

Chapter Twenty

A STOUT HEART TO A STEEP HILL

"When a thing ceases to be a subject of controversy, it ceases to be a subject of interest"

WILLIAM HAZLITT



THE noisy clamor of the world could not reach me through thick stone walls, prison had been a quiet interim for reflection, for assembling past experiences and preparing for the future. The tempestuous season of agitation—courts and jails and shrieking and thumbing-the-nose—should now end. Heretofore there had been much notoriety and but little understanding. The next three steps were to be first, education, then, organization, and, finally, legislation. All were clearly differentiated, though they necessarily overlapped to a certain extent.

I based my program on the existence in the country of a forceful sentiment which, if co-ordinated, could become powerful enough to change laws. Horses wildly careering around a pasture have as much strength as when harnessed to a plow, but only in the latter case can the strength be measured and turned to some useful purpose. The public had to be educated before it could be organized and before the laws could be changed as a result of that organization. I set myself to the task. It was to be a long one, because the press did not want articles stating the facts of birth control, they wanted news, and to them news still consisted of fights, police, arrests, controversy.

One of the early essays in education was a moving picture dramatizing the grim and woeful life of the East Side. Both Blossom and I believed it would have value, and I continue to be of the same mind. He had not approved of the clinic and had declined to have anything to do with it, but was eager to join me in capitalizing on the ensuing

publicity Together we wrote a scenario of sorts, concluding with the trial Although I had long since lost faith in my abilities as an actress, I played the part of the nurse, and an associate of Blossom's financed its production But before it could appear Commissioner of Licenses George H Bell ordered it suppressed

To prove the film mirrored conditions which called for birth control, we gave a private showing at a theater, inviting some two hundred people concerned with social welfare All agreed the public should see it, and signed a letter to that effect Justice Nathan Bijur issued an injunction against interfering with its presentation The moving picture theaters, however, fearful lest the breath of censure wither their profits, were too timid to take advantage of this

Of infinitely greater and more lasting significance than this venture was the *Birth Control Review*, which, from 1917 to 1921, was the spearhead in the educational stage It could introduce a quieter and more scientific tone, and also enable me to keep in touch with people everywhere whose interest had already been evoked Emotion was not enough, ideas were not enough, facts were what we needed so that leaders of opinion who were articulate and willing to speak out might have authoritative data to back them up

The first issue of the *Review*, prepared beforehand, had come out in February, 1917, while I was in the penitentiary It was not a very good magazine then, it had few contributors and no editorial policy Anyone—sculptor, spiritualist, cartoonist, poet, free lance—could express himself here, the pages were open to all In some ways it was reminiscent of the old days of the *Woman Rebel*, when everybody used to lend a hand—always with this vital difference, that we held strictly to education instead of agitation I had learned a little editorial knowledge from my previous magazine efforts and now obtained a more professional touch from the newspaper men and women who gradually came in, among them William E Williams, formerly of the *Kansas City Star*, Walter A Roberts, who later published the few issues of the *American Parade*, and Rob Parker, editor and make-up man Among the associates were Jessie Ashley, Mary Knoblauch, and Agnes Smedley

That extraordinarily shy and mysterious woman, Agnes Smedley, had been born in a covered wagon of squatter parents, and, though she

had become a teacher in the California public schools, her early habits of thought remained with her, she was consistently for the under dog. The British Government had suspected her of connection with the seditious activities of a group of Hindu students and persuaded the Federal authorities to investigate. All they had been able to find on which to charge her were a few copies of *Family Limitation*. This brought her within our province, and when she was arraigned in New York John Haynes Holmes procured her ten-thousand-dollar bail. After her acquittal she worked with us at various times until she left for post-War Germany.

On this and other occasions John Haynes Holmes, a speaker second to none, brought the convincing force of his arguments and mind to our aid. By the shape of his head and the honesty of his eyes you could recognize the practical idealist in this Unitarian minister. He never straddled issues. During the War he said if one flag were to be hung out his church windows, then those of all nations should be flown, no peoples were enemies of his.

Two numbers of the *Review* had appeared when the United States entered the War and Blossom and I fell out. He was an ardent Francophile and, like most masculine members of the intelligentsia, threw in his lot with the Allies. I wrote a pacifist editorial, he refused to run it and resigned.

To Blossom, as to so many others, pacifism was automatically labeled pro-Germanism, on the old theory that "he who is not for me is against me." I had already seen in Europe what propaganda could do to build up a war spirit, and prayed every morning when I awoke that I could keep my head clear and cool. I had heard the plaintive pleas of French mothers, but had talked also with German mothers. In the hearts of none had there been hatred or desire for their sons to kill other sons.

I knew what I thought about the War, it was so outrageous I would not be mixed up in it. I still believe it was not only a dreadful thing in itself—a slaughter and waste of human life—but, even more disastrous, it exterminated those who ought now to be ruling our national destinies according to the pre-War liberality of thought in which they had been reared. We started at that time to walk backwards instead of forwards, and have retreated steadily ever since. A fear of

expressing opinions which then began to seep in has gradually helped to impose censorship and further intolerance

I was neither pro-Ally nor pro-German but, using common sense, was distressed at seeing German achievements torn into shreds Intelligence in Germany had been focused on all fronts, she had the lowest illiteracy of any country and had invested heavily in mass education from which the rest of the world was benefiting at little cost She had offered the best training for graduate students in medicine, foreign travel had been accelerated by German linguists, commerce had been able to carry on international contacts through German interpreters, any foreign industry which had needed technical advice had usually employed a German scientist, engineer, or chemist who knew how to do his job and do it well Germany could not continue this policy without wanting to receive some tangible return

I was convinced the primary cause of this war lay in the terrific pressure of population in Germany To be sure, her birth rate had recently begun to decline, but her death rate, particularly infant mortality, had, through applied medical science, likewise been brought far down The German Government had to do something about the increase of her people Underneath her rampant militarism, underneath her demand for colonies was this driving economic force She could hold no more, and had to burst her bounds

Blossom's defection was one of the heart-breaking things that can creep into any endeavor, even the most idealistic I have seen so many young crusaders come galloping to show me the way, joining the procession and blowing horns for "The Cause," panting with enthusiasm to reform the world, willing to teach me how to put the movement on a "social" or "sound practical and economic" basis They were going to get vast contributions so that money would roll unceasingly into our coffers But if they lacked the necessary patience and forbearance, or were there for personal aggrandizement, they became discouraged at the first show of thorny, disagreeable obstacles, retreating or deserting rather than fighting through

In the birth control movement supporters have come and gone When they remained they found work, work, work, and little recognition, reward, or gratitude Those who desired honor or recompense,

or who measured their interest by this yardstick, are no longer here. It is no place for anything except the boundless love of giving. Blossom was the first illustration to me that the ones to whom authority is handed over are likely to expand and explode unless they have selflessly dedicated themselves.

Now, I believe the three chief tests to character are sudden power, sudden wealth, and sudden publicity. Few can stand the latter, nothing goes to the head with more violence. Seeing this all around me, I did not subscribe to a clipping bureau until it seemed necessary for historical purposes. I did not even read the papers when unsought advertisement was great, remembering that this could be but a nine days' wonder. Furthermore, news items were often distracting because the facts were constantly embroidered just to make a good story, to paint a situation according to the policy of the paper, or because they reflected the inhibitions of the reporters. Hours could have been entirely given over to denials and contradictions.

In the midst of any emergency such as a police raid or the stopping of a meeting my own emotions generally kept an even tenor, they did not go hopping up and down like a temperature. A nurse cannot afford to lose her head, and the control I had won in that training helped me, as did also my father's philosophy, "Since all things change, this too will pass."

Consequently, during this feverish period, neither public praise nor public blame affected me very much, although the type of criticism that came from friends was different. Just because they were friends and I wanted them to understand, I was unhappy if they did not. But, since persons one likes can have great influence and friendships take time, I refrained from making many new ones. Nevertheless, those I had then are as good today, when we meet we pick up the threads where we dropped them.

The War halted the progress of the birth control movement temporarily. The groups that had before been active now found new interests. The radicals were convulsed and their own ranks torn in two by the opposition to conscription. Influenza swept over the world and in its passage took off many of our old companions. Governor Whitman's promised commission blew up. One bright bugle sounded when

I learned that the section on venereal disease in *What Every Girl Should Know*, which had once been banned in the *New York Call* and for which Fania had been fined, was now, officially but without credit, reprinted and distributed among the soldiers going into cantonments and abroad. At home all felt there was little to do but wait until people came back to their senses, the *Renew* was the only forward step I could take at the time.

Late in 1917 a new recruit was enlisted. Nobody ever knew Kitty Marion's true name. She had been born in Westphalia, Germany, and when she was fifteen her father had whipped her once too often and she had run away to England, where eventually she had headed a turn at a music hall.

The London slums had aroused Kitty's social conscience, and she had abandoned her own career to enroll with Mrs. Pankhurst in the suffrage crusade, becoming one of the most determined of her followers. When put in jail she set fire to her cell, chewed a hole in her mattress, broke the window, and upon being released threw bricks at Newcastle Post Office. Seven times she went to prison, enduring four hunger strikes and two hundred and thirty-two compulsory feedings, biting the hand that forcibly fed her. Since it was distasteful to the Government to have any suffragette die in prison, Kitty, under the so-called Cat-and-Mouse Act, was once released to a nursing home until she should have strength enough to return to confinement. Friends visited her there, exchanged clothes with her, and she escaped. On another occasion the Bishop of London personally begged her to give up her struggle. At the outbreak of war, the Pankhurst forces hustled her over to America rather than have her run the almost certain risk of deportation or internment.

Selling *The Suffragette* on the streets of London had been part of the initiation which duchesses and countesses and other noble auxiliaries to the Pankhurst cause had had to undergo. Kitty had stood side by side with them. Since we had so experienced a veteran ready for service we began to offer the *Renew* on the sidewalks of New York. Our more sober supporters objected because they considered it undignified. But men and women from here, there, and everywhere passed through the commercial centers of New York, and this was a real means of reaching them.

All of us took a hand, but Kitty was the only one who stood the test of years. Strong, stoutish, tow-headed, her blue eyes bright and keen in spite of being well on in her fifties, she became a familiar sight Morning, afternoon, and until midnight—workdays, Sundays, and holidays—through storms of winter and summer, she tried every street corner from Macy's to the Grand Central Terminal. But her favorite stand was Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street, right at Times Square. In her own words she was enjoying "the most fascinating, the most comic, the most tragic, living, breathing movie in the world."

Many people still think I must be Kitty Marion. Everywhere they say to me, "I saw you twenty years ago outside the Metropolitan Opera House. You've changed so I wouldn't know you."

Street selling was torture for me, but I sometimes did it for self-discipline and because only in this way could I have complete knowledge of what I was asking others to do. In addition, I learned to realize what possible irritations Kitty had to encounter. Notwithstanding the insults of the ignorant, the censure of the bigots, she remained good-humored. They said to her, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought to be arrested, to be shot, to be in jail, to be hanged!" or, "It's disgraceful, disgusting, scandalous, villainous, criminal, and unladylike!" When someone asked, "Have you never heard God's word to 'be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth'?" Kitty replied, "They've done that already," and, knowing her Apocrypha as well as her Bible, retorted in kind, "Does it not say in Ecclesiasticus 16, 1, 'Desire not a multitude of unprofitable children'?"

During the War it was astonishing how many men, in and out of uniform, mistook Birth Control for British Control. "We don't want no British Control here!" they exclaimed. Kitty would correct them, "Birth Control," and someone would call, "Oh, that's worse!"

Who bought the *Review*? This question was invariably asked, and the answer was—radicals, the curious, girls about to be married, mothers, fathers, social workers, ministers, physicians, reformers, revolutionaries, foreigners. A psychological analysis of reactions of passers-by when they saw the words "birth control" would have been interesting. I never could credit the power those simple words had of upsetting so many people. Their own complexes as to what sex meant

to them appeared to govern them. Many were disappointed at its staidness, some were highly indignant, others highly amused, regarding it as a joke, some bought with the set faces of soldiers going over the top, some looked and looked and then strolled on. Others walked by only to return with the money ready, hastily stuff the magazine in their pockets, and move away, trying to seem unconcerned. The majority bought with the utmost seriousness in the hope that it might solve their personal problems.

"Jail" was the instant reaction of every new policeman on the beat Kitty, who knew she needed no license, would contest the point with him while a crowd gathered. But few of her arresters were familiar with the law in the name of which they hauled her off to the station. Time and again my night's slumbers were broken to go and bail her out. J. J. was always able to have the case dismissed, but only after it had been argued and proved in our favor.

Once Charles Bamberger, the *agent provocateur* of the Society for the Suppression of Vice who had brought about Bill Sanger's arrest, worked much the same ruse on Kitty. His society was supposedly designed to promote purity, which was to its members synonymous with good. But in order to do this they induced people to break the law by appealing to their deepest human sympathies, a form of trickery not to be condoned by any moral code.

Bamberger, on repeated visits to Kitty at our office, poignantly described the condition of his unfortunate wife whose health depended absolutely on her getting contraceptive information. Anna's sense, like Fania Mindell's, was unflinching in recognizing such decoys, I never went against it. But in vain did she warn Kitty, who gave him the information. He had her arrested, and she was not allowed to tell in court the means by which he had obtained his evidence, she had to serve a term. Kitty's sentence did not have adequate publicity, but so violent was the war temper, that, in view of her German birth, even well-disposed newspapers practically ignored it.

In addition to selling the *Review* we tried another experiment in street propaganda. During the warm evenings of one summer Kitty, Helen Todd, and I, often accompanied by George Swazey, a friendly Englishman, proceeded to the neighborhood of St. Nicholas Avenue

above 125th Street, where many white collar families lived. We used to buy a soapbox at the nearest delicatessen and Helen, who had a lank, swarthy picturesqueness which attracted attention, mounted it, Swazey, standing behind, held aloft an American flag. Though not a soul might be in sight except our little group with its bundles of literature and Kitty with her *Reviews*, Helen began in her beautiful voice, "Ladies and Gentlemen," bowing to the trees, "we welcome you here tonight." When nobody appeared she began again "Ladies and Gentlemen," and this time one or two strollers usually lingered. Immediately we raised our pasteboard banners with "birth control" printed in black letters. She was off in full swing, and in a few minutes we had our audience.

In the course of our various trials people had sent checks and made donations to the special Defense Fund account, and we sent anybody who gave money, no matter how much or how little, a mimeographed report of all contributors. We had also accepted almost two thousand paid-in-advance subscriptions, and had therefore incurred an obligation to continue the *Review* for twelve months.

One May morning when I put my key in the office door and swung it open, Anna Lifshiz and I stood and gazed at each other. Only the telephone perched forlornly on top of a packing box relieved the bare and empty room—files, furniture, vouchers, checks, and business records were gone. We still had to supply the subscribers with nine issues more, yet we had no equipment and not one cent in the bank account of the *Review*.

It was a challenge. We hurried over to Third Avenue and for twenty dollars refurnished the office. The loss of the contributors' cards, however, was irreparable. I could never, in spite of my best efforts, recover either them or the missing funds.

The strain to finance the *Review* was so great that after June no more issues came out until December—the printer trusted us as far as he was able from month to month. Often the bank account was down to the last hundred dollars, just enough to hold it open. Yet it might be necessary to mail letters, the call might be urgent. I was hesitant to spend that last amount, but I believed faith could bring anything to realization. Invariably when I operated on that principle

and did what I was impelled to do, money poured in perhaps ten times over. Always we cleaned the slate at the end of the year.

This was one of the periods of getting roots in and waiting for the organism to grow, of quiescence before the new beginning and quickening. I kept going, conscious that with every act I was progressing in accord with a universal law of evolution—moral evolution but evolution just the same.

This belief seemed at times to force locked doors. It enabled me to dictate hundreds of letters, to interview dozens of people, to debate, or to lecture, all in twenty-four hours. Day after day I attended parlor meetings, night after night open forums, returning home too tired to eat, too excited to sleep. Frequently at seven in the morning the telephone started ringing, somebody wanted to catch me before I left the house.

For the purpose of having a more solid and substantial basis on which to operate the *Renew*, the New York Women's Publishing Company was incorporated in May, 1918, shares were sold at ten dollars each. The women who gave both monetary and moral support were the wives of business men who advised them how to conduct this organization in the proper fashion. Each month Mary Knoblauch opened her charming apartment for the regular meetings; any corporation was required to hold

The movement can never be disassociated in my mind from Frances Ackermann, who, at the suggestion of Mabel Spinney of Greenwich House, came to us as Treasurer. She was exceptionally able and was soon one of our bulwarks, remaining with us eleven years. Her family was wrapped up in orthodoxy—church and Wall Street and the status quo in politics—but Frances' interests were much broader, and she was not content to lead the usual type of life ordained by her social and financial standing.

Tall, very thin, wearing her clothes with an air, Frances was one of the finest persons I have ever known. To her, fair play amounted to a religion, she was so highly sensitive that she lay awake at night after merely reading of an injustice done to anybody. To hundreds of conscientious objectors who were incarcerated during the War because of pacifist or strike activities she sent cigarette money, magazines, stationery—always anonymously—assisting their families and sug-

gesting plans for their own futures Her death was not only a blow to us but a blow to any endeavor that was seeking understanding Many lifers who depended on her for brightening luxuries must now wonder what has become of her

In 1920 Anne Kennedy came to help boost the circulation of the *Review* and gain further financial aid for it She was a Californian with wide club experience, and had two children Fair, in her thirties, cheerful, and a good mixer, she was most maternal-looking with her soft gray hair and sweet face, you felt you could lay your head on her bosom and tell her the story of your life

The incorporation had heralded a new trend wherein we could have a recognized policy When the *Review* had first been started I had had to beg authors to write Free speech was their favorite theme, and their pieces were inferior, but they were the only things I could fall back upon I used to ask possible contributors, "Don't you agree that these poor mothers should have no more babies?"

"Of course, but where's there any article in that?"

Then I had to suggest ideas, show them how to link these up with larger sociological aspects, until they began to cast into the arena legal, medical, eugenic compositions The material on free speech continued to come in, but we did not need to print it any longer

Incidentally, we now secured second-class mailing privileges Soon afterwards I happened to be talking to a cousin who worked in the Post Office, a very young boy in his early twenties, who kept assailing me with questions about the *Review* I could not understand his unprecedented interest, and asked, "Why are you so curious?"

"Well, I'm the official reader It'll save my having to wade through every issue if you'll tell me ahead of time just what your policy's going to be"

"Do you make the decisions?"

"That's my job If any seem objectionable I send them on to Washington"

I was horrified to find this adolescent in a position which permitted him to pass judgment on such serious matters, but I was able to reassure him, the course we had adopted would in no way interfere with retaining our second-class mailing privileges

Many of the buyers of the *Review* had been disappointed because

it contained no practical information "I have your magazine All in there is true but what I want to know is how not to have another baby next year" Thousands of letters were sent out explaining that the *Review* could not print birth control information Nevertheless, some of the appeals, particularly from women who lived on lonely, remote farms, were so heart-rending that I simply had to furnish them copies of *Family Limitation*, though urging them to go to their physicians

Every once in a while I had a telephone message to come down to the Post Office at an appointed hour I did so, wondering and uncertain Was the interview to be about the *Review*, *Family Limitation*, or what?

The official in the legal department whom I always saw, fatherly though not old, used to say, "Now, Mrs Sanger, you're still violating the law by sending your pamphlet through the mails If you keep this up they'll put you in jail again "

I objected, "The Government and I had this out years ago The Federal case was dismissed "

"It never can be settled while we get these protests "

To prove the Post Office was not having such an easy time of it, he pulled open a drawer and inside was a little pile of pamphlets and letters from religious fanatics, self-constituted moralists of one kind or another, women as well as men, who had received their copies and then complained He showed me envelopes addressed to the Governor of New York, to the President of the United States I studied the handwriting to see whether I could recognize it as identical with any that had come to me Perhaps the postmark was Wichita, Kansas, there could not be many from a town of that size, and presently I remembered the request It was a shattering thing to see that drawer I had been earnestly trying to aid despairing mothers, and had been betrayed

"Here's this proof against you, Mrs Sanger What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing As long as these women ask me to help them, I'm going to do so "

I intended to continue to the limit of my resources whether or not I had help from those whom I had originally counted upon In order to make women's clubs feel the need as I did I had often gone miles

at my own expense to present a topic that had taken me years to prepare and then had had to express it to the accompaniment of the clatter of dishes or the stirring of spoons in after-dinner coffees. The members had seemed to have their minds on hot rolls or had been fidgeting to get on to the bridge tables. Sometimes a few, who had come to dabble in sentimentality, had experienced a pleasant emotional response, "Oh, the poor things," but that had been as far as it had gone.

The continued apathy of such organizations disappointed me intensely, the desire to build up a structure appeared to dominate them all. I had lost faith in their sincerity, respect for their courage, and at this time had no reason to anticipate assistance from them. To upbraid, accuse, or censure them for not doing what I had hoped was useless, but I resolved that I was never again going to talk to them, and, when it seemed necessary that they be addressed, I sent others to do it.

My nervousness ahead of lectures continued to be akin to illness. All through the years it has been like a nightmare even to think of a pending speech. I promised enthusiastically to go here or there, and then tried to forget it. The morning it was to be delivered I awakened with a panicky feeling which grew into a sort of terror if I allowed myself to dwell on it. It was fatal to eat before a meeting.

Some people can keep an audience rocking with laughter and yet get over a message. But I cannot. Seldom do my hearers have anything merry from me. Advisers often say, "Lighten up your subject." I have always resented this, I am the protagonist of women who have nothing to laugh at.

Heywood Broun once remarked that I had no sense of humor. I was surprised at him, but I could understand his statement in a way, he had been at only a few meetings as chairman and I had been serious to the point of deadliness, purposely bringing forth laborious facts and dramatic statistics. I was grasping at an opportunity to reach his audience because, whenever he was moved by anything deeply, he wrote a story in his column which by reason of its effective irony and smooth prose swayed others to the same extent.

I have had much fun, although it may have penetrated only to the intimate circle of friends. Once after giving what I thought was a very up-to-date, spirited talk at the Waldorf-Astoria, a dear old lady,

at least in her middle eighties, tottered towards me with the aid of a cane and in trembling voice quavered, "I have traveled across the country to hear you speak, Miss Sangster My mother used to read your poems to me when I was a little girl, and I feel this is a great day for me to be able to clasp your hand " She had confused me with the poetess, Margaret E Sangster, who in the mid-Nineteenth Century had been a regular contributor to religious magazines

Inevitably I have been constantly torn between my compulsion to do this work and a haunting feeling that I was robbing my children of time to which they were entitled Back in 1913 I had had some vague notion of being able to spend all my summers with them at Provincetown That visionary hope had been immediately dissipated because too many painters began to discover it and the place became littered with easels and smocks Gene O'Neill's plays were being produced on the wharf opposite Mary Heaton Vorse's house, and these brought many more people I wanted to get away even further, and so did Jack Reed, who had also sought sanctuary there A real estate agent took him to near-by Truro where the feet of New Yorkers had not yet trod, and I was invited to come along We saw a little house on a little hill, one of the most ancient in the village Below it the Pamet River wound like a silver ribbon to the ocean An old sea captain had squared and smoothed and fitted the timbers, brought them up from the Carolinas in a sailing vessel, and fastened them tightly together with wooden pegs The kitchen was bright and warm, and seemed as though many cookies and pies had been baked in it

Jack bought the cottage, but he was never able to live there As a staff correspondent of the *Metropolitan Magazine* he was dashing from the Colorado Fuel and Iron strike to the European War and back again to New York In 1917, knowing I, too, had looked at it with longing eyes, he asked whether I would like to buy it, he was starting for Russia the next day and had to have ready money By a lucky chance I had just received a check for a thousand dollars in payment for some Chicago lectures We exchanged check and deed He left the next day for the land of promise whither Bill Haywood, his friend, had already gone and whence neither was to return

Big Bill, who had steadily advocated resistance to conscription, had been arrested and freed on bail furnished by Jessie Ashley She had

forfeited it gladly to have him safely out of the country I had had a long talk with him before he had made up his mind definitely to leave. The conversation brought back to me the picture of the times he and I had walked up and down the Cape Cod sands and he had given me such good counsel about not jeopardizing the happiness of the children.

Those who had opposed Bill for his "hands in the pocket" advice at the Paterson strike were the same who were opposing his jumping his bail. Since the day we had together visited the C G T meetings in Paris, Bill had come to see the virtues of expediency, that, rather than languish in jail where he could accomplish no useful purpose, a revolutionary should, if he could, exile himself. "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day." This, according to the American idea, was cowardice—you should stay and be a martyr. But to Bill it was now merely shortsighted. He had concluded that the average worker when he went in for rioting and hand-to-hand combat was beaten before he had begun. He realized the workers had been split by the War, they had not united and stood up against conscription with any backbone. They could not as yet be depended upon as a force, but some day he hoped to return and reorganize them.

Truro provided the children with three carefree months every summer in what still seems to me one of the most beautiful spots in the world. For several years I hung on to this dream of being with them constantly, but it was only a dream. I used to go down to open the house and perhaps snatch a week or so there before being obliged to hurry back, but father and my sister Nan were good foster-parents. This house was eventually to burn as had the one in Hastings, fate seemed to decree I should not be tempted to slip back into peaceful domesticity.

Nor did I have all those hoped for years of watching the boys grow from one stage to another. I had had to analyze the situation—either to keep them at home under the supervision of servants who might perhaps be incompetent, and to have no more than the pleasure of seeing them safely to bed, or else to sacrifice my maternal feelings and put them in country schools directed by capable masters where they could lead a healthy, regular life. Having come to this latter decision I sent them off fairly young, and thereafter could only visit them over week-ends or on the rare occasions when I was speaking in

the vicinity. If the desire to see them grew beyond control, I took the first train and received the shock of finding them thoroughly contented in the companionship they had made for themselves, after the initial excitement of greeting had passed away they ran off again to their games.

At times the homesickness for them seemed too much to bear, especially was this true in the Fourteenth Street studio. When I came in late at night the fire was dead in the grate, the book open on the table, the glove dropped on the floor, the pillow rumped on the sofa—all the same—just as I had left them a day, a week, or a month before. That first chill of loneliness was always appalling. I wanted, as a child does, to be like other people, I wanted to be able to sink gratefully into the warmth and glow of a loving family welcome.

The winter of 1917-18 was particularly hard, the snow drifted high and lasted long, and it took forced cheer to keep your spirits up. Dr. Mary Halton assured me that with ceaseless financial worry, inadequate rest, incessant traveling, improper nourishment, I could not survive long. When, therefore, a publisher asked me for a book on labor problems, I snatched ten-year-old Grant out of school and set off for California, taking a small place at Coronado where I sat myself down for three months to write and to get acquainted with my son.

I loved the sunshine. It was a pleasure to be out-of-doors, to have peace and quiet and the leisure to arrange my thoughts and put them on paper. I had no inclination towards a labor book, but thoroughly enjoyed letting loose my pent-up feelings on *Woman and the New Race*. It was good to classify reasons and set them in order. My opinions did emerge, and it was a great release.

I was vividly reminded of prison one day when Grant came home from the school he was attending, both his eyes pretty dirty-looking. I asked him why he had been fighting.

“I don't want to tell you.”

“I'd like to know.”

“Well, this boy told all the fellows my mother'd been in jail.”

“What did you do?”

“I hit him, and he hit me back. He said, ‘Your mother's a jailbird,’ and I said, ‘She's not.’ Then another fellow said, ‘My mother says your mother went to jail too.’”

Grant had replied, "That wasn't my mother, that was another Margaret Sanger "

"How could you say that, Grant? You know it wasn't true "

"Mother," he replied profoundly, "you could never make those fellows understand "