



VOL. II.

HOME, WASH., SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. VIII.

TO LABOR.

Shall you complain who feed the world?
Who clothe the world?
Who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power,
The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand,
Your strong right hand,
Your skilled right hand;
You hold the whole world in your hand.
See to it what you do!
Or dark or light,
Or wrong or right,
The world is made by you!

Then rise as you ne'er rose before,
Nor hoped before,
Nor dared before,
And show as ne'er was shown before,
The power that lies in you!
Stand all as one
Till right is done!
Believe and dare to do!

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

WAS IT A "DEED OF SHAME?"

"Curse him! No, never! he is not to blame;
'Twas woman's love, stronger than death itself,
That prompted me to do this deed of shame,
And as God lives, I'll bear the blame myself."

The above is taken from a poem entitled: *A Wail From An Unfortunate*, found in a book of poems, by M. M. Sisco, and called inspirational. As I see things the inspiration is from the awakened activity of her own soul forces. The book sparkles with golden gleams of truth shining through the rifts made in the clouds of old theology. When the mists have rolled away she will see so clearly she will repudiate much of what she has in these poems attempted to blend with the new thought. Then the love-act that leads to motherhood will not be called a "deed of shame."

THE POPULATION QUESTION.

I read an article on the above question in a recent "Discontent" to which I felt like replying, but find in the next issue of that paper a reply from comrade Morton which so far meets the case, I shall quote from it in part and thus spare my own brains. The comrade says:

"The reckless breeding characteristic of our present social disorder is easily accounted for and unavoidable, while the present conditions continue. It is part and parcel of the whole damnable system. To preach, however, that it is the cause, rather than the consequence of our deplorable state, that universal self-restraint and "continence" on the part of "the poorer classes" is practicable to-day, and must precede any attempt to liberate themselves from invasion and exploitation, is only to play the old game of the apologist for the capitalist and authoritarian aggression, so cleverly inaugurated by that sanctimonious clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Mal-

thus. * * * There are enough enemies of progress who make use of Malthusianism, as others do of prohibition to tighten their grip on the masses. Both say to the workers: Your misery is entirely your own fault. Learn self-control!"

I would like to emphasize the above, for not only are these so-called reforms used as an apology for the rich by blaming the poor for their own condition, but really honest souls are misled to work on the same line; they are so short sighted they do not see that the evils they deplore are the natural, the legitimate fruit of the system of economic and social rule under which we live, and the same may be said of all the attempts at reforming that which cannot be reformed. The present system must go. We must have a new one, a new garment suited to the growth of the age. There is one point in comrade Morton's article where I do not see as he does. He says:

"In a free, harmonious, and intelligent society checks would be needed."

I do not see it so. Mother Nature, as I read her, will furnish her own checks if we follow her law, which a really intelligent person would do. One point:—The more fully the sex life of woman is unfolded, the more complete and intense her enjoyment, the less danger of conception. To illustrate the governing law, I will relate a story that I heard some years since. It was as follows:

A couple who were of an ardent nature and very much attached, desired a child but no child came.

Finally the man told his wife that the fault might be with him, said he loved her so well he could love a child of hers if he was not its father. After much discussion of the matter, she consented to his proposition on condition that he should choose the man, send him to her in the dark, and she should never know who it was. The friend selected seemed to have an idea of where the trouble lay, for when the time came he sent the husband. The woman conceived. The reason is evident. The conditions made her negative. She could not take an active part with a supposed stranger. She was simply receptive, and that is the propagative plane.

Marriage, marital right, holds woman to the negative condition, the child bearing plane, and hence the trouble to the poor of being overburdened with a family that must be brought up in some way for the benefit of the state, of the rich, or of both, and if they can be used by neither they are considered of no account. Our social system, its teachings all tend to hold woman to the child bearing plane, and a woman who marries, unless the man is better than the law, must bear all the children possible; this whether she wants them or not, for man-made law allows the husband a divorce if she refuses to satisfy his passion, she can then be sent away from her children and another woman take her place to bear more children; but if she submits, the one who dares to teach her how to avoid conception or to produce miscarriage is liable to imprisonment. Oh yes, legal marriage is a blessed (?) institution!

Right here, allow me to say, I instinctively shrink from the word, breeding, in connection with human beings. The association of ideas is so strong, I can only think of cattle when that word is used; and yet, the present enforced conditions make woman simply a breeder for church and state. But nature's protests are her prophecies, and the natural repulsion to that word felt by so many, together with woman's increasing dislike to motherhood, point to the time when she will be something more than a species of cattle; when she need not be a mother unless she chooses, and no unnatural practices will be needed to prevent unwholesome motherhood.

I have no blame for those who use checks, and even the destruction of the foetus may sometimes be the least of two evils; I only want to carry the idea that these are emergency measures made necessary by false conditions. I want to say that the legitimate way out of over-population is by the law of growth, and that we demand the conditions for such growth, the first of which is FREEDOM.

LENA GROTE vs. THE STATE.

"A few days ago Lena Grote, the thirteen-year-old daughter of a poor widow of Matteson, Ill. with her little brother, was walking through an open field near her suburban home, when they discovered a hen's nest with some eggs in it. The number of eggs has not yet been determined, but at any rate the children took them out of the nest and carried them home.

"It was a great crime, of course, and something had to be done about it. Something was done. The woman who 'owned' the eggs complained to the 'authorities,' and in the name of the 'State' and by way of vindicating the majesty of the law of the land, the authorities sent two great big policemen after little Lena Grote. The policemen laid the heavy hand of the State upon the wee bit of a thing and brought her trembling with fear, to the county jail, where she must remain until such time as she shall be called upon to give an account of herself before the august tribunal of justice!

Rev. Thos. B. Gregory in Chicago American.

I have used but a small part of the Rev. gentleman's article in which he chastises the state for its injustice, not seeming to realize that the state itself is an injustice, that he might as well attempt to make a black bird white as to try to make the state just. He says of Lena Grote: "She is ignorant, illiterate, sallow-faced, simple-minded, a poor little human runt." Imagine, please, the majesty of those stalwart agents of the law taking the simple-minded child to jail, then blush for the stupidity of a people that glory in being law-abiding. Group the woman who made the complaint with the others and I can hardly imagine a better illustration of the brutalizing effect of authority.

Again I say, if Mental Science has the power claimed for it, and its advocates would center their forces upon the cause of such bitter wrong instead of their own petty schemes the institutions that grind up the weaker members of humanity would soon totter and fall.

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 specimens. Terms \$2. Address Zendavesta, care of L. W. Home, Wash.

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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 xii, 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.

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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.

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

AN APPEAL TO WOMAN.

MY SISTERS:—In making my appeal to you, I
must first strip off the glamour that is now thrown
around us, must show just the position we occupy.

The biers of the dead are often covered with the
the sweetest flowers, but their fragrance does not bring
back to life the still forms lying beneath. We have
been adorned with the flowers of song and story, but
such adornment does not break, it only hides our
chains. Born into these chains, so educated as to fit us
to them, many of us do not feel their pressure more
than we think is for our good till we begin to grow
from within instead of being shaped from without, but
still the fact remains, that as women, we are slaves.

It is true that, as human beings, we have many
rights in common with men, rights that they have se-
cured to us, but when it comes to sex we are slaves.
Church and state own and dispose of us thro' their
agents the priest, the legislator, and the judge. These
are the trinity ruling us for the benefit of said owners,
and they practically say to us:

"You have no sex. It is not, and never can be yours.
It was created for man's use; you but hold it in trust.
We decree that it shall be used only under the legal
conditions that we ordain, for the good of church and
state demands such regulation. You must first pledge
your body to some man during life. Then it is your
wifely duty to submit to the desires of your legal lord
at all times, for you must bear all the children possible
for your owners, church and state. They will dispose
of those children as they see best; you have nothing
to do with that. It is yours to bear, and care for till
wanted.

If you are submissive in all this and teach your
daughters to be the same, then you will have the re-
ward of being called good and virtuous women, and a
good name is more precious than rubies. But if you
rebel, if you play the harlot—well—we will visit you,
we will crowd ourselves upon you, will shut you out
from all other means of support, will drink up your
life as fast as possible, then have your bodies carted
to the Potter's field."

Is not the picture true to nature—to the position we
occupy as women? I need not ask you if you have
thought upon this for I know you have. You dare not
whisper your questionings, many of you, but you have
them all the same; and now, you who dare read, you
who dare listen, ask me what you shall do.

It would be easier to tell you what not to do, but
permit me to ask what you are willing to pay for free-
dom? Can you give up the reward of submission, of
slavery, a "character" from your masters? Are you
willing to accept of self-approval in the place of a good

name from others if you can have but one? Until
you can do this—until you are strong enough to take
and maintain your freedom you have not grown to
fitness for it. Our first work then, is to learn our
own worth, to learn the value of self approval.

A lady who was asked her idea of the command to
love our neighbor as ourselves, replied: "We have
yet not half learned how to love ourselves."

It is equally true that we as women, have not yet
half learned how to value ourselves. When we do,
when we demand and maintain our right to our own
bodies, we shall then command what we now plead
for, and sacrifice our convictions to obtain, the re-
spect, the approval of others.

Who are these who claim the right to control us?
The fruit of our bodies. Shall we then permit that
which has come forth from between our feet to rise up
and become our head?

Again I ask: Who are those who claim the right
to make laws for us and then imprison us if we do not
interpret and obey from their standpoint? Our chil-
dren, every one of whom has nestled beneath some wo-
man's heart, has gathered body and brain from the
very fibres of her life. Yes, our children!

Why do they do so—these, our men-children? Is it
because they are natural y so very bad?

Oh, no; they have great, kind hearts, but their
heads are so out of tune, so filled with false ideas (ours
are not much better off) that their hearts have little
chance to act. No, they are not deliberately bad, but
they have been wrongly taught. In their conflict with
the undeveloped forces of nature they have had to use
force, so they deified force as God, imagined a person-
al being who gave out commands which must be obeyed
or the consequences would be fearful.

Oh, no; don't condemn these our children, but pity
them that they are under the rule of force and fear,
they have known no better way. The time has come
however, for us to teach them better, and if we do not
the blame is ours. They, our children, cannot free us.
We must free ourselves; and they, seeing that our
power is not from force or fear, but begotten of the
spiritual and born of love, will glory in their mothers.

The first thing then, is a due appreciation of our-
selves as mothers of the race, of the fact that as we are
intelligent, well situated and free, so will the race be,
that as we are antagonized, ruled, wronged, outraged,
dependent, submissive to wrong, so will the race be.
The crushed condition of millions of our child-
ren, the cellars, the garrets, the rat-riddled tenements
they are forced to inhabit, the prisons, the asylums,
the thousands of our daughters who are disease con-
taminating and disease rotting because not allowed to
own their own bodies—because of the fact that as wo-
man is—as she is free or bound, so must the race be.

Right here I wish to emphasize the claim made in
the early part of this work, to-wit, if there was no
ownership of sex, if woman was free from all outside
pressure, she would receive the sex embrace only
when, and from whom she desired, hence there would
be no conflict of feeling, no conflict of sex life. All
would be harmony in the creative sphere, and, as har-
mony is health there would be no sex disease. Another
claim—no child of an intelligent, free, satisfied,
and happy mother will ever become a drunkard, or a
criminal in any true sense of the term; neither will
the children of such mothers be born idiotic or be-
come insane. What we now have is but the natural
result of our enslaved condition as

"We have sat unresisting—defenceless,
Making the men of the world."

Yes, men are equipped for this life through us, their
bodies and brains are from us, and if inferior, it is be-
cause we are held as inferior; if they are discordant,
it is because the very air we breathe is filled with the
elements of discord, and so through all: we have fur-
nished the material from ourselves, and the fruit bears
the character of what we have been forced to be.

We are not our very selves, never have been. Look
about you, my sisters, and see what you can find that
bears the stamp of woman's individuality. Is it reli-
gion? No; that is masculine, both man and God. Is
it morality? No; that is masculine, every plank fit-
ted to man's supremacy and personal God authority,
backed by force and fear. Is it in government, com-
merce, in any institution of human interest? No, no,
no. All is from man's standpoint, and our opinion
is not even asked. They have, in the name of God,
laid upon us commands that cannot be obeyed, then
preached total depravity, helplessness and Jesus.

They have given us a system of society that it is
impossible to harmonize, then attempted to enforce

their ideals with prison, torture, the hangman's rope
and armies standing ready to deal in wholesale death.

And what is woman's part in all this? To cover
with the flowers of tenderness and charity some of the
hideous features of man's attempt to serve heaven
with hell's weapons, of man's attempt to bring order
out of chaos with the motive powers of force and fear.
It never has been done: it never can be done, and
woman at the helm of such a system as we now have
would make worse work than man has done.

No, there is no part of our present system of society
that bears the impress of woman's individuality. She
is active, is becoming more so, but everywhere, in all
places man either takes the lead or his methods are
copied. We have no organized body of women work-
ing from methods of independent thinking. They step
into places that hitherto only man has filled, but they
adopt his methods, study his books, or write books
involving the same principles; they do this and think
they are making progress, but in it all they have not
begun to look for themselves.

We have so long measured ourselves by man's meas-
ure that the self-centered power of the real woman-
soul is yet hidden. This we must find.

I am well aware it is not an easy thing to step
out from inherited tendencies and educated ideas and
think for one's self, but this is what we must do, and
it will take big thinking before we can place ourselves
where we rightly belong. Giving a little personal ex-
perience to illustrate: I fairly trembled at what
seemed my own audacity when I gathered the cour-
age to declare that the same principle which condemns
a Catholic for burning a Protestant, or a Protestant
for hanging a Quaker, condemns Elijah, the prophet
of the bible God, for his wholesale murder of the
prophets of Baal, but the principle was correctly ap-
plied. Every question of right and wrong must be de-
cided upon its own merits. That which injures or in
any way wrongs another cannot be made right be-
cause of any command coming from any government
or from any God.

Judging by such standard, is it right that man sho'd
enslave woman through her sex? Supposing the Jew-
ish story of creation to be true, what right has a God
to create woman to be subject to her sons and the sex
slave of her husband? What does the law of heredity
say of the natural result of woman's submission.

Man's religion has put us as mothers, in a depend-
ent position, thus making our sons the subservient
tools of those in power, ready, at their command,
to shoot down a common brotherhood, filling the land
with widows and orphans. What for; why such car-
nage? To preserve a nation's honor! Ah, a duelist's
code of honor! If our sons may not shoot their own
enemies, what right has the government to demand
that they shoot its enemies? Mothers should teach
their sons not to fight. War will never cease till wo-
man finds herself. The spiritual power of the awaken-
ed woman-soul will quench the spirit of war as wa-
ter quenches fire.

MY SISTERS: Let us call on this inner selfhood to
help us to examine every institution of society in the
light of truth free from the bias of previous teaching
to find if there is any portion of our present system
based upon the principle of love. What do we find?
Force, force everywhere the ruling power; force im-
prisons, maims, kills, while love stands helplessly by,
weeping and waiting if perchance she may soothe the
sufferers. Talk of Jesus on the cross! call out the emo-
tions to the utmost in view of the sufferings of the one,
but know that this system of force is the ever present
cross on which the true Christ, the true God-love—
Mother-love, is continually crucified.

Now, my sisters, in view of all this, in view of all
the efforts that have been, and are being made by good
men and women to remedy the evils of this system
based upon force, and their utter failure, what shall
be done? Shall we struggle for place and power un-
der such a system—one in which one class of the
people cannot be bettered without injuring some other
class—one that cannot give us health without starving
the doctors—that cannot give us peace and order with-
out taking away the lawyer's means of support—that
cannot give woman employment without leaving men
idle and converting them into tramps—a system that,
as a whole, cannot be made better—shall we ask for
the ballot, shall we struggle for place and power under
such a system—one that holds the mothers of the race
in subjection, robs them of what should be theirs be-
cause of the importance of their work—shall we con-
tinue to struggle with the difficulties of such a system
or shall we repudiate it and demand that life, and the

AN INCIDENT.

needs of life be met with love?

My Sisters: Let us counsel together; let us unite as a Loyal Sisterhood, loyal to ourselves and to coming generations. They are coming, coming from out the great unknown and what reception shall they have?

Shall prisons open for them? Shall asylums hide their broken minds? Shall cellars and garrets be their shelter? Shall hunger drive them to desperation? Shall the Potter's field receive their abused and diseased rotted bodies? Shall grape-shot and cannon mow them down like grass, or shall the hangman's rope choke them out of life?

All this, and more, must be the fate of millions of them unless we gestate a new system to take the place of that which now robs and ruins.

My Sisters: What shall we do, rise to the dignity of our work, or continue to occupy a place in the social structure subject to our sons? I for one, demand the right to myself, and a system of society based on love instead of force.

—My Century Plant.

The following poem, given thro' the hand of James H. Young, medium, is published for the sentiment.

THE HERE AND THE NOW.

In this land of the here and the now,
Where free man and woman sho'd dwell,
Ne'er to error or ignorance bow,
Nor worship when called by the bell.
In the here and the now,
The good and the true thus reply,
"Use the here and the now,
Nor think of the sweet by and by."

Should the man and the woman agree
To improve and make use of the now,
The result a condition would be
To which spirits and mortals could bow,
In the here and the now.

Then the man and the woman could live
As Dame Nature did always intend.
True freedom to all we would give—
The hand of firm friendship extend
In the here and the now.

Then heaven on earth would be found;
Nor discord nor envy appear;
But harmony echo the sound,
As angels and loved ones draw near,
In the here and the now.

CIVILIZATION. (?)

The following is taken from the New York Journal, purports to have been captured when the allies looted the palace at Peking, and to be one of a series of letters written from this country by Tseng Ching Fa to the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"I Have made a careful study of the religion of New York in accordance with Your Serene Excellency's instructions, without being able to find historical evidence that any form of the Christianity which is preached by American missionaries in China controls either the business, the political or the social life of the city. I have also made a careful examination of all the histories of New York in the libraries and book stores, and have found no evidence that either Christianity or any other form of religion controls in politics or business.

It is related in one of the histories I have examined that Manhattan Island, on which the wealthiest and worst part of Greater New York now stands, was discovered by one Hendrik Hudson, who, in order to trade to better advantage with the inhabitants, gave them large quantities of a bad article of rum, and after reducing them to a state of imbecility, gave them a few beads and other trinkets for the right to civilize and Christianize the country. As the only form in which the aboriginal inhabitants of New York now survive is that of wooden images in front of the cigar stores, I presume that they have been sufficiently civilized and Christianized to be as wholly unobjectionable as the people of China may become after it has had the benefit of similar influences."

If your Postmaster don't know it, tell him that Home is a postal order office, as it is inconvenient to have orders made out on Tacoma.

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

"Are you too busy to spare a little time to talk with a stranger?"

"Oh no, come in; my work can wait, and I may not have another chance to talk with you."

"I was at — and I took a notion I would come and learn something of you people."

"All right; we like to have people investigate; the more the better."

"I was over at the office and talked with them awhile, and they sent me over here," with something of an embarrassed air.

"Oh yes, they know I'm not afraid to talk."

After a little talk on the all-important question he said: "I want to tell you what I saw when coming and ask you what you think of it. I came along the beach from — and about three miles from here I came upon a man and woman who were nude."

"What should I think of it? I know nothing who or what they were. They may have been man and wife who came there to bathe, or, being two miles away from every place thought they were safe in taking a sun bath. Whatever their purpose, it was their business, not mine."

"I talked with the man some but did not get a full view of his face; I think however, I sho'd know him should I meet him again."

"And you are looking for him here?"

"I think he belongs here."

"Why should you think that? Three miles from here and but two miles to the village beyond, while at this season of the year the woods in that direction are full of campers."

No reply, but a slight shrug said as plainly as words could have done: "Because you are free-lovers," as though there was any love in that!

This was Saturday, 10 A. M. The gentleman remained thro' the day, interviewed various parties, staid over night, went with us to the gathering at the park on Sunday, and left on the three o'clock boat, having made arrangements to come for another visit and bring his wife, he was so well pleased, but he didn't find his man here.

This inquirer is an honest seeker of truth but was prejudiced. A man has just written one of our number for information how to reach us. He too wants to investigate; but he will not be pleased.

Our idea of love is not the selling of one's self for money as I am credibly informed he tried a year ago to find a woman to go to Nome with him for that purpose. Not that we claim the right to prevent others doing so if they wish, but that is not our ideal, and men of that stamp who come here will be disappointed. Men and women have the right to roll in the mud if they choose, but is it the better way?

The people of Home have a great deal of sociability with the settlements around. The prejudice felt at first has worn away; outsiders send their children to our school, attend our entertainments, and we are asked in a body to go to theirs. Our music is in good demand. A short time since we were invited to a poverty ball about seven miles distant. Some twenty-five or thirty of our people went, and one of them, Mr. Thompson, won the prize as the best personation of poverty. He went as a Scotch beggar. The launches took them over on the bosom of the bay.

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.

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UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARK.

Continued from last issue.

"Very true," she replied, "but do you think that is often done?"

"Not as often as I could wish, for if they start with that intention they are very likely to forget it before the goal of their ambition is reached."

Helen laughed out. Mr. Barton looked the question he did not put into words, and her mother said:

"What is it, Helen?"

"I was laughing at the very idea of one trying, deliberately planning, to reach Congress for the good of the people. You suggested the idea, Mr. Barton, to comfort mother, but when questioned, you are too honest to attempt to maintain your position."

"And you are too honest for conventional society," said Mrs. Middleton, looking a little annoyed.

"I suppose I am, mother, but we have no such here, and I have too much respect for Mr. Barton to suppose he cares for it."

"Thanks, Miss Middleton, but do you really think it impossible for a man to aim for a high position that he may be better able to serve the people?"

"I do, Mr. Barton. The natural working of our competitive system makes it so. Men do not seek high positions to serve but to rule."

"But if one's ruling purpose is to do good has he not a wider range of influence for good in a high position than in a low one?"

"Certainly, and if such a one is born in a low position and events carry him to a high one it is well, but the man whose ruling purpose is to do good has no time to plan and work for an office. If he reaches a high place it will be the natural outcome of his work for the public good. The place will seek him."

"Miss Middleton, lady Carlton of England is thinking along these lines. She writes me she would like an American lady for a correspondent, may I give her permission to write to you?"

This was a surprise. Helen hesitated and seemed embarrassed.

"Now Helen, don't back down when the way opens like that," said Millie.

"Thanks, Miss Howard, help me to persuade her."

A little more hesitation, then remembering the evening before, she smiled and replied:

"It seems to be Mr. Barton's mission to open the way, Millie; we should have had no labor talk last night but for him."

"And were you sorry?" he asked.

"Oh, no; indeed, I was very glad."

"I am now trying to open the way for lady Carlton; shall I succeed?"

"Yes, Mr. Barton, she can write to me, and if her letter opens the door of my thoughts till they will flow readily from my pen I will reply."

"Open the door of your thoughts," repeated Millie.

Helen gave her an amused but loving look as she said in response:

"Did you never meet with people in whose presence you could neither talk nor think, could hardly answer yes or no to a plain question?"

"Indeed I have, but I never thought of it in connection with doors."

"Well, if you stop to think about it, you will see that there are doors to our thoughts and feelings as well as to our houses that only the right key can open."

"That is very true," said Barton, "but I am no judge or lady Carlton will not fail to interest you, and as she has honored me by promising to be my wife, I hope you will become the best of friends."

Indeed, if you will all join in the correspondence I am sure she would be much pleased."

"Mr. Barton," said Mrs. Middleton, "Helen and I are studying this system of things to see if we can find the causes which make people good or bad, and we desire to ascertain, if possible, how much is due to heredity, how much to environment, or if some are inherently bad and others good from no cause that can be discovered. Please pardon me then, if I ask if lady Carlton is in any way connected by the tie of blood with what is called the plebeian class, and if so, will that account for her interest in them?"

"So far as lady Carlton's lineage is concerned, I think she will tell you herself in time; I do not feel free to do so," he replied, "but I have come to the conclusion that the system under which we live has more to do with vice and crime than all else combined. It naturally generates injustice and this injustice acts upon the moral atmosphere as malaria does upon the physical; it makes people sick, morally sick, and the effect of that sickness is counted crime."

"Your thoughts have followed about the same lines that ours have. Mr. Barton, it is the system under which we live, the inequalities it sanctions that is the cause, not only of crime, but of the selfishness, the hardness, seeming and real, which prevails in the business world."

She then told him her experience before Helen's birth, of the pressure upon her husband to do as he did, its effect upon herself, and since, upon Helen.

Barton listened attentively, asked two or three questions, and then said:

"Mrs. Middleton, lady Carlton would be much pleased if she could have a written account of this experience of yours. Will you not put it in shape, not only for her benefit but that of others?"

"My son would seriously object to anything like publicity," she replied.

"There need be no publicity, dear lady, it is facts that we need."

"Mother, why will you let John control your life and smother your real self as father did?"

"Your father never intended it, Helen."

"No, but he did it all the same."

"Not wholly, child, the suppressed part came out in you."

This produced a laugh, and then Barton again preferred his request.

"But the account, to be complete, should contain a record of Helen's feelings before she knew their cause."

"If the correspondence proves satisfactory I'll do that part mother, if I have to sit up nights to remember."

"Then we will leave it there for the present," said Mrs. Middleton.

"Thanks, I consider the point conceded," replied Barton.

"Mr. Barton," said Millie, "I cannot describe her feelings but I can tell you how she has acted since I have known of her doings."

"Don't you dare!" exclaimed Helen, shaking a finger at her.

Mrs. Middleton's heart misgave her lest in saying what she had, she had not been quite just to the husband she loved so well, so she reverted to the subject again. She said:

"Yes, it is the system under which we live that, in a great degree, makes us what we are. A kinder man in his family than my husband never lived; yet, in the business world he was called hard. That same business world was hard to him. He knew he could expect no mercy from it should he fail to meet its demands. The alternative was sink, or rise. He rose, and we to-day enjoy an independence wrenched from others by

business laws, those others failing to meet business demands. Oh, I sometimes feel that I am eating the bread of the hungry," and there were tears in her eyes as she said it.

"Then what do you think of me?" said Barton. "Whose bread am I eating? I have never earned a dollar in my life, and yet I have always had enough. The injustice, the inequality of this system of the favored few and the toiling many, is apparent, but how to apply a remedy is the question. We are fitted into what now is, like parts of one great machine, and I cannot see how we are going to get free for such readjustment as will secure justice to all. In England younger sons have no definite place but must be provided with one, that is, among the titled classes."

"One by which they can live off the people," remarked Helen.

"All do that, Miss Middleton, who do not perform useful labor."

"Do not the younger sons of the aristocracy sometimes take commissions in the army," asked Millie Howard.

"Oh yes, I could have a commission but my Quaker principles will not allow me to accept one."

"Quaker principles!" exclaimed Helen, "you are not a Quaker, Mr. Barton."

"I am not good enough for that, but I have a little of the Quaker blood. My mother's mother, my grandmother, was a member of that sect, but married out of the Society. She retained her peace principles and transmitted them unimpaired. I think I should prefer death to the army if I had to choose."

"As Theo. Sloan says, that accounts for it."

"What accounts for what, Miss Howard?" asked Barton.

"Why, the Quaker lineage accounts for your being so unlike your class."

"That and my mother," he replied.

"Mr. Barton," said Helen, "do you believe we can lay plans in this life that we can aid in carrying out after the death of the body?"

"It may be possible, why do you ask?"

"Because I had a dream or vision, last night in which a voice told me that it was, said I could act through others as a quickening spirit, thus helping to carry on the work commenced."

"There's a growing belief," he replied, "that the two states of existence are not so separate as has been supposed but I am not prepared to give an opinion."

"Well, whatever it was, it has given me new courage and I feel like saying I will find a way out of this system of robbery if it takes me thousands of years after I leave the body."

"When do you return to England, Mr. Barton?" asked Mrs. Middleton.

"In a few weeks; I am needed there."

"And will you marry on your return?"

"Not while my brother lives. I think I have not told you that my brother is a helpless invalid. He was thrown by a vicious horse soon after the death of our father and so injured there was no possible hope of recovery, though he has lingered now over three years. His physician writes me he may possibly last another year but the probabilities are that he will not live over six months, and I am anxious to be by his side."

"Has he a family?"

"No, he is not married."

"Then, when he dies does not the title and the estate come to you?"

In a pained tone of voice he replied: "It does, madam, but oh, how much better could my brother live! He was born to the position, expected it, and was so much better fitted for the responsibility than I am."

"You shrink from the responsibility

of the position, Mr. Barton," said Helen noting his manner.

"I must confess that I do. I would much rather have staid by brother's side during his years of suffering, but both by his advice and my mother's I consented to travel a portion of the time."

"Sorry to tell you John's coming," remarked Millie.

Upon John's entrance the conversation took a general turn. Just as lunch was over the office boy came in; he then turned to his friend with:

"Have you anything in particular to occupy you between now and train time, if not, I wish you to see a little more of the country before you leave and will order a carriage for that purpose?"

"I have so little time, I think I prefer to spend it with the ladies."

"Oh, I want them to go also; mother will you and the girls accompany us? I want Mr. Barton to see the falls by the old Day place."

"What time does the train leave?" asked Mrs. Middleton.

"At four o'clock," replied John. "Mr. Barton, is your trunk ready?"

"It can be in five minutes, but the ladies haven't yet said they would go."

John looked at his mother. "I will take leave of our friend here, but the girls can go," she said.

"Yes, we will go," said Helen.

"Then be ready in fifteen minutes," and turning to the table, he penciled a few words and handed to the boy. In a short time the finest turnout in town stood before the door.

Before leaving Barton went to the kitchen door and said to Chloe:

"I wish to say good bye, Mrs. Cragin, and to thank you for your good cooking which has added so much to my pleasure since I have been here."

Chloe was so surprised and overcome, instead of taking his proffered hand, she threw her apron over her head and burst into tears, while Helen called out:

"I shall claim part of that praise, Mr. Barton, but Chloe is a good cook."

"And a much more useful member of society than I am," he replied.

Well, they had a pleasant ride, and swept up to the depot in fine style just in time for the train. "The cost of that afternoon's display," Helen said, "was a part of the price that John must pay to get to Congress."

"But the system enables him to get it out of the people, and how much it will yet do toward smothering out the nobler qualities of my boy is more than I can tell," said her mother sadly.

Continued on fifth page.

SPIRIT MOTHERS.

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Two such women ought to succeed.

NAME READING.

It is claimed now a days that there is character meaning in the 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.

So far all of my customers in the above line have responded favorably, say they are pleased.

I SHALL KNOW.

When your love begins to wane,
Spare me from the cruel pain
Of all speech that tells me so,
Spare me words, for I shall know.

By the half-averted eyes,
By the heart that no more sighs,
By the rapture I shall miss
From your strangely altered kiss.

By the arms that still enfold;
But have lost their clinging hold
And, too willing, let me go,
I shall know, love, I shall know.

Bitter will the knowledge be,
Bitterer than death to me,
Yet 'twill come to me some day,
For it is the sad world's way.

Love shall wane, but I shall know
If you do not tell me so;
Know it tho' you smile and say
That you love me more each day.

Know it by that inner sight
That forever sees aright;
Words could but increase my woe,
And without them I shall know.

G. R.

When we've drained the honey cup,
No more sweetness in the sup,
Its emptiness we surely know,

It needs no words to tell us so,
But with the life that thus is given,
To do, shod then become our heaven,
And when that vital force is spent
Then more of love's life will be sent.

Sentiment is beautiful, but like oth-
er sweets, when too much indulged,
weakens instead of strengthening.

L. W.

A gentleman writes from Pasadena,
Cal. saying:

"The publisher of 'Thoughts of The Hour', a Populist friend, sent me a copy of his paper containing your Appeal to Woman Everywhere. While I do not say I agree with it all, I thank God for such a woman as you are."

Now, the query in my mind is, why should he thank God for what I do any more than he should thank me for what God does. The Infinite Life is beyond our comprehension. It takes a personality to give out commands and receive thanks, and one not of the highest order of development. When such have grown big enough they will know better than to try to exercise arbitrary power. In a word, I recognize no personal God.

I find in Lucifer an article giving directions how to prepare for the conception of a superior child which is so much in evidence of the general ignorance on this point that I cannot well pass it by. Ada Bertoni, in her summing up, says:

"When your preparations are complete and the blissful hour is at hand, give yourselves to each other in all the fulness and ecstasy of love's keenest pulsations."

My apprehension of nature's law on this point is entirely at fault, or she could hardly give better directions for

the prevention of conception. Women who enjoy keenly, actively, have few children unless crowded upon when they do not desire; and that is the curse of marriage dependence. Give to woman sex freedom, secure to her the conditions for economic independence and there will be no trouble about the population question.

HESTER VAUGHN.

I happen to know that what the writer of the story now running in the paper puts into the mouth of Hester Vaughn is no freak of the imagination but an actual experience. I once met the woman that Hester is made to represent, in fact, I stopped a night at her father's house. She was then about five and twenty, and an invalid. Poor girl, how I pitied her! She had no idea that I knew the cause of her condition. The intimate friend who helped to destroy the fruit of that attraction told me about it because she knew I was investigating on that line. H. was respected, and much pitied because of her poor health, but the tragedy of her life was not even dreamed of.

From long and close observation I have become satisfied that there are some women who care for the opposite sex only for motherhood; not a large number, but their rights are, or should be, as sacred as though that was the nature of all women. Both the social and the legal code says to such a woman, if you dare to become a mother before you pledge your body to some man and that pledge is legally sanctioned, then

"Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame."

Then she is accursed for life, and her child with her, as far as church, state, and Mother Grundy can make it so.

On the other hand, think what the condition of such a woman would be, the woman who never desires man except for a child—think what her condition must be as a wife, and educated to believe it her duty to submit when desired, and knowing, if she refuses and continues so to do, man's law will give him a divorce, turn her from the home and the children she has borne, but that the law pronounces his.

By the agitation of this question the law has been modified somewhat in some parts of the country but, in thirty-seven of these United States a married woman has no legal right to her children. The only way I can see to balance the life forces is for woman to claim her full right to herself, that the conditions of society be adjusted to that claim, and men and women cease to own, or to try to own, each other. Yes, there must be a mighty change, but the agitation of thought and the law of evolution will bring it.

Silver comes all right, tho' the mail.

continued from fourth page.

Over four months have passed. With the exception of one letter from England telling of the safe arrival of their guest at his paternal home, and the fast failing health of his brother, there had not been anything to break the regular routine of life in the Middleton household.

That letter was to "John Middleton, Esq.," but enclosed one for Helen and her mother from both Barton and lady Carlton. John had replied promptly but Helen had not yet written. She did not wish to write in connection with her brother, so she simply sent regards with a promise that she would write later, and she had not yet decided just what it was best to write.

On the particular afternoon to which I refer, she was seated in her favorite place by a window overlooking the street thinking about it, as she had decided to write the next day, it being Sunday, and she seldom went to church. A looker on would have supposed she was simply watching the people as they passed, but she scarcely saw them unless there was something unusual occurring; then her attention would be arrested.

On that day she seemed to have an inner sense of the approach of something unusual, and without conscious volition she fixed her eye on a woman coming slowly up the street. She continued her watch, hardly aware she was doing so, till the woman turned in at their gate. This aroused her, and seeing it was a stranger she went down and told her mother, who went to the door just as the woman reached the steps and sat down like one exhausted.

"You seem very tired; will you come in?" extending her hand to help the stranger to rise.

The woman looked up with a smile: "Thanks, I am tired, I'm not used to walking, you are Mrs. Middleton I believe," but on rising to her feet she seemed about to faint.

Helen sprang to her mother's aid and together they led the invalid, for such she evidently was, to the lounge, then Helen brought a glass of water. After a little the woman rallied and looking up at Mrs. Middleton she said:

"My name is Vaughn, Hester Vaughn, not Hawthorn's Hester of the scarlet letter but the same name, though before I am through with what I have to tell, you will think I deserve the letter too."

"Do not try to talk yet, wait till you are more rested," said Mrs. Middleton gently, then, feeling that the woman would not be quiet if they remained with her, she added, "we will leave you by yourself awhile, perhaps you can get a little sleep and after tea we can talk."

"Hester Vaughn" repeated Helen as they left the room, "I wonder what she can want with us."

"We shall learn in time," replied her mother, "I don't intend she shall leave here to-night; there is tragedy in that fact."

"Yes" replied Helen, "life seems to be full of hidden tragedies; I see the signs many times, but mother, this woman's message is to me. I have felt it coming, and I do not want John to meet her; he will only ask you, 'lesome ques- tions'."

"You are a strange child, Helen, but that can be managed. We will give her a cup of tea with some bread and fruit then have her go to her room before John comes."

Helen took in the tea. "To my room," questioned Miss Vaughn.

"Yes, mother wishes you to remain with us to-night, and she thinks you will rest better if you see no one else."

"Thanks, your mother is very thoughtful; I would prefer not to meet your brother. My message is to you, but in your mother's presence."

They remembered when Miss Vaughn came there five years before, a confirmed invalid, bringing with her a woman who was both companion and care-taker, for it was much talked of at the time because of her reticence as to her past, and her evident dislike to society. She had purchased a house and land enough for a garden about two miles the other side of the village and settled there.

A few of the ladies had called on her at first, but they were received so coolly they discouraged others from going and the two were soon left entirely to themselves. Mrs. Hayden, the companion, made whatever purchases were necessary, did any other outside business, and sometimes went to church, but Miss Vaughn never went anywhere. In summer she spent a little time each day with her flowers and in the cool of the evening the two would take a short walk; that was all. The Middletons knew all this, but had never seen Miss Vaughn, and of course were very much surprised to learn who their guest was.

John came and went without being aware that there was any one in the house but themselves. When the work was done, both Helen and her mother went up to Miss Vaughn's room taking with them something more in the way of refreshment. They found her sitting where she could see without being seen, and she turned to Mrs. Middleton with:

"A fine specimen of physical manhood that son of yours; he reminds me of a physician I knew nearly thirty years ago, a man I can never forget in time nor eternity, and that in part, is what I came to tell you, my experience with that man."

"Had you not better wait till you have had a night's rest before you try to talk of what may bring painful memories," said Mrs. Middleton.

"No, the memory is always with me and I have enough else to say to-morrow. My days are numbered, and I want to impart the lesson I have learned to one that I hope will teach it. Miss Middleton, I understand you are interested in the economic question; I want you to realize that there is also a social question."

"How did you learn anything of my views," asked Helen, thinking of Miss Vaughn's lonely life.

"My companion, Mrs. Hayden, keeps her ears open when she goes out, and I take the papers."

Helen here remembered that one of those very aspiring young men who forget they have mothers when they ridicule women, had written her up for the leading paper, how she had laughed over it, and how angry John was, and she laughed now as she recalled it, then she asked: