

on stale bread and black coffee," in order that "no useless woman can have eight animals slaughtered daily to cater to her four-ounce appetite" and the four-ounce appetites of her useless attendants; and the American working women and men toil and slave to enable a few of the useless moneyed aristocracy to spend more on one banquet than it takes to feed the English queen's household for a whole month.

Where's the difference? Where, except in the fact that, with the boundless resources and opportunities of this country, as compared with England, the American workers are by many lengths ahead in the race of folly and servility.

The "Appeal" calls the working people "damned clumps." Very true, no doubt, but does it do any good to call a clump a clump? The church has been calling mankind "miserable sinners," "totally depraved," etc., for many hundreds of years. Has this calling of bad names done any good? To convince a man that he is a thorough bad man, he can do nothing for himself without aid from above, is the best possible way to confirm him in his badness, or to make his badness worse than it was before, since it relieves him of the sense of personal responsibility in the matter. Is it not much the same in financial or political reform as in moral or religious?

Our labor reform and finance reform papers, almost without exception preach Christianity to their readers as the highest standard of economic morality. They preach such generalizations as "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," and then hold up to the eye of fifth such practical examples as the talents—see Luke XIX 12—28, in the taking of "usury," is incurred as right and proper; also that it is right and proper for one man to rule over his fellow-men, and to live at his expense on the labor and the traffic of other men, and that the rebels—those who will not submit to such rule must be slain, and yet, with such practical teachings as these our reform papers wonder that men are such "clumps" as to submit to usury, and to the monopolists who rob them in other ways, of the fruits of their labors.

These reformers forget that teaching by example, or by object lesson, is a thousand fold more powerful than by precept,—such as the so-called Golden Rule.

A New Woman in the Field.

As will be seen stated in the paragraph below, quoted from the "Truth Seeker," we are to have a new Freethought lecturer. But she will not confine herself to the consideration of free thought, only. For clear mind sees that liberty cannot end in thought but must find its logical outcome in action. With her cool, clear, logical intellect, her education and training which have peculiarly fitted her for this work, with her charming delivery and kindly, simple manner, I know of no one more nearly an ideal "all-around" woman. I have no doubt she will equal, if not surpass, her father, the well-known orator, Moses Hull.

"Mrs. M. Florence Johnson, of Milford, Mass., returned to her home last week from a protracted stay in New York, during which she appeared twice before Liberal gatherings in this city—not a reception tendered her, at the Manhattan Liberal club, and at New Rochelle. In addition to her accomplishments as an eloquentist, Mrs. Johnson is "developing," as our Spiritualist friends might say, into a Freethought lecturer. She has already spoken acceptably in Boston and Brooklyn. Her address on "The Responsibility of Freethinkers," is an excellent one for delivery where the ground has been broken and the aggressive and defensive work of Liberalism is to be begun. Those who imagine that Freethought has no mission except to fight the traditional religion, and to be content with the result of their error. Mrs. Johnson will devote the summer to the presentation of lectures on the Demands of Liberalism, the Warfare of Freethought with Orthodoxy, etc. Of course she will have a Paine address, and also, probably, equip herself to officiate at funerals of Liberals when called by such sad occasions. Liberal societies that make arrangements for lectures by Mrs. Johnson will be assured of giving the public opportunity to hear sensible talk presented in a winsome manner.

"LUCIFER'S CHURCH,"—was the circle spoken of by friend Colridge, but its Christian namesake, met at Lucifer's rooms Wednesday evening, the 3rd inst, with a good attendance of earnest truthseekers. Exercises opened with a twenty minutes talk by Dr. J. R. Price, who took as his text, "At what period of our children's lives shall we begin to tell them the truth about themselves"—or words to that effect. As an honest physician should do, Dr. Price handled his subject without gloves—going straight to the root of the tree of evil, whose shadow blights our entire social life. He designated the American people as a "nation of liars," and clearly showed that the most "conventional lies of civilization" are the most hurtful, the most deadly, were the lies we tell to our children, and the biggest of their liars. Discussion and criticism followed, as usual, and yet it could hardly be called criticism where there was little or no difference of opinion expressed.

The next meeting of the club will be at the rooms of Prof. Cheney and of Dr. Andrews at 425 Park Ave., Tuesday evening, June 10th.

Modesty, False and True.

By H. M. ASPENWALL.

The "modest" priests are so modest it shocks them beyond all endurance, to have their secret iniquities uncovered, and so they cry out "Crucify Moses Harman." I can't tell by what honest piousness of the law they could make out that he had committed an offense against Moses of his freedom. Did he say "a noble leg" when Comstock would have him say limb of the table? Did he say, "a miserable leg of the law" instead of "limb of the law"? Did he say, "Behold the master cometh, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass?" Perhaps to please Comstock, he should have said "burro!" This reminds me of a poem I once read:

I stood upon the peak amid the air;
Below me lay the people, and the earth.
Life, and life again was everywhere,
And everywhere were melody and mirth.
Save on that peak, and I alone brooded there.
I was not then my mortal self, and
I stood in the journey I had done—
Ereaching earth, and earth's seductive crowd,
I'd scented this deep, despite the rocks and wind,
Of such a feat might any man be proud.

But as I boasted thus, my ass he eyed.

I turned and lo! a tear was in his eye.

As I'd I gazed upon the beast, the burst it.

"Jibbe, who brought you up the mountain high?

Was it your legs or mine, the journey made?"

"Then merrily I: The stoutest peak is mine!"

And there he moaned on the very height.

Who aro! in pride and vaunt their empty eloquence

While those poor basins assay who delight

To place them before have unremembered names.

And who would give Comstock more power than despotic king would dare to take? Hasn't Webster given us the proper names to express all things, hidden or revealed? Is Webster mistaken and Comstock right? Well, what's in a name that it should send a man to prison?

My memory goes back more than twenty years to a little episode that happened in a boarding school. The principal lived in the institute and boarded the students. After school the teachers and Mrs. Prof. H.,—all ladies—were in the sitting room. One of the young ladies, a bright country girl went down to the "chance store where a gentleman coming in said: "Mr. Brady's bull has gored one of his sons, and they think the poor boy will die."

The young girl ran back, and rushing breathless into the sitting room said:

"O Mrs. H., Mr. Brady's bull has almost killed one of his boys."

"Hush, child!" Mrs. H. said, "you must not use such language here, in the presence of all these ladies."

"Why, what have I said? Don't you think it dreadful?"

"Yes."

"And don't you think they ought to shoot that bull?"

"You must speak that word."

"What word? Bull?"

"Yes."

"What shall I say, then?"

"Say, gentleman cow, if you say anything."

"But I did not mean cow, I meant bull, just as I said, and my mother says its always proper to call things by their right names. Should I say 'gentleman woman?'"

"I think you better go to your room awhile," Mrs. H. replied.

"And I think so, too," exclaimed the girl, and she went, convinced that some one lacked good sense, and that it wasn't herself, this time.

Congressman Morse of Massachusetts is giving his serious thought to the question of restricting immigration. He doesn't want this land to become the dumping-ground for "the scum of all God's creation." And, strange as it may seem, that's what immigrants are. The Congressman is himself a charitable Christian, and, there can be no doubt, intends to paint the character of these immigrants in just colors; yet, when they emerge from his brush, they are a polished black, as though covered with Russia's State of Mind. Most of the immigrants today are Italians; they can be seen at the Park Square Station every day—hundreds of them. They are nearly all men; and young, and strong, and good-looking they are—much better-looking than Congressman Morse. True, they may not be able to read the Congressman's speeches; but there are others who would hesitate before doing that, also. It is evident that the average Congressman does not know the cause which is sending to us daily the best blood of all parts of Italy. Heretofore many of the Italians who came over were from Sicily, and, naturally, somewhat fond of the glitter of the knife; but the present-day immigration is different. Most of the immigrants today are from their country to avoid conscription. If they stay at home they stand the danger of being sent off to fight the Abyssinians, and anyone who has read of the Abyssinian War knows what this means—it is almost a sentence of death. All over Italy placards are posted up, in spite of the police, urging the young men to quit the country, instead of allowing themselves to be used as food for powder in order to satisfy the pride of Humbert. And the young men are heeding this advice. Such immigrants are good immigrants, as good as those who came from Germany, after the Revolution of 1848, and it would be cruel and outrageous to try to keep them out. Congressmen who talk of liberty and sympathy for the oppressed, and all that sort of things, have a good chance to show what their sympathy amounts to by voting against restriction. Voting for restriction now means that the Italians, who are fleeing from oppression, shall be kept out.—Paragraphs.

An Appeal to Men of Honor and of Sense.

Mrs. Mary L. GIBBINS, in Christian Life.

One who feels every interest of her sex to be intensely dear to her, beseeches you to earnestly, solemnly, and without prejudice consider some truths which are generally veiled in silence, mystery and ignorance; but which touch most keenly, heavily, deeply. Of all subjects which concern the human race the subject of its perpetuation is treated with least intelligence and deliberation. An artist spends months and years of patient toil in the execution of a painting. A living form . . . is invoked by skill, unthinking passion, and the circumstances of its birth, which will affect it for life, are left to chance. . . .

O my sisters! how is it that bright young girls change so fast into faded, worn-out, over-burdened wives and mothers? How is it that their faces take on, sometimes, such a dull, animal look? How is it that a great majority of our women are afflicted with diseases peculiar to the sex? How is it that marriage so seldom confirms the dreams of courtship days? How is it that the great and precious gift of offspring is so often regarded with dislike and dread?

It is because the ideas which govern married people in their most intimate relations are utterly and radically wrong because unrestrained indulgence on the husband's part and submission on the wife's, are so universally accepted as the proper conditions of married life, that most young girls suppose conception to be entirely involuntary and children the result of nature or of Providence. . . .

There are women to whom parturition is probable and sometimes certain death, whose husbands knowing this, still refuse to spare, and there is no law to punish such murder. An instance recently came to the writer's knowledge, in which the husband was warned by the physician that another birth would kill his wife; yet that wife again became a mother, and died.

The wife of a gentleman whose position would lend him to expect the utmost refinement and usefulness from her, is subject to insanity after child-birth; yet she has been made to bear eight children and is insane now, while the husband mourns this "affliction." One could multiply instances until head and heart were sick at the recital. Every woman knows of such wrongs. They are eating life embers into hearts and lives all around us.

"Two-thirds of all the cases of womb disease," says Dr. Tilt, "are traceable to child-bearing in feeble women." As Dr. Nappes suggests, "every farmer is aware of the necessity of limiting the offspring of his mares and cows." How much more severe are the injuries inflicted upon the delicate organization of woman! The evils of a too rapid succession of pregnancies are likewise conspicuous in the children. Puny, sickly, short-lived offspring follow over-production. Worse than this, the official statistics of Scotland show that such children are peculiarly liable to infamy. Adding to an already excessive number they cannot receive at the mother's hands the attention they require.

If the lips of all wives were unsealed there would go up such a cry of anguish that the earth would quake and the heavens grow black. I mean could, in one dread moment, see what they have been doing to their wives and children, the world would forget its business, its pleasures and its wars, and stand dumb before the awful sight. Many a woman is held in cruel and degrading slavery, a slavery of her own body, which places her lower than the beasts of the field, a slavery from which she sees no escape except through constant abortions or a separation from her husband, in which case the world despises her and the laws protect her children. Abortion is a fearful, inhuman, cruel, crime, degrading and destructive of womankind; but I charge this crime upon the husbands far more than upon the wives. A free mother would not conceive the idea of abortion.

"If a woman has a right to decide on any question," says a physician, "it is as to how many children she shall bear."

Hear the testimony of a woman: "No words can express the helplessness, the sense of personal desecration, the despair which sinks into the heart of woman when forced to submit to maternity under adverse circumstances, and when her soul rejects it."

Abortion should never be welcome. A husband should never make his wife a mother without a corresponding desire on her part, and such a degree of health as will render it safe for her to assume the burden of maternity.

O men and brethren! remember that the sufferings of motherhood are such as you can never know, and such as you would often refuse to bear, and do not ignorantly and carelessly impose them upon your patient wives. . . .

The calling of a new life into existence should be the most pure and deliberate act of your lives. Both husband and wife should prepare for it by having both mind and body in the most pure and healthy condition. A conception entered into with anger, fear or disgust on the wife's part, leaves its unhappy impress on the child for life. The bitter rebellion of expectant and unwelcome motherhood has stamped many a child for life with wicked or gloomy tempers. It is known that the instinct of murder has been implanted in the child by a desire on the mother's part to rid herself of it before its birth. . . .

While she bears this tender life your impression made upon her is transmitted to that delicate being within her. How careful should she be to withhold herself from every evil influence! A couple whose first child was not the result of a wise and forward benevolent choice; the husband becoming more selfish and the wife more willing. Their second child was born of their deliberate election. Unlike the first, this birth cost her scarcely any pain. The child is beautiful in mind and body (also unlike the first). . . .

Certain it is that a mother may influence the character of her child before its birth. Then she holds the key to its whole future life. Instances are well known in which mothers, after having spent much time hearing music or looking at pictures, have brought forth artists. Birth-marks, peculiarities of mind and body are thus inherited from their fathers, thieves and murderers are produced in the same way.

If women would cease to cramp their bodies by tight-laced corsets, waists and bands, and to distort and displace the internal organs by weight upon the hips, and if they lived a free, simple, active life, the weakness and disease which unfit them for motherhood would scarcely exist. If women would take care of themselves during pregnancy, take gentle, open-air exercise, adopt a diet of rice and fruits, tending to soften the muscles, according to the teachings of a valuable little book called "Parturition Without Pain," the burdens of maternity might be greatly lessened.

Wives, speak with your husbands about these things, and show them women's needs. It is in ignorance, very often, that they wrong you. Fathers, mothers, as you love your children, and would have the next generation escape the miseries and failures of this, talk with your children and let them not go ignorantly into the relations of the married state. Let your children, even while young, come to you with their questions, and answer them simply and tenderly as a parent can, and they will not go to vicious sources to satisfy curiosity.

"A Great Improvement."

"Epitaph."

We received No. 3 of "Our New Humanity" about the 1st of March. It is in every way a great improvement on No. 1, which was the only one that ever was published. Mechanically it has a high degree of perfection and its contents are greatly superior to those of the first number, while they are well adapted to its field. Among its more notable articles is one by Lizzie M. Holmes entitled "The Unwomanly Woman," treated from a libertarian stand, the closing of which contains a fine ideal of the grown future woman. Then there is one by Moses Hull on That Great Fraud Yelet Society. By "yelet," the dictionary explains that he means: called; named. In this article, along with the creditable things he says, the writer shows how much he has learned to learn from his cotemporary innovator, and how it is followed with a happy memory by his daughter, M. Florence Johnson, delightfully exposing the impostures of Moses, which readily redeems him by credit of rearing