



VOL. II.

HOME, WASH., AUGUST, 1901.

NO. VII.

"WOMAN, WAKEN!"

"Woman, waken! crush your fears,
Freedom is not won by tears—
Years of toil for heart and brain,
Toil alone will break the chain.

Let the burning words resound,
Till with strong pulsation start
All the peopled world around,
Struggling to creation's heart—

Till thy hope hath found its goal,
In the UNIVERSAL SOUL,
Written there in fiery scroll.
Courage, all whose hearts have fears,
Freedom dries her children's tears,
Tremble not for fear or scorn,
'Tis the GREY DAWN OF THE MORN!"

ORGANIZATION.

For years after the raps at Hydesville startled the world, there was a continued protest from the spirit side of life against organization, and the present attitude of Spiritualists shows conclusively that a different class of spirits have control of the movement. The following from Shelton's paper is in harmony with the first teaching of the spirits. I only make a few extracts as the article is longer than I care to publish, but the writer shows conclusively that organization tends to destroy individuality, limits genuine growth, engenders selfishness and makes universal brotherhood impossible. He says:

"Now the honesty of purpose of a large per cent of these organizations in their infancy is not questioned, but sooner or later this evaporates. When, however, the spiritual realm is invaded, and the Infinite, Omnipresent, Omnipotent Spirit of Truth, Peace and Freedom, is attempted to be harnessed to this vehicle, the absurdity is plainly apparent to the discerning mind. As if it were possible to centralize this Almighty, All-prevailing Spirit in any person, organization or place.

"It is painfully evident that from the highest tribunal to the humblest organization, the government is: of some of the people, by some of the people, for some of the people. One principle objection, however, to this custom is that the individual is invariably swallowed up in the organization. He may be in harmony with its object and aims, or not; he may express his ideas favorably or unfavorably on some topic introduced for discussion in council, but once he is a member, the organization does his talking and acting for him officially, and his individual independence is gone. We need only to recall the fact that all great pioneers and leaders in reforms of religion, art, music, invention and thought, realized their high and lofty ideals independent of any organization, creed or school, and if we would preserve our individuality, we must remain free from all alliances, vows, dogmas, creeds and bonds." * * * As each one of us can only express his own experiences, impressions and conceptions, and as each must work out his own salvation in his own way, so all the teachings and writings can only point a way. If this attempt will do this, even in the slightest manner, its purpose is accomplished."

The above is Anarchy. It includes all and binds none. I am satisfied that only thus can Humanity accomplish its possibilities. I long since severed all connection with organized bodies. I am

neither secretary, president, lay member or committee of anything, and should not be here at Home if it was an organized colony, co-operative association or anything of the kind. Try as hard as you please to fit yourselves by co-operation to live under the existing economic system, the eternal spirit of progress will not admit of any general success in that line, for the system itself must go and the success hoped for, would indefinitely prolong its life.

I am asked about Home. I have given through the columns of the paper the general conditions; if the local news is wanted subscribe for their paper, Discontent, 50 cents a year. There are over 80 people here, men, women and children. But we have no one to tell us what to do or when to do it. Every man's and every woman's private life is their own. We have too much self-respect to fear contamination if some one of us does what another does not wish to do. What we seek is freedom, and when all take that ground there will be peace in the human family. No policeman would be needed if there were thousands here such as we have now.

WHY NOT APPLY MENTAL SCIENCE?

Free Society, under the heading: Who is the Greater Criminal? publishes the following. The question should have read: Who is the Criminal?

An incident of social misery as cruel as any student of sociology can remember, occurred in Brunner, Austria. A mother killed her own child because she had not the courage to see it starve in her arms. She had not been able to procure food for it for several days. An unhappy woman of the people she was, and she had suffered terribly. A few days ago she was arrested. She did not attempt to deny her awful deed, but followed the policeman to the court house as quietly and unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. There in a calm and composed manner, she related her sad life's history.

Franciska Kwaany is the name of the unfortunate woman. She is thirty years of age, and was married in Goding. Her husband was a day laborer. In her pregnancy, as she could not work as hard and as steadily as she used, he ill-treated her in a most brutal way, and when finally she could not work at all he left her. With no home, no means of support, no one to rely upon, she was left to fight her way out of her difficulties alone. She obtained admission into the Brunner State Confinement Institute, where on the 7th of February she gave birth to a girl. On the 19th of February she left the Institute with her young child—but where to go? No spot on the wide earth to which she had a right to go, and no way of gain a living was hers. So there she stood on the street.

The child in her arms, wrapped in one single rag, whimpered with cold and hunger. Planless and aimless she wandered the streets of the city, until just at nightfall she found herself near Konigsfeld. The whole day through neither mother or child had tasted food. A storm began to rage furiously, her limbs were growing stiff from cold and weariness. She pressed her child closer to her breast, as though in that way she might better protect herself and it; finally she sat down under a bridge that led to Rothen Michle in Konigsfeld, and there they spent the night.

The next day she took up her aimless wandering again, at night she again found shelter under the bridge. Another day of wandering, and then in despair, she stretched out her hands for a few pennies; but no one

paid any attention to her, and finally, when some one did fling her a few pennies, they were not enough to procure food for herself and some hot milk for her babe; for to her grief, she could not furnish it its natural nutriment. She could not attend to her child in any way for fear of exposing it to the freezing winter air. But in this miserable condition they lived thro' four terrible days.

The woman became a prey to utter despair; she was scarcely conscious in her keen suffering. A dreadful thought had been creeping into her bewildered mind for several hours, and despair prevailed. She saw the child in her arms benumbed and almost dead. In her frenzy over its suffering, she suddenly dashed the child's head against the brick wall of the bridge. It was dead in an instant.

She buried the little emaciated body in the snow, and without it she staggered on alone. The next day the little corpse was found by a day laborer. It was talked about at the police station, and one officer remembered having seen about three days before, a woman with a red shawl on her head, carrying a child in her arms. Two days later he saw the woman without the child and had told his comrades about it. The next evening a policeman met a woman with a red shawl over her head and he arrested her. He had the right woman.

Franciska Kwaany did not deny anything—she told him she had killed her child and followed him quietly to the station. She will be delivered over to the criminal court for trial for her "crime."

But the crime of society, which is thro' and thro' bad and rotten, what of that? When shall it meet its trial? To force a poor woman out into the cold with an infant only twelve days old, without asking where she would go or what she would do with her child—this is society's crime, and not her only one. This instance is so sad and inhuman that no word of criticism is sharp enough for it. The desperate mother was but a benefactress to her starved babe. The curse belongs to society whose order leads to such consequences.—*Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung.*

[If there is the power claimed for Mental Science, and all who read the above send out as strong vibrations against the institutions that produce such results as I have, they would soon totter to their fall. No use in blaming persons unless you go to head quarters, to him who said: "And he shall rule over thee," for that brutal husband was a natural product of woman's subjection. L. W.]

A good medium, and psychometrist of mining ores can be reached by addressing this office. For personal reading, communications or business advice, send name and age. Terms \$1. For mining send specimen. Terms \$2. Address Zendavesta, care of L. W. Home, Wash.

Our artist has taken a number of views of the place and people here, among them a view of my home with myself standing in front. Price of the views unmounted 15 cents each. Mounted 25 cents.

Address John L. Adams, Home, Wash.

Testimonial For Zendavesta.

Dear Madam: The Lady's readings reached me all right. The one marked L. is wonderfully accurate. Could not have been better if the lady had always known the subject. In nearly all points the same may be said of the reading marked N. He wishes to thank her for the wise advice given, and hopes he may yet realize what she says is possible. I can most heartily recommend her to any one wishing a reading.

GEO. W. NICKERSON.

Onset, Mass, June 17th 1901.

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.

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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.

TWISTING AND TURNING.

I once heard of a shop where ornamental wood work was a specialty, that had for a sign: "All sorts of twisting and turning done here."

I think it would have been an appropriate heading for Mr. Livesey's defense of Christianity, as found in another column. His first paragraph puts Christianity outside the pale of logic and reason. Of the three he names as types of men who were stripped of all and afterward rec'd a hundred fold, not one of them "forsook all" for Christ and the gospel's sake, but by a little "twisting" he so applies what they experienced, in Job's case going beyond the plain statement of the book to do so. Any school boy knows that "double" is not a hundred fold, though, being a hundred per cent, by doing a little "turning" it is made to apply.

But I do not care to spend time on Mr. Livesey's illogical article further than to note what he says about one man's bringing a hundred women here for his own gratification. I am quite sure, if such an abnormality came here he would have to bring his women or live alone.

Yes, we admit their right to come here if he and they are agreed, and we should not disturb them if they let us alone. But such is not the ideal of freedom here at Home. Experience goes to show that genuine freedom so balances the life forces as to take away that intense sex hunger which is the result of the lack of freedom.

When I was a child some one gave me a book of comic rhymes, one piece of which was headed, "The King of the Cannibal Islands." Mr. Livesey's article reminds me of it. I do not recollect it all, but part of one verse reads:

"This mighty king had in one hut
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a double amut,
This king of the cannibal islands;
So just one hundred wives he had"—

Well, the outcome was he got tired of his abundance, so he made a feast to his tribe, and they cooked and ate the surplus. I think the man who wrote that was inspired to give a symbolic representation of our Christian civilization where men like Depew and those "scores of old fellows" by their magnetic power or through the force of circumstances, bring women to their arms, then, tiring of them, they are dropped into the hell of prostitution to be consumed by the crowd.

If Mr. Livesey considers men who have a hundred women, or women who minister to a hundred

men as representatives of Christian liberty it is his privilege, to do so but I will excuse him from further explaining the matter to me. If my readers wish to know more of the gentleman's peculiar views they can apply at head quarters.

But I want to say something more of the natural effect of freedom. It would be very hard for one who never had nourishing food to understand the condition of one who had just what, and all that he needed. The first named would always be hungry, while the other would not think of food except at stated seasons. The hungry one co'd not be made to believe that the other could ever be in the midst of food and have no desire to eat. The analogy is apparent. It is the difference between freedom and slavery. Freedom is to society what the sun is to our bodies, calling winter slavery and summer freedom. During the winter of slavery artificial heat is continually called for, but in the summer of freedom tender flowers bloom unprotected in the open air, and if a stick of wood is picked up it does not suggest a fire. Turning to the subject in hand, sex, the poor, starved souls who have known nothing of freedom cannot understand, and they imagine intercourse where the parties concerned have not even thought of such a thing.

A man and a woman walked past my window this morning each with an arm around the other. I had often seen the woman walking with another woman in the same way and I thought no more of it in one case than in the other, but in Mother Grundy's impure eyes it would have been a terrible thing. Yes, it is so hard to make people understand what freedom means. A man came here who is widely known as a freeloader. When introduced to an intelligent and refined lady he bent forward to kiss her. She drew back.

"Why, I thought you was a free woman!"

"I am, free to refuse what I don't want."

The man had not yet learned that freedom is not aggression. He was taking too much for granted. "Free to refuse what I don't want." The legal bond does not give a woman the right to say that.

Again: It does not follow, because a woman is here that she is radical on the sex question. We have the radical and conservative, both men and women. The specialty of Home is not to regulate the lives of those who come here, but that they may live their own lives so long as they mind their own business and let others alone. We have no "fast" men or women, and no social outcasts, but we do have honesty, industry, sobriety, intelligence and refinement. Men like those of whom Mr. Livesey speaks would hardly feel at home here.

James F. Morton Jr. says through the columns of Discontent:

"Comrade Addis hits the nail squarely on the head, in his admirable characterization of the frauds who profess to 'cure poverty' by the remarkably fraternal and 'spiritual' method of teaching their patrons the art of psychologizing other people in order to get their money away from them. The coarse ignorance of economics which this implies would be ludicrous were it not painful. These charlatans are more dangerous than ordinary impostors in as much as they lay claim to spiritual leadership while pandering to the very worst features of commercialism."

I am glad to reproduce Comrade Morton's note, for I have long felt sorry for the ignorance of that class of people. They do not see the real position they occupy. I do not call them impostors, for there is power in the methods they use, but it is robbery all the same, though they do not see it so.

"FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. W."

"After the announcement of the above subject [The Relation of Christ to the Purity Question of To-day] in No. 58, Mrs. Waisbrooker's paper, 'Clothed with the Sun' asked, 'What has Christ to do with purity, or what does any one care concerning his attitude?' We quote from memory, as we haven't the article at hand.

"We will say for the benefit of Mrs. W. that in a country which reverences and worships Christ, his attitude on the purity question is of infinite importance. The Christian religion is the accepted faith of millions, and if Christ's attitude on the question is better than their lives they would likely be benefitted by knowing it."

Though differing with brother Cadwell as to what is truth, if he is the honest man I have believed him to be, he will correct his mis-quotation and give his readers what I did say. After declaring I would not work or anything that rested upon personal authority as its basis, I asked:

"What special good can come from knowing 'The Relation of Christ to the Purity Question of To-day?'"

Not a word about 'who cares' nor any intention of personal disrespect to Jesus as a man, but as a protest against relying upon authority as to what is purity and what is not. I am not so ignorant as not to know that many people do care, and more's the pity that they should try to live some one else's idea of purity instead of being so spontaneously pure as to reverence life's fountain. I am tired of hearing that fountain blasphemed by the would-be purists who count all use of sex impure that does not conform to their idea of what Jesus taught, when there is no possibility of really knowing what he did teach, if he ever lived other than as an ideal character. When I look at the evidence I feel like saying:

"Great God! on what a slender thread"

they hang their conclusions! I once was as devoted a Christian as one could ask, but when I began to think I saw that truth, principle, law, mode of action, or by whatever name we may call it, does not, can not rest upon the authority of any personality no matter how exalted, saw that it was eternal, uncreate; I then rejected all authority, and am no longer under the dominion of fear. Am I a worse woman because I no longer bow before Jesus and the Jewish Jehovah? No, I am not only a happier but a better woman. But, I was honest, so I can believe in the honest intent of those who stand where I once did, but I can also see that while honest as men and women, as Christians they become dishonest in that they claim what does not belong to them. I should consider myself as much a thief if I appropriated the credit of what another had done as if I had stolen a purse, just as much a thief if I stole for Christ's sake as if I stole for my own sake.

Those rejecting the claims of Christianity but seeing the importance of sex freedom, long ago declared prostitution and marriage slavery to be twin evils, that only through the full freedom of woman was there a remedy for the social evil. And for this we have been called all that is vile, have been shunned as if we were social poison, but when we have persisted in our claim till people have commenced to honestly investigate, Christians are, as usual, rushing to the front and claiming the credit of our work for their idol, Christ Jesus. Is this honest? No, it is not, but the very nature of the claim made for Christianity prevents their seeing the dishonesty. Politics and religion act alike on people. The party man who is a good neighbor, a kind friend under ordinary circumstances, will not hesitate to steal that neighbor's good name in order to defeat him if he becomes a candidate for office by the other party; so Christians who would think it a crime to steal an infidel neighbor's dinner for his own use will coolly appropriate the result of that neighbor's mental research to lay at the feet of his Jesus. What better proof can we have that subservience to authority, seen or unseen, is degrading to human nature?

But to the proof that Christians are beginning to put one foot upon our ground in connection with the sex question, are seeking to clothe the child, Social Freedom, in Christian robes and baptize it in the name of Jesus.

The "Rev." Jesse H. Jones says: "Now this subjection of the woman in the family, and the harlotry of the woman outside the family are co-ordinate—they inseparably go along together." Mr. Jones claims the subjection of woman to be the "accursed state," that the death of Jesus removes the curse, sets woman free in the family. Does the "Rev." Jesse realize the position in which he places his God—the absolute author of harlotry?

According to Jesse's logic, and in that he is correct, there would have been no prostitution but for the subjection of woman, therefore, when God (?) said: "and he shall rule over thee," he decreed harlotry.

What did Eve do to merit such a fate for herself and children for thousands of years? Poor Eve! a child in age if not in size, left to go forth alone, she listens to

one who seems wise and decides for herself, and for this she is so cursed by the Infinite Father that it cannot be removed except by the death of his only son. How can intelligent people believe such absurdities! I can account for it in no other way than by the hypnotic power of early teaching coupled with the continued influence of the selfish and ambitious spirit who, with his retinue, is working to obtain the full rulership of this planet. The "Rev." Jesse says:

"Jesus Christ of Nazareth, God's only and well beloved Son, came into this world to transform human nature in its substance and structure, and out of that transformed humanity to establish God's family."

A little different from that quoted from Koresch in our last issue, but in principle the same. I wonder if Jehovah was childless in the earth life that he is so anxious for a family now. But Jesse and his friends are not alone in claiming that Jesus brought sex freedom. Francis B. Livesey, a defender of Christianity, claims, and from the sayings of Jesus, the utmost freedom of the sex life, even to a hundred husbands or a hundred wives, says nothing is so heavenly to the true Christian as sexual intercourse. I hardly think the idea of Francis would harmonize with what Jesse calls purity, yet both draw their ideas from the same book. The fact is, the importance of the sex question is becoming recognized, and Christianity, true to its genus, fought it till, finding it could not be put down, now claims it; and how can it be otherwise with those whose central purpose is to claim all for Jesus, expecting to reign with him and share what they claim. I repeat what I said in my last. There can be no universal peace on the planet till Christianity yields its claims or rules everything.

By the way, this is the same Jesse who had the assurance to ask me to so change my "Fountain of Life" that he could recommend it. He wanted me to take out the passages I had purposely put in to keep Christians from claiming me when I can no longer speak for myself. Well, that was the minister. I presume, if we could get the minister out of the way, we would find a pretty good sized man left. I no doubt should have made money by it had I done as he wished but I am not yet ready to sell myself, not even for a promised share in Christ's kingdom.

CHRISTIANITY, LOVE, LIBERTY.

Editor Clothed with the Sun:

In your issue for June you make some reply to my letter on Liberty and Christianity. You say you do not judge Christianity by the churches but by the principles involved itself. This, ordinarily is well enough, but in the case of Christianity, there is only one way of correctly judging of it, and that is by one's own individual experience in it. It is a life as embracing as is human life from the cradle to the grave, and persons not experienced in it are apt to apply the rules for infants to the aged and vice versa. Hence, what is commonly called the "contradictions of the bible."

Joseph, Job and David are all types of men who had been stripped of all and who afterward received "one hundred fold more." Examples of the kind are not found now a days because those who begin the life fail to sufficiently live it out. I may say that I have rec'd a hundred fold more in some things already; it may be that I may receive the full complement. When I do I will be damned for not complying with that poverty which is commanded.

Yes, exactly; the woman who forsakes all is as much entitled to the promise as man. As there are women now who have a hundred men, so there may be women then who can have as many. There is no mistake about that. Everything will come to her who waits and works, the same as to the man. Christians are called to be a very lively set. As they grow all things and all styles of life are theirs.

You say, "And what of children?" A hundred of these may also follow in accordance with the same idea. If you want to see a sample of Christians perfectly free in their love relations, look at the Doukhobors. Everything in peace and plenty among them save outside persecution. Prof. Herron seems inclined to imitate them. Channcy Depew said the other day, "I'd like to marry every woman I know." I know scores of old fellows who would like to do the same. Society prevents him and them. Let him go to Home with his hundred loves and live without any marrying about it. They will go if he will support them and they are assured that no tar and feathers await them.

There is nothing selfish about the experienced Christian. Even his Christianity itself is taken from him

as a test. Even his God denied him. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" is the cry of every experienced Christian, not for a moment only, but for years at a time. A people so emptied of themselves are prepared to appreciate all things and all people.

The true Christian worships nothing. Tolstoy says so also. He hears, obeys, and when he hears nothing he continues quietly along his last given work. He is open for anything that comes along, whether from heaven or earth. All that he needs is his inward peace, with that intact he is free to accept anything.

"In the light of clear, dispassionate reasoning, Christianity is a stupendous failure." So is baby life, yet the baby knows perfectly well how to suck its mother and secure what is necessary for its sustenance.

In the light of "dispassionate reasoning" love itself is also a very silly thing, and many reasoning professors have made themselves famous in spurning it on that account. If Christianity is any one thing it is love. It is pre-eminently a thing of feeling. No man feels inclined to reject an enjoyable feeling because he can't reason about it. He will take it with thanks and ask for more.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

A friend writes:

"All of what you say may be true; you certainly make it appear very reasonable, and yet the thought of people going about the world longing for each other, in that way, or in a condition of desire without having the mind fixed on any one individual, is very irritating and repulsive. If I was all-powerful, all-wise, and all-good I would not cause intelligent creatures of my fashioning to be so tortured in their own natures. It is bad enough for he lower orders, for I cannot see that the chickenyard or the sheep yard performances are very edifying, and this little village is getting famous for the same sort of thing. Amorous and avaricious crowds come here every Sunday and fill the resorts and scatter out through the woods in pairs. In most cases it seems to be by mutual willingness, but will that make the world better or purify the relation of the sexes?"

[It needs no purifying. It is not impure only as our thoughts make it so. Which are the most impure, those who "scatter out in pairs" or those who stay behind imagining there is but one thing couples can go into the woods for? It seems to me a very natural thing for those held in the city during the week to go to the woods on Sunday, but not for the purpose indicated. The city furnishes better opportunity. It is our own minds that need purifying. Stop trying to regulate the life stream by man made laws; respect instead of despising that fountain out of which all things spring, and there will be no danger of impurity. L. W.]

Later—Have heard from all my character readings from the name, and all are pleased. Good!

Mrs. McIntosh, Clarksville, Ark. writes:

"I am greatly pleased with your sentiments in regard to mediums being kept under the hypnotic control of spirits. You say: 'I am no 'instrument' in the hands of powers seen or unseen.' That has the right ring. I am a medium but I never could believe it best to yield myself to be guided—controlled by another. The child that is always carried never learns to walk. We should not be the puppet of some other will. As Emerson says, it is only as we put off all external support that we grow strong and prevail. We should stand up as straight as a liberty pole. The object of life is to develop our magnificent possibilities, and this cannot be done if we allow others to control our lives. The safest plan is to think for ourselves; soon or later we must stand alone and the sooner we reach that stage of growth the better."

In making remittances please send silver or postal order, as I cannot dispose of stamps here as in a larger place. So far I have heard of no losses from sending silver. Cut a hole in a piece of pasteboard the size of the piece to be sent, fit it in, then paste a bit of paper on each side.

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UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARR.

Continued from last issue.

"No true gentleman does."

"Then the other one wasn't a gentleman," referring to a previous guest.

Mrs. Middleton smiled but did not reply. Chloë noted this and thought:

"Don't talk about people, she don't."

Of course Middleton made the most of his English guest, letting it be known, incidentally of course, that he belonged to the aristocracy. The way it was done was by talking of the injustice of the English law which gives the oldest son the title and the estate.

"Why should not children all share alike as in our own country?" he said in a tone calculated to hide his real purpose. John was well suited to his profession.

"Couldn't very well divide the title," replied his listener.

"That's so, and the estate is necessary to the title; its the system, as Helen says; well, I'm glad we have no nobility in this country," and his caller left without the least idea that the conversation had been brought about by John with the purpose of showing the high social position of his guest.

John decided that Helen was really doing very well, but on the evening before the gentleman's departure something occurred that astonished the 'rising young lawyer' beyond measure and gave his sister the opportunity to say what she wished without being blamed for broaching the subject.

During the evening the company invited had been discussing various topics of interest, when, during a pause in the conversation Mr. Barton remarked:

"I believe you have a labor problem in this country?"

This confused John and he made the worst reply possible if he wanted to keep Helen from expressing herself strongly.

"We have a few fanatics," he said, "who are trying to make the working man discontented," inwardly quaking as he tried to catch Helen's eye.

"You do not anticipate any change then in the condition of the laborer?"

This was said in a tone that puzzled John Middleton, lawyer as he was, and he hardly knew how to reply, but he managed to say he did not think there would be any great change, "perhaps a few modifications in favor of the workers," Helen could keep silent no longer.

"Yes, Mr. Barton," she said, "there will be a great change, one that will do justice to the workers. We may be fanatics but we are in earnest and will not give up the struggle till those who produce the wealth have their share."

This speech produced quite a sensation. The most of those present being John's particular friends, their thought was for him; knowing how radical Helen was, they looked at each other as if to ask, what next? John braced himself for the inevitable, casting about, meanwhile, for something to create a diversion, while Millie Howard arose and took a seat beside Helen in token of approval. Mr. Barton noted Miss Howard's movement, waited till she was seated and then said:

"Miss Middleton, I am glad to hear you say that, and if there are many more ladies like you in this country I hope you will get the ballot soon," then, noticing the surprised looks of the company he continued, "It may seem strange to you, ladies and gentleman, to hear this from me, but you must not think that all who happen to be born above a certain social line are heartless."

"But how is it," asked John, "that I

never heard such sentiments from you before? We were together for months when I was in Europe and I never heard a word indicating that you were interested in anything of the kind; have you changed your views?"

"No, my friend, I have not changed, but the occasion did not come, and it is of little use to make an effort there unless for an entire revolution, a complete change in the very structure of society, but here things are not so solidified. One motive for my visiting this country was to study its institutions in reference to their influence upon the whole people; I wanted to see if you could preserve your democracy or if you were dividing into classes."

"There can be no permanent democracy while the aim of so many seems to be to see how closely they can imitate Europe," remarked Helen.

"A very foolish thing to do, but is that the only reason, Miss Middleton?"

"That and an economic system which makes it easy to create an aristocracy of wealth," she replied.

"But why, Mr. Barton," asked John's law partner and special friend, Theodore Sloan, "did you wait till the last evening of your stay with us before letting your object be known? we would gladly have given you any information we could."

The Englishman smiled; the tone in which this was said showed so evidently it was done for effect that even John was annoyed, though Helen sometimes said of him he never could see The's faults because his father was a Congressman.

"I do not doubt that, Mr. Sloan," said Barton, "but you lawyers know that we sometimes learn faster when our object is not known. I find observation to be the best teacher, but to-night I introduced the subject thinking, as we have talked of so many things, you might be keeping this one back lest it should not be interesting to me."

"I'm very glad you did," said Helen. John would like to have said the same but his sentiments were so well known he felt it would not do, so he remained silent, but his mother asked:

"How long since you became interested in these questions, Mr. Barton?"

"Ever since I began to think, Madam; my mother belonged to what is called the plebeian class; one of the first lessons she taught me was that neither wealth nor position but genuine worth made the real man and woman, that all else was but paste."

"That accounts for it," said Sloan in an under tone to John.

"Don't be a fool, The," said John in a yet lower tone, for Sloan spoke louder than he was aware; he did not intend Barton to hear and the latter's prompt reply somewhat abashed him.

"Yes, Mr. Sloan, that accounts for it; the influence of a good and wise woman cannot be over-estimated. My mother was governess for the younger children in my grandfather's family; she won my father's heart and he married her, and if there is one thing more than another for which I revere my father's memory it is for giving me such a mother; man never had a better."

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Barton would not have replied to what had not been intended for his ear, but in this case he could not pass by the implied slur upon his mother.

"Is your mother living?" asked Millie Howard.

"I received a letter from her this morning," he replied, "and she particularly wished me to look into the condition of the working classes here."

"And was it that which brought the

subject up this evening?" asked Helen.

"In part, yes, though I was hoping some one else would introduce it."

Right here the scheming lawyer tho't, if the father married out of rank why should not the son, and what a fine thing it would be if he should marry Helen; however, Barton's next words dispelled his air castle.

Mrs. Middleton said to him: "How happy it must make your mother to have you agree with her so entirely."

"It makes me happy," he replied, "and I also have the satisfaction of knowing that the lady I hope to marry agrees with her also," then, feeling that his personal matters were absorbing too much of the attention of the company he adroitly changed the subject.

After the company left, all but Millie and she remained the night, Mrs. Middleton said:

"Well, daughter, when the conversation to-night took the turn it did I tho't of the saying: 'all things come to those who wait;' I was so glad you were quiet till the way opened before you."

"And so am I," said Millie, "oh but John's face turned all sorts of colors when he found that he was on the wrong side of the question to be in harmony with his friend."

Helen smiled. "Yes," she said, "I have had so much to contend with it was very pleasant to find myself so well sustained, but suppose Mr. Barton had waited also. If the way is to be opened some one must do the opening."

"And you think it might as well be you as another; oh Helen, you are too practical for any use!"

"Then, Millie, don't try to use me."

This produced a laugh and Millie declared that Helen was incorrigible.

"What time does the train go in the morning?" asked Mrs. Middleton.

"Mr. Barton doesn't go till evening, mother, and we must plan to have a good talk with him."

"I don't see how we can do that, Helen, as John will absorb his time."

"The way has opened there too, mother; I heard John ask to be excused till after lunch as he had business that would detain him till then."

"Dinner, you mean," corrected Millie, "John said lunch."

"Oh you paragon of exactness, you'll never misrepresent anybody."

"What will you call me next, Millie?"

"Call you to bed," she replied, as she ran laughing up stairs. Helen followed slowly, thinking, thinking, thinking.

Millie chatted away, but finding that Helen made no response she turned to see what it meant.

"What's the matter with you, Hel, (her pet name for Helen) you needn't feel so bad because this Prince is beyond your reach; there'll come another."

"Don't, I want to think," was all the response she received.

"All right, I'll not say another word to you to-night; its no use trying when you get one of your thinks on," and Millie was soon in bed and asleep, but Helen sat by the window hour after hour trying to solve problems that made both heart and brain ache, even to think of.

Toward morning she lay down and dropped into a troubled slumber in which she was still trying to find what she could do toward changing the conditions which generate so much injustice. She tho't in her sleep:

"Oh, if I could only have time to carry out plans, but life is so short and with it ends our chance to work."

"Not so," a voice responded, "not so, death is only dropping the body, the spirit goes or remains as its leading desire prompts it to do."

"But how can I work without a body," she asked.

"Use other people's bodies; be a quickening spirit to them."

She looked to find whence the voice came, but could see no one, then awoke with the words of her dream distinctly impressed on her brain. The thought was new to her but somehow it had a quieting effect upon her excited nerves, and she fell into a restful sleep from which she was awakened by hearing Millie say:

"Sleep on, Hel; I will go down and entertain the prince."

"Oh, you will!" exclaimed Helen jumping up and beginning to dress.

"Thought that would waken you," said Millie, as she ran laughingly down stairs in answer to the breakfast bell. Helen was not far behind.

"What a happy girl you are, Mille, you go laughing up stairs at night and come down laughing in the morning," said Mrs. Middleton.

"People are not always happy when they laugh, and Hel can do enough of the solemn for both of us," was Millie's reply.

Breakfast over, John stayed and chatted with his guest as long as was possible, then invited Barton to witness the trial that he must attend.

"No, thanks; I will, with their permission, remain with the ladies; will you be through by lunch?"

"I think so, if not I will have the case put over, then I can be with you the remainder of the day."

"Are you sure you can do that," asked Barton with a look of surprise which John did not notice.

"Oh yes, the judge is my friend and will do so if I ask him," and the lawyer hurried away, never dreaming how much he had lowered himself in the estimation of another friend. But Helen saw and felt, and remarked:

"That is not your idea of the way justice should be administered, Mr. Barton."

"It is not, Miss Middleton. A judge, in administering the law, should know neither friend or foe."

"I wish John had chosen some other profession," said Mrs. Middleton, but he says it is about the only road to Congress and there is where he has set his mark. My son is very ambitious, Mr. Barton; I wish he were less so."

"If he is ambitious to win a place in which he can better serve the interests of the people, it is all right, dear lady," was Barton's reply.

To be continued.

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