

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

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NOVEMBER

If there is anything
in the universe that
can't stand discus-
sion, let it crack.

Wendell Phillips.

The World.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 15, 1920.

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WOMAN *and the* NEW RACE

By

Margaret Sanger

Published By

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THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

DEDICATED TO VOLUNTARY MOTHERHOOD

MARY KNOBLAUCH, Acting Editor

Vol IV

NOVEMBER, 1920

No 11

Editorial Comment

Unnatural?

ONE OF THE arguments most frequently urged against Birth Control is that it is unnatural, and therefore anathema

Just what in this connection is meant by unnatural, it is not easy to understand

Is a farmer unnatural when he refuses to sow tares with his wheat? Of course not. Were he to be so stupid, he would be called a fool with none to commend him for his misapplied faith in nature

Is a farmer unnatural because he has learned by experience that it is folly to plant the same crop in the same soil year after year until he has exhausted its natural fertility? No. The science of crop production is allowed to be decent and proper. It shocks no one, not even the Pope. More than the possible is not expected of mere dirt.

Does anyone extol the farmer who plants ten times the acreage he can cultivate or harvest? Does anyone eulogize his wasted labor, or condole with him on the net loss he will suffer? No. He goes to the poorhouse, and some more sensible man gets his farm.

Why then, should men and women be condemned for trying to use common sense and scientific methods in regulating the reproduction of their kind? Why should they be encouraged to sow tares and wheat ignorantly together? Why should it be considered meritorious for them to produce children beyond their physical means to vitalize or their economic means to rear? Why can science and common sense be used in soil production and tabooed in the vastly more important field of race production? In the one case the result of ignorance and stupidity is merely a scanty, stunted crop, in the other the crop, if it does not happily die of its own inanition, fills the jails, hospitals and insane asylums, an expense and a menace to the community.

Nature is kind to those who know how to use her. She gives no truce to the stupid and the weak.

Man struggles and labors to make a garden out of a wilderness. Despite all his efforts the conditions may be too much for him. There is always, where nature is concerned, a sufficient element of chance to make the experiment exciting.

Let this be a balm for those who peevishly insist that they do not wish to live in a perfect world and consider the poss-

ibility as flat and unprofitable. But no matter how well man succeeds when he works with nature let him relax his vigilance for ever so little, and nature will rapidly reduce his garden to a wild tangle. He may build the most beautiful temple to nature with the materials that nature supplies to his energy, but if he does not keep it in order, nature in due course will destroy it again.

ALL TIMES and in every way, man must study nature and work with an object in view if he is to obtain from her desirable results. He cannot leave her to herself and expect her to bother about him.

She will not raise crops nor sail the sea, nor will she do more for his children than she does for those of the natural healthy oyster who produces millions of young quite naturally which nature just as naturally destroys by the millions. No, man himself would be destroyed by the lions and the tigers, who are bigger than he and almost as ferocious, had he not learned to deal constructively with nature and to adapt her various resources to his own ends.

It surely is not to man's credit that the production of the children who shall come after him has so long been left to blind chance.

At last men and women see the folly of their past behaviour. They will no longer have more children than they can care for. They will not wantonly exhaust their fertility. They will not permit their children to perish like the young of the thoughtless oyster. They will be prudent, intelligent, scientific. They will plan their families with at least as much care as they plant their crop. Unnatural? No. They will not be unnatural. They will understand nature more intelligently, that is all. They will not be ruffled by the cries of the unthinking who call them unrighteous. They will leave them to be swallowed up in the oblivion to which past errors are mercifully consigned.

THE AUGUST NUMBER of *The Medical World* contains a very interesting article on *Divorce as a Symptom*, by J. C. Ruppenthal, late Judge Advocate U. S. Army, and formerly judge of the 23rd district Court Kansas.

In this article Judge Ruppenthal describes his method of dealing with applications for divorce, a method designed to make the court of real service to the people in the adjustment of their difficulties. This was the method. After both sides

had their say in court, he declared a recess. He then invited both husband and wife into his private room. With no one else present he asked each in the presence of the other to state their grievances. In that friendly atmosphere, with no idle, hostile or indifferent spectators or confusing and conflicting lawyers about, many things came to light that would never have appeared in an ordinary court trial.

Very often this comprehending attitude on the part of the judge led to a reconciliation based on understanding.

The Judge was astonished to find how often ignorance of sex matters was at the bottom of marital infelicity.

In most cases it was the women who were applicants for divorce, because in most cases they were the victims both of their own ignorance and of the thoughtless selfishness of men.

He cites various causes for a woman's feeling that married life was hell and ends by saying, "At times wives have suffered because while the husband insisted upon his 'rights,' he would savagely insist that she must not conceive. Women have told plaintively how they wanted children but were overborne by the hostility of the husband. I recall no instance where a husband wanted offspring and his wife was unwilling to suffer that it might be so." Very often the Judge found that women were terrified at the thought of conception when the result would be undesirable and so become cold, dejected in the love life. The Judge remarks that a knowledge of contraceptives to be used at times when the couple thought that it would be best not to have any more children, would lessen, if not quite remove the woman's fears, and so make the union a lasting and happy one.

Judge Ruppenthal may have had unusual men and women to deal with, or he may be,—and so he seems to us—a Solomon come to judgment.

THE NATIONAL CHILD Welfare Association has brought out an appeal for Negro Child Conservation.

The appeal shows that the annual death rate of the negro race is over 50 per cent higher than among the whites.

Nearly half a million negroes in the South are incapacitated by disease all the time.

The economic loss from such illness and resultant deaths is reckoned at \$300,000,000 annually.

This enormous human wastage is traceable in large part to pre natal conditions and the neglect of early childhood.

Twice as many negro babies die before birth and twice as many within a year after birth as among white children.

In other words, the negro child has the odds all against him, due to bad hygienic conditions, bad economic conditions, underfeeding, overcrowding, diseased, non comprehending parenthood—in other words, to overbreeding. Is it not time that for their own welfare, to say nothing of that of the community, to whom such appeals as these are addressed the negro and the white man, too, should be entitled to a knowledge of Birth Control, or as Mr Randolph has so well called it—the New Emancipation?

Even rabbits require some air, some light, some motherly care and so do babies, white or black. The New Emancipation will enable their parents to give it to them.

JUST as the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW was going to press the announcement of the death of Mr William E Williams came to our office. Although there is no time this month to give an adequate account of Mr Williams' life, we cannot allow the REVIEW to appear without at least a brief mention of his devotion of the cause of Birth Control. Very few, even of Mr Williams' friends, knew of the services which he gave to our movement. There was nothing which he did not hold himself ready to do from the dullest drudgery such as reading proof to the writing of articles. It was his love of the cause that recalled him to New York this summer after he had gone to the country for a much needed rest. As soon as he learned that there was trouble and anxiety in the office of the REVIEW, with his usual forgetfulness of self without a moment's hesitation he took the train for New York.

Mr Williams never lost an opportunity to interest people in the work of the REVIEW. A year ago when we were conducting a series of propaganda street meetings, Mr Williams, always keeping himself in the back ground, gave us the benefit of his long and valuable experience in publicity work. No one could have given himself more generously and unselfishly than Mr Williams during a period of several years gave himself to the cause of Birth Control. We have lost a friend whom we could ill afford to lose.

The Birth Control Review

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Woman's Federation Endorses Birth Control

Representatives of 275,000 Women Throughout the Country Realize That Birth Control
Is a Fundamental Issue

FOLLOWING A SPIRITED debate of nearly one hour, during which the discussion became so sharp that it bordered on disorder, the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, in 26 annual convention, this morning went on record as favoring birth control in family life. Practically all of the members in attendance participated in the discussion, which proved to be the outstanding feature of the convention to date. The vote stood 149 to 97, voting restricted to delegates only.

The success of the fight is due chiefly to the efforts of Mrs. Harry Lilly, President of the New York City Federation, and Mrs. Elmer Blair, Past President, both of whom stood staunchly behind the resolution, calling upon all members to "see their duty and to do it."

The resolution as presented by Nora W. Cruikshanks and indorsed by the Resolutions Committee, follows:

AIDS PUBLIC HEALTH

"Whereas, One of the primary necessities for family, and therefore for public health, is an intelligently determined interval between pregnancies to be secured by regulating the inception of life and not by interfering with life after it starts, and

"Whereas, The lack of knowledge as to how to secure such an interval frequently results in serious disaster for mothers and babies, and indirectly for the entire community, be it

"Resolved, That the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs urge the speedy removal of all barriers, due to legal restrictions, tradition, prejudice or ignorance, which now prevent parents from access to such scientific knowledge on this subject as is possessed by the medical profession"

MRS. BLAIR SAID the women at the Des Moines convention unanimously indorsed the resolution. "Physicians, nurses and scientists indorse it," said Mrs. Blair, amid a murmur of protesting and approving voices. "And, women, there is nothing of more importance in the world, for the good of the world, than this very question."

OPPOSED BY CATHOLICS

Utica women, prominent workers of the Catholic Women's Club, were among the foremost opponents to the passage of the resolution, one of whom, in a loud voice that could be heard throughout the spacious armory, declared:

"We are not living for this life alone. We are peopling this world not for the short time we are here, but for eternal life. We must not dare to usurp the power of God."

Miss Goldsmith, a war worker of prominence, took up the fight at this stage, interposing the remark that "this is a question for physicians to take up and their decision should be sanctioned by the women. I know the abuses of such knowledge," stated Miss Goldsmith as she retired to her seat.

In answer to this a Brooklyn delegate, in a low clear voice clearly audible throughout the auditorium said:

"Knowledge is power."

A woman who said that she was the mother of little children spoke in the "name of helpless, feeble minded children," and said that she wanted to go down in the history of the convention as indorsing voluntary parenthood. "Teach the value of perfect life," she concluded amid vigorous hand clapping.

THREE VOTES TAKEN

Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln were cited by a delegate as examples of the sons of poor parents who might have said "We cannot afford to have children and educate them." The "antis" showed their approval of this remark by handclapping.

Three standing votes were taken and a verbal vote, the latter discounted as unparliamentary since a decision had already been recorded, before the question was finally considered closed. Only delegates and those representing delegates voted, 149 voting for the passing of the resolution and 97 against.

—From *New York World*, Oct., 1920

IN THE AUGUST number of *Physical Culture* the third of a splendid trilogy of articles on Birth Control appeared.

The first of the series, "Morality and Birth Control" by Bernard Shaw, treated the moral aspects of the case.

The second, "Will Birth Control Mean Race Extinction?" was, like the third, by Havelock Ellis.

The third article which really clinches the case, is entitled, "Will Birth Control Improve the Human Race?" The answer is brilliantly and conclusively affirmative. Mr. Ellis shows how and why negative and positive eugenics fail to cover the ground and must, to be reduced to a working hypothesis, be based on Birth Control. We hope that everyone has read or will read these articles, especially the last one.

WE WERE IN ERROR

WE MADE A mistake in reporting in our last issue that the bill initiated by the Voluntary Parenthood League had been introduced by Senator Ball. We greatly regret our stupidity for which we humbly apologize.

We hope that early in the fall session we may be able to extend our congratulations on the actual introduction of the bill.

CHINA HAS THE highest birth rate of any country in the world—50 per thousand. And in China today, so the daily papers say, a thousand people die every day from starvation.

War and Population

By Harold Cox

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

FOOD LIMITATIONS

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

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

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN

The only non-theological argument which the birth rate Commissioners put forward in favor of a high birth rate is the contention that otherwise England will go down in the world conflict with other races. To emphasize this point the Commissioners conclude the main portion of their report with

"An Appeal to Women Citizens," urging that the new female electorate should be taught to think of the future of our race and to set themselves to work to maintain "its position and influence among the nations."

It is for the women of the Empire to save the Empire by securing its continuance to the fulfilment of its beneficent Mission in the world. Elsewhere the report urges that if our birth rate were reduced our country would be defeated in another contest with Germany. In other words, English women are to enter into a cradle competition with the women of Germany as a preparation for the next war.

The members of the Commission have failed to notice that in such a competition we must be beaten, because Germany starts with a much larger number of women to breed from.

NOR WOULD GERMANY be our only rival in a cradle competition. Japan also is deeply affected by the problem of population, as is pointed out by Mr J O Bland in an article on Japanese expansion. Like ourselves she is unable to support her population within her own islands. She must either obtain food from abroad or force her citizens to emigrate. Each alternative brings her into conflict with other races, and hence she is bent on developing her military power as a means of providing food for her growing population. The members of the Birth rate Commission do not seem to have asked themselves where this process is to end. They probably repudiate the suggestion that they regard war as an ideal, but the course which they advocate, namely, uncontrolled procreation, must make war a necessity.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

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

(Continued on page 16)

Goldie

By Angelina Grimke

HE HAD NEVER thought of the night before as so sharply black and white, but then, he had never walked before, three long miles, after midnight, over a country road. A short distance only, after leaving the railroad station, the road plunged into the woods and stayed there most of the way. Even in the day, he remembered, although he had not traveled over it for five years, it had not been the easiest of journey over. Now, in the almost palpable darkness, the going was hard, indeed, and he was compelled to proceed, it almost seemed to him, one careful step after another careful step.

Singular fancies may come to one, at such times, and, as he plodded forward, one came, quite unceremoniously, quite unsolicited, to him and fastened its tentacles upon him. Perhaps it was born of the darkness and the utter windlessness with the resulting great stillness, perhaps—but who knows from what fancies spring? At any rate, it seemed to him, the woods, on either side of him, were really not woods at all but an ocean that had flowed down in a great rolling black wave of flood to the very lips of the road itself and paused there as though suddenly arrested and held poised in some strange and sinister spell. Of course, all of this came, he told himself over and over, from having such a cursed imagination, but whether he would or not, the fancy persisted and the growing feeling with it, that he, Victor Forrest, went in actual danger, for at any second the spell might snap and with that snapping, this boundless, deep upon deep of horrible, waiting sea, would move, rush, hurl itself heavily and swiftly together from the two sides, thus engulfing, grinding, crushing, blotting out all in its path, not excluding what he now knew to be that most insignificant of insignificant pigmies, Victor Forrest.

But there were bright spots, here and there in the going—he found himself calling them white islands of safety. These occurred where the woods receded at some little distance from the road.

‘It’s as though,’ he thought aloud, “they drew back here in order to get a good deep breath before plunging forward again. Well, all I hope is, the spell holds O.K. beyond.”

He always paused, a moment or so, on one of these islands to drive out expulsively the dark, black oppressiveness of the air he had been breathing and to fill his lungs anew with God’s night air, that, here, at least, was sweet and untroubled. Here, too, his eyes were free again and he could see the dummed white blur of road for a space each way, and, above, the stars, millions upon millions of them, each one hardly brilliant, stabbing its way whitely through the black heavens. And if the island were large enough there was a glimpse, scarcely more, of a very pallid, slightly crumpled moon sliding furtively down the west—Yes, sharply black and sharply white, that was it, but mostly it was black.

ND as he went, his mind busy enough with many thoughts, many memories, subconsciously always the aforementioned fancy persisted, clung to him, and he was never entirely able to throw off the feeling of his very probable and imminent danger in the midst of this arrested wood ocean.

—Of course, he thought, it was downright foolishness, his expecting Goldie, or rather Cy, to meet him. He hadn’t written or telegraphed—Instinct he guessed, must have warned him that wouldn’t be safe, but confound it all! this was the devil of a road—Gosh! What a lot of noise a man’s feet could make—couldn’t they?—All alone like this?—Well, Goldie and Cy would feel a lot worse over the whole business than he did—After all it was only once in a lifetime, wasn’t it?—Hoofing it was good for him, anyway—No doubt about his having grown soft—He’d be as lame as the dickens to-morrow—Well, Goldie would enjoy that—liked nothing better than fussing over a fellow—If (but he very resolutely turned away from that if)

—In one way, it didn’t seem like five years and yet, in another, it seemed longer—since he’d been over this road last. It had been the sunniest and the saddest May morning he ever remembered—He’d been going in the opposite direction, then, and that little sister of his, Goldie, had been sitting very straight beside him, the two lines held rigidly in her two little gold paws and her little gold face stiff with repressed emotion. He felt a twinge, yet, as he remembered her face and the way the great tears would well up and run down her cheeks at intervals—Proud little thing!—She had disdained even to notice them and treated them as a matter with which she had no concern—No, she hadn’t wanted him to go—Good, little Goldie!—Well, she never knew, how close, how very close he had been to putting his hand out and telling her to turn back—he’d changed his mind and wasn’t going after all.

He drew a sharp breath—He hadn’t put out his hand.

—And at the station, her face there below him, as he looked down at her through the open window of the train—The unwavering way her eyes had held his—and the look in them, he hadn’t understood then, or didn’t now, for that matter.

“Don’t,” he had said. “Don’t, Goldie!”

“I must, Vic, I must—I don’t know—Don’t you understand I may never see you again?”

“Rot!” he had said. “Am I not going to send for you?”

—And then she had tried to smile and that had been worse than her eyes.

“You think so, now, Vic,—but will you?”

“Of course.”

“Vic!”

“Yes.”

“Remember, whatever it is—it’s all right. *It’s all right*—I mean it—See! I couldn’t smile—could I?—if I didn’t?”

AND then, when it had seemed as if he couldn't stand any more—had leaned over, even to pick up his bag to get off, give it all up—the train had started and it was too late. The last he had seen of her, she had been standing there, very straight, her arms at her sides and her little gold paws two little tight fists—And her eyes!—And her twisted smile! God! that was about enough of that—He was going to her, now, wasn't he?

—Had he been wrong to go?—*Had* he?—Somehow, now, it seemed that way—And yet, at the time, he had felt he was right—He still did for that matter—His chance, that's what it had meant—Oughtn't he to have had it?—Certainly a colored man couldn't do the things that counted in the South—To live here, just to *live* here, he had to swallow his self respect—Well, he had tried, honestly, too, for Goldie's sake, to swallow his—The trouble was he couldn't keep it swallowed—it nauseated him—The thing for him to have done, he saw that now, was to have risked everything and taken Goldie with him—He shouldn't have waited, as he had from year to year, to send for her—It would have meant hard sledding, but they could have managed somehow—Of course, it wouldn't have been the home she had had here with her Uncle Ray and her Aunt Millie, still—Well, there wasn't any use in crying over split milk—One thing was certain, never mind how much you might wish to, you couldn't recall the past

—TWO YEARS AGO—Gosh! but time flew—when her letter had come telling him she had married Cy Harper—Queer thing, this life!—Darned queer thing!—Why he had been in the very midst of debating whether or not he could afford to send for her—had almost decided he could—Well, sisters, even the very best of them, it turned out, weren't above marrying and going off and leaving you high and dry—just like this—Oh! of course, Cy was a good enough fellow, clean, steadygoing, true, and all the rest of it,—no one could deny that—still, confound it! all! how could Goldie prefer a fathead like Cy to him—Hm!—peevish yet, it seemed!—Well, he'd acknowledged it—he was peevish all right

Involuntarily he began to slow up

—Good! since he was acknowledging things—why not get along and acknowledge the rest—Might just as well have this out with himself here and now—Peeved first, then, what?

HE CAME to an abrupt stop in the midst of the black silence of the arrested wood ocean

—There was one thing, it appeared, a dark road could do for you—it could make it possible for you to see yourself quite plainly—almost too plainly—Peeved first, then what?—No blinking now, the truth—He'd evaded himself very cleverly—hadn't he?—up until tonight?—No use any more—Well, what was he waiting for? Out with it—Peeved first, go ahead, now—Louder!—*Relief!*—Honest, at last—*Relief!* Think of it, he had felt relief when he had learned he wasn't to be bothered, after all, with little, loyal, big hearted Goldie—*Bothered!*—And he had prided himself upon being rather a decent, upright, respectable fellow—Why, if he had heard this about anybody else, he wouldn't have been able to find

language strong enough to describe him—A rotter, that's what he was, and a cad

“And Goldie would have sacrificed herself for you any time, and gladly, and you know it”

TO HIS SURPRISE he found himself speaking aloud

Why once when the kid had been only eight years old and he had been taken with a cramp while in swimming, she had jumped in too!—Goldie, who couldn't swim a single stroke!—Her screams had done it and they were saved. He could see his mother's face yet, quizzical, a little puzzled, a little worried

‘But what on earth, Goldie, possessed you to jump in too?’ she had asked “Didn't you *know* you couldn't save him?”

“Yes, I knew it”

“Then, why?”

“I don't know. It just seemed that if Vic had to drown, why I had to drown with him—I just couldn't live *afterwards*, Momsey, if I lived *then* and he drowned”

“Goldie, Goldie!—If Vic fell out of a tree, would you have to fall out too?”

“Proberbly” Goldie had never been able to master “probably,” but it fascinated her

“Well, for heavens' sake, Vic, do be careful of yourself hereafter. You see how it is,” his mother had said

And Goldie had answered—how serious, how quaint, how true her little face had been—

“Yes, that's how it is, isn't it?” Another trick of hers, ending, so often, what she had to say with a question—And he hadn't wished to be bothered with her!—

He groaned and started on again

—Well, he'd try to even up things a little, now—He'd show her (there was a lump in his throat) if he could

For the first time Victor Forrest began to understand the possibilities of tragedy that may lie in those three little words, ‘if I can’

—Perhaps Goldie had understood and married Cy so that he needn't bother any more about having to have her with him. He hoped, as he had never hoped, for anything before that this hadn't been her reason. She was quite equal to marrying, he knew, for such a motive—and so game, too, you'd never dream it was a sacrifice she was making. He'd rather believe, even, that it had been just to get the little home all her own

—When Goldie was only a little thing and you asked her what she wanted most in all the world when she grew up, she had always answered

“Why, a little home—all my own—a cunning one—and young things in it and about it”

And if you asked her to explain, she had said

‘Don't you *know?*—not *really?*’

And, then, if you had suggested children, she had answered

“Of course, all my own, and kittens and puppies and little fluffy chickens and ducks and little birds in my trees, who will make little nests and little songs there because they will know that the trees near the little home all my own are the very nicest ever and ever”

—Once, she must have been around fifteen, then—how well he remembered that once—he had said

“Look here, Goldie, isn’t this an awful lot you’re asking Gold to put over for you?”

Only teasing, he had been—but Goldie’s face!

“Oh! Vic, am I?—Do you *really* think that?”

AND THEN, BEFORE he could reply in little eager, humble rushes

“I hadn’t thought of it—*that* way—before—Maybe you’re right—If—if—I gave up something, perhaps—the ducks—or the chickens—or the—birds—or the kittens—or the puppies?”

Then very slowly

“Or—the—children?—Oh!—but I couldn’t—I *couldn’t*!—Not any of them—Don’t you think, perhaps,—just, perhaps, Vic,—if—if—I’m—good—always—from now on—that—that—maybe—maybe—sometime, Vic, sometime—I—I—might? Oh! don’t you?”

He shut his mouth hard

—Well, she had had the little home all her own Cy had made a little clearing, she had written, just beyond the great live oak Did he remember it? And did he remember, too, how much Cy loved the trees?

—No, he hadn’t forgotten that live oak—not the way he had played in it—and carved his initials all over it, and he hadn’t forgotten Cy and the trees, either—Silly way, Cy had had, even after he grew up, of mooning among them

“Talk to me—they do—sometimes—Tell me big, quiet things, nice things”

—Gosh! after *his* experience, *this* night among them Love ’em!—Hm!—Damned, waiting, greedy things!—Cy could have them and welcome

—It had been last year Goldie had written about the clearing with the little home all her own in the very “prezack” middle of it—They had had to wait a whole year after they were married before they could move in—not finished or something—he’d forgotten the reason—How had the rest of that letter gone?—Goldie’s letters were easy to remember—had, somehow, a sort of burrlike quality about them He had it, now, something like this

She wished she could tell him how cunning the little home all her own was, but there was really no cunning word cunning enough to describe it—Why even the very trees came right down to the very edges of the clearing on all four sides just to look at it—If he could only *see* how proudly they stood there and nodded their entire approval one to the other!

Four rooms, the little home—all her own, had—Four!—And a little porch in the front and a “littler” one in the back, and a hall that had really the most absurd way of trying to get out both the front and rear doors at the same time Would he believe it, they had to keep both the doors shut tight in order to hold that ridiculous hall in? Had he ever, in all his life, heard of such a thing? And just off of this little hall, at the right of the front door, was their bedroom, and back of this, at the end of this same very silly hall was their dining room and opposite, across the hall again—she hoped he saw

how this hall simply refused to be ignored—opposite was the kitchen—He was, then, to step back into the hall once more, but *this* time he was to pretend very hard not to see it There was no telling, it’s vanity was so great, if you paid too much attention to it, what it might do Why, the unbearable little thing might rise up, break down the front and back doors and escape, and then where’d they be, she’d like to know, without any little hall at all?—He was to step, then, quite nonchalantly—if he knew what that was, back into the hall and come forwards but this time he was to look at the room at the left of the front door, and *there*, if he pleased, he would see something really to repay him for his trouble, for here he would behold her sitting room and parlor both in one And if he couldn’t believe how perfectly adorable this little room could be and was, why she was right there to tell him all about it—Every single bit of the little home all her own was built just as she had wished and furnished just as she had hoped And, well, to sum it all up, it wasn’t safe, if you had any kind of heart trouble at all to stand in the road in front of the little home all her own, because it had such a way of calling you that before you knew it, you were running to it and running fast She could vouch for the absolute truth of this statement

AND SHE HAD a puppy, yellow all over, all but his little heart—she dared him even to suggest such a little thing!—with a funny wrinkled forehead and a most impudent grin And he insisted upon eating up all the uneatable things they possessed, including Cy’s best straw hat and her own Sunday—go—to—meeting slippers And she had a kitten, a grey one, and the busiest things he did were to eat and sleep Sometimes he condescended to play with his tail and to keep the puppy in his place He had a way of looking at you out of blue, very young, very innocent eyes that you knew perfectly well were not a bit young nor yet a bit innocent And she had the darlinest, downiest, little chickens and ducks and a canary bird, that Emma Elizabeth lent her some times when she went away to work, and the canary had been made of two golden songs And outside of the little home all her own—in the closest trees, the birds were, lots of them, and they had nested there—If, of a morning, he could only hear them singing!—As if they knew—and did it on purpose—just as she had wished

How happy it had all sounded—and yet—and yet—once or twice—he had had the feeling something wasn’t quite right He hoped it didn’t mean she wasn’t caring for Cy—He would rather believe it was because there hadn’t been children—The latter could be remedied—from little hints he had been gathering lately, he rather thought it was already being remedied, but if she didn’t *care* for Cy, there wasn’t much to be done about that—Well, he was going to her, at last—She couldn’t fool him—couldn’t Goldie,—and if that fathead, Cy, couldn’t take care of her, he was here, now Just let somebody start something

—That break ahead there, in the darkness, ought to be just about where the settlement was—No one need ever tell *him* again it was only three miles from the station—he guessed he

knew better—More like ten or twenty—The settlement, all right—Thought he hadn't been mistaken—So far, then, so good

The road, here, became the main street of the little colored settlement. Three or four smaller ones cut it at right angles and, then, ran off into the darkness. The houses, for the most part, sat back, not very far apart, and, as the shamed moon had entirely disappeared, all he could make out of them was their silent, black little masses. His quick eyes and his ears were busy. No sound broke the stillness. He drew a deep breath of relief.

HE DID NOT pause until he was about midway of the settlement. Here he set his bag down, sat on it and looked at the illuminated hands of his watch. It was half past two. In the woods he had found it almost cold, but, in this spot, the air was warm and close. He pulled out his handkerchief, took off his hat, mopped his face, head and neck, finally the sweatband of his hat.

Queer!—but he wouldn't have believed that the mere sight of all this, after five years, could make him feel this way. There was something to this home idea, after all—Didn't feel, hardly, as though he had ever been away.

Suddenly he wondered if old man Tom Jackson had fixed that gate of his yet. Curiosity got the better of him. He arose, went over and looked. Sure enough the gate swung outward on a broken hinge. Forrest grinned.

"Don't believe over much here, in change, do they?—That gate was that way ever since I can remember—Bet every window is shut tight too. 'Turrrible' the night air always used to be—Wonder if my people will ever get over these things."

He came back and sat down again. He was facing a house that his eyes had turned to more than any other.

"Looks just the same—Wonder who lives there, now—Suppose some one does—Looks like it—Mother sure had courage—more than I would have had—to give up a good job in the North, teaching school to come down here and marry a poor doctor in a colored settlement. I give it to her—Game! Goldie's just like her—she'd have done it too."

—How long had it been since his father had died?—Nine—ten—why, it was ten years and eight since his mother—They'd both been born there—he and Goldie—What was that story his mother used to tell about him when he had first been brought in to see her?—He had been six at the time.

"Mother," he had asked, "is her gold?"

"What, Son?"

"I say, is her gold?"

"Oh! I see," his mother had said and smiled, he was sure, that very nice understanding smile of hers. "Why, she is gold, isn't she?"

"Yes, all of her. What's her name?"

"She hasn't any, yet, Son."

"Her aint got no name?—Too bad! I dive her one. Hers name's Goldie 'Cause."

"All right, Son, Goldie it shall be." And Goldie it had always been.

—No, you couldn't call Goldie pretty exactly—Something about her, though, mighty attractive—Different looking!—That was it—Like herself—She had never lost that beautiful even gold color of hers—Even her hair was goldeny" and her long eye lashes—Nice eyes, Goldie had, big and brown with flecks of gold in them—set in a little wistful, pointed face.

He came to his feet suddenly and picked up his bag. He moved swiftly, now, but not so swiftly as not to notice things still as he went.

"Why, hello!" he exclaimed and paused a second or so before going on again. "What's happened to Uncle Ray's house?—Something's not the same—Seems larger, somehow—Wonder what it is?—Maybe a porch—So they do change here a little—That there ought to be Aunt Phoebe's house—But she must be dead—though I don't remember Goldie's saying so—Why, she'd be way over ninety—Used to be afraid of the dark or something and never slept without a dim light—Gosh! if there isn't the light—just the same as ever!—And way over ninety—Whew!—Wonder how it feels to be that old—Bet I wouldn't like it—Gee! what's that?"

VICTOR FORREST STOPPED short and listened. The sound was muffled but continuous, it seemed to come from the closed faintly lighted pane of Aunt Phoebe's room. It was a sound, it struck him, remarkably like the keening he had heard in an Irish play. It died out slowly and though he waited it did not begin again.

"Probably dreaming or something and woke herself up," and he started on once more.

He soon left the settlement behind and, continuing along the same road found himself (he hoped for the last time) in the midst of the arrested wood ocean.

But the sound of that keening, although he had explained it quite satisfactorily to himself had left him disturbed. Thoughts, conjectures, fears that he had refused, until now, quite resolutely to entertain no longer would be denied. They were rooted in Goldie's two last letters, the cause of his hurried trip South.

"Of course, there's no *real* danger—I'm foolish, even, to entertain such a thought—Women get like that sometimes—nervous and overwrought—And if it is with her as I suspect and hope—why the whole matter's explained.—The letter didn't seem like Goldie, though, not a bit like her—Why it had really sounded *frightened*!—and parts of it were—hm!—almost incoherent—The whole thing's too ridiculous how ever, to believe—Well, when she sees me we'll have a good big laugh over it all—Just the same, I'm glad I came—Rather funny—somehow—thinking of Goldie—with a kid—in her arms—Nice, though—"

—Lafe Coleman!—Lafe Coleman!—He seemed to remember dimly a stringy, long white man with stringy colorless hair, quite disagreeably underclean, eyes a pale grey and fishlike—He associated a sort of toothless grin, with that face—No, that wasn't it, either—Ah! that was it!—He had it clearly, now—The grin was all right but it displayed the dark and rotting remains of tooth stumps.

He made a grimace of strong disquiet and loathing

—And—this—this—*thing* had been annoying Goldie, had been in fact, for years—She hadn't told anybody, it seems, because she had been able to take care of herself—But since she had married and been living away, from the settlement—it had been easier for him, and much more difficult for her. He wasn't to worry, though, for the man was stupid and so far she'd always been able to outwit him—What she feared was Cy. It was true Cy was amiability itself—but—well—she had seen him angry once—Ought she to tell him? She didn't believe Cy would kill the creature—not outright—but it would be pretty close to it. The feeling between the races was running higher than it used to—There had been a very terrible lynching in the next county only last year—She hadn't spoken of it before—for there didn't seem any use going into it—As he had never mentioned it, she supposed it had never gotten into the papers. Nothing, of course, had been done about it, nothing ever was. Everybody knew who were in the mob—Even he would be surprised at some of the names—The brother of the lynched man, quite naturally, had tried to bring some of the leaders to justice, and he, too, had paid

with his life. Then the mob, not satisfied, had threatened, terrorized, cowed all the colored people in the locality—He was to remember that when you were under the heel it wasn't the most difficult of matters to be terrorized and cowed. There was absolutely no law, as he knew, to protect a colored man. That was one of the reasons she had hesitated to tell Cy, for not only Cy and she might be made to pay for what Cy might do, but the little settlement as well. Now, keeping all this in mind, ought she to tell Cy?

AND THE LETTER had ended

"I'm a little nervous, Vic, and frightened and not quite sure of my judgment. Whatever you advise me to do, I am sure will be right."

On the very heels of this had come the "Special" mailed by Goldie in another town—She hadn't dared, it seemed, to post it in Hopewood—It had contained just twelve words, but they had brought him South on the next train.

"Cy knows," it had said, "and O' Vic, if you love me, come, come, come!"

(To be concluded)

In the Wake of War

By Clara Bell

Editor Medical Books and Magazines

IT CAME LIKE a flash of light along a dark sky, it came in the wake of the war, good out of evil to mankind and womankind, in this case as in many others before the bloody battlefields were dry again.

What came? The realization that doubts about truths relating to sex must be cleared, that scientific knowledge must be given. The whole medical profession woke up all at once, we could hear them stirring out of their lethargy.

"We're in a hurry for these books," said the chief book examiner as he laid a pile of manuscripts on my desk. Thirty long galley proofs came later.

"Why the hurry," I soliloquized, but my assistant overheard and looked for an answer. She turned pages, read heads and leads and then exclaimed, "Just look at this copy, Miss Bell. At first they wouldn't send work like this to our desk because they thought me too young. This copy suggests telling the youngest questioner the simple truths of sex."

My desk sent to press six books on sexology. The books were ordered printed as soon as it was possible to get them to press. They must be placed at once in schools, public libraries, railway stations. Persons interested were urged to write for them, they would be mailed without charge. Sex knowledge must be gained, sex purity must be practiced, the spread of venereal disease must be stopped. The war had opened the eyes of the medical profession and it opened its eyes wide too as young men stood before them diseased and weak, and its ears opened wide as it heard them say, "If we had known, this would never have happened."

IN THE MOST simple language and dignified manner the origin of life was explained to the girl, to the boy, the young man and the young woman through these little books. They had asked for this knowledge years ago, but usually had had to go to the street or the playground to find it.

One book emphasized that "no child should come into a home where there is no welcome." This is as far as the medical profession dared to go. But, it seemed to me from the trend of the book that the physicians behind it were saying "we wish we might tell you more."

I cannot quote the number of copies that were 'run' by the first order but the figures ran high, I know. A second edition soon followed and then the third and no doubt other editions will follow and still others.

No truth can be half told. Books on sexology may now be found in the railway stations near the desk of the travelers' and I see them at the Y W C A when I pay for my dinner. Only recently have the eyes of the public refused to be 'offended.' These books all teach conservation of vital forces and give "danger" signals against abuse but they do not teach the truths of a normal sex relationship. The young man and the young woman are still asking for more.

Will books on Birth Control be as freely distributed? The time must come when they will be, for no course ever stopped at the crossroads, it follows the trail. And I can imagine I hear again our editor-in-chief saying, "The books on Birth Control must go (to press) first." I believe that Birth Control will spring out of economic necessity and become as great a blessing as this world has ever experienced.

The Morality of Birth Control

By William J Fielding

Author of "Sanity in Sex"

THERE IS A growing feeling among those who have reached an intelligent understanding of the subject, that birth control is in harmony with the great law of biologic evolution, and is therefore to that extent *natural*, that it is socially desirable, even necessary, and therefore *moral*, that it is conducive to greater individual happiness in the family relations, and a boon to domestic tranquility and the institution of marriage, and therefore *ethically* impregnable. Briefly, these three points will be stressed in an endeavour to prove their validity.

According to Mulhall, the population of the earth at the time of the Roman Empire was 54,000,000 and by the 15th century the population of Europe had reached about the same figure. In the year 1800, the population of Europe was about 170,000,000, and in 1900 their descendants, at home and in America and elsewhere, numbered over 500,000,000. No country of which we have reliable statistics at different times shows an actual falling off, except from emigration, unless it is from temporary causes like a great war or pestilence.

After making all due allowances for reasonable variation in the probable correctness of these figures, it is evident that unrestricted human breeding cannot go on indefinitely. As pestilence, which in more primitive times used to sweep off whole sections of population, has been conquered by science, and as those who have evolved intellectually and morally above the claw and fang state of mind hope eventually for the elimination of war as a solution of human problems, it should be conclusive that a prolific birth rate is no longer a biologic necessity for preserving the race, as it was under earlier hazardous conditions.

IT IS AN elementary principle of biology that the lower the order of life, the greater its fertility and propensity for reproduction. Nature requires this because of the comparative helplessness and the enormous wastage of life in the lower organisms. A single fish of certain varieties, for instance, spawns its eggs by the millions. If by happy circumstances some of them become fertilized, the chances are highly improbable of more than a small fraction reaching maturity. Among the mammals, however, the female may produce but half a dozen or less offspring at a time, but she devotes so much care to them that they have all a very fair chance of reaching maturity. And it is also a fact that among the same species of animals, the more unfavorable environment is to life, the greater is the tendency to breed, with, of course, a much greater proportion that will never reach maturity. In the human race, the same biologic principle is followed, and it is but natural that man, being a reasoning animal, should still further decrease the number of his offspring by voluntary effort, and at the same time promote their quality and increase

their importance. The lower the state of civilization, the greater the birth rate (and death rate). The higher the state of civilization the lower the birth rate (and death rate). To turn from the abstract to the concrete, this rule may be observed today in individual families. It is notable that degenerates, the feeble minded, the criminal, the alcoholic, etc (unless sterilized by venereal disease) are quite invariably prolific breeders, with a very high death rate. On the other hand, the more cultured families, and those in good economic circumstances, usually have the fewest children of any group or class of society, with a very low infantile death rate. And when in some instances they do have an exceptional number of children, it is generally because they want them, are able to provide adequately for them, and assure them of a reasonably secure future. With such examples of large families even the most ardent Neo Malthusians have no quarrel, as it is perfectly in line with their insistence that parenthood should be *voluntary*.

THIS PRINCIPLE OF diminishing productiveness—the tendency to evolve from accidental, unrestricted prolificacy to the breeding of more limited, select and harder progeny—is as firmly established throughout the whole range of biology as any law of natural science. It is part of the evolutionary process, and as such is a natural process. It has been going on since the very origin of life. "But," to use the words of Havelock Ellis, "at a certain stage in the higher development of man, without ceasing to be natural, it becomes conscious and deliberate."

USING OUR REASON

Man, being gifted with the faculty of reason, many things are left to the dictates of his sense of judgment that nature automatically takes care of among his less favored brothers in the animal world. It should be apparent, for instance, that it is as natural for man to wear clothes in this climate as it is for the fox, dog, horse, cow and numerous other animals to "wear" a protective coat of fur or hair. The houses we live in are not natural in the sense that they were designed and created by nature, but they represent the latest stage in domiciliary evolution from the tree, the cave, the tent, and so on up to the modern apartment house. Houses, then, are as natural a domicile for man as the trees were for his remote progenitor, the anthropoid ape. Perhaps from the point of view or moral code of the ape, man has suffered a serious loss of caste by taking to modern clothes, houses—and, alas, birth control. But, as rational beings we can afford to be lenient with ape judgments.

These observations—and parallel cases could be drawn *ad infinitum*—lead us to the conclusion that the term *natural* is a relative rather than a positive one, particularly as applied

to human conduct, which throughout the ages has been subject to so many modifying influences, and always tending toward a higher state of development. In this process of evolution, birth control has, and must increasingly, become a *natural* factor.

THE MORALITY OF birth control seems even more obvious than the previous contention. To prove it, we do not have to go back into the maze of zoology and anthropology, but merely look about us with clear vision and human understanding, and render an honest judgment. And for morality, we accept as a definition the most logical and unquestionable interpretation, such as has been expressed by the most profound philosophers and thinkers, and the greatest religious and ethical teachers of the ages. Morality, in its true sense, is the rule of social conduct, the measure of right conduct between individuals in their social relations. All actions which promote the happiness and well being of society, or of any individual or individuals—i. e., units of society—are

moral. On the other hand, every act is immoral which needlessly injures any fellow creature. All immoral conduct is anti-social, and all antisocial conduct is immoral.

To those who unconsciously hold to the idea of an unchanging and unchangeable code of morality, we might mention that moral standards are evolutionary, and change from time to time, and often completely reverse themselves from epoch to epoch. For instance, less than three quarters of a century ago chattel slavery, at least within certain geographical bounds, was considered moral by the respectable people of America. Those who fought it were certainly not considered respectable, and were roundly denounced by the established institutions of their time. Life itself was made hazardous and unsafe for them, as we know from the bitter experiences of Elijah P. Lovejoy, William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Wendell Phillips, and others. The churches found biblical precedent for the righteousness of slavery, the press and all other mediums of public opinion were its ardent supporters. The moral code has changed.

Why Not Seek To Remedy The Evil At Its Source And Produce Fewer Defective Children?

THE Daily Herald has called upon statesmen to sketch out statesmanlike plans for the extension of higher education. Education needs wide views and great plans, and it needs, too, vision at a very close range. It needs the statesman, and it needs the ratepayer.

THE CHILD WHO CANNOT GROW UP

At the present time, there is one matter, arising largely from temporary causes, which needs instant attention. In an ordinary elementary school, in a class of eight year old children, there was a child called "D." "D" is deficient—only mildly deficient. She is only incapable of growing up, hopelessly incapable of school work. She cannot write, cannot play a game properly, cannot tell a tale. Her incapacity is displayed day by day before the other children. This spectacle of human malformation is always before them. Some 30 of them consort five hours a day, five days a week, with this grotesque creature. Children who are together in a class know one another in every detail, with a minute scrutiny such as Gulliver gave the women of Brobdingnag. They do know, they cannot avoid knowing, the habitual tricks and conduct of this defective child. She will always make part of their memories of school.

Besides, they cannot like her, they are far too normal to be able to like her, she is friendless.

THE EPILEPTIC

IN ANOTHER CLASS the children were quite young. Among them was a little girl, "B" with a tallowy face, narrow eyes, and a curious pyramidal head. She took things belonging to other children, and she did not seem to understand that it was wrong. The other children avoided her. She could not do

the work. Just after four o'clock one afternoon, school was over, the cloakrooms were emptying, when a girl came to the teacher and said "B" was ill. When the teacher got to her they were just in time to give what help can be given in epilepsy. This child was a typical case of mental deficiency accompanied by epilepsy.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

"R" was more difficult than "D" or "B." She was a little wiry child of eleven or twelve. She had "a face like a comic mask," a very red skin, very black eyes, and eyebrows like two crooked black smudges. She could not do the work at all. But this was not the worst of her. Her yelling laugh! How suddenly it would burst out! A line on the board, a lively tone in a voice, the word "laugh" in a book—anything made her laugh, although she could not understand a joke. Anything made her cry, but she often had real cause to cry.

"R" WAS AN example of a class—the emotional, unstable, deficient. Her place was not among normal children. Some of the other children delighted in "R." They used to excite her to see her make funny faces and to see her get into trouble. They loved to see her punished. They could always get up a scene with her. What a training for those children! I do not say anything about the position of the teacher, I feel the strongest sympathy for her.

CONTAGION

Of course, it is true that deficient children are not very numerous. In some districts there may be one in every two classes, in other districts one in every three or four. But the point is that one mentally deficient child involves 30 or 40 or 50 other children.

(Continued on page 16)

Race Suicide in the United States

By Dr Warren S. Thompson

University of Michigan and Cornell University

II

CAUSES OF THE LOWER BIRTH RATE IN THE CITY

ONE OF THE most obvious reasons of the lower birth rate in the city is the fact that fewer of the women of child bearing ages are married. In the urban communities of the New England States only 53.9 per cent of the women 15-44 years are married, widowed or divorced, while in the rural communities the percentage is 63.8 per cent. In the East North Central States the percentages are 59.2 and 63.2, respectively, while for the United States, as a whole, they are 57.8 and 64.6. Thus we see that, on the average, the proportion of the women married, widowed or divorced is about 7 per cent less in the city than in the country. As has been shown above, however, the proportion of children to married women is much smaller in the city than in the country. Therefore, although the fact that many more women in the city do not marry or marry relatively late in life is an important cause of the low birth rate in the city, it is by no means the most important one.

The chief causes of the lower birth rate in the city may be summed up by saying that the people in the city more often voluntarily limit the size of their families than the people in the country. When we undertake to inquire into the causes of voluntary limitation of the family among city people, we find such widely different motives in operation in different classes of people that it becomes necessary to discuss the forces controlling the birth rate in each of these classes separately. I have divided the city population into four classes. The basis of the classification is the family income.³

(1) The poor, those with an income below \$750 per year. This class is composed chiefly of unskilled workers. (2) The comfortable, those having an income of from \$750 to \$1,500. Most skilled workmen belong to this class, also many people in clerical positions. (3) The well to do, those having incomes ranging from \$1,500 to \$4,000 to \$5,000. Most professional men and men in executive positions in industry and commerce belong to this class. (4) The wealthy, those with incomes of \$5,000 or over. Capitalists and those on the road to become capitalists belong to this class.

In the first class there is but little voluntary limitation of the size of the family. The two most important reasons why this is the case, are (1) The people in this class do not know how to limit their families, (2) they do not care a great deal about limiting them, because they do not feel the burden of a fairly large family keenly as people in the higher classes.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that the poor would practise voluntary limitation of their families much more than they do if they knew how. But as yet the laws forbidding the dissemination of such knowledge are quite successfully enforced against the poor. (In my judgment this is the only class of the population which the laws prevent from securing this

knowledge and they bid fair to become ineffective even against them in a short time.) They have only been effective this long because this class depends largely upon free agencies for such medical attention and nursing as it secures, and because the members have no personal friends among doctors, nurses and others, who might tell them how to limit their families.

(To be continued)

I say discuss all and expose all—I am for every topic openly. I say there can be no safety for these States without innovators—without free tongues, and ears willing to hear the tongues.

And I announce as a glory of these States that they respect fully listen to propositions, reforms, fresh views and doctrines from successions of men and women.

Each age with its own growth!—WALT WHITMAN

Block 14, Sargodha, (India),
13th July, 1920

Dear Madam

You will undoubtedly be surprised to find that a Hindu—and a woman to boot—living in a rather obscure corner of the hoary and vast land of India, should come to know of the existence of your journal and should withal express a yearning to possess it.

Involuntary motherhood of women is, I believe, common to the whole world. But the misery of India's women can not said to be entirely represented by this evil. Here it is coupled by the no less galling evil of polygamy. Oh that you could fully know how hard up we are in this land of the oldest (I had almost called it "fossilized") civilization in the world! And the distance between Indian womanhood and the American womanhood is that between the antipodes, all the other countries of the world coming in between the two. I presume there is no country in the world besides U. S. A. that has a periodical like the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW. It would thus be centuries hence that India, bringing up the rear of the world's advancement as it does, would be able to aspire to have such a journal of its own. Meanwhile the most benighted womanhood of India might do worse than lean upon the sustaining and uplifting hand so large heartedly held out by the enlightened and cultured womanhood of America. I therefore hope and trust that, clutching at it as I am with a rather unbecoming ceremoniousness and avidity, you will not draw it back but will rather afford to me its support in a manner that shall redound to the lasting glory of the great United States.

Thanking you in anticipation of your great courtesy and favor,

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) AMAR SINGH

News Notes

WHAT WE DO

THE UNITED STATES stands low in rank among the civilized nations in the care of babies and mothers. It is eighth in its infant death rate and fifteenth in the rate of death of mothers from causes related to childbirth. We lose annually almost a quarter of a million babies under a year old, and half as many mothers die each year in bringing children into the world as the total number of American soldiers killed in battle in the Great War. A large proportion of all these deaths are preventable, and are caused by lack of care and education. What this peace time, year in and year out casualty list means in sorrow and suffering almost everyone knows from personal experience, what it means in loss to the nation has only been officially recognized since the establishment of the Children's Bureau at Washington. The Sheppard Towner bill for the protection of maternity and infancy, recently reported out by the Senate Committee on Public Health, of which Senator France is chairman, should be passed by Congress when it reassembles. This measure provides for Federal aid to the States in creating centers for prenatal and confinement care of mothers, in establishing infant clinics, in furthering instruction in the hygiene of maternity and infancy to be given by land grant colleges and State universities, and in the development of a wide system of public health nursing for women and children, particularly in rural districts where doctors and hospitals are inaccessible. The designation of the chief of the Children's Bureau as executive officer of the Federal Board which would administer the act inspires confidence in its purposes and probable effects.

INSPECTION

THE CASE OF the man, woman, and child said to have died from starvation in Bermondsey hospital came before the Commons yesterday, when Dr Addison said that as soon as he heard of it he ordered one of his inspectors to report.

The Medical Superintendent of the infirmary reported that the man, his wife and a child four years old, were admitted to the infirmary on April 10, all suffering from pneumonia. The man died from pneumonia on the 13th. The wife was delivered of a still born child on the 12th, and died of pneumonia on the 13th. The child of four was still in the hospital. He proposed to make further inquiries.

In answer to Mr Will Thorne, Dr Addison said he would have the house where those people had lived inspected.

HOMELESS CHILDREN

PORTSMOUTH, Wednesday—Following the example of dock yard men who applied for accommodation at Portsmouth Workhouse at the last Board meeting, another Government employee interviewed the Visiting Committee today, asking them if they would house his five children.

He had been looking for a house since December, 1918, but

had been unsuccessful. Rain prevented his ejection from rooms yesterday, but he expects it tomorrow.

Now he has obtained rooms for himself and wife, and does not know what to do about his children. After a long discussion his application was refused.

—*London Herald*

OFFERS BABY BOY FOR HOUSE AND FURNITURE

TACOMA, WASH., MAY 26—"I will swap with good Christian people a healthy, pretty baby boy one and a half years old for a three room house or small dwelling and children's clothes or furniture worth about \$500. Parent sickly and in debt, with more children to support."

This advertisement, appeared in the classified section of a local evening paper here today. Efforts are being made to find the baby a new home.

TO THE WOMEN WHO WEEP

Hark, ye wives of the toilers,

Who delve in ditch and mine,

And ye females of the millions

Who live and love like swine

You rear your ill fed litters

To prune the conqueror's vine,

While they glut their barren women

On your sweat turned into wine

You doom your wretched children

To the factories and mills

To a weary moil of hopeless toil

That stuns, and stunts, and kills

The bullets have found their billets

In the hearts of your striking sons,

Yet it's ye who mother the others

Who man the smoking guns

Whining for bread and pity,

Fawning on wealth for its crumbs,

With paupers, spies and harlots

Ye fill the city slums

Each man fearing his neighbor,

Lest he steal his crust or his wife,

Friendship, honor, and love a jest

In their sordid struggle for life

Ground in the wheels of their commerce,

Too stupid and blind to see,

Worse than the beasts of the field,

For the beasts of the fields are free

So a truce to your lustful labors—

The childless should be glad—

Bring no more of your children

In, to a world gone mad

—*George F Burke*

WAR AND POPULATION

(Continued from page 6)

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

WHY NOT SEEK TO REMEDY THE EVIL?

(Continued from page 13)

"B," "D" and "R" were among ordinary children for two reasons, because the special school was shut, owing to the war, and because the special school was too small for the needs of the district. Now that we are "in the enjoyment of peace," the special schools ought to be enlarged, if necessary, and reopened in any case. Some education authorities are doing so.

Now, of course, the Act of 1918 cannot be carried out in a day. But councillors ought to be moving about it. People ought to know what their councillors are doing in it. Although ratepayers must realize the cost of a special school, yet you will realize the imperative need when they realize the effect of associating normal with deficient children.

N N

If any one is able to convict me of error in thought or deed, I will gladly change. For I seek after truth, by which man was never yet injured. The injury lies in remaining constant to self-deception and ignorance.—Marcus Aurelius

Book Reviews

WOMAN AND THE NEW RACE, by Margaret Sanger. With Preface by Havelock Ellis. New York: Brentano's. Price \$2.

When a new book or an important treatise comes from the pen of Margaret Sanger it is an event in that constantly growing movement whose goal is an emancipated race. Mrs. Sanger's name has been for some years definitely associated with the more radical wing of the sex educational movement and especially with the propaganda of birth control. It is in this latter field that she has achieved such remarkable results during the past decade by, literally, forcing the publicity that was first necessary to have the issue generally recognized.

But after all these are only means to an end. Rational sex knowledge is essential to the full mental and physical development of the individual man and woman. And an understanding and acceptance of the principle of birth control is conducive to individual well-being, marital harmony, greater economic security, and social progress—in other words, a better, freer and happier race.

So it is as an undaunted champion of the New Race that Margaret

Sanger finds her larger role. Every one of the eighteen chapters of this volume presents unanswerable arguments for birth control. But running through every chapter coloring every sentence, we find evidence of the vision that heralds the day of intellectual and social emancipation for men and women.

Finding woman the greater victim, the age-old martyr of traditions that have made her sex largely an instrument of propagation and which has rendered complete her subjection, the author naturally becomes the militant feminist. There rings the challenge that woman must be free! Woman will be free!

But there is a deeper portent to her message. In freeing herself woman liberates her mate, her erstwhile master. The oppressor little less than the subjected, has been a victim of the bonds that bound them both. Behind the militant feminist there is the spirit of the revolutionary humanist. Man and woman both must be free—will be free!

As will be expected by those who are familiar with Mrs. Sanger's work there are no concessions of principle for the sake of policy. She strikes with characteristic vigor wherever the wrong justifies the rebuke. Church and state alike, man-dominated throughout the centuries—are adjudged of their joint guilt in the process of subjection.

Every chapter of the book is so pertinent to the subject and so pregnant with thought-provoking material that it is difficult to select and emphasize any above the other as of the more importance.

As is becoming of a volume of such significance as the present one, the opening chapters are devoted to an outline of the historic phase of woman's struggle for freedom. The tremendous obstacles that have handicapped woman in her slow rise as a factor in the human equation are stressed, together with the irrepressible spirit of revolt in certain individuals and small minorities that has always been the accompaniment of oppression and injustice. Facts in regard to the human material from which the new race must be made are gathered from authoritative sources and presented with the attitude of the trained sociologist.

The individual, family and social aspects of birth control are freely argued. The pompous flamboyant decrifier of what he is pleased to call "race suicide" will find here the effects of his vicious fabrications portrayed in their true light. 'The sole effect of prolificacy is to fill the cemeteries with tiny graves, sacrifices of the innocents to the Moloch of immoderate maternity' (Prof. Edward A. Ross).

The question of continence, which is one of the most important and controversial in the whole realm of sexology, is discussed from many angles. The history of human society has shown that continence for the average normal adult is a delusion. Sex life like every other phase of life demands expression. Perhaps a comparative few an infinitesimal number it may be safe to say, have been able to subdue the normal expression of this potent power from within. The average has not been able to do so—at least not without serious injury to the nervous system and the derangement of other bodily functions. And continence in the marriage state as advocated by some is not only a delusion but often a gross fraud as well. The advocates of this theory may be divided, roughly, into three groups: (1) The true ascetics; (2) the well-meaning but ignorant fanatics; (3) the plain, unqualified hypocrites. These groups are listed in the inverse order of their numerical importance.

Contraceptives and abortions are gone into as fully as our archaic laws will permit—for it must not be forgotten that our statutes place them both in the same category. A half-way intelligent understanding of the subject would have made this legislative monstrosity impossible. While the law forbids giving information concerning reliable means of contraception, Mrs. Sanger takes it for granted that it cannot be invoked to prevent warnings against widely practiced methods which are not reliable. So the author proceeds to discuss the fallacies of these old pitfalls.

The question, 'Are preventive means certain?' is of course extremely important in connection with the subject of birth control making or marring its success as a scientific principle. Doubts as to the certainty of contraceptives are accredited to two principal sources. One is the

uninformed element in the medical profession. The other is the inexperience of the woman herself. Having no place to go for scientific information, she gathers her instruction from neighbors and friends. The resultant conglomeration of advice and warnings brings only confusion and sometimes despair to the seeker for enlightenment.

Birth control as it relates to the cause of labor is of no little moment in this industrial age. It is here treated in a logical, convincing manner. "The history of labor is the history of an ever unsuccessful effort upon the part of man to bring his productive ability as a worker up to his reproductive ability. It has been a losing battle all the way."

And of vital importance at this time for the future peace of the world is the problem of unwanted babies as a cause of war. The "need of expansion" which our imperialists are so prone to stress, is largely a question of over population. That we should have birth control clinics in America is proven by facts and figures that speak more eloquently than rhetoric. Statistics of Holland, the pioneer in this field, offer much for other countries of the world, economically richer, but socially poorer, to ponder over.

The quality of Mrs. Sanger's zeal as an agitator for the fundamental right of woman's dominion over her own body, and her efficiency as a propagandist in carrying on this agitation are largely due to her earlier experience and training. As a nurse, she has had exceptional opportunities of seeing not only the work a day world as the casual observer sees it, but this professional service has been the means of giving her an insight into the more intimate side of the average woman's marital life. And it is the results of this experience that both opened her eyes to the necessity for drastic action and confirmed her in her determination to do everything possible to overcome at least the pathetic acceptance of an intolerable situation. This practical turn of mind brings the book out of the class of academic theory, as necessary and desirable as the latter is in its place, and assures a work that rings true in facing the battlements of reality.

We most emphatically join with Havelock Ellis in the Preface to the volume and say: "Therefore, let this book be read, let it be read by every man and woman who can read. And the sooner it is not only read but acted on the better for the world."

WILLIAM J. FIELDING

WOMAN, by Magdaline Marx.

The title *Woman* is a challenge. Does the book, however interesting or uninteresting it may be, express woman? Who shall say, men or women? I find the cover of the book filled with the admiring comments of men. Henri Barbusse says "It expresses woman." Bertrand Russell's words are "Here for the first time is told the truth about woman." While Stefan Zweig goes still farther in his praise "Behind the human figure in it you see the whole of feminine humanity and the eternal lot of womanhood." There are other criticisms of the same tenor, a chorus of eminent male voices singing a psalm of praise to the book. I, for one, should like to hear from women.

The "woman" says many fine things, has beautiful ideas and theories as to the relation of children and parents, economic determinism, and so on, but is she a fair representative of her sex?

She goes to her husband after falling in love with another man, and says "There is no question, not for a moment of our parting or of my loving you less. Since he came I love you more. I feel surer of myself, nobler and admit it, more beautiful." To go to him is to continue myself and not to lessen you. Later when this same lover becomes vehement and tells her he cannot be separated from her, cannot live without her, there's an instinct stronger" etc., she is shocked beyond measure. "Fear crept into me down into the very marrow of my bones. What could I say to a man who suddenly talked another language?" She then pushes him away and tells him his wife is the first consideration. There had been the most passionate love making between them previously, notwithstanding his wife whom the "woman" does not fail to mention is "nearly forty." She hastens on to assure him it is not her husband's suffering she dreads. "I love him enough to rise

above pity. But I thought I told you that he is necessary to my effulgence. But if to get me away from him, you were to offer something superior, a more perfect means of elevating me and teaching me to know I should go unafraid, perhaps hesitating. But what do you offer? Feeling instinct? Again she says:

"Women are rarely sensual. If they are, they have not been so from the start, they have become so," and "The only feeling truly like woman, the only feeling essentially woman, which weds her soul while wedding her body, is the immense desire to be beautiful."

Does this book express the psychology of woman or does it express the psychology of a certain type of adolescent? Is woman the self-centered, analytic, vain creature here pictured? Is she so absorbed in herself, her emotions, her beauty?

It is hardly fair to the book to leave it with simply a challenge to the title without calling attention to its unusual form, the successful way in which a life is tied together by a series of seemingly disconnected and widely separated moods and events which all however have their origin in the character of the woman herself, and taken together give us a vivid picture of her.

There are many fine passages that easily lend themselves to quotation. Speaking of her infant son the "woman" asks herself: "When he is grown up into a tall young man whom people take notice of, shall I have the courage to look him in the face and say 'You are not every thing to me. You never have been my whole passion. I have cherished you on my knees. I have served you, I have idolized you, I have never deceived myself. I knew perfectly that in loving a child one gives without ever receiving. I have reserved the highest place for others. It is not to you that I have dedicated the essential thing in my life, its supreme reason, if a supreme reason can be found. Therefore you have the right to leave me. You must be finer, you must repudiate me. I bow before what you are. I free you from the duty in which children are cooped up, and I assume the duty myself. Whatever I may have done, never let my course of life be an example to you, there is no example for you, nothing but you, is what will count. You will have so much to do everything I have failed to do. What were you born for if not to depart from me? To be sure you are flesh of my flesh, but a part of my flesh that is unlike me, a contrary current that has emanated from me. You say no to everything I am!'"

ELLEN A. KENNAN

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1920.

State of New York, County of New York ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Knoblauch, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Acting Editor of *The Birth Control Review* and that the following is to the best of her knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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