General O’Ryan on Over-Population

JULY, 1921

Twenty-five Cents
First Birth Control Conference

NEW YORK CITY — NOVEMBER 11, 12 and 13, 1921

The economists, doctors and social workers of America have signified to Mrs. Margaret Sanger that the time is opportune to call a conference on Birth Control where the subject can be discussed from every viewpoint. This will be of great interest to the readers of the REVIEW as the culmination of four years' educational work done by the movement as represented by this publication. Every advocate of Birth Control is invited to assist in working to make the conference a success.
EDITORIAL

The advocates of Birth Control have long claimed that the lack of Birth Control was responsible for much of the poverty, crime, disease and wars that ravaged the world.

And they have been told frequently that they claimed too much.

Gradually, however, the world is coming to see that the control of populations, the plural of Birth Control, is the paramount question for every country and that over-population is indeed not only the root of all evils, but also the primary factor in producing wars.

At a disarmament dinner in New York given during the week of May 22nd—which was celebrated by the women of 38 states as Disarmament Week—Major General John F. O’Ryan in a fine analytical speech on disarmament, dwelt longest on over-population as a cause of war.

Self-interest on the part of nations caused war, emotion caused war, the Crusades being cited as "emotional undertakings," but while these factors were dismissed with paragraphs, over-population in its relation to stimulating war, was given four pages.

If Germany, in 1914, for instance, had possessed a population of 40,000,000 instead of 60,000,000, there would have been no world war.

Nations with a low birth rate, and a high order of civilization, do not make war, the speaker claimed.

General O’Ryan has kindly given us permission to reprint his speech and we have given the extract on over-population in this issue.

We hope that all readers of the Review will read it carefully and remember that it comes from the pen of one of our greatest solders—the leader of the 27th Division of New York in the late war, and an expert on war.

It is pleasant to record that he has quoted a page from Margaret Sanger’s latest book "Woman and the New Race.”

—F G T
Interesting Notes

BARONESS ISHIMOTO organizes a Birth Control League in Japan is the startling news conveyed to Margaret Sanger in a cable received lately. The Baroness is a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the Island Empire and her husband has been in the diplomatic service for a number of years. Adherents of the Birth Control cause in New York were jubilant at the news of the success of their Japanese sisters.

To quote Baroness Ishimoto, "What is the real cause of the Great War? It is neither the ambition of the Kaiser nor the diplomatic policy of Great Britain. It is the oppression from the economic life of people in Central Europe. They have menaced each other with the wonderful increase of population in the last fifty years, more than one hundred million people were added to Germany, Austria, Russia and the Central European countries. Everyone who visits Europe will soon understand if Columbus had not discovered America, the War of 1914 would have occurred two hundred years ago, namely, in the seventeenth century, because of the increase of population without a place to emigrate.

The population question is the corner stone of Japanese problems, national and international!"

PRIZES FOR MOB POPULATION

The General Council of the Department of the Seine has instituted prizes for large families. These prizes are accorded to the mothers of legitimate children and of recognized illegitimate children. The mothers must have resided for three years in a commune of the department and must have given birth to at least two living children. For the third 300 francs are bestowed, 350 francs for the fourth, 400 francs for the fifth, and so on, there being a progressive increase of 50 francs for each additional child. These prizes are payable in two installments—150 francs on the thirtieth day after birth, and the balance when the child is one year old. Monsieur Latour, the reporter of the budget, pointed out that this act would entail a heavy expense for the department and requested the council to pass a resolution asking the administration to levy a municipal tax on bachelors. The funds thus secured would permit the city to meet the increased obligations incurred by this endeavor to raise the birth rate.

Take the clergy. They are the officers of a church that has made marriage a source of revenue and of social control. They preach from a sacred book that bids the chosen people of God to "multiply and replenish the earth," they know that large families generally tend to preserve clerical influence and authority, and they claim that every baby is a new soul presented to God, and therefore for His Honor and glory the greatest possible number of souls should be produced.

—Teresa Billington Greig

MR. RICHARD MAYER has compiled a very interesting little booklet entitled "Vital Facts on Right Eating and Right Living." It may be had for ten cents and is published by the author at 200 Summer Street, Boston, Mass. It is an excellent reference book for those who wish to learn the values of food and food combinations.

A POSTHUMOUS POEM

By William E. Williams

THE HILLS are purple as they yearn to Heaven and their purple speaks of Thee,
The green sympathy of trees, clinging like lovers to the river's lips, speaks of Thee,
And the green meadows, understanding and loving the blue slues,
The opulent warmth of yellow wheat, returning ardor to the sun,
The crimson, clinging passion of the rambler rose,
And always the singing, singing, singing of the feathered throats—
They sing of Thee—silent or vocal, in color or in sound—
They sing of Thee! They sing of Thee!
They sing of Thee because thou art Truth in woman's grace
They sing of Thee, for thou art Truth, looking through woman's eyes—
Because thou art Beauty in a woman's guise—
Because thou art Sweetness that is more than fair—
And in them and through them and with them, my heart
Sings, sings, sings unceasingly of Thee.

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Birth Control—Past, Present and Future

By Margaret Sanger

(Continued from June issue)

WE HAVE POINTED out that Malthus, discoverer of the theory of population and the precursor of the Darwinian theory of evolution, advocated as checks upon overpopulation, "moral restraint" and very late marriage. His knowledge of human instincts was limited. Malthus proposed "moral restraint," abstention as long as possible from sexual intercourse, or so late a marriage that between the marriageable age and that of the critical period of the woman (the time of the cessation of menstruation) that it would be impossible for her to bear very many children. This is in the narrow sense Malthusianism. The Neo-Malthusians very quickly saw that this was impractical and productive of much unhappiness and misery. The sociological doctrine became a psychological one. Restraint with the desire to marry and actual marriage, but when a man and woman were once married, he did not presume to impose sexual restraint. But from other quarters the theory was soon carried to its logical and serviceable conclusion. In 1818, James Mill wrote that it was time to "discard the superstitious idea of the nursery" and in his "Elements of Political Economy" (1821) he concluded "The grand practical problem is to find means of limiting the number of births.

ANSWERS TO THIS question were almost immediately forthcoming. In 1823 was published the so-called "dissolution handbill" addressed "To the Married of Both Sexes," and setting forth the economic disadvantages of excessively large families. From this time to the present, advocates of Birth Control have published, throughout Europe and America, various handbooks and pamphlets giving explicit directions to men and women of the physiological and practical aspects of family limitation. These directions have been made up, partially upon the basis of scientific investigation and partially upon the traditional practices of people who have, notably in France, proved to be expedient and serviceable.

But the great advance has been made since the discovery by Postern of the germ theory, in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Applied to Birth Control, the germ theory of life gave rise to the practice of spermaticide, the name to those preparations destined to sterilize the male cells (spermatozoa). But the question has often been asked: Is there a perfect or safe method of prevention of conception? Such a method should combine the following conditions: (1) It should depend exclusively upon the woman, (2) it should cause neither the man nor the woman any inconvenience, (3) it should be absolutely certain and dependable, (4) it should cost very little.

Let us answer this question at the outset: There is no magic method; no perfect method of preventing conception, that does not require care and attention. But the experience of the movement in Europe and America has shown us that this was partially due to the ignorance and inertia of the medical profession, many of whom profit largely by the practice of abortion, and many of whom do not wish to give to women a much needed education in sexual prophylaxis. Women are thus thrown back, for the source of their knowledge in these matters, upon neighbors and friends. Here they receive numbers of conflicting suggestions, each presented in an unscientific and unhygienic fashion. Altogether this is very disturbing and confusing to the poor woman whose ideas on sexual hygiene are of the most primitive, and who is living in constant fear of pregnancy.

It is on account of this confusion that the best authorities in Europe and America have decided that the greatest need is for Birth Control clinics in all of the poorer sections of our cities, where all the women may receive safe and sane instruction in all matters of personal hygiene, so that they may protect themselves from unwanted pregnancy.

Our Occidental world has come to see that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The great weapons of prevention, in the battle against infectious and contagious diseases, are hygiene and sanitation. Contagious and infectious diseases breed and propagate their disastrous deaths in the soul of filth and overcrowding. A stifled, weakened, under nourished, dirty group of humans is the very breeding ground of the great racial scourges, such as tuberculosis, typhus, typhoid, venereal maladies, trachoma, as well as the lesser contagions. Most of these evils, or the predisposition to them, (diathesis), are heritable, and it is precisely among the children of the crowded unsanitary filthy slums, in all parts of the world, that these great scourges are enabled to propagate and perpetuate their curse.

The western world has long professed horror at the ancient Oriental practice of exposing infants for the purpose of their destruction. But what essential difference is there between that action of starving parents in a poverty-stricken population and the annual preventable death of a quarter million infants in our enlightened republic?—Florence Kelley.
WHEN ONE EMINENT authority informs us that there are at least one million abortions performed every year in the United States of America, and others place the figure even higher, when even the Government of the United States points to an inordinately high death rate among children, we are able to understand that scientific Birth Control, aiming to prevent the dangers and the deaths from this cause, is truly hygienic and eugenic in its aim. While the women of the wealthy classes are permitted by their physicians to use Birth Control, the poorer women, in order to escape a forced maternity, are forced to seek relief in abortion. Despite the fact that abortion is forbidden by law in the United States, there are very few prosecutions of midwives and physicians who practice it. Moralists and authorities close their eyes to this practice, so universally practiced is it, though with great risks to life and health.

Thus the question is reduced in America not to whether family limitation should be practiced. It is practiced, by far means or foul. It explains to a large extent the large number of maternal deaths. The problem that American society must solve is this. Shall family limitation be attained through abortion or through Birth Control? Shall normal, safe scientific methods be employed, or shall women be forced to continue to resort to dangerous, surgical operations, often performed in the most dangerous circumstances? In view of the permanent in juries that often result from abortion—hemorrhage, sepsis, tetanus, perforation of the uterus, as well in many cases of sterility, anemia, malignant diseases, displacement, neurosis, endometritis,—there can be but one logical and sane answer to these questions. As a great medical authority, Dr. Max Hirsch puts the question, "He who would combat abortion and at the same time combat Birth Control may be likened to the person who would fight contagious diseases and at the same time forbid disinfection. For contraceptive measures are import ant weapons in the fight against abortion. America has had since 1873 a law which prohibits by criminal statute the distribution and regulation of contraceptive measures. It follows, therefore, that America stands at the head of all nations in the huge number of abortions.”

INFanticide AND ABANDONMENT are likewise the result of the present enforced restrictions. Orphan asylums, organized charities, foundling homes, are becoming a great and greater drain upon the resources of the American public, while practically nothing is done to check the fertility of the feeble minded and the insane. Not merely from the standpoint of personal and family hygiene, but from that of the well being of the nation, Birth Control is an imperative necessity at the present moment.

From the standpoint of view of the coming generation, that is of the future of the nation and the race, the practice of Birth Control more than justifies itself. In every country of

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. — EMERSON
The Birth Control Review

General O’Ryan on Over-Population

Extract from Major General John F. O’Ryan’s Speech on Disarmament Made Before the Woman’s Pro League Council on May 25th

OF ALL THE circumstances, however, which involve man in dissatisfaction with his normal peace-time existence, there is perhaps none which exercises so great an influence as over population. The population of the world has been increasing by leaps and bounds. These great increases vitally affect the life of the individual. They may change completely not only the material environment of great groups of individuals, but may indirectly change their psychology, their happiness, their moral viewpoint. In a recent drive for funds to save people in China from the effects of famine, it was announced that a stated number of millions of them would be dead from starvation in six months’ time. As a result of the conditions in connection with their numbers, it was preordained that this number must die. In the Near East Relief movement the American workers with supplies available for a given percentage of the population, reported that they had to call upon mothers having several children to designate the children to die and those to be saved by feeding, that to attempt to save all would result in preserving the lives of all for a few months, when all would begin to starve and ultimately all would die through lack of food to carry them over the critical period. Do you think that the parents among a nation living under conditions that made it a matter of order to call upon them to make such decision, can be normal minded people? Do you think they are people who would permit themselves to be restrained by the terms of any agreement which stood in the way of their relief?

EVEN IN AMERICA there is much to criticize in relation to the population, and it is the quality and numbers of the population which, I am pointing out, so vitally affect the question of the abolition of war by international agreement.

“Immigrants or their children constitute the majority of workers employed in many of our industries. Seven out of ten of those who work in our iron and steel industries are drawn from this class,” says the National Geographic Magazine (February 1917) “seven out of ten of our bituminous coal miners belong to it.” Three out of four who work in packing towns were born abroad or are children of those who were born abroad, four out of five of those who make our silk goods, seven out of eight of those who are employed in wooden mills, nine out of ten of those who refine our petroleum, and nineteen out of twenty of those who manufacture our sugar are immigrants or the children of immigrants.” And it might have shown a similarly high percentage of those in the readily made clothing industries, railway and public works construction of the less skilled sort, and a number of others.

“THAT THESE FOREIGNERS who have come in hordes have brought with them their ignorance of hygiene and modern ways of living and that they are handicapped by religious superstitions is only too true. But they also bring in their hearts a desire for freedom from all the tyrannies that afflict the earth. They would not be here if they did not bear within them the hardihood of pioneers, a courage of no mean order. They have the simple faith that in America they will find equality, liberty, and an opportunity for a decent livelihood. And they have something else. The cell plasms of these people are freighted with the potentialities of the best in Old World civilization. They come from lands rich in the traditions of courage, of art, music, letters, science and philosophy. Americans can no longer consider themselves cultured unless they have journeyed to these lands to find access to the treasures created by men and women of this same blood. The immigrant brings the possibilities of all these things to our shores, but where is the opportunity to reproduce in the New World the cultures of the old?

“WHAT OPPORTUNITIES have we given to these people to enrich our civilization? We have greeted them as ‘a lot of ignorant foreigners,’ we have shouted at, bustled and kicked them. Our industries have taken advantage of their ignorance of the country’s ways to take their toll in mills and mines and factories at starvation wages. We have herded them in slums to become diseased, to become social burdens or to die. We have huddled them together like rabbits to multiply their numbers and their misery. Instead of saying that we Americans, them, we should confess that we have enslaved them. The only freedom we seem to have given them is the freedom to make heavier and more secure their chains. What hope is there for racial progress in this human material, treated more carelessly and brutally than the cheapest factory product?”

(Woman and the New Race—Margaret Sanger)

It is usually the country with a high birth rate and resulting over population of territory that endangers the peace of neighbors and brings war. We know that Germany’s mam reason for attempting conquest was territory for her expanding population. France, with a low birth rate, did not want war. The urge was lacking. The countries of Europe which have remained more or less continuously out of war, the so-called neutral countries—Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland—have low birth rates.

The Importance of population in its relation to the practical ability of avoiding war can hardly be over estimated. Its (Concluded on page 15)

The only reward of virtue is virtue, the only way to have a friend is to be one—EMERSON
**The Wrong End**

*By Florence Guertin Tuttle*

THE OTHER NIGHT I had dinner with twenty six *Sinners* and one Saint The writer was not the Saint. The Saint was Rose George, the gracious guardian of a Home for Delinquent Girls. The twenty six sinners were the inmates of this Home, girls pitably young, and some of them winsome, even as girls who had not "gone wrong".

A chance remark of Miss George's had taken me to the Home. "All my life," she had said, "I have been working for charitable institutions. I find now that I have been working from the wrong end. Organized charity is but a panacea, not a preventative. Now I am with you people heart and soul," (the Birth Control Board) "because I believe that you are working from the right end. You are working from the beginning, from fundamentals. You women are going to the roots of the matter, and you must cry from the housetops until you make society listen and understand."

I wish I could make you see Rose George. I am not sentimental. I dislike "slush." But to look at Miss George is to think of the homing dove. It is not alone the Quaker gentleness of her, the soft grey of her hair, the pink of her cheeks, nor the tender light of her eyes, but also the radiant ir radiation that surrounds her like a halo and that springs from a sympathetic, understanding spirit. Miss George is a great lover of humanity, with the homemaking instinct strongly developed. She believes that if wayward girls can be given the sanctuary of a home nest for a period they will get strength enough to fly straight on their next flight.

"Every girl here has a story within her," she said to me in her cosy study in this true home overlooking the East River. "Some of these stories contain plots for novels or the screen. Take Faustine, for instance. Finding a Quaker gentle friend of his people that he had almost all more or less on their guard against me?"

"When I visited the Pope, a few weeks ago," I began. "Every knife and fork dropped. Every head was turned towards the visitor's table. Encouraged by Miss George's sympathetic "Tell the girls about it," I told them of our visit in Rome, of the wonders of the Vatican—the brilliant uniforms of the Swiss Guards, the priceless tapestries, paintings, frescoes and jewels, presented to various Popes, and finally of the small, sad faced "Holy Father" himself who had felt so keenly the sufferings of his people that he had vainly tried to stop the great war. After that the ice was broken, the atmosphere began to thaw, and I did not feel like an alien at the feast.

And how delicious the dinner was! A nourishing soup, baked liver, smothered in vegetables, fruit punch for dessert, and enough for two helpings for every one. The entire meal had been served by the girls.

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WE ATE BELOW in the basement, a room with the hall partition removed. The walls bore a pretty white and blue paper. The chairs had been painted blue and white by the girls. The mantle bore a blue and white Della Robbia plaque. A group of sub debs could not have wished for a more dainty dining hall. When the gong sounded the girls filed down the open staircase into the dining room. Many of them came from work, holding positions outside. But most of them could not work yet for they were waiting that greatest event in the life of a woman—the miracle of the advent of a child. Perhaps half a dozen were already child mothers, the fatherless babies being carefully cared for in the nursery on the third floor.

Miss George waited for quiet and said a simple blessing. Was it the power of her own pure spirit? No cloistered, rose windowed cathedral had ever made me feel so religious. "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." I felt one with these "wayward" girls, even as Rose George felt one. Only the accident of birth and environment prevented the possibility of my being in their places. The point was to make them feel one with me.

"Faustine, how did you get on at the Library today?" Miss George inquired.

"Very well, Miss George, but we were extremely busy. We are re cataloguing the books."

How could I gain the attention and confidence of these girls, all more or less on their guard against me?"

"The Birth Control Review

Men are better than their theology—EMERSON
**The Hidden Queen**

A SATIRE IN ONE ACT*

By Harold Hersey

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**THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY**

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN**

DAGOBERT, Secretary and Guardian of the Final Doorway

MALAGIE, Jongleur and outrageous Dwarf

RINALDO, Salomon, Astolpho, and Ganelon, Representatives of Labor

NAME, Turpin, and Florismar, Representatives of the Middle Class

ORLANDO and Ogier, Representatives of the Capitalists

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**Note:** Only three men take these parts as they appear in the order named and separately

**SCENE** — The inner throne room of the Hidden City in the Impossible Mountains

**TIME** — Dusk.

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**SCENE** — As the curtain rises the audience looks upon the inner throne room of the Hidden Kingdom. The people of this country dwell in one of the many lost valleys of the world among the Impossible Mountains. Each end of the valley is guarded by a wall five hundred feet high, one hundred feet thick, and pierced by a single tunnel, or gate. The outside of these walls are camouflaged with century old trees and brushwood. The subjects of the Hidden Queen have considered them selves sufficient unto themselves and in consequence have not felt it necessary to open the gates for countless generations. Nevertheless the descendants of the original wardens of the gates hold the same sincere Twain already have there been movements to oust Mulleres at the West gate, and Mustaphon at the East gate — both movements ending in failure because of the older classes who believed in custom.

There are two windows or doors in the throne chamber. The walls are hung with gray blue hangings, draped with panel effect in a semicircular fashion. The floor is covered with a rug designed after the delirious dreams of some mad poet. It is probably an heirloom of a Persian master in the early centuries, but this is doubtful and I hesitate to accept the word of the rather talkative Court Chamberlain as to the authenticity of the various objets d'art in the palace.

The throne is seen about half way to the right of the stage. It consists of hammered bronze, a single set of broad stairs leading to the plain, easy chair at the top. Reclining therein is a magnificently gowned woman of middle age, shielding her eyes from the only light — a tall candelabrum of marvelous de

... and priceless value. It is built in the form of two snakes twined together. In the last estatues of love, their heads con stituting the positive and negative poles for the sending of cur rents through one globe of electric light. The light is screened after the overhead fashion — that is, resting in the bottom of a bowl.

When she appears the audience is aware of an exquisite weariness. It is evident also, that she has experienced all the sensations possible to the flesh and spirit, and nothing can ever transpire to raise her from this lethargy of will. She has laid aside an enormous fan and is toying with a necklace of jade with slow movement of the wrist rather than the arm — in deavoring to keep her eyes shaded at the same time. Finally she drops the necklace and sighs.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — (After brief silence) She reaches up and suddenly pulls a silken cord at her right. The sharp sound of a gong is heard off stage. Almost instantly a man appears between the folds of the draperies. He is wearing a breastplate, a helmet and mrrycng a heavy, double-edged sword. At his side hangs a large portfolio and a CORONA typewriter. Over one ear may be seen a rather conspicuously large fountain pen. He casts himself before her, beating his head against the bot tom of the throne. — Arise! You may speak to me, Dagobert. I am weary this evening.

(He obeys her, gradually crawling to her feet. Sightng as though affected by the majesty of her presence)

Dagobert, is there nothing that will amuse me?

**DAGOBERT** — (Pulling some official papers out of his port jowl) O Mighty One! I have here the reports of the Wise Men's committee concerning the various poisons that you so shrewdly ordered investigated.

The HIDDEN QUEEN — (Leaning forward as though interested) Proceed, faithful Dagobert. I am no longer dazed. I have here the reports of the Wise Men's committee. Proceed, faithful Dagobert. I am no longer dazed. I am enthralled. But first — tell me, did they decide upon the merits of the Beautiful Fox Glove?

**DAGOBERT** — Aye, your Highness, that they did. As you know, all parts of thia plant are poisonous and they grow wild everywhere in the Impossible Mountains. The Wise Men (he refers to his papers), the Wise Men report that they experimented with Colvarus, the slave lad who offended Your Highness at one time with some very crude verses addressed to your hands.

The HIDDEN QUEEN — (Holding one hand gracefully before her shaded eyes) Ah, yes, I recall the case. He failed to sing to the unusual tapering qualities of my hands. I refuse to be considered with other women.

**DAGOBERT** — Yes, a most serious transgression, and his death would have delighted Your Highness. He nibbled at the

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Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm — Emerson
poison and was soon stretched in grotesque agony upon the ground. His turnings, and twistings, and contortions would amuse your lovely mind. Enough. It was successful.

**The Hidden Queen** (Anzamted) And did they experiment with the seeds of that East Indian tree which appear like jewels in the form of crystals? When partaking of these, does the victim remain conscious to the end. In terrible agony?

Dagobert—Verily, it is so, and it was tested upon one Turusian, the theorist who still contends that men are good at heart. It must have been a beautiful sight.

**The Hidden Queen** (More animated) And did they try the deadly Nightshade? Oh, how I love its plant with the purplish blue blossoms and shining black berries. And the Meadow Saffron with its rose colored flowers not unlike the crocus? Ugh, but I hate its odor.

Dagobert—Verily, again, O Untamable Daughter of the Gods. They fed these poisons to some amateur musicians and a knot of peculiar worshipers who call themselves Neo Christians. This sect is pernicious because it is ever interfering with other people's affairs. It is developing a new disease of a social variety called Moralism. We are proceeding against it whole heartedly.

**The Hidden Queen**—And what of the Hemlock, with its darkened power, which produces a kind of paralysis? And Henbane—the hairy, sticky little affair with large, deeply indented leaves, the blossoms with a yellowish hue with violet tinted veins? How beautiful it appears and yet how terrible its secret?

Dagobert—Verily, again, the report is exact. This brings their latest experiments to an end pursuant to your Great Highness' exact wishes. They tried the last named upon Madurpus, the critic. You will doubtless recall that he was the one who was commanded to speak before the Academy of Immortals and who requested the state authorities not to disturb him as he was busily engaged in torturing a young maiden in inspiration.

**The Hidden Queen**—I am the only one holding the power of torture. But Dagobert, is that all to amuse me? (Dagobert stands abashed) It is seldom that you fail me. (Starts for ward as though suddenly possessed with an idea.) Why not take my jewels and dispose of them? It will give me a fresh thrill to part with my most precious heirlooms. The hours are tedious, Dagobert. Last night I went upon the balcony and looked at the city lying sleeping stretched in slumber before me and I wept. That is my soul, Dagobert, a sleeping city of a thousand, thousand ideas.

Dagobert—Your wish is my law, O Heavenly Mistress of the Moon, even unto the destruction of the world.

**The Hidden Queen**—You will go to the treasure room of my ancestors and break open all the boxes. Take the collar of Opals that glister each like a separate star and cast them into the night one by one. You will take the crown of my fathers the Amethysts of my insane mother the Topazes that are as subtle as fancy the Rubies that blush like virgins in moments of ecstasy the Onyxes from the Forbidden Lands the Moonstones for whose mystery I have long gathered awe and veneration and all the Sapphires of the Sun together with the wrought gold ornaments, the limbs of gold and every precious thing therein. It is not for you to know what I mean. And you will take these and let me see yea, Dagobert. I have devised a new thrill. Cast them down to the prisoners who are encased for life in the wooden boxes under the palace. It will add insult to injury.

Dagobert—Verily, be it so, Oh Majesty' (He bows low and leaves the room through another opening between the hangings. It is noticed that whenever he leaves or enters, he makes use of a different fold. Thw, upon order of the Queen who does not wish to be bored with the sight of one ever using the same portal.)

**The Hidden Queen** (Thinking) Ah, that is done. Now I may sit in silence and contemplate the sensations of the prisoners when they receive the jewels I have sent them to play with. (There is a loud rapping heard under the throne. The Queen smiles but stamps her foot) Be still, Malagup, I shall see thee later. (She resumes her thoughts.) Poor Dagobert, I do hope he contracts none of the hideous diseases and that he is not mad. I may forgive him for twenty years and to this hour dares not declare it. (She relaxes behind the shade of her slender hand.)

Dagobert—(Entering softly and casting himself at her feet) All has been done as you wished, only that I have to report that Arminius the philosopher, cursed in a box and sealed for many years as though he would like to choke me.

**The Hidden Queen**—And well he might, Dagobert. Insofar as he has been incarcerated there for five years I shall never forgive him for his book that so absolutely proved that beauty has no place in what he called a"practical workaday world." He shall stay there until he recants.

Dagobert—That he will never do, being a vindictive man. The Hidden Queen—0, that the believers in beauty were as vindictive and could prove their philosophies so ably. I might have almost loved Arminius had he been only just slightly mad.

Dagobert—(Bowing again) O Lady of Light, thy love is too exalted for such a crab as he.

**The Hidden Queen**—Why?

Dagobert—(As though surprised) Why? A question like this when thou art ever more lovely than all the lovely women of all tunes thou, the daughter of light whom I have compared in man) stanzas of verse to Helen of Troy, Isseult, Juliet, Cleopatra, Francesca, Thise, Angelica, Guenevere, Aloyone, Hero, Dido.

**The Hidden Queen**—(Waving her free hand) Do not read
me thy verses tonight, Dagobert. I am in a critical turn of mind and wish to contemplate upon the sensations of Arminius as he looks over the jewels I sent to him with much affection. They will do him so much good down there in that stuffy, narrow box in which he can neither stand, sit nor lie.

Dagobert—(Hesitatingly) But, O Lady of the Roses, I have to report bad news—the representatives of labor await outside in the upper corridor. They have an exact appointment with Your Highness near this moment.

The Hidden Queen—Why must they disturb me? Nay, I suppose I must forever be pestered with these interviews of one kind or another. Bring them in, Dagobert, but interrupt me within five minutes that I may rid myself of their hated presence. They have already destroyed my contemplation of the state of mind of Arminius.

Dagobert—Verily be it so, O Lonely Flower. (Exeunt immediately with Rinaldo, Namo and Salomon. Rinaldo is dressed as a farmer and carries a rake, Namo as a machinist or general type of manual laborer, and Salomon is a miner carrying a pick. They bow very low, knocking their heads against the floor in silent usher.)

The Hidden Queen—(Sinking back in a still more bored fashion) Well, and why do you disturb me?

Rinaldo, Namo and Salomon—(Speaking in chorus as one—quite loudly and pompously) We have come, O Queen of the Hidden City, to present pleas that our conditions of life be bettered.

The Hidden Queen—Yes, yes, and what about them?

Chorus—Our families have been starving, O Glittering One! They were torn by poverty, destroyed by fire, and they died with sickness until we formed unions and fought back. But we wage a losing battle. O Just Mind! It is not only that we pay exorbitant prices for food, but we are without credit in a city of riches. The soldiers shoot us down in the streets. The rich ride over our children in their high-powered cars. The Butchers, the Barbers, the Apothecaries de base, and the middle class await for them in the onyx chamber, desire audience with thee.

The Hidden Queen—What! The butchers, the barbers, the undertakers and all the crew of petty tradesmen and clerks and salesmen and fanatics! Bring them in, Dagobert, and get it over quickly.

(Dagobert exits and returns with Turpin, Astolpho and Florismart. Turpin is dressed as a butcher with bloody white apron, heavy kisse, Astolpho and Florismart as successful merchants dressed respectfully and offensively well.)

The Hidden Queen—What do you desire? Speak quickly. (She leans forward and looks at them closely, shielding her eyes.)

Turpin, Astolpho and Florismart—(Speaking in chorus throughout and with much fervor) O, Your Mightiness, we shall not be long. We are but the humble servants of the government in thy hands. We wish peace on earth and good will to men. We have to report dire things. The mercenaries destroy our places of business. Their officers refuse to pay their accounts long overdue. The courts are slow in granting justice. The governors are corrupt.

The Hidden Queen—Be patient men of the middle class. You are usually cowardly and afraid of your own shadows. Does not your faith give you strength in these difficult times?

Chorus—Yea, verily, O Understanding One, but we are in sad straits and even our prophets fail us. The currency is sad inflated, the markets are tumbling. We cannot buy and sell goods of the same quality as of old. The laboring man is restless and refuses to work. He is ever on a strike. The big fellows get it all—the laborer receives better pay and shorter hours. Our profits shrink and our responsibilities in crease. But we don't want trouble, we want peace and quiet.

The Hidden Queen—Yea, every time trouble arrives you good citizens stay indoors. You want peace and profits with the risks. And the restless ones are out in the streets, breaking windows and causing disturbances, filling the night with hideous clamor. It is high time we rearranged the classes.

Chorus—But——

Self trust is the first secret of success.—EMERSON

The Hidden Queen—Return to your work, I will do what I can for you.

Dagobert—(Very slowly and pompously) The interview is at an end.

The Hidden Queen—(Bow ing her head and shielding her eyes more effectively as the labor representatives bow and go out) I will do what I can for you, never fear, but I am growing weary of my peoples' selfishness.

Chorus—(Outside in singing fashion) The gods' blessing upon our kind Queen's head. (They are heard repeating the corridors until quiet reigns.)

The Hidden Queen—Are there any more appointments?

Dagobert—Another, O Glorious Sunflower, and I, the faithful servant am hesitant in naming it—the representatives of the middle class awaiting in the onyx chamber, desire audience with thee.

The Hidden Queen—What? The butchers, the barbers, the undertakers and all the crew of petty tradesmen and clerks and salesmen and fanatics! Bring them in, Dagobert, and get it over quickly.

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Self trust is the first secret of success.—EMERSON
The audience is at an end.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — I will do what I can tell all that I love my people.

**CHORUS** — (Outside and down corridors) The gods’ blessing me upon our kind Queen’s head.

**DACOBERT** — (Pompously and slowly) The audience is at an end.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — I do, O Your Majesty, and I wondered

**DACOBERT** — (Exits and returns with Ganelon, Orlando and Oser) three richly dressed men of the proprietary class as evidenced by their top hats, frock coats, gloves and cones They speak very distinctly and with much dignity.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — (Leaning over and looking at them closely) Rise gentlemen and step directly under the light. (They do so and it is seen that they are the same men who came as representatives of labor and the middle classes. They are evidently unconscious of the farce.) Ah! my good sirs, proceed. (She leans back and looks pointedly at Dagobert.) I am much wearied this night with plenty of talk and little inspiration.

**GANELON, ORLANDO AND OSER** — (In chorus) Mighty Princess of the Cherished Gods, we come to address thee upon weighty and serious subjects. The very structure of the kingdom is tumbling and unless strict measures are taken we doubt whether we will be able to continue in power. Perhaps a revolution.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — (Clapping her hands) O, have my people that much courage? (Sinks back wearily again, shielding her eyes.) No, I doubt whether they have courage for anything except business.

**CHORUS** — (Stepping back surprised) But Your Highness — the Hidden Queen — Proceed, I was thinking of other matters of no consequence.

**CHORUS** — We have shot down the strikers in the streets. We have tried to starve them in the mines. We have had lockouts. Then we tried the plan of raising their pay, but still they are unsettled. We shortened their hours with like results. The middle classes are rapidly usurping our rights by dividing the power. The stock market is crashing into chaos. We find it difficult to advertise and sell our products on large scales. We are afraid. O Mighty Queen, that the times are changing.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — The people do seem unhappy. Can you suggest any remedy?

**CHORUS** — Yeas if the laboring class will only attend to its work and be content, and if the middle class will mind its own affairs and stop endeavoring to break into society, perhaps

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — Ah

**DACOBERT** — (Slowly and pompously) The audience is over.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — I will do what I can. (The representatives bow and depart.) I love my people.

**CHORUS** — (Outside their voices dying down the corridors) The gods’ blessing on our good Queen’s head.

**DACOBERT** — That was the last audience tonight. O Magnificent Queen!

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — They were the same men — did you notice, Dagobert?

**DACOBERT** — Very, yes, O Mysterious Radiance of the Night. They were the same men in different clothing, that was all. It has puzzled me. I find nothing to help me in the writings of our philosophers or awakener.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — They do not know. Dagobert! Many vistas are open to me now. One question dangles before my eyes. Why did none of these representatives mention beauty or art? Have they not heard of impractical things?

**DACOBERT** — They are but interested in living — eating, sleeping, raising their families and growing prosperous.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — (Shuddering) The time has come to bring their battles to an end. But first tell me, Dagobert, is Mullares at the Western Gate, and Mustaphon at the Eastern gate?

**DACOBERT** — (Consulting some papers in his portfolio) They are, O Generous One. I have the report of the daily inspectors.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — Likewise, I must know if the trans parent lake at the crest of the Impossible Mountains is ready for any emergency.

**DACOBERT** — It is. Merciful Goddess. And the flood gates are locked under the ancient combination of which I am the only custodian. The secret numerals and their arrangement have been handed down to me from my father, from his father, and from his.

**THE HIDDEN QUEEN** — (Obviously bored) Yes, yes. The main point is, Dagobert. I am greatly alarmed over the endless wars of my people among themselves. We have had many audiences and plans and methods to save the world for this or that, but the struggle continues endlessly, monotonously. If I divide the wealth as the laborer desires, all incentive for am bition will be removed as my people frown upon beautiful things and their creative dreams have always been burned at the stake or flayed alive. Likewise, a division of capital means the ultimate gaining of it again by the rich. If I give the wealth to the middle classes, they will spend it on chronos, lithographs, horsehair sofas, phonographs, pianos, cheap automobiles and all the ridiculous spendings of unimag nate dullards. In addition, they will use the money en deavoring to get into society. The rich already have it, and as
The Birth Control Review

without exception our rich people are half idiots and incom-ments, there is no hope there

DAGOBERT — What can be done, O Star of Wisdom?

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — You shall go up now and let loose the waters of the lake

DAGOBERT — (Casting himself as her feet) O Loveliest Ruler of the Centuries, I am not the one to disobey but I beg mercy from thy hands. It means my death and there will be no one left that can be trusted by the Imperial family

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — (Removing her hand from her eyes for the first time) Is Dagobert a coward?

DAGOBERT — (Crouching but standing erect after some hesitation) Nay

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — Then do as I direct. You will have every palace attendant, guard, councilor and slave, go down into the city that lies below the palace gardens. You will tell Mullares and Mustaphson to throw their eyes into one of the city lakes and die at their posts as the waters rise. You will lock the palace gates as you return and then go up the hidden passage beneath this very room, and open the floodgates. It will cause your death because the only way they can be opened is by a member of your family standing directly in the path of the onrushing waters (Dagobert is seen to tremble). But patriotism should carry you on as it has thousands of others in the past.

DAGOBERT — (Starts to go) Verily be it so, I cannot refuse such a command

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — Wait, O Dagobert, you may kiss me upon the middle toe of the left foot.

DAGOBERT — (Returning to the throne and kissing loudly the naked foot of the queen which she extends from under the folds of her gown). She is wearing sandals. There is evidence of Dagobert's hopeless affection by his actions but after some hesitation he goes hurriedly away upon his knotty task.

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — (After he has gone) A fine soldier but somewhat sentimental. (She rises and pulls back a fold of the hangings and looks out upon her city.) My children are sleeping. Here and there lights shine, perhaps the meeting places of revellers. Poor children, they are so helpless. She returns to her throne in response to loud knockings from below. Malagigi, yes, you may come up at once. (Stepping back she resumes her seat and shades her eyes as a trapdoor opens near her and an outrageous dwarf comes up and closes u behind him.)

MALAGIGI — It was getting stuffy down there. Is my Queen of Ancient Wisdom and Impervious Beauty, happy tonight?

(Laughs deep down in his throat)

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — I am, Malagigi. It is so good to hear the sound of your voice after listening to the mane compliments of Dagobert all evening long. And the representatives of my people — what bores — more so, even, than the people themselves. But, Malagigi, I have settled their affairs for them. Dagobert is now on his way up the hidden passage to open the gates of the transparent lake at the crest of the Impossible Mountains. As his body is washed down the passageway it will bring freedom and happiness to all my people for by morning they will be drowned like rats in the hold of a sinking ship.

MALAGIGI — (Thinking deeply) And what of us, my One Love, whom I shall never fully understand?

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — Ah, Malagigi, we shall leave with the morrow and go up the twisted path that leads away from the palace — a secret many generations hidden in the hearts of my family for an hour of emergency, and we shall found another kingdom beyond the Impossible Mountains.

MALAGIGI — I understand, Unusual One, that it is much easier to found a new religion. Why couldn't we take the ideas of these new believers to our midst — I think they call them Neo Christians and I will write some sort of message, or myth for the purpose, and then we will go down into the outer world and capitalize it.

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — Good! I weary of such things as freedom, especially as we have talked about it here until we almost expected it to make a living for us, and I think such religion as this will keep us interested and give us all the slaves we need to do our will.

MALAGIGI — (Listening) I think I hear the roar of many waters.

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — (Rising and looking out of the folds in the draperies over the sleeping cay). Yes, verily, Malagigi, my lover. It is true. (There is silence for a moment, then the growing sound of distant, rushing waters that finally fill the entire room with its echoes to the extinguishing of every other sound. The Queen and Malagiggi continue looking out of the folds with utter equanimity until after a moment there is again complete silence.)

MALAGIGI — It is over. A lake lies at your doorstep, My Inspiration and Life. A lake of blue and green and purple that conceals the deed of thy small hands. (He takes one of them and presses it up to my temple.)

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — (Meltzng vuably) But Malagigi, I have loved thee better than the world and I have sacrificed it that we may go hence and find another world to our liking. If I had married thee one of my attendants would have stabbed me in my sleep as he did my weak minded grandfather who dared to espouse his cook once long ago. And then, as I am the last of my family save my now dead insane mother, they would have set up a republic and that would have been hideous (Both the Queen and Malagiggi shudder at the thought). But now Malagigi, you may kiss me upon my lips as we are alone.

(Malagaggi reaches out his hideously long arms and draws the Queen to him, kissing her upon the lips with dramaw)

(Concluded on page 15)

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy — Emerson
THE WRONG END

(Continued from page 8)

nature seemed to reach out arms to hold one. The only way to get rid of Dorothy was to make a friend of her. She made a friend that night, which her history related later by Miss George, only served to bind closer.

After dinner we went upstairs to the home overlooking the river. Miss George read a Psalm simply as one would read good poetry. The note of the Psalm was "Rejoice." "Now well read something from one of the modern Bibles that are constantly being written," she announced, and she read from one of Olive Schemer's great Parables—"Three Dreams in a Desert."

A short human prayer followed, with all of us on our knees. "Now well sing our guest's favorite hymn," she announced. But by that time the guest was so moved by the simplicity and beauty of this home time service that she could not remember her favorite hymn—not even the one she wanted sung at her funeral. But Miss George stepped into the breach and sung a hymn and we sang something gay and conquering, not mournful or depressing.

"WOULD YOU LIKE to go up and see our babies now?"

Miss George asked with her arm around one of the girls. There was great whispering and finally one of them said "Can't Faustine play for the lady first?" I said I would be delighted to listen and settled myself back comfortably, signed to hearing the usual mechanical amateur render the usual popular melody.

Without further urging Faustine stepped to the piano and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. It was like feeling a velvet electric current when you had expected to be scratched. Then she played Greg, softly and wistfully, and with a practised technique. But there was something more than technique in Faustine's playing. The anguish in her eyes flowed out at the end of her finger tips and vibrated through the room.

Half dazed by swiftly following impressions, I felt the girls lead me upstairs to the nursery.

In certain countries in Europe where feminism is advanced, there is no such thing as an "illegitimate baby." A child, once born is legitimate and the father is obliged by law to contribute to its support.

In this river home there is no such thing as an "illegitimate baby." A child is a child and treated with tender care. As for the girls mothers—no royal heirs, could have been exhibited more lovingly than these six nameless waifs of humanity were shown to me. In little white crib they slept or gurgled. According to Holt they were being reared and tended. And twenty-six girls gave them homage and affection after the age long habit of the way of a maid with a babe.

"Isabel, tell Jackie to stand up in his crib to show how tall he is" Miss George suggested. Isabel was a better dressed girl than the others, with a frock cut lower behind and in front than the collarless smock called for. She bent an elaborately coifed head over a beautiful boy of one year, with clear blue eyes and clustering curls. Jacque clung vociferously to the crib, but Isabel willed the strong fond arms of Miss George went around her, and Isabel sobbed some unknown bitterness from her spirit on the sympathetic shoulder of this understanding saint.

IN THE PRIVACY of her study, later, Miss George told me Isabel's story. A married man in the West had betrayed her. She came East—"was working m a shop and living in Miss George's Dove-nest (I can never again call it a Delinquent Girls' Home) until Teresa had beguiled her. Teresa had recently come to the home, a tall, showy girl, dominating in spirit and a born trouble maker. Teresa had persuaded Isabel to run away from the dove nest with her. She had stayed away two days—then the thought of the baby had drawn her back. The scene I had witnessed was the prodigal's confession of repentance and joy at being returned to the lock.

"Tell me about Dorothy," I requested.

"Dorothy ran away from home when she was sixteen." Miss George replied. "The home conditions were bad. Too many babies, too little food, a cross tempered mother, an over burdened father drove her to it. For one year she lived the life of a girl of the streets. Some nights she made $—never mind the sum. It made a minimum wage for girls look pale. One night she met a man who had some manliness left in him. "I'm all m," she told him as they sat at supper somewhere, "I can't go on in this life any longer."

"Do you mean it, kid?" he asked. "Do you want to go straight?"

"Sure," she replied. "It's that or the river. I'm sick and would rather die than live."

"Then I know the place for you. And he brought her here, and left her. A foundling of sixteen, on my door step."

She did not tell me the rest, but I divined it—that the wise and tender guardian of the dove nest was making a woman of Dorothy. (Dorothy has given up her place in the tea room and is now studying to be a trained nurse.)

"What can I say?" I cried impotently. "What can I do to help this gigantic problem?"

"Just tell the truth," she replied simply. "That society is working from the wrong end, that social workers are all dip ping out the ocean with a teaspoon, until they begin to clean up the slums and regulate the population. Tell your readers that prostitution and crime are, primarily, the problem of the badly born. These girls, most of them, have a bad inheritance and a bad environment. The chances are ten to one against them before they are born. They are weeds from society's rank and over crowded patches. A large percentage of pros titutes are mental defectives who should never have been (Concluded on page 15)
BIRTH CONTROL  
(Continued from page 6)

Europe and America in which investigations have been made, it has been shown that children born into large families have less chance of survival, of becoming the men and women of tomorrow, than those born into small families. It has been discovered that children should be spaced out. If a woman submits to a rapid and successive series of pregnancies without a sufficient interval between to recuperate and recover her strength, her weakened constitution and physical debility react unfavorably upon her children. Even from the economic point of view, the large family is more apt to be underfed and undernourished. In the creation of a great new race, the first essential is the development of strong healthy mothers.

It is not merely theory, but carefully tested facts, which indicate for us the close interrelationship between uncontrolled fecundity and misery. The salary of the worker is not appor tioned according to the number of mouths he has to feed. One more child in the family is an added burden to the shoulders of all. To keep up the home, the father and mother are forced to work harder. The elder children are forced out to work also at a much earlier age. The home becomes more and more neglected, and the younger children are more and more neglected, particularly as they come into the world as the penalty of ignorance. It is from such families as these that we recruit our dependent classes, our paupers and our criminals, who fill the various institutions or are the endless subjects of charities—thus consuming wealth that should go to the enhancement and advancement of human life.

(To be continued in the next Issue)

THE HIDDEN QUEEN  
(Continued from page 1,)

flourish, while she relaxes and trembles. There is silence for a moment and then he sits down with her upon the top step of the throne, dusting his hands as he holds her full in his arms. She is quite ridiculously happy.

THE HIDDEN QUEEN — (Coosong) Wilt my dearest tell his dearest a fairy story, or other delightful tale, for ah me, I already dread that the morrow will he like today.

MALAGIGI — There is a tale that has come down to me from many centuries, it is of a Queen who ruled the subjects of a Hidden City. Her people were bourgeois, successful tradesmen and politicians. The sight of them finally wearied her to the point of tears, and she ordered their representatives banished from her sight because they did not believe in beauty as such. Then she commanded one of her arch slaves to drown them that they might be released from all thoughts of profit and loss and after she (pauses as she looks adoringly up in his face) and she (pauses again)

(And curtain slowly falls, the Queen waiving upon his next sentence as though entranced)

THE WRONG END  
(Continued from page 14)

brought into the world. Charity can't solve this problem. It's a matter for the scientist, and the Eugenist. It's a matter for the statistician, the tax payer and the mathematician. It's a matter for women most of all, to dignify Motherhood, to reduce infant mortality, and stop the feeding of charitable institutions by the annual repetition of the unwanted children of the slums.

I DON'T LIKE BEING out alone at night. But that night I forgot to call a taxi, forgot that I was alone. My thoughts were more than company as I walked twenty five blocks through East Side city streets.

The wrong end! How absurdly true it was. Billions for preservation of the unfit and not one cent for preventer. Hundreds of institutions for abnormal children and not one life saving station to give light to a tired diseased woman who knew herself unfit to bear a normal child.

I was going back to the upper zone of the city where families had long been regulated, and where children, like flowers in a cultivated garden, were given light and air and space. And as I walked, pondering and brused from the waves of reality that had beaten over me, I asked myself, who, in reality are the delinquents? Are they these submerged children, caught in a maze of uncontrolled breeding—cradled in poverty, vice and disease? Or are they the comfortable dwellers in the spacious upper zone, dwellers indifferent to the evils of over population after they have carefully regulated their own small family system in their clean and sun lit homes? Is society or is the individual the Great Delinquent? I am still wondering as I work from what I am convinced is the Right End.

One phrase, however, I shall never again be guilty of using. I may speak of delinquent fathers, delinquent mothers, or delinquent communities. But never, never, never again shall I speak of "delinquent girls".

GENERAL ORYAN'S SPEECH  
(Continued from page 7)

Importance was pressed before the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919. The Malthusian League, at its annual meeting in London in June, 1919, adopted the following resolution:

"THE MALTHUSIAN LEAGUE desires to point out that the proposed scheme for the League of Nations has neglected to take account of the important question of the pressure of population, which causes the great international economic competition and rivalry and of the increase of population, which is put forward as a justification for the claim of increase of territory. It, therefore, wishes to put on record its belief that the League of Nations will only be able to fulfill its aim when it adds a clause to the following effect.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it — EMERSON
"That each nation desiring to enter into the League of Nations shall pledge itself to restrict its birth rate so that its people shall be able to live in comfort in their own dominions without need for territorial expansion, and that it shall recognize that increase of population shall not justify a demand for territorial acquisition, or for the compulsion of other nations to admit its emigrants, so that when all nations in the League have shown their ability to live on their own resources without international rivalry, they will be in a position to fuse into an international federation, and territorial boundaries will then have little significance."

This subject of the relations of peoples and their governments, of war and peace, is inseparably related to the basic subject of the development of man, individually and collectively, and the radical improvement of the conditions surrounding him. It is the greatest and holiest world subject that can be conceived—this problem of man’s development and the abolition of war. It appeals to all that is decent and best in us. It overshadows in importance every other world mission of man. Whatever may be the object of our existence on this earth, and however people may disagree concerning it, he assured that the further development of the human race and the elimination of war constitutes a necessary step toward a better understanding of why we are here.

A THOUGHTFUL LETTER

MY DEAR MRS. SANGER

Your Birth Control Review seems to take it for granted that we subscribers are posted on the prevention of conception. I for one have been taking the magazine in the hope of learning but have been disappointed. Can you not tell me the secret which so many seem to know, or tell me how or where I can find it?

I have had four children, three of whom are living, and my health is so broken that for two years I have not allowed my husband a natural embrace for fear of another pregnancy which I feel I can never live through. You can readily guess that keeping my husband away from me thus is having its effect on the ideally happy home which was ours before, there is not the same unity for the pleasures I no longer give him.

I am a college girl, but my mother died before I was married and being naturally reticent, I do not like to talk over these things with other women. So can you help me and tell me how to bring back the happiness to our home? Or at least give me a hint as to what can be done.

I certainly wish you well in your fight but I fear sometimes the victory will come too late to be of any help to me.

I enclose envelope for reply.

Sincerely yours,
A Bargain Library for Book Lovers

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