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By Margaret Sanger

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Editorial Comment

WHAT DOES THE law require of a “father”? Does the term legally involve moral as well as physical acts and responsibilities?

There are three cases in the news notes of this issue which lead to this enquiry.

First comes the case of Mr. Slavicek of Chicago who had twenty-five children in twenty-six years. His ideas of paternity were not complicated. He did his bit and ceased to bother. He was haled into court because he allowed his wife and three children who remained at home, only twenty dollars a month for their support. The court awarded the wife twelve dollars weekly. It was not mentioned whether Mr. Slavicek had the means to pay this sum or not. If he has not, will the tax payers be willing to assume the obligations of his profuse and unproviding paternity?

The second man had only twenty-two children, but had more interest in their welfare. He couldn’t support them on what he earned, so he stole to feed them. For this he was clapped into jail. He received no compliments on the size of his family nor upon his sense of duty in trying to provide for them. He lived, however, in England where he could have gotten information on how to keep his family within possible limits, had he known enough to do so.

The third man had thirty-five children. He died full of years and he might have been honored for he supported his family, but he had three wives, so he too was outside the law.

And so we would like to know what the law does require of a father. It should be more explicit. If it means him to have no more children than he can support, let it say so. If he can have but one wife at a time, as is somewhat under stood, he could understand the number of children he could and should have just as well. Only if the law implies he can have only those children that he can provide for, it should also allow him the information which will enable him to regulate the matter.

If the law means that a man is to have as many children as he can by one wife, no matter who has to support them, let that be understood too. Let his neighbors and the tax payers understand that they have to help him out.

Our opinion is, that if the neighbor and the tax payers think the matter over, they will insist upon the repeal of the law, or the tabu against giving proper information on family limitation and the cry will be for the clinics that they have in various other countries where the taxpayers have decided that they will support their own enterprises and not other people’s.

IT MAY INTEREST our readers to know that ten publications from the Far East have recently been put, by request, upon our list of exchanges.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT exercises in Susquehanna College, Dr. Frits Holm of Denmark spoke on the development of a real League of Nations. In closing he said that international unity would be best assured by a proper limitation of the various populations.

A logical idea, once started, cannot be stopped by any subterfuge or strategy. As John Stuart Mill well said many years ago, the subject of overpopulation is one with which the mind of man has only begun to grapple. There is a way to decrease poverty, disease, and the various pestilential vices that proceed from them. It remains to use this knowledge wisely. Perhaps the achievement of this happy result of what Bernard Shaw calls the greatest discovery of the twentieth century will make the twenty-first century the golden era of the brotherhood of man.

THE FOLLOWING REMARKS of the British Ambassador cannot be too often quoted.

“The great accumulations of wealth are, I think, more or less obviously nearing the end of their making. The period of the great raids, if one may use that phrase, upon the resources of nature is drawing to its close all the world over. We have got in Europe now millions of people who are at this stage—millions of working people who say to themselves: “What is a life worth that at the end leaves us nothing achieved except having avoided being starved to death and having produced children who will follow in our path?” That is the great problem that is worrying the minds of millions in Europe.”

“What is worrying Europe today,” says the World Tomorrow, “will worry America tomorrow. Will we be wise in time?”

WHAT CAN ANYONE say of the Hammer case? Of course if Mrs. Oganesoff had had contraceptive information neither she nor Dr. Hammer would be in their present predicaments. As a health measure she should, we understand, have had the information as she was unable to bear a child.
The facts seem simple. The operation was necessary to save life, that is the testimony of the physicians. The woman died, but she would have died in any case, the operation might have saved her. We have always heard that it was a physician’s duty to try to save a patient’s life, no matter what the circumstances were which had put that life in jeopardy. If doctors are to be terrified out of doing their duty by verdicts such as that in the Hammer case, the situation is indeed serious. The safety of the public would seem to demand that juries before being allowed to act should be subjected to the attention of an alienist.

Large Families

Since Monsieur Bertillon announced that a family of four children might be called a large family, every body, following in the footsteps of this statistician has taken up the cry, that large families were those that could count at least four children. This ended in being laughable. In order to permit families to enjoy the advantages which are to be granted to “large families,” there is in the chamber of deputies the same uncertainty, incoherence and endless discussion that obtains upon all other questions, whether fiscal or not.

Sometimes the family is large when it has three, sometimes when it has four or six children.

“We must know,” said Monsieur Jean Le Febre (April Session) exactly how many children there must be in a family called large. Is it a family of three children, or must there be four at least?”

It is curious that it should have been an anti-Socialist deputy who first disputed, and very ably too, the audacious affirmation of M. Bertillon.

M. Bonnevay struck the right note. In a few words he exposed the stupidity bertillonesque in connection with the law relating to the creation of new fiscal resources in connection with the relief taxes.

“Why,” said he, “this sum of four children which was promulgated this morning by M. Bokanouski and which M. Charles Dupont endeavored to justify,” saying “is the normal family two children to replace the father and mother, one to replace the one who might die, and another for the state?” This is no explanation at all. Permit me to give my ideas upon the subject of the normal family. The normal family is very variable. It is one that is composed of as many children as the mother’s health permits her to bear, and the father’s energy can support (applause from the center—left—right). It may be twelve for one family and only one for another.

Excellent! This is right. This is true. Many workers have too many children. Even one is too many when you take into consideration their resources and the ambition they have to make their offspring even moderately happy.

“You are a Malthusian,” observed M. Ringur, “you express the doctrines of Malthus,” said M. Julesby.

“I am not a Malthusian either in doctrine or deed.”

It seems therefore, that this representative of the people is a Malthusian without knowing it, or rather without appearing to know it.

But this is not all. As M. Bonnevay speaking of the project of levying duties on all families which had less than four children, remarked, “they were trying to make a crime of the act of restricting the number of children, whereas that act was a lawful act and under certain conditions, a duty!”

When, for example it was a question of transmitting defects, of syphilis, etc., it was a duty not to transmit life because in doing so, it was disease that was transmitted (applause on the right and center).

Why didn’t the Socialists applaud?

And M. Bonnevay himself, will he vote for the law put up by the senators against the Neo Malthusians?

Translated from the Neo Malthusian

Emphasis on Precaution

It is already seen that it is criminal to live at the expense of the future, that children must be wisely and diligently educated for parenthood, that vice must be sapped at its foundations, that it is much more radically necessary to improve the conditions of the race through parenthood than through change of environment, that the emphasis must be shifted from rescue to prevention—Havelock Ellis
Taking the Message to Workingwomen

By Margaret Sanger

IN ORDER TO convey the message of Birth Control to working women, the cordon of social workers must first be broken through “social science” as applied by that specialized class of persons known as “social workers” has erected a barricade against all progressive ideas. Endowed with the funds of “charity,” which, as we know, come largely from ultra conservative sources, these “workers” have established a self-assumed guardianship of the poor. Whatever individuals of this class may do, as a whole it maintains entanglements of moral and ethical barbed wire against anything which, in the opinion of themselves and those who furnish the funds to support them, is not “good” for the women workers and their children. This situation prevails as strongly in England as elsewhere, and it is one of the conditions which must be reckoned with by the Birth Control movement.

The reactionary moral guardianship exercised by “social workers” is responsible for the ignorance in which some of the most progressive of the working women of England are kept regarding matters of the utmost importance to them and their families. Take, for instance, the Women’s Co-operative Guild. It consists of 3500 of the most advanced and intelligent working women here. They are married women whose husbands belong to trade organizations. They had never heard of Birth Control as a movement. Most of them have never heard of it as a scientific fact, until they attended lectures delivered by one outside of the circle of their “social guardians.”

One woman, the mother of twenty children, nine of whom reached maturity and seven of whom are still living, came after the lecture and whispered “It’s a fine work you are doing, Missus. It’s making ’story you are, and good ’story too.” I wish I had known what you’ve told us here tonight when I was young. There wouldn’t have been so many of mine in the grave.” Her attitude was typical of that of the older women—women who should have known about Birth Control methods many years ago. All the older women—those who have passed the age when knowledge of Birth Control methods is of use to themselves—are anxious to help their daughters and their daughters in law. It is beautiful and inspiring to hear them carry the message to each other and direct their friends to still other women who are in need of the information—to Mrs. So and So, mother of seven, with four dead, to Mrs. So and So, mother of ten and still young enough to bear many more.

These women, advanced as they are in many ways, know simply nothing of their own bodies. Even the names of the reproductive organs are a mystery to them and must be imparted. The location, the functions, the use and care of these organs must be explained to them, for, hard as it is to believe, they are ignorant of all these things.

Once the barricades are broken, these women are touchingly, splendidly eager for this knowledge and for instruction in family limitation. It is inspiring to watch their faces. They are conscious of the fact that this subject has never before been talked of out loud. As they receive the knowledge, there is but a hair’s breadth between hysteria and holiness in the atmosphere. They are ready for either, according to the words used. One can feel the falling away of ages of erroneous teaching and false shame, and as the light comes into their eyes, they seem younger and happier. Their womanhood begins to break the silence of the centuries.

They always ask for the practical methods of Birth Control. It is the first time these methods have been discussed or imparted in public meetings. “Here we are all women” they say, “we want to know what we can do to limit our families, what we can use, the cost of the necessary things and where they can be had.” They contribute their own share toward breaking down the walls and letting in the light, for they quickly learn to give their own experiences in order to get more particularized advice and to help their sisters. They are eager to do anything which will help to bring the illumination of truth to a subject that for nearly two thousand years has been relegated to darkness and the gutter.

Among working women who are free from the influence of the accepted “social science” and who are, therefore, free to choose their own reading matter, there are many who have heard of Marie Stopes’ books. Most of them, however, have read very little about books, even the book “Maternity” published a few years ago by the Guild, which includes many letters from mothers who know nothing of Birth Control and who suffer from the lack of that knowledge. Their time is taken with care of their children, getting meals, washing and making the husband’s pay last until the end of the week. They have no time to think of books.

LIGHT WAS SHED upon the relation between large families and drunkenness among women by the replies made to questions at one of the Birth Control meetings at a branch of the Guild. I inquired if drunkenness had increased or decreased among women with the high wages and independent earnings which had come in since the outbreak of the war. The answer was that a woman takes to drink when children begin to come along so fast that she gets discouraged with constant working and trying to feed many mouths on the same amount of money that she got from her “chap” when there were but two or three to feed. Until this situation comes, the woman may “take a drink now and then with ‘er ol’ man,” but does not get drunk. “It’s ‘er that’s got to go without,” they told me.

Even the children in large families know that the mother does not get the same kind of food that the father does, even though another baby is coming. When there is not enough to go around, the father and the children are supplied and the mother goes without. The fact that women are talking about
these wrongs and resent them means that they must go. And they will go through Birth Control.

Nearly all my time in England thus far has been devoted to various branches of the Women's Co-operative Guild in London. This has been most satisfying to me because in these meetings for women only, one can have plain heart to heart talks in which one may tell plainly how to apply Birth Control methods.

Another fine thing about the work here is that one's energy is not taken for negative work. There is no necessity of fighting fossilized laws, of trying to do away with them. Information concerning contraceptives can be given openly and I am giving all that has come my way. Clinics would be better, because the instruction could then be adapted to the individual cases, but until the clinics arrive, the present means of imparting information serves as a step toward that goal.

A SIDE FROM THE work with the women of the Guild, one of the most interesting meetings thus far was that held at the International Socialist Club. The hall was packed to the doors and this Birth Control meeting was by far the largest the club had held since the outbreak of the war. All kinds of questions were asked and many objections were raised by men—old Marxians, all, with the arguments antagonistic to Malthus deeply rooted in their minds. What they wished most to know was whether Birth Control would help labor. If a man had six children, was it not necessary that he should have higher wages than the man who has two? The gist of the argument was that the working class could increase their wages by increasing their needs.

How astoundingly futile and false is that argument in the face of the living facts. It was answered, apparently to the satisfaction of all those present, when it proceeded to bob up again and again in various guises. Finally several of the women jumped to their feet crying that the men did not want Birth Control because they wanted "to keep the women down." A chorus of "Hear! Hear!" came from the rest of the women in the audience, who called to me to agree with the charge. I was delighted at the spirit of the women but could not agree as to the motives of the men in opposing Birth Control.

I explained that I felt that the antagonism upon the part of the men was due to the impression that the only methods of preventing conception were one or two old ones which men generally dislike. When it was learned that methods are now known to be safe in which the man needs have neither concern nor part, all opposition fell away. This suggestion struck like lightning. Even the men agreed and gave a hearty round of applause. One wonders just how much of the "Marxian" opposition to Birth Control has its roots, not in logic, but in personal dislike for certain antiquated methods of preventing conception.

The spirit of this meeting was inspiring and out of it may come a widespread interest among the radical men and women. Rose Witcop was in the chair and managed the meeting magnificently. Guy Aldred spoke briefly on the need of education among the workers.

LAST NIGHT, JUNE 15th, there was a Birth Control meeting at the Emily Davidson club, which is named for the suffragist who was killed. This was for women only and the hall again was packed to the doors and out into the hall ways. Many men came but were turned away. This meeting, too, brought out an interesting side light. A third of the audience approved contraception as a means of family limitation. One little elderly woman in a spirited voice insisted that men should be taught that sexual contact was solely for procreation and insisted that three or four contacts in the course of a lifetime were quite sufficient. It developed that nearly half of the audience were elderly, unmarried women. This explained the insistence with which they favored contraception.

At this meeting I was showered with questions about our co-worker, Kitty Marion, who so bravely faces the Broadway crowds to sell The Birth Control Review. Her old friends congratulated us upon having so courageous a woman in the movement, and blamed themselves roundly for allowing her to leave England. Emily Davidson and Kitty Marion were fast friends. Another meeting, to which men will be admitted, will be held at the Emily Davidson Club on June 29th.

I am off now to lecture at Edmonton to the Women's Co-operative Guild branch there. Tonight I deliver a lecture at eight on "The Psychology of the Birth Control Movement" at the Workers' Educational Association, under the auspices of the Society for the Study of Sex Psychology of which Edward Carpenter is president.

There is a splendid growing interest in Birth Control everywhere. I am most encouraged because the workingwomen are spreading the message and calling for clinics where they can obtain the necessary materials. It is all going on quietly and gathering momentum as it goes. If the saying "What goes in England, goes over the world" is true, it is most encouraging to look into the future.

London, June 16th

In the Bishop Museum, Honolulu

IN THE DAYS before the white man came upon the scene the natives of the Hawaiian Islands were exponents of the simple life.

A visit to the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, which contains the largest extant collection of Hawaiian and Polynesian remains, amazes the tourist by its almost complete lack of material belongings.

They had no beds, tables nor chairs. They lived in straw houses and when they dressed at all, wore flowers and tapa or straw skirts. The chiefs had feather cloaks and helmets, necklaces of teeth, hair and bones, but the personal baggage of even the greatest king could be nicely packed in a two gallon bowl.

They ate out of wooden bowls and dishes. They put to sea in slender out-rigger canoes, they fished with nets or bone fish hooks, and if they had to kill anyone they broke his neck with a kind of wooden hatchet.

(Continued on page 16)
Drab Monotony

By Ellen A. Kennan

MONOTONOUS, THESE STORIES of the mothers of many children? Yes, I admit they are. One is very like another from our point of view, from the point of view of the reader and writer, of you and me. There are always the same rapid succession of pregnancies, the ever recurring miscarriages, abortions and deaths, always the same old story of sick and defective children, always the same low wages, always the increasing cost of living, always the same overworked, exhausted mother, always the same tired, discouraged father, always the same cramped living quarters, always the same endless tale of drudgery, washing, ironing, scrubbing, sewing, cooking, always the ever present dread of another pregnancy. Certainly a set of drab details, repeated with slight variation in every tale. Drab to us who read and write! But how about the victim? How about the mother? Life to her is no dead level of monotony, it is a story of vanishing hopes and dreams, of agonizing effort, of a losing fight against terrible odds, of alternations of hope and black despair, of final dull submission to what seems inevitable. Her suffering is no whit less keen, less excruciating because countless others are going through the same wasteful experience, because the lot of countless others for ages has been the same. It is so easy to classify people, to throw them into groups and centre attention on the group and lose sight of the individual. It is a method of self protection on the part of those more fortunately situated, an unconscious shrinking from the hard naked facts of life. It is this tendency which leads us to talk of "the poor," "the working class," and so forth, and so forth. It is too distracting and distressing to think of Mrs. Brown's individual problem and Mrs. Smith's and Mrs. Jones' and the individual problem of the million others, no two of whom face exactly the same difficulties.

The old Greeks and Romans put to death the babies they did not want as soon as they were born. We of the present day are inclined to feel superior because we are guilty of no such inhuman practice. But, let us be honest and look facts in the face—is our method which makes it possible for them to be exposed to malnutrition, disease and the drudgery of our factory system more humane or less? Which is to be preferred, a quick death at birth or slow torture through a life time? Which is easier for the child? for the mother? Neither method is fortunately but, if I had to choose between the two, I should have no hesitancy in choosing the ancient system. The Greeks and Romans were wasteful of woman's strength in that they forced her to endure for nothing the suffering of pregnancy and child birth, but we of this modern humane age add to this the further and keener torture of forcing her to see her children deprived of all their elemental rights, growing up into warped and distorted human beings. There is only one rational method, neither Greek nor Roman nor American, that of making it not only lawful, but simple, easy and cheap to prevent the conception of unwanted children.

WITH CONTRACEPTIVE MEASURES lawful, easy, simple and cheap we should have been spared the monotony of Mrs. Berman's story. Thirteen times she went through the suffering and pangs of pregnancy and child birth. Seven of the thirteen survived babyhood. What a different story we might have had if the strength and means expended in bearing nurturing tending, maintaining the thirteen had all been lavished on the seven! It is possible that Martha might not have had to work in a factory to help support the family, and so might not now at twenty one years of age be suffering from tuberculosis. And Albert of thirteen might not have been forced, had there been fewer children, to take care of himself at four, and so might not have fallen on the fire escape, the accident to which his mother attributes his low intelligence. Albert cannot learn to count or make change, he is in the class for defectives at school. The ages of the children were: all living, would run twenty nine, twenty eight, twenty seven, twenty four, twenty three, twenty one, nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen, eleven, nine, six. Barely a year's interval between the first and second and second and third. Mr. Berman is a house painter and has never earned very much. Of his first five children, all died when two or less than two years old except John who is now twenty eight. Martha, twenty one, who has tuberculosis is the next living child. Daniel, seventeen, is a printer. Arthur, fifteen, works in a brush factory and his mother says is a very wild and bad boy. It is not strange that one boy is wild out of so many—the constant marvel to me is that they do not all go wrong, so little attention or care do they get and so much of their time as children must be spent on the street, so much of the family intercourse consists of sharp words and blows.

And how different Mrs. Antonelli's story might have been! As things are, it has all the old familiar elements: married at seventeen, at thirty four, ten children, eight children surviving infancy. The children's ages running if at all were alive, twenty one, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen, eleven, nine, eight, six. Just after the birth of the tenth child, the husband died. Otherwise the story would probably have involved fourteen or fifteen children instead of ten, for Mrs. Antonelli is a good Catholic and her husband belonged to the same faith. Of course during the six years since her husband's death living, mere existence, has been very difficult, for only two children are old enough to work, Adolfo, twenty one and Maria, seventeen. Adolfo as chauffeur earns from twenty to twenty five dollars a week, Maria who works in a shirt waist factory earns ten dollars a week. Guiseppe, fifteen, and in the class for defectives must, according to law, hang on in his class at school till he is sixteen, even though the family is sadly in need of the money he might bring in if at work. Josephine, thirteen, is two years below her grade at school.
Antonetta, eight, has such bad tonsils that she has not yet entered school. Does the law, accepting its share of responsibility, provide for his family? Oh no! That would be interfering with individual initiative.

But twenty-one years old Adolfo and seventeen year old Maria, who are in no way responsible for the large family, may devote all they earn to it and so be cheated out of their share of life! The law is helpless! Such is the law!

And here is still another story of wasted strength and effort! Out of Mrs. Schmidt's eleven, seven are dead, six did not live even a year! There are four living, two grown and two aged fifteen and thirteen. The youngest, thirteen, is below his grade in school and fifteen years old William is in the class for defectives. Mrs. Schmidt did not seem to think it at all strange that six babies had died—it was one of those inevitable things that God ordered—no one knows why. She assumed no responsibility for William's "thickheadedness" as she called it. He was to blame for being such a nuisance and not getting on in school. She really seemed to feel a virtuous pride that she had brought eleven into the world. She cherished no resentment because of the six dead babies! She had not even questioned the righteousness of the situation. She had been well schooled, woman's duty is to bear unceasingly, submissively, never mind the quality. The one important thing is quantity! Yes, the story is like all the other stories, dull, drab and monotonous. It has the same old refrain: too many children born, too many children dead, too many children living, weak, defective and warped, too much wasted human effort.

One Aspect of the Large Family of Today

By Virginia C. Young

In my work with delinquent girls and women, I am often impressed by the fact that many girls who go wrong come from large families. Where it is often not possible for the overburdened mother to give sufficient time or attention to the proper protection of her growing girls. Under the simpler and more normal conditions of family life a generation or two ago, large families played a wholesome and important part in building up a strong and sturdy body of citizens and home life, with its constant claims on the co-operation and self-sacrifice of brothers and sisters, was a wonderful school for character forming.

But our crowded city life, with its absorbing problems of wages and the strain of high costs of food and clothing, has so completely altered this that it is both unintelligent and stupid to keep on talking about the advantages of belonging to a large family. Let us regret the changes which have so altered the back ground of our American family life, but let us not, through lazy and loose generalizing seek to evade the truth about present conditions which must be met.

The other night four bedraggled little girls were brought to No. 17 Beekman Place by a Traveler's Aid Worker who had picked them up in the Pennsylvania Station where they were negotiating for tickets on the midnight train for Baltimore where they knew some young soldiers in Camp Y. When questioned, the girls, who were all under sixteen, admitted that they had deliberately left home in quest of adventure, and gave as their reason for doing so that home life was monotonous, hard and uninteresting. All but one belonged to families of six or more children. One had no mother and was the household drudge for an exacting father and younger brothers and sisters. All spoke resentfully of their crowded homes, the ceaseless round of household tasks, the constant grumbling about the expense of feeding and clothing so many, and the impossibility of ever having anything extra for diversion or occasional family outings. These girls had become accustomed to seeking their pleasures outside their homes and surreptitiously, since it seemed to be their dismal and common experience that parents have no time for taking interest in the perfectly natural desire of young girls to have companions and play time.

The next morning, three anxious fathers came from Newark in response to our reassuring night messages, and took home with them their runaway daughters. It is hardly necessary to say that we believe that both sides understood each other better when we had all talked things out together, and it is our earnest prayer that these particular parents may in the future face more frankly and meet more wisely the difficult and delicate problems of adolescent girlhood. For all these fathers were unusually intelligent and well paid American artisans, a good deal weighed down by the responsibilities of large and increasing families, one of them handicapped by the constant ill health of his wife, the mother of approximately a child for each year of their married life, and another sincerely mourning the loss of his wife, leaving a large brood of little ones who should have had her loving care for many years longer.

There are hundreds of families today in which the entire time and strength of both parents must go into, first bearing children, and then working like horses in a tangle mill to keep "the wolf from the door." It is inevitable that under such circumstances the spiritual values of life must be crowded out, and growing boys and girls cannot live "by bread alone." (Virginia C. Young)

It is surely better to have 35 million human beings live intelligently and usefully than 40 millions painfully struggling for a miserable existence. (Lord Derby)

Speak things, or hold your tongue—Emerson
Race Suicide in the United States

By Dr Warren S Thompson
University of Michigan and Cornell University

There are many people who think that race suicide means there is little or no natural increase (annual excess of births over deaths) in our population. Well informed students of our population questions, however, have never used the term in this sense. They have never feared that our population was not growing rapidly enough by natural increase to hold its own with that of other countries. Professor Ross originally used the term—race suicide—to characterize what he believed to be a movement in the growth of our population leading to the extinction of the older native stock and its replacement with the newer immigrant stocks—the Slave and the Latin and the Hebrew. According to this view our vital population questions are not questions of mere numbers but rather questions of quality.

Are the people of the older stock—those of Anglo Saxon and Teutonic descent—gradually dying out and are they being replaced by the immigrants from southern and eastern Europe? If this is the case what are the effects upon our civilization going to be? These are the questions of vital concern to Americans. Those who believe that the older stock is dying out are quite likely to believe that with it are going the ideals and aspirations which have made America distinctive among the nations of the world. They feel that these new peoples with different racial traits, with different national histories and with different cultures are certain to make an America, not only different from, but inferior to, what it would be if left in the possession of the older stock.

The Evidence of Race Suicide

Most of the evidence of race suicide comes from investigations made in New England. In Boston it was found that old American stock has a natural increase of only about one per thousand per annum. As the report points out, this is probably too low a rate of increase to represent the condition of the old native stock in other parts of the state; but yet it shows that this stock is increasing very slowly. The rate of natural increase for the whole state is about ten per thousand per annum. There is no room for doubt, therefore, that the newer stock is rapidly becoming a larger proportion of the entire population.

Another investigation giving much the same results was made by the Immigration Commission. It was found that in Rhode Island the native white women of native parentage who had been married from ten to twenty years had borne an average of 2.5 children, while the white women of foreign parentage had borne an average of 4.5 children. Thus the women of newer immigrant stock bore almost twice as many children as the women of native stock.

Experience and observation also confirm the more exact in

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The Movement of the Population in the Different Sections of the United States

In order to show the relative rates of increase of the urban and rural populations in different parts of the country I have prepared the following table. In this table the number of children born 0-4 and 5-9 years of age (columns 1 and 2) per 1,000 women of child bearing age—15-44 years of age—is given for a number of the different geographical and political units of the nation. The proportion of women 15-44 years of age and the proportion of native population to the whole population (columns 3 and 4) are also given for each of these units. At the
THE PROPORTION OF CHILDREN TO WOMEN IN THE URBAN AND RURAL COMMUNITIES OF THE UNITED STATES, ALSO IN CERTAIN SELECTED CITIES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Geographic Area</th>
<th>Number of Children under 5 Years</th>
<th>Women under 50</th>
<th>Proportion of Children to Women</th>
<th>Per Cent. of Women Urb.</th>
<th>Per Cent. of Women Rur.</th>
<th>Per Cent. of Urban Population Female</th>
<th>Per Cent. of Rural Population Female</th>
</tr>
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<td>United States</td>
<td>254</td>
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<td>15.3</td>
<td>6.3</td>
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<td>6.3</td>
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*This includes only the negro population of the South Atlantic, the East South Central and West South Central States.

East North Central States

United States: 301
Rural white: 301
Rural negro: 301
New England: 301
Middle Atlantic: 301
South Atlantic: 301
East South Central: 301
West South Central: 301
Mountain: 301
Pacific: 301

The fact standing out most clearly in the table given above is that in every state the proportion of children to women is greater in the country than in the cities. In the New England States as a whole the number of children under five years of age to 1,000 women is 19.3 per cent greater in the rural districts than in the urban. In all the other geographical divisions of the nation the difference is even greater than in New England. In the Middle Atlantic States it is 28.8 per cent, in the East North Central States it is 36.9 per cent, while in the West South Central States it is 50.0 per cent. These facts show beyond question that the rural population has a greater rate of natural increase than the city population.

THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE of this fact only becomes apparent, however, when we compare the proportion of native population in these two classes of communities. The proportion of native stock is invariably greater in the country than in the city. The greatest differences are to be found in New England and the Middle Atlantic States, but the difference is also considerable in the East North Central States. In the other parts of the nation the differences are not very large. It is also worth noting that in those sections where the differences are greatest the foreign stock in the cities is of the newer immigration, while in those sections where the differences are comparatively small the foreigners in both country and city are of the older immigration.

(To be continued)
A Madman's Idea

By Guiseppe Capraro

Translated from the Italian by Mary Knoblauch

THE NAPLES ROME express was due to leave in a very few minutes. The trainmen were already closing the doors of the compartments.

The traveller, although he, too, was to leave on this train, had not yet left the waiting room.

He was a man of about thirty, dressed with studied elegance. He had a reddish beard, a small sharp nose, and a monocle planted in the orbit of his right eye.

He stood directly back of the window in the waiting room. He did not move, but kept his eyes fixed with a strange attention on a second class carriage.

This man, Audrea Durle, was a madman. He had a fixed idea. He was convinced that he had served an unmerited prison term of ten years for infanticide, a crime in fact, which he had never committed.

He recalled and related his imaginary trial with a precision of detail which would have deceived anyone. The proofs against him were false, but so clear, palpable, irrefutable, that they led inevitably to his conviction.

He described all the agony of his life as a prisoner, and added that he would have killed himself in his desperation if his "idea," had not come to him. This idea was his secret. This idea he, Audrea Durle, wished to execute on the express between Naples and Rome. And he had in the execution all the cold and terrible precision of a madman.

At the last moment, after all the other passengers had boarded the train, he left the waiting room alone and walking quickly across the platform, stopped before a second class carriage. As he was stepping up he stumbled and fell. Two employees rushed up quickly and helped him to rise. A traveller who was all ready in the compartment appeared at the door and looked out with some curiosity.

"It is nothing, thank you," said Audrea Durle, as he picked himself up and entered the carriage, after he had arranged somewhat ostentatiously a brief case which hung from his shoulder.

It was one of those leather cases which are used to carry valuables; it had double locks and a large metal fastening.

The whistle blew, and the train pulled out of the station.

"Did you hurt yourself?" the other traveller, a short, fat man with a red pock marked face, asked courteously.

"No, thank you not at all," replied Audrea Durle. "It was a ridiculous, a perfectly ridiculous accident, wasn't it?" he added with an enigmatic smile, as though unwarily pleased about something.

"Yes, fortunately."

THE TWO TRAVELLERS were alone. Audrea Durle lighted a cigarette and looked at the country as it dashed by the window.

"Signor Felice Rasi!" he exclaimed after a short silence. His neighbor showed his surprise. "I know your name and I know all about you. Permit me then, to present myself to you, Audrea Durle." He held out his hand which the other shook warmly, murmuring.

"It is a great pleasure."

"You did not know my name until just now?"

"No, truly, I had not the pleasure."

"Then perhaps you will regret having shaken hands with me."

I have served ten years in the penitentiary for infanticide."

The other, surprised, did not know what to say.

"Yes, condemned," continued Audrea Durle, "condemned, but not guilty, the innocent victim of a sad destiny."

He infused these words with such an accent of sincerity and grief that the other exclaimed.

"God! What a terrible thing! These judicial errors are indeed too frequent and too fatal!"

"No, it was not a judicial error," said Audrea Durle. "If you had been the judge in my case, even the most accomplished and intelligent of judges, you would have convicted me too! The proofs against me were crushing. I was seen in the act of committing the crime. I had paid an accomplice to keep the secret. All that was clear from the evidence. All the same, I was innocent. It was not a judicial error, it was a singular case, absurd, an absurdity indeed, to drive one mad! During the long years of my unmerited expiation, I did nothing but think and think, seeking an explanation of the mystery. I made every possible supposition. I did not succeed, even with the most fantastic reasoning, in finding a plausible explanation. Finally, I was convinced that in my case it must have been the malevolent work of some person unknown to me, and that he must have been a man of genius. From that moment there was born in my heart, not a desire for revenge, but profound and envious admiration of the abominably diabolical work of this unknown person. I was imbued with a most acute desire to imitate it, to invent for myself, a project, a design that might resemble his and be as painfully hard as his had been to discover. And I succeeded. Thinking, torturing my brain, I found, yes, I found a beautiful idea, an idea of a man of genius."

WHILE MAKING THESE remarks, Audrea Durle had become more and more animated and he pronounced the last words with the emphasis and the fiery eye of an excited orator.

"Signor Rasi," he continued, after a pause, with an accent unexpectedly cold and dry. "Do you wish to know my idea? It concerns you."

"What have I got to do with it?" asked Rasi, with amazed incredulity.

"You, should I wish it, could be arrested upon the arrival of this train, for having assassinated me."

The other could not restrain his uproarious laughter.
“Please listen,” continued Audrea Durle, quite unperturbed, “listen to me. I will explain. I am rich, I carry in this case ten thousand lire and my banker, who gave them to me this morning, knows it. You, pray pardon me for knowing your unfortunate plight, are a merchant on the verge of bankruptcy. We are alone in this compartment. The train is an express. Does it seem to you that it would appear to the judges as a very logical thing for you to kill me? Well, let us suppose, that I kill myself.”

“Oh, oh! what a beautiful joke! It seems to me, to tell the truth, that your plan errs on the side of simplicity. It would suffice for me to leave your purse intact. The crime would then be without motive, and I, when I told of your suicide, would be readily believed.”

“Your observation is quite correct, but in my premise it was understood that I, in killing myself, had the aim in view of making you appear to be my assassin. Therefore it would cost me but little to destroy the money and to throw the purse out of the window before I killed myself. You see clearly that after that, two courses would remain open to you: Either to relate the facts as they occurred, and certainly no one would believe you, or to act like a real culprit, and seek to flee from the hand of justice.”

“You are right!” interrupted Felce Rasi, who was enjoying the joke. “If I were to tell the truth, no one would believe me. The truth would have too untruthful a sound. Yes, I should be forced to act like a criminal. What would I do? Let me see. I would hide your body as well as possible under the seat, and then I would tranquilly aight at Rome—like any other honest traveller and indeed, I would be an honest traveller. If the body should be found, but who would at all recall in whose company you had been seen on the journey?”

“You forget one thing,” objected Audrea Durle. “My fall as I was boarding the train! Then you stuck your head out of the door and the trainmen undoubtedly noticed you. You might go free for the moment, but upon finding my body it would quickly be known that I had travelled with you, and your disappearance would be the most evident proof of your guilt. You would be arrested first and condemned afterwards.”

“True, very true,” murmured Felce Rasi, struck by the extraordinary logic of the reasoning.

“It is strange, is it not? Now all the circumstances make my supposition possible,” continued Audrea Durle. “Even that ridiculous incident of my tumble! It was a very ridiculous accident, was it not?” he added smiling and gazing fixedly at the merchant. He shuddered, meeting this glance. It was a burning, piercing look of a curious gayety, the look of a madman. Felce Rasi, not knowing how otherwise to conceal his emotion, laughed, but it was a nervous laugh entirely lacking in mirth. Perhaps, he thought the singular expression was the effect of the morose.

A BRIEF INTERVAL OF silence ensued. Audrea Durle twisted his purse in his hands. Then he opened it, extracted a package of a thousand lire banknotes, tore them rapidly into many tiny pieces, and threw them out of the door. Felce Rasi followed his every movement with amazement, feeling himself invaded first by a vague fear, then an inexorable tremor of terrifying doubt paralyzed him. Audrea Durle closed the purse and threw it away also.

“What are you doing?” exclaimed Felce Rasi, growing pale.

“Now, I will kill myself,” replied Audrea Durlea, continuing to smile as he drew a revolver from his belt.

“You are crazy!” shrieked Rasi, jumping to his feet terrified the certainty of being in the presence of a maniac flashed suddenly over his mind in all its terrible significance. Audrea Durle pointed the revolver at him, fearing that he would throw himself upon him. The merchant fell back upon the seat. His pock marked face grew yellow, corpse-like, he was a monstrous ugliness.

“Bravo! You have the horrible face of a born delinquent!” exclaimed Audrea Durle with triumphant sarcasm, “Behold an other proof for the prosecution. I did not choose my subject badly! Decidedly I am, even I, a man of genius!”

And he fired a shot through his temple. He fell crumpled up on the seat and lay there dead. The open blue eyes in his rigid, always smiling face continued to hold Felce Rasi. They were amnated, lively and they shone with a terrible gayety. The Brrth

THERE WAS A TIME, ages ago, when the duties of race
continuance and child rearing absorbed the whole life of a woman. She was married when little more than a child, bore her annual crop of children every spring, and lost two thirds of them by famine and exposure every winter. No wonder the race made slow progress when its children were born by children who never had a proper chance to grow up.

We have outgrown that barbaric and brainless method of
spawning, and modern woman declines to assume the grave responsibilities of the new life until her own has been properly rounded out and matured, and she is able to make an intelligent selection, for herself, of the father of her children. She is reluctant to marry—and rightly—until twenty three, twenty five, twenty seven years of age—a period when her savage great great grandmother was beginning to feel the approach of decrepitude! When she does mate, she is not swamped under an annually rising flood of children—indeed, regards it as immoral to bring into the world more children than will allow her to devote to and expend upon every one her best and most thoughtful intelligence, her clearest and serenest judgment, and her fullest and sunniest powers of body and mind.

Woods Hutchinson

NOBILITY

Truth is worth being, not seeming
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do, bye and bye
For whatever men say in blindness
And spite the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so loyal as truth

Alice Cary
Eugenics and Child Culture

SOME MONTHS AGO the Academy of Medicine consecrated several sessions to the examination of the population problem. Although the avowed aim of our medical Solons was the discovery of methods destined at whatever cost, to increase the number of Frenchmen, they were obliged suddenly to touch upon the question of Eugenics and Child Culture.

The frenzy for repopulation of the Academy was somewhat restrained by the remarks of Professor Pinard. He recalled to their minds that the mere quantity of men without quality was of little value, and that it was necessary to assure the rear ing of children before calling them into the world. If conception does not take place under the conditions best suited for procreation, if gestation, and the rearing of the child are not conducted under favorable sanitary and economic circumstances, to increase and multiply can be only harmful to the individual, the race and the species.

It has been noted a thousand times that man, who strives, so far as domestic animals are concerned for the reproduction only of the best specimens, who exercises, so far as horses, cows, etc., are concerned artificial and scientific selection, has so far neglected almost entirely to take any action tending toward the improvement and perfection of his own species.

The problem has not even been examined. It is on the wrong side really that selection is shown in human society.

The good and the healthy are destroyed. The evil and the diseased are preserved and nursed along with pious care.

The unions contracted by chance, produce children blindly and leave them to be brought up no matter how. Wars, industrial struggles and charity, suppress the best or permit them to wither away, while they cultivate the inferior.

The organization of public charity is also the organization of public degeneracy.

The principle of numbers to be opposed to numbers for mutual destruction is wholly inoperative, if one has in mind anything but exclusively war like ends and even in this case it is very far from having the effect which some have been pleased to give it.

But that is not the question.

THE QUESTION IS: Do we wish to become a robust, intelligent, beautiful and happy race?

If so, man who has hitherto been a mere wild animal from the sexual point of view, must become a producer of his kind, a domestic animal. The multiplication of our species must, like all other enterprises, be submitted to examination and to reason, it must be subordinated to considerations of a physiological, moral and aesthetic nature, in order to transmit to succeeding generations only such characteristics as will render them less miserable and unfortunate than ours has been.

Starting on the basis of Eugenics, there are, it would seem, some special precautions to be taken, in order that humanity may in as many ways as possible, perfect itself.

First of all the hordes of degenerates, diseased, idiotic, feeble minded, alcoholic, and vicious criminals must be wiped out. Their sterilization commends itself the more in that it will not occasion them the least discomfort.

Very simple operations like vasectomy insure the painless suppression of any possible descendents of those physically or mentally unfit.

The reproduction also must be prevented or at least opposed of the sickly, and of those tainted with transmissible diseases (syphilis, tuberculosis, etc.) The most of these do not have or deserve a numerous progeny, and persuasion will do as well, or better, in their case than constraint. These two measures constitute what may be called repressive eugenics.

They favor positive eugenics because thus only the healthy are privileged to found a family.

The fruits of healthy union must not, however, be allowed to waste away. It is necessary to conform to the principles of child culture to keep them in a healthy state.

There must be rest, sunshine, good nourishment, large clean dwelling places for pregnant women, nursing mothers, and young children.

To insure the fullest perfection of the future citizen, his development up to the period of adolescence must be safeguarded by a scientific pedagogy and a careful man culture.

Eugenics, child culture and man culture must supplement and complete one another.

To attain these ends and to dry up definitely the source of degeneration and suffering, it is absolutely necessary to give to the proletariat the knowledge necessary to avoid having too numerous a family. It is indispensable that each family should be at liberty to have only as many children as it wants and is capable of feeding conveniently, rearing decently, and to whom it can give as prolonged and careful an education as possible. Without doubt the widespread prudery and general hypocrisy, which is even more profound in regard to these questions than to any others, will tax these ideas with immorality.

Nevertheless, no measure, will more surely and more speedily benefit the whole human race than those we have set forth here. No others will contribute more rapidly to progress, emancipation and happiness.

G HARDY

Translated from theNeo Malthusian (French)

"Poverty is a burden that is all the heavier the more there are to bear it," saysJean Paul Richter.

Yes, and those who bear this burden load it on themselves. Or, truer yet, poverty, is a burden composed of those who bear it. And this is not a paradox.

—NEO MALTHUSIAN
Hard Facts

THE VOLUNTARILY FORMED group of inquirers into problems of population which has been sitting intermittently for nearly seven years has issued a second volume of reports and evidence. The matter contained in this volume, as in the earlier one, is much of it both interesting and useful. It represents not merely a variety of opinions, but also a valuable collection of facts, and all who wish to study the problem should make a point of reading this book. Such a confusion of distinct considerations does not conduce to clear thinking.

FOOD LIMITATIONS

The real issue which this Commission gathered itself to gather to examine was whether methods of birth control ought to be approved or disapproved. No final judgment is given by the Commission in so many words, but it is clear that the bias of most of the members was in favor of an increased population. Yet among the many witnesses examined was one extremely competent witness with regard to the agricultural possibilities of the United Kingdom, namely Sir Henry Rew. His evidence was emphatic, that we cannot possibly support our present population out of the soil of our own islands. Therefore, if that population is to continue to grow, we must be increasingly dependent upon foreign countries for our supplies of food, and it is more than possible that a time may come when overseas countries may say, "We have no intention of continuing to provide food for the slum dwellers of Great Britain."

FOR THIS, AFTER all, is the final issue. If we are to increase our population, we must increase our slums, for when we attempt to abolish slums by creating garden cities we pro tanto reduce the cultivable area of the kingdom and diminish the potential food supply. Already, indeed, this issue has been apparent in public controversy. During the war the parks, which were rightly used in peace time as playgrounds of the people, were converted into allotments for the production of food. They are now to be restored to their original purpose. But it is impossible to use the same acre both as a playground and as a potato field. Incidentally, it is interesting to observe that the chairman of this Commission quoted the official calculation that "on a hundred acres you could support 420 people with potatoes, whereas you could only support fifteen people if the land was producing grass for beef." Is this, then, the ideal Birth rate Commission an ever-expanding population, living in slums and fed upon potatoes?

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN

The only non theological argument which the Birth rate Commissioners put forward in favor of a high birth rate is the contention that otherwise England will go down in the world conflict with other races. To emphasize this point, the Commissioners conclude the main portion of their report with "An Appeal to Women Citizens," urging that the new female electorate should be taught to think of the future of our race and to set themselves to work to maintain "its position and influence among the nations. It is for the women of the Empire to save the Empire by securing its continuance for the fulfilment of its beneficent mission in the world." Elsewhere the report urges that if our birth rate were reduced our country would be defeated in another contest with Germany. In other words, English women are to enter into a cradle competition with the women of Germany as a pre paration for the next war. The members of the Commission have failed to notice that in such a competition we must be beaten, because Germany starts with a much larger number of women to breed from.

AND WOULD GERMANY be our only rival in a cradle competition? Japan, also, is deeply affected by the problem of population, as is pointed out by Mr. J. O. Bland in an article on Japanese expansion. Like ourselves, she is unable to support her population within her own islands. She must either obtain food from abroad or force her citizens to emigrate. Each alternative brings her into conflict with other races, and hence she is bent on developing her military power as a means of providing food for her growing population. The members of the Birth rate Commission do not seem to have asked themselves where this process is to end. They probably repudiate the suggestion that they regard war as an ideal, but the course which they advocate, namely, uncontrolled procreation, must make war a necessity.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

The question we have to ask is whether the expansion of our population, as advocated by a large section of the Birth rate Commission, is the only method of maintaining the position of our race in the world, or indeed, whether it can have that effect at all. Racial eminence depends finally not on numbers, but on racial efficiency, otherwise China, not England, would be the leading Power in the world. The Commissioners recognize that at the present time the better classes of English men are restricting their numbers. They go further and point out that the birth rate varies in the wage earning classes inversely as the income, and that though the large families of the poorer classes provoke a large infantile mortality, the balance of increase is still due to the classes who have done least to demonstrate their capacity. Yet the only proposals of the Commission are that these classes should be further assisted to produce children by receiving aid from the State, as is now being done in Australia. Doubtless on these lines a considerable increase in the population could be secured, but would such an increase constitute any real addition to our national strength? Is there the least likelihood that children born in the slums of our large towns for the sole
purpose of earning a State grant would be the kind of men and women to maintain the greatness and the dignity of the Empire.

The true policy, on the contrary, lies in aiming at quality rather than quantity, and inducing other races to take the same view of life. There is room in the world for people of all races, provided that all will have the wisdom to limit their numbers. If, on the contrary, unlimited procreation is to be the practice of all races, nothing lies before us but a progressive reduction of the standard of human life with intermittent wars on an even greater scale than the last. Practical Malthusan propaganda throughout the world will do more to secure permanent peace than any of the proposals of the League of Nations.

News

DEAR MRS. KNOBLAUCH —

As Mrs. Sanger is in England, I am sending you some newspaper items that may interest you as they bear so strongly on the Birth Control movement.

To explain, I will say Mr. Boalt, the writer of the larger article—had a few days before offered four babies to the public—nice babies, as he explained, but "illicit"—they were quickly adopted by childless couples. Then came the article I am sending you, and Mr. Boalt declares himself unable to advise "Dad".

More than all else, these articles and all others like them, and they are many—call for Birth Control knowledge for the masses—how can people be so blind—so wilfully blind as not to see the necessity for teaching Birth Control for the good of humanity, as well as for the individual family.

Even with our big war loss, and two flu epidemics during the last four years, nearly every city in the U. S. shows a big increase—this with restricted emigration—why worry about race suicide?

We have far more reason to feel alarmed about the increase of degenerates, and our rapidly filling insane asylums and prisons.

Oh! for a shower of common sense!

ELLA K. DEARBORN

"DAD" PUTS PUZZLER TO BABY BROKER

Portland News, Portland Oregon, May 1920

By FRED L. BOALT

This letter came to me today. I am ashamed to have to confess that I cannot do anything for "Dad". I cannot even advise him, and advising people is one of the best things I do. So I pass the letter on to you.

Dear Boalt: I have been reading your baby broker articles with much interest. I believe I have a right to be interested, as I am the father of eight husky youngsters myself. My problem is not how to give them away, but how to keep them, now that they are here.

I am serious in this. I work hard every day and I have not had a vacation in years. But they are too much for me and the crisis is almost at hand.

What would you do, Boalt, if you saw that you were not going to make it, even by the hardest work and closest application and you were falling behind about $15 every month, with no relief in sight?

I cannot help but see the things the wife and babies need and I am forced to acknowledge that as a provider I am the "bunk." I accept full responsibility for all this, but that doesn't fill eight little stomachs or put shoes on 16 little feet.

I intend, of course, to keep hammering away and always be on the job, it may be that after awhile the profiteers will get enough and let us live again.

You cannot have any of my babies, but I will tell you what you can do for me. You can use your influence to keep food prices down and bring clothing down again. I should also like to have my wife and the children have a vacation this summer. I am on the wrong foot. Read it over and use your own judgment. If I never hear from you I will know I am on the wrong foot.

DAD

BABY TAKEN BY SOCIETY

Portland, Oregon, May 1920

As the result of the receipt of an anonymous telephone message, Mrs. F. W. Swanton, of the Oregon Humane Society, accompanied by Mrs. Moorad, operative of the woman's protective division, took a small infant away from people living at 360 East Fifty ninth street North.

The baby was declared to be in an emaciated condition and showed a lack of care. The people keeping the child refused to give their names or the names of the parents of the infant.

—Portland News

STOP, READ, THINK! DID HE GET WHAT HE DESERVED?

I HOPE YOU'LL DEAL leniently with me, as I'm the father of 22 children, and whatever sentence you pass on me will fall upon them," pleaded a greyhaired market porter named Joseph Atterbury when charged at the Guildhall with stealing the carcass of a sheep from the Smithfield Market.

A previous conviction for meat stealing was proved, and Alderman Sir W. Treloar sentenced him to 21 days' hard labor.

—London Herald
GLASGOW, FRIDAY—A painful tragedy, arising from the fear of poverty, was revealed here today, involving the loss of three lives—George Argent Fletcher, his wife, and their only child, Vera, aged one year and 10 months.

Since Tuesday the neighbors in Ladywell street had neither seen nor heard of the Fletchers. This morning, when the police forced an entrance into the house, they found all three dead. Mrs. Fletcher's body, with the head battered in, lay on a mattress, while the bodies of her husband and child were in bed covered over with a waterproof sheet. A gas cooker was fully open, and a bottle containing chloroform was also found.

"WENT SUDDENLY MAD"

Fletcher, who was a foreman lithographer, had written this pathetic message in his notebook: "This has been caused by the loss of sleep. I had to leave my employment, as I could not carry on any longer, and the wife never knew of that. She never went short or wanted, and I hoped she suffered no pain. I had some chloroform, which I used at work. I put some of it on a sponge, and she went to sleep. I went suddenly mad in the night and killed my wife. Then there was nothing for me and my baby to live for."

Fletcher was 41, and was apparently worried at the prospect of his young wife—she was only 19—and child being troubled by hardships arising from his loss of income through unemployment.

"It is impossible that we should possess an AI population when the people are driven to the public houses through the intense discomfort of their own homes."

Mr. Clynes, M.P., advocated the boldest measures to find the money sufficient to meet the housing question. With building at the price it was it would be impossible to meet the demand under £1,000,000,000—one eighth of the amount spent on the war. The difference would be that this money would be spent on the establishment of a real internal peace.

—London Herald

IN THE BISHOP MUSEUM

(Continued from page 6)

Their vocabulary was naturally limited too, and yet small as it was, it contained seven different words for abortions, indication of as many different methods of procuring it. In the museum there are several crude instruments which were used for that purpose.

In addition they practised infanticide.

The Reverend H.V. Ellis, in his journal written in 1823 gives a shocked account of the summary methods by which sickly, weak or merely waiting babies were disposed of. As no one seems to have considered the Hawaianas a cruel race, but on the contrary, "the gentlest blood on earth," as one writer has put it, they must have had reasons for thus drastically dealing with their offspring. Were they merely lazy as the missionaries supposed, or did they aim at rearing a physically perfect race? If they did, they succeeded according to the accounts of all those who saw them before they acquired the diseases which follow our civilization so fatally and depressingly. Perhaps they thought there was less suffering involved in doing away with unlikely specimens early in life rather than allowing them to drag out a maimed and marred existence.

We behave in this kindly spirit toward what we are pleased to call the lower animals. Perhaps less civilized people are too logical to see the difference. Their methods were bad, no one would wish to deny that, but their intentions may have been more humane than the missionaries supposed.

M K

The true strength of a nation lies not in its numbers, but in the moral energy and the intellectual ability of its citizens.

BOOK REVIEWS


Dr. Du Bois is a poet and an artist, a thinker and a man of action as well. What he writes and the way he writes convinces, inspires, and disturbs. Darkwater, his most recent book, consists of poems, parables, polemics strong like the heads of a rosary upon the crown of his Credo. He believes that all distinction not based on deed is not divine but devilish. He believes in patience. Patience with the Weak, the Strong, the Ignorant, the Blind. He believes in Patience with Joy and Sorrow. He does not believe in acquiescence in wrongs, which, if not remedied today, blight tomorrow.

A recent and very able review has accused Dr. Du Bois of bitterness.
Never was a charge less merited. Less bitterness than he has shown
would be a mockery of the race he so brilliantly represents. Those of
us who are of the white race cannot read of East St. Louis without
bitter shame. It is our own shortcomings for which we are each and
everyone of us responsible that pains us and we cannot escape the
judgment of civilized men and nations by accenting the negroes of
bitterness.

At only one point does his anger blaze. His wrath is a righteous
wrath and one we all share.

The treatment to which the negro women have been and still are
subjected is the one thing he neither can nor will forgive. And he
should not.

His tribute to the negro women and the negro mother is beautiful.
His tribute to the women in general all mothers must envy. "Suppose," he
says, my good mother had preferred a steady income from my
child labor rather than to bank on the precarious dividend of my
higher training." "But—she did not. Although lamed and tired she
saw it through and the year that he graduated from high school she
herself down for the rest from which she has not yet awakened.
Her dividend was secure. Surely she must have realized that The
chapter on The Damnation of Women is a fine summary of modern
tendencies. Formerly woman's path was clear. It was her duty to
be beautiful, to be petted and to bear children. If she were able to
be ugly, unpetted and barren, nothing was said about what her lot
might be. White women were compensated for the narrowness of the
path they were foreordained to tread by being politely treated. Black
women were frankly trodden underfoot. They therefore struck hard
pan more promptly than their white sisters. They had to be strong
and fertile and able to work. This was required of them under slavery.

Since the emancipation if they married and had children, they had
to work to support them. Their men were so poorly paid that by
themselves they could not keep a home together.

The economic independence of black women was thus forced upon
them and it is increasing and with it the great problem of sex freedom
with its concomitant variations of unhonored mothers and childless
wives.

Dr. Du Bois foresees the time when instead of shuddering in
effectually at the phenomena, men will no longer be paid for the
work they do not in keeping up a harem, but women will be paid
what they earn and we will insist upon their working and earning it.
Race suicide will be warded off not by further
strangling but by honoring motherhood, even when the sneaking father
shanks his duty.

He regards it as the duty of honest colored men and women to
bring into the world—"not aimless rafts of children," but only those
who may with reasonable sacrifice be trained to larger manhood.

No this book although it deals with facts that might easily induce
bitterness, is not bitter. It is a trumpet call which must be heeded.
The negro must not acquiesce nor must the world permit the shameful
state of things as they are.

SANITY IN SEX

By William J. Fielding

Dodd, Mead &

Company

Here is another book on sex—"Sanity In Sex." by William J. Fielding,
and it is probable that Solomon, if he were living today, would amend
his old complaint saying Of "making of many sex books there is
no end." But the complaint could not justly be construed as a re
proach against the writers of the books on sex. It is the evil resulting
from our shortsighted prudishness and long suppression of the sub-
ject which makes the writing of so many "sex" books necessary.

The sane and wholesome method of instructing us in this subject
is, as Mr. Fielding so admirably and convincingly points out, to have the
facts of sex life given to us in connection with the general instruction
related with other subjects. When parents and the public schools
give growing boys and girls the facts of sex in their natural relation to
other subjects such as their physiology, botany and biology with
out undue stress on sex, then and not until then, are we likely to have
a generation of morally and physically healthy human beings.

And when that time comes, the lament that "of making of many sex books
there was no end will correctly express the attitude of the new race
toward us. We and our sex books will be out of date. They will not
be able to understand our insistence on the subject.

The first part of "Sanity in Sex" is devoted to a discussion of the
Government's campaign of sex education of the soldiers, undertaken
primarily to insure the physical fitness of the drafted men. And what
wholesome sex education did for the soldier is proved by the Army
statistics which Mr. Fielding gives.

The first men drafted brought venereal diseases with them at the rate
of 212 cases per thousand, after a year of the Government's thorough
campaign of education statistics showed that venereal infections con-
tracted after admission to the Army were approximately 20 per thousand
in the United States and 47 per thousand in the expeditionary forces,
a figure well below that attained at any time prior to the war.

These are proofs in favor of sex education one cannot well gainsay,
but it may be that the author is too sanguine in his belief that the
Government's policy of sex instruction, immediate prophylactic treat-
ment and free clinics solves the problem and wipes out the evil.

It is impossible to say how far the fear of consequences restrains
men from evil. The law that makes murder a capital offense has not
wiped out the crime but it is safe to say that in many cases, the fear
of consequences acts as a deterrent in the impulse to kill.

The soldier who has been instructed regarding the terrible ravages
of venereal diseases may hesitate to enter into promiscuous sexual re-
lationships but will that knowledge always restrain him, knowing as
he does that he will have the safeguard of prophylactic treatment

After?

In one case at least, this sex knowledge did not suffice. An 18 year old
boy in the navy whose mother has discovered him in nude scenes, replied
confidently and carelessly to her objections, "Oh it's all right Mother,
I report at the station afterward for prophylactic treatment."

Regarding this Dr. Katherine C. Bushnell in a report of the Federal
Social Hygiene Program in the State of California says:

"As to prophylaxis it is likely to improve matters to some extent,
before the soldier learns to take advantage of it and grows shameless
and reckless in vice. At first he will be shy about making his bad habits
known to others and will only overcome shame in the course of time,
and therefore the mere fact that he cannot practice vice secretly will
prove a temporary check. The length of time we were in the war has
not afforded opportunity for the bad effects of prophylaxis to become
apparent.

The author of "Sanity in Sex" argues with convincing force for
sexual education and enlightenment, but without higher personal stan-
dards on the part of men no campaign of army or state will suffice
to wipe out venereal diseases. The advice of Dr. Ricord, the great
specialist in venereal diseases in Paris may well be heeded.

Gentlemen, he said to a class of students, "there is only one
security, fortunately it is absolutely certain, and can be practiced by
everyone at no expense to the nation. It is very simple. Let no one
expose himself to infection!"

But until young boys are instructed in matters of sex by their mothers
instead of by their fathers, it is likely the low standard of masculine
ideals will be passed on to men from generation to generation.

Two of the finest chapters in Mr. Fielding's book are those on Birth
Control and Conjugal Happiness. From the statement that the human
sexual instinct is not a sufficient and satisfactory guide in the conjugal
relations he goes on to show how reliance on that, and the profound
ignorance of the ordinary man of feminine psychology wreaks married
happiness and lands the unfortunate couple in the divorce court.

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from the time of the publication of Malibou's "Essay on Population" down
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