, the royal parasite of England. Falsehood and sycophancy in plain prose are nearly insupportable, but wrapped in the drapery of a poet's fancy they are simply disgusting. Edwin Markham, poet, and Andrew Carnegie, multi-millionaire joining hands to honor the memory of a ruler who allowed, in Ireland alone, a million of her subjects to perish from famine! Wealth and genius! Could the devil himself ask a more powerful combination behind which to intrench a living lie?

Here are a few samples of the stuff that rang through Carnegie hall in eulogy of her who had:

"Gone down the way where all of earth recedes,

Leaving behind a fragrance of good deeds, A wreath of memories forever green."

And again, "In future days:

When London dead shall be some poet's theme,

There suddenly will sweep into his rhyme Victoria's name long lavendered by time,

And all the poet heart obhlim will stir At some heart-warm chronicles of her,

Of this dead queen, her quick reply to need."

And again;

"Greater than any king Was this queen mother, gracious, gentle, good,

A white flower of Christian womanhood."

Contrast this slush with the Century poem by the same author in No. 299 of Free Society, where he pictures the "Strong Young Titan of Democracy" as one who

"Peers into the face of privilege and cries,

'Why are you halting in the path of man? Is it your shoulder bears the human load?

Do you draw down the rains of the sweet heaven

And keep the green things growing? Back to hell!"

Yet, in contradiction to this emphatic condemnation of privilege, Edwin Markham sulks his manhood by landing to the extent of his ability a woman who

existed as a powerful queen by the right of a privilege which sensible, honest men repudiated two centuries ago. Verily, "talk is cheap," and poetry also. And who but a poet would ever have dreamed of referring to that stupid, commonplace woman who cumbered the earth for over 80 years and never earned a monthful of the food she ate, who but a poetic charlatan, I repeat, would refer to Victoria as a "white flower" who left behind her a "fragrance of good deeds?"

There are things that make a poem an "offense." Markham has been guilty of them.

KATE AUSTIN.
Caplinger Mills, Mo.

NAME READING.

It is claimed now a days that there is character meaning the in letters of one's name. I know something of this "science," and if any of my readers desire to test it and will send me 50 cents I will do my best for them. The usual price is \$1. but I am not a proficient. A man will please send his mother's name before marriage, and a woman will please give her maiden name and that of her mother. Full names required. L. W.

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