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THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

Dedicated to the Cause of Voluntary Motherhood

BIRTH CONTROL OR ABORTION?

By Margaret Sanger

“WHY?” By the
Women Who Ask

ON THE DUMP

By Rita Wellman

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY JESSIE ASHLEY—CARTOONS BY
LOU ROGERS AND RYAN WALKER

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

104 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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Editorial Comment

By Jessie Ashley

VICTORY! IT IS ACCLAIMED in showers of scraps of paper, in shouts and song and in wonderful drinks a plenty. But hardly any one of us knows what the victory actually is, because every one of us knows that in the place of the erstwhile satanic majesty, there has arisen another majesty that we fear as much or more. He has always been with us, but in chains and hidden away. Always right at hand, but always subdued—we give him various names. Sometimes we call him Chaos, sometimes Disorder, sometimes Freedom. But we fear him mightily, for we know him to be the aroused spirit of dissatisfied people. Surely we don't want Chaos (even if we don't know very clearly what Chaos means)—we don't want Chaos or Disorder because we like the cleared path, the well regulated office, the organized work, the set rules and clearcut prejudices. All these things are dear to our hearts. Neither do we want Freedom, we know that Freedom is just another name for disorder, for chaos, it means mental shocks, let down bars, open windows. Where Freedom is, there must each one have the pain of individual thought. Besides we have a suspicion that freedom means that everyone shall be equally free, and what then becomes of our special privileges? To have a poor man as free as a rich one, and in fact not to have any more poor at all to look after, nor any kind rich to look after them. Dear—dear, that would indeed be chaos. And it would be most intolerable that a woman should be as free as a man. No, we don't want Freedom.

We thought Victory would mean a kind of glorified Dem

ocracy—power of the people, rule of the people, but power and rule would still be left to some one, to the people in fact. We know all about the people. Kings and queens and kaisers are not people, neither are dukes nor princesses nor lords nor magnates people, nor millionaires. People are plain, they vote and go to church and sometimes form just the right kind of labor unions. But they have enough food and clothes and often bank accounts. But unskilled, unorganized working men are not people, they are the masses, they are mobs, they are part of what makes chaos unpleasant. So we want democracy, because we want the People to rule. But somehow we don't seem to be getting Democracy, what we have gotten—what our Victory is turning out to be—is this other thing, Freedom or Chaos.

AND THIS FEAR OF FREEDOM is the very same fear that is at the bottom of most of the objections to Birth Control. We are basically afraid to let people decide important questions for themselves. We have the idea that we must control their brains and their bodies and their actions or we will disturb the dear familiar ways of life and call Chaos into being. Last year when a member of the board of the National Birth Control League approached the New York Legislature she met with a cold reception. So she turned to the doctors. They listened quite sympathetically and actually gave her some advice as to who would be acceptable to the doctors and the governor on a commission to investigate the subject of Birth Control. They discussed Birth Control as a health measure, particularly the health of babies. They discussed it as a measure calculated to replenish the race, to multiply the number thereof. It was just like talking about democracy, perfectly proper and safe, until this misguided member of the board of the National Birth Control League, happened to suggest that Birth Control would be a boon to women, by giving them protection and a little freedom by helping them to control their own bodies. Horrors! the worthy doctors grew cold. "That," they gravely answered, "would be personal, individual liberty, we cannot consider personal freedom." The wolf in the sheep's skin had been exposed. This woman believed in freedom, alias Chaos, alias Disorder, alias Bolsheviks, alias Feminism, alias—every other impossible thing. No, we don't want freedom. We don't understand it. We will utilize our full force against it, wherever we suspect it to exist or to be trying to exist, whether it be in Russia, in Germany, or in New York with its victory licensed Saturnalia of drink and paper. Fear of the truth is colossal and is responsible for reams and reams of misstatements and irrelevant statements. The short cut to truth is barred by our fear. We take the long and tedious road because we think it safer, only to find that we land back in the same old camp of prejudice, only in a different corner of it. The aim of this Review is to secure free access to all available knowledge for all human beings, especially the knowledge that pertains to contraceptive methods of birth control. We want the truth!

BIRTH CONTROL OR ABORTION?

By Margaret Sanger

FAMILY LIMITATION WILL be practiced No law has yet been framed that can prevent it The church has been powerless and the champions of wornout moral creeds find themselves trying in vain to force all women to become mothers against their wills

Abundant evidence of the futility of seeking to impose in voluntary motherhood upon women is found in the size of the families of the rich, of the well to do and of the wage workers of larger earning capacity The women of these classes long ago refused to be mere brood animals—usually they prefer to be voluntary mothers, determining for themselves the number of children they shall have and when they shall have them Family limitation for them is an accomplished fact

It is also an accomplished fact with many of the wives of the less highly paid workers But with the latter, as well as with some of their more fortunate sisters, family limitation takes a far more drastic and too often a terribly dangerous course The awakened woman of today will not bear unwanted children She will not bear more children than she can care for And if she is denied the knowledge of the safe, harmless, scientific methods of Birth Control, she limits her family by means of abortion

IN THE VERY NATURE of the case, it is impossible to get accurate figures upon the number of abortions performed annually in the United States It is often said, however, that one in five pregnancies end in abortion One estimate is that 150,000 occur in the United States each year and that 25,000 women die of the effects of such operations in every twelve months Dr William J Robinson asserts that there are 1,000,000 abortions every year in this country and adds that the estimate is conservative He quotes Justice John Proctor Clark as saying that there are at least 100,000 in the same length of time in New York City alone

Dr Max Hirsch, a famous authority quotes an opinion that there are 2,000,000 abortions in the United States every year!

"I believe" declares Dr Hirsch, "that I may say without exaggeration that absolutely spontaneous or unprovoked abortions are extremely rare, that a vast majority—I should estimate it at 80 per cent—have a criminal origin"

"Our examinations have informed us that the largest number of abortions are performed on married women This fact brings us to the conclusion that contraceptive measures among the upper classes and the practice of abortion among the lower class, are the real means employed to regulate the number of offspring"

THE QUESTION, THEN, is not whether family limitation should be practised It is being practised, it has long been practised and it will always be practised The question now is whether it is to be attained by normal, scientific Birth

Control methods or by the abnormal, often dangerous, surgical operation

That is the question which the church, the state, the moralist, and most of all, the woman herself, must face

The knowledge of Birth Control methods may for a time be denied to the woman of the working class, but those who are responsible for denying it to her, and she herself, should understand clearly the dangers to which she is exposed by the dark age laws which force her into the hands of the abortionist To understand the more clearly what these dangers are, and to realize the more fully how much better it would be to avoid them, it is first necessary that women should know something of the processes of conception, the prevention of which frees them of all risk of having to resort to abortion

IN EVERY WOMAN'S OVARIES there are imbedded millions of ovules or eggs They are there in every female at birth and as the girl grows into womanhood, these ovules or eggs develop also At a certain period or age, the ripest ovule leaves the nest or ovary and comes on down one of the tubes into the womb and passes out of the body When this takes place, it is said that the girl is at the age of puberty, for the ovule is now ready for fertilization (or conception) by the male sperm

About the same time that the ovule is ripening or developing, the womb is preparing to receive the fertilized ovum by a reinforced blood supply brought to its lining To this lining the ovum will cling and gather its nourishment after fertilization takes place If fertilization (conception) does not take place, the ovum passes on out of the body and the uterus throws off its surplus blood supply This is called the menstrual period and occurs once a month or about every twenty eight days

In the male sexual organs, there are glands (testes) which secrete a fluid called the semen In the semen is the life-giving principle, the sperm.

When intercourse takes place (if no preventive is used) the semen is deposited in the woman's vagina The ovule is not in the vagina, but is in the womb, further up, in safety, or perhaps in the tube on its way to the womb As steel is attracted to the magnet, the sperm of the male starts on its way to seek the ovum Several of these sperm cells start, but only one enters the ovum and is absorbed into it This process is called fertilization, conception or impregnation If no children are desired, the meeting of the male sperm and the ovum must be prevented When scientific means are used to prevent this meeting, and thereby to limit families, one is said to practise Birth Control

But if preventive means are not used and the sperm meets the ovum and development thus begins, any attempt at removing it or stopping its further growth is called abortion

THERE IS NO DOUBT that women are apt to look upon abortion as of little consequence and to treat it accordingly. An abortion is as important a matter as a confinement and requires as much attention as the birth of a child at its full term.

"The immediate dangers of abortion," says Dr J Clifton Edgar, in his book "The Practice of Obstetrics," "are hemorrhage, retention of an adherent placenta, sepsis, tetanus, perforation of the uterus. They also cause sterility, anemia, malignant diseases, displacements, neurosis, and endometritis."

In plain, everyday language, in an abortion there is always a very serious risk to the health and often to the life of the patient.

It is only the women of wealth who can afford to give an abortion proper care and treatment both at the time of the operation and afterwards. These women often escape any serious consequences from its occurrence.

The women whose incomes are limited and who must continue at work before they have recovered from the effects of an abortion are the great army of sufferers. It is among such that the deaths due to abortion usually ensue. It is these, too, who are most often forced to resort to such operations.

If death does not result, the woman who has undergone an abortion is not therefore safe. The womb may not return to its natural size but remain large and heavy, tending to fall away from its natural position. Abortion often leaves the uterus in a condition to conceive easily again and unless prevention is strictly followed another pregnancy will surely occur. Frequent abortions tend to cause barrenness and serious, painful pelvic ailments. These and other conditions arising from such operations are quite likely to ruin a woman's general health.

WHILE THERE ARE CASES where even the law recognizes an abortion as justifiable if recommended by a physician, I assert that the hundreds of thousands of abortions performed in America each year are a disgrace to civilization.

I also assert that the responsibility for these abortions and the illness, misery and deaths that come in their train lies at

the door of a government whose authority has been stretched beyond the limits of the people's intention and which, in its puritanical blindness, insists upon suffering and death from ignorance, rather than life and happiness from knowledge and prevention.

It needs no assertion of mine to call attention to the grim fact that the laws prohibiting the imparting of information concerning the preventing of conception are responsible for tens of thousands of deaths each year in this country and an untold amount of sickness and sorrow. The suffering and the death of these women is squarely upon the heads of the law makers and the puritanical, masculine minded persons, who insist upon retaining the abominable legal restrictions.

Try as they will they cannot escape the truth, nor hide it under the cloak of stupid hypocrisy. If the laws against imparting knowledge of scientific Birth Control were repealed, the 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 women who undergo abortions in the United States each year would escape the agony of the surgeon's instruments and the long trail of disease, suffering and death which so often follows.

"HE WHO WOULD COMBAT abortion" says Dr Hirsch, "and at the same time combat contraceptive measures may be likened to the person who would fight contagious diseases and forbid disinfection. For contraceptive measures are important weapons in the fight against abortion."

"America has a law since 1873 . . . 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."

There is the case in a nutshell. Family limitation will always be practised as it is now being practised—either by Birth Control or by abortion. We know that. The one means health and happiness—a stronger, better race. The other means disease, suffering, death.

When all is said and done, it is not the advocates of Birth Control, but the bitter, unthinkable conditions brought about by the blindness of church, state and society that puts up to all three the question

Birth Control or Abortion—which shall it be?

Another Near-Ban of The Review

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW who failed to receive their copies of the November issue in good time are respectfully referred to the postoffice department.

Just what there was in THE REVIEW that the postoffice censorship thought dangerous, the editors do not know. Following their usual practice the department's officials held up THE REVIEW without notifying its editors or publishers. That it had been held up was discovered only when complaints began to come to the office that subscribers had failed to receive the November issue. An inquiry by telephone brought the information that the issue was not being allowed to go through the mails and that copies had been sent somewhere for examina-

tion. A second inquiry a few days later brought word that whoever it was who was examining THE REVIEW hadn't been heard from. Finally a letter dated November 20th said that the issue had been declared mailable.

There is no question of the authority or the power of the postoffice department to treat any publication it chooses in just such a manner and to keep on doing so as long it chooses under the present law. Prussian censorship is dead in Germany but the transplanted species apparently flourishes all the more in American soil. In addition to being tyrannous it is silly. It will continue to be both tyrannous and silly as long as Americans permit it to be.

For Birth Control Clinics

BIRTH CONTROL CLINICS are possible under the laws as they now stand in the state of New York. The need of them is imperative. These facts were pointed out by Dr. Mary Halton in her address at the dinner given at the Civic Club, November 14th, to Kitty Marion to celebrate her release from jail.

"Such clinics can be established under the law," declared Dr. Halton, "and they will meet a need that is not being met in any other way. In the various institutions where tubercular women are being treated, for instance, no instruction is given them as to how to avoid pregnancy, although it is known that for a tubercular woman to become pregnant is a grave danger. There should be established at once clinics to which these women can come to receive proper instruction at the hands of physicians. In many cases, the treatment given to women patients in existing institutions is rendered useless by pregnancy beginning after the treatment is under way. Birth Control clinics can abolish this situation."

Birth control clinics in charge of physicians are possible under the ruling of the highest courts of the State in the Margaret Sanger case.

Dr. Halton brought to the dinner a bag of 500 one cent pieces which had been collected by women who had visited her East Side clinic. The contributors had instructed Dr. Halton to "give their love" to Kitty Marion who had gone to jail for the cause of Birth Control. The coins were a contribution

toward the \$500 fund for THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW, which originated when Kitty Marion refused to permit her fine to be paid, telling those who had volunteered to raise the money that she preferred that it be devoted to the expense of publishing this magazine.

KITTY MARION TOLD briefly of her jail experience and called for volunteers to assist her in selling THE REVIEW on Broadway. A number responded and have been co-operating with Miss Marion in placing the magazine before the theatre crowds. Not content with having served 30 days in The Tombs in order to save \$500 for THE REVIEW, Miss Marion contributed \$20, which she told those present that she had saved as room rent for the month of her imprisonment. Figures given by Miss Marion showed that she alone during the past twelve months has sold some 7,000 copies of THE REVIEW on Broadway. Since Miss Marion's release, the Broadway circulation of THE REVIEW has doubled and trebled.

Scott Nearing, Margaret Sanger and Helen Todd also spoke. Mrs. Eugene P. Stone was chairwoman. The dinner was arranged by members of the New York Women's Publishing Co., Inc., which is the publisher of THE REVIEW. About 100 persons attended the dinner.

These voted unanimously for a resolution protesting to the postoffice department for the holding up of the November issue of the magazine. That issue has since been permitted to go through the mails.

A Parents' Problem or Woman's?

A letter from "M B H" in the last issue of The Review raised the question: Is Birth Control a parents' problem or woman's? Lily Winner in the following article takes the position that it is a woman's problem. Mary Ware Dennett in a letter holds that it is the problem of both parents. Further discussion is invited. In a later issue Margaret Sanger will give her views on the question.

A Woman's Problem

By Lily Winner

IS BIRTH CONTROL the problem of the man or the problem of the woman?

Theoretically, it is, of course, the problem of both. Practically, it seems to me, it is the woman's problem. Unconsciously, perhaps, man has for centuries held his power over his mate through her own ignorance and dependence upon him, and consciously, as evolution wrought its inevitable awakening process, man has struggled to keep that power by nursing prejudice and superstition in the land to prevent his mate from sloughing off that ignorance and dependence.

Vaguely he has felt the slackening of bonds he once held on

her, but so gradual has been the process of slipping them that he is, in the vast majority, unconscious of a definite revolution, and only feels that something is wrong, that women have changed, that new ways are upon him and that they are evil ways, so that he antagonizes every idea that struggles within her for expression and fights every step she makes towards a greater freedom, even when that freedom means a lightening of his own burdens.

In this purely sex struggle, he blinds himself to the greater issues. The sudden transition from the home to the workshop that has marked the wonderful, almost terrible development of the industrial age has forced women from the narrow confines of her so-called sphere, into the turmoil and pitiless treadmill of the labor machine. Her man is no longer the sole arbiter of her existence. The struggle for existence has become, in the main, the driving force back of her, in the case of the poor, and in the case of the so-called leisure class woman, the moral center of gravity has shifted from the home, has become diffused, largely through the instrumentality of the press. "One drop of printers' ink makes countless millions think." The press shrinks the whole world into a neighborhood. The telegraph, another potent modern instrument, con-

(Continued on page 15)

"WHY?"

By the Women Who Ask

IT IS NOT ALWAYS pleasant to publish the truth

Often, it is even more unpleasant to read it

Some truths—the ignored, submerged truths, the horrid truths that we shut away because we dare not face them—are almost too terrible to find their way into print

But if we are ever to move forward out of the vicious and all but hopeless mesh of dark age laws and customs, we must face just such truths. If we are ever to put a stop to the crucifixion of womanhood—a life long crucifixion that is the more terrible because the victim dare not cry out—we must tell the truth bluntly, plainly and without mitigation. The best way, the most honest way to tell this truth is to enable the women who are undergoing the horrors of involuntary motherhood to tell their stories in cold type. All other avenues save THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW are closed to them, but these columns are open and will remain open while THE REVIEW exists.

And what have you to say, you masculine lawmakers and you masculine minded members of the race who still make it a crime to tell a woman how to choose the number of children she shall bear and the time when she shall bear them?

What answer have you to make to the suppressed cry of oppressed womanhood

"Why? Why? Why?"

When you have read the letters published here, what is your medieval superstition and morality worth? What is the worth of your laws? What is your answer to the advocates of Birth Control and to these women who plead for it?

Is there any answer—has civilization, has the church, has the state, any answer to this agonized moan of "Why? Why? Why?"

"Why? Why? Why?"

"Dear Mrs Sanger

"Why did God put us poor women here to marry poor men and then suffer so many hardships and bring poor little children in the world to follow in our steps? If you can send me the information I need I will never be able to do enough for your cause, but the little I am sending is all I can do now. I have been sick or I would have sent sooner. I hope to get good news from you."

And Again, "Why?"

"My dear Mrs. Sanger

"I am poor and in trouble and would like to know if you could help me? I suppose there are many others, but we women seem to suffer most. My home would be much happier if my husband wouldn't drink.

"Once in a while he takes a notion and stays out all night and don't show up until late the next day. A man like that is not worthy of a good home, wife and children. I have two children and fear I am in the condition for another one. Dear

Mrs Sanger let me know your opinion, do you think a woman should bear more than two children with a man that is not worthy of them? If my husband was as he should be to a wife I wouldn't mind if I had six children. I love my children dearly and it is the darlings that keep me with him. At times I think I'll go crazy. I have to sew to meet my expenses.

"Now will you please tell me why it is some women that can have children haven't them? While others who are broken down in health must have them one after the other? Another friend of mine has five children and also a husband like mine, that is good for nothing. He only brings in \$10 or \$12 a week. And she tries her best to keep her family from disgrace. Suffers to keep up her home with a man that thinks only of drink.

"Isn't there an Almighty? I used to be very religious but when I see myself slowly getting into the same trouble as that of my friend, I have dropped all faith in God. How can He look down upon us and see us suffer so? If there is anything you could do to help me Mrs Sanger I would be very grateful to you. Give me your good advice and if there is a living God you shall be rewarded. Hoping you will have pity on us poor women, I remain,

"Yours truly"

"Would Rather Die"

"Dear Mrs Sanger

"I have read in the paper about you and am very interested in Birth Control. I am a mother of four living children and one dead the oldest 10 and baby 22 months old. I am very nervous and sickly after my children. *I would like you to advise me what to do to prevent from having any more as I would rather die than have another.* I am keeping away from my husband as much as I can, but it causes quarrels and almost separation. All my babies have had marasmus in the first year of their lives and I almost lost my baby last summer. I always worry about my children so much. My husband works in a brass foundry it is not a very good job and living is so high that we have to live as cheap as possible. I've only got 2 rooms and kitchen and I do all my work and sewing which is very hard for me."

Her Daughters Prefer Death

"Dear Lady

"I have born and raised 6 children and I know all the hardships of raising a large family. *I am now 53 years old and past having children but I have 3 daughters that have 2 children each and they say they will die before they will have any more and every now and again they go to a doctor and get rid of one and someday I think it will kill them but they say they don't care for they will be better dead than to live in hell with a big family and nothing to raise them on.* It is for these sakes I wish you to give me that information."

On the Dump

By Ruta Wellman

A DUMP TREES ABOVE Below the river—yellow and sluggish The factory whistles blowing their noon hour release Every now and then the rush and roar of a train In the blanched wall of the tenement opposite fluttering American flags These things presented themselves to Mrs Robinson's brain no one thing standing out salient The dump, perhaps, would claim eminence if anything could It sparkled, the dump The sun light was caught and held by hundreds of assorted articles

"Like diamonds," Mrs Robinson thought at last Then she began to think of diamonds She had been given a diamond once The diamond She remembered how she and "him" (he was always *him* then) had gone to select it The young man who had sold it to them had said something about science The real diamonds were too expensive so they chose one produced by science Mrs Robinson always remembered that Her diamond and science? It had seemed very important But that was so long ago The important feeling had never repeated itself She remembered *his* talk afterward He had felt important too How long ago!

There was a woman's corset A soiled white thing flung prostrate across the dump heap There was the mould of her soft hips There was something disgraceful about the thing Tomato cans, tobacco cans, old pans, dirty ripped mattresses Familiar things, imperious things in the routine of one's life, now distorted things, somehow obscene Now there was a goat looking up at her with its insane white eyes And across the river there were the walls of tenement houses with their waving cotton flags

NOW IN THE CYCLE of thought she had reached the terrible thought again She spread her red hands impotently on her knees and drew in a sharp breath She had thought it was going to be all right this time She had no real reason for this hope, but little inherited wisdoms and superstitions of her own, had encouraged her to believe that everything would be all right But today and yesterday!

She feared and hated them at the hospital They represented to her all that was most awful in life She had gone instead to see Mrs Molarsky, the mid wife She was intimate, at least, almost a friend Mrs Molarsky's little parlor had snuffed out her courage with its familiar smell and significance The long hours of waiting! And finally Mrs Molarsky herself with the wart on her face and her secret, her sinister black bag Even Mrs Molarsky's cheerfulness had hurt She had listened to her sentence with a gasp Mrs Molarsky's fat heavy arm had half helped, half pushed her to the door

"Don't you chry, don't you chry," she had commanded

"It's nopotty to blame now, ain't? It can't pe helped It's Life, dat's all, Life"

Mrs Molarsky was right, of course It was Life Everyone

must have children That is what women are for No one can deny that But why so many? For ten years Mrs Robinson had not had one year free from child bearing When her last child was only three or four months old there was always another growing within her body, the body that must care for the living child, the body that must clean and cook for those running around, the body that must always be at the disposal of her husband At the thought of him she grew sick with loathing

Their bed At other times, eating, going out together, they were strangers, almost enemies It was only here that they were intimate Here on this sagging bed they lived their common life, here they discussed their business affairs, here they had their quarrels, here their plans, here she fought the never failing, pitiless appetite which sent him whining to her like one of her own hungry children, and which left her alone to endure the consequences And how helpless she was! There was no one in the whole world to help her Other women? They understood somehow, but their philosophy was like Mrs Molarsky's—"it is Life"

THIS WAS AUGUST She continued on her fingers

January then John was born in January too That was during strike time Jim had been laid off two months They were put out, all of them, into the street A newspaper charity had helped them She suffered again the humiliation of that Their names in the papers—Jim Robinson's family! And how everyone had talked and made fun

John was exactly eleven months older than his brother She had been very ill before the brother was born, but during that time John had gathered being and was finally given life She had very little actual memory of pain She remembered acutely her mental attitude She remembered how she had scratched the nurse's hands and begged to be allowed to die Why hadn't they let her die? She had faced death ten times After her last shrill shriek had torn the air a great calm always came, a buzzing, warm, damp calm of ether and release from torture Always in that moment, before the child made its first sound, she had prayed for death Death! That was it then? That was the prize of life It could not go on forever Someday, some great day of calm, this body, this tired body would no longer be wracked and torn and mercilessly used Peace would come

THE FACTORY WHISTLE blew again Jim's dinner! She had stayed away during Jim's dinner Here at her side was the loaf of bread she had bought to take home Fifteen cents too They dared charge fifteen cents for a loaf of bread What if it was war time? Don't the poor have to live? And ten children to feed! There was coffee on the back of the stove Mary would see that he got that Mary ought to be able to do



LOU ROGER



Vision

something now She was ten But she was getting wild She played on the street too much

She couldn't go home now Her back ached—from the rest, she supposed, just as in the morning it ached before she got up to work Let him go without his dinner for once A warmth of hateful joy came to her She smiled wryly Let him do without it for once Was she to bear everything? Everything!

What was this strange excitement? She could feel that some strap in her mind had loosened The trees, the trains, the wall opposite, the dump began to reel in her mind—and the waving American flags It was half past twelve and she was away from home It was unbelievable She looked across the river to a house which stood apart on a narrow street. Across its whole exposed side, from roof to yard, there was a painted sign "Let the Gold Dust Twins Do Your Work" In the midst of this irony her three rooms opened their four oblong eyes to the light of day A room to cook and eat in, and two sleeping rooms Here Jim would be sitting reading his newspaper, thinking that the end of the world had come He would have to give up waiting finally and go back to work He would surely find the coffee though The baby might cry This morning in a fit of anger, caused by strained nerves and weakness and nausea, she had struck him when he cried. When she left, he was lying on the floor by the stove with a bleeding cut on his forehead She might have struck him harder than she knew She was ashamed now He felt sick, no wonder he was peevish She rose She must go home

HER FOOT SLIPPED and she fell forward, sliding She caught at something It was the corset She let it go and clutched frantically on each side, tomato cans, tobacco cans, chair backs In the soft mass of ashes, everything gave and she felt sliding downward All at once she felt her arms wet, wet with muddy river water With all her strength she caught the locust stump which grew there, and saved herself from falling in Panting and half dazed she clutched there, backing upward to safety Then gradually her fear left her

She began to listen to the song the water made, sort of a quiet whistle she thought, like that of a small boy busy at something The water looked not so muddy now It wasn't very cold, she knew that, because her arm had been in it. She looked up Way above, the trains rushed, and there were the trees Way above on the other side was the wall of tenement houses The waving flags seemed far away The wall with the sign—"Let The Gold Dust Twins Do Your Work"—that seemed very far away The whistling of the water seemed to be growing louder—whistling to her

Another strap loosened Nausea and torture and work, nausea and torture and work, forever and ever There was no one to help And him always there with his dinners and his whining And the children with their crying and their sickness And another Never to be tired again! To lose this body, this used up, aching body To drop it quietly into the river, to float and float and float endlessly on the

water, rising and falling like a child on its mother's breast Peace Peace and Death!

She gave a long shriek as she raised her arms to plunge in Down and down into the deep river water Like ether, closing out all pain! Back came the memory of the dump and the diamonds. The diamond was on her hand now Up again, she struggled frantically and yelled for help Was this it then? No, not like this! She was choking She wanted air Help! There was no one to help What was that word? Science Science Funny word. Meant something And then down again Peace. Peace and Death Thank God!

SHE WAS PRETTY and looked very charming in her spotless white dress She stood blonde and tall and defiant before the judge, and her dark blue eyes sparkled with spirit Everyone in the court room was interested in her She was a lady

"I simply did my duty," she told the judge in her clear firm voice, now raised a little too high "I am a woman first of all I want to help women"

"You broke the law"

"No woman should be allowed to bear a child every year You even give men a rest from war"

"Women are made to bear children—it is life"

"You broke the law—you must be punished."

"I simply did my duty I am proud of it I am glad to be punished. When woman comes to the rescue of women then let the law look out for itself"

Proud and defiant and a little nervous they carried her off She spent the night in jail where she learned much about women that shocked and sickened her and loaded her earnest young soul with distrust and fear The next morning her family came for her in their automobile, and carried her home like an erring and chastened child.

YET LATER, AT HOME, she began to consider How glorious! To think that she had stood on the street corner handing pamphlets to women, pamphlets containing information which was it their right to have, which would better their lives and free them from slavery She had never been struck for a moment, carried away in the work, by the incongruity of the thing, of the carefully raised, virginal, young college woman distributing such literature to women of the slums She had felt a thrill as the two different hands touched the same paper, the white and the red hand, the one giving, the other greedily getting It was this thrill which had given her courage to face the judge and the whole court room and later the group in the prison mess room. And now her family? No, they could not ridicule her It was *big*! She knew now Oh, for strength to go on believing!

"Help! Is there no one in the world to help me?" The young woman in white linen raised her head above her college theories—and listened. All about her, insistent above the city's sounds, she could hear Mrs Robinson's lonely cry, echoed by countless smothered cries

"Help! Help! Is there no one to help me?"

The young woman flung up her head and answered, "I am here. Sisters, I am here to help"

Debs and the Woman's Movement

By Leonine Napiere

THE SENTENCING OF Eugene V Debs to ten years at hard labor under the "Espionage Act" may well come as a personal sorrow to every woman who has given herself to the battle for the emancipation of her sex. The fearless stand which Debs took in court should be to every such woman a cause for congratulation. For, while the question of feminine freedom was not emphatically involved in the trial of this champion of human liberty, his clear understanding and keen sympathy with woman in her efforts to break her chains have given his whole career a high significance in relation to the woman's movement.

From the beginning, Debs has been a voice crying in the wilderness of masculine error and oppression, for the liberation of womankind. He has shouted his warnings in the press and thundered them from the platform. From the time when, as a young man, he heard and became the devoted friend of Susan B Anthony, until the day he faced a jury which had convicted him of "espionage" for declaring the faith that is in him, Debs had one message and one only for men who stand in the way of the freedom of their wives and sisters and daughters.

Realization of the necessity of delivering that message may have been burned into him when he stood as the associate and defender of Miss Anthony, braving with her the universal scorns and jeers which greeted those who asserted woman's right to battle for equality. Certain it is that neither his message nor his attitude toward the woman's movement has changed. His championship of laws for the protection of women workers and his advocacy of Birth Control are of a piece with his impassioned pleas in behalf of the early suffrage movement.

AND ALWAYS, THROUGH his years of organizing and oratory, he reiterated his plea to men to understand woman's portion in the struggle for a better world. In a speech many years ago, he phrased his message thus: "Man has not reached his best. He will never reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character. Shakespeare understood it when he made his noblest women strong as men and his best men as tender as women."

"Under our brutal forms of existence, beating womanhood to dust, we have raged in passion for the individual woman for use only. Some day we shall develop the social passion for womanhood, for then the gross will disappear in service and justice and companionship."

Possessing in himself that wide sympathy, that tenderness in personal relations and dauntlessness in combat, which, as he aptly notes, were the qualities assigned to the most heroic men by Plato and by Shakespeare, Debs of course understands that woman will never enter into her freedom until she asserts

and wins it for herself. He has no delusions as to the mercy of masculine domination.

In an article published under the title "The Pickets at the Gate" in this issue of THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW, he exclaims, "Precious little will women owe to their male 'protectors' when emancipation dawns upon the world. The 'Fathers' did nothing for the 'Mothers of the Revolution' but to ordain their political servitude, and every right that women have secured from that day to this they have had to fight for and wrest from a reluctant power based upon the self-assumed right of man alone to govern the world."

DEBS IS THAT rare creature, a man big enough and brave enough to live his vision. He has no fear of being called a sentimentalist. When his deep, sympathetic understanding of woman flowers into poetic language, that language goes down on paper a vital confession of faith, as sincere and unstrained as his denunciation of wrong and his pledge of consecration of the social revolution. Man must save himself by ceasing to oppress woman, Debs believes, woman must free herself from masculine domination in order to bring the race to its flower. "I have a vision of woman that is loftier, nobler and diviner than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present," he writes. "In the full-orbed day of the world to come woman shall be free, and because she is free, the world shall be free."

"In that hour woman shall have opportunity, and because her day has come at last, everything that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessing that shall come to the race. Love shall reign instead of hate, beauty shall take the place of deformity, peace of war, plenty of poverty, and all the world, under her sweet, unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and saintly and satisfying."

This is the faith and the vision of Debs. This made him in his private life more than son and lover husband, it made him a comrade. This stirred his pen and his voice to the demand that men for their own sakes give and ask comradeship of women. It is this, too, which in great measure distinguishes his career from those of other men who have fought magnificently for human rights but who have failed to understand woman's inevitable and indispensable part in that world-embracing battle.

ALMOST ON THE EVE of his sentence to the penitentiary, Debs uttered once more a bitter cry against the age-old injustice to women. "When I think," he said, "what the world would be without the inspiring influence of women, I am ashamed of what the world has done to her. She has done everything for the world, and man has done everything evil to her. He has filled her delicate hands with burdens she could not bear, and laid upon her shoulders weights that crushed her to the earth, and though she has stumbled on un-

complainingly, kissing the hand that smote her, he has taunted her as inferior and ruled her as if she were a slave"

The remedy? Debs has never been in doubt as to the remedy. It is not the forbearance of man—that is to be for his own sake. For woman's—the revolt of women,

The Pickets at the Gate

By Eugene V Debs

(Written last winter and contributed especially to
THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW)

THE WOMEN WHO STAND in silence at the White House gate in Washington with white banners in their hands have invested the word *picket* with a meaning that makes it historic in the struggle of women for emancipation.

These pickets are the bravest and noblest of women, and they are the real leaders of the suffrage movement in the United States.

They have been taunted by thugs in male attire, jeered at by blackguards, manhandled by ruffians, assaulted and trampled upon by brutes, fired upon by assassins, and jailed and fed upon refuse by official underlings, but they have not wavered, they have not flinched, they have not been deflected the breadth of a hair from their patriotic purpose to wipe from their sex the vulgar brand of inferiority and from their country the insufferable stigma of woman's servitude.

The heroic pickets may be in jail but their invincible banners are at the gate!

The President is eternally confronted with himself in these spectral banners, and he cannot escape their dishonoring impeachment. He may allow the pickets to perish in prison but the white banners will remain to greet him at the gate and make their mute appeal to the still small voice within him.

The President, were he the greatest monarch that ever strode the earth, could not resist the conquering white banners in the hands of the silent heroines at the gate of his mansion.

These banners he has beheld with startled vision in his troubled dreams. These banners are the thorns in his restless pillow. These banners give him more immediate concern than the war. These banners moved his administration to sanction suffrage in the New York campaign.

The spectacle of these high souled American women at the President's gate, with their silent appeal for simple justice, touched the hearts of men and made strong appeal to the conscience of the nation.

The spectacle of these same splendid women, void of offense, save "obstructing traffic," in filthy felons' cells, starved, insulted, outraged, threatened to scandalize the nation.

The President and his cabinet capitulated. Tammany Hall fell into line and Boss Murphy unctiously announced "We will give the ladies anything they want."

THE PICKETS CONQUERED the President and the politicians by their loyal leadership and militant methods. This accounts for the victory in New York. It is the victory of the pickets, their courage and constancy, their unrelaxing devotion to their convictions and ideals that won the day, and

they owe absolutely nothing to the President and the politicians.

When the President at the assembling of congress recommends the passage of the Susan B Anthony amendment, as he will, and it passes that body by an overwhelming majority, as it must, it will be another victory for the Pickets at the Gate.

Since the war only the cave man still holds out, only he is left to yawp his maudlin lay about 'chivalry' while denying to women the standing of a human being.

Precious little will women owe to their male "protectors" when their emancipation dawns upon the world. The "Fathers" did nothing for the "Mothers" of the Revolution but to ordain their political servitude, and every right that women have secured from that day to this they have had to fight for and wrest from a reluctant power based upon the self assumed right of man alone to govern the world.

The war has proved that women can do anything that men can do.

How any male, even a survival of the stone age, can any longer deny equal suffrage is one of the mysteries that only an inscrutable providence can explain, that there are still women who protest against their own liberation is enough to make a graven image shed tears.

But the day of victory, sweeping and complete, is now dawning.

The Pickets at the Gate have written the most thrilling and dramatic chapter in the historic struggle.

Theirs is the glory of having led the charge that conquered, of having had the spirit of martyrdom which triumphs in every great cause and is finally crowned with immortality.

Woman

By Eugene V Debs

WHILE I SCORN the chivalry that kisses the hand of woman, and then denies that hand the reins with which she might guide the rolling world along safe roads, while I would not bow to her as being more than man, yet

BOOKS TO BE HAD AT THIS OFFICE

Population and Birth Control	
A Symposium	\$3 00
What Every Mother Should Know	
By Margaret Sanger	paper 25c, cloth 50
Limitation of Offspring, by Dr Wm J Robinson	1 50
List of References on Birth Control	
By Theodore Schroeder	35
The Small Family System, by Dr C V Drysdale	1 50
The Love Rights of Women, By Havelock Ellis	25
The Objects of Marriage, by Havelock Ellis	25
Birth Control in its Medical, Social, Economic and Moral Aspects, by Dr S Adolphus Knopf	10
Jailed for Birth Control, by James Waldo Fawcett	10
Uncontrolled Breeding, by Adelyne More	1 00
Small or Large Families	
By Drysdale and Havelock Ellis	1 00
What Every Girl Should Know	
By Margaret Sanger	paper 25c, cloth 50

would I give her every right I claim for myself Still, I cannot think of woman without a feeling of reverence that amounts to worship, and that which I worship in her I would also worship in man if he had not banished it from his life

Great is the hand of man He smites the mountain ranges and they smoothe out into plains, he strokes the ocean and it carries his craft to safety, he shakes his fist at the night and new creatures of steel come forth at his command to do his bidding But if the hand of man is strong to do, the hand of woman is greater because it is softened and skilled to comfort and heal If the hand of man is magical with accomplishment, the small, white hand of woman has even greater magic in that it soothes and blesses ever With the touch of her finger she changes the hard sick bed into down and dreams With a stroke of her palm she banishes the tears of childhood and gives smiles for sobs

If man the titan makes the world big, woman the enchantress makes it beautiful If man finds the food, it is woman that brings the babe through paths she sets with roses, and it is she who makes shining and sweet the gateway when the soul fares forth alone to the unknown land.

Man may make the nation, but woman does more, she makes the home.

WHEN I THINK what the world would be without the inspiring influence of woman, I am ashamed of what the world has done with her She has done everything for the world, and man has done everything evil to her He has filled her delicate hands with burdens she could not bear, and laid upon her shoulders weights that crushed her to the earth, and though she stumbled on uncomplainingly, kissing the hand that smote her, he has taunted her as inferior and ruled her as if she were a slave.

Still is woman the guardian of the sacred fire Should she fail, earth would return to the stone age, and man become again

sacred, more divine than womanhood charged with the future destiny of the race, which means the weal or woe of all the breathe

No true man can think of his mother other than as perfect No husband who is still a lover—as every husband ought to be—can believe that his wife is less beautiful or feel that she is less dear than when she was in the bloom of beauty and first won his heart

I have a vision of woman that is loftier, nobler and diviner than than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present In the full orb'd day of the world to come woman shall be free, and because she is free the world shall be free In that hour woman shall have opportunity, and because her day has come at last every thing that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessing that shall come to the race Love shall reign instead of hate, beauty shall take place of deformity, peace of war, plenty of poverty, and all the world, under her sweet, unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and sanely and satisfying—*The Melting Pot*



Debs in Action

LARGE FAMILIES AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT
Recruiting Sergeant to candidate for enlistment—"Married or Single?"

Candidate—"Married, Sir"

"How many children?"

"Twelve"

'Ere, you 'op it We could get a field marshal for what you'd cost us

Apparently the separation allowances have taught the government the value of the small family system"

Malthusian—London

Candidates Change Their Tune When Women Vote

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS sent by the New York Committee of the National Birth Control League to all candidates for the Legislature and Congress

"Dear Sir —

"On behalf of the New York State Committee of this League, I am asking your opinion on the measure we propose for removing birth control from the category of crime, as it now stands in the penal code.

"If you have not yet considered the question, will you please read the enclosed literature, and answer the following questions?

1 Since the experience of foreign countries, proves that birth control information results in a healthier, happier population, which increases normally without waste of life and strength,

Do you not believe in it as a race betterment measure?

2. Since the war makes all kinds of conservation imperative, and it is obvious that the family which is the best national asset now is not the one in which an annual baby is born to deplete the mother's health, the father's earnings and the other children's food and care, but rather the family where the babies are intelligently "spaced" like the vegetables in the war gardens,

Do you not believe that the law should at once make contraceptive information legal, as a war time necessity?

3 As many people confuse birth control by the avoidance of conception, with abortion and all manner of immoralities,

Do you not believe that the subject should be removed, once for all, from its damaging and misleading context in the law?

4 In view of the fact that there are few individuals who are personally opposed to birth control, and that the law is constantly broken by hundreds of thousands of the well to-do, while the poor who most need the information are largely ignorant,

Do you not believe in making the statute consistent with the actual practice of privileged society and with the crying need of the poor?

5 Because certain religious influences, notably the Catholic Church, are opposed to the principle of birth control, and it is equally true that no one would be obliged to adopt contraceptive methods of birth control who did not approve them,

Do you not believe that the religious scruples of the few should not stand in the way of free choice for those who do believe in birth control?

6 As the United States is the only large country with a democratic form of government, which penalizes this information,

Do you not believe that we should follow the lead of the more progressive countries by removing the restrictive laws on this subject?

We shall greatly appreciate your pledge of co operation to secure this desired legislation, if you are elected to Congress. It is obvious that nothing would more effectively commend

your candidacy to the attention of the women of the state, than a statement that you will stand for the repeal of the restrictive laws on this subject."

THE ANSWERS ARE a revelation of the marked change of attitude in the two years since our bill was introduced for the first and only time in the New York legislature. Then you could count on the fingers of one hand all the legislators who favored the bill

But now times have changed. The taboo against birth control is wearing thinner and thinner. And women have the vote. The result is that not one single adverse answer to our questions was received. Eighty per cent. of our answers were unqualifiedly in favor of the bill. Eleven per cent. asked for more light on the subject. Only three candidates side stepped the question altogether

Most of the favorable answers were from Socialist candidates, as might be expected, as practically all Socialists have long been sound on the question, but the quantity of the letters we received from Republicans and Democrats is a most encouraging indication of a new clean minded attitude which will give our bill dignified consideration. The following letter is characteristic of these hopeful answers.

"In the abstract, I do not see that any harm can result from the giving out of information regarding birth control, provided it is given to mature people who are married and who request the information. I am not opposed to birth control, but I must be shown that nature has made some sort of a blunder which mankind has discovered and can surely remedy. If I am elected a member of the Assembly, I will favor any legislation which has for its object the betterment of conditions concerning the matter of birth control, provided I am convinced that this legislation will result in a healthier and happier population."

HEALTH HAS BECOME A public responsibility as never before. It is becoming obvious that an intelligently controlled birth rate is the basis of health.

The typical Republican is apt to see it, because he perceives that asylums, hospitals and jails will be less needed, and therefore less expensive, if fewer unfit, handicapped babies are born.

The typical Democrat sees it because he realizes that the country under the strain of war and reconstruction should not have the additional drag of looking after families which have grown so fast that they cannot adequately look after themselves.

And all the Socialists see it because they stand for freedom of access to all knowledge, freedom for all women to decide as to the frequency of motherhood, the right of all children to be well born.

This page is contributed by
THE NATIONAL BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE
200 Fifth Avenue New York City

The Malthusian Doctrine Today

By C V Drysdale, D Sc
(Continued from November issue)

IN THIS SUPPOSITION no limits whatever are placed to the produce of the earth. It may increase forever, and may be greater than any assignable quantity, yet still the power of population being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the strong law of necessity, acting as a check upon the greater power."

Static and Kinetic Over population—In order to bring the difference between the popular idea of over population and the true Malthusian doctrine into prominence, I have been accustomed for sometime past to speak of them by the two terms, static and kinetic over population

Static (stationary) over population is the ordinary idea of over population, i. e., that there are too many people in a country for it to be able to support if all its resources were fully and most advantageously employed. Neither Malthus nor any modern Malthusian has contended for a moment that any country is over populated in this sense, and the only countries that are even near it are China, India and perhaps France.

Kinetic (moving) over population exists wherever the number of children born into a family, community, or State is in excess of the increase in the food supply coming to that family, community, or State in the same time. This is the true Malthusian meaning of over population, and in this sense every important country in the world, except New Zealand and Australia, is, and practically always has been, over populated.

Illustrations of Static and Kinetic Over-population.—As the thorough understanding of the meaning of over-population is by far the most important thing in the whole range of sociology, a few analogies may be given to simplify it.

LET US TAKE first the case of a reservoir into which a stream of water is continually pouring. If the reservoir were large and of fixed size, it would hold all the water, without any loss, until it became filled, after which no further increase is possible. This is similar to the case of static over population, in which the world is supposed capable of holding a certain population, and no loss is caused until the limit is reached.

But now suppose the stream is there without a reservoir. We can dam it and build up the dam higher and higher to form a reservoir of increasing size as the water flows in. If we can build up the walls of the reservoir faster than the water flows in, well and good, and none will be wasted. But the question of preserving the water is no longer a question of the final size of the reservoir, it is that of a race between the builders and the stream. If the builders cannot raise the height of the dam as fast as the water rises, it will escape and be wasted, no matter how large they can make the reservoir finally.

This is the true analogy to the population difficulty. Instead of the earth being ready from the start to support its final

population, it has had to be laboriously cleared and prepared by people who had to learn by gradual experience, as they went, how to produce crops, while the stream of babies has ever been flowing. It has always been a race between the stream of children and the efforts of those who have tried to develop the latent possibilities of the earth to support them and the children have always won as regards numbers, and been wasted like the water. And what makes the population difficulty greater than that of stemming the stream is that we have not to deal with a steady flow, like a river, but with a compound interest flow, since every individual saved helps to swell the flow by renewing reproduction. It is like the magic yellow water in the "Arabian Nights," which increases from itself, and overflows any vessel into which it is put.

(To be continued)

A PARENTS' PROBLEM OR WOMAN'S?

(Continued from page 5)

tracts the continents into a whispering gallery, and the magazines supply every mind with predigested mental food.

THE WIFE OF the workingman, struggling to make his wage cover the multitudinous needs of their life, craves the knowledge of birth control to free her from the slavery of incessant child bearing, but her husband is indifferent, or prejudiced against such "new fangled notions." The middle class woman, struggling also to make her husband's wage cover not only necessities, but those little luxuries and refinements her opening mind craves, struggling to broaden her life, to feed that growing hunger in her soul for higher aspirations



and wider human service, searches for the knowledge that will give her ~~for~~ personal freedom, the knowledge of controlling child birth, against the will of her husband, who feels, either unconsciously or consciously, this lessening of the sex dependence that has made her subject to him, and fights her enlightenment to the bitter end

Of course, there are exceptions. There are men, in the working class and in the professional classes, who long for the greater freedom insured by a moderate sized family, who realize that this knowledge is necessary and inevitable. But this type of man is exceptional. Usually he either opposes birth control consciously, or else he is indifferent. In the meantime, it is the woman who faces and demands a solution to the problem. Bearing children has been her Great Problem. She will make it her Great Privilege—her Great Prerogative

The Problem of Both

New York City, November 15, 1918

Men's co operation both in the birth control movement and in the actual use of contraception, is surely more in line with modern idealism than to make the question exclusively a women's affair. It takes a man and a woman to produce a child. Both are jointly and should be equally responsible for it's birth and rearing. Parenthood implies partnership. The more complete the partnership the higher the type of civilization.

True feminism is not isolated development for women, but the fullest development for women as human beings. This development is incomplete if it does not include relationship with men as mates on a basis of equality and co operation. Because all men and women have not yet reached that basis is no reason for not working toward it fast and hard. Nothing is gained by emphasizing sex exclusion or antagonism.

—MARY WARE DENNETT

Birth Control Organizations

IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

The Federation of Neo-Malthusian Leagues
Dr Alice Drysdale Vickery, President

CONSTITUENT BODIES

- ENGLAND (1877)—The Malthusian League. Secretary, Dr Binnie Dunlop, 48 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. Periodical, *The Malthusian*.
- HOLLAND (1885)—De Nieuw-Malthusiaansche Bond. Secretary, Dr J Rutgers, 9 Verhulststraat, Den Haag. Periodical, *Het Gellukkig Huisgezin*.
- GERMANY (1889)—Sozial Harmonische Verein. Secretary, Herr M Hausmeister, Stuttgart. Periodical, *Die Soziale Harmonie*.
- FRANCE (1895)—G Hardy, 29 Rue Pixérécourt, Paris. Periodical, *Génération Consciente*.
- SPAIN (1904)—Liga Espanola de Regeneracion humana. Secretary, Señor Luis Bulffi, Calle Provenza 177, Pral la, Barcelona. Periodical, *Salu y Fuerza*.
- BELGIUM (1906)—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne. Secretary, Dr Fernand Mascaux, Echevin, Courcelles.
- SWITZERLAND (1908)—Groupe Malthusien. Secretary, Valentin Grandjean, 106 Rue des Eaux-Vives, Geneva. Periodical, *La Vie Intime*.
- BOHEMIA-AUSTRIA (1901)—Secretary, Michael Kacha, 1164 Zizhov, Prague. Periodical, *Zadruhy*.
- PORTUGAL—E Silva, Junior, L da Memoria, 46 r/e, Lisbon. Periodical, *Pas e Liberdade*.
- BRAZIL (1905)—Seccion brasilena de propaganda. Secretaries, Manuel Moscosa, Rua d'Bento Pires 29, San Pablo, Antonio Dominguez, Rua Vizcande de Moranguapez 25, Rio de Janeiro.
- CUBA (1907)—Seccion de propaganda. Secretary, José Guardiola, Empedrado 14, Havana.
- SWEDEN (1911)—Sällskapet for Humanitar Barnalstring. President, Mr Hinke Bergegren, Vanadisvagen 15, Stockholm Va.
- ITALY (1913)—Lega Neomalthusiana Italiana. Secretary, Dr Luigi Berta, Via Lamarmora 22, Turin. Periodical, *L'Educazione Sessuale*.
- AFRICA—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne, Maison du Peuple, 10 Rampe Magenta, Alger.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

- ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Mrs L. A Rhoades, 1318 Forest Court.
- BANGOR, ME.—Dr P. E. Luce, 40 Central Street.

BOSTON, MASS.—The Birth Control League of Massachusetts

P. O. Box 1358 Mrs Oakes Ames, president.

CAMDEN, N. J.—Dr L. A. Young, 522 Spruce St.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Citizens' Committee on Family Limitation. Secretary, Mrs B. E. Page, 521 Longwood Ave., Glencoe, Ill.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—The Birth Control League of Columbus. Arthur Gluck, 2054 Tuller Street, president.

DETROIT, MICH.—Mrs. Jessie A. Rene, 919 Brooklyn Avenue.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.—Mr and Mrs W. O. Saunders

HARRISBURG, PA.—George A. Herring, 2436 Reel Street.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dr T. Percival Gerson.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The Minneapolis Birth Control League. Mrs Helen C. Thomsen, 1208 Vincent Avenue, N., secretary.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—H. G. Shockley, 428 Delaronde Street.

NEW YORK.—The Committee of One Thousand. Dr Ira S. Wile, 230 West 97th Street, chairman.

The National Birth Control League. 200 Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Maxwell Hyde.

The Woman's Committee of One Hundred. Mrs Amos Pinchot, chairman. 9 East 81st Street.

PATERSON, N. J.—William D. Walker, 1139 Madison Avenue.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The Birth Control League of Western Pennsylvania. Mrs Clarence Renshaw, 117 Linden Ave., Edgewood, secretary.

PORTLAND, ORE.—The Birth Control League of Portland. H. C. Dekker, 652 Elliott Avenue, president. Mrs J. R. Oatman, 549 Fifth Street, secretary.

RADNOR, PA.—The Main Line Branch of the National Birth Control League—Mrs. Walter M. Newkirk, secretary.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—A. I. Howser, 227 Parsells Avenue.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Grace Anderson, City Dispensary, 11th and Chestnut Streets.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—The Minnesota State Birth Control League. Secretary, Mrs Grace M. Keller, 230 Vernon Ave., St. Paul.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The Birth Control League of San Francisco, 239 Geary Street. Margaret McGovern, president.

SEATTLE, WASH.—The Seattle Birth Control League. Minnie Parkhurst, 516 Third Ave., West Seattle, Wash., secretary.

SUMMIT, N. J.—Rev. Franklin C. Doan.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Birth Control League of the District of Columbia. Mrs Anna Wexler, 1926 New Hampshire Ave., president.