

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW



Putting the Chicken Back into the Shell

Theodore Dreiser on Birth Control

APRIL, 1921

Twenty-five Cents

BIRTH CONTROL ORGANIZATIONS

IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

The Federation of Neo Malthusian Leagues—Dr Alice Drysdale Vickery President

ENGLAND—Malthusian League, 96 Victoria St., London, S W 1
HOLLAND (1885)—De Nieuw Malthusiaansche Bond. Secretary,
Dr J Rutgers, 9 Verhulststraat, Den Haag. Periodical, *Het
Gellukkig Huisgezin*.

GERMANY (1889)—Sozial Harmonische Verein. Secretary, Herr
M Hausmeister, Stuttgart. Periodical, *Die Soziale Harmonie*.

FRANCE (1895)—G Hardy, 29 Rue Pixerecourt, Paris. Peri-
odical, *Generation Consciente*.

SPAIN (1904)—Liga Espanola de Regeneracion Humana. Secre-
tary, Senor Luis Bulffi, Calle Provenza, 177, Pral. la, Bar-
celona. Periodical, *Salu y Fuerza*.

BELGIUM (1906)—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne. Secretary, Dr
Fernand Mascaux, Echevin, Courcelles.

SWITZERLAND (1908)—Groupe Malthusien. Secretary, Valentin
Grandjean, 106 Rue des Eaux Vives, Geneva. Periodical,
La Vie Intime.

BOHEMIA AUSTRIA (1901)—Secretary, Michael Kacha, 1164
Zizkov, Prague. Periodical, *Zdruchy*.

AUSTRIA—Secretary Rudolf Grossman (Pierre Ramus) Kloster

neuburg (bei Wien) Nied Ost. Periodical, *Erkenntnis Und
Befreiung*.

PORTUGAL—E Silva, Junior, L da Memoria, 46 r/s, Lisbon.
Periodical, *Paz e Liberdade*.

BRAZIL (1905)—Seccion Brasileira de Propaganda. Secretaries,
Manuel Moscosa, Rua d'Bento Pires 29, San Pablo, Antonio
Dominguez, Rue Vizconde de Moranguapez 25, Rio de Janeiro.

CUBA (1907)—Seccion de Propaganda. Secretary, Jose Guardi-
ola, Empedrado 14, Havana.

SWEDEN (1911)—Sallskapet for Humanitar Barnalstring. Presi-
dent, Mr Hinke Bergegren, Vanadisvagen 15, Stockholm, Va.

ITALY (1913)—Lega Neomalthusiana Italiana Via Lamarmora 22,
Turin. Periodical, *L'Educazione Sessuale*.

AFRICA—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne, Maison du Peuple, 10 Rampe
Magenta, Alger.

MEXICO (1918)—Mexican Birth Control League, Secretaries, Mr
and Mrs Linn A E. Gale, P O Box 518, Mexico, D F.,
Mexico. Periodicals, *Gale's* (English) and *El Comunista*
(Spanish).

IN THE UNITED STATES:

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Mrs. L. A. Rhoads, 1318 Forest Court.

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Illinois Birth Control League*.

Secretary, Mrs. B. E. Page, 521 Longwood Ave., Glencoe, Ill.

CLEVELAND OHIO—*League for Voluntary Parenthood* Mrs. A.

W Newman, Secretary, 1702 Belmar Road, Cleveland Heights.

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

HARRISBURG, PA.—George A. Herring, 1804 Penn Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dr T Percival Gerson.

NEW YORK

The Committee of One Thousand. Dr Ira S. Wile, 264 W

73rd Street, chairman.

International Birth Control League. Dr Wm. J Robinson,

president, 12 Mt Morris Park West.

The Woman's Committee of One Hundred Mrs. Amos Pin-

chot, chairman, 9 East 81st Street.

Voluntary Parenthood League, 49 East 59th Street. Mary

Ware Dennett, director

BROOKLYN—Jessie A Dastre 673 Vanderbilt Ave

PITTSBURGH, PA.—*The Birth Control League of Western Penn-
sylvania*. Rita F Stein, 924 Mellon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
secretary

RADNOR, PA.—*The Main Line Branch of the National Birth Con-
trol League*. Mrs. Walter M. Newkirk, secretary

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

ST LOUIS, MO—Grace Anderson, Superintendent of Municipal
Nurses, City Dispensary, 11th and Chestnut Streets.

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

SUMMIT, N J—Rev Franklin C. Doan.

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

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

FEBRUARY 28th—The Stuyvesant Casino was filled to the doors to hear Mrs Sanger speak on the subject of "Is Mod-
ern Marriage Conducive to Happiness?"

MARCH 1st—The Amalgamated Clothing Workers urged Mrs Sanger to devote the morning to them at Beethoven Hall,
where she gave them a very comprehensive talk on "Birth Control and Labor"

MARCH 7th—The Sociological Club of Columbia University invited Mrs Sanger to speak on "The Economic Side of
Birth Control" The students were most interested and enthusiastic

MARCH 9th—The Bryn Mawr Club of New York City invited Mrs Sanger to luncheon where she spoke on "Birth Con-
trol and the New Race" to the largest gathering of the Club's history

An article by Mrs Sanger appeared in the April number of *Physical Culture* The title "No Healthy Race Without
Birth Control"

The *Reconstruction Magazine* of Tokyo, Japan, has asked Mrs Sanger for a special article, "Birth Control—Past, Pres-
ent and Future" This is to appear in the May number and will be used, by the increasing number of Japanese
who believe that Birth Control is the solution of their over population question, as a very comprehensive treatise on
the subject

Mrs Anne Kennedy has been in Albany on several occasions in the interest of the legislative work on the amendment
to Sec 1145 of the Penal Code Numerous legislative committee meetings have been held throughout the month

The Health Committee of the Academy of Medicine has endorsed the amendment to Section 1145 of the Penal Code
Jessie A Dastre, Miss Mildred Wise and Mrs Grandcourt have been selling the REVIEW throughout the month and
report increased sales

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

DEDICATED TO VOLUNTARY MOTHERHOOD

MARGARET SANGER, *Editor*

VOL V

APRIL, 1921

No 4

Editorial

VICTORY USUALLY bears a crop of bitter ironies. Victory for woman's suffrage in the United States is no exception. To attain enfranchisement American women have struggled for decades. The history of this long battle is one of undaunted courage, unswerving idealism, unhesitating self sacrifice. Not merely among such pioneers as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Lucretia Mott, but among the militants of a younger generation, among the strategic tacticians who finally won this battle, there has always been evident a great uncompromising end in view, based upon a thorough and deep understanding of Woman's nature and needs.

The struggle itself clarified this understanding, gave a spiritual insight into the true nature of freedom, opened new vistas and possibilities for the future development of women. At last the long fight was won. Victory came. The vote was given to American women. The age long shackles of the past, politically speaking, were thrown off. Women were empowered to carry on with this new weapon of the vote, the battle for freedom. The National Woman's Party was to convene in Washington and adopt a basic program formulating the demands and the future rights of women in America.

A HIGH and not altogether unwarranted hope rose in our hearts when we first heard of this coming convention. This was not the hope that through political action and achievement, this party might with one magic gesture effect the complete emancipation of all women, or usher in, with one majestic decree a millennium of feminism. No, it was that, voicing those aims and needs and ideals that have for generation upon generation been stifled and inarticulate in women's breasts, the National Woman's Party might now form the nucleus of a new and formidable union of American women, presenting a solid front against all the sinister forces that insidiously work to separate us. The National Woman's party, it was our undying hope, would continue in the same militant spirit by which the vote had finally been

won, continue the great struggle, carry on the great fight for freedom and justice, not merely for women living today, but for the generations of the future.

Of course we are quite beyond hoping for any expression of idealism in political conventions. But hope springs eternal in our hearts and it was the dream that this convention of the National Woman's Party would be different, would introduce into American politics a newer, more original point of view, a more dauntless spirit, would represent something deeper than complacent middle class self satisfaction. Never has there been such a need, for instance, for scientifically determined facts about conditions determining the lives of millions of women and children. Never has there been so imperative a need for the expression and assertion of Woman's power in this country. Never in the history of the New World has there been presented so great an opportunity for a new, purposeful, strongly organized Woman's viewpoint in national politics. Yet with an almost incredible completeness, the National Woman's Party, at this recent convention in Washington, neglected this unique opportunity, and never came within miles of approaching any problem vital to American women today.

IT IS NOT merely that the great idea of Birth Control has been completely ignored in the formation of its program. It is something much more tragic. It is the revelation of the lamentable lack of any originality of approach, of any vague inkling of the tremendous and unparalleled opportunity given for the first time to women to impress upon the most powerful community in the world today the great central importance of women to the very existence of the nation. There was the glorious unequalled opportunity for women to give American politics an entirely new direction, a new power, a new interest, to assume the protection and to proclaim the dignity and the freedom of the great profession of motherhood. Instead we were presented with the repetition of all the worn out threadbare palliatives,

compromises, and lack of vision that has for so long been the shame of the old political parties. Had a definite uncompromising, clear cut and illuminating stand been firmly taken concerning any of the great social problems that confront this country the National's Woman's Party would have justified its reorganization, its existence as a force in the education and enlightenment of American women. It would have been a truly contributory fact in American civilization. But in its actual lack of stamina, its second rate, threadbare political vision, its very lack of ability to differentiate itself from all ready existing political parties, the women's political party has cast aside the greatest opportunity that ever presented itself to any political party in any country—the opportunity to lead the world into a new and true civilization.

CONCERNING the importance of Birth Control in the emancipation of womanhood, in controlling and improving the quality of future humanity, we are no longer lonely fanatics crying in the wilderness. The ladies of the National Women's Party may scoff at its importance. But even the politicians and the statesmen they are imitating are awakening to the world's inevitable need of this practice. Birth Control is in truth forcing itself upon the attention of the true statesmanship of the world. Men are coming to see that *quality* is more important than quantity in human beings. The whole problem of Japanese immigration revolves about the question of competitive fertility. The dangers of immigration are emphasized daily. Are we to accept the surplus population of Europe and Asia to lower our own standards of labor and living, and sooner or later to breed an inferior race of human mongrels incapable of carrying on the torch of civilization?

Or are we American women to follow the advice of the male moralists and male clergymen and professors and enter into a "cradle competition" with the over fertile races of the world?

Under different disguises, in a dozen different forms, the great world problem of Birth Control every day meets the readers of the newspapers. Now it is unemployment, now it is immigration or exclusion, now it is the appeal to give money to feed the starving in the near East or the Far, now it is the increase of the mentally defective, now it is the warnings of the deterioration of the race increased steadily by the uncontrolled fertility, the proportionally excessive fertility of the morons, the subnormal, the mentally defective. Again, it faces us in the occasional reports of infant mortality published by our government in which we find such trenchantly significant statements as that "more than half of the babies in New Bedford live (and possibly die) in the river section, where the worst living conditions in that city are to be found, where families of from fifteen to eighteen are often herded together in overcrowded tenements. The mothers are employed in cotton mills practically the entire year around," and where, to quote our conservative contemporary, the *New York Times*, "the harmful results of depriving a young baby of its mother's care and nursing is shown in the fact that among the babies whose mothers left them to go out to work when the baby was less than four months old, the mortality was nearly twice the average rate." In the low wage group twenty babies out of every hundred born alive died before the end of the first year."

Devoted to rosewater remedies the National Woman's Party may feel that it can ostrich like, bury its head in the sands of political sentimentalities and refuse to recognize this problem. In that it follows the example set by the statesmen of our two national parties and their far sighted legislators. But in choosing this, the easier way, these political parties are just as surely cutting themselves off from an understanding of human needs and human aspirations. It remains for others to express the true and deeper interests of the people, to voice the hopes of womankind and thus finally but inevitably, to lead men and women the slow but only certain road to freedom.

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NOTICE —When requesting change of address, give both old and
new address

WE ARE GLAD to welcome Mrs. Florence Guertin Tuttle back from her trip abroad. Mrs. Tuttle attended a conference of the League of Nations during its session at Paris. She presented letters of introduction to Sir Eric Drummond and gave him many facts concerning over population and its relation to war. Mrs. Tuttle will write for the REVIEW in the next number concerning her trip. This article should be welcomed by all our readers as it is one of the many indications of the energy that the workers for Birth Control exert continually in behalf of the freedom of women. Birth Control has become international in its scope and strikes at the very root of the problems of over population.

The manufacture of babies and the extent of the supply is still a matter of chance and passion very much as it is with animals in a wild state —TERESA BILLINGTON GREIG

A Word Concerning Birth Control

By Theodore Dreiser

I HAVE NEVER been able to understand why anything so obviously beneficial and essential as Birth Control—the knowledge of the means of preventing conception—should need a champion or a movement to foster it. Nature apparently understands the importance of it—or, at least, the pointlessness of waste in connection with life at any level as I will later indicate. And certainly the shrewd and intelligent in all ranks of society are not stopped by religious or moral theory from exercising that care in regard to the number of offspring which they feel themselves decently and intelligently able to provide for. And again it would seem to me, that anything so plainly advantageous to the very poor would be most enthusiastically welcomed by them. And I am inclined to believe that ignorance and religious and moral theory aside—(the dogmatic and commercial beneficiaries of the same estopped from exercising an undue influence on the ignorant and the religious)—the same would gladly welcome and profit by such intelligence. But, as it stands, this natural and advantageous knowledge appears to collide most sharply with present day religious, corporate and social theory in general and is even taboo as a subject in most of the so called conservative circles of all walks.

Why, I wonder?

To what or whose advantage?

I CAN READILY understand why a certain type of state, depending for its existence upon a large standing army and—(as, opposed to another state or army of greater numerical strength)—anxious to maintain its place, might be opposed to Birth Control in any of its social grades—might even proceed to enforce its mood in regard to the matter. Again I can understand why some very powerful and huge manufacturer or group of manufacturers or growers controlling some product the profit from which might depend upon cheap if not exactly ignorant labor—the rubber interests operating in Africa and Brazil let us say—might be very much opposed to anything which would tend to lower the birth rate in his or their respective preserves, however much a larger rate might torture the lives of those over whom, for the time being at least, he or they chanced to exercise economic control. And again, I can understand why shrewd and well conducted organizations such as the Roman Catholic, Mohammedan, Methodist, Baptist, and other churches interested as each must be in its own numerical growth, might be violently opposed to Birth Control in the ranks of its followers at least—and by reasons of fear of contagion of knowledge from other sources be opposed to Birth Control in the ranks of society anywhere. But knowing all this, or once having had it pointed out, I cannot see why the

poor or those economically uncertain, should ever again allow themselves to be influenced by such alien considerations.

For after all their own lives and their own economic welfare and that of their children should plainly come before that of any religious or commercial organization, however much one might be willing to bow to the social necessity of the state. I am a believer in strong and intelligent states and I would not wish to hinder their intelligent development in any way. But it seems to me that Birth Control should be as good for the truly intelligent state, as it is for the individual and his progeny contributing as it must to a better nurtured citizenry. I may be wrong, but I think so.

MY PERSONAL FEELING about life and education in every form is this, that the more we know, *exactly*, about the chemie and biologic and social complexities by which we find ourselves generated, regulated and ended, the better. It can not be drummed into too many ears and brains too soon. Few of us have sufficient capacity to know much or to do anything with what we do know as it is. Quite all of us know much, much too little of all that we should know. Man has never progressed either self defensively or economically via either blind faith or illusion. It is exact knowledge that he needs. And as I see it contraceptive means are not only exact but most beneficial economically and so socially of course. The individual should be better cared for at every turn if he is to do better, and where better to begin with him and his proper care than at the source—by regulating the number of him to as many as can be intelligently cared for. This seems to me so plain that the thickest of dunces should be able to see the point.

But let us pause a moment and take a look at nature and see how she works. Among fishes, creatures exceedingly low in the scale of intelligence, yet plainly regulated by exact chemical and physical forces—call them intelligent if you wish or blind and accidental—their eventual import is the same, the average number of eggs spawned per female, by seventy five well distributed and typical species is 646,000. The eggs of fishes are greedily devoured by other fishes and the parents of the same display little or no intelligence as to their cure. Plainly they are blind machines in the control of larger forces which may or may not be using them for a superior or at least an intelligent purpose. But note, as intelligence increases, how the different ascending orders modify the waste in regard to their offspring.

AMONG AMPHIBIA, the next in order of intelligence above fishes the average for twenty species concerning

If Government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply, the population —EMERSON

which information is to be had, is no more than 441 eggs. More intelligent care on the part of amphibian parents makes the lesser number sufficient to keep that particular order going. Reptiles which stand still higher in the scale of intelligence, snail, as an average for thirty nine species, only seventeen eggs per annum. The waste is plainly less. Among birds, which represent a much higher standard of intelligence and care, the average number of eggs per annum, for over two thousand typical species, is only a trifle over five for each female. Still higher in the matter of intelligence stand the mammals. Eighty two typical species of all grades of mammal intelligence yield an average of only three and two tenths offspring per female, per year. Among the higher orders of the same, as intelligence increases, a progressive diminution in the number of offspring per annum is to be witnessed. Thus all of the higher orders below the apes, taken together, only average one and three tenths offspring a year. And the apes and mankind, taken together, do not exceed one offspring every two years. I am indebted for my figures to a work entitled "The Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct", by A. Sutherland.

Now what does this suggest? But one thing, as I see it. As intelligent parental care increases the number of offspring needed for the perpetuation of the species decreases. Also, that nature manifests a tendency to overcome useless waste with intelligent care. I have no desire to dogmatize. But there seems to be a legitimate suggestion in all this for intelligent human beings.

INDEED, TO ME it glows as a plain bit of common sense that no human being should indifferently or lustfully, or because of some religious or moral emotion bring a line of offspring into the world for whom he or she can make no adequate economic provision. That smacks of ignorance and real vice—criminal brutality in my judgment and worthy of the cat o' nine tails. Yet in the face of ragged and unintelligent children, a constant increase in the number of the defective, the criminal and the insane, we hear the squawk of the moralist and the religionist and the boom of the dull time serving politician to the point that contraception is wrong. Millions dying in India, China, Egypt and elsewhere of starvation. Other millions everywhere, who find themselves because of poverty and ignorance to begin with undernourished, poorly clothed, bondservants to men their lives long, underpaid, despised socially and morally and yet they, and even those who brought them into the world, continuing to usher in others as wretched or more so than themselves—weaklings who will ever find the hands of the strong at their backs and necks ushering them unwillingly to their unwelcome tasks.

But why, I should like to know?

Where the intelligence?

Where the much vaunted Christian or moral generosity, charity, decency even when in plain view lies a remedy?

Would it not really be more intelligent and humane and

moral for that matter, to allow or compel even the ignorant and the criminal and the hopelessly incompetent of all walks to waste themselves in idle unproductive pleasuring, if such be their bent, rather than that they should be permitted to spawn a helpless or criminal brood afterward to be looked after by the police, the hospitals, the asylums and the homes for the defective? Or to be worked in huge and hopeless droves by those who have no other ambition in life than to "cut financial melons" the substance of which is to be used to take even more from those who have all too little and waste it among those who have already too much. I think so. I have all the respect in the world for the individual who collects from among thousands and millions even who don't know how to manage their own affairs some hundreds of millions of dollars and then distributes the same in the shape of education or science—improved means of living—to all those and more from whom he has collected his wealth. That is one thing. He suggests a practical Providence. But how about those who do not? And why shouldn't the worthless be prevented from being so worthless or at any rate so numerous. How about reaching the evil at the source?

WHENEVER I HEAR a Catholic priest or a Protestant minister or some flabby, half educated judge or journalist spouting from the altar, the pulpit, the bench or the editorial page solemn tosh about the manifest scandal of so many parents refusing to have more than one or two children, or none—all they can decently support in any case perhaps—I would like to rise in my place and say to the very good father or the grave and reverend bunkus or dub of whatsoever persuasion that he is about an ignorant if not a tricky or self aggrandizing business in thus urging his docile followers, if any there be, to undertake what, in too, too many instances can only prove not only financially but intellectually and ethically beyond them. "Increase and multiply." As though the numerical or physical size of anything—a state, a religion, or a family were the measure of its import. If that were true, what would one have to say for India with three hundred millions as against England with forty.

What an inane or deceptive or criminal suggestion. To what end? Who is to pay? The state or the individual? And with what? In the case of the state with other peoples' money of course. In the case of the individual thrown out without care or education by irresponsible parents with his very life perhaps. A fine business for a priest or a judge or an editor to be in. Such men besmear not only their professions and organizations but the intelligence of life itself. They ought to be drummed out of the work which they profess.

FOR IF RELIGION or the bench or the newspaper and periodical have nothing better than this to offer—a de

(Concluded on page 12)

Fostering the good for nothing at the expense of the good is an extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing up of miseries for future generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing them an increasing population of imbeciles.—HERBERT SPENCER

Famine and Over-Population

SPEAKING RECENTLY at a luncheon given at the Radcliffe Club, Frank A. Vanderlip touched on the world problem of over population, and particularly of the Chinese famine. Mr. Vanderlip is more honest than other philanthropists of Wall Street, but does he really believe that railroads are the real remedy for over population? As quoted in the *New York Times*:

"Congestion of population will always breed war," said Mr. Vanderlip. "It is because of congestion that all nations endeavor to branch out. That is why Austria is starving today. It is this same congestion that is costing the lives of millions in China. And when I say that I would rather build a railroad in China than save the 10,000,000 lives now being lost there, it is not from lack of sympathy for the situation there but because of a greater sympathy for the future generations. We must all be guided by intelligent self-interest—that is, interest for our people and an eagerness to progress, and a League of Nations or a similar document would not encourage such progress."

"During the last seventy years the population of the world has increased 700,000,000. This increase of 1 percent a year is bound to bring about great economic problems. It has made it necessary for people to specialize and it has caused congestion in certain districts. In the case of China the population has increased so much more rapidly than the nation has progressed that they now find themselves in the deplorable condition of having millions of their people without food. Even if we could gather enough food for this vast number we could not get it to them in time to save their lives, for they have such inadequate means of transportation. Therefore, since we are unable to help these suffering people materially, it would be far wiser for us to centre our attention toward building railroads for them, thereby preventing a recurrence of such a condition and enabling the future generations to carry on trade with other countries."

Mr. Vanderlip predicted that women would dominate political thought and said that such groups of women would soon be the greatest instruments in bringing about "intelligent selfishness."

This conclusion, at least, is promising!

Children's Deformed Bodies Tell Tragic Tale — Czecho-Slovakia

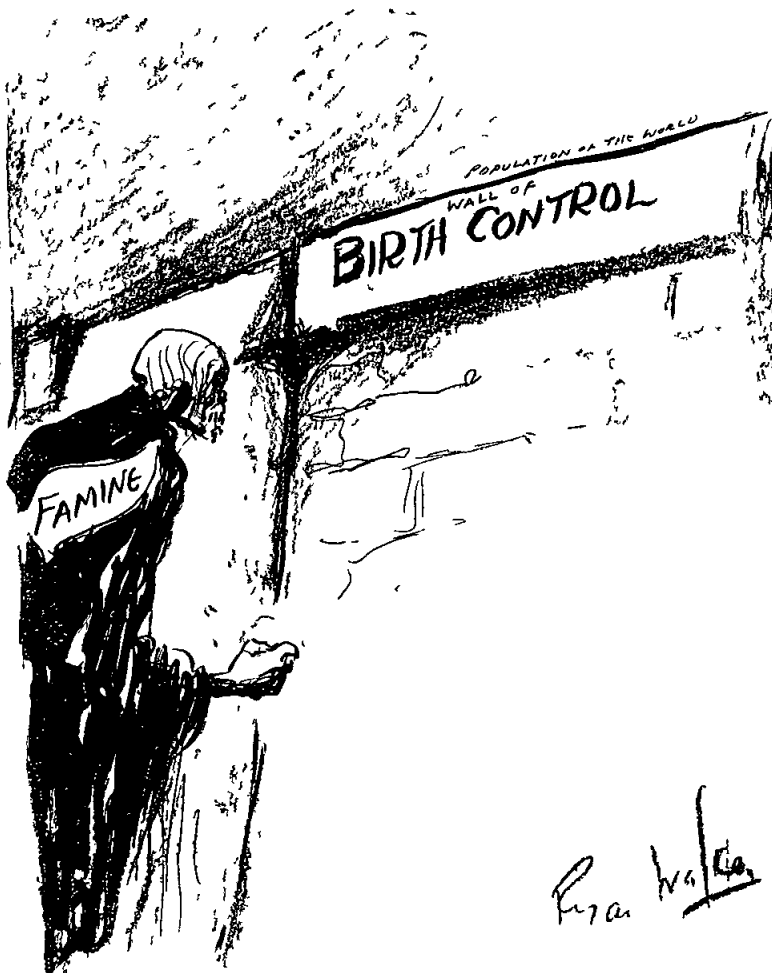
EGER, Czecho-Slovakia — All the babies of Eger who have learned to walk in the last four years are deformed.

All the babies who have not yet learned to walk have big heads—called "water heads" by their mothers. The infant death rate now is greater than at any time during the war. For the babies have not enough food to make bones for their little bodies. Somehow, Hoover didn't reach this place or any of the places near it.

The one armed and wooden legged men are sad enough. The women, bare footed or shod clumsily in cast off, hobnailed military shoes with their backs bent under little sacks of rationed coal and potatoe toes are sad enough. But the thing that wrings shudder after shudder—that chases wave after

wave of helpless wrath through a man's being—is the sight of these hundreds of infant monstrosities.

Great bulging heads with dull little eyes stare at one from every doorway. The top heavy little bodies all have distended abdomens and a queer hunch to the shoulders. The little legs, too weak to support the excess of weight above them, are crooked. Hundreds of them are bowed outward—many of them more on one side than on the other. Other hundreds of little scamps are knock kneed. And there are many with one leg bent out and the other bent in. There is something wrong with the ankle joints, too, that bore weight while the bones were yet too soft.



The Vision of Olive Schreiner

By Hugh de Selincourt

A LARGE portion of Olive Schreiner's life was devoted to writing a book on Woman. This was completed but for the preface, in 1899, when the Boer War broke out and during the course of which military authorities looted her room and burned all her papers, including the manuscript of this book, her life's work. It is an irreparable loss. Rarely can Milton's words have found a more vivid illustration. "Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." There is no doubt that Olive Schreiner was a master spirit. She was consumed with the love of two great causes, the cause of the Native, exploited by western commercialism and the Cause of Woman. Edward Carpenter in his beautiful book of reminiscences writes "But even though it would seem little, the fact that one woman in South Africa has thus prophet like stood up and (much of the time) singly opposed Rhodes and the shoddy imperialism of which he was the mouthpiece *has* had an influence deep and wide reaching and such as will be felt far down the years."

Her first published book "The Story of An African Farm" made her famous when she was still a girl, this was followed by "Dreams," "Trooper Peter Halket," "Dream Life and Real Life," and in 1911 by "Woman and Labour." The quality of this work makes one passionately regret the loss of her masterpiece. It is large brained, and large hearted, and glows with vision which no man and no woman can afford to neglect, because it is expressed with a power and a burning sincerity which is an inspiration and must help to bring nearer the day of its fulfillment. She has passed on the torch undimmed, which she gallantly carried through life, undaunted. It is to this vision that I should like to draw attention.

The wording of her dedication to "Dreams" is significant. It runs "To a small girl child, who may live to grasp some what of that which for us is yet sight, not touch."

That which for us is yet sight, not touch—what is that hidden mystery which the child might live to grasp? In the Introduction to "Woman and Labour" she puts it into beautiful words, where she is describing the line of thought which ended her destroyed masterpiece. The words are prophetic and true. The words are an encouragement to those

to whom this world of life

Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife

Tells for the promise of a later birth

The wilderness of this Elysian earth

In these words her spirit lives forever. Let them be reverently read and remembered.

IN THE last pages of the book I tried to express what seems to me a most profound truth often overlooked—that as humanity and human societies pass on slowly from their present barbarous and semi savage condition in matters of sex into a higher, it will be found increasingly, that over and above its function in producing and sending onward the physical stream of life (a function which humanity shares with the most lowly animal and vegetable forms of life, and which even by some noted thinkers of the present day seems to be regarded as its only possible function) that sex and the sexual relation between man and woman have distinct aesthetic, intellectual and spiritual functions and ends, apart entirely from physical reproduction. That noble as is the function of physical reproduction of humanity by the union of man and woman, rightly viewed, that union has in it latent, other and even higher forms of creative energy and life dispensing power, and that its history on earth has only begun. As the first wild rose when it hung from its stem with its centre of stamens and pistils and its single whorl of pale petals had only begun its course, and was destined, as the ages passed to develop stamen upon stamen and petal upon petal, till it assumed a hundred forms of joy and beauty.

'And it would indeed almost seem, that, on the path toward the higher development of sexual life on earth, as man has so often had to lead in other paths, that here it is perhaps woman, by reason of those very sexual conditions which in the past have crushed and trammelled her, who is bound to lead the way and man to follow. So that it may be at last that sexual love—that tired angel who through the ages has presided over the march of humanity, with distraught eyes, and feather shafts broken and wings drabbed in the mires of lust and greed, and golden locks caked over with the dust of injustice and oppression—till those looking at him have sometimes cried in terror 'He is the Evil and not the Good of life' and have sought if it were not possible, to exterminate him—shall yet, at last, bathed from the mire and dust of ages in the streams of friendship and freedom, leap upwards, with white wings spread, resplendent in the sunshine of a distant future—the essentially Good and Beautiful of human existence."

Maternal Deaths

Year by year about 15,000 mothers have been dying in the United States in childbirth from causes which are largely preventable. The new figures now published by the Census Bureau for 1916 (16.3 per thousand) indicate that since 1900 no decrease in maternal deaths had yet taken place.

—From Journal of American Medical Association

Surely it is better to have thirty five millions of human beings leading useful and intelligent lives, rather than forty millions struggling painfully for a bare subsistence—LORD DERBY

A Visit to a Maternity Clinic

By Florence Guertin Tuttle

HAVE YOU EVER visited a Maternity Clinic? Perhaps you do not believe in the need of regulating the population in the city's poorer sections, either? Come with me then, on a tour of illumination. But do not come unless you can face reality. We shall see life, not as the novelists and dramatists imagine it. We shall see life as it reveals itself in stark unforgettable facts.

The woman physician whose guests we are, has engaged to meet us at ten o'clock. We ascend from the subway and finally secure a taxi. Alas, we have but exchanged darkness for darkness. Into the city's ant hills we plunge. Through gloomy caverns we churl with walls looming black and grimy. From top to bottom humanity seethes, festers and ferments. And life seems suddenly to have grown drab.

The maternity center of my dream stands on a hill surrounded by gardens, welcoming the morning sun. Its walls are white marble. Its classic outlines suggest a temple—the temple of the creation of life.

The taxi draws up at a house a degree less slovenly than its neighbors. A brass plate proclaims its function. With the awe that the word maternity awakens in us, we ascend the steps. Surely garlands will adorn the portal. Surely Eros will open the door. Alas! We push our way in, unwelcomed and unheralded. Some one at last directs us. The Maternity Clinic is on the top floor.

THREE FLIGHTS UP we go, the steps that every expectant mother must climb, arriving a little panting. Two small rooms we find given over to Motherhood—a waiting room and the doctor's tiny room for examinations. We should hardly dignify them by calling them a center. A side issue, perhaps—a by product. To call a space of 25 by 18 feet a Maternity Clinic is too sardonic—unless we could have one, like the saloon on every corner.

Two white robed nurses greet us. They are efficient and for the most part silent. Their shining eyes, hopeful and steady, hearten us. We feel as if we had discovered two gleaming diamonds in acres of mire.

The doctor has not arrived. We are given chairs and told to wait. We seat ourselves and become all eyes. Perhaps fifteen women are in the room, each one facing motherhood. By ones and twos newcomers arrive, toiling slowly up the stairs bearing their double burden, arriving hatless, after the fashion of their own sunny home clime, a shawl held around their shoulders, or sometimes wearing a cheap, American fur trimmed coat.

A nurse presides at the desk at which each woman must register, giving her name and antecedents, usually in broken

English. We realize that we are in America's melting pot. Nearly every woman present is to bequeath to the nation a future American citizen. The occasion itself becomes pregnant with patriotism and pride.

The doctor telephones that she has been delayed. We determine to utilize the time by making friends with these soft eyed, patient faced sisters. Our hearts go out to them. They feel the spirit of friendliness and smile slowly in return.

A GROUP IN one corner interested us. A white-faced child is sewing. Child did we say? She looks at the most sixteen. Her blue serge skirt reaches just below her knees. On her feet are cheap, high heeled American shoes. But her head, too, wears the halo. In a few days she will become a mother. We cross to the vacant chair beside her.

"What are you making?" we ask.

"A skirt supporter," she replies in English with a gutter accent, holding up an elastic harness. The white little face is hard and does not lighten as she talks. But she is eager to talk and gladly tells us her history. She is twenty three she says—perhaps twelve years old, mentally—and about to bear her third child. The first one is three years old and is living. The second was born dead. She supposes this one will die, too, she feels so miserable. She goes out to work every day, to help her boy husband.

"But your child, what do you do with him?"

"I put him in Salvation Army. Ten cents a day. They give him grade A milk." She shrugs her thin little shoulders. "I can't afford to buy grade A milk."

"What do you give your baby?"

"Coffee and bread. I don't eat nuthin' myself, either, but coffee and bread. I can't. Food makes me sick."

A look at her pinched and bloodless face confirmed the lack of nourishment.

"My dead baby ain't nuthin' Missis," she said in response to my spoken sympathy. "This here lady has had eight dead kiddies—ain't you Rosina?"

I TURNED TO look at Rosina. She was thirty five, perhaps, stout and ruddy, but with the look so common to women of the Latin races, of fruit that is past its prime. On her lap was a tiny infant whom she trounced on her broad knees in a manner not according to Holt.

"Thees ma friend's babie," she volunteered brokenly. "I bringa heem—for her."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Sixa week." And she was allowing him to sit up! His

The criminality of producing children whom one has no reasonable probability of being able to keep, must in time be seen in its true light, as one of the most unsocial and selfish proceedings of which a man nowadays is capable. If only the devastating torrent of children could be arrested for a few years, it would bring untold relief—COTTER MORISON

wrinkled, ruby face looked fully a century I was reminded of the woman who said she did not love her new born son She venerated him

Rosina soon told me the sad facts in her own life, continuing to mismanage the baby With apparently no gift for motherhood—the infant on her lap cried lustily until I told her that if she would keep her knees still the child would fall asleep—she was nevertheless constantly pregnant Eight times she had tried for motherhood and eight times she had born dead children This time the woman doctor was going to help her save the baby I looked at her healthy color and strong frame, wondering at the physiological mystery I was to be enlightened later

"Ma man—no work—sevena weeks," volunteered Rosina "He go Ectale"

"And left you?" I cried indignantly

"He getta the mon (money), his father—he die—een Ectaly"

"My man laid off, too," said Lisa, the child mother "No work—two weeks"

"But what will you do?" I asked, turning to her, appalled by the situation "You cannot work for some time"

ANOTHER SHRUG of the thin shoulders Then a sly look came into the half closed hard black eyes

"We go in store—knock man down—take what we want" I shrank back It was the only note of violence that I heard during the morning I turned to a pretty young girl on my right The face wore the soft bloom of a Murillo Madonna Her broad brow and her clothing proclaimed her of a greater intelligence and higher social grade than Lisa or Rosina

"And how many children have you?" I asked smiling, apologetically Yet one could not imagine talking on any other topic than children in this vibrant center The very air was pulsating with the wings of life itself

"I have no children," she replied sadly, "and I am married three years"

I reached for her hand It was unnecessary to tell me more I knew her longing—the saddest a woman can know Her husband was a chauffeur He, too, wished for little ones

"The doctor surely will help you" I suggested

"I hope so," she replied simply

A fair haired girl entered bearing a huge baby of about eighteen months The baby elicited much admiration on account of his size But his fat was flabby Although his mother was well dressed the child looked as if reared in a cellar He was evidently untouched by the rays of the sun When he gave a lusty cry the girl opened her coat and gave him her breast

"It is time that you weaned your baby, Mrs Ughetti," admonished the nurse at the desk "You must begin to give him a bottle Go to a station—and get a milk formula They will tell you where to buy the milk You must be very careful One sour feeding will make your baby very ill"

THE GIRL TOOK the address gratefully She had come with a friend I remembered that nursing mothers were supposed not to become pregnant Why did not the nurse give the girl the information that would make unnecessary this obvious subterfuge?

At eleven o'clock the doctor arrived She went directly to the small operating room and change her clothes Then she sent for me

"You can sit here," she said placing a chair in one corner behind the examining table A nurse seated herself at a small desk armed with a fountain pen Then began the customary team work Skilfully the doctor handled each patient, measuring, listening scientifically to see that all was well before the coming advent Every detail was recorded by the nurse including the probable time of delivery, whether the baby would be born in hospital or tenement, and whether any condition existed in the mother that should be especially watched

I marvelled at the doctor's technical dexterity but even more at her tact in establishing friendly relations with her clients

"Well, kiddie, how are you feeling? Pretty well?" she inquired as my young friend Lisa entered

"Sure," said Lisa, looking the picture of death The doctor worked rapidly over the small form, keeping up a stream of more or less affectionate conversation At last Lisa was dismissed

"Now remember, kiddie, do just as I tell you and maybe we save this baby You savey?"

"Sure," reiterated Lisa, backing, a pathetic figure from the room The doctor crossed to me

"Her husband has an active case of syphilis," she whispered "It is doubtful if she can have a live baby She belongs to the criminal type"

I RECALLED THE girl's words, "We knock man down—take what we want," and admired the doctor's discernment

"Why let her bear children?" was at my tongue's end But the doctor was engaged again Rosina had entered, looking like a ruddy fall pippin, in strong contrast to the livid pallor of Lisa

Rosina was soon disposed of She had known the joy of feeling her baby stir within her She was a happy woman

"No more dead bambinos," said the doctor "Do what I say and we'll save this baby" Exit Rosina

"Her husband has a passive case of syphilis," said the doctor softly "We have almost cured her Notice how rosy she is? We hope to save this child"

A thousand questions sprang to my mind But there was no time at this life saving station for questions The life savers had to work The chauffeur's wife had entered Her flower like face, her dignified and reserved manner differentiated her

"You have not been here before," the doctor said gently

(Continued on page 15)

The diseases of Society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language—JOHN STUART MILL

The Answer

*A Mountain Mother Answers the Article on "Mountain Mothers," by
Winifred Kirkland, that Appeared in the Ladies Home Journal,
December, 1920*

I HAVE JUST read the "Mountain Mothers" in the December Journal and I feel I was just meant to answer it. I am lying in bed after the fourth visit of the stork bird in four and a half years. I think I can say the article did me little good, it simply frightened me and I think it frightened many other women who are forced to live under the same conditions. It didn't give a bit of help, simply told of the horrors, etc.

We are poor, both working like slaves to care for our family and pay a little on the farm. We go without all the luxuries even tobacco for the husband. I did my work up to the supper dishes and putting the babies to bed. We sent for the doctor at nine. He came at twelve. The baby came at eleven. Then the same team was sent for the "Old German Lady" the only nurse in the country and she came at 2 o'clock. The doctor charges \$25 with \$6 extra for the team to bring him. The nurse will be here for nine days for \$25. \$10 extra for the team to bring her. Beside the expense at the drug store.

Everyone was so busy they did not watch the children. They ran out and ate snow and one cried all night with a gathering in the ear, the others have sore throats. The weather has turned warm so that the meat of the two hogs killed the day before baby came will have to be cared for at once besides all the regular work that fills 16 hours of every day as it is. I am not doing as well as other times and my husband who was a happy boy a few years ago looks like a middle aged man. How long his health will last if he goes on working as he has been is a question.

Now, don't you feel that instead of all the money the government and magazines are spending on telling how many children die from lack of care and how many mothers go to pieces and how many fathers are failures, they would take this money and either through good literature on the subject or a few good nurses sent out to lecture to the "Poor Mountain Women" or by good displays in the drug stores teach these same mothers a good way to prevent having so many children. Every home wants a child. It's when they come too often that sorrows stack up. Why aren't we taught a good sanitary safe method to keep from it, and that would do away with the crime of women "getting shed" of children before they come?

Maybe I can't express it so you can understand it, but I feel if we could be taught to have only a few, our lives would be so much happier. I do want to send my babies to college, but what chance have I? I'm sure I speak what dozens of others think. Why don't you tell us how not to have them instead of what awful results come from having more than we can care for?

Sincerely,

MOTHER OF FOUR

So You've Come Back

By Harold Hersey

SO YOU'VE COME back like the spring - - -
 The old flowers for a moment darted like living things in
 your eyes
 The skies were clear
 One remembered the ancient voice of passion and the dead
 hands of faith
 There came back the perfumed silence of understanding mo-
 ments

So, you've come back like the spring - - -
 Our dream went out like the day
 To be lost in a chorus of stars - - -
 Our dream went out like a candle
 Snuffed by restrained bitterness - - -

So, you've come back like the spring - - -
 It was more than love and this
 More vain than all dull vanities - - -
 Your return - - -
 The echo of a song
 Hanging under the rafters of memory

Let it be so - - -
 I shall whisper to my heart and remember
 I shall wonder and be satisfied - - -
 I have learned to covet,
 Then to know the pleasure of coveting what I cannot desire

So, you've come back like the spring - - -
 The summer will soon be with me - - -
 Many summers that merge endlessly into many winters

Let it be so - - -
 I stand aside gladly, freely, simply
 I love the springs that have gone and cannot return
 Memory is more beautiful than truth - - -
 Beauty more wonderful than faith - - -
 Creation of beauty and memory the god that crushes
 And makes us renew ourselves when spring returns

So, you've come back like the spring - - -
 I go on forgetting and destroying - - -
 Only the dream of dreams crashing through my brain
 Like broken sunlight - - -

Birth Control Opinions

THE SUBJECT of Birth Control continues to create interest and discussion. A symposium on the subject, appearing in the *Medical Review of Reviews*, March, 1919, contains a number of expressions of opinions and beliefs of physicians. The subject matter expressed in the numerous letters resulting from a questionnaire, offers nothing that is new in the way of argument either for or against the subject.

The most significant contribution of the symposium is secondary in nature and incidental in origin. While answers were received from 47 physicians, four did not wish to express any opinion, two were too busy to give it attention, twelve had not given the subject sufficient study to warrant the expression of an opinion, two had gone to war, and three thought the matter should not be discussed in war time. These facts are enlightening, particularly as 25 per cent. of the replies stated that the writers had not given the subject sufficient study to warrant the expression of an opinion. It scarcely seems possible that physicians constantly facing the facts of life, understanding well the difficulties in family relations, developments and adjustments, should escape the impress of social conditions—*American Medicine*, March, 1919.

A Word Concerning Birth Control

(Continued from page 6)

cluded consciousness of moral well being in rags and squalor, they had better shut up shop. For their business is or should be to make life more tolerable for all, since they all so boldly profess to have the best interests of life at heart, if not in charge. They should be helping man to understand and meet his very human difficulties and necessities here—not urging him to complicate them by the bearing of a number of children whom he may be in no wise fitted to aid or instruct. Roosevelt with his race suicide mush. And the preachers and judges with their solemn bletherings against the sin of childlessness. If a home is anything it ought to be a place in which children can be physically and mentally assisted to the end that they will prove a comfort to themselves and to others. And if any so called home is overcrowded with ignorant and helpless children thoughtlessly spawned by ignorant and economically inadequate parents, how is the same to fulfill this function? I sometimes suspect the wealthy and powerful of various persuasions and interests, especially those who might hope to profit from the presence here of vast and docile hordes of having more of an interest in blind unregulated reproduction.

(Concluded on page 13)

Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner of herself, the mistress of her person. Science, the only savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will, or will not, become a mother.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Book Reviews

A Review by Margaret Sanger

"RADIANT MOTHERHOOD" A book for those who are creating the future By Marie Carmichael Stopes New York and London G. P. Putnam's Sons

This is a challenging and stimulating book Dr Stopes, who is one of the few living Englishwomen who have attained enviable reputations in the sciences, brings a special technical training as well as human understanding into her considerations of love, marriage and motherhood But it will undoubtedly be the scientists themselves who may object to some of her conclusions Not the least important of "Radiant Motherhood, to my mind, may be the suggestions Dr Stopes so lavishly throws out for scientific investigation and study The scientific spirit has recently been defined as "the divine curiosity to know—and of this spirit Dr Stopes partakes Instead therefore of merely condemning the shining optimism that pervades this book, especially in the chapter on pre natal influence, scientists might do well to re investigate this whole problem As Dr Stopes herself suggests "The view that the pregnant woman can and does influence the mental states of the future child is today a scientific hypothesis which may shortly be proved In view of the recent studies that have been published by such investigators as Cannon and Crile, demonstrating the bodily changes thru fear and anger, the positive chemical changes in the blood Dr Stopes' point of view must seem to the ordinary reader, as most stimulating and suggestive Practically it seems that the burden of proof should rest with the opponents if the mother's mental and physical condition affects the infant after birth, why not before? As a matter of fact, this question has been too little investigated The influence of Fear as a factor of Maternity and as a pre natal influence might well be studied

It is in these stimulating suggestions for new lines of thought and scientific investigation that, to me, the main value of "Radiant Motherhood" is to be found Dr Stopes is fully aware of the great value of motherhood as one of the great avenues of self development and self realization for women, just as she is fully aware that, dragged into the mire, used as the most certain method of enslavement, it can become the most certain instrument of self destruction One of the strongest chapters is that entitled "The Cost of Coffins," in which she shows that the midwife of the modern slums inevitably works hand in hand with the undertaker, who does a ceaseless and thriving business in little coffins

One cannot commend Dr Stopes too highly for her clear and illuminating insight into the point of view of men as lovers husbands and

fathers This insight is often strangely lacking in modern feminism It is not necessary to agree with Dr Stopes in all her convictions. Few books contain so much with which the ordinary reader would like to agree Yet few books will be so valuable in forcing the reader into new channels of thought, to the consideration of problems that have been absolutely neglected in our world In "Radiant Motherhood," as in her earlier book "Married Love," Marie Carmichael Stopes brilliantly shows that science need not always be divorced from sentiment, and that idealism can only really express itself through the great central facts of life 'Radiant Motherhood' should be read by every intelligent American woman—and man

A Review by William J Fielding

'MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS PASSION' by Wilfrid Lay New York Dodd, Mead & Co

Love is the oldest theme in the written word—and it was an old story when man learned to record his language in the enduring script It would be futile to speak of the countless volumes that have been inspired by this irrepressible urge—a cosmic force that is old in youth and young in the old

The sublime, subtle element of Eros is the motivating force behind the noblest deeds, as well as many of the commonplace acts of men and women, perverted, thwarted or frustrated it asserts itself no less through the eternal tragedies Love will not be denied It basks across the sunshine of our days It stalks in the seamy corners of our nights It is the greatest of the omnipresent, universal forces that surge through the veins of life

And yet it seems we are only beginning to learn what Love is Like most things that are so universal, we have taken it for granted, failed to appreciate its meaning or significance Because it was common, we thought it was cheap Holding it cheap, and joyous, men of the world have played with it and given it the stamp of their cynical philosophy Ecclesiastics, also sensing its incomparable joy, have for this reason doubly damned it The masses of people of the world, caught between these two unhealthy extremes and blindly influenced by them, have received their jumbled conception of Love from these irrational sources

Science, by its intellectual onslaught, has been driving both the bold Red Devils and the austere White Gods out of their intrenchments in the strategic positions of life And it is now bombarding these interlopers from the Temple of Love

Psychoanalysis, one of the latest sciences has done and is destined to do, more than any other single factor toward rationalizing the love life And Dr Lay, in 'Man's Unconscious Passion,' has given us one of the most thorough analyses of the unconscious side of our love nature, particularly in reference to the conjugal relations, that has been produced to date

The fact that the conscious elements entering into the biological passions can be over sublimated, and repressed even to the extent of a pathological climax, is becoming more and more generally realized The fact that the unconscious passions cannot be effectively coerced in a normal, well developed personality is not so generally recognized In emphasizing this truth, and in showing the devastating results of the resultant conflicts between relentless nature and an excess of culture' or a false ethical standard, analytic psychology is proving a real boon to the human race

Dr Lay covers the condition of imperfect or frustrated development of the conscious love component, and its relation to marital life and un

A Word Concerning Birth Control

(Concluded from page 12)

on the part of the masses than they would care to admit It is a sinister thought to be sure and I hope, untrue But when one finds so many of them so enthusiastic in their suggestions and urgings to this end, what is one to think For surely they cannot be blind to the economic and social difficulties not to say horrors which too often trail ignorant self reproduction If they are, believe me, they are blind indeed—judges, priests, editors and public leaders all

Personally I would rather think that the latter rather than the former is true for the latter is so much easier of remedy And perhaps such is the case But in either case an earnest campaign looking to the enlightenment of all is in order And it has my unqualified endorsement

Europe with a stationary population will be in much happier condition, and problems of social reform can then be tackled with some hope of success—THE VERY REVEREND DEAN INGE

happiness, in very much detail. He also shows how insight into the actual situation may be gained at least in a large percentage of cases.

My only criticism is a minor one. It is that the author in laying so much emphasis on the psychological factor in prostitution may lead some readers to believe that it is the major factor if, not indeed, the only one. I do not think Dr. Lay meant to convey this impression, and as he has not written a treatise on economics he is not expected to go into the economic and social causes of prostitution but it seems to me that it would have been wise in stressing these psychological tendencies to allude casually to the fact that there are material conditions involved which are very deep rooted and of profound importance.

The book is one which will prove of real value to anyone seeking insight into the psychological basis of sexual phenomena.

A Review by Harold Hersey

Nicholas L. Brown is one of the American publishers whose every book is a new indication of intelligent and forceful selection. Not only has he published Gauguin's "Noa Noa" but he has had translated recently some of Demetri Merejkovski's essays under the title "The Menace of the Mob." In addition, Mr. Brown was fortunate enough to secure as translator Bernard Guilbert Guernsey, and the care and consistency with which Mr. Guernsey has bridged the Russian and the English languages makes the volume doubly interesting and valuable. We, who have been accustomed to thinking of Merejkovski as a novelist, will find these essays of value in the critical placing of the Russian among the important writers of late years. As Mr. Guernsey says in his introduction "He is not a logician, but is frankly a mystic and his appeal is to a more poetical factor than logic emotion . . . There are many prophets crying in the wilderness, if there be among them one who does not merely cry but also points a way out of the wilderness, shall we not heed and follow him, if he be also a seer whose previous prophecies have been fulfilled?"

In these few words Mr. Guernsey has summed up the use that the world has for many creative artists, and the publisher is to be congratulated for daring to bring forth the work of a pure idealist in the face of the great welter of useless volumes printed every day in America.

A Review by William J. Fielding

"CHILDREN BY CHANCE OR BY CHOICE," by William Hawley Smith. Boston: Richard G. Badger, Publisher.

The subject suggested by the title of this book is one of very profound significance. The possible alternatives referred to represent a chasm as broad almost as any the mind can conceive of. The difference between a complete acceptance of these two possibilities in fulfilling the biological role of procreation is so sweeping that the substitution of choice for chance must affect mightily great masses of individuals, almost every family, all communities, every nation—in fact the entirety of civilization.

The begetting of children by chance—and attempting to avoid unwanted children by chance methods—are heritages that bear the historic approval of all our hoary social traditions, musty ethical precedents, and the commands of medieval religions. Inseparably bound up with the attitude which sponsors this doctrine are superstitions and ignorance, an irrational conception of man's destiny, individually and socially and, in particular, prurient ideas regarding the sexual side of human nature.

It is impossible to estimate the tragedies that are spawned in the abysmal sea of universal ignorance of sex and its functions, in the shame and degradation which are associated with what should normally be the crowning point of human development, the mainspring of its creative power. And not the least of these unnumbered tragedies are the hordes of unwanted children themselves, conceived by chance in the womb of an ill-starred fate.

It is a tragedy for parents, loving mothers and fathers to bring into the world children they are unable to properly feed, educate and prepare to meet the battle of life that add to their already insufferable economic burdens so that both parents and children are dragged further and further into the mire of a penurious existence. It is a tragedy when untold millions of potential parents are destined by the social ignorance which is forced upon them to live in constant fear of having unwanted children or still more babies that cannot be provided for and who in their desperation resort to all kinds of irrational, dangerous or futile means to avoid what in so many cases proves to be the inevitable.

It is a beautiful shaft of light which William Hawley Smith throws upon this age-old problem steeped in darkness. His analysis of Chance versus Choice not only in the realm of reproduction, but in many other lines of human pursuit, is a masterly and convincing argument. And in his analogy of the importance of Choice as admittedly the dominant factor in all other of mankind's activities he demonstrates how vitally necessary it is that this element shall supercede Chance in the domain of human procreation.

The fact is stressed that the capacity for Choice in the regulation of his life constitutes man's superiority over all the forms of subhuman life. This capacity has resulted in man's progress up the ladder of Time. It is a faculty that is inherent in man as he is, and to refuse to use it is an insult to Nature, or God, or whatever name you prefer to give to the source you may accept as the ultimate seat of infinite power.

For man to spurn the factor of Choice in this most important phase of his life is the great anomaly of the age. Of course, it is due to the fact that all questions relating to sex have been tabooed. And Mr. Smith again, has given a strong hand toward helping sex out of the mire where the accepted conventions would keep it. He emphasizes the importance of developing the affectional side of sexual life in contrast to the purely reproductive side, and in a very thorough manner pictures the vast possibilities for human happiness and well-being that are bound up in this prospect. In substance, the author identifies emotional display of the sex life with the other higher attributes of mankind, which he terms the "Plus of Humanity."

A chapter is devoted to the principal influential objectors to Birth Control. He states "There are three classes of peoples who have been objectors to any form of Birth Control, and who have always opposed any measures which would enable parents to have children by choice rather than by chance. They are, first, the war leaders, second, the church leaders and third, the leaders in the commercial world who have wanted cheap labor. He then proceeds to analyze their motives in fostering the doctrine of unlimited human reproduction."

A review of this book would be inadequate which did not especially mention the charm of Mr. Smith's literary style. Those who have read his educational books have appreciated this fact but it seems to me that the present volume represents a distinct achievement even in this respect. Mr. Smith has a strong logical convincing faculty of expression but in addition to these qualities, there is ever present the subtle charm of his quaint humor, penetrating insight and sound home-spun wisdom. In other words, to read "Children By Chance Or By Choice" is not only to peruse a masterly presentation of a subject that should interest every normal person but it is to commune with the genial personality of a cosmic spirit, as it is reflected across the pages.

There is no other safeguard for wages than to restrict the progress of population. Little improvement can be expected in morality until the producing of large families is regarded with the same feeling as drunkenness or any other physical excess.—JOHN STUART MILL

Fortify the resistance of the individual by freedom. Immunize the individual against social mental plagues by the full development of his rational reflective self, controlling the suggestible, automatic subconscious with its reflex consciousness. Put no barriers to man's self-expression, lay no chains on man, put no taboos on the human spirit.—BORIS SIDIS

A Visit to a Maternity Clinic

(Continued from page 10)

"What's the trouble?"

In a low voice the girl told her. The rubber gloves became immediately busy. When the examination was over, the doctor said to the nurse, "Take a blood test, please." The girl's arm was bared and a phial of bright red fluid obtained. A written address was then given her.

"YOU HAVE SOME trouble, my dear, that prevents your becoming a mother," said the doctor tenderly. "But go to this address, say that I sent you, and you can be cured. You shall have your baby yet." And she dismissed her with an affectionate pat.

"The girl has gonorrhea well developed," she whispered to me. "It has made her sterile. We have taken her blood for the Wasserman test."

"But can she have a healthy child?" I enquired.

"In time. In such cases we must watch the baby's eyes carefully to see that the poison does not make it blind."

A cherry faced, small woman (all these women seemed stunted compared to our long limbed athletic, American type) stood in the doorway, her brown face crinkled into smiles.

"I bringa ma friend," she began, "her babie vera seeick."

Then I looked upon what I believe is the unpardonable sin a crime against one of these little ones—a child that should never have been born. In the outstretched arms of a prematurely old woman, with despairing eyes and devastated face, lay a tiny mustard colored infant. Its arms and legs were spindles. But its body bulged into a semi balloon. The horror of its appearance was heightened by hoops of gold wire thrust through its small yellow ears.

"Rickets and jaundice," the doctor admonished me. I turned away, violently sickened, while the nurse advised the woman where to take the baby.

The doctor cornered the cheery woman and detained her.

"Marianna has eight fine children," she told me. "Let me see—Pedro is thirteen months old. Now tell me, Marianna, why don't you have any more bambinos?"

Marianna demurred.

"Me grow wise," she laughed, her eyes twinkling. "Me learn—Americano."

ANOTHER CASE entered as Marianna left. A girl slunk in sideways, like a crab, even her faded blue gingham dress was slinky. She was the perfect type of stage slavey. One glance at her face revealed why. The pasty features were only features. The light of the soul was not there.

A rapid examination followed during which the girl answered the doctors' questions vaguely. The doctor and nurse consulted.

"See here, child," said the doctor at last, speaking as one would speak to the very young, "you are all wrong about your

baby. It will be born in two days. Understand?" She held up two fingers. "You'll be sick in two days. You go straight from here to the hospital and ask for Dr. Blank. He'll take care of you." The girl slunk out again. "Her child is dead," the doctor whispered. And as I recalled the feeble mind and vacant eyes I breathed an inward "Thank God."

Why continue? One hour more of similar grilling examinations and the doctor and I left the building together.

"How do you stand it?" I exclaimed, realizing that my own over strained nerves were in tatters. "Did you stage such sensational cases for me or is this the usual morning's offering?"

"I haven't time to stage anything for anybody," answered the doctor shortly.

"Forgive me," I said, "but these splendid women, so patient and uncomplaining, yet caught so hopelessly in a treadmill of breeding. I can never forget them. I feel as if I should never be happy again."

"I hope you won't," said the doctor dryly, "until you've done something to help them. Why do you suppose I asked you to come?" We walked on in silence.

"It's a great idea," I mused, "a Maternity Clinic to watch over expectant mothers. It's getting down to fundamentals. If only you could have a Birth Control clinic in connection with the Maternity Clinic as they do in Holland." The doctor did not reply. It was an old subject to her.

"SEE HERE," I broke out. "You're a woman. Those nurses are women. Why in heaven's name don't you tell those other women how to stop this infernal multiplication and have normal healthy children?"

"And get a year imprisonment or \$1,000 fine?" the doctor answered. "Besides the managers of the Maternity Clinic have just passed a resolution that any nurse who gives contraceptive information will lose her job."

O strange and perverse generation. O reconstruction that skims off surface scums, and leaves the slimy oozing creatures that create the scum, at the bottom. O Americanization that knows not how to protect the cleanly stars and stripes. I had just seen in action the machine that fed our institutions for the blind, the feeble minded, the insane, the prisons, defective and delinquent homes and the prostitute class and which taxes American citizens billions of dollars a year to maintain them. Yet we make senseless rules that anyone attempting to prevent the grinding of this wasteful human grist should be punished. O the blindness of legislators! O costly asininity! Could human stupidity go higher?

"What's a law made forty years ago among women?" I burts forth indignantly.

"Change the law," suggested the doctor.

"Confound Anthony Comstock," I replied.

"Don't swear at him. Obliterate him," said the doctor as she signalled an uptown trolley.

(Concluded on page 16)

But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel—I TIM v 8

A Visit to a Maternity Clinic

(Concluded from page 15)

A half an hour later, Fifth Avenue seemed just a little gayer, more cleanly comfortable and prosperous than when I had left it. The library stretched its broad wings of learning, whitely. Beautiful women in sables and orchids hurried to keep luncheon engagements. But I was hardly conscious of them. I seemed to see only one sight—babies stretching through the centre of the airy avenue from the Arch to the Park, little forms laid out in columns of four like the parades of war time—white babies, brown babies, yellow babies, blind babies and babies no human being could bear to look upon. And as I walked in a sunlight that did not warm me, my heart cried out "How long, Lord, how long?"

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