

# BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

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Dedicated to Voluntary Motherhood

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*DECEMBER*

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; he that dares not reason is a slave.

*Sir William Drummond*

## Birth Control or Racial Degeneration Which ?

*By Anna Martin*

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## Motherhood

*By Florence Guertin Tuttle*

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## Women in Germany

*By Margaret Sanger*

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By  
**Margaret Sanger**

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Famous Advocate of Birth Control

Versus

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Noted Authority of Birth Control

*Subject*

RESOLVED

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(Negative)  
MRS SANGER

(Affirmative)  
MR RUSSELL

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# THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

DEDICATED TO VOLUNTARY MOTHERHOOD

MARY KNOBLAUCH, *Acting Editor*

Vol IV

DECEMBER, 1920

No 12

## Editorial Comment

ALL READERS OF the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW and friends of the movement will join in a hearty welcome home to Mrs Sanger. Her four months of lecturing in Great Britain and her trip to Holland and Germany have been both strenuous and inspiring.

Mrs Sanger was greeted everywhere with interest and enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm grew to be a deep affection and a desire to have her stay. Her work was infinitely easier over there, for she could say what she liked without running the risk of being clapped into jail. Nevertheless, she has come back to us and we shall all be the wiser for her experiences and the new light which the study of other people's problems will throw on our own.

In addition, Mrs Sanger has secured new contributors to the Review.

THE ENDORSEMENT given by the Federation of Women's Clubs to the Birth Control Movement has been still further strengthened by the interview given by Mrs Elmer Blair to a representative of the *World*. It is very evident from this interview that the club women knew thoroughly what they were endorsing and had the facts well in mind before committing themselves.

IN THIS ISSUE of the Review, we are reprinting by permission of the author, Florence Guertin Tuttle, an essay on Motherhood, which appeared in her book, entitled "The Awakening of Woman."

This essay was written in 1913 when Mrs Tuttle was concerned with a vision of what the new spirit of woman, and the liberating of her creative energies might do for human progress.

Today this vision is more significant than ever, and Mrs Tuttle sees the Birth Control Movement as a fundamental part of that progress.

She has promised us a series of articles which shall be especially written with regard to the movement to which this Review is dedicated, and to her message we are looking forward with enthusiasm.

WILL OUR UNKNOWN but thoroughly appreciated friend who sent us anonymously one hundred dollars for the work, please accept our heartiest thanks?

IN THIS ISSUE we are publishing the first of two articles by Miss Anna Martin. Miss Martin is a graduate (B A) of London University and was for ten years vice principal of a school in South Africa. On her return home she and a friend or hers thought they would like to give three years' work in the poor parts of London. They became so interested in this work that the friend remained until her death in 1906, and Miss Martin herself is still there. When she first took up this work, like everybody else she was an enthusiast for all sorts of ameliorative measures—carried out mainly by officials. But experience soon taught her that these official, as well as most of the philanthropic attempts didn't ameliorate, and she looked deeper. She gradually became convinced that the home and not the school was the key of the situation, and that the home depended on the welfare, health and status of the mother, that it was really on her that society rested, that at present she was failing in her high office, because she was given no chance of fulfilling it, worn out and dragged down by economic dependence on her husband, lack of legal and social status and constant pregnancies—forced to bring children into the world whom she could neither feed nor train. After that to Birth Control was a short step.

## Birth Control or Racial Degeneration Which?

*Anna Martin*

THERE COMES A moment in every campaign in which the enemy is virtually beaten—out manoeuvred, out manned, cut munitioned. Yet this moment brings no visible relief to the rank and file. It is on record that never were the allied armies in France called upon for greater endurance and more painful exertion than after victory had virtually crowned their arms. The phenomenon repeats itself in the field of mental and moral strife. The logical, argumentative battle in favour of voluntary parenthood is now gained. Its leading opponents have been won over, silenced, or compelled to confess that their hostility arises from causes outside the realms of reason and common sense. Yet, owing to the silent, dogged opposition of multitudes of well meaning but vaguely thinking men and women, it is doubtful if the advocates of Birth Control could today obtain the use of a single Town Hall for their propaganda in any country in the world.

Herein arises both the opportunity and the responsibility of the rank and file. The ground in front is encumbered with barbed wire entanglements of ignorance, misunderstanding, prejudice and indifference. On each of us in our several localities falls the task of clearing away these obstructions in the minds of our friends and neighbours. How can we best fulfill it?

Experience shows that success is seldom obtained by dwelling on the general situation, as revealed by birth or death rate curves, and by medical statistical tables. It is of little use, in England, for instance, to point out the appalling physical condition of the population and utter failure of medical and social science to cope with it. Supposedly remedial measures have, in recent years, descended on the country like a flood, free meals for necessitous school children, and free medical and dental inspection, labour exchanges, special schools for the tubercular, the blind, the deaf, the crippled, the mentally defective, tuberculous dispensaries and sanatoria, health insurance and old age pensions. Each was heralded in turn as the saviour of the State, but what do we find? In 1918, the number of "Leavers" in the London Elementary Schools who were placed by the doctors in the first class, had fallen to a little over one in four, we are told that at least a quarter of the inhabitants of our large towns are infected with some form of venereal disease, in 1917, only 36 per cent of the men who passed under the review of the Army Medical Board were up to the normal standard of weight and strength, thence it follows that only 36 per cent were capable of strenuous industrial toil. Furthermore, the amount of sickness among married women, which came to light after the passing of the National Health Insurance Act, broke down the original financial provisions of that Act.

**S**UCH STATEMENTS, however, leave the ordinary citizen cold. They are too impersonal, too remote from his daily life, to call forth any mental or moral response. We can only be convinced of the urgency of the subject, and of the futility of the measures commonly suggested to stem the tide of national degeneracy, by forcing him to consider actual concrete examples. If the remedies proposed by our opponents are manifestly inapplicable, or inefficacious, in the cases of A B C D and so on to Z, he may be induced to realize that they are also useless as regards the alphabet considered as a whole, and that some other plan must be adopted. Everyone can only too easily find his or her human texts, but let us take as examples four quite respectable families, chosen almost at random, and all living within a stone's throw of the writer's doors.

*The W family* Wife a hard working, intelligent woman husband delicate and quite unable to provide adequately for his household, five living children out of eight, all under sized and weakly, all save one with such defective eyesight that they will be handicapped for life. Mother has had four miscarriages or premature births.

*The B family* Father a painter, consumptive and very often unable to work. Eight living out of ten children, but all either mentally defective, deaf, tubercular or goutous. Two

of the girls are married. Mrs B has been a strenuous and devoted mother, but is now a physical wreck, worn out with nursing, poverty and anxiety.

*The G family* Husband consumptive, and only fit for occasional work, wife has struggled desperately to keep the family together, but her own health has given way. Five living out of nine children. All are anaemic and sickly, and constantly at the hospitals. The children were apparently healthy when born, but invariably develop weakness as they pass out of infancy.

*The P family* Father rejected for the army. Six children living out of twelve. Four suffer from some form of heart complaint, one from rickets, and one from nervous excitability.

**N**OW LET US try to persuade our hesitating friends fairly to face the question. Who benefits by the above high birth rate? It is certainly not the children, who either die after a few painful years of privation and suffering, or grow up so handicapped, that they will inevitably incur the melancholy fate of being always pushed to the wall. Nor is it the parents, who, just in proportion as they are decent people, grieve and fret over the privations, the illnesses, the disabilities of their offspring. Is it the State? In rates, taxes and charities, the above families must collectively have cost the community thousands of pounds, without, as far as one can see at present, the prospect of deriving from them a single really capable citizen. What better way to National bankruptcy could be devised?

(Continued on page 16)

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# Motherhood

## From the Awakening of Woman

By Florence Guertin Tuttle

**I**N SPITE OF all chatter to the contrary the strength of the woman's movement lies in its improved mothers—not in the women on the firing line, bravely fighting to overcome the Gorgon of Public Prejudice, but in the numberless unsung mothers who have been steadily growing, steadily becoming the best kind of mothers the enlightenment of the age would allow, and contributing to society on increasingly improved child. It is not a coincidence that civilization has advanced more in the last hundred years than in the previous thousand—ever since, in fact, it decided to give intellectual and spiritual opportunities to its women.

Occasionally one of these awakened mothers is inadvertently brought before the public and convinces us that the leaven of spiritual revolt is silently but powerfully at work. A man was recently rejected for duty on a New York jury in a murder case because, as he said, his wife did not believe in capital punishment. A reporter, scenting a sensation, hunted this woman to her lair. He found a home with healthy children, and a happy mother, apparently "steeped in domesticity." But when he interviewed her, the wife, in clear, strong English, showed herself to be a feminist of the most modern type, that is, a woman who believed in the expansion of women with complete freedom for expression. She herself had a profession and was simply biding her time to return to it, when her children should be older.

**T**HE PAPERS EXPRESSED genuine surprise that a "home woman" should possess so "advanced" views. The feminist felt no surprise, knowing that the principles of the woman's movement must produce the best mothers and the best children. For inner development to promote an improved social expression is the aim of feminism and a psychically developed womanhood means an immeasurably improved child.

It is impossible to speak of this type of mother without first considering the black charge against her—the limiting of motherhood in producing the smaller family of today. When we secure our historic perspective, however, on this modern social phenomenon, we at once ask ourselves: is woman or is civilization responsible for the unquestioned change? Is not the smaller family of greater present day advantage? May it not be a blessing and not a bane?

When the population of the earth was scattered, when progress came through conquest and the chief of the tribe demanded legions for sacrifice, large families were a distinct social advantage and a necessary contribution. Today, with the gradual lessening of war, with science improving and prolonging life, with congested housing conditions and the high cost of living, above all, with the world emerging from its physically constructive period and entering a new period of mental expansion—the smaller, more highly developed family is of greater

social worth. Not more human beings, but psychically perfected beings is the world necessity.

**N**APOLÉON IS SAID to have looked over his broken battalions and exclaimed "What France needs is mothers," but he was mistaken. Napoleon's own armies were proof that mothers had done their duty. What France needed was to rid itself of its Napoleons—utterly outgrown in spirit and in knowledge of democracy, in lust of conquest and disregard of human life. The tomb of Napoleon is the mausoleum of militarism. It foreshadowed the futility of warfare and the beginning of the end of the period of progress through bloodshed. That a large proportion of the civilized world is today engaged in mortal combat, paralyzing industry and pauperizing nations, only emphasizes this truth.

The question of the falling birth rate is not an isolated one, but is closely related to social, economic, and industrial questions. Various causes have helped to bring about the modern small family, for example, immigration—the great movement toward redistribution of the peoples of the earth. In America how seldom we consider what effect the unrestricted flood of immigration has had in lowering the native birth rate, how it has drained the means of subsistence and so advanced the cost of living. Previous to 1840 the increase of population in the American colonies was phenomenal—owing to the need of populating a new country and to the abundant food supply. From 1840, after the immense flood of foreigners began to pour in, the native population at once dropped, and food prices soared. It is interesting to note that in the second generation of foreigners, the birth rate also diminishes, owing undoubtedly to the same economic conditions. So much is the birth rate dependent upon the level of subsistence that Buckle, in his *History of English Civilization*, tells us that in England the number of marriages, and, as a consequence, the number of births, are regulated absolutely by the price of corn.

**F**ROM THE FINANCIAL side—under the form of paternalism in which we now dwell, shudder as we may at the term—the State, assuming the old time functions of the family and educating each child at a large expense per capita, would be financially swamped if modern congested districts poured out the immense families of old.

Throughout history it is a fact that a falling birth rate has been the sign not of a declining but of a rising civilization, and is not to be feared while a falling death rate is also maintained. Otherwise would the Orient outstrip us.

When we accept the theory that the smaller improved family is of more definite modern advantage we at once ask ourselves if so called race suicide is really race suicide? May it not be race sanity? May not the motto of William

Morris in house furnishing, "Fewer things, and better," be paraphrased into "Fewer children and better"?

As the glacial period has been outlived, as the dinosaur and all the huge crawling vertebrates have been outgrown as too large and unwieldy for modern life—so the mastodon family has been sloughed off because unfit for a period that has outgrown brute strength, and has substituted a more highly organized and developed animal mentality in the struggle to survive.

The ideals of each age change. And the parents of every age must improve if racial stagnation, or, worse still, degeneration, is not to ensue. Our mothers were good enough for us we say, and so they were. But they are not good enough for our children any more than we should be adequate parents for the children of 1930. The qualifications of motherhood are not static. In fact, no other relationship calls for such plasticity, such fluidity to reflect the spirit of the times, and to move with it, as motherhood.

What is the spirit of the times today? What is the great, new characteristic that is engaging and molding the minds of men? Is it not a passion for racial betterment, a stirring consciousness that all is not right with the world, as we have so complacently sung, but that much of it is shamefully wrong, and that we, and not a far off Deity, are to blame?

The most striking characteristic of the new motherhood, then, is the social passion which marks the spirit of the age—an awakening of ethical and moral forces which precede all great concerted action where social justice is the goal. Ellen Key has said that the last century was the century of the woman, the present the century of the child. To the feminist the one is necessarily antecedent to the other. There could be no century of the child until there had first been the century of the spiritually and socially awakened woman. The agitation over child labor, and all questions of child improvement, have been an inevitable outcome of the new social passion of mothers. Never has welfare work been so nearly universal as today. Never have factory, the prison—there to guard and protect its own

**THROUGH THE FORCE** of this social passion we see the type of the old, individual mother—the natural product of a period when families lived in isolation—expanding into the world mother, the equally natural product of the crowded living of today. This mother does not see duty circumscribed even by the circle of her own little ones, but her tender sensibilities, because of this home group, go out to the world's little ones—the children of poverty, of consequent neglect, of dirt, and of grim despair. To such a mother—impersonal through having first been passionately personal—the fact that any child should be hungry while her child is fed, any child cold while hers is warm, is intolerable and sufficient motive power to account for a large part of the organized social work by which the age will be known. For the expression of the social passion is maternal above everything else. It is the great spirit of motherhood brooding over the world. It goes into all unclean places. It cleanses and changes the social environment

in order that the small human plant—the woman's own heart bloom—may grow erect, unhindered.

But not only to the woman blessed with children has this inner quickening, this sense of divine world motherhood, come. The social passion has stirred the great mother spirit to expression in women denied the boon of children, in whom the mother heart is nevertheless strong. We may not know the inner tragedies that have denied to these women nature's complete fulfillment. Yet for them life is no longer a sterility and a scoffing. They, too, may now mother communities and in needed, wide spread, social expression find the maternal outlet which nature has thwarted.

But as important as the social characteristics of the new motherhood are, they are second to the spiritual qualifications required. How does the modern mother provide for the inner unfolding of her child? On the development of the mother rests the fitness for this supreme task. On her attitude toward life almost wholly depends whether a child is to face the world spiritually armored to conquer circumstances, or stripped of the knowledge of those inner resources that alone will equip him with power.

**THE PSYCHIC ATMOSPHERE** into which even a baby is introduced has a most powerful effect in molding its disposition. We all know that a nervous mother—a nervous atmosphere—makes a nervous child. A troubled mistress makes a troubled household. Through laws we glimpse but do not yet understand, the mother attracts the conditions of her predominating state of mind. There are psychic as well as chemical laws of attraction. One need not be clairvoyant nor clairaudient to sojourn long in a home and discover its controlling temper. There are parents who "wear" on their children, though loving them devotedly, daughters who improve when they leave the circle of the mother's overanxiety, and sons who develop faster when removed from fathers who irritate rather than promote a steady growth.

How important the psychic life is to the developing child is well illustrated by the results of Mme. Montessori's methods. In the Casa Bambini—that home at last built especially for children—the little ones of the poor are taken, children from four to even years of age. No food was at first served to these unfortunates. But so adequate was the environment to the growing inner needs, so satisfying was the psychic life to the hungry child mind, and so wonderful the intellectual response of these mentally nourished little ones, that bodily welfare was affected and the children gained in color, in brightness, and in health.

The psychic atmosphere of this school also bestows complete spiritual freedom. "Whatever you want to do—don't" is the attitude of many mothers. "Whatever you want to do, do," in the right environment, and under proper guidance, is Madame Montessori's method. But it is impossible for a teacher or mother to environ a child with this liberating atmosphere until she herself has become spiritually free—that is, until she understands the importance of inner causation as the initial motor force of life. Then he finds

herself growing with her child—surely one of life's rare ecstasies—and eager above all things to hold and maintain her lead as she must do if she is to retain a complete unity with her little ones. For the highest type of child love is not the affection that loves merely the hand that bestows creature comforts, but the abject, spiritual idolatry of a small being to a wonderful mother companion who represents to the ideal *loving child mind, something of inner power, of self direction, of the beauty of purpose accomplishment*. These are the mothers who are worshipped, living or dead, whose spirits never die.

To be intellectually companionable to her children is the modern mother's ambition. Motherhood alone will not make her society desirable. Congeniality must be established. There are mothers who bore their children to extinction for lack of ability to enter the world of the child. By comprehending that eager fairy world and assuming leadership there in, a mother makes herself more fascinating than mortal may usually hope to be. For to be fascinating one must be interesting, and to be interesting to children one must find the key to that secret garden of the imagination where life is ever fragrant because pulsating with the growth of ideas that childhood wishes to gather. Even though the time for communion between mother and child is only the precious hours of night and morning, a mutual interest may be established in some thing in which every child shows a normal delight—pictures, books, music, inventions, play—and a magnetic bond be formed that will be a foreshadowing of the friendships and spiritual standards of the later man. And surely to be a child's best friend, as well as his mother, is a relationship that is lasting in profit and delight.

THE SPIRITUALLY AWAKENED mother is also a patriotic mother, but the patriotism is of a different order from that of old. It is civic—not militant. The new mother brings her boys up to live for their country, not to die for it, to give themselves to an improved citizenship, to fight the modern common enemy, which is not the host marching around the outside of the city, blowing trumpets before the onslaught, but the quiet forces of corruption silently sapping the city's resources within. The enemy may be no longer disposed of by the simple process of killing him. His weapons have become more deadly because more complex and subtle. The new patriotism among men and women organizes to fight the invisible foe within the city walls.

Because the warrior ideal is passing, the charge has been made that the world has become feminized, and that the prevalence of women school teachers is causing the manly virtues to become extinct. If this is true, may it not be that civilization is endeavoring to teach us to alter our definition of manly? Most of the outrages in history were "manly." May we not possibly pursue some of the "feminine" virtues without losing virility? The modern dentist advises "Be brave—be a woman." It requires more courage, more fortitude, to be motherhood once than a cannon a dozen times. To be feminine is not always to be soft—though man is pleased to cherish the illusion. To be feminine may be to be lion hearted—

and then not to talk about it! If the gladiator type is outgrown it is not because the world has become "feminized" but because progress has no further use for him. The field for achievement is not destroyed. The ice floes of the North, the blue dome under which we live, woo the valiant souls of today who hold life lightly if only their spirits may conquer. The Scotts, the Bleriot, the Wilbur Wrights, and the legions of their intrepid followers, bear witness to the fact, not that the world has become feminized, but that the pathway of valor leads through new realms of heroism.

AND LASTLY THE new, psychic motherhood is voluntary. And to be a voluntary mother is to summon all the spiritual forces of the universe to one's aid. A beautiful girl, who had recently become engaged, said to her mother's friend "I wish to be married and have a child immediately. Do you think that unwomanly?" I want to give Him one." The mother's friend did not consider the confession "unwomanly." She knew from what divine sources the impulse came—knew that it was spiritual as well as natural. Instead her eyes filled with tears. She herself had felt that voluntary impulse, as had thousands of other pure-minded women, when stirred by a truly complete love. For true love is always creative. It wishes to give and to give.

The value is immeasurable of such divinely desired children—the longed for child, not the haphazard offspring, the child of irresistible affinity, not of passing chance. If ever the state is to be uplifted, if ever humanity is to improve, if ever the Christian ideals of civilization are to be made real, it will be by these children who are consciously brought into being by high minded men and women, whether their advent be in a castle or a cottage. These are the children of light who represent the true joy and genius of motherhood. They compromise the world's saviours. Of such are earth's kingdom of heaven.

#### A C3 NATION

STRIKING PROOFS OF our tendency to become a C3 nation were laid before a meeting of Lord Mayors and Mayors at the Mansions House, yesterday, by the Medical Council of the People's League of Health.

"Out of 2¼ million men examined in 1918," said Colonel C. J. Bond, of Leicester, "only one third had attained the standard of Grade I. Under normal conditions there should have been double that number."

"Things are even worse now than they were in 1918," said Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., "which is not to be wondered at considering the price of the prime necessities of life."

"It is impossible that we should possess an A1 population when the people are driven to the public houses through the intense discomfort of their own homes."

Mr. Clynes, M.P., advocated the boldest measures to find the money sufficient to meet the housing question. With building at the price it was it would be impossible to meet the demand under £1,000,000,000—one eighth of the amount spent on the war. The difference would be that this money would be spent on the establishment of a real internal peace.

# Women in Germany

By Margaret Sanger

Berlin, August 18, 1920

ON THE SURFACE of things Germany seems dead, crushed, broken. One who is sensitive to thought feels at once a terrible sadness in this poverty stricken land. People have forgotten how to smile. Millions of children do not know how to laugh or play. There is a grim silence everywhere, for there is little traffic even in a city the size of Berlin.

When one talks to the men here, the hope for the future seems very dark unless Labor emerges to Power. They are optimistic according as they have a philosophy, a religion or a cause. But the women break down all the reserve of one's emotions. They are the sufferers, they have neither faith, hope, philosophy nor religion, they look out of eyes saddened by suffering, deepened by hunger. They are the sufferers in defeated Germany, as they were the sufferers in militaristic Germany. They are resigned to poverty and to want, for the rest of their lives. They are resigned—resigned to peace or war, to love or hatred—a living death or a sudden ending.

But there is one thing they are NOT resigned to—and that is to continue to be breeders of children for any State, either militaristic or socialist! They have gone so far in this that there is now pending a bill before the Reichstag entirely removing the penalty for abortion. There is another bill introduced by the Independent Socialists, not quite so radical, but making abortion legal, if done before "quickening." Only the Catholic Party is opposed to these bills, and it seems a foregone conclusion that one or the other of these will be carried before this article reaches America.

The women say quite frankly, in defending abortion, that if it is right for the State to take a child and kill it in wars, after it has been brought into the world, then it is equally just to assert the mother's right to prevent its coming here.

THE CHURCH CANNOT talk to these mothers about the sin of taking life (in the womb) while it approves of wars, and applauds the wholesale slaughter of men. This may sound cruel and inhuman to many of us in England and America who do not advocate abortions, but no one can refute its logic. It is a noteworthy fact that not one of the women to whom I have spoken so far believes in abortion as a practice, but it is principle for which they are standing. They also believe that the complete abolition of the abortion law will shortly *do away with abortions*, as nothing else will. They say that women will not desire continued abortions, consequently she will seek the best methods of contraception as the best and safest method of limiting her family.

Germany, like England, has been the strongest opponent of the principle of Malthus. The Socialists especially have opposed it, and influenced Labor, both here and abroad, to discount its principle and practice. Rosa Luxemburg followed Marx's footsteps in this line of thought. The Syndicates in

France, however, have long recognized the population question as one of importance to the working class, and have recently influenced the Syndicate in Germany to recommend its practice.

This organization has increased from five thousand members before the war, to two hundred thousand today, it has news papers, (daily and weekly) circulating in every trade and industry. The Syndicaliste is the only Radical and Labor organization in Germany that carries the Birth Control message to workers, and includes it in its propaganda. This seems to be the rising Radical group of action here. Thousands of working women have just joined it as a women's group, even children now take part in its activities.

Berlin, September 4, 1920

I HAVE JUST COME from a visit to a friend. She took me out to see five hundred children congregated together for their supper. This consisted of white bread (one roll) and cocoa, given to them by the Quakers, made from white flour sent from America.

These are only a small part of the five million starving children in Germany. They, like all the children, were and still are kept alive by the splendid work of the American Quakers. Were it not for these workers, who have given so generously of their time and energy and money, it is safe to say there would be few children alive in Germany or Austria today.

The one conspicuous thing I noticed about the children was the absolute cleanliness of their bodies and clothing. This was later on more appreciated, when I learned the scarcity as well as the price of soap. The clothing is darned and mended and patched until the garments look like the old fashioned "crazy work."

The next thing one finds is the condition of anaemia in everyone. The bread one eats is almost black, except that given to the children by various societies. At first I rather liked it, but after a few days the results are so apparent on one's health that I wonder anyone is alive at all. I am constantly hungry, nothing satisfies except eggs, and these cost over two marks each. Fruit is plentiful just now, plums especially, but potatoes and other vegetables are both scarce and expensive. Meat is rationed to half a pound a week for each person, milk is obtained only by a doctor's certificate as Germany's cows were given over to France.

THERE IS NO doubt that there are two sides of Germany to visitors, the working district life, and the hotel life. I have been for two weeks living in a working class district, here conditions are miserable. In the down town district, especially in hotels, there is a little meat and vegetables, provided one can pay the high prices for them. The stories the women tell of their privations during the war are unbelievable. They tell of the time when, for months there was practically no food except turnips. They ate turnip soup, turnips raw turnips



mashed, turnip salad, turnip coffee, until the whole system revolted physically against the sight of turnips. The contact of other persons in the trains and carriages, for even a few minutes, became unbearable from the reeking odor of turnips. They tell too of the daily concern of the children's lives, the torture of watching their children slowly starve to death under their eyes, little faces growing paler, eyes more listless, little heads drooping day by day, until finally they did not even ask for food at all.

Then the Revolution! They were thankful for that, but it has not brought much relief, and the coming winter is dreaded. Men are now working only three days a week, averaging one hundred and fifty marks a week for a family. Here too, the women are the sufferers. The best food must be given to the men. Charities and kind societies give the children cocoa and soup, but the mother goes without, or lives on what she can scrape together. Her life is a constant hunt for food, all her

days are occupied with the problem of feeding her family. It is a terrible problem!

In two weeks I find myself hunting food shops like a hungry animal. I have learned to examine each new article as keenly as any war sufferer. If cheese, or American evaporated milk is on the market (which costs 12 marks, by the way, or 36 cents at today's exchange) I find myself delighted and interested. I know it is time for me to move on. How can women think of anything but food in this environment? Yet they are thinking and thinking hard. They find time to be kind and thoughtful to others too. I did not register at the Police Station, and consequently did not get my ration cards, but a neighbor, a mother of three lovely girls, got some bread for me, and gave me her potatoes while she gave her family rice, instead. Naturally I was moved to tears by such thoughtfulness. This is only one of many such experiences, so far.

## William E. Williams

A TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND

By William C. Lengel

IT IS BILLY WILLIAMS I'm writing about. It is too soon for me to do a good job of it. Five years hence I'll do a better one, in ten years I shall understand him.

Just now the startling thing that forces itself on my consciousness is the poignant memory of this tender-hearted iconoclast groping about for something solid to grasp, some magic of faith to give him strength in those last days.

\* \* \*

I set this down, not as an evidence of weakness, but how prophetic of the end.

\* \* \*

It was Billy Williams who taught me tolerance. I was very much excited about something or other—time has proved its comparative unimportance—some new evidence of stupidity or oppression on the part of the reactionaries. I seem to recall that these reactionaries had once been liberals, if not radicals.

"Well," said Billy, "let's you and me hope to keep young enough in mind to sympathize with the new ways of radical thinkers twenty years from now."

I don't submit that as a new or even a brilliant thought—but it had a great lesson for me.

A crowded life that ended at forty. How chronicle the labor of those years, how tell the story of its achievements? A life so full of life that the high peaks of happiness and the very depths of sorrows were levelled by the swift flight of Time.

NEWSPAPER DAYS in St. Joseph and Kansas City, writing days—and then the days as a crusader in the battle of humanity!

Billy Williams was one of the best and keenest newspaper men I have ever met. Out in Kansas City they are now publishing long stories of his accomplishments.

He was on the Post in Kansas City when I first met him. Managing Editor I think was his title, but his duties were not confined to the work of that one job. Billy always carried the burden of three or four ordinary men. His really fine physique, his intense desire for doing, and his comprehensive understanding made him keen for taking hold of big problems—and people were always going to him with their own troubles.

My particular trouble at that time was wanting to write. Billy published some of my first attempts in the Sunday Post and insisted that I could write. How many times since has he insisted that when editors have insisted otherwise. I can see him now—in those days when he was in robust health, when his appetite was of a size fit for his great frame, when he carried off everything with great gusto—I can see him sitting across the table from me, in Johnson's, a huge mutton chop, a mammoth baked potato, a big jug of old ale before him, the very healthy exuberance of him giving me a confidence that was little more than a reflection of his own tremendous vitality. Just what that sort of encouragement has meant to me can never be told and the only man who could understand it is he who gave it—and he is gone.

Fate arranged that I should help Billy Williams realize one of his dreams—that of coming to New York. I arranged for him to come here to handle the publicity work in connection with the Commonwealth Hotel—a cooperative enterprise.

Yes, I brought him here—but New York claimed him, not the New York of the incandescent lights, not New York, the wanton, but the New York of the oppressed, New York, the cradle of a liberty to come that exists now only in the dreams of men and women like Billy Williams.

IN THE FIVE years that Billy Williams lived in New York, not a movement to advance the cause of humanity that did not have the work of his head, the joy of his heart and his valiant pen to further it

The cause of labor, the cause of peace, the cause of woman suffrage, the cause of a finer and freer motherhood, the cause of all humanity! No wonder the fires burned themselves out in five years!

And Billy Williams viewed a sorrowing and oppressed world with so little bitterness. His was not a cynical nature. No cynic could have written those charming essays that it was my privilege to publish in *The Hoggson Magazine*. Those essays—written, I know now, under great stress—have the flavor, and the substance as well, of the masters. No present day writer can excel the work of Billy Williams in this *metier*.

Had Billy Williams been able to turn his thoughts from the greater cause of humanity to the lesser one of literature, he would have won a high place. Primarily a pleader, his essays rank superior to his short stories, he was so fervent and earnest

that he often "wept into" his stories. It was difficult for him to become detached from his characters and their particular set of troubles.

Perhaps the amazing thing is that he was able to write at all considering the turmoil of his soul in these last few turbulent years.

That through all his disillusionments he could have retained so sweet a heart, so simple and delighted a nature is partially explained at least in W. Adolphe Robert's remark that "Billy Williams was an incorrigible sentimentalist."

\* \* \*

What incoherent fragments I have set down, what an inadequate portrayal, what an incomplete picture!

I don't think Billy Williams was a great man in the accepted sense of greatness, I don't even think his was a great mind. But he was the greatest *human being* I've ever known.

His capacity for just understanding! That was a gift of the gods—nay the rarest gift of the gods.

## Goldie

By Angelina Grimké

(Synopsis)

VICTOR FORREST COMES back hurriedly to his home in the South after five years of absence in the North. It is after midnight when he arrives and he has to walk the three miles to Hopewood. The road for the most part lies through dark and silent woods. Thoughts and memories of his little sister Goldie, six years his junior, keep his mind busy the whole way. Goldie and he are orphans and he had left her behind in the care of an uncle and an aunt, with the full intention of sending for her when he was financially able. After his third year away, however, Goldie had written that she had married Cy Harper. Her home now is beyond the settlement in the midst of a little clearing in the woods.

Victor finally reaches Hopewood and finds everything peaceful and reassuring with the exception of a sound of keening that comes from old Aunt Phebe's home. He leaves the settlement behind but the sound of that keening has disturbed him. Goldie's two last letters, his reason for coming South, refuse to be ignored by him. In the first letter he had learned of the white man Lafe Coleman who had been annoying Goldie for years. As long as she had been in the settlement it had been easy to outwit him, but the situation was more difficult for her now that she was living away from people. She feared to tell Cy, knowing what he would do. Not only Cy and she might have to pay for his action but the settlement as well. What ought she to do? And then on the top of this letter comes a second "Cy knows and O, Vic, if you love me come, come, come."

(Continued)

Way down, inside of him, in the very depths, a dull cold rage began to glow, but he banked it down again, carefully, very carefully, as he had been able to do, so far, each time before that the thoughts of Lafe Coleman and little Goldie's helplessness had threatened anew to stir it.

—That there ought to be the great live oak—and beyond should be the clearing, in the very "prezact" middle of which should be the little home all of Goldie's own—

For some inexplicable reason his feet suddenly began to show a strange reluctance to go forward.

"Damned silly ass!" he said to himself. "There wasn't a thing wrong with the settlement. That ought to be a good enough sign for anybody with a grain of sense."

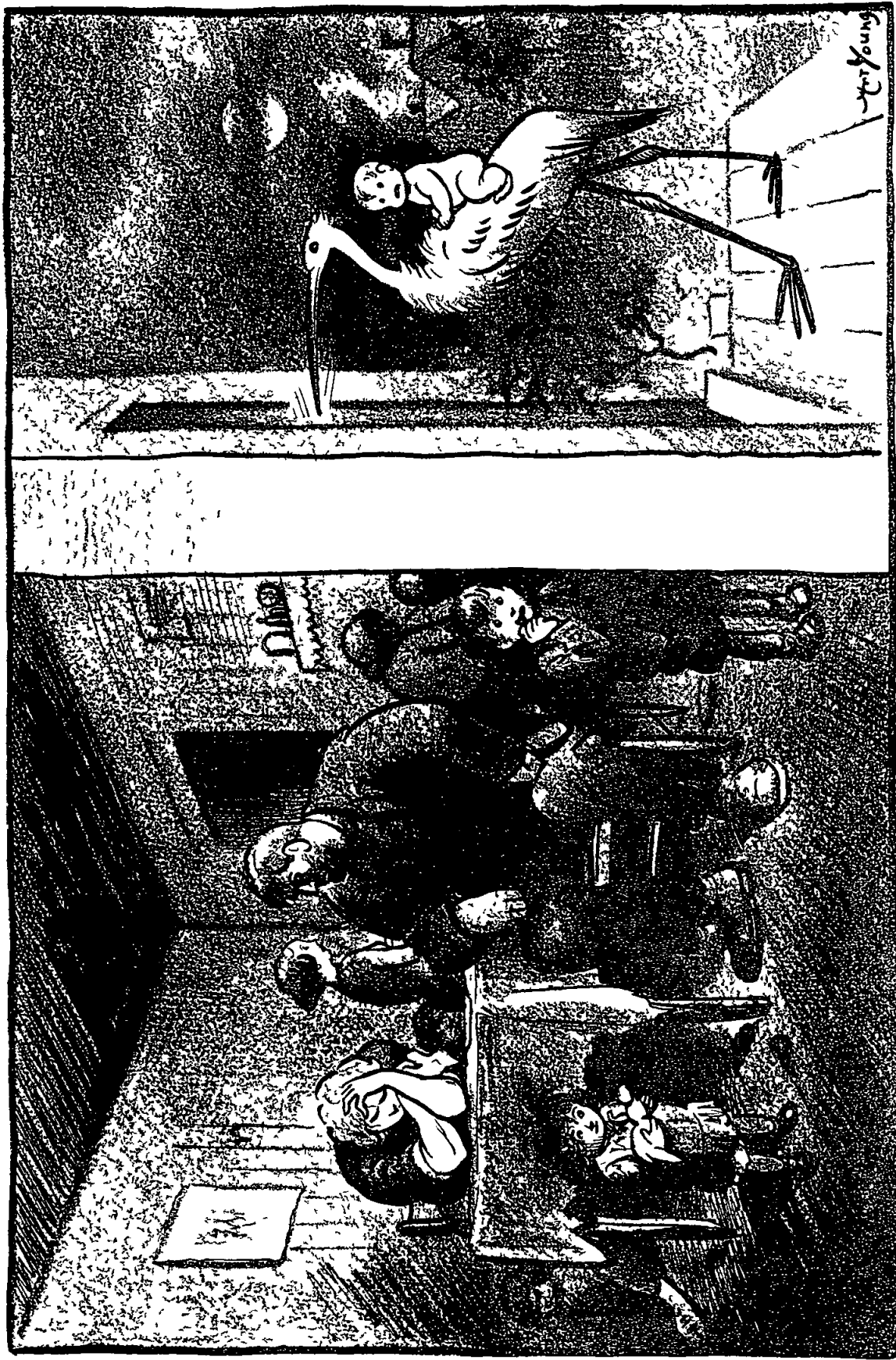
And then, quite suddenly, he remembered the keening.

He did not turn back or pause, still his feet showed no tendency to hasten. Of necessity, however, it was only a matter of time before he reached the live oak. He came to a halt beside it, ears and every sense keenly on the alert. Save for the stabbing, white stars above the clearing, there was nothing else in all the world, it seemed, but himself and the heavy black silence.

Once more he advanced but, this time, by an act of sheer will. He paused, set his jaw and faced the clearing. In the very center was a dark small mass, it must be the little home. The breath he had drawn in sharply, while turning, he emitted in a deep sigh. His knees felt strangely weak—What he had expected to see exactly, he hardly knew. He was almost afraid of the reaction going on inside of him. The relief, the blessed relief at merely finding it there, the little home all her own!

It made him feel suddenly very young and joyous and the world, bad as it was, a pretty decent old place after all. Danger!—of course, there was no danger—How could he have been so absurd?—Just wait until he had teased Goldie a plenty about this. He started to laugh aloud but caught himself in time.

—No use awaking them. He'd steal up and sit on the porch, there'd probably be a chair there or something, and wait until



Welcome!

dawn—They shouldn't be allowed to sleep one single second after that—And then he'd bang on their window, and call out quite casually

"O Goldie Harper, this is a nice way—isn't it?—to treat a fellow, not even to leave the latch string out for him?"

He could hear Goldie's little squeal now

And then he'd say to Cy

"Hello, you big fathead, you!—what do you mean, anyhow, by making a perfectly good brother in law hoof it the whole way here, like this?"

He had reached the steps by this time and he began softly to mount them. It was very dark on the little porch and he wished he dared to light a match, but he musn't risk anything that might spoil the little surprise he was planning. He transferred his bag from his right to his left hand, the better to feel his way. With his fingers outstretched in front of him he took a cautious step forward and stumbled over something.

"Clumsy chump!" he exclaimed below his breath, "that will about finish your little surprise I am thinking." He stood stock still for several seconds, but there was no sound.

"Some sleepers," he commented.

He leaned over to find out what it was he had stumbled against and discovered that it was a broken chair lying on its side. Slowly he came to a standing posture. He was not as happy for some reason. He stood there, very quiet, for several moments. Then his hand stretched out before him, he started forward again. This time, after only a couple of steps, his hand came in contact with the housefront. He was feeling his way along, cautiously still, when all of a sudden his fingers encountered nothing but air. Surprised, he paused. He thought, at first, he had come to the end of the porch. He put out a carefully exploring foot only to find firm boards beneath. A second time he experimented with the same result. And then, as suddenly, he felt the housefront once more beneath his fingers. Gradually it came to him where he must be. He was standing before the door and it was open, wide open!

He could not have moved if he had wished. He made no sound and none broke the blackness all about.

It was sometime afterwards when he put his bag down upon the porch, took a box of matches out of his pocket, lit one and held it up. His hand was trembling, but he managed, before it burned his fingers and he blew it out automatically, to see four things—two open doors to right and left, a lamp in a bracket just beyond the door at the left and a dirty mud trodden floor.

The minutes went by and then, it seemed to him, somebody else called out.

"Goldie! Cy!" This was followed by silence only.

Again the voice tried, a little louder this time.

"Goldie! Cy!"—There was no response.

This other person who seemed, somehow, to have entered into his body, moved forward, struck another match, lit the lamp and took it down out of the bracket. Nothing seemed to make very much difference to this stranger. He moved his body stiffly, his eyes felt large and dry. He passed through

the open door at the left and what he saw there did not surprise him in the least. In some dim way, only, he knew that it affected him.

There was not, in this room, one single whole piece of furniture. Chairs, tables, a sofa, a whatnot, all had been smashed, broken, torn apart, the stuffing thrown, scattered here, there and everywhere. The piano lay on one side, its other staved in—Something, it reminded him of—some thing to do with a grin—the black notes like the rotting stumps of teeth. Oh! yes, Lafe Coleman!—that was it. The thought aroused no particular emotion in him. Only, again he knew it affected him in some far off way.

Every picture on the walls had been wrenched down and the moulding with it, the pictures, themselves, defaced and torn, and the glass splintered and crushed under foot. Knick knacks, vases, a china clock, all lay smashed and broken. Even the rug upon the floor had not escaped, but had been ripped up, torn into shreds and fouled by many dirty feet. The frail white curtains and window shades had gone down, too, in this human whirlwind, not a pane of glass was whole. The white woodwork and the white walls were soiled and smeared. Over and over the splay fingered imprint of one dirty hand repeated itself on the walls. A wanton boot had kicked through the plastering in places.

This someone else went out of the door, down the hall, into the little kitchen and dining room. In each room he found precisely the same conditions prevailing.

There was one left, he remembered, so he turned back into the hall, went along it to the open door and entered in.—What was the matter, here, with the air?—He raised the lamp higher above his head. He saw the same confusion as elsewhere. A brass bed was overturned and all things else shattered and topsy turvy. There was something dark at the foot of the bed. He moved nearer, and understood why the air was not pleasant. The dark object was a little dead dog, a yellow one, with a wrinkled forehead. His teeth were bared in a snarl. A kick in the belly had done for him. He leaned over, the little leg was quite stiff. Less dimly, this time, he knew that this affected him.

He straightened up. When he had entered the room there had been something he had noticed for him to do. But, what was it? This stranger's memory was not all that should be.—Oh! yes, he knew, now. The bed. He was to right the bed. With some difficulty he cleared a space for the lamp and set it down carefully. He raised the bed. Nothing but the mattress and the rumpled and twisted bed clothing. He didn't know exactly just what this person was expecting to find.

He was sitting on the steps, the extinguished lamp at his side. It was dawn. Everything was veiled over with grey. As the day came on a breeze followed softly after, and with the breeze there came to him there on the steps a creaking, two creakings!—somewhere there to the right, they were, among the trees. The grey world became a shining green one. Why were the birds singing like that, he wondered.—It didn't take the day long to get here—did it?—once it started. A second time his eyes went to the woods at the right. He was

able to see, now Nothing there, as far as he could make out His eyes dropped from the trees to the ground and he beheld what looked to him like a trampled path It began, there at the trees, it approached the house, it passed over a circular bed of little pansies It ended at the steps Again his eyes traversed the path, but this time from the steps to the trees

Quite automatically he arose and followed the path Quite automatically he drew the branches aside and saw what he saw Underneath those two terribly mutilated swinging bodies, lay a tiny unborn child, its head crushed in by a deliberate heel

Suddenly something went very wrong in his head He dropped the branches, turned and sat down A spider, in the sunshine, was reweaving the web some one had just destroyed while passing through the grass He sat slouched far forward watching the spider for hours He wished the birds couldn't sing so—Somebody had said something once about them He wished, too, he could remember who it was

About midday, the children of the colored settlement, playing in the road looked up and saw a man approaching There was something about him that frightened them, the little ones in particular, for they ran screaming to their mothers The larger ones drew back as unobtrusively as possible into their own yards The man came on with a high head and an unhurried gait His should have been a young face, but it was not Out of its set sternness looked his eyes, and they were very terrible eyes indeed Mothers with children hanging to them from behind and peering around, came to their doors The man was passing through the settlement, now A woman, startled, recognized him and called the news out shrilly to her man eating his dinner within He came out, went down to the road rather reluctantly The news spread Other men from other houses followed the first man's example They stood about him, quite a crowd of them The stranger, of necessity, came to a pause There were no greetings on either side He eyed them over, this crowd, coolly, appraisingly, contemptuously They eyed him, in turn, but surreptitiously They were plainly very uncomfortable Wiping their hands on aprons, women joined the crowd A larger child or two dared the outskirts No one would meet his eyes

Suddenly a man was speaking His voice came sharply, jerkily He was telling a story Another took it up and another One added a detail here, one, a detail there Heated arguments arose over insignificant particulars, angry words were passed Then came too noisy explanations, excuses, speeches in extenuation of their own actions, pleas, attempted exoneration of themselves The strange man said never a word He listened to each and to all His contemptuous eyes roved each writhe in turn They had finished There was nothing more, that they could see to be said They waited, eyes on the ground, for him to speak

But what he said was

"Where is Uncle Ray?"

Uncle Ray, it seemed was away—had been for two weeks and Aunt Millie with him No one had written to him for his address was not known

The strange man made no comment

"Where is Lafe Coleman?" he asked

No one there knew where he was to be found—not one They regretted the fact, they were sorry, but they couldn't say They spoke with lowered lids, shifting their bodies uneasily from foot to foot

Watching their faces he saw their eyes suddenly lift, as if with one accord and focus upon something behind him and to his right He turned his head In the brilliant sunshine, a very old, very bent form leaning heavily on a cane was coming down the path from the house in whose window he had seen the dimmed light It was Aunt Phoebe

He left the crowd abruptly and went to meet her When she was quite sure he was coming she paused where she was, bent over double, her two hands, one over the other, on the knob of her cane, and waited for him No words, either, between these two He looked down at her and she bent back her head, tremulous from age, and looked up at him

The wrinkles were many and deep bitten in Aunt Phoebe's dark skin A border of white wool fringed the bright bandana tied tightly around her head There were grey hairs in her chin, two blue rings encircled the rises of her dim eyes But all her ugliness could not hide the big heart of her, kind yet, and brave, after ninety years on earth

And as he stood gazing down at her, quite suddenly he remembered what Goldie had once said about those circled eyes

"Kings and Queens may have *their* crowns and welcome What's there to *them*?'—But the kind Aunt Phoebe wears—that's different She earned hers, Vic, earned them through many years and long of sorrow, and heartbreak and bitter, bitter tears She bears with her the unforgetting heart—And though they could take husband and children and sell them South, though she lost them in the body—never a word of them, since—she keeps them always in her heart—I know, Vic, I *know*!—And God who is good and God who is just touched her eyes, both of them and gave her blue crowns, beautiful ones, a crown for each Don't you see she is of God's Elect?"

For a long time Victor Forrest stood looking down into those crowned eyes

No one disturbed these two in the sun drenched little yard They, in the road, drew closer together and watched silently

And then he spoke

"You are to tell me, Aunt Phoebe—aren't you?—where I am to find Lafe Coleman?"

Aunt Phoebe did not hesitate a second "Yes," she said and told him

The crowd in the road moved uneasily, but no one uttered a word

And, then, Victor Forrest did a thing he had never done before, he leaned over swiftly and kissed the wrinkled parchment cheek of Aunt Phoebe

"Goldie loved you," he said and straightened up, turned on his heel without another word and went down the path to the road Those, there, made no attempt to speak They drew

closer together and made way for him. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He passed them without a glance. He went with a steady, purposeful gait and a high head. All watched him for they knew they were never to see him alive again. The woods swallowed Victor Forrest. A low keening was to be heard. Aunt Phoebe had turned and was going more feebly, more slowly than ever towards her house.

Those that know whereof they speak say that when Lafe Coleman was found he was not a pleasant object to see. There was no bullet in him—nothing like that. It was the marks upon his neck and the horror of his blackened face.

And Victor Forrest died, as the other two had died, upon another tree.

There is a country road upon either side of which grow trees even to its very edges. Each tree has been chosen and

transplanted here for a reason and the reason is that at some time each has borne upon its boughs a creaking victim. Hundreds of these trees, there are, thousands of them. They form a forest—"Creaking Forest" it is called. And over this road many pass, very, very many. And they go jauntily, joyously here—even at night. They do not go as Victor Forrest went,—they do not sense the things that Victor Forrest sensed. If their souls were not deaf, there would be many things for them to hear in "Creaking Forest." At night the trees become an ocean dark and sinister, for it is made up of all the evil in all the hearts of all the mobs that have done to death their creaking victims. It is an ocean arrested at the very edges of the road by a strange spell. But this spell may snap at any second and with that snapping this sea of evil will move, rush, hurl itself heavily and swiftly together from the two sides of the road, engulfing, grinding, crushing, blotting out all in its way.

## Hard Facts

IT SEEMED TO me all was so hopeless—all my experiences in the work—the Hard Facts—seem weekly to become more tragic. Just now a patient whom I have not seen for the last three or four years came to me and gave me a glimmer of hope—one woman at last had waked up and settled the question for herself.

ANGELINA M.—A patient had come to me some years ago begging for help, as her babies were coming so quickly—her husband was a drinker and gambler—they were going down hill so rapidly and sinking lower and lower. She was then 25 years of age, a dejected, worn out, old woman. Her babies were four, three, two years old and a miscarriage which I strongly suspected was self induced. She said she had taken her man to court and that he had made promises only to break them immediately. What could she do? Angelina was an expert embroiderer. I advised her to go to work and leave her husband until he reformed. She replied that she was so tired and worn out that she did not think she could work.

We drifted apart. I thought that no doubt she was ashamed to come back as I told her she deserved all the abuse she got if she continued to go on living with her husband.

Last week a very bright, neatly dressed woman walked into my office and said—"Don't you know me? I am Angelina M. Well after I had been battered up a few times more I took your advice, packed up my babes and took my own few belongings and went to an old aunt who lives on the outskirts of the city who took us all in, poor as she was. Then I went back to my trade. I have all the work I can do, make \$35 weekly and when the season is in full swing and my aunt helps me, we make \$45 and \$50. My children are growing fine and sturdy. My baby is five years old and I am a well woman."

When I asked her if the battle had been easy, she answered, "Indeed no, my husband wrote many pleading letters. When I took no notice, he came and bothered me and twice when I

went to the city, he met me, became abusive and threatened "to do" for me—I had him hailed to court and he was bound to keep the peace and leave me alone until he could offer me and the children a decent home. I had not seen or heard from him in over a year—except through relatives who tell me he has not mended his ways. Now that I have found myself, I will never return to that degrading slavery again."

I wish I were at liberty to send you a letter from a courageous little mother, who has broken up her home and has moved out of the city to give her man one more chance—if he breaks this promise, he must then part and go his way alone—She was still hoping and trusting, as she said, if she got him away from his drinking gang he would reform.

(She added that he seemed to drink more since we have had prohibition.)

Some day perhaps this wonderful little mother will let me publish her letter.

Just when I was about to give up in despair, these two splendid courageous women have given me faith to go on with the work.

FANNIE M. 40 YEARS, came to see me recently. She asked, please could I not do something to help her, she was so tired, she felt as if she could not go another day. This is her story. She has nine living children ranging from eighteen years and has had two miscarriages.

One girl had left home, as soon as she went to work. The mother said, "I do not know that I blame her, we have always had such a struggle. To work so hard all week and then be expected to give up her earnings and to be content with such an outlook forever. No, I do not blame her for leaving us." Two children are in a charitable institution.

"You know," she said, "my husband has had tuberculosis for a long time, he is now a cured case, but he is not a strong man. He is an operator on men's coats, but he cannot work indoors

for any length of time. He averages \$30 a week. The three youngest children are now under observation at a tuberculosis clinic. Oh, nurse! do you know I do not think I have had a good night's rest in sixteen years. There always seems to have been someone ill and many times there was not enough for the children to eat." I tried to console this little mother and to tell her better days were coming and that I would send the three small children away for the summer and she would then have a rest. "For the children," she said, "I am glad, but for my self, I think it is too late. I am tired out, it is cruel to demand so much of a woman and I only hope when my girls grow up that they will be spared the great burden I have had to carry. Perhaps then the doctors will know more and be able to help them." (This poor mortal did not know it was against the law to give contraceptive information. She had asked several doctors to help her and they had told her they did not know of any preventative.) Here again was a hopeless task. How could I aid this woman. Her absolute loss of confidence and hope owing to the constant worry of again becoming pregnant was pitiful and discouraging.

**R**OSE L. 33 YEARS old, six living children, two miscarriages. Ages eleven, nine and a half, five and a half years, twenty months and seven months.

Seldom in my work have I seen such a tired wreck as this poor soul. This is her story. She had come to this country when thirteen years old and had been hired out as a servant.

She had never known anything but hard work. She married hoping life would be brighter and it was for two years, but ever since then there had been sickness and one trouble after another. Last year she had been in the hospital four months with stomach trouble and has had rheumatism for three or four years, every finger joint was deformed with the disease. Last winter her husband scratched his arm and blood poisoning set in and he was out of work for some weeks. He was now working again, earning \$30 a week, but they owed so much. They were living in a basement, paying \$12 a month rent. "Oh nurse! I am so sick and the babies are coming so fast." Then she folded her hands and said, "Dear God, will there ever be any rest for me!" She said that when she was in the hospital she had asked the doctor and had even gone to his office afterwards and again asked him to tell her what to do so as not to have any more babies, at least until she was well again. When asked what he said, she replied he laughed and told her to go home and get those foolish notions out of her head. "He was good and kind when I was sick in the hospital, but he was a cruel man the way he laughed when I told him I must have a chance to get my strength back. If it were not for my helpless babies, I would go to sleep tonight for a long sleep and wish there would be no awakening."

The courage of this woman for the sake of her babies to battle on, made me very ashamed to think how helpless I was to aid her in her great struggle for health again.

## News Notes

### CRY OF THE BABIES

**T**HE BABIES' CRY is the international cry, the one language which holds the nations together," declared Ramsay MacDonald yesterday, speaking at the opening ceremony of the Baby Clinic Hospital, Ladbroke road, W.

The hospital is in memory of Margaret MacDonald and Mary Middleton, and is the outcome of the first baby clinic founded by the Women's Labor League in Telford road, Kensington, eight years ago.

In North Kensington the housing conditions are as bad as in any part of East London, and it was found that daily treatment of the sick babies at the Telford Road Clinic was negated by the shocking conditions of home life to which they were obliged to return. The present premises have been informally open since October last.

Sixteen tiny patients, all children of Kensington mothers in poor circumstances, were lying in their cots yesterday when a *Daily Herald* representative visited the hospital, their ages ranging from a few weeks to two years. Among them were twins who at three weeks old had been obliged to be placed in a day nursery while the mother went back to her work.

### THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE LAW *Laws Made by Man*

**N**OW THAT WOMEN are to share with men the responsibility of making the laws it is to be hoped that they will

use their influence to enact legislation which will prevent the occurrence of such an incident as this, described in the *Pictorial Review* for September.

It was a little, subdued, oldish woman in a black dress who was "the next case." She had violated the Compulsory Education Law. The judge looked very sternly at her and demanded to know why her boy was not in school.

"I am a widow with five children, all under fourteen," she said. "The little money that I earn is not enough to keep them in food and clothes. My boy hadn't a decent rag of clothes so I kept him at home."

"Don't you know that this State provides for such cases as yours under the Mothers' Pension Law? If you had asked for help you could have had it."

There was a Mothers' Pension Law in her State, but her appeal for help had come too late. The funds had all been used up months ago. Jimmie and the four other orphans could not work under the Child Labor Laws of that State. They could not stay home from school under the Compulsory Education Law. The widowed mother could not earn enough money to clothe them properly, and decency forbade that they go to school naked.

The judge was a conscientious man. The law must be upheld. He imposed a fine which, of course, she could not pay. So, in order to help matters the mother was sent to jail—the children to an orphan's home!

—National Humane Review

## SOLDIERS IN TRENCH SAFER THAN BABIES

UNDERNOURISHMENT AMONG American children is a very serious problem confronting the United States, according to Mrs Ira Couch Wood of the McCormick Foundation in Chicago, who spoke yesterday at the convention of the American Dietetic Association in the Hotel McAlpin

"There is no group more tenderly cared for and more unintelligently neglected than the school children," said Mrs Wood "The Government spends millions annually upon domestic animals and the preventing of disease among them, and spends thousands only upon the children

"Forty per cent of school children are undernourished The children of the rich are 12 to 20 per cent underweight In Chicago it was found that a group of foreign children near the stockyard were only 17 per cent underweight, while in an all American group near the University of Chicago they were 57 per cent below normal

"The dangers in the death rate among children can be seen when we realize that our children are in greater danger than soldiers who fought in the war It was twelve times as dangerous to be a baby in Illinois as it was to be on the front firing line in the French trenches Each year in this country half a million babies under the age of six years die from neglect and ignorance

"However, some progress is being made to establish classes in connection with the school system Youngsters learn to compute their balanced meal in calories and in classes are arranged according to their progress in gaining weight, after the fashion of the old spelling match"

## BIRTH CONTROL OR RACIAL DEGENERATION

(Continued from page 4)

"True," some of our opponents will reply, "but the way out is not to interfere with God's purposes in the institution of marriage, but to inculcate self restraint and self control Especially is it incumbent on the wives to lead their husbands up"

We must persuade our critics to face facts One is positively dumbfounded by the ignorance of human nature, of social conditions, of popular beliefs and conventions, displayed by the airy theorists who argue as above They utterly fail to grasp that "sex" occupies a very different place in the life of the man whose days are passed in monstrous, uncreative toil, from that which it usually assumes among people who find ample opportunities for pleasure and full scope for their energies in travel, in art, in literature, in stimulating social intercourse A workingman marries largely for practical reasons He wants to enjoy certain natural satisfactions, and he wants a domestic servant, and the wife feels it as little consistent with her duty to be chary of one set of services as of the other When men are sickly, or down in the world, the women would feel it to be especially brutal to refuse them any possible consolation Moreover, did they adopt a different course, the law makes the husbands masters of the situation They have but to threaten to withhold, or diminish, the already far too small housekeeping money, and the mothers of three or four hungry children dare not continue their recalcitrancy

"JUST AS THE Eugenists say," laments another section of our fellow citizens "The preventive measures you wish to teach will only be adopted by the cream of the working classes Consequently, an ever increasing proportion of the population will be furnished by the lower grade stocks"

An enormous number of children, destined in later years to swell the ranks of the Unfit, come, however, from just such families as we have described above The parents would willingly have kept the number of their offspring within their means of feeding them, had they known how, nor had they any desire to burden themselves with one ailing child after another Also, experience shows that the fathers are not less grateful for information about prevention, than are the mothers

There undoubtedly exist classes, however, at a considerably lower moral, and even economic, level, and it is the proportional fecundity of these which Eugenists fear But a general knowledge of contraceptive methods would, for the first time, bring public opinion to bear on the multiplication of the submerged

The masses look upon sexual intercourse as the natural and indefeasible right of all married people, and at present absolutely refuse to demand from any section of society an ascetism which they consider utterly unreasonable The more intelligent, however, are by no means blind or indifferent to the misery caused by the present, hap hazard system of replenishing the population "It's only punishing the children," said one "It brings poverty and wretchedness into the world," said another Were safe and simple methods of contraception put within the reach of every married couple, public opinion would no longer consider large, poverty stricken sickly families as objects of pity or charity, but the parents would be visited with popular indignation And not only out of pity for the children Labour leaders fully realize that their class is weakened in its economic struggle by the ever growing contingent of physical and mental weaklings within its ranks, but at present they are helpless

(To be continued)

## Book Reviews

## THE CONTROL OF PARENTHOOD

The book edited by James Marchant under the title, *The Control of Parenthood* brings together in one book the uncoerced opinions of nearly a dozen able and learned men and women on the subject of the regulation of population by methods of birth control

On so highly controversial a subject as this it is an excellent thing to have at one's command in one volume the reasons for and against the conscious control of parenthood And the essays are excellently written The subject is treated from the biological, economical social and religious and imperial and racial aspect, two or three authorities being apportioned to the exposition of each one of these aspects Accordingly, as a result of this felicitous treatment of the subject, and the diverse views expressed, we find arguments advanced in one essay strengthened or refuted by another writer writing from a different point of view

Sir Rider Haggard's arguments for increase of population to preserve the dominations of the British Empire are aptly answered in Mr Harold Cox's essay on the economic aspect of the question Mr Cox shows that in the struggle with Germany for supremacy, England could not engage in a procreation contest with the people of Germany for even if



England went back to the maximum recorded birth rate for England and Wales and extended that rate to the whole of the United Kingdom, Germany with the same birth rate would produce nearly seven hundred thousand more babies per annum than England

This much, however, may be said for Sir Rider Haggard's insistence on a greatly increased birth rate in the British Empire—that if you are convinced that the white races must dominate the earth, that it is not only their will but their destiny, you are entirely logical in pleading for a high, the highest possible birth rate. Horde for horde you must match with the brown and yellow races if your ultimate aim is complete and enduring domination. It is true, as Mr Cox has pointed out, that India was conquered by England at a time when the population of England was less than a fifth of what it now is, and this might well seem a proof of the power of quality over quantity. But Sir Rider Haggard ignores this, evidently contemplating a time when, if the birth rate in the United Kingdom continues to decline, the disparity between the Eastern and Western races will be so great that the quality of the white race fine though it may be, will not be able to withstand the shock of overwhelming numbers and must perish.

Such may be assumed to be the ultimate outcome of a steadily and progressively declining birth rate in the United Kingdom but it is by no means certain that the high birth rate which Sir Rider Haggard demands would assure the white race of continuing supremacy over other races. With a higher birth rate is he prepared for the lowering of the standard of living and the economic evils which will inevitably follow? And what will be the fate of the dominant white races if they forfeit the advantages of that high quality of civilization and high standard of living which has enabled them with fewer numbers to conquer older and more prolific races? To numbers they can then only oppose numbers, and will be no more fit to carry on the torch of civilization than the races they hope to conquer.

In the other essays in the book the most frequently stated objection to birth control is that 'familiarity with the laws of physiology may lead to a materialistic view of all sexual questions, which would have disastrous results on the morality of the nation' (The Very Rev Dean Inge). And the same thought is expressed again in Dr Mary Scharlieb's essay in these words 'The possibility of satiating desire without incurring the risk of procreation tends to the over development of the sexual side of the characters of both men and women.'

It follows, of course, that if men and women are free of outside restraint—free to make or mar their own characters—that a number of them will go down to defeat in the task. But it is not right to deprive all of the possibility of self development because a few are incapable of it. In a society where birth control was generally known and widely practiced, self control and temperance in the marital relation would be as clearly and certainly the mark of an admirable character as it is now. Further, a restraint practiced as the result of a conviction of the personal worth of it would have greater value in moulding a character for righteousness than a restraint practiced through a cowardly or panicky fear of consequences.

The few points brought out here hardly do more than indicate the wealth of thought in this book, or the gravity of the questions discussed in it. The book should be read by every one of that vast public which has as yet never considered the facts on which to base an enlightened opinion.—B S

MARGARET FULLER—A Psychological Biography, by Katherine Anthony, Published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe

There can be no doubt that of all the so-called modern women, Margaret Fuller was the most modern. Had she been born today she would still have been ahead of the times.

Seventy years ago she stood at the head of the great movements which have reached, or are reaching their culmination today, the Woman Movement in America and the Revolutionary Movement in Europe.

In both of these movements she took an active part, and her vision was all the clearer perhaps because the times were not then ripe for coping with particular issues. Her conception of Feminism, for instance was not,

as Miss Anthony says, limited to a demand for the ballot. It was a full charter of equal opportunities that she demanded, in order that women might develop as human beings.

She was a woman's woman, and believed firmly in her solidarity. She did not glory in being an unusual specimen of her kind, nor was she antagonistic to man. On the contrary she believed that there could be union only between units and therefore observed that only by the fullest possible development of the individual man and woman could they unite in a really full life.

Naturally a woman with such ideas must have been "upsetting" seventy years ago. A tangle of legends grew up around her which all but obliterated her very human personality. She has waited long for her true biographer, but she has not waited in vain.

Miss Anthony has accomplished an amazing piece of work. She tells us that she has sought for no new materials. She has simply applied modern psychology to the old. She has revolutionized and made dynamic the almost invariably static art of biography. She has analyzed the emotional values of Margaret Fuller's life in the light of her New England ancestry and surroundings. She has shown how clearly Margaret Fuller derived almost everything from her father and how he, and his father before him, also confounded the categories and ignored the iron clad distinctions between men's work and woman's sphere, so that Margaret came quite simply to the conclusion that, if her uncle could darn stockings better than anybody had ever darned them before, there was no reason why she should not if her inclination prompted her, become a sailor.

Miss Anthony analyzes the moods the girl was subject to in the light of the Freudian psychology, and so perchance Margaret is better understood by those of us who can read her biography today than she could possibly have been by those who met her in the flesh.

It is easy for us to understand why when she finally emerged from her confused girlhood she entered the world of affairs with the pre determination to eat this big universe as her oyster or her egg which so amazed Thomas Carlyle. She suffered much, she felt deeply, she saw clearly and she comes back to us today with a message we very much need and that is, as Katherine Anthony says—Feminisme oblige.

RACHEL A Story of Protest by Angelina W Grimke. Published by The Cromhill Company, Boston.

Rachel's lament for her children—who are not—and who must not be—is heart rending in its unflinching realism.

Many readers, especially those of the race responsible for the wanton brutality that calls forth this poignant protest, will probably say that the situation is exaggerated. Unfortunately it is not. Let each one think it over in the painful seclusion of his own conscience. He must admit that he knows it to be true. He must admit the inevitable logic of Rachel's reasoning. Her heart was too truly maternal to bear children doomed by ignorance and human cruelty to lives of wretchedness and bitter disappointment. All this he must admit and having admitted so much that is shameful he feels that no one can read Miss Grimke's beautiful, artistic, searing little play without coming to a determination to do his bit toward obliterating so wicked a state of affairs.

A SORRY PICTURE of the housing conditions in Aberavenny was revealed in a case heard at the Aberavenny Police Court, in which James Goode, a laborer, working at Ebbow Vale, Edith Goode, his wife, and Jane Goode, daughter, were summoned for neglecting six children.

An Inspector of the N S P C C said the house where the family lived contained only two bedrooms. On the one bed, composed of loose flock and a sheet and counterpane, Goode and a lodger slept. The other bed also was composed of loose flock and old garments, and on this slept the mother and seven children.

Defendants were sentenced to one month's imprisonment.



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