

# LUCIFER.

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### LUCIFER

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#### THE CREATION OF MAN.

Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time, with a gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite,  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light,  
And life the shadow of death;  
And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling tears,  
And a measure of sinning sand  
From under the feet of the years:  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the laboring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love.  
With life before and after,  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow  
The holy spirit of man.  
For the winds of the north and the south  
They gather as into strife:  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They all his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the veils of the soul therein,  
A time for labor and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire;  
With his lips he travelleth;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
He weaves, and he is clothed with dishonor;  
Sows, and he shall not reap;  
His life, is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.  
—A. C. SWINBURNE.

#### Right and Duty of Thought and Speech. How Struggled for and How Won.

There should be no penal limitations to thought; or to its utterance by tongue, pen, or press. Humankind should be encouraged to think to the utmost of their ability, and on all subjects. Children should be educated to inquire and vouch, not to believe and submit. There should be no question whatever on which thought should be tabooed, restrained, or discouraged. In all phases of politics, sociology and theology there should be the unceasing endeavor to provoke and induce new thought. The best reverent tribute to truth is the search for its foundations. Without constant thought, testing and verifying, examining and rejecting, analysing and improving, mental progress is impossible and civilization is arrested and retarded. Thought is impeded or hindered of nine-tenths of its effectiveness and usefulness unless there is the most complete freedom of expression. Nowadays inquiry is encouraged in every department of what is called physical science, yet it is not so long ago that even in science new discoveries were rather regarded as magicians to be feared or punished than as brave servants of humanity to be applauded and rewarded. Unfortunately, in politics and theology, in nearly every country in the world, the law restricts publicity by tongue and pen, while on social questions there is the censorship and control of an indecent and hypocritical socialistic and conventional cant, and is often far more mischievous in its modes of repression than are the severest penal laws. And the folly of all restrictive laws is clearly marked, for they forbid, in one age or one country, the utterance of the very dogmas which, in another land or epoch, they affirm or maintain.

No expression of opinion ought to be punishable or preventable by law, unless the spoken or written words be directed to the encouragement of actual injury to life, person, property and character of some individual or individuals. Outside of all errors or misstatements of facts or offences of taste or style, should be left to the corrective or free discussion and the condemnation of enlightened public opinion.

Heresies on political, social and religious topics should be expressly encouraged. It is quite difficult enough, even under the most favorable circumstances,

to think beyond the limits of every day habit thought. There should be no cant about the toleration of differences of opinion. The assumption of the right to "tolerate" another's thought is an insult and impertinence. Each individual has the fullest right and duty of thought. If a statement is discovered to be wrong, it should be contradicted; no authority should protect it from denial; no conventionality should tolerate untruth. If any alleged matter of fact seem insufficiently vouched, doubt and inquiry is a duty. Toleration of error is treason to truth; but the contradictor and debater should recognize and assert for the holders of the faith they assail the same full right of reply and defense. Differences of opinion, clearly and thoroughly expressed, should be regarded as most valuable aids to the attainment of human happiness.

No true Thinker having new thought, or a new view of old thought should be silent; it is her or his duty to give all the human family the opportunity of sharing in, or of rejecting the thought. None should be silent from undervaluing his thought. He should think aloud that others may appraise it. Reticence, out of respect to popular prejudice, or in obedience to fashion or custom, is disloyalty to truth. If those who are big enough to think are not brave enough to think aloud, and in clear and unmistakable language, it should be rung in their ears by every speaker, thrust in their faces by every writer, that their reticence is dishonorable cowardice; for the severe burden of the fight for the world's redemption on those whose social position is weaker, and who are less able to give battle against the paltry persecution by which ignorant, but fashionable, orthodox society punishes those that climb out of its narrow travel-worn path. None, either as church or Pope, as King or Parliament should have the right to say, "This is true, final and indisputable and thus far only shall thou think." The constant cry should be: "Is this true? Is it the whole truth? Can you find truth beyond it? Is there mixture of error in it?" And every dissentient answer should be attentively listened to and carefully examined. Laws against blasphemy or heresy are standing monuments to the weakness of the creeds they are maintained to protect. Truth fears no attack, can suffer no insult. A criminal sentence does nothing to expose error. The harsh enforcement of penal laws demonstrates nothing save the vindictiveness of those who strike because they cannot answer.

The right and duty of thought comes with the ability to think, and this ability was once only the privilege of the very few. In old times, in politics, the people must not, did not, could not think. Force made right, not reason. Law was the command of the strongest. The people had no voice in legislation, the noble helped the monarch, and the priest taught that the king was heaven appointed. The only duty of the people was obedience; their only right to suffer contentedly, whilst obeying. Now, thanks most to the European Revolution which closed the last century (a revolution rendered possible by the ages of misery which had preceded the mighty social convulsion) and, thanks, too, since to the growth across the Atlantic of stable governments, without kings, or hereditary peers, the disposition of old world politics is, though slowly, to the recognition of the sovereignty of the people. The greatest happiness of the greatest number rather than the pleasure of the mightiest is beginning to be accepted as the test of right. There is hope that in the near future international arbitration may make war shameful, and that huge armies may cease to waste the resources and to corrupt the life of nations.

In theology, new thought has been too often marked as if it were the equivalent of crime, and complete subjection of intellect to priest and church has been paraded as if it were virtue. Early thinkers were almost all refuted with faggot, rack and prison. The executioner silenced the writer and buried his writings. At first theology forbid science and the priests prevented the teachers. But Entropie has awakened and the dull sleep of the Dark ages can never return. Printing press and School book and Lecture room are leaders by which the puniest to-day may climb to knowledge. A thinker is no longer by himself. The newspaper and the telegraph makes all who read the possible companions of and sharers in his thinking. Massachusetts, Naples, Holland, Bombay, have no space between them to divide or make barriers for thought. Like light, each thought-ray speeds through the

world, and makes daybreak where it was hitherto dark night of ignorance. The right to think is in many countries already substantially won, in others it is taken and exercised at some risk. The duty to think must be enjoined for all, even though odium and penalty have to be faced. No honest thinker need let fear make his heels heavy in the forward march. If his thought be strange to those around him he can be firm without bluster, clear without violence, direct without coarseness. It is true that the churches still rely on persecution as a weapon, but the sword of the persecutor has become blunted by resistance, and the arm of the law is crippled when directed to the wounding of thought. Public opinion has force to-day and though truly on many religious questions public opinion is yet not free the shackles of traditional prejudice, and some disadvantages and difficulties, must be faced by avowed heretics, yet here time must bring permanent triumphing to the advocate of Free thought. Thought is the crown of no one nation; each country gives gems to the glorious diadem, and the whole world may claim its triumph; but here it is especially appropriate to mark the progress of the little more than two centuries since that great philosopher Spinoza ceased to think. A grand 200 years, for it includes more of scientific thought than the whole of the 2,000 years which preceded it. A brave 200 years, for in it the rack has been broken, and no heretic shall again be subject to its tortures; the stake and faggot have ceased to live horrors; and though there are still the prison and flue, these are puny missiles for blind faith to hurl against the ever growing ranks of sturdy Free thinkers.

The Excommunication, which the Jews launched against Benedict Spinoza a little more than two centuries ago, is a weapon as out of place to-day as would be the flint arrow from the gravel drift in a war against rifled cannon. The Papal thunder launched almost a century later against the Encyclopedists, are the very emptiest echo from the ruins of a dying church.

We have not the dangers of those who went before and made our path easy by their suffering, and we have help they wist not of. For us, the chemist toils patiently in his laboratory; for us the physiologist and psychologist strive to find common ground in their studies; for us the anthropologist turns over fresh pages of this great volume yet scarce opened of the struggle of man; for us caves are dug into; and bones brought to light; for us are unveiled temples and churches, languages and myths, empires and creeds from the remote yesterday, still to be carried for back. All these, and more modern science puts before our eyes, and encouraging us with the victories thought has won she bids us think.—CHARLES BRADLAUGH in Madras, (India) Thinker.

I wish that it were possible to die into the ears of every careless, selfish, cowardly, Free thinker in the land these ringing words of the great English Secularist. Let me emphasize these sentences by repetition in the largest type the office affords:

"Reticence, out of respect to popular prejudice, or in obedience to fashion or custom, is disloyalty to truth. If those who are big enough to think are not brave enough to think aloud, and in clear and unmistakable language, it should be rung in their faces by every speaker, thrust in their faces by every writer, that their reticence is dishonorable cowardice; for they throw the severe burden of the fight for the world's redemption on those whose social position is weaker, and who are less able to give battle against the paltry persecution by which ignorant, but fashionable, orthodox society punishes those that travel out of its narrow travel-worn path."

The moment that a young man begins to cater to the popular ignorance that would crush him because he is wiser than it, he is on the road to ruin. He is losing his manhood, he is becoming a puppet, his sole mission in life to dance hither and thither as his exhibitors pull the strings. The moment that he begins to think that any position in society, that any office in the State,

that any possible financial success, is worth more to him than his own sense of intellectual freedom and his manly independence, that moment he has fallen below moral par, and no amount of special pleading to others can disguise the fact that for a mess of pottage he has sold himself to the friends of Reaction.

#### "The Boycott as a Social Force."

BY GEO. A. SCHILLING.

When the people of this country over a century ago opposed the stamp act they boycotted the English government. When Ben Franklin said he would sooner wear home-spun goods all his life than be guilty of buying from the English, he, and all those who acted like him, boycotted English commerce. When the citizens of Boston threw a cargo of English tea in the harbor they went beyond the legitimate line of boycotting by becoming aggressive destructionists of property, and violators of law. Yet from these things was born the republic of the western world. Boycotting in its true sense is a negative force, meaning to be let alone. Its power is based on the law of mutual interdependence which ramifies society in all its relations,—material,—and,—social. Society is made up of a subdivision of duties and obligations, each contributing to all, all to each, and woe unto him who incurs its displeasure to that extent, that through motives of self-preservation it feels called upon to withdraw its patronage social and material. If the man who found himself on the Island alone, cried out in the anguish of his soul

"I am out of humanity's reach. My journey I must travel alone, Never to hear the sweet music of speech, I start at the sound of my own."

what must be the condition of one who finds himself in the midst of society, shunned and "left alone?" The boycott as applied in the business world illustrates the fact that society has some rights that individuals—if they wish its patronage—had better respect.—The Eight Hour Day, Chicago, Ill.

#### The Difference.

This hemisphere produces two kinds of asses. The little South American asses, when attacked by an enemy, form a circle with their heads together and their heels out, and thus protect themselves by kicking.

The great North American asses—known as voters and taxpayers—when attacked by an enemy composed of genteel, legalized robbers, form in two lines, heels towards each other. One line is branded "Democratic" and the other "Republican." At the word "go" from their political masters they eternally kick the stuffing out of each other.

When the battle is over, the victorious kickers rend the air with victorious brays, while the masters divide the spoils and the offices.

This is the difference between the South American ass, in an uncivilized condition, and the great North American ass in a civilized condition.—Chicago Sentinel.

A woman who sells her soul and body for food and raiment is called a prostitute. But men who sell their manhood, their honor, their self-respect and plunge their country and their fellow-citizens in ruin and bankruptcy for the crumbs which fall from Mammon's table are called successful journalists and able statesmen.—Anti-Monopolist.

# LUCIFER

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MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER  
Editors.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN  
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## NOTES.

Passing along the main street of Garden City the other day, I saw several coops containing chickens in front of a grocery store. Two hens had their heads out through the slats of their respective prisons and were fiercely pecking each other, uttering cries of the sharpest anger the while. There they were, the simple things, shut away from each other, so far as any possible trespass upon each other's domain was concerned, the common victims of the same more powerful animal, man; and yet they had nothing better to do than lacerate their poor foolish heads in a fight the cause of which neither of them could have told five minutes afterwards.

How often the people play the part which these did! And especially the laboring people! Shut up in the prison limits of their respective states, they are readily formed into hostile armies and navies and are then given just enough liberty to enable them to travel into neighboring countries and murder their fellow laborers by the ten thousand. And how patriotic they get! how enthusiastic! how they cheer and yell for their "country's emblem!" how willing they are to die for their masters! And all for the sake of suppressing somebody, of interfering with the processes of growth, with the liberties of men and women.

And right among themselves, in their own countries, and their own neighborhoods, they keep up this idiotic pecking at each other, like the hens in the coops. They form themselves into cliques and guilds and unions, and devote the major portion of their energies to annoying such people as do not choose to join them. If they can help it, no man who does not join a "union" can get any work; he and his children may starve first. If he can not be bullied into casting his independence into the gutter at their behest, they will persecute, ostracize, "boycott," whoever employs him. They shout "freedom" until they are hoarse, and yet they create an organization which is not one whit better in principle or any less despotic in fact than the State in whose school of tyranny they learned their lessons in bossism.

The recent 3d Apr. car strike in New York is a case in point. One day during its progress, a non-union conductor, who had been nine years in the employ of the company, was nearly beaten to death by his striking fellow-employees. He had the audacity to work when his self-constituted masters said that he should be idle. His maltreatment was only one of several. The men performance is continually repeated all over the land; the laborers peck and wound each other's heads whenever they can get at them, straining between the bars of their society coops so to do.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

The tampering with the rails on the Mo. Pacific R. R. at Wyandotte, whereby innocent men lost their lives, was a most cruel and cowardly act. If done by striking Knights of Labor the act is doubly to be deplored, inasmuch as it will destroy confidence in the ability of the order to restrain its members from deeds of vengeful violence. It is therefore the manifest duty of the Knights to spare no pains, no expense, in ferreting out the offenders and clearing the order of all suspicion of complicity in the dastardly outrage.

While we are glad to see that the labor troubles are being investigated by a Congressional committee, and that a national arbitration law is being seriously discussed, it is rather because we regard these discussions as a hopeful sign of a general awakening of the public conscience than as giving promise that Congress will ever do anything by legislation to cure the evils inherent in the capitalistic-wage system. Admitting, for the argument, that more law is what is needed we have not the slightest hope that this Congress will ever pass laws that capitalism can not evade or turn to its own advantage. And what is true of this Congress will be equally true of any other Congress that can be elected under our so-called American system.

But the effective cure of the evils under which the country groans does not lie in the direction of "more law." The more laws we have the less chance there is for justice. The making of laws and the administering of laws is a trade that naturally attracts the worst class of men—the greedy, the unscrupulous, the cunning, the power-loving class; and if by chance a really good man gets elected to office he finds himself out of his element—he finds himself powerless for good against the great majority whose consciences are carried in their breeches' pockets.

The Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly have issued an eight page paper called the "Eight Hour Day," as the organ of the movement to reduce the number of hours to constitute a day's work. The agitation of this question is certainly one of great importance, but like the arbitration scheme now before Congress it does not touch the root of the trouble aimed at. Until labor owns the tools it works with and the materials out of which its products are fashioned, an artificial and arbitrary limitation of the hours of labor can do but little good. For copies of the Eight Hour Day address George A. Schilling, 2431 State st., Chicago.

Comrade Schilling, as quoted on first page, says: "The Boycott as applied in the business world illustrates the fact that society has some rights that individuals, if they wish its patronage, had better respect." The boycott when invoked on the principle of voluntarism is doubtless a legitimate and proper weapon, but when enforced by authority of powerful organizations it is very liable to gross abuse. It then becomes an archism, an invasion against which it might be right and duty to rebel.

But is it true that society has rights that the individual is bound to respect? I maintain that society, as such, has no rights whatever. There are no rights but individual rights, and society is not an individual. If no individual is injured then society can not be injured. It is this absurd claim that society or the state has rights different from or superior to the personal rights of its individual members that causes most of the trouble, most of the despotisms, the crimes and miseries of mankind.

That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most have the least. There is some thing wrong when men have to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet a civilized people; when we are, pauperism and crime will vanish from our land.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Centralization produces poverty, and class legislation produces centralization of wealth. These signs of the times are ominous of destruction and dissolution. They have preceded the downfall of all the empires and republics in history.—Bay City (Mich.) Star.

## CHRISTIANITY vs. LIBERALISM

I should think the slow progress of your work would make you sad, especially when you place it side by side with the marvelous advances Christianity is making.—Rev. Taylor in last week's LUCIFER.

One chief difference between the propaganda of Liberalism and that of Christianity consists in this, that the former does not seek to make converts or proselytes, as such; whereas Christianity is simply one vast proselyting machine. "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel" etc. "Unto Jesus every knee shall bow." Instead of holding up the bloody cross and saying to the nations, "Embrace this as your savior or be damned," Liberalism lifts the peaceful banner of independent thought—it holds aloft the torch of free investigation and says to the children of earth, "Look for yourselves and see that the ghosts and goblins that frightened you so long are only shadows born of childish fear and ignorance of nature's laws and forces. In short, the mission of Liberalism is not to teach dogmas of any sort, but rather to help poor struggling humanity to throw off the 'bondage to fear' that now prevents it from becoming its own teacher, its own savior. Fear is the favorite weapon of the church—fear of an angry, selfish, jealous God, fear of a cunning, malicious Devil, fear of death, fear of the charnel house called the grave, fear of an endless burning hell, fear of the Grundies, male and female—take these weapons away from the clergy and their power would be broken, their 'occupation gone.'

Therefore, so long as we feel and see that we are helping men and women to throw off this nightmare of fear with which the religion of theology has so long cramped and smothered independent thought, we shall be encouraged to persevere in our work. And even if we see no immediate fruit of our labors the consciousness of trying to live up to our highest idea of right, truth and duty, is reward enough for us. Nay more; we maintain that he who is animated by no higher motive than fear of hell and hope of heaven is not a truly moral or good man. Do the Right with all your Might! regardless of consequences to Self, is the motto of the truly brave, the truly moral man.

But is it true that compared to Christianity Liberalism is making no headway? Let us see: Christianity has been preached by tongue, by pen, by sword and musket, by fire and faggot, by prison and thimble, now for nearly 1900 years. What is the result? Less than one third of earth's inhabitants are even nominal Christians. In reckoning the Christian nations it is customary to include the United States, France and Germany. In France alone the last census-takers found seven millions of persons calling themselves Infidels. In the United States the Spiritualists are reckoned at not less than five millions. The materialistic Freethinkers are probably not much fewer in number. But this is not all nor the worst for the Christian side of the argument. How many of all who are connected with some one of the multitudinous Christian sects would Mr. Taylor reckon as being true Christians? Protestants call the Catholic church the old "Harlot of Babylon," and the Catholic church brands all Protestants as heretics. Would Mr. T. reckon among his "army of saved persons" Universalists, Unitarians, or even Campbellites?

But again; most educated Christians in this country are now evolutionists. They are following the lead of Beecher, Newton, McCosh and others away from the old "land marks." They see that if evolution be true the bed-rock principles of Christianity are false. If evolution be true then man as a race has never fallen; if no "fall of man" then no need of a bloody sacrifice of "God's anointed son." It is now only the Sunday school children (young and old) who sneer at Darwin and his "monkey" ancestry. In short, it is now hard to find, among Protestants at least, an educated Christian who would not have been expelled for heresy had he lived only fifty years ago.

"Compare them now, not only in number but in moral character. Don't you feel a little ashamed of the company you keep?" The best test ever given was that of Jesus Christ when he said: "By their fruit ye shall know them." Now, honestly and candidly, what are the fruits of infidelity? What has it done for the world? What has it done for Valley Falls or any other place? Why, no, Mr. Taylor, we cannot say that we feel ashamed of the company of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lougellow, Emerson, Jexferson, Paine,

Humboldt, and thousands, more who helped to lift humanity out of barbarism, ignorance and slavery. While we do not claim to be like these great men in mental power, we claim to be working in the same cause to which they devoted their lives. Yes, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a good rule to judge of men's conduct—not because Jesus was the author or inventor of the test, but because the experience of mankind in all ages has proved the correctness of this rule.

"What are the fruits of Infidelity?" Why, my dear sir, to begin with, religious toleration is one of its fruits. Fidelity to Bible Christianity is intolerance itself. "Believe or be damned" is its battle cry, Paul says, "If any man preach another gospel let him be accursed." When Mr. Taylor says that "Christianity is tolerant" he states what every reader of history knows to be false. Of all the great religions of the world Christianity has shown itself the most fearfully intolerant. Mr. T. says that in "heathen times and lands it is death to denounce the gods." The great Roman empire was tolerant of all religions till the advent of Christianity. When Constantine made Christianity the state religion religious intolerance became the rule and continued so until Infidelity destroyed the supremacy of the church. "What has Infidelity done for the world?" Every improvement on old methods, every triumph of science is the work of infidelity. Jesus and his apostles taught their followers to despise the things of the world. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness in the sight of God." Then to be godly (like God) was to despise all human knowledge. Paul said "I have determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified." "God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise," etc., and therefore Christianity has ever been the consistent and determined enemy of change, of progress, of improvement.

"Would you feel safe in an infidel community with a ten dollar bill in your pocket? No, you know you would not. People don't like to go where there hasn't been a Bible. They don't feel safe."

Does Mr. Taylor really believe what he says? I prefer to think him prejudiced and ignorant rather than intentionally false and slanderous. If these statements of his were true we should expect to see our prisons and reformatories crowded with infidels. But is such the case? Let the records show. De Bow's Review is quoted for the statement that a census of French criminals stood as follows:

Roman Catholics.....	18,939
Protestants.....	598
Jews.....	131
Mohamedans.....	53
Atheists.....	00

Not an Atheist in the French prisons, and yet the proportion of Atheists or Infidels in France is larger than in any other so-called Christian country. But to come nearer home: A few years ago chaplain McLeary was asked, "how many Infidels are confined in the Kansas Penitentiary?" The answer is reported to have been, "There is but one Infidel confined here, and his Infidelity is of a mild form."

Testimony from a large number of state prisons shows a similar state of things. Of course we are not saying that there are no criminals among Infidels, but facts like these, as well as those drawn from everyday observation are quite sufficient to show the falsity of Mr. Taylor's charges against Infidels.

Having largely overrun the space allotted to this discussion in this issue we close for the present. Meantime we offer the use of our columns to Mr. Taylor for reply, if he so chooses.

## JOURNEYS OF THE JUNIOR.

Monday morning, Apr. 19, dawned brightly, and at an early hour Henry Miller and I started for Great Bend. There I had the good fortune to meet John Cook an outspoken Liberal, residing some miles north of town.

Coolidge, two hundred miles west, and only two miles from the Colorado line, was my objective stopping place. There is very little change of scene as one traverses this part of the Valley of the Arkansas. The river flows languidly along, over and among its sand bars, the same shallow stream that it is in other parts of its Kansas course, never but a few feet below the level of its banks, treeless, shrubless, in all things *sui generis*. I said treeless, but here I was in error. Beyond Belfast a dozen or so of stunted trees appear, and a short distance beyond Lakin a very few more are seen. Again as we approach Cool-

idge, there are discovered a few patches along the river.

Cacti appear early in the afternoon, and as night draws near and we approach the western line of the state, sage brush comes in view.

For a long distance the skeletons of starved and frozen cattle are strewn along the fences and track, in the gullies and ditches. They are mournful monuments of man's cruel cupidity. In the attempt to get rich quickly, the average American's highest ambition, little or no provision is used for the shelter and winter feeding of the cattle that wander over these vast plains. The owners deliberately count on a certain average percentage of loss; it is cheaper to let a relatively small number of cattle starve and freeze to death than to go to the expense of providing feed and shelter for all. But the severity of the last two winters has broken up all their calculations, and hundreds of the cattlemen of the southwest are ruined, at which every human person should heartily rejoice, and perhaps it is a pity that so many of the avaricious owners survived their stock. These losses, together with the taking up of the land by the actual settlers, has, it is to be hoped, forever crippled the bonanza cattle business in a large section of the country.

At Coolidge I stopped but a few hours, making the acquaintance of the genial C. S. Rogers and Mr. Brownell. Coolidge is a passenger division terminus. Back by the night train to Garden City, the centre of the system of irrigation which is being put into operation over a large area of the Arkansas Valley. It is a very stirring, very ambitious little city. Here I found the Shultz boys, formerly of Severy, Kan., Geo. A. Kimball, Leo L. Doty, J. A. Garver, C. H. Godfrey, Dr. Cartwright and others of the Liberal faith, some of whom are of Liberal deeds, also. But it is exceedingly difficult to make lecture engagements in these "booming" towns; preachers have very slim congregations, and the most of the reading done consists in the hasty perusal of the daily papers.

Tuesday afternoon I went to Syracuse, in Hamilton county, where I found G. T. Rinehart, E. E. Handley, Mr. Bishop, and others of the progressive school of thrift. Mr. Rinehart is a contributor to the *Truth Seeker*, and he has just been elected school superintendent of the inchoate county.

A bitter county seat war, a seemingly unavoidable incident in the organization of the new western country, is raging in Hamilton county. Kendall, Syracuse and Coolidge are all reaching after the coveted prize, but Syracuse reached the most numerous, (with a population of four hundred casting nearly twelve hundred votes) and seems determined to hold on, come what will. In the rival towns, the expressions of regret concerning the turn affairs have taken, are in the form chiefly of self-accusation, the "workers" condemning themselves for spending the day in the outlying precincts, trying to win votes through arguments, when they should have been so much better employed at home rolling up the domestic vote to a figure defying the effects of all "snide" villages to get a greater attitude. Verily the game of politics is a great moral agent, and the man who does not crawl in the cess pool of ballot-boxism is a wretch, who should be summarily executed for the good of his country.

Tuesday night I stopped off at Lakin, but I found nothing there except the "Commercial House," probably the worse managed "hotel" in Kansas, judging the commercial travelers from my acquaintance with them. I should very strongly inclined to the opinion that the "Commercial" never has one of them for a customer the second time.

While finding fault, I may as well remark that the chances are against there being in the employ of the government two slower persons than the postmaster and his assistant at Syracuse, Ke. At Garden City there is but one delivery window in the post office, and this is an office which should have at least three to accommodate the great numbers who get their mail here, for being a frontier and land office town, most of the custom is transient and hence lock boxes are not in demand. In this connection, it is appropriate to notice the effect centuries of denial to her of

justice has had upon woman. Instead of being regarded as a being possessing equal rights with man and to be respected accordingly, she has been looked upon as a being essentially inferior, a "weaker vessel," to be indulged and humored, especially when young and pretty, to be gallant to, etc., but not to be imbued with the lessons of justice, and self respect, and equality; in short, to receive courtesies, not to possess rights. So long-continued has been this condition of things, so deeply implanted has this sentiment become in the nature of woman, that she has but shadowy ideas of abstract justice, as a general thing. Exceptional indeed is the woman upon whom an appeal made to her sentiments has not more effect than one made to her conceptions of fair play and justice. This is proven by her devotion to the church, the very incarnation of favoritism and injustice, and in her championship of prohibition and other so-called "moral legislation." I have so many times observed that she seems utterly oblivious to the fact that there is such a thing as justice, that there are human rights. If any one doubts that this is one of the effects of the centuries-old sex slavery of one-half of the race, he has but to remember that the servile races of man always exhibit the domineering traits of the master peoples when they find those weaker than themselves. And if any one doubts that women, as a class, have not graduated out of the servile condition, he has but to station himself in a crowded postoffice or bank and observe what is there transpiring. Before the windows he will see a long line of men, each awaiting his turn. Not one man in a thousand would dare to make an attempt to break into that line at any point. Each new comer knows that the best he can do is to take his place in the rear of the procession and await his turn. But here comes a finely dressed lady! Let us see what she will do. Well, she marches with stately dignity to the window and coolly takes her place ahead of all there. She does not ask permission, she never even thanks those whose rights she has ignored; she seems to regard it as a universally admitted fact that her privilege is greater than the Rights of all others. The principle of justice seems to be absolutely dormant in her. Now, understand me, woman is no more to blame for this disregard of rights than man is; he has ever denied her justice and he, in receiving this contemptuous discourtesy from her, but reaps as he has sown. He has assiduously taught her the lessons of privilege and injustice.

Wednesday afternoon I reached Cimarron, where I found D. Beathon, proprietor of the "Red Front Hotel," and John Opp; also, Mr. Speck, of Dighton, Cimarron is, with the exception of Garden City, the largest town west of Dodge City on this line of road.

Tuesday I stopped at Spearville, but found no Freethinkers there.

That night I spent in Ellinwood, and early on Friday morning I started for McPherson, over the McPherson branch of the A. T. & S. F., passing Chase, Lyons, Mitchell, Little River, Windon and Conway, traversing Rice county and part of McPherson. This region is one of the garden spots of Kansas. At McPherson the Liberal cause is away down. Harklerodes, Dreeson, and other Freethinkers have moved away, and not one of those who remain deems it worth while to take any Liberal paper. Heggelund is a rampant prohibitionist, but thinks it all right to absorb labor's earnings through usury, having an idea, I suppose, that his little fortune of fifty or sixty thousand was more legitimately acquired than the few thousands of the saloon keeper Clarke, another usurer, says that he has no time to study social problems, that the people must "fight it out when the time comes." Well, there is one consolation for the earnest workers,—"when the time comes" these careless do-nothings, these usurious wealth absorbers, or their children, will have to help "fight it out."

Friday night I stopped over at Conway, enjoying the cordially extended hospitality of Mr. J. M. Milliken, an old Truth Seeker subscriber. A pleasant little village with a fine farming country around it. Saturday found me at Lyons, the

flourishing shire town, of Rice, a county containing a smaller percentage of waste land than any other county in the state; at least, that is what its citizens say, and my observation confirms the statement. Our good friend, Joseph Leclerc, met me and I received from him a cordial hand clasp that I shall not soon forget. Going out with him to his bachelor quarters, 8 miles north of town, I had a most pleasant visit, finding Mr. Leclerc to be a man of varied experience and wide reading, a member of the Icarian Community of John Cabot, at Nauvoo, Ill., in his youth, and during later years a consistent and courageous worker in behalf of the great cause of human rights. We had intended to canvass in Mr. Leclerc's neighborhood all day, Sunday, but the clerk of the moisture department opened the reservoirs and poured the showers out upon the earth all the forenoon. In the afternoon, we stopped at Jos. Bolton's, a former subscriber to this paper, a gentleman who has a notion that Lucifer by any other name would smell a deal sweeter. Sorry that a Liberal should regard the shell as of so much more importance than the kernel. Reaching Lyons late in the afternoon, I spent a most enjoyable evening in the hospitable home of Mr. C. W. Silver, where, with books, pictures, music and pleasant conversation, Mr. and Mrs. S. Miss S. and the Junior had a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

To-morrow I am off for Salina, where LUCIFER has a large and increasing list of torch-bearers.

#### Court of Common Sense. JUDGE PUBLIC.

Lucifer vs. Jehovah et al.  
Brief of John Smith, attorney for defendants.

Against the plaintiff in this suit I have not the least prejudice whatever. I will do him the justice to say that he is a gentleman who never forces himself into the company of any one without invitation; he gets behind him as soon as commanded; but he is a criminal who has been sentenced and is awaiting the final execution of said sentence. See Rev. chapt. xx, verses 1, 2, 3, 7, 8 and 10. From this chapter we learn that his existence has been a perpetual series of deceit.

The first we can hear of him is from the Book of Job, the oldest book of which the court has a record, a book very much in favor with the late Thomas Paine, who has practiced before this court as a very popular attorney. If the court please, I will remark here that the true name of the defendant is Satan; that he comes into court with no good motive in giving any other but his true name. We find him acting the gentleman, like a hypocrite that he was, and was finally permitted to do the old patriarch much harm in order to prove one or two of his own false assertions that he knew to be false. From the chapter above quoted we learn the various names of the plaintiff are Dragon, Serpent, Devil and Satan. From II. Corinthians, chapter II., verse 14 (for Satan is transformed into an Angel of light) we learn that the plaintiff is a hypocritical pretender, and all that can be claimed for him is that he is, and always has been, ready to bring men into trouble wherever trouble is needed for his good; that is when experience is to become useful. Thus in the garden of Eden he, the plaintiff, was permitted to lie to the youthful pair, it being better for them and their children, that they should live in knowledge, with a healthy mixture of good and evil, than remain in perfect bliss and ignorance forever. As sin is so often spoken of in connection with death, we may safely conclude that "shalt surely die" meant no more than the certainty of death on that day. Sin means death, and righteousness means life.

Instead of malice on the part of defendant, we see wisdom and goodness. In wisdom hath He made them all.

From the arrogant claim of Zeno for the plaintiff, we may conclude that though plaintiff never claimed he could make a world, he the attorney could; that had he been there many improvements would have been added; in fact he would have had things done much quicker; all men would have been good and holy from the start. Consequently Defendant must be a usurper because his servants gave the account in allegory instead of his direct language. The first could be preserved through future transcriptions and translations; this shows the wisdom of Divinity. The six days correspond to the six periods in geology. Had I been present at any

time during the geological growth of the earth I would have been very impatient with the necessary delay, and had Defendant listened to me there would have been a botched job. I do not believe that Zeno could have improved the plan or the method of writing it up.

Gentlemen of the jury, Zeno's client was "indispensable," he was permitted to do his work—and so is Zeno. But among all his imps, Zeno is the only one who has volunteered to come into court and plead directly for his master. No doubt his client has promised him half he gets, if judgment is rendered in his favor, as is common among lawyers, but, in time, he will find his master ready to desert him whenever he gets into his deepest trouble.

I wish, gentlemen of the jury, that the Defense in this case had a more able advocate than myself, but the little I can do I will do willingly, knowing that I shall be well paid for my labor; I owe Defendant so much I will be debtor after my work is done.

I will now offer common law decisions applicable to this case:

In all cases of dispute the real meaning of the writers or law makers shall be taken instead of the exact words; so of evidence or contracts. Thus A in a note, promised to pay to B \$100 after death. Held that death meant date, and must have been put in by mistake. I wait the promise of Zeno to show his client to be the "real cause of all progress" and also how he has earned the title of LUCIFER THE LIGHT-BEARER.

C. L. James to A. J. S.

EDITOR LUCIFER: After reading A. J. Searl's last letter, I feel like singing

"While the lamp holds out to burn  
"The vilest sinner may return."

A. J. S. begins by saying that he has been "seeking information" on the free love question. The charming modesty of this statement is such a contrast to his former dogmatism, sneers, and personal vituperations, that he is clearly experiencing a change of heart. Further on he says, "if love is taken for our only guide there will be no trouble." Could the position of the free lover be better stated? Bad habits are not eradicated in a moment; it is not therefore strange if so inveterate an offender as A. J. should sometimes show signs of relapsing into his former errors. But I am persuaded now that he can be convinced of his inconsistency. He says "as long as two Free Lovers exist in London—one to sell and one to buy a girl—the traffic will continue." How can that be free which is sold? and can the selfish passion which will buy, be dignified by the name of love? A. J. is badly off his base. Prostitution needs nothing to make it free love—except freedom and love. But no more does anything else. No more does marriage, or the celibacy of a monk. Free love minus freedom and love, is certainly a "footless stocking without a leg." The exception is larger than Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. Anything, (A plus B) minus (A plus B) is as far from A plus B as possible. Now it cannot be denied that prostitution lacks both love and freedom. Therefore it is as unlike love as possible. Q. E. D.

Again, Searl says, "the recording of the social contract is what more than anything else, constitutes marriage." Not quite true. The enforcement of the contract, notwithstanding a change in the feelings of the parties, is what constitutes marriage, but, does not Searl see that the recording of the contract has nothing to do with his own admirable rule that love should be the only guide? If the recording of the contract is to make, as it does, the difference between legal and illicit relations, then we have a very different guide—a blind guide, which dignifies marriage "for a home, for ease, for a position in society," &c.,—all which we free lovers call legalized prostitution—enforces such unhallowed bargains notwithstanding the "trouble and inharmonious" which Searl so justly says must be expected—and inflicts the most barbarous penalties on relations which can be attributed to nothing else than love.

Mr. Searl wants to know if the traffic in girls (outside of marriage, which covers more sins than charity) would be possible if every man were the true husband of one wife. Perhaps not, but neither should we need railroads if we had wings, and we are just as likely to see the one condition realized as the other. The number of men and women is nowhere equal, therefore every man cannot be the husband of one wife, the process of using up their wives at the usual rate (as shown by the bills of mortality) would soon destroy the proposed Utopia, and reproduce the old demand for this unholy traffic, which of

course, would create the supply. And, of course, too, if all the dangerous male bipeds were "true" to their wives they would use them up faster than they do now. The plain truth is that prostitution, though it prevails to a limited extent in polygamous countries, is the special ally and safety-valve of monogamy. The experiment of suppressing it entirely, for a long term of years was tried by Louis IX. of France (Saint Louis), and by the Empress Maria Theresa more recently. These celebrated sovereigns reluctantly repealed their edicts because they found that the result was an alarming increase of "private irregularities," in short that suppressing prostitution meant suppressing marriage too.

Mr. Searl says that all the talk about a man's raping his wife is simply twaddle, gotten up by Free Lovers for an excuse to attack the marriage system. I wish I could think so. But all the little light shed by vital statistics into the abysmal darkness of this truly infernal system, goes to show that the average life of a married woman is full as miserable and ruinous as that of a prostitute. And in regard to Mr. Searl's insinuations, which is the worst lapse into bad sense and bad manners he has committed this time, I may say that having carefully consulted my memory, I am sure my hatred of marriage is founded upon nothing else than the clear perception that it is "legalized prostitution," and does enable men to outrage women.

In one place Mr. S. says the question seems to be rather one of divorce than marriage, and perhaps our divorce laws do need reform, though on the whole he seems to think them altogether lovely. Can he have read a live Anarchistic paper like LUCIFER so long without seeing that it is marriage alone which makes divorce necessary? That divorce is one of those miserably clumsy and illogical ways of offsetting one wrong and folly by another, to which state quackery always leads? Less law, not more; not reform, but abolition; as what the times, as well as the abstract rights require.

I have given Searl more attention than ever before, because he seems to deserve it better. The aberrations pointed out above are so clearly contradicted by the sensible points of his letter, that I now really have strong hopes of him.

Eau Claire, Wis. C. L. JAMES.

#### Political-Economical Salvationists.

"Suppose all Ireland in passive revolt against the landlords and tyrants! Suppose the cry of No Rent! taken up in earnest and the people determined to stand by their rights. That would certainly be the grandest spectacle in all history, the greatest revolution of modern times, and yet it would, in all probability, be a very peaceful and quiet affair."

So writes V. Yarros in your issue of April 16, in criticism of an article of mine. It reminds me of the plan to reform the world set forth in Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy," in which the people were to peacefully submit to slaughter until their oppressors, weary of their red-handed labor, would be led to pause, to reflect, to admire, to embrace! So Mr. Yarros' picture of all Irishmen in passive revolt is a beautiful idyllic picture of what "might be" were all men constituted on the Yarros model. But, forunately or unfortunately for the world all men are not so constituted. It is the cry of the Salvation Army lassie asserting itself in social relations. "Thank as I do and you will be saved!"

My point was that human nature is a constant factor in social evolution, and that neither Mr. Yarros' convictions nor my theories would materially change the course of events. Individual self and the extended self have each their part in the ceaseless reaction out of which civilization has arisen. Each individual, each generation, heir of all past endeavor, has not only been moulded by their environments, but has also contributed its quota to the general consensus that reacts on their descendants. But to assert the superior influence of the individual self over the extended self is a survival of theological thought. The whole history of progress shows that it has proceeded unconsciously and not in the lines human wills had predetermined. The little mountain rill is made up of individual drops, and if endowed with consciousness we might imagine some of them, aqueous Walkers or Yarros, exulting in their freedom, loitering through levels and joyously rushing in mad delight down inclines in their journey to the distant sea. Although ceaselessly changing, we look on the rill as a unity because in each individual drop following the law is being the procession of events continues the same, increasing in volume and mass accumulation as it joins with others under the same conditions. Man

is ever greater than men. The history of civilization is the history of the operation of social force—a record of the manifestation of social providence.

I remember men who turned out in procession in 1859, to celebrate the triumph of law in the hanging of John Brown, who three years afterward were marching through Charlestown, where he was hanged, with muskets on their shoulders, singing John Brown's song. They were democrats in 1859, and were the same in 1862; but the "logic of events" had led them on unconsciously and they recognized no personal change. Yarros says:

"In Russia I should be a 'terrorist.' But in a politically free country Reason is the best weapon. Where we can speak openly and freely, educate and agitate, the propaganda by deed is needless and will do more harm than good. When a large number of intelligent persons 'go in for' reform, the policy of non-compliance and passive resistance commands itself as the most effective *an revolutionary*."

What men should be is not the question; what they are is what concerns me. I am not disputing that Reason *should* be the best weapon, but asserting that "it is not a question of the best methods." In my article I was considering *facts*, not theories. I am perfectly willing to admit that it would be a better method for all Irishmen to unite in a passive policy, but I deny its possibility. Mr. Yarros' "plan" for social ill is as idle as that of the Salvationists. He eliminates one important factor: human nature in the Irishman. And it is because human nature is what it is, that I hold a peaceful solution to be impossible. We are carried on by the current of the ages, and our duty as individuals is not to separate ourselves in thought from the drift, but to align ourselves with the advancing torrent. As an Anarchist I fully recognize my individuality and that of Mr. Yarros, but I do not fall into the theological error of asserting the predominance of self over the extended self. We cannot lift ourselves by our intellectual waistband out of our social boots; nor do I believe that it is the business of an Anarchist in proclaiming individualism, to teach that every man lives unto himself alone. It is because mankind is not a vast Sahara desert of separate sand grains that *human* relations have arisen. In all ages men have striven for better and higher conditions of existence, without a clear understanding of their aims, wants and schemes." And so it is yet. It was not men's clear sighted genius that led the hosts on through blood to victory, but the unconscious "logic of events" which Mr. Yarros pronounces idle and meaningless. The clearest thinker of any age was but the secretary of his time, rendering explicit in thought what had been implicit in feeling. Therefore recognizing the drift of events to be through evolution to revolution, I assert that in the face of privilege entrenched in legal forms, a peaceful solution is impossible. As an Anarchist it is my duty on all occasions to advocate full liberty for the individual; as a student of history and social science to recognize the social tendencies of the time, irrespective of the fact of approval or disapproval. Whether it is the glory of anarchism to preach that true individuality repudiates the influence of the social consensus, dependent anyeth not.

DYAN D. LUM.

DEAR LUCIFER: Through your columns I wish to encourage the friends of freedom to aid Brother J. H. Cook to publish the manuscript of which he speaks in your issue of April 9th. I know it would be a valuable book. His life long endeavors to aid in the cause of associative homes, shows his aspirations for a true life of freedom, justice and love; and although these unitary homes have, to outward appearance, failed, yet in the true sense they have all been successful; for each has been a stepping stone upward toward the life to which we all aspire.

The labor question and the love question can only be settled when the laborers cease to be the wage slaves of non-producers and organize their own industries in associative homes where there is no marriage ownership, but where each man and woman maintains his and her own individuality, yet all acknowledge their dependence upon each other. And only in such homes where labor is properly organized, can we have the right conditions for the true life of love.

Brother Cook's book will give an honest account of the inside workings of the associative homes which he has endeavored to inaugurate and will help others to avoid mistakes and give them encouragement in their endeavors and aspirations. Fraternally,  
SADA BAILEY FOWLER  
Philadelphia, Pa.

TIME CARD.

Table with columns for destination (California & Mexico, Atlantic Express, Kansas Central Division U. P. R. I.), time, and agent (H. D. Burns).

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

He crushed the paper in his hand, and no doubt cursed, not Beatrice, but his ill-luck. He could not go away that day. He felt that such a sudden departure would set the brothers gossipping and trying to account for his cause.

Horace and Herbert expressed genuine sorrow at this sudden termination of his visit. They pressed him to come to Hazelwood House at the end of the next term. He promised to do so.

The moment for departure came. Horace had taken the reins. Herbert was beside him. Frank's portmanteaus were stowed away in the big wagonette. He turned to shake hands with Beatrice.

"Won't you come with us, Beatrice?" asked Herbert.

She drew back her outstretched hand, and hesitated. Frank turned his eyes away. He would in no way plead for this concession. Suddenly, and in a defiant way, which such a trivial matter by no means seemed to call for, she exclaimed, "Yes, I will come. Wait for me one minute." In one minute, literally, she was back again, in her hat and jacket, and seated opposite Frank.

Few words passed between them during the drive to the station. A mere good-bye was all they said as Frank took his seat in the train; but as that train rolled out of Blacktown, as his eyes for the last time met Beatrice's, fairly and fully, Mr. Carruthers' heart leaped in a way which would have been a credit to a boy's of eighteen, and once more and forever he knew that no vanity of his had led him to dare to think that in Miss Clauson's manner toward him there was an undefinable, inscutable "something," which had led him to risk and apparently lose all.

And, notwithstanding his pride, this fact was by no means an unpleasant one!

CHAPTER XV.

A DISPICTED CLAIM.

During the last three months of the year Hazelwood House did not belie its reputation for calm regularity of its domestic concerns and immunity from the many petty ills and annoyances which afflict less methodically conducted establishments. So far as could be seen all promised well for a quiet, placid, and uneventful winter. Horace and Herbert employed themselves as was their wont. They were men who could spread out a little occupation over a large slice of time, so never found the hours hang wearily. Beatrice seemed fairly happy with her bright-haired boy. The little fellow was now beginning to prattle merrily, and his manner toward the Talberts was more audacious and familiar than ever. Altogether he looked as if nothing would occur to disturb the even tenor of life at Hazelwood House, until the budding hedges once more brought round the usual spring cleaning.

But, all untroubled by the brothers, storms were brewing which were to shake their home to the foundations.

Christmas came. Now Christmas Day was a day on which the Talberts made great sacrifices for the good of their fellow-creatures. Sylvanus Morille, who believed that those in poverty were as much entitled to creature-comforts as to spiritual consolations, always sent the hat round on Christmas, and collected a special fund for the purpose of giving all his very poor people a hearty dinner. At this dinner the Talberts were his benefactors. No one who knew their fastidious tastes could have seen them carving large joints of sanguinary-looking beef or serving out sticky segments of plum-pudding without feeling sure that, at heart, they were thoroughly good fellows. Herbert did once plaintively ask Morille if the meat need be quite so red. The curate chuckled. "It wasn't red," they say, "twas American, and leave it," he answered. It is to be feared that experience had taught Morille that charity is often looked upon as a right to be demanded, not a bounty for which to be thankful.

It was no doubt the terrible sights of the forenoon which made the Talberts rightly taboo, so far as their own table was concerned, all conventional Christmas fare. As Herbert once gravely said, there is, to educated minds something savoring of vulgarity in supposing that the celebration of a certain holy-day

must be attended by the consumption of a certain class of comestibles. So their dinner consisted of clear soup, fish, a brace of birds and an omelet.

"We never thought of Beatrice," said Herbert penitently. "Beatrice might have liked roast-beef and plum-pudding." But Miss Clauson did not yearn for Christmas diet. Moreover, her thoughts were far away from eating and drinking. Indeed, during the last three months the girl had been, even for her, strangely quiet and thoughtful. As for a little while longer we must be contented to regard her from the outside only, her musings cannot be divulged. To-day, no doubt, she was thinking a great deal about an impending visit to her father's house.

Horace and Herbert had urged it earnestly. Not, as they kindly and truthfully told her, that they wished to lose her for even a day. But it was well that the world should think that the Clausons were a united family. It is curious what a simper most people think the world, and how easily they fancy it can be taken in.

Beatrice consented to be guided by her uncle's advice. So on the day after Christmas she left Oakbury. Sir Malngay and his family were wintering in London. It is surprising the number of respectable families who do winter in London.

Sir Malngay met her at Paddington. The baronet looked a little rounder and a little more commonplace than when last she saw him. He greeted his daughter affectionately but told her she looked ill and careworn. Then he inquired for Horace and Herbert. As from the very first day they had kept Sir Malngay in his proper place, he looked upon them with the greatest respect. "Is it true they have adopted a child?" he asked. Some garbled version of the affair had reached him.

"No," said Beatrice. "I have."

"You, my dear! Adopt a child! Why, it is time you thought of the possibility of having children of your own. I have for months been hoping to hear you were engaged to be married."

"I shall never marry," said Beatrice, rather coldly.

"Depend upon it, it is the best state," said Sir Malngay eagerly. Then he started off on the subject of the precocity which Beatrice's little half-brothers displayed. How the elder said this yesterday and the younger did that day before—a record of individual but not general infirmity.

But just before they reached his house, Sir Malngay made a more notable remark. "I made the acquaintance this week of a young relative of your poor mother's—a Mr. Carruthers, who was staying with you some time ago. I told him you were coming up and he promised to call."

It was growing dusk, so the flush that leap to Miss Clauson's cheek was unseen. She was silent for half a minute, then she said quietly, "I shall be very glad to see Mr. Carruthers."

Lady Clauson was gracious and condescending. She had gained some sort of success in town last season, so could afford to be so. Nevertheless, Beatrice was in various ways shown that she was a stranger within her father's gates. The little boys were brought down to see her dressed in their company clothes and manners. They were good, ordinary, uninteresting little fellows, and no doubt Miss Clauson contrasted them with a golden-haired pet of hers at Oakbury. Although the ladies were civil to each other they did not sympathize. Like many others, Lady Clauson was utterly unable to understand Beatrice.

"Yes, if you can help it, marry a widower," she said to a bosom friend. "No one can tell the anxiety a first wife's child is—no one who has not experienced it."

"It must be," said the friend with great feeling.

"If she did not always dress so carefully," continued Lady Clauson sorrowfully, "I should believe she had made up her mind to be an old maid, and might then do something for the boys. She has more money than any young girl should have."

Carruthers called; Carruthers dined at Sir Malngay's, and moreover, presuming on his distant relationship, Carruthers had the audacity and, after all that had happened, we may say humility, to escort Miss Clauson to an afternoon classical concert. Since last October Frank had a thousand times pictured this meeting with Beatrice and a thousand times settled how he would deport himself. The result was that he forgot all his self-training and bore himself simply as nature prompted him. He was earnest, tender, respectful. More than ever he felt the charm which the girl exercised over him, yet he dared not speak again of love. In his inner heart he knew that for well or ill he must some day essay those passionate words—but not yet. The second east of the die must, should be, the last. His nearest verbal approach to love-making was this—

He told Beatrice he had received a letter from Horace begging him to spend a few days at Oakbury before the Lent term began. "It is a great compliment," he said.

"Yes," answered Beatrice, "very great. Are you going?"

"That is for you to decide, not for me." She dropped her eyes and was silent. Frank waited.

"Do you forbid it?" he asked in that authoritative voice which women love to hear with a man. Still she was silent. He repeated the question.

"I have no right to forbid it," she said. "You have every right. We do not allude to the past, but we do not forget it. Look up and answer me. Shall I go to Hazelwood?"

gazing into the fire with a pained, hopeless look on her face. The little line which Frank had once noticed between her brows seemed to have grown deeper and more distinct.

It Carruthers had hoped for a great deal from that journey to Blacktown, he was doomed to be disappointed. Events occurred at Hazelwood House which took Beatrice back in hot haste and alone.

One morning Horace and Herbert were in earnest discussion respecting a hip-bath, the point of which showed signs of wear. The question was whether it should be sent to the auctioneer's and sold for the best price, or should be re-japaned. Herbert, who was given to theorizing, favored the reparation. Horace, who was more thorough in his ideas, thought it should go at once to the sale-room. The matter was so important and interesting that neither of the brothers heard the sound of carriage wheels outside of the house.

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To be Continued.

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