

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN?



VOL. III.

HOME, WASH., APRIL,

1902.

NO. III.

AN OBSTACLE.

I was climbing up a mountain path
With many things to do,
Important business of my own
And other people's, too,
When I ran against a Prejudice
That quite cut off my view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit,
And let me travel by—
He smiled, but as for moving—
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
The mountain winds were cool—
I argued like a Solomon,
He sat there like a fool.

And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will—
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill.

So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe—
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking low—
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there.

Charlottesville Perkins Stetson.

SOME THINGS NOT LIKED.

"Some things about your teaching I do not like. One of your papers tells about a man having a wife, who went a short journey, had a sex desire (must be gratified, according to your teaching) seduced a young girl who had a baby, and the old wife must get a divorce so they can live together as man and wife."

The above astonishes me. When and where have I taught that man's desires must be gratified? The burden of my teaching has been to free woman from the unwelcome embrace, claiming that such relation, unless mutual, is an injury to both. Woman should always rule in this matter, and the man, husband or not who makes a claim upon a woman's person, violates her most sacred right.

In the case referred to the man went from home to get work. He was alone among strangers, so was the girl, and if the matter was correctly reported, it was a case of mutual attraction; if one was seduced both were. The man lost his job and went back home.

The girl was sick and penniless. He could not leave her to die so he did the only thing possible in the case, confessed all to his wife. She, seeing his distress, forgot herself and consented to let the girl come there. The two were mutually attracted and if others had let them alone they could have managed their own affairs. After a little things could have been so adjusted that the girl could have gone to work again. The man, seeing the nobleness of his wife, would have loved her better than ever. But no, the girl is taken from the woman who wished to care for her and the man is sent to prison, thus creating a great amount of needless suffering, and all in the name of law and morality. It was the wife who wanted the divorce, not for her own sake, but because she desired to see the others happy.

I said then, and I say now, it was none of the public's business. But for our infernal economic system the man could have remained with his family and the girl in her father's home, neither being alone and hungry for the sympathy which, in this case, ripened into love. Had the man been rich and able to care for the girl elsewhere nothing would have been said, but he was poor, so they must raise — well—

EXPENSES.

The friends have responded nobly as to funds and it is very much against my feelings to call for more, so much so that, as the Judge told me I could do so, I had decided to plead my own case and thus save lawyer's fee. But, as Mrs Penhallow must be defended, and as the two can be handled as one I should save nothing by so doing. The result of the trial just ended is worth all it cost. I know those who contributed do not regret their expenditure, but are rejoicing with us and will readily respond further, so I forego the pleasure of defending myself and cast my lot in with the dear little woman who is under bonds for doing me a kindness. I could forgive Mr. Wayland for causing my arrest had he let her alone. Yes, it would be a pleasure to stand up before that or any other court, and, conscious of my integrity of purpose, defend the cause of purity and love against the obscene minds that see only impurity in sex.

There will, unavoidably, be extra expense, the amount depends upon where the case is tried. If we go to Spokane or Seattle it will be much more than if the court is held at Tacoma. O. A. Verity will remain treasurer of the defense fund. If my personal friends prefer to send their donations to me I had rather they would, as it will in past, relieve Mr. Verity of a heavy tax upon the time that he needs for rest and other work. Mr. Verity belongs to the class of men of whom it is often said: He is too generous for his own good. If what is sent should not be needed it will be disposed of as the donors shall direct.—L. W.

THE INDICTED ARTICLE.

Has not a sentence in it that I am not ready to defend, with my life if need be. I said that there were no fallen women in the sense the world understands the term—that they are knocked down. Please remember that I was criticising a Mental Scientist, one who recognises the power of mind. It was as if I had said: Can't you see that it is the power of mind directed against woman that drags her down, and not the fact of an illegal sex relation?

I said there is no sin in a mutual, loving sex relation

because not legally sanctioned. I now say that, law-sanctioned or not, only those relations which are mutual and loving are pure. Law, statutes framed by man cannot make an impure relation pure, as our insane, blind, and idiotic asylums, filled with those born of legal but unwilling relations, testify; yes, and I may add, prisons also. Christians say God is love. Then love is God, and what love—God, sanctions is not impure. The idea that a woman who has fulfilled the law of love without legal sanction has fallen has pushed thousands of sweet girls into the hell of prostitution. It is time that some one spoke out, and in thunder tones. If what I have said on this point is obscene then make the most of it.

I am intensely in earnest. I feel so deeply the wrong done to my sex, and see so clearly that any abuse of the sex functions, no matter how law-protected, is a most bitter curse, that I cannot be silenced. If imprisoned, I will go out in my astral body and control others to talk—multiply my power.

Please remember, friends, that this arrest will call for a great deal of correspondence, and a few stamps when you write to help cover the cost of postage and stationery will be very acceptable.

Don't be afraid to renew. This paper is not going to stop. The persecution of the Age of Reason has added several thousand names to its subscription list. Wake up, friends, and send in your renewals and as many new names as possible.

Now is the time to send for books. On all orders of a dollar and over 25 per cent. discount from now till the first of June. That is, make out list for a dollar and send 75 cts. No discount on smaller orders.

On March 11 Judge Hanford threw out of court the case against the so-called Anarchists at Home. The whole matter was paltry and trivial and never should have come to trial. The far-sighted judge evidently thought the affair savored of persecution, and acted wisely in doing as he did. This is a severe slap in the face to the News, which paper has been doing its utmost to hound down these people at Home.

Sun-Democrat, Tacoma, Wash.

The writers of objectionable articles in the Anarchist paper, Discontent, have escaped punishment, Judge Hanford having concluded that the matter was not obscene. But the Anarchists and free lovers at Home should publish no more such indecent rot.

Tacoma News.

Practically telling Judge Hanford that he sanctions the sending of "indecent rot" thro' the mails. L. W.

That people may learn for themselves what I do teach, I will send Clothed With the Sun to trial subscribers four months for ten cents.

NOT WANTED.

Will King Solomon's Mining Company please stop sending circulars here? They are becoming a nuisance to myself and others. I have learned my lesson, and will never again invest in stocks of any kind, would not accept them as a gift. I am working for the New and do not wish to become entangled in the magnetism of the old.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FREEDOM OF WOMAN.

PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, editor and publisher.

All communications addressed to the editor at Home, Pierce Co. Wash.

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Revelation xii, 1.

In all the past, connected with all religious systems, there have been those who have sensed and symbolized the deeper truths of life—have symbolized, but have not understood the deeper meaning that time and experience can alone reveal, and of none is it more true than of the vision or symbol from which the name of this paper is taken—Clothed With The Sun—the symbol of direct power. Woman will not always shine by reflected light. She will assert herself and put the moon of subjection under her feet.

Please send silver or postoffice order when remitting for subscription or books.

Those who receive a sample copy of this paper will please consider it an invitation to subscribe.

Those who receive more than one copy will please send the extras to others.

If you want private information on any subject, enclose not less than one dollar for reply. *The Nautilus*.

And Clothed With The Sun says the same. One of the lessons the public needs to learn is that an editor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

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

Do You Hear The Children Weeping?

Do you hear the children weeping, O my Brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are bowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in long ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest;
The old year is ending in the frost;
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest
The old hope the hardest to be lost;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland?

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning.
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All turning all the day, and we with all.
All day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh
wreathing
Of their tender human youth;
Let them feel that this metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!

Still all day the iron wheels go onward;
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling
sunward
Spin on blindly in the dark.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see.
For they mind you of the angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.

"How long" they say, "how long, O crucifixion,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's
heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,

More Sobs "In The Silence."

From "Mother Jones"—Then my mind turns
to thousands of "trap boys" with no sunshine ever
coming into their lives. These children of the min-
ners put in 14 hours a day beneath the ground for
sixty cents, keeping their lone watch in the tombs
of the earth with no soul to speak to them. The
only sign of life around them is when the mules
come down with coal. Then as they open the trap
doors to let the mules out a gush of cold air rushes
in chilling their little bodies to the bone. Stand-
ing in the wet and mud, sometimes to their knees,
there are times when they are almost frozen, and
when at last, late at night, they are permitted to
come out into God's fresh air they are sometimes
so exhausted that they have to be carried to the
corporation shack they call a home. These boys are
sometimes not more than nine or ten years of age.

"God's fresh air."

If "Mother Jones" and all others who make the
unknowable a point of reference, would leave their
ideal God out of the question—would let go of him
and take hold of themselves they might accomplish
something. A God who permits such wrongs is
not worthy of being named.

THE GREATEST HINDRANCE.

More than a dozen years ago while writing "Per-
fect Motherhood" one of my characters is made to
say that the church is the greatest hindrance to
progress; and one good labor reformer labored with
me for hours trying to induce me to take that, and
similar passages out of the book so he could sell
it for its labor logic. No, work well done, is twice
done, but work half done is not done at all. I ex-
pect our Socialist must learn their lesson, but I can
assure them that labor will never have its own so
long as the church is in any measure in the ascen-
dency, and concessions made to win votes is so much
wasted effort. Moses Harman in a recent issue of
Lucifer claims that the priests of church and state,
as a class—are the greatest of all enemies to hu-
man rights, then adds:

"Even as I write these lines my attention is called
to an article the 'Topeka (Kan.) Journal' dated
Feb. 19. of the denial of school privileges to pupils
who decline to participate in the religious exercises
now made compulsory in all the public schools in
that city. The article opens thus:

"J. B. Billard filed suit against the board of edu-
cation of Topeka in the district court this after-
noon as a result of the controversy between the
board and Mr. Billard over the suspension of his
son, Philip Billard, for refusing to take part in the
religious exercises at the opening of the school.
in Jan. 9, Philip Billard was suspended from Q. tin-
ey school, in North Topeka, by Principal Wright,
for refusing to take part in the religious exercises at
the opening of the school, which had been made
compulsory by the board of education as a result of
a petition presented the board by the Ministerial
Union asking that the Lord's prayer be repeated
and passages from the Bible read at the opening
exercises of every public school each day."

Both Mr. Harman and myself have reason to re-
member Mr. Billard for his quiet kindness. When

the obacene clique procured my arrest six years a-
go last August, there were numbers in the court-
room anxious to go my bail but could not qualify
to the possession of a sufficient amount of proper-
ty. Mr. Billard was sent for. It was very warm, he
was in his shirt sleeves. He did not stop to put on
his coat. When he was asked if he could swear he
was worth \$5,000 clear of incumbrance he replied,
yes, or 15—or 50,000 if you wish, so this man has
the means to try the matter as to whether a school
board has the right to make a religious test as to
whether our children may attend the public schools
or not. Yes, he has the means if some Christian-
incendiary does not burn him out as it is believed
was done in a similar case in Michigan a few years
since. Mr. Billard hires a man to watch his mills
at night but I would advise him to add a good watch
dog if nothing more, this to protect some weak-
minded Christian lunatic from committing crime
as well as to protect his property.

It is reported of a very profane man that once
on going up a long hill with a load of apples that at
the top he had only the empty wagon box. Some-
mischievous boys had quietly slipped out the hind
end board and his apples were scattered all the way
down the hill. As he stood in silence contempla-
ting the situation a friend came by and said, Jim,
why don't you swear? I can't do the subject jus-
tice, he said.

So, when I think of the arrogance of that "Min-
isterial Union" in attempting to rob those who do
not submit to their dictation of their right to the
public schools, when I think of all their underhand-
ed methods to accomplish their ends, of the "child-
ren weeping" in the factories and mines of our
"Christian civilization" and for whom these "min-
isters of God" speak no word tending to lift the
loads from their tender shoulders but, instead, are
trying to deprive other children of an education
provided they and their parents refuse to bow to
Jesus—when I think of all this and a thousand
times more, my indignation rises to the white heat,
but when I try to express myself fairly in the con-
dition of the man who lost his apples; I cannot do
justice to the subject.

A poor girl came to me once who tho't she had
committed the unpardonable sin because she could
not feel as the others did at a revival meeting; she
feared God had forsaken her, I said to her, if I be-
lieved there was such a God as they tell of I would
hate him with all my might and fight him with all
my might and think I was most contemptably
mean if I didn't. The strength and positiveness of
my assertion set her free.

Could I in the same way break the hypnotic
power of a false education for every priest in the
land how gladly would I do so, for as men, as neigh-
bors, I find them as good as other people, but as
parents they wrong their own children immeasur-
ably (to say nothing of other people's children) by
dedicating them in their infancy to an unknown
power called God. The right of choice is thus de-
nied; children are thus treated as if they were
slaves and born of slaves; yes, slaves, for is it not
claimed by Christians that they "are bought with
a price? Those who are bought are owned. This
claim makes the priest the natural enemy of hu-
man rights. The owned have no rights; they only
have such privileges as the owner chooses to grant.

Thus, while the priest may be a good man per-
sonally, as a priest, as a claimant that:

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

he naturally becomes a tyrant-slave demanding
from all obedience to his master, and enforcing that
demand by every means in his power; and thus the
priesthood is the most infernal engine of tyran-
ny that we have upon the planet.

Those who on renewing, will send me \$1.25
can have with the paper, either of my dollar books.
This offer holds good till the first of May, as does
the offer on Dr. Foote's book.

"WE ARE ALL HERE."

Such were the words that greeted the anxiously waiting ones as the steamer prepared to land us on our return from Tacoma after the trial of our comrades. The trial commenced at 10 A. M. March 11, and continued till noon. A jury was selected and other first steps of the trial taken. Some talking on both sides by the Attys, then adjournment for dinner.

During the noon hour Judge Hanford carefully read the indicted article, decided that it did not come within the meaning of the law and at the convening of the court in the afternoon, gave his reasons for so doing and then dismissed the case. I am told that the indictments would have been quashed at the first only the postal inspector would not consent. I have never met but two postoffice inspectors and both so unfortunately organized as to see only obscenity in the discussion of sex. I simply pity them.

In the mean time, the grand (?) jury had indicted Mattie Penhallow, our dear little postmistress, and myself on the editorial in last Dec. issue of *Clothed With the Sun*. Of course I issued the paper but Mrs. Penhallow's part is simply mailing a copy for me, and the inspector knew it. Were the article really obscene, which it is not, hers would be merely a technical, not an intentional offense. The facts are as follows: A man by the name of Lane of Ballard, Wash. and, as it looks to us now, a decoy, sent me 25 cents for the paper. I misread the name of his street and he complained through his postoffice to ours that he did not get his paper. This official notice was brought to me and finding where the trouble lay, I corrected my list and said, I will send him another copy. Mattie said, give me a copy and I will send it with my reply. That is the head and front of her offending. She did not look at the contents of the paper, had not read that issue. This, of course, the inspector did not know, but he did know how she came to send it and it looks to me as if the man was hungry to make arrests or he would have let her alone.

Our case is set for July. The marshal has so much confidence in the integrity of these "terrible Anarchists" that he did not come after us but sent a note through the postoffice informing us of our indictment and asking us to come to court. We went, had a good night's rest, went to the courtroom corridor a little before the opening of court. I was then told that the marshal wanted to see me. I went to his place and he showed me a folded paper which he said was a warrant for my arrest. Yes, I have that honor, I replied, then Mrs. Penhallow was called, and that was the way we were arrested. Marshal Crosby is a gentleman.

Comrade Larkin told him last autumn when under arrest himself, if he wanted any more of us to let us know and we would go, thus saving him the trouble of coming for us. Our bail was put at \$300 each.

Please renew promptly, when I use up the paper I have—two more numbers—I want to get new type and better paper.

Those who renew soon and will send me \$2 shall have Dr. Foote's Cyclopaedia with their subscription, thus getting a book well worth \$5 for one dollar and fifty cents. See ad.

THE BLACK MAN—ANARCHY

Children are sometimes told that if they are not good the black man will catch them. Those who say this know they are lying but what matters it so the children are kept quiet. The powers that rule are trying to keep the larger children from investigating Anarchy by painting it as the black man.

The following is the statement of an Anarchist as to what Anarchy is, and it certainly does not look very skeery.

"Now be it known unto all parsons and other false teachers, that Anarchists have no organization, and they object to violence of all kinds, moral or physical, and consider all such unjustifiable, except only in re-

sisting the invasion of their Ego. Their ultimate aim is free production and free consumption, and this would free woman from slavery of more kinds than one. The possibility of such an ideal is beautifully portrayed in 'News From Nowhere' by William Morris, the grandly manly English poet and Anarchist, and, being a MAN, not afraid to acknowledge the faith that was in him. Professor Triggs of the Chicago University, recently said to his class in English literature:

"The whole trend of modern thought is toward Anarchism. All our great thinkers display this tendency. Emerson, Walt Whitman, Shelley, in fact all poets, are adherents of Anarchism. The individualistic tone is predominant in all our recent literature."

KINGHORN JONES.

36. Geary St. San F. Cal.

That's the way an Anarchist talks; and now I will give a specimen of a "parson's" talk, a "Doctor of Divinity" who is so ignorant of what he is talking about he thinks all Anarchists are from the other side of the Atlantic. The Rev. W. Rader says:

"An Anarchist shot the President. What is an Anarchist! Does he believe in God? No. In civil marriage? No. In government? No. He is a man without a flag, a dangerous rattlesnake of the republic. What shall be done with him? Shall we send him back to his NATIVE land? Not alive. LET HIM BE RETURNED IN A BOX. Any man who applauds such an act of assassination or attempts to haul down the flag of the nation he should be shot on the spot. He should be treated as a murderer as one who sanctions murder."

Whew! How much that sounds like "He that believeth not shall be damned." All governmentalists sanction murder. If all such were shot there would be no one left but Anarchists, and the ones who did the shooting. The Rev. Rader's ignorance of what Anarchy is reminds me of the old couple and the telegraph wire. One had just been put up past their door, and the husband, after studying it awhile said:

"Wife, I don't see how they can send messages on that thing; in going through those holes the paper would be torn all to pieces."

"Oh shaw, you old fool, it goes in a sort of fluid state" was the wife's reply.

The woman had a glimmer of the truth; Rev. Rader has not even that.

APPRECIATION.

ASTREA—published at Decoto, Cal., by that old time worker, OLIVIA FREELOVE SHEPHERD, pays the following tribute to my YOUTH.(?)

"Dear Mrs. Waisbrooker:—Will you please accept the sincere and hearty congratulations of 'The Order Astrea' for your ability to serve the cause of 'Freedom for Woman, so meritoriously notwithstanding the accumulated years which make too many mothers feel like sitting down in some quiet corner and nursing their infirmities.

Elbert Hubbard would speak of you as '76 years young' and I think of you as such. Your mind is one of the most logical if not the very most so, in the country, and heroically and faithfully have you employed it denouncing the fashionable idolatry of falsehood and injustice, and picturing the exquisite beauty of their opposites. May you attain 100 years of youth, or better still, join the ranks of the 'Immortals in the flesh' who are being so ably generated by Helen Wilmans. Ed."

[Thanks, sister, for your kind words, but I cannot count what I have done as "meritorious" for it has been the only path in which I could walk. Yes, Helen Wilmans persistently asserts immortality in the flesh, but Victoria C. Woodhull gave me the key or starting point and I worked out the proof logically, and Helen read it some three or four years before she asserted it, but she gives no one any credit in the matter. Thanks for the recognition of logical power of reasoning, and this too is a necessity, for I cannot accept a statement or theory till I see the law which proves it true. I have always felt that I was logical, but it has seemed to me that others did not see it so. I am glad to know there is at least one who does.]

Received—Wildwood Philosophy, N. M. Zimmerman. The following is a sample:

"Dewey's victory at Manila did more to uplift the young men of America than a thousand sermons and lectures could have done. One heroic effort is of more worth to a man than all the cautiousness and prudence his head will hold."

[To those who need wholesale murder to lift them up this book might be interesting.]

"Anarchy is the natural result of extreme tyranny in government. Neither Anarchy nor tyranny are likely to gain any foothold in America."—W. E. Towne—in *The Nautilus*.

What you call Anarchy, William, is more the outgrowth of our economic system than from opposition to government, and the conditions which produce such exist in America as elsewhere. The true Anarchist becomes such through the same law that Elizabeth and yourself urge—the recognition of the divinity of the selfhood—the Ego, in the right of self-government. It is the point toward which all evolution is tending. There is no Anarchy in the fact that an obsessed man shot McKinley.

"Anarchy is the natural result of evolution, its development hastened by extreme tyranny in government."

Mrs. Waisbrooker's Books.

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UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARR.

Continued from last issue.

"Why Helen, child, what is it!" she exclaimed, looking into her white face. "Oh, mother, it's the man I saw on the train so long ago!"

The men were almost at the door; there was no time to lose.

"Go to your room quick, and stay till you can control yourself."

The door had hardly closed behind Helen when Mrs. Middleton turned to meet her son and Mr. Richmond.

John wondered where Helen was and after a little, asked for her.

"She will be in presently," said Mrs. Middleton.

It was perhaps ten minutes before Helen made her appearance, but when she came into the room the stranger gave a perceptible start, and John wondered at that too, but the others understood that he remembered also.

Helen had regained her self-possession and met the gentleman without showing the least sign of what she felt—was conscious of his questioning glances without seeming to know they were given.

John did not go right back to his office as usual, but remained an hour or more. He could not count this man as his guest on the score of previous acquaintance, and knowing of the correspondence between his sister and Lady Barton, he could but feel that the man's visit was more to his mother and sister than to himself. When he finally arose to go he said:

"I am engaged this afternoon, Mr. Richmond, but to-morrow I can be at your service; will you go with me to the office or stay and visit with my mother and sister?"

"I think I will return to the hotel soon as I have some letters to write."

"Oh, that is not necessary; your room is all prepared here and your things are in it."

The gentleman looked a little surprised but not displeased.

"And that is the way you capture people here in America," he said.

"We certainly shall not permit a relative of Sir Edward's to remain at the hotel when we can prevent it."

John had hardly gone when Millie came, and again that perceptible start.

"He remembers her too," tho't Helen.

Millie did not remember, but she noted how often Mr. Richmond's eyes rested on Helen's face and soon as the opportunity came she said:

"Well Hela, your prince has come at last."

"Did you ever see that man before?" was the unexpected reply.

"Did I ever see him before! why, I thought he had just come from England and yet he has a familiar look."

"He has just come from England now but he was here the year we went to Boston"—

Oh, I remember now! he is the man who watched you so closely the day we came home, and I laughed at you about it after he left the train; well, he's been a long time getting around."

"Yes, but he's here now."

Mr. Richmond remained with them that night but announced at breakfast that he had business which would take him away for the next twenty-four hours and then he should be happy to return and make their further acquaintance. He went with John to the office and left on the 10 o'clock train. When John came home at noon the first thing he said was:

"Well sis, did you recognise your man?"

"My man?" she repeated as if she did not understand.

"Yes, that soul mate of yours that you saw on the train so long ago. He has been telling me all about it; he was as much affected as you were and what do you think he did?"

"How should I know?"

"He asked me—me," he repeated, with an air of mock importance, "for permission to address you."

"Asked you! what have you to do about it?"

Oh, that's the way they do in England; It isn't considered honorable to talk of love and marriage to a girl till the permission of her male protector is obtained."

"And what reply did you make?"

"I told him that was not the way we do things—that you were the one to ask but I wished him success."

"Thus practically giving him what he asked for," said Mrs. Middleton, with a laugh.

"Yes, mother, but I could hardly do less. I knew it was of no use for me to try to prevent a match ordained in heaven, but you have not told me, Helen, if you recognized him."

"As soon as he came through the gate," she replied.

He looked at her quizzingly. "I see," he said, "and you got out of the way till you could control yourself; you succeeded admirably; no one could have suspected how your heart was bumping."

When Mr. Richmond returned he went to the office first, and how much John told him is not known, however, he did not wait for John to go to dinner, but with a face radiant with hope, hurried to the house.

"Where is your daughter?" he asked of Mrs. Middleton as soon as he had greeted her.

"You'll find her in the garden," and thither he directed his steps.

Helen saw him coming and turned to meet him.

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Richmond, I do not see that you have changed any since I saw you on the cars over six years ago."

"You do remember then," he said, retaining the hand she had extended in greeting, "and have I found my wife at last?"

"That depends," she said, as she gently withdrew her hand, "as to whether you can comply with my conditions."

"Name them, please?"

"In the first place, the man that I marry must come here; I will not leave my mother."

"That is easy; part of my business here is to so arrange things that I can make my home in this country, give me something harder, dear?"

"Then I have very decided views on the rights of woman in marriage. The man that I marry must understand, that if he should make a claim on me as a wife, against my wishes, I should refuse to live with him."

He laughed at this. "I had a sensible mother," he said, "and I know something of your views. Lady Barton has read me portions of your letters which made me anxious to meet you, but I had no idea you were the one whose image I had carried in my heart so long."

She had no further conditions to make and, looking in his eyes a moment, she put the hand she had withdrawn back into his. He kissed her on her lips then led her to her mother; but here she was too quick for him. Before he could utter a word she said:

"Mother, I bring you a son."

"Welcome, my son; I know my daughter would accept no one that is unworthy," and rising, she stepped between them and put an arm around each. Just then John came to the door, and seeing the tableau called out:

"Where's my place?"

"Here," said Richmond, then stepped quickly to the other side of Helen.

"Well, Mr. Richmond, you've worked fast," continued John, coming forward and giving him a hearty hand shake.

"Call me Charles, please, that is my name at home, and as this little girl says she wont leave mother, my home will be here."

"What! what! I thought you would take her away and I could have some peace of my life."

"Young man, you will now have to get a wife to torment for I have a protector," retorted Helen.

"A protector, indeed! If you can't protect yourself I don't know who can."

"Never mind, Mr. Middleton, I will protect you and she can protect me," said Richmond.

"Mr. Middleton! When I am at home, sir, my name is John."

"Oh children, stop your nonsense," said Mrs. Middleton, "dinner is waiting and Chloe will get out of patience."

Mr. Richmond would gladly have married Helen and taken her with him on a visit to his friends while he was getting ready to return, but she would not consent. She said:

"Mother is not strong and I am not willing to leave her. The days will soon pass and it will be time enough for our marriage when you return."

Of course he had to submit to her decision. Before he left they visited the Vaughn Home, as it was called. There were two mothers in the Home that Miss Vaughn had aided before her death one of them, Mary Lane, before she came to Garland. Elda Oaks had been reached through Mary. Mary had a boy of ten of whom any mother might be proud, and his name when written out in full was Vaughn Hayden Lane, tho' generally, only the initial of the middle name was used.

Elda had a little girl of four that she called Fairy and never was child more appropriately named. Then there were two others, one with a babe of seven months and one who had been but three months a mother. Mrs. Hayden had gone to the village but soon returned.

It was beautiful to see the glad light in their eyes when Helen came, but it was clouded somewhat when she introduced Mr. Richmond as her promised husband, this till she assured them she was not going away but that he would come to her home, then, as they looked into his genial face, they knew they had another friend on whom they could rely.

Soon after Mrs. Hayden's return the new minister, the Rev. Mr. Moulton, called. He had been in the place but a few weeks but had heard of the Vaughn Home and was curious to meet its occupants. He was very nice, praised the thrift and beauty of the place and said many kind and complementary things, but could not get away without letting those mothers know that he considered them sinners. He said to them:

"I am so glad you have such a refuge. I wish all our erring ones were as well provided for."

Four pairs of eyes flashed, and Mrs. Hayden said:

"I dont think you quite understand our position, sir. Motherhood is a natural right; it is society that is in error."

He looked at her in a surprised, half

dazed sort of way, and Elda stepped to the door and called Fairy. She had hardly taken her seat when the little creature came running in with:

"Here, mama."

With her perfect form and features and her sun-tinted hair, she was a vision of beauty and the minister's face expressed his admiration. Elda took the child upon her lap and then said:

"Darling, please look at that gentleman."

The child turned her wondering eyes upon the man for a moment then hid her face in her mother's bosom, sensing something from which she shrank.

"Do you tell me, Rev. sir," said the justly proud mother, "that I erred in bringing this child into the world; is sin so gloriously rewarded?"

"I beg your pardon, ladies, I mean no offense," and the Rev. gentleman bowed himself out with a new idea buzzing in his brain.

To be Concluded.

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