

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

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OCTOBER

Dedicated to Voluntary Motherhood

ROBERT INGERSOLL

On Birth Control

ARE DEFECTIVES NECESSARY?

A Survey by *Ellen A. Kennan*

GEO. BERNARD SHAW

On Birth Control

(Resume of An Article in *Physical Culture*)

Editorials—News Notes

FOREWORD

This Magazine does not publish
contraceptive information

It is illegal, in this country, to give
such information

The object of this Review is to show
why this law is obsolete, pernicious,
and injurious to the individual, the
community and the race

The law must be changed

Read the Birth Control Review and
you will understand why

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THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

MARY KNOBLAUCH
Acting Editor

DEDICATED TO VOLUNTARY
MOTHERHOOD

MARGARET SANGER
Editor

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Editorial Comment

Instead of an editorial this month, we are quoting the wonderful plea for Birth Control made by Robert G. Ingersoll in the course of an address delivered at the Hollis Theatre, Boston, on June 2, 1899. Twenty years have elapsed since these words were spoken and each passing day has but added weight to the arguments so vividly expressed.

We are very grateful, and we know our readers will be too, to the friend who sent us a copy of this speech.

Robert Ingersoll on Birth Control

FOR THOUSANDS OF years men and women have been trying to reform the world. They have created gods and devils, heavens and hells, they have written sacred books, performed miracles, built cathedrals and dungeons, they have crowned and uncrowned kings and queens, they have tortured and imprisoned, flayed alive and burned, they have preached and prayed, they have tried promises and threats, they have coaxed and persuaded, they have preached and taught, and in countless ways have endeavored to make people honest, temperate, industrious and virtuous, they have built hospitals and asylums, universities and schools, and seem to have done their very best to make mankind better and happier, and yet they have not succeeded.

Why have the reformers failed? I will tell them why.

Ignorance, poverty and vice are depopulating the world. The gutter is a nursery. People unable even to support themselves fill the tenements, the huts, the hovels with children. They depend on the Lord, on luck and charity. They are not intelligent enough to think about consequences or to feel responsibility. At the same time they do not want children, because a child is a curse to them and to itself. The babe is not welcome because it is a burden. These unwelcome children fill the jails and prisons, the asylums and hospitals, and they crowd the scaffolds. A few are rescued by chance or charity, but the great majority are failures. They become vicious, ferocious. They live by fraud and violence, and bequeath their vices to their children.

Against this inundation of vice, the forces of reform are helpless, and charity itself becomes an unconscious promoter of crime.

Failure seems to be the trade mark of nature. Why? Nature has no design, no intelligence. Nature produces without purpose, sustains without intention, and destroys without thought.

Man has a little intelligence, and he should use it. Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind.

THE REAL QUESTION is, can we prevent the ignorant, the poor, the vicious, from filling the world with their children?

Can we prevent this Missouri of ignorance and vice from emptying into the Mississippi of civilization?

Must the world forever remain the victim of ignorant passion? Can the world be civilized to such a degree that consequences will be taken into consideration by all?

Why should men and women have children that they cannot take care of, children that are burdens and curses? Why? Because they have more passion than intelligence, more passion than reason.

You cannot reform these people with tracts and talk. You cannot reform these people with preaching and creed. Passion is, and always has been, deaf.

These weapons of reform are substantially useless. Criminals, tramps, beggars and failures are increasing every day. The prisons, jails, poor houses and asylums are crowded. Religion is helpless. Law can punish, but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. The tide of vice is rising. The war that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as hopeless as the battle of the fireflies against the darkness of night.

There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or by law, by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only possible savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

MEN AND WOMEN who believe that slaves are purer, truer than the free, who believe that fear is a safer guide than knowledge, that only those are really good who obey the commands of others, and that ignorance is the soil in which the perfect, perfumed flower of virtue grows, will, with protesting hands, hide their shocked faces.

Men and women who think that light is the enemy of virtue, that purity dwells in darkness, that it is dangerous for human beings to know themselves and the facts in nature that affect

their well being, will be horrified at the thought of making intelligence the master of passion

But I look forward to the time when men and women by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain, will refuse to fill the world with failures

When that time comes, the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth Poverty and crime will be childless The withered hands of want will not be stretched for alms They will be dust The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous and free

Our Own Survey

SUPERNORMAL CHILDREN AND subnormal children are of great interest to the community both in themselves and for the light they shed upon normal children

Do the number and spacing of a mother's pregnancies make any difference in the likelihood of subnormal or supernormal children being born?

What influence have they upon the care of such individuals?

Through the interest of one of the directors, a fund has been available for a small investigation in one of the congested districts of New York City

Ellen A Kennan made the survey for the **THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW**

The first of Miss Kennan's series of articles begins in this number

Soviets' Care of the Mother

A GOVERNMENT MAY do some things very badly and others very well Criticism of the Soviet government in Russia has certainly not been lacking, but the following account of the care it proposes to give its children, clipped from the London Herald of the 21st of June, is worthy of consideration, not to say emulation, by some of the governments which are thought, or think themselves, superior

A MONG THE MOST interesting of the true stories told recently of Soviet Russia in a history of the work of a revolutionary Russian woman, Alexandra Kollontay, the People's Commissary of Public Welfare in Petrograd

It is to the indefatigable worker that we owe the following remarkable decree, published last year by the Soviet Government, a few weeks only after its establishment

"Over two million young lives have been hitherto sacrificed every year owing to public indifferences and class legislation Over two million tragic mothers have yearly watered the soil of Russia with their tears, and have with their labor-wearied hands closed the prematurely opened tombs of those innocent victims of a hideous social order

"Among the most striking examples of Capitalist 'morality' are those 'homes' for orphans, overcrowded far beyond their limits, with their enormous death rate and their odious methods of upbringing which were an insult to the sacred feelings of these poor resourceless mothers, transformed thus into mere stupid producing machines

"HAPPILY, SINCE THE victory of the Workers' Revolution, this fearful nightmare has faded into the mists of the past

"Workers! Citizen mothers! Brave, tender hearted creators of a new social life! Doctors, teachers, nurses! New Russia calls you all to build up the splendid edifice of the well being of the future generations

"All central and branch institutions connected with the Commissary of Public Welfare concerning child welfare are now united in one organization, under the control of the Department for the Protection of Mothers and Children This is in order to link them up with the lying in institutions, and to create strong healthy citizens, both mentally and physically

"THE FOLLOWING PRINCIPLES will be adhered to by the committee

"1 The safeguarding of the mother for the child

"2 The upbringing of the child in an atmosphere of Socialist Communism

"3 The creation of conditions which for the child will serve as the basis of physical and moral development, and a clear understanding of life"

But the activities of Alexandra Kollontay do not end with a mere edict—which is valuable to the outside world chiefly as an indication of the mind underlying the Soviet Government, which, though tormented by a thousand unparalleled agitations, never for a moment forgets the welfare of the most helpless citizens


Practical measures have been started—100,000 children are fed daily from the vast kitchens of the Winter Palace, creches and lying in hospitals are in full swing and free to all, and the State pays prospective mothers their full wages for a minimum of six weeks after child birth

The BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

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MAUDE EDGREN LILY WINNER BLANCHE SCHRACK
*And in Recognition of a Vital Spirit that Still Animates
this Magazine, JESSIE ASHLEY*

Art Editors

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"Who Has Forgotten You?"

SPECIAL INVESTIGATION FOR THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

By Ellen A Kennan

THERE IS THE patience of mountains, and there is the patience of the ox. The patience of Job has become a household word, but what shall be said of the patience of the poor, of all the long suffering poor, but especially of the poor mother of many children. The children are born, they grow sick, they die or they live, a burden to themselves and to the world. There is not enough to feed and clothe the brood decently, but still the mother goes on bearing children.

They live huddled up in dark stuffy tenements, they sleep in close, unaired bedrooms. Always there is a child tugging at the mother's breast, even while another is quickening in her womb. She drags wearily along day after day, trying to care for her little ones. She sees them go hungry, she sees them go cold, she sees them take refuge in the street from her too sharp tongue, she sees herself grow old and slatternly. And still she goes on bearing children—children that she does not want, children that ever pull at her skirts and clutter up her floors. She passes her life between the stove and the wash tub. The sink is always full of dirty, fly specked dishes, the rooms are always full of sickening odors, odors of stale food and unwashed diapers. And still she bears children, children that she does not want. She snaps and snarls, she cuffs the little ones about. They are always in her way, always under her feet. And still she goes on bearing. Why does she go on? Because she loves it? No. To please her husband? He too, is tired and overworked—sick of many children. To whom can she turn for relief? To the church? In vain. "Multiply and cover the earth," says the church. To the state? Quite as futile. "You have a patriotic duty," says the state. To the doctor and the nurse? Their hands are tied by tradition and the law. So she goes on bearing children. She becomes a cowed and spiritless creature, with a patience past understanding.

AND SOME THERE are who commend this poor inarticulate thing for her bearing of many children—they call it submission to the will of God. But there are others who would fain ask, what breed of children does she bear? Does she bear children that will hand on the torch of life flaming with a brighter glow? Are her children strong, upright, intelligent? If such they are, then though we pity the poor dragged out mother, we might say what matter? It is a noble thing to spend herself for the welfare of the race.

But to spend herself bringing into the world sickly and defective children, this is sheer waste of life. Such children fill our hospitals, our reformatories, our jails. Shall we not then cease celebrating the virtues of the mother of many children,

and shall we not rather intone a hymn of praise to the mother of children strong, upright, intelligent?

ALL SUMMER LONG I have been visiting mothers who live in a much congested district of New York, I have been talking with them, as they worked in their kitchens, about themselves, their children, their experiences. And as I have gone on doing this day by day, questions have been arising in my mind. Why should knowledge on any subject be kept from any human soul? Above all why should knowledge as to the control of her own body be kept from a woman, knowledge so vital to her happiness and to the welfare of the race? Why should she bear more children than she wants, more than the meagre family income can support in decency, children that are necessarily weak and sick? Why should a new baby arrive every year or two with monotonous regularity, though there is not enough to feed and clothe the little ones already on the scene, though the mother herself is worn and broken in health? Why should she be utterly at the mercy of blind nature? Why should the poor creature go on bearing so many children that she can no longer remember their names, their ages, the order in which they came? Yes, I found more than one such mother this summer, nor were they old women, some were not yet forty.

WHEN I ASKED Mrs. B, an Italian woman, for the names and ages of her children, with a hopeless gesture she raised her hands to her head and said "I'm so tired, my head's so tired, I'm all confused, I can't remember." And it was only after much patient questioning on my part and after many really pathetic appeals for help to the little girl of eleven that the mother finally got her story told. She had had ten children, eight were still living. She had been married at 16, her first baby came when she was 17. The only respite from child bearing that she had had in the twenty two years since she had been married was a period of five years while her husband was absent in America, for he had come over in advance of the family. The father of this family is a day laborer earning \$18 a week, one son 16 earns \$10 a week. They all live together in four small rooms and have a boarder and lodger. The oldest daughter died a year ago with pulmonary tuberculosis. Felice, a pale, haggard looking child with sunken cheeks and staring eyes, 11 years old, has tuberculosis of the intestines. She lives almost wholly on milk. While I was in the house, she brought home the word, really crushing for the mother, that she had been refused any more milk at the free milk station. Why go on to tell of Rose, nine years old, who had a running ear and was left

deaf in that ear by an operation, and is still only in the first grade at school? And there is Louis, 15 years old, who has been placed in the class for defective children, and four little ones still younger than 9 year old Rosa, all looking pale and undernourished. It was this mother who said "I can't buy enough food for the children, they are always hungry, the baby is weak and sick, because I haven't enough milk for it, I don't get enough to eat myself and I don't get the right food." Then in answer to a question of mine, she said "No, I don't want so many children. I surely don't want any more, but— (with a shrug of the shoulders) what are you going to do when they come?" And she is only thirty nine years old! She can still bear three or four more children. Must she do it?

AND POOR MRS. W! A nervous wreck at thirty eight, starting at every noise, helpless before a stranger, still more helpless before the task of naming her children! Utterly bewildered, she called in her husband. I found that she had had nine children, and two miscarriages. She has always been sick, but for twelve years now she has been in this highly nervous state, ever since her boy Frank was drowned. She was pregnant with Joey at the time, and attempted to kill herself by jumping from the window. Of her nine children all except four are dead, and of the five dead all but one died when only a few months old.

Four children have been born and one miscarriage has taken place since she has been in this very abnormal condition induced by the drowning of her son Frank! Two of these

babies died almost immediately after birth, Joey, a third, is weak and has the nose bleed very often, he has been placed in the class for defectives at school. Little Lucy, the fourth, is below her grade in the Catholic school which she attends. And this mother is only 38 years old! What of the future?

MRS. A is older—she is fifty one, and life has been hard on her, she looks seventy. Her embarrassment as she tried and failed to remember the ages and names of her children, was most distressing. It was she who said in Italian by way of explanation "They are born, they die, they grow up, they marry, they pass out of my sight, and they pass out of my mind." She had had eight children and three miscarriages. Five were still living. With the help of little Nicolo, ten years old, we finally got a list of names and ages though I doubt not, there are many mistakes. Vincenzo when he left school at 16 was still in the third grade, Isidore is in the class for defective children, Josie, who works in a dress factory at \$20 a week, is pale and anæmic looking. Little Nicholo is quick and bright but undernourished. The other living child, a daughter of 34, has had seven babies—five of the seven died in quick succession when only a few months old with hydrocephalus, water on the brain—a disease that often indicates the presence of syphilis. And just two weeks before I visited her mother, she had given birth to another baby. And we send missionaries to "backward peoples!" Still her voice echoes in my ears "They are born, they die, they grow up, they marry, they pass out of my sight and out of my mind."

She'd Die to Avoid Twenty-fourth Baby

HAVING BORNE TO her husband, a railroad laborer, twenty three children since their marriage twenty five years ago, Mrs. Agnes Racilta decided yesterday to end her part in race production by suicide. Help came before she could accomplish her purpose. She will get well in the Jersey City Hospital and return in a few days to her burdens at home, unless she has to go to jail in punishment for her crime. She is forty eight years old.

Only seven of the children are living, all under sixteen. When she had packed them off to school yesterday morning, Racilta having gone to work, she built a crude altar in her parlor at 548 Grove street, Jersey City, and it is believed, said prayers for her soul before it. Then she drank a bottle of turpentine.

The pain was so agonizing that she screamed. Neighbors ran in and in a few minutes an ambulance surgeon had administered first aid, which left her in collapse but in no immediate danger.

"I DIDN'T WANT to bring more children into the world," she sobbed at the hospital when further relief put her in condition to talk. "We are poor people and cannot afford to keep on having babies. For a long time I thought of this and it made me very sad. So I prayed for guidance and the answer came that I would be better off dead than alive. My husband and children are very good, but I could not bear to go on as we were doing. Now I suppose there is no help for it, but I wish I had died."

MORALITY AND BIRTH CONTROL

By Mary Knoblauch

MORALITY AND BIRTH Control is the title of an article by George Bernard Shaw in the July number of PHYSICAL CULTURE

As usual, Mr Shaw begins by demolishing the opposition. The contention commonly advanced that the possibility of Birth Control must be concealed because the knowledge of it might be abused, is absurd. We might as well argue that we should not teach children to read or cipher, because we may at the same time be teaching them to forge checks or falsify accounts. This argument, if persisted in, would lead us to forbid birth itself so as to escape the burden of original sin.

Every advance in human knowledge which brings with it an increased control of human circumstances, adds to human temptation. The inventors of writing, gunpowder and the daily newspapers, were they to arise from their graves today, might, after a hasty glance at the situation, wonder whether it would not have been better for the human race, had they been cast into the sea with a millstone around their necks before they had invented plagues so destructive to mankind.

It is impossible to make a secret of the possibility and technique of birth control.

Everyone, Mr Shaw holds this to be self evident, has a right to know whatever there is to be known. He may, however, be held accountable for the use he makes of his knowledge, to his conscience and his country. The knowledge must not be suppressed, and still less must the fullest and freest public controversy about it be suppressed, altho the discussion must always be seemly.

THERE MUST BE no taboo on the subject, or the taboo must be disregarded. Taboos are pure conventions, and being quite irrational, are very strong and tyrannical. They break down, however, under the irrepressibility of circumstances. The taboo on the discussion of household sanitation was broken down by cholera and enteric fever. No evil results followed, many lives were saved, and the fact that there was such a taboo has long since been forgotten.

So it must be with Birth Control. The subject cannot be disregarded. It is being practised on an enormous scale. We cannot leave it alone, because it will not leave us alone. Even its opponents cannot form a public opinion against it, except by discussing it very thoroughly. It is also self evident that control for the sake of control is desirable. If a ship's captain could devise some means for controlling the winds, no sane person would object on the ground that involuntary motion was holier than controlled motion.

A woman who has learned how to control her fertility is as much less likely to be mischievous as a woman who has learned how to control her temper.

Everyone, therefore, should be taught that reproduction is a controllable activity. No general rule can at present be formulated as to how, when and why it should be controlled.

ALL SORTS OF hard cases are pressed upon our notice. Brieux shows us in one play a revolt against excessive maternity so bitter that a professional abortionist is hailed as a deliverer, and in another, a wife, driven to desperation by the refusal of her husband to incur the expense of even one child. Individuals are urged, on the one hand, to limit their families on the ground that it is better to give every chance of life to two or three children than it is to throw eight on an income which means the death of half of them and the enfeeblement of the rest. On the other hand, we denounce race suicide and demand exemption from the income tax for parents, special taxes for bachelors, and mothers' pensions. Some doctors tell us that the use of contraceptives is quite harmless, others that it wrecks the nervous system. They are equally divided as to the effects of total abstinence.

Finally, we lose patience with all these contradictions and conclude that they are all true and all false. Every case is a fresh problem. Therefore, the application of the knowledge must be left to the couples themselves.

It is clear, however, that certain modifications of the marriage laws must follow the recognition of Birth Control. If, for example, one of a married couple persistently sterilizes a union which the other wishes to make fertile, this should be a ground for the dissolution of the marriage. An even more difficult question would be involved in a surreptitious fertilization based on the understanding that it was to be sterile. At present such an understanding would be dismissed by the courts as immoral. The moment Birth Control is formally accepted, contracts involving such control must also be accepted as legally valid, and breaches of such contract must have their legal remedy.

THIS POINT IS mentioned merely as an example of the new problems which arise when any action which has hitherto been regarded as involuntary and consequently outside the field of law and morals, becomes controllable. The results are always unexpected by the unthinking. When the state does interfere, many people think it will forbid birth restrictions unconditionally except by vows of chastity. But there is no telling what the state may do. It may enforce Birth Control on the one hand, and compel reproduction on the other. Mr Shaw, therefore, strongly recommends that all those who are for, as well as all those who are against Birth Control, who clamor one way or the other for police intervention, should mind their own business and let other people do the same.

THE CLOSING DOOR

By Angelina W Grimke

(Continued from September issue)

"LOOK HERE! ARE you Agnes' brother, Joe?" Jim called quickly for him "Great Jehoshaphat! Man! Come up! What a mess I've made of this"

For the first time I saw Jim move quickly Within a second he was out of the flat and running down the stairs Agnes followed to the stairhead and waited there I went back into the little parlor for, I had followed her into the hall, and sat down and waited

They all came in presently Joe was older than Agnes but looked very much like her He was thin, his face really haggard and his hair quite grey I found out afterward that he was in his early thirties but he appeared much older He was smiling, but the smile did not reach his eyes They were strange aloof eyes They rested on you and yet seemed to see something beyond You felt as though they had looked upon something that could never be forgotten When he was not smiling his face was grim, the chin firm and set He was a man of very few words, I found

Agnes and Jim were both talking at once and he answered them now and then in monosyllables Agnes introduced us He shook hands, I thought in rather a perfunctory way, without saying anything, and we all sat down

We steered clear quite deliberately from the thoughts uppermost in all our minds We spoke of his journey, when he left Mississippi, the length of time it had taken him to come and the weather Suddenly Agnes jumped up

"Joe, aren't you famished?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind a little something, Agnes," he answered, and then he added

"I'M NOT AS starved as I was traveling in the South, but I have kind of a hollow feeling"

"What do you mean?" she asked

"Jim-Crow cars," he answered laconically

"I'd forgotten," she said "I've been away so long"

He made no reply

"Aren't conditions any better at all?" she asked after a little

"No, I can't say as they are"

None of us said anything She stood there a minute or so, pulling away at the frill on her apron She stopped suddenly, drew a long breath, and said

"I wish you all could move away, Jim, and come North"

For one second before he lowered his eyes I saw a strange gleam in them He seemed to be examining his shoes carefully from all angles His jaw looked grimmer than ever and I saw a flickering of the muscles in his cheeks

"That would be nice," he said at last and then added, "but we can't, Agnes I like my coffee strong, please"

"Joe," she said, going to the door "I'm sorry, I was for getting"

I rose at that

"Agnes, let me go You stay here"

She hesitated, but Joe spoke up

"No, Agnes, you go I know your cooking"

YOU COULD HAVE heard a pin drop for a minute Jim looked queer and so did Agnes for a second and then she tried to laugh it off

"Don't mind Joe He doesn't mean anything He always was like that"

And then she left us

Well, I was hurt Joe made no attempt to apologize or anything He even seemed to have forgotten me Jim looked at me and smiled, his nice smile, but I was really hurt I came to understand, however, later Presently Joe said

"About Agnes! We hadn't been told anything!"

"Didn't she write about it?"

"No"

"Wanted to surprise you, I guess"

"How long?" Joe asked after a little

"Before?"

"Yes"

"Four months, I should say"

"That complicates matters some"

I got up to leave I was so evidently in the way

Joe looked up quietly and said

"Oh! don't go! It isn't necessary"

I sat down again

"No, Lucy, stay" Jim added "What do you mean 'complicates'?"

JOE EXAMINED HIS shoes for several moments and then looked up suddenly

"Just where is Agnes?"

"In the kitchen, I guess," Jim looked a trifle surprised

"Where is that?"

"The other end of the flat near the door"

"She can't possibly hear anything, then?"

"No"

"Well, then, listen Jim, and you, what's your name? Lucy? Well, Lucy, then Listen carefully, you two, to every single word I am going to say" He frowned a few moments at his shoes and then went on "Bob went out fishing in the woods near his shack, spent the night there, slept in wet clothes, it had been raining all day, came home, contracted double pneumonia and died in two days time Have you that?"

We both nodded "That's the story we are to tell Agnes"

JIM HAD HIS mouth open to ask something, when Agnes came in. She had very evidently not heard anything, however, for there was a little color in her face and it was just a little happy again.

"I've been thinking about you, Joe," she said. "What on earth are you getting so grey for?"

"Grey!" he exclaimed. "Am I grey?" There was no doubt about it, his surprise was genuine.

"Didn't you know it?" She chuckled a little. It was the first time in days.

"No, I didn't."

She made him get up, at that, and drew him to the oval glass over the mantel.

"Don't you ever look at yourself, Joe?"

"Not much, that's the truth." I could see his face in the mirror from where I sat. His eyes widened a trifle, I saw, and then he turned away abruptly and sat down again. He made no comment. Agnes broke the rather little silence that followed.

"Joe!"

"Yes!"

"You haven't been sick or anything, have you?"

"No, why?"

"You seem so much thinner. When I last saw you you were almost stout."

"That's some years ago, Agnes."

"Yes, but one ought to get stouter not thinner with age."

AGAIN I CAUGHT that strange gleam in his eyes before he lowered them. For a moment he sat perfectly still without answering.

"You can put it down to hard work, if you like, Agnes. Isn't that my coffee I smell boiling over?"

"Yes, I believe it is. I just ran in to tell you I'll be ready for you in about ten minutes."

She went out hastily but took time to pull the portiere across the door. I thought it strange at the time and looked at Jim. He didn't seem to notice it, however, but waited, I saw, until he had heard Agnes' heel taps going into the kitchen.

"Now," he said, "what do you mean when you say that is the story we are to tell Agnes?"

"Just that."

"You mean—" he paused "that it isn't true?"

"No, it isn't true."

"Bob didn't die that way?"

"No."

I FELT MYSELF stiffening in my chair and my two hands gripping the two arms of my chair tightly. I looked at Jim. I sensed the same tensioning in him. There was a long pause. Joe was examining his shoes again. The flickering in his cheeks I saw was more noticeable.

Finally Jim brought out just one word.

"How?"

"There was a little trouble," he began and then paused so long Jim said.

"You mean he was—injured in some way?"

Joe looked up suddenly at Jim, at that, and then down again.

But his expression even in that fleeting glance set me to trembling all over. Jim, I saw, had been affected too. He sat stiffly bent forward. He had been in the act of raising his cigarette to his lips and his arm seemed as though frozen in mid air.

"Yes," he said, "injured." But the way in which he said "injured" made me tremble all the more.

AGAIN THERE WAS a pause and again Jim broke it with his one word.

"How?"

"You don't read the papers, I see," Joe said.

"Yes, I read them."

"It was in all the papers."

"I missed it, then."

"Yes."

It was quiet again for a little.

"Have you ever lived in the South?" Joe asked.

"No."

"Nice civilized place, the South," Joe said.

And again I found myself trembling violently. I had to fight with might and main to keep my teeth from chattering. And yet it was not what he had said but his tone again.

"I hadn't so heard it described," Jim said after a little.

"NO"—YOU DIDN'T know, I suppose, that there is an unwritten law in the South that when a colored and a white person meet on the sidewalk, the colored person must get off into the street until the white one passes?"

"No, I hadn't heard of it."

"Well, it's so. That was the little trouble."

"You mean—"

"Bob refused to get off the sidewalk."

"Well?"

"The white man pushed him off. Bob knocked him down. The white man attempted to teach the 'damned nigger' a lesson." Again he paused.

"Well?"

"The lesson didn't end properly. Bob all but killed him."

It was so still in that room that although Jim was sitting across the room I could hear his watch ticking distinctly in his vest pocket. It had been holding my breath and when I was forced to expel it, the sound was so loud they both turned quickly towards me, startled for the second.

"That would have been Bob." It was Jim speaking.

"Yes."

"I suppose it didn't end there?"

"No."

"Go on, Joe." Even Jim's voice sounded strained and strange.

AND JOE WENT on. He never raised his voice, never lowered it. Throughout, his tone was entirely colorless. And yet as though it had been seared into my very soul I remember word for word, everything he said.

"An orderly mob, in an orderly manner, on a Sunday morning—I am quoting the newspapers—broke into the jail, took him out, slung him up to the limb of a tree, riddled his body with bullets, saturated it with coal oil, lighted a fire under—"

neath him, gouged out his eyes with red hot irons, burnt him to a crisp and then sold souvenirs of him, ears, fingers, toes His teeth brought five dollars each" He ceased for a moment

"He is still hanging on that tree—We are not allowed to have even what is left"

There was a roaring in my ears I seemed to be a long way off I was sinking into a horrible black vortex that seemed to be sucking me down I opened my eyes and saw Jim dimly His nostrils seemed to be two black wide holes His face was taut, every line set I saw him draw a great deep breath The blackness sucked me down still deeper And then suddenly I found myself on my feet struggling against that hideous darkness and I heard my own voice as from a great distance calling out over and over again, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

THEY BOTH CAME running to me, but I should have fainted for the first and only time in my life but that I heard suddenly above those strange noises in my ears a little choking, strangling sound It revived me instantly I broke from them and tried to get to the door

"Agnes! Agnes!" I called out

But they were before me Jim tore the portiere aside They caught her just as she was falling

She lay unconscious for hours When he did come to, she found all three of us about her bed Her bewildered eyes went from Jim's face to mine and then to Joe's They paused there, she frowned a little And then we saw the whole thing slowly come back to her She groaned and closed her eyes Joe started to leave the room but she opened her eyes quickly and indicated that he was not to go He came back Again she closed her eyes

And then she began to grow restless

"Agnes!" I asked, "is there anything you want?"

She quieted a little under my voice

"No," she said, "No"

PRESENTLY SHE OPENED her eyes again They were very bright She looked at each of us in turn a second time

Then she said

"I've had to live all this time to find out"

"Find out what, Agnes?" It was Jim's voice

"Why I'm here—why I'm here"

"Yes, of course" Jim spoke oh! so gently, humoring her His hand was smoothing away the damp little curls about her forehead

"It's no use your making believe you understand, you don't" It was the first time I had ever heard her speak irritably to Jim She moved her head away from his hand

His eyes were a little hurt and he took his hand away

"No" His voice was as gentle as ever "I don't understand, then"

There was a pause and then she said abruptly

"I'm an instrument"

No one answered her

"That's all—an instrument"

We merely watched her

"One of the many"

And then Jim in his kindly blundering way made his second mistake

"Yes, Agnes," he said, "Yes"

BUT AT THAT, she took even me by surprise She sat up in bed suddenly, her eyes wild and staring and before we could stop her, began beating her breast

"Agnes," I said, "Don't! Don't!"

"I shall," she said in a strange high voice

Well, we let her alone It would have meant a struggle

And then amid little sobbing breaths, beating her breast the while, she began to cry out "Yes!—Yes!—I!—I!—An instrument of reproduction!—another of the many!—a colored woman—doomed!—cursed!—put here!—willing or unwilling! For what?—to bring children here—men children—for the sport—the lust—of possible orderly mobs—who go about things—in an orderly manner—on Sunday mornings!"

"Agnes," I cried out "Agnes! Your child will be born in the North He need never go South"

She had listened to me at any rate

"Yes," she said, "in the North In the North—And have there been no lynchings in the North?"

I was silenced

"The North permits it too," she cried "The North is silent as well as the South"

AND THEN AS she sat there her eyes became less wild but more terrible They became the eyes of a seeress When she spoke again she spoke loudly, clearly, slowly

"There is a time coming—and soon—when no colored man—no colored woman—no colored child, born or unborn—will be safe—in this country"

"Oh Agnes," I cried again, "Sh! sh!"

She turned her terrible eyes upon me

"There is no more need for silence—in this house God has found us out"

"Oh Agnes," the tears were frankly running down my cheeks "We must believe that God is very pitiful We must He will find a way"

She waited a moment and said simply

"Will He?"

"Yes, Agnes! Yes!"

"I will believe you, then I will give Him one more chance Then, if He is not pitiful, then if He is not pitiful—" But she did not finish She fell back upon her pillows She had fainted again

AGNES DID NOT die, nor did her child She had kept her body clean and healthy She was up and around again, but an Agnes that never smiled, never chuckled any more She was a grey pathetic shadow of herself She who had loved joy so much, cared more, it seemed, for solitude than any thing else in the world That was why, when Jim or I went looking for her we found so often only the empty room and that imperceptibly closing, slowly closing, opposite door

Joe went back to Mississippi and not one of us, ever again, mentioned Bob's name

And Jim, poor Jim! I wish I could tell you of how beautiful he was those days. How he never complained, never was irritable, but was always so gently, so full of understanding, that at times, I had to go out of the room for fear he might see my tears.

Only once I saw him when he thought himself alone. I had not known he was in his little den and entered it suddenly. I had made no sound, luckily, and he had not heard me. He was sitting leaning forward, his head between his hands. I stood there five minutes at least, but not once did I see him stir. I silently stole out and left him.

IT WAS A fortunate thing that Agnes had already done most of her sewing for the little expected stranger, for after Joe's visit, she never touched a thing.

"Agnes!" I said one day, not without fear and trepidation. It is true. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"Do?" she repeated rather vaguely.

"Yes. Some sewing?"

"Oh! sewing," she said. "No, I think not, Lucy."

"You've—you've finished?" I persisted.

"No."

"Then—" I began.

"I hardly think we shall need any of them." And then she added, "I hope not."

"Agnes!" I cried out.

But she seemed to have forgotten me.

Well, time passed, it always does. And on a Sunday morning early Agnes' child was born. He was a beautiful, very grave baby with her great dark eyes.

As soon as they would let me, I went to her.

SHE WAS LYING very still and straight, in the quiet, darkened room, her head turned on the pillow towards the wall. Her eyes were closed.

"Agnes!" I said in the barest whisper. "Are you asleep?"

"No," she said. And turned her head towards me and opened her eyes. I looked into her ravaged face. Agnes Milton had been down into Hell and back again.

Neither of us spoke for some time and then she said.

"Is he dead?"

"Your child?"

"Yes."

"I should say not, he's a perfect darling and so good."

No smile came into her face. It remained as expressionless as before. She paled a trifle more, I thought, if such a thing was possible.

"I'm sorry," she said finally.

"Agnes!" I spoke sharply. I couldn't help it.

But she closed her eyes and made no response.

I SAT A long time looking at her. She must have felt my gaze for she slowly lifted her lids and looked at me.

"Well," she said, "what is it, Lucy?"

"Haven't you seen your child, Agnes?"

"No."

"Don't you wish to see it?"

"No."

Again it was wrung out of me.

"Agnes, Agnes, don't tell me you don't love it."

For the first and only time a spasm of pain went over her poor pinched face.

"Ah!" she said, "That's it." And she closed her eyes and her face was as expressionless as ever.

I felt as though my heart were breaking.

Again she opened her eyes.

"Tell me, Lucy," she began.

"What, Agnes?"

"Is he—healthy?"

"Yes."

"Quite strong?"

"Yes."

"You think he will live, then?"

"Yes, Agnes."

SHE CLOSED HER eyes once more. It was very still within the room.

Again she opened her eyes. There was a strange expression in them now.

"Lucy!"

"Yes."

"You were wrong."

"Wrong, Agnes?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"You thought your God was pitiful."

"Agnes, but I do believe it."

After a long silence she said very slowly.

"He—is—not."

This time, when she closed her eyes, she turned her head slowly upon the pillow to the wall. I was dismissed.

† † †

And again Agnes did not die. Time passed and again she was up and about the flat. There was a strange, stony stillness upon her, now, I did not like, though. If we only could have understood, Jim and I, what it meant. Her love for solitude, now, had become a passion. And Jim and I knew more and more that empty room and that silently, slowly closing door.

SHE WOULD HAVE very little to do with her child. For some reason, I saw, she was afraid of it. I was its mother. I did for it, cared for it, loved it.

Twice only during these days I saw that stony stillness of hers broken.

The first time was one night. The baby was fast asleep, and she had stolen in to look at him, when she thought no one would know. I never wish to see such a tortured, hungry face again.

I was in the kitchen, the second time, when I heard strange sounds coming from my room. I rushed to it and there was Agnes, kneeling at the foot of the little crib, her head upon the spread. Great, terrible racking sobs were tearing her. The baby was lying there, all eyes, and beginning to whimper a little.

"Agnes! Oh, my dear! What is it?" The tears were

streaming down my cheeks

"Take him away! Take him away!" she gasped "He's been cooing, and smiling and holding out his little arms to me I can't stand it! I can't stand it!"

I took him away That was the only time I ever saw Agnes Milton weep

† † †
THE BABY SLEPT in my room, Agnes would not have him in hers He was a restless little sleeper and I had to get up several times during the night to see that he was properly covered

He was a noisy little sleeper as well Many a night I have lain awake listening to the sound of his breathing It is a lovely sound, a beautiful one—the breathing of a little baby in the dark

This night, I remember, I had been up once and covered him over and had fallen off to sleep for the second time, when, for I had heard absolutely no sound, I awoke suddenly There was upon me an overwhelming utterly paralyzing feeling not of fear but of horror I thought, at first, I must have been having a nightmare, but strangely instead of dim nishing, the longer I lay awake, the more it seemed to increase

† † †
IT WAS A moonlight night and the light came in through the open window in a broad, white, steady stream

A coldness seemed to settle all about my heart What was the matter with me? I made a tremendous effort and sat up Everything seemed peaceful and quiet enough

The moonlight cut the room in two It was dark where I was and dark beyond where the baby was

One brass knob at the foot of my bed shone brilliantly, I remember, in that bright stream and the door that led into the hall stood out fully revealed I looked at that door and then my heart suddenly seemed to stop beating! I grew deathly cold The door was closing slowly, imperceptibly, silently Things were whirling around I shut my eyes When I opened them again the door was no longer moving, it had closed

What had Agnes Milton wanted in my room? And the more I asked myself that question the deeper grew the horror

AND THEN SLOWLY, by degrees, I began to realize there was something wrong within that room, something terribly wrong But what was it?

I tried to get out of bed, but I seemed unable to move I strained my eyes, but I could see nothing—only that bright knob, that stream of light, that closed white door

I listened It was quiet, very quiet, too quiet But why too quiet? And then as though there had been a blinding flash of lightning I knew—the breathing wasn't there

Agnes Milton had taken a pillow off of by bed and smothered her child

† † †

One last word. Jim received word this morning The door has finished closing for the last time—Agnes Milton is no more God, I think, may be pitiful, after all

Shall We Have A Limited Birth Control?

By James F Morton, Jr

The agitation for Birth Control has overcome the earlier difficulties, which seemed to loom mountain-high. Public sentiment, which, a few short years ago, shuddered at the very thought of a frank discussion of sex problems, has rapidly veered about, until it has become almost intelligent With the more progressive elements, belief in Birth Control has become axiomatic, and the average man or woman is coming to look with favor upon this great step forward Only the extreme reactionaries remain hostile to the general principle, looking with callous indifference on the living martyrdom of thousands of women, and wilfully ignorant of the most elementary considerations concerning the welfare of society as a whole Already we are almost in sight of the Promised Land

At this point, after living down the opprobrium which has followed the workers in this cause for half a century, when patience and perseverance for a little time will mean the overthrow of the last remaining barriers, we are suddenly faced with a division in our own ranks Since the growing demand for Birth Control cannot be staved off indefinitely, many of the former opponents of it are coming to see that their position is untenable Their one remaining chance of compromise, to make us satisfied with less than the full attain

ment of our real desire To play into their hands would, in my opinion, be the most fatal error of which we could be guilty It would be to betray a multitude who have trusted us as the exponents of their needs Under guise of being a long step forward, it would tie our hands so completely that further progress would become impossible for many years to come

For the authors and supporters of the "limited bill" I have the utmost good will and respect, although I cannot applaud their judgment in this matter They include a number of the foremost workers for Birth Control, who have proved by their devotion and self sacrifice that their hearts are wholly in the cause Nor can I wonder that they are eager and impatient to see something actually accomplished They realize the vast amount of human suffering which cries for immediate relief, and every day's delay seems to them a crime against womanhood and against society Since permission to doctors and nurses to furnish contraceptive information would make it possible at once to assist many sufferers, and in some localities to open and maintain clinics to which those in need could repair, it is not surprising that their vision rests on these advantages, and fails to travel further, and to see that in opening the door of hope a little earlier to a comparatively limited

number of suffering women, they are sacrificing a vital principle, and are effectively closing the door for a generation or more to come upon a multitude of others whose need is equally great. It is a tactical surrender, of which the enemies of Birth Control will know how to take full advantage

As a matter of fact, it is not so certain that the proposed bill which would give doctors and nurses a monopoly of the privilege of furnishing Birth Control information would meet much less opposition than a bill simply wiping off our statute-books the few disgraceful words which penalize the spread of this vital knowledge. The friends of the movement would be disheartened by the weak and illogical compromise, and not many opponents would be converted. It is the principle itself which is bitterly hated and fought by all the elements of reaction, and they are not to be won over by any concessions on our part. In truth, they will regard our offer of a plan for limited and denatured Birth Control as a confession of weakness and an avowed distrust of our own principle. If we ourselves, who have been fighting for the right to give contraceptive information, suddenly turn about face, and swallow our own words, by declaring in effect that this information is so dangerous that only physicians and nurses can be trusted to impart it, our enemies will be quick to pounce on the admission, and to declare their warning against the movement fully justified, since we stand condemned out of our own mouths, and they will add that not only the laity, but a large percentage of the medical and nursing profession as well, are likely to do more harm than good, if permitted to give instruction in means of preventing conception.

Assuming, however, that the "limited bill" has a much better chance of early enactment into law than the "unlimited bill" which has heretofore been the recognized goal of the friends of Birth Control, the halfway policy is not always the most desirable. Such a bill represents a complete surrender of principle. The law as it stands declares contraceptive information to be indecent, and brackets it with the circulation of obscene literature and instruction in abortion. The "doctors' and nurses' bill" allows this infamy to remain unmodified, except by a new clause which absurdly declares that what is essentially obscene ceases to be so when supplied by a physician or nurse. The brand is still upon Birth Control, which remains intrinsically a filthy thing in the eyes of the law.

It should never be forgotten that the law against which we protest is an absurdity without a parallel in the statutes of the land or of any state. With the exception of Connecticut, no state has ever penalized the *practice* of Birth Control, which therefore is a thing absolutely innocent in the eyes of the law. The existing prohibition forbids one person to tell another how to do a *lawful* act. I believe that so similar monstrosity exists on the statutebooks of any state. There are many other acts, some of them of vital importance to the welfare of human beings, in the doing of which much harm may result from following by advice, or from the incorrect instructions of the insufficiently informed. Yet the law allows us to take a chance on all of these. Why this one flagrant exception? No doubt, some mistakes will be made, as in every

other affair of life, but the benefits to the many will far outweigh the occasional slip of an individual. If we risk our happiness and lives on the advice of others in all other matters, we can well take the smallest risk in this. Where advice may be freely given, natural self interest will lead the average person to seek the best that may be had, and the best methods of contraception will drive out the inferior ones. It is where the advice or information is hard to get, by being penalized, that people catch at straws, and are likely to be sorely misled by surreptitious information of an inaccurate sort, which they cannot compare with anything better.

Moreover, there is no guarantee that physicians and nurses can be trusted to be infallible. In fact, the ignorance of a large proportion of the medical profession with reference to contraception is notorious, and nurses are at least in no better position to obtain technical knowledge. There are many among the laity fully competent to give sound information, and with the repeal of the present law, many more will qualify, getting their own information from reliable medical authorities and passing it on, which they are now forbidden to do. In fact, so preposterous is the whole statutory condition, that it is at least a question whether, under the "limited bill," the present unrepealed clause will not make it a crime for a layman to advise a suffering woman to consult a physician or go to a clinic, since such advice would be telling where means of contraception could be obtained.

I am no enemy to the medical profession, and am far from joining in the loose attacks sometimes made upon it. It is simply a fact, however, that human nature is prone to seek and cling to privilege, and to find plausible reasons to convince one's self as well as others that it is right to do so. The history of medicine is proof that physicians are by no means immune to this tendency. Within our own time, we have seen "regular" practitioners seeking the prescription of homeopaths as quacks, later, after homeopathy had won legal recognition as a legitimate system, the union of the two established schools against the eclectics, then the coalition of all three to prevent osteopaths from being permitted to practice, and today the osteopaths, having won their own fight, are uniting with the older schools to deny to chiropractors the right to heal the sick. I have no doubt of the sincerity of the physicians of all these schools, but I do doubt the expediency of creating by deliberate act of law a new monopoly in their interest.

It is seldom that class legislation can be defended, and the proposed bill offers it in its most flagrant form. I may learn from a physician, but may not impart my knowledge to others who need it. If they wish to know, they must go to the sacrosanct authority, which alone has the right to speak. The information may be commercialized, since those who would give it freely are denied the liberty of doing so. It is idle to talk of clinics, except in New York City and a few other large centres, where a group of devoted volunteer workers may be found, who happen to belong to one of the favored professions. In all smaller places, the doctors (in many communities some one doctor) will have an absolute monopoly. They may charge what they please. They may give or withhold the information at their own sweet will, and there will be no re-

dress If bigoted, as recent symposiums and meetings of medical associations have shown to be the case with many physicians, they may refuse to give contraceptive information to anybody If mercenary, they may furnish it only to those able and willing to pay high prices In places where everybody knows the family history of everybody else, there will be many women who will simply not dare to go to their physician, and, no matter how great the need, nobody else can help without being made a criminal

The majority of those who support the "limited bill" will do so half heartedly, looking on it as a first step to the real end Such friends of Birth Control forget that this measure at once creates a powerful class interest against any further extension of the principle A law created monopoly cannot easily be broken Among the best workers for Birth Control at the present time are certain progressive physicians of high standing They are willing to accept the full principle today, but tomorrow, when they find their profession endowed with the right to control contraceptive information, they will be satisfied and feel that nothing more is to be desired I do not blame them for this Seeing with professional eyes, they naturally judge their fellow physicians by themselves, and fall into the comfortable assurance that the interests of the public are safe in such hands In any case, we shall not have them with us in any attempt to go further, and shall be most fortunate if we do not find them energetically working against us

When we once enter into the path of compromise, who knows where we shall end? Already some of the most insistent advocates of the "limited bill" have admitted that if the sacrifice of the nurses should make it easier to obtain legislative votes, they would consent to have the bill amended so as to confine the right to give contraceptive information to physicians No doubt, it will be still easier to secure passage of the bill by permitting the information to be given only to married women, and this sacrifice of vital principle will also readily be made, and society must continue to suffer under a flood of abortion,

infanticide, "illegitimate" (hence in many cases uncared-for and unjustly stigmatized) children, suicide, prostitution and the other evils attendant on the heartless social persecution of the unmarried mother These ills, as has been proved a myriad times, will not be overbalanced by the imaginary checking of "immorality," which has very little relation to the fear of pregnancy Even without this amendment to the bill, the limited measure will save the unmarried (and by doing save society from the evils mentioned above) only in the larger cities, since only married women will dare to ask information from the only physician of a small community, a man or woman whom they are continually meeting in other than professional relations

If the time is ripe for such a "limited bill," let it come from those who can see nothing beyond it Let us persistently demand the full principle If there must be an intermediate measure, let it come from the other side Let them pass it as an attempt to pacify us, if they will, but let us never admit that it represent our ideal Should recognized exponents of the Birth Control movement be identified with the presentation and passage of the "limited bill," how could we later go to the legislature and ask for a wider measure? The answer would be "We gave you what you asked If you wanted more, why didn't you say so?" If, however, we consistently demand what we really want, and the "limited bill" is enacted as a sop to us, without our acceptance of it, we can always be in a position to say "We hold contraceptive information as clean as any other, and demand that all have equal access to it without favoritism of any kind If individuals have asked for a halfway measure, it was because they thought that some good could be accomplished by even the limited freedom allowed We, however, have never concealed our fundamental principle, and as long as contraceptive information is legally classed with pornographic literature and with instructions for abortion, we shall maintain our protest on behalf of decency, of suffering women, of ill born children and of the public weal"

Meeting the Need Today

My Margaret Sanger

IT IS INDEED a strange task for me to seek for the medical profession a right which has neglected to claim for itself None knows better than I, perhaps, the indifference, neglect and evasion which has so generally characterized the attitude of physicians toward Birth Control Be its sins of omission and commission what they may, however, the fact that we are compelled to make use of the skill and the knowledge of the medical profession in order to meet a definite situation should not deter us from meeting that situation I believe that our present problem of bringing relief *now* to hundreds of thousands of suffering women can be most effectively solved (so far as legislation can solve it) by the enactment of the so called "doctors and nurses' bill"

What is the situation that we must meet *today*? Let us

take stock of the human elements that we have to work with First, we have the mass of men and women who are ignorant of their own bodies and especially of the physiology of their sex organs We have also three closely related classes of people who do possess knowledge of the human body and of the physiology of sex—the only classes of persons who have made a special study of the subject They are the doctors, nurses and midwives This constitutes our first big fact

The second fact to be faced is that there exists in this state a law forbidding anyone, even doctors, nurses and midwives to give information concerning contraceptives to anyone This law is now in existence, it is in operation at this hour and at this hour women are suffering and dying because of its tyrannous enforcement

The third fact is that the only classes of persons who can bring effective help to the sufferers are restrained from doing so by the operation of the law, though the masses, who are ignorant of the physiology of sex, very generally disregard it. The only practical effect—the real tragedy of the present law—is that it deprives us of the knowledge and skill of the only persons who are capable of instructing the masses. So far as free speech is concerned it is impossible to deprive the individual woman of that right in regard to Birth Control. The state cannot put a policeman in every home. So, law or no law, women are giving to each other the scanty Birth Control information available under present conditions. But the trained persons, who are best qualified to impart scientific information, are silent. They will remain silent while the law is unchanged. If every woman's organs were exactly alike and if one method would meet the needs of every woman, the existence or change of the present law would make little difference. But every woman's organs are likely to be in a different condition according to the number of children she has borne, the kind of work she is doing, and the kind of care and medical skill she has had the benefit of. These conditions complicate and make necessary individual advice in Birth Control methods if the woman is to be assured protection against pregnancy.

WHERE SHALL WOMEN get this individual attention? Certainly they cannot get it from any other agency than a doctor, a nurse or a midwife. The majority of those who need Birth Control most, usually come into contact with a

doctor or a nurse who is connected with some dispensary or other public agency. And while doctors in private practice may run the risk of violating the law, the doctor or nurse in public practice is not likely to invite attack of the prejudiced clericals who permeate all public and semi-public institutions.

We know of cases in which women suffering from tuberculosis, syphilis and other diseases in which pregnancy is a direct danger to her life are being refused contraceptive information at the dispensaries and hospitals at which they are under treatment. This is the real tragedy of the present law. The chief practical benefit to be derived from a change of the law is the opening of these institutions and others like them yet to be established, to the women who need Birth Control. The doctors and nurses bill will best accomplish that result.

This so-called "obscenity law" has never held the respect of many Birth Control advocates. The very genesis of the movement was the conscious, deliberate and public violation of this statute. The most important thing in the movement is not to change the law, but to relieve the suffering of overburdened women, law or no law. Meanwhile, however, it becomes desirable incidentally, to seek to change the statute, in order that the millions of women who depend upon dispensaries and similar institutions, may receive relief at capable hands. These, at least, can be helped now. They, at least, can regain health, obtain time for self improvement, and be of use in the larger struggle for human freedom. This is our present task. The "doctors and nurses' bill" goes most effectively to this point.

HARD FACTS

LETTER 103 HER "LOT"

Your letter to hand reminding me of my promise to let you have a few details of my neighbor's life. At first she hesitated about telling anything, as she said it was all past and done with, and at times felt ashamed at having had 13 children, especially by a man like her husband (who is a drunkard). She looks back, on her past life at the age of 48, with different feelings from what she had at thirty. Then she thought it was her "lot," as she terms it, to have so many children and so many sickly ones, but now she feels she has been to blame for many things—for instance, for the number of children she has had, for the dullness and lack of energy in two of them, for the feeble mindedness in a third, deafness and sore eyes in a fourth. She blames the condition under which she bore those children during pregnancy. She was married at nineteen, and a mother before she was twenty, with no knowledge whatever of the duties of motherhood. Her first five children came in rapid succession. While she was pregnant with her sixth child her husband fell out of work, and was out of work for six months. During this time they had 10s a week to live on (from the husband's trade union). She went out washing and cleaning up to the last week of her confinement. While cleaning windows at one of the houses she slipped and fell

hurting her side. This child did not cut its teeth till two years old, nor walk without help till it was seven, and at the age of eighteen, you can hardly make out a word he says. He is not exactly an imbecile, but he is feeble-minded and all this could have been avoided could the mother have had proper nourishment during pregnancy, and less work. The mother had to work hard all day, and got little rest at night, as the fifth child was weakly and ailing, and the neighbor who looked after the child during the day used to put gin in its milk to stop its crying, which it did till the effects of the gin had worn off. The poor mother, not knowing that gin was given to the child, would often after a hard day's work, spend most of the night pacing the bedroom floor to soothe the fretful child, and often had to go downstairs because the crying disturbed her husband. It was not until her sixth child came, the feeble minded one, that the neighbor admitted giving it gin. Consequently the lad has grown up dull. His mother says, he has no "head piece," and can not do a simple sum in arithmetic to save his life. The mother firmly believes that her children would have been as bright as anybody's could she have had proper nourishment during pregnancy, and herself cared for them after they were born.

Book Reviews

E S P Haynes, *The Decline of Liberty in England*, London, 1916, The Case for Liberty 1919

Mr Haynes is a well known English radical and rationalist who believes that liberty is declining in England and that it can be restored only by the creation of a free peasantry and by giving everybody the chance to accumulate property. Although he does not tell us precisely how he proposes to create a free peasantry and give everybody a chance to accumulate property, there is no doubt that the freedom of the individual has been greatly interfered with no less in England than elsewhere by the many war emergency measures and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. But as Mr Haynes believes that these many restrictive measures were justified by the necessities of the war, we must look further in his books for evidence that there has been an actual decline of liberty in England during the past ten or fifteen years.

So far as the present writer is able to see there are no very striking signs of change, although there is, indeed, abundant evidence of the incompetence of the English coalition government, and Mr Haynes' books presently turn out to be in the main little more than a belated contribution to the discussion of the relative merits of 'individualism' and 'socialism,' a tiresome question which we thought had been quite adequately disposed of twenty years ago. As most people know today there is no conflict between individualism and socialism: if there were, the majority of socialists would hardly be individualists. Mr Haynes apparently is led into this blunder by persistently confusing the socialism of social and economic democracy (Marxism) with what is known as State Socialism which he says is a Prussian ideal and makes for collectivism at home and aggressive nationalism abroad. Now the socialism of Social Democracy (in spite of the German Majority Socialists who lost their spurs early in the war) is a very different thing from State Socialism. Social Democracy is revolutionary: its chief aim is the collective ownership of the means of production and the abolition of the struggle for existence in economic and social life through the action of the workers, and the only country in which this aim has approached achievement is Russia. State Socialism, which Mr Haynes wrongly identifies with the general term 'collectivism,' is conservative and includes within its sphere such measures as compulsory health and unemployment insurance, old age pensions, factory acts, housing and temperance reforms, a minimum wage, the promotion of child welfare, and the nationalization of public utilities. Its ultimate object is to preserve the social and economic *status quo* through compromise and with the least possible expenditure or financial loss to the employing class, and wherever there is an appreciable loss as in the nationalization of public utilities, which usually means cheaper service and lower prices at the cost of increased taxation of the well-to-do with a consequent tendency towards a more equitable distribution of wealth, it is opposed by the capitalist class. As industrial insurance was first started in Germany, Mr Haynes may, if he will, call it a Prussian ideal but such measures for the protection of the working classes as come under the head of State Socialism, are being introduced in every industrial nation as an attempted means of rendering the capitalist system with its growing congestion in the cities, tolerable. That aggressive nationalism abroad can be coexistent with State Socialism at home, follows as a matter of course: both are outgrowths of capitalism, and if international trade today has reached hitherto unapproached depths of iniquity, this too, is but a natural step in the evolution of capitalistic enterprise.

The author's objections to State Socialism in part reflect the apprehension expressed by H S Wells and Hilaire Belloc, that the workers may be permanently reduced to the condition of more or less contented and well housed and fed domestic animals and made indifferent to the necessity for equitable distribution of property, and it seems that, like many other individualists, Mr Haynes would prefer to have the working class forego in the name of liberty whatever beneficial effects

social legislation may have on their conditions of life and labor under the present industrial system.

There is something to be said for this point of view, conservatives of the old school would agree with Mr Haynes because, living in an age that is past, they consider reforms unnecessary and are opposed to everything that might reduce their incomes and increase taxation, and many extremists who hope for a violent revolution in the immediate future would also agree. There was very little social revolution in Tsarist Russia. It would appear, however, that the workers themselves, including most Social Democrats, who know pretty well what they want and have no objection to the principle of direct action, are less anxious to cross their bridges before they reach them than to take what they can get and so far it does not appear that the bureaucratic doles they have received (especially in America) have tended to reduce them to economic and political servility. They too, recognize that if State Socialism is a deep laid scheme on the part of bourgeois politicians, bourgeois politicians are notoriously bad prophets and as a rule, men of indifferent ability, and no one need worry that in the long run their plans are going to lead to the result intended. More over many features of State Socialism, such as industrial insurance and old age pensions, factory acts, the minimum wage, housing reform and the nationalization of public utilities, temperance legislation and the promotion of child welfare, are in themselves, admirable and, if carried out efficiently and in the right spirit indispensable to the welfare of any industrial nation.

All laws are infringements of the liberty of men to do as they please, and the difference between a good law and a bad law is, that a good law limits the right of men to use others as a means to an end, usually a selfish end or to interfere in any way with their equal freedom. If liberty is a thing worth having, there is certainly none where the workers are compelled to accept whatever hours of work and wages their employers are in a position to dictate and there is no liberty in a struggle for existence which continually leads to the enslavement of the majority. When Mr Haynes complains of compulsory education as an interference with the freedom of parents to educate and train their children as they see fit he is dealing with a two edged sword, for although education is wholly controlled by the powers that be in our modern plutocracies, and rich parents are able to do very much as they please, the right of parents to bring up their children as they think fit should be no greater than the right of the children to be well educated. In like manner it is probable that the abolition of the saloon as one of the bulwarks of conservatism, is a matter of greater importance to our welfare than the deprivation of men of the freedom to fill themselves up with alcohol at a bar or, to borrow Mr Haynes' amiable words, even to get peacefully drunk at home. It is true that the deprivation affects the poor more than the rich, but, as political reactionaries, the rich are, as a class, politically speaking beyond hope, and sober and efficient working men are much more likely to take an intelligent interest in their own welfare than men suffering from chronic alcoholic poisoning. Health, although not mentioned by Mr Haynes, is no less important than politics and even if it is possible for the race to be healthy in the industrial nations of today, especially in view of the fact that, among others, persons suffering from transmissible organic weaknesses are tacitly encouraged to reproduce themselves, there is no reason why we should let matters become worse than they are.

What Mr Haynes says about the present governments of modern industrial nations, their shameless propaganda and misinformation of the public in regard to contemporary events, their secrecy and distrust of the people and their suppression of free speech is very true, as are also his remarks on the puritanical spirit. The chief strength of his book lies in its sensible and able treatment of such questions as the family, the relation of the sexes, marriage, divorce, maintenance illegitimate children and Birth Control.

HENRY BERGEN

The Tragedy of Sex. Margaret Protests M Leonora Eyles. (Erskine Macdonald, Ltd 7s 6d net)

Mrs Eyles in her astonishing book has thrown back the embroidered tapestry which drapes the human figure, and we are confronted by a nakedness which is not beautiful. Fastidious and foolish people will describe such revelations as disgusting, unnecessary unwholesome, but the fact still remains that disease and decadence can only be fought in the light of day, and that in order to cleanse and cancel it is first necessary to reveal.

This book on sex misery aims a sharp arrow in the direction of those who hide the beginnings of life in dark ignorance and who are content that the word 'travail' should be comprehensive of the holy function of motherhood. When the hands of lovers meet a cradle is made for the future of the race, but modern industrial life, built on the bodies of men and women, has broken them into evil shapes, and the children are begotten in misery and reared in semi starvation.

Thousands and thousands of children are preconceived to a wretched inefficiency—children who were not wanted, the result of an "accident," or "one or two extra drinks." To have "another one" is a poor woman's calamity. Does anyone wonder at the popularity of quack drugs and the efficiency of—sugar of lead?

The girls of the slums are handed from one hell to another. To escape from the sordid circumstances of their homes they get married, only to create similar circumstances in the next street. The world swarms with children that are not wanted, with flat breasted, helplessly ignorant and hopelessly tired mothers, with men who have got past caring in the scramble for food. Against this Margaret protests with a great woman's courage and a gifted pen. Her book ranks with Brieux' "Damaged Goods" in religious sincerity and noble aspiration.

The motive of Mrs Eyles' work is transparently obvious, she has written of these things because she *cares*, and feels a mother's ineffable pity of the holy helplessness of little children.—*London Herald*

THE MALADIES OF SOCIETY (In French) By Dr J Hericourt
(The Birth Rate Its Economic and Psychological Laws. By Gaston Rageot. Published by E Flammarion, Paris. 300 pp \$1.00)

These two books deal with the problem of the decreasing birth rate in France. The aim of both authors is the same. Their approach is different. France, having saved the world, must now save herself. She must survive her victory.

Both authors agree that the strength of a nation lies in the quantity, rather than in the quality, of its man power. Dr Hericourt, being a physician, sees the necessity of combatting the diseases which deplete the present and lower the vitality of the succeeding generations. He considers the ills of society to be voluntary and involuntary. The State must concern itself with both varieties.

The involuntary ills are tuberculosis and syphilis. The deaths from tuberculosis rose, in 1913, to 44 in every 100, this disease is the result of bad living conditions, bad air, close confinement, and so on. The State must remedy these conditions. He does not advocate the sterilizing of, or non marriage of, tubercular parents. His plan of national salvation requires as many children as possible. He advocates, instead, separating the untainted children from their tubercular parents, and also in segregating tubercular individuals, the State in each case to bear the expense. The plan will be expensive because the family will have to be remunerated for the loss of a working member. He anticipates, however, no objection on the part of the dislocated families to the operation of such a scheme. They won't mind having their children taken from them since they will be relieved of their support. They will be only too glad to escape the burden of caring for an invalid, especially if they can, in addition, depend on a bonus for the loss of his services! The State will have to cope, not with objections to this plan, but with an abuse of its hospitality.

So much for Dr Hericourt's opinion of the sanctity of family life!

Syphilis is the second involuntary malady. One third of the French population is affected. Dr Hericourt is not dismayed. He recommends an energetic educational campaign, giving full sex knowledge to both boys and girls, numerous prophylactic stations, the suppression of legalized vice, and an exposition of the harmlessness and the expediency

of continence as methods for subduing this disastrous malady.

He now comes to the real objects of his attack, alcoholism and sterility,—or, rather, the paucity of births. He manages, somehow or other, to trace them both to the same root, feminism. The women have gotten tired of being domestic drudges and of making home happy. They have sought (he does not say they were obliged to seek) work outside the home. They labor all day in the shops with the men. They come home at night, the men and the women, too, to a cold fireside. They take to drink to cheer themselves up. This results, when there are any results at all, in the 'Saturday night children,' born of strong drink, prone to epilepsy, and all manner of crime. Strong drink and feminism must be suppressed!

The last chapters of this book on social ills, are devoted to sterility, or the paucity of births. The voluntary limitation of the family is the most heinous crime against the State. Dr Hericourt puts all the blame on the women, forgetting that they really are just reproductive machines. The rest of it he ascribes to economic causes,—a false economy of course he thinks it.

The richest communities, he notes, have the smallest birth rate. In the large towns, the number of abortions equals the number of births. The cause of this phenomena must be the desire of the people to have more money, either to spend on themselves or on the few children they have. From the point of view of the State, it makes no difference what their object is. This is a dreadful state of things, but as it exists the State must exert itself to overcome the economic obstacle. The father of a family must have more consideration shown him. He must have votes in proportion to the number of his children. His taxes must decrease with the size of his family, and exemptions from military service must be granted to the fathers of four.

Women are to be aided by maternity centers, abortions are to be severely punished, midwives abolished. Illegitimate births are to be more favorably regarded. In short, everything is to be done systematically and without undue sentiment, to produce a numerous population of Frenchmen. He ends somewhat sadly but with unflagging zeal and quotes Charles the Bold to the effect that 'It is not necessary to hope in order to strive, nor to succeed to persevere.'

Monsieur Rageot is a more urbane exponent of the same point of view. He approaches the subject by means of an historical analysis of the growth of family life in its relation to the State. Mindful of the need he has in view, he points out that small families are characteristic of savage tribes and are, therefore, or should be, out of place in an advanced civilization. He shares Mr Hericourt's economic views of the subject, and says that the child is no longer produced in large quantities by the French because he is a nuisance instead of a blessing. The State, therefore, must suffer a bonus to families to induce production. Each child must bear in its tiny hands a gift from its fairy godmother, Fair France herself. Thus equipped, it will find a welcome from its parents who will have time and the inclination to rhapsodize over its cradle and say, "Nowhere, my child, my son, except in France could you have been born."

Monsieur Rageot makes more concessions to women for their share in the work than his predecessor. He believes, for example, that the suffrage should be extended to mothers and restricted to fathers. In other respects, their economic views are the same. He also holds that women should have, if they are mothers, full commercial and individual freedom. There must be no divorce. He thinks men should have a little more freedom than women. They can wander a little, women may not. No woman with any sense of dignity will fail to recognize the security of her position as the mother of a man's children, even if he does look about occasionally.

Monsieur Rageot adds, for good measure, a moral or, perhaps, it is a sentimental reason for having large families. If a child happens to die, he will be less missed where there are plenty of others to take his place! This is certainly a precaution that should appeal to those who are thrifty in their emotions.

It may be that these two works are very sane contributions to the subject. It would be interesting to speculate on what sort of a nation would be built up on the solid economic lines set forth by these gentlemen.

MARY KNOBLAUCH

What's the Use?

By Norma Libbey

"But its no use—look around at everything and see if anything is of any use—"

There seemed reason enough for the wan, drab woman, surrounded with wan, drab children, to think just that

What was the use!

To begin at the entrance to the house, it is necessary to present a picture of unspeakable dilapidation. Apparently a fence enclosed a long row of sheds on the river front of a western city

Inquiry as to the home of a family brought forth from several persons a vague motion to "right over there." For nearly ten minutes I sought the door, the conglomerate boards that patched the fence giving no indication that a door might ever have known the locality

At length a small boy appeared and led me down three steps to a squalid room. Beyond it was another room, the two comprised this alleged "home."

At a table a girl of four slept, a weary head resting on the boards where her meager lunch of bread and cold coffee had a few minutes since been consumed. Beside her sat a two year old in a high chair which had lost a side and the back

"Besides these three, I have four more," said the woman, patting the head of the youngster who had let me in. "Two are in school, one is in the hospital, and the baby is there," pointing to a wooden soap box in a corner

Mrs B was a woman of refinement, she had once taught a country school, and known the care of loving parents. Then she married

"I was eighteen," she said as she started telling the wretched story. "We had great plans for the future, my husband and I. He was going to work hard, and I should help him, help by being economical, keeping the house cheerful, and even by sewing a little for outsiders. My husband was on the railroad, and hoped to become an engineer

"In less than a year the first baby came. I have had eleven in all. After the second one, a year after Billy was born, I didn't want one of them. It frightened me at first, because I had loved children so, and I felt my wickedness was apparent to everyone I knew

"I know better now. Had it not been for the result of the two babies, their unconscious influence in disrupting the home of a poor man, things would have been very different. I was unable to keep up things in the house. Instead of being a help, I felt I injured my husband by heaping up expenses which, slight as they were, taxed to the utmost our slender purse

"Through seven long years I blamed myself for everything I learned when the third baby was born, four years after we were married, that my husband had taken to drinking. He would leave home not only evenings but also on Sundays, though he knew my strength was unequal to the demands of the babies

"Bitterness and resentment crept in. And then came our greatest quarrel. He prepared one Sunday morning to go away. It was necessary, he said, to oil up the engine on which he was to travel to a distant town the next morning

"But your engine is out, isn't it?" I enquired

"No," he replied, 'don't you think an engine needs a rest once a week?'

"Is it so strange that my thoughts flew to a comparison with my own circumstances? I had all my life held to high ideals concerning the bringing of fine healthy babies into the world. The welfare of the world's civilization depended upon it—oh yes, I had talked with all the rest about the importance of such things! I laugh now when I think of it," but the woman's face was not good to see as her lips curled into a scornful semblence of a smile. "The things I said in those angry moments did nothing to help the situation, my husband departed in a fury and I did not see him again for a month

"But I couldn't leave him. What would have been the fate of the three babies had I done so? If they had been older, or stronger, but I needed the scant provisions my husband provided

"Each succeeding baby had some trouble or other. One was born deaf and dumb, another had an eye affection, and the others were just little weaklings. Three of them died, and I have been glad—yes glad. They were girls and no mother who has suffered as I have suffered could be human and wish for their children another such fate

"It was not until my tenth baby was nearly a year old, and the eleventh was coming, that I learned I need not have had so large a family. Then I felt even more the tragedy of my life

"I am convinced things would not have gone as they have had the babies not been so numerous. Just now my husband is in the workhouse for three months. In the meantime I am left without the money he could be earning, I cannot leave the children because they are so young, and so I bring in a little washing and try to get it done with the help of the older ones when they come home from school

"But its no use—just look around at everything and see if anything is any use!"

The Malthusian Doctrine Today

By C V Drysdale, D Sc

(Continued)

needs Man's *present* intelligence and acquisitions would enable the number of people which existed in this country a few centuries back to live in superfluity, man's future intelligence will no doubt suffice to make the support of the present population an easy matter. We may even concede that the intelligence and capability of the best existing types, if possessed by everyone, would enable the present population to be easily supported. This is no doubt the origin of the impression in so many people that mankind could easily produce all that is required. They see what has been done by a few more capable individuals, and multiply their achievements by the total population, forgetful of two important facts: first, that the capability of the mass is enormously behind that of these individuals, and, second, that the success of these individuals would in most cases only have been possible because of the incapacity of the mass.

The clearest and most important case of this is to be seen in agriculture, where we are constantly told of the wonderful results achieved by certain farmers by the adoption of intensive cultivation and of chemical fertilisers. Immediately, some optimist of the Prince Kropotkin type proceeds to calculate what the production of food would be if all our land were cultivated on this basis, regardless of the fact that there are very few who have the requisite ability, and, more important, of the fact that the available fertilisers which make such a brave show when concentrated in a few small plots, would make a very poor one when spread over the total area. It is only, therefore, because of the relative incapacity of the many that the few are able to show such excellent results.

No one who has followed the early history of humanity with its migrations and changes to the nomadic, pastoral, agricultural and industrial states, can doubt for a moment that the impelling force has been the struggle for existence and the search for subsistence. No one who has studied the present conditions of old thickly populated countries such as China, India and Egypt can fail to realise that their numbers are absolutely held in check by want of subsistence, and that little can be done (except by large schemes of irrigation) to enable them to increase. No one, again, who has studied Malthus and modern vital statistics can fail to recognise that there was a decided pressure of population on subsistence in practically all European countries, at least until the fall of the birth rate set in, a few years ago. We thus see that man is the outcome of a struggle for existence which has lasted throughout the ages of his development from the lower animals, that he was subject to this struggle during all the stages of his ascent from primitive savagery to civilization. We see that there is poverty and want today. It is perfectly evident that if population were to increase unchecked there would be a limit in a not distant future. Where, in the name of common sense, is there room for the idea that struggle for existence due

to overpopulation does not exist today? In so far as the birth rate has declined, due to prudence among an as yet limited instructed portion of the community the pressure has been mitigated, but there is no evidence whatever that the process has gone far enough to remove it, and M Hardy's figures for total food supply and population definitely contradict any suggestion that there is yet enough for all.

WE SHALL RETURN later to the bearing of Darwinism upon eugenics and other social reforms. But, before leaving the subject at present, it will be well to point out how absurd it is to suppose that any reform which does not tackle the fundamental problem of over reproduction will have any appreciable effect in improving social conditions. The struggle for existence has always produced a demand for reforms, and reforms have been continually carried out in all but a few Eastern countries. But all these reforms have been like tributaries feeding a large river. The flow of the river depends upon them, as progress depends upon reform, but each stream, however torrential and important it may seem by itself, has very little effect upon the broad, smoothly moving stream it flows into. For socialists, or land reformers, or other reformers of large ideas to imagine that any of their reforms will come quickly, or appreciably affect the tide of progress, much less surmount the need for control of births, is absurd in the light of evolution.

(To be continued)

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- HOLLAND (1885)—De Nieuw Malthusiaansche Bond. Secretary, Dr J. Dutgers, 9 Verhulststraat, Den Haag. Periodical, *Het Gellukkig Huisgezin*.
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- SPAIN (1904)—Liga Espanola de Regeneracion Humana. Secretary, Senor Luis Bulfi, Calle Provenza, 177, Pral. 1a, Barcelona. Periodical, *Salu y Fuerza*.
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- PORTUGAL—E. Silva, Junior, L da Memoria, 46 r/c, Lisbon. Periodical, *Paz e Liberdade*.
- BRAZIL (1905)—Seccion Brasileira de Propaganda. Secretaries, Manuel Moscova, Rua d'Bento Pires 29, San Pablo, Antonio Dominguez, Rue Vizcande de Moranguapez 25, Rio de Janeiro.
- CUBA (1907)—Seccion de Propaganda. Secretary, Jose Guardiola, Empedrado 14, Havana.
- SWEDEN (1911)—Sallakapet for Humanitar Barnalstring. President, Mr Hinke Bergegren, Vanadsvagen 15, Stockholm, Va.
- ITALY (1913)—Lega Neomalthusiana Italiana Via Lamarmora 22, Turin. Periodical, *L'Educazione Sessuale*.
- AFRICA—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne, Maison du Peuple, 10 Rampe Magenta, Alger.

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- ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Mrs. L. A. Rhoads, 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.
- PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Dr L. A. Young, 5152 Haverford Avenue.
- CHICAGO, ILL.—The Citizen's Committee on Family Limitation. Secretary, Mrs. B. E. Page, 521 Longwood Ave., Glencoe, Ill.
- CLEVELAND, OHIO—Birth Control League of Ohio. Mrs. A. W. Newnam, 10601 Ashbury Avenue, secretary.
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- MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The Minneapolis Birth Control League. Mrs. Helen C. Thomsen, 1208 Vincent Avenue, N., secretary.
- NEW YORK
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The Woman's Committee of One Hundred. Mrs. Amos Pinchot, chairman, 9 East 81st Street.
Voluntary Parenthood League, 206 Broadway. Mary Ware Dennett, Director.
- PITTSBURGH, PA.—The Birth Control League of Western Pennsylvania. Rita F. Stem, 924 Mellon St., Pittsburgh, Pa., secretary.
- PORTLAND, ORE.—The Birth Control League of Portland. Mrs. J. R. Oatman, 549 Fifth Street, secretary.
- RADNOR, PA.—The Maan Lane 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.