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BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

Edited by Margaret Sanger



BIRTHDAY
NUMBER

HAVELOCK
ELLIS

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THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	27
Our Birthday, by Margaret Sanger.....	27
Havelock Ellis, By Margaret Sanger.....	27
Child Labor by A G P	28
NEWS NOTES	29
CALLING MRS SANGER TO LONDON <i>Ettie A Rout</i>	30
THE ANNUAL MEETING.....	31
Havelock Ellis, by <i>Hugh de Selncourt</i>	32
Havelock Ellis, by <i>Frank Pease</i>	38
SHOES by <i>Richard Connell</i>	40
LETTERS OF APPEAL	43
Give the Baby a Welcome	
BOOK REVIEWS	
The Population Question by <i>Carr Saunders</i> — <i>Wesley C Mitchell</i>	48
Crime by <i>Clarence Darrow</i> — <i>A N Holcombe</i>	48
The Psychology of Misconduct, by <i>Bernard Hollander</i> — <i>A G P</i>	48
The Sexual Life of the Child, by <i>Dr Eden Paul</i> — <i>G P B</i>	49
AGE AND AREA, by <i>J C Willis</i> — <i>A G P</i>	49
PERIODICALS	49
BOOKS RECEIVED.....	49
OUR CONTRIBUTORS.....	49
LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM <i>A M STEPHEN</i>	50

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE

Four Steps to Our Goal—Agitation, Education, Organization, Legislation

MARGARET SANGER, Editor

VOL VII

FEBRUARY, 1923

No 2

Birthday of the Review and of Havelock Ellis

WITH THIS ISSUE of the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW, we pass our sixth birthday, and with our own anniversary we also celebrate the birthday of the great benefactor of women and of the human race, Havelock Ellis. The first number of the REVIEW was published in February, 1917. Considering the high infant mortality rate among American publications devoted to the spread of an idea, we feel that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves. In these days it is indeed a difficult task, almost an impossible task, to find supporters for any length of time for a fundamental cause. It is even more difficult to increase the number of faithful readers of a monthly unflinchingly devoted to a single idea. Due to the fine spirit of self-sacrifice and loyalty which characterizes our work in all departments, the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW not only survived, during its early infancy, the troubled years of the War (1917-18), when so many non-commercial publications were snuffed ignominiously out of existence, but our circulation actually jumped from 2,000 the first year to 10,000 in the year 1922. We have "carried on"—in spite of all sorts of difficulties which blocked our path—some of the obstacles deliberately placed in our way by enemies aiming to destroy our movement and our magazine. But these obstructions seem to have inspired our workers and our friends to even greater courage and bravery. We have not merely won out in this sharp struggle for existence, but most of our readers tell us that there has been a constant and easily recognized improvement both in the quality and importance of our contributions, as well as in the dignified appearance of our pages. It is gratifying to report that our circulation is no longer confined to the United States of America. Copies of the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW are sent every month to all the important civilized countries of the globe. Bundle orders are sent to South America, to Mexico, to Cuba, to Egypt, to India, to Great Britain, to Germany, to Japan and to China. This achievement will seem the greater in view of the fact that the REVIEW is kept alive mainly by people who are interested in the world wide promulgation of the principle of Birth Control. The BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW is not only the voice of the movement here but it is the only magazine in the country devoted to the scientific exposition of the population question in its many and various aspects. The circulation of the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW presages in a word, the universal practice of Birth Control. Join us in this great work! M S

THERE IS NO MAN living to day to whom humanity is more indebted than Havelock Ellis. There are other voices, louder, harsher, noisier voices than his, voices making themselves heard above the sound and fury of the chaos of these days. In the last three decades many leaders have arisen—soldiers, politicians, statesmen—all blind leaders of the blind! Some of these leaders have caught the ear of nations and of crowds. There have been poets, dramatists, philosophers, who have been acclaimed by the press, who have won for themselves tremendous reputations almost overnight. For a day or so they have been surrounded by a blaze of glory, and then pathetically the light has been extinguished. In the meanwhile, this great prophet has lived on almost in obscurity, far from the shouting and the tumult. The gaudy rewards of fame and popular acclaim could mean nothing to such a man. And with the passing of the years there has been no aging of this divinely radiant spirit. His wisdom has deepened, his vision has retained its calm and serenity, there has been no senescence, no growing old in this spirit. The reward of this life of inspired and unceasing service to humanity has been the gift of eternal youth. For is it not the chief characteristic of youth to look out upon the world not as entering the gloom and darkness of eternal night, but as emerging into the roseate dawn of a new day? This has been the vision of Havelock Ellis, and this vision he has, with his inexhaustible resources of erudition, of science, of art and superhuman inspiration, awakened in the younger generation of the world.

It would be an easy thing to say that the world has beaten a path to his door. But it would be nearer the truth I think, to realize the radiant quality of his work. Ignored, suppressed, condemned by the ever vigilant powers of darkness, the books of Havelock Ellis have, nevertheless, wrought the great miracle. They have found their way over seas, to far countries, across deserts, over barriers set up by ignorance and official stupidity, into lonely cottages. They have kindled the spark of life. They have turned darkness into light, cowardness into courage, dismal doubt into self reliance. It has been, first of all, this luminous radiation of a great spirit that has evoked the response of gratitude, that has inspired young men and women the world over to express their eternal indebtedness to Havelock Ellis.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION owes yet a greater debt to the wisdom of Havelock Ellis. For this wisdom is not confined merely to the theme of love in its various manifestations. It penetrates into every field of life. In an age that has been characterized by the violence and pugnacity of so many small minds, by the calamitous activity of so many little men, stridently and egotistically asserting their superiority, and ruthlessly leading suffering and imperilled humanity into disaster and social shipwreck, here is one man, great enough and far seeing enough to point the way to a real civilization. He has never exhibited that ignoble passion for immediate recognition that corrupts so many minds of the present day. He has never descended into the market place, nor beaten a drum to attract attention to his books. He has not indulged in controversy or dispute. His mind possesses a fine plasticity, it has never ceased growing. Havelock Ellis is interested in ideas new and old. He tests these ideas not by their modernity nor by their weight of tradition, but by their inherent validity. He possesses an almost miraculous power of separating the wheat from the chaff. He bridges countries and centuries. He can awaken us to the ageless wisdom of Lao Tse, and he can enjoy the literary heresies of a James Joyce. That the world might learn of comprehensiveness from him!

Sanity and Health are the fine ideals upheld by Havelock Ellis from the very beginning of his career as a scientist and writer. By sanity and health—we must be careful to qualify—he has never meant that narrow, constrained or hysterical outlook on life that has too long masked itself under the defensive name of “normality.” There can be no true sanity, no true health either in mind or body without an invigorating freedom of outlook. Moreover without the radiant, resolute vitality that is the finest fruit of freedom and health, men and women can never develop the courage and self reliance to create the real civilization of the future.

WHO MORE ELOQUENTLY, more spiritually, and, in the truest sense, more poetically than Havelock Ellis has realized the power and the eternal strength of woman? In this field he is the prophet as well as the pioneer. To his pages both men and women must inevitably and finally turn to gain a full understanding of themselves and of each other. In the years to come, indeed throughout the whole of this long century, men—not merely the writing men, the literati, the intellectuals, but men of every age and every class—must be taught, at least to some small extent, to know Woman, as Havelock Ellis with his divine intuition and wisdom so thoroughly knows her today. The benefits of such a revelation cannot be calculated. Upon this knowledge will be built the new civilization. But Man cannot know Woman until Woman begins to know herself, and women no less than men must turn to Havelock Ellis to aid them in their quest of self revelation.

This strange, lost, wandering world of ours, worshipping false gods, led by evil shepherds into almost bottomless pits, straying like lost sheep in the dark, or stampeding in sanity after miraged rewards must somehow be brought back

to the realization that the real secret of life cannot be found outside of ourselves. We must give up our romantic dreams and, as Havelock Ellis has so often told us, create with our own humble powers our own future. This new world will not be brought nearer to realization by subscribing to grandiose social or political schemes, but by the attainment of sanity and health in our individual lives. For among the latest words of his published in this country, we read “Every well directed step, while it brings us ever so little nearer to the far goal around which our dreams may play, is at once a beautiful process and an invigorating effort, and thereby becomes in itself a desirable end. It is the little things of life which give us most satisfaction and the smallest things in our path that may seem most worth while.” M S

MUCH ATTENTION IS being given this month to Child Labor. Led by Mr Owen R Lovejoy and Mrs Florence Kelley, a host of writers are appealing to the public to back the Amendment to the United States Constitution which, it is hoped, may be passed by Congress in the present session. The Amendment embodies no new idea. It only enables Congress to do, openly and directly, what it has already tried twice over to do indirectly—each time with general approbation of the public—by the use of the power over interstate commerce and of that over taxation. There is unfortunately no doubt that Federal protection for children is needed. That there would probably be no such need, if Birth Control were generally practised does not alter this fact, and no advocate of Birth Control would desire to deprive children of such protection, because in a happier state of society it would be unnecessary. Child labor is largely the result of the too large family, but the fact that children can be exploited financially also acts as an inducement to the production of large families. The father who foresees a life of ease as soon as his children reach working age, is not likely to be favorable to Birth Control for his wife. On the other hand, as soon as children become a liability rather than a source of profit, such a father will take a different view. If each child must be supported to the age of fourteen or sixteen, and if the probability is that only a few years will elapse after the boys and girls go to work before they leave home to get married, or to start out for themselves, the prospect of raising a large family is not so rosy. The parent who cares for his children demands Birth Control in order to enable him to do his best for them. The parent who cares only for himself, needs the spur of child labor legislation to force him to realize the evil of a family too large for his wages to support. A G P

JUST as we go to press we learn that the holding of the evening meeting of the Albany Conference was stopped by the Mayor of Albany, who instructed the Hotel Manager to refuse the use of the room. The prohibition, which was instigated by the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic organizations, was issued too late for any measures to be taken to counteract. A full account of the incident and of the Conference will be given in our next issue.

News Notes

JANUARY 5 Mrs A G Porritt spoke at the Health Center of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, 131 East Seventeenth St, New York, on "The Workers and Birth Control"

January 12 Mrs Anne Kennedy was in Albany on behalf of legislative work in connection with the proposed Birth Control amendment

January 17 Mrs Anne Kennedy presented the case for the proposed Amendment to the New York law before the Albany County Medical Association

January 23 A Conference, arranged by the New York Legislative Committee, was held at the Ten Eyck Hotel, Albany. The Chairman of the Committee is Mrs Richard Billings and Mrs Mabel Whitney Blagdon is vice Chairman. The Conference was organized by Mrs Anne Kennedy. The afternoon session opened at 2 30 P M with Mrs Margaret Sanger in the chair. Papers were read by Norman Thomas of New York, on Some Social Aspects of Birth Control, Benjamin Tilton, M D, on Birth Control from a Physician's Standpoint, by Professor William F Willcox of Cornell University, on The Decline of the Birthrate, and by John C Vaughan, M D, on Birth Control and its Place in Preventive Medicine. The Legislative Programme in New York State was laid before the Conference by Mrs Billings, and a paper entitled "Hard Facts" was given by a Psychopathic Nurse. The papers were followed by discussion. In the evening the chair was taken by Mrs Lieber Whittic, of Syracuse, and Mrs Margaret Sanger gave an address on "The Need of Birth Control in America"

January 23 Mrs Porritt spoke on "The Birth Control Movement" to the Godmothers' Club, at a meeting at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York

January 25 The First Maryland State Birth Control Conference was held at the Hotel Belvedere, Baltimore. The Conference which opened at 2 30 P M was preceded by a luncheon. The Chair was taken by Dr Adolf Meyer, Psychiatrist in Chief of Johns Hopkins Hospital, papers were read by Professors Raymond Pearl and Reynold A Spaeth, and by Dr Lida Stewart Cogill and Dr Ross McC Chapman. Mrs Margaret Sanger gave an address on "The Need for Birth Control in America". The papers were followed by discussion.

January 26 Mrs Sanger spoke at Hagerstown, Maryland, to the Washington County Federation of Rural Women's Clubs.

Mrs Kennedy will speak before the Troy County Medical Association on the proposed amendment to the New York State law on February 3.

The meeting which was to have been held at Parson's Theatre, Hartford, on January 14, had to be postponed on account of Mrs Sanger's illness. It is intended to hold this meeting on March 11.

News concerning interest in Birth Control comes to us from Brazil—not from the Brazilians but from the large Japanese Colony at San Paolo. This Colony, a large proportion of which is now Spanish speaking, forms now a permanent part of the population of Brazil. The leader in the Birth Control movement there is Mr Fumi Furihata.

THE FACTS CONCERNING the ordered destruction of Mrs Sanger's pamphlet will be learned from Mr Kerr's letter, given below and also from the letter from Ettie Rout given on page 30. The date of the appeal was first fixed for February 9 and Mrs Sanger made all preparations to sail for England in time to attend and give evidence. After a lively exchange of cablegrams, she was informed that the date had been changed, and at the time of going to press, she is holding herself ready to start as soon as the actual date of the trial is announced.

NEWS FROM LONDON

Extract from a Letter to Mrs Sanger from Mr R B Kerr

THINGS ARE GETTING very lively over here. Miss C S Daniels has been dismissed from her position of maternity officer in a poor London district, for telling poor mothers where they could get information about Birth Control, and there was a tremendous row about it. Reynold's Newspaper, which has the widest working class circulation of all the Sunday newspapers, has given much space to the subject, and written a strong editorial in support of Miss Daniels. The *Labor Herald*, the organ of the Labor Party, is also much stirred up. There is going to be a big public meeting, at which it is hoped that H G Wells will take the chair. The occasion is singularly fortunate, as there are still a million and a half of unemployed men being supported from the rates, and eminent politicians are expressing doubts as to whether it will ever again be possible to find work for the existing population."

IN THE LATTER PART of December a book shop in West London was raided by the police in search of seditious literature and a number of copies of a pamphlet by Mrs Sanger were found there. All these copies—1,720 in number—were seized by the police, and the proprietor, Mr Guy Aldred, was summoned to show cause why they should not be destroyed. The hearing on December 21 was adjourned for three weeks. A strong effort was made by the advocates of Birth Control to secure the dismissal of the complaint, and Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the well known physician, voluntarily appeared as a witness for the defence. In spite of his testimony to the excellence of the pamphlet and its value under existing economic conditions in England, where there are at the present time over a million unemployed men, receiving subsidies paid out of national local taxation, the pamphlet was condemned. An appeal was allowed, and the matter will be fought out in a higher court.

Calling Margaret Sanger to London

Letter from Ettie A Rout

My dear Mrs Sanger,

Re Prosecution of Your Pamphlet "FAMILY LIMITATION"

This case came on last Wednesday, January 10, 1923, in the West London Police Court (Miles v Aldred) Acting under instructions certain detectives applied for personally, and wrote for, copies of your pamphlet from Mr and Mrs Aldred (to whom you had given authority to publish the pamphlet) The detectives obtained these copies and produced them in Court with the letters, and it was charged against your pamphlet that it was "obscene" Evidence was given by Mr and Mrs Aldred showing their motives to be of high public interest in the spread of life saving knowledge in regard to Birth Control, and evidence was given by Sir Wm Arbuthnot Lane, consulting surgeon to Guy's Hospital, London, by Mr Harold Cox, publicist and ex M P, Dr Drysdale (of Malthusian League) and by myself We all of course denied the charge of "obscenity" and urged that the publication of such books was right and proper and that in this particular case ample precautions had been taken to see that the pamphlet (published at 1 s for the benefit of working class mothers mainly) did not fall into the hands of young persons for whom it was not intended However, the Magistrate held that publication had been "indiscriminate" and therefore directed that the books be destroyed Notice of appeal was given, and will be completed within seven days

I have already told you that I wrote to Mr H G Wells before this case came on, and he gave me £10 for expenses, which I am handing over now to Mr Harry Myers, the solicitor I engaged That is sufficient to meet the legal expenses to date, although Mr Myers has had several interviews with us and a good deal of correspondence and telephonic communication, so we are indebted to him for his generous help

It was quite clear from the Magisterial questions and the cross-examination put to Sir Arbuthnot Lane (who was called first) that the case would be decided as it was decided, no matter what evidence we called Therefore Mr Myers wisely cut all the evidence very short—each witness being in the box only a few minutes The very great and grave questions of liberty and health are involved, and there was no sense in trying to enter into them before an obscure London magistrate The matter must be carried before a much higher tribunal, and we must all try to have it settled authoritatively—not for London alone but for the whole world

In order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the nature of your pamphlet "FAMILY LIMITATION," I submitted a copy of it to the following medical authorities—Sir Wm Arbuthnot Lane, Bart, CB, MS, Consulting Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, etc, Sir H Bryan Donkin, MD (Oxon), FRCP, and Sir G Archdall Reid, KBE, MB, CM, FRSE, and I have received the following joint letter from them—

30 December, 1922

'Dear Miss Rout

We have carefully read the pamphlet by Mrs Margaret Sanger which has been termed 'obscene' in the charge made against Mrs Rose Witcop Aldred We are unanimously of opinion that the charge of obscenity is without any foundation

(Signed) W Arbuthnot Lane
H Bryan Donkin
G Archdall Reid"

As to the alleged "indiscriminate" distribution, in every pamphlet there is this form at the back—

"This booklet has been supplied at the special request of-----who has declared that he or she is over 21 years of age and considers the Artificial Limitation of the Family justifiable on both individual and national grounds, and wishes to know the various Hygienic Methods of Family Limitation, and undertakes to keep it out of the hands of unmarried persons under the age of 21 years"

A similar signed form is called for by the Malthusian League and under its authority free information on Birth Control has been supplied for the last thirty or forty years in England

However, I admit it is quite possible for precocious young persons to write for and obtain such information, by alleging that they are over 21 or about to be married or are married Only a general supervision and discrimination can be exercised. Even such discrimination I regard myself as more or less superfluous, excepting as a matter of discretion for public societies, because actually young persons do not seek information on Birth Control such information is of no interest or understanding to the young person of normal habits and mind

In Court on oath I referred to my book, SAFE MARRIAGE, published by Messrs Wm Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd, of Bedford Street, London, W C 2, and stated that it also was being advertised and published quite openly, and I have now sent the following letter to the Director of Public Prosecutions—

28 Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park
London, W 2, January 12, 1923

The Director of Public Prosecutions,
1 Richmond Terrace, SW 1

Sir,

On Wednesday, January 10, I was one of the witnesses at the West London Police Court in regard to the prosecution of a book on Birth Control, which had been advertised in newspapers, and was supplied on personal or written application It was held by the Magistrate that the book had been published 'indiscriminately' inasmuch as it might fall into the hands of young persons for whom it was not intended My evidence given on oath showed that my book, SAFE MARRIAGE, published by Messrs Wm Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd at 3/6 gave detailed information regarding self disinfection and contraception on similar lines to the information given in Mrs Margaret Sanger's book, FAMILY LIMITATION, with which the Court was concerned, and that my book had been ad

vertised and was on sale openly in various shops in London and elsewhere. My contention is that such indiscriminate sale tends to safeguard and not to endanger public morals and that actually such books are not sought for and obtained by young persons under the age of consent but only by those who are married or about to be married and further, that the suppression of such books wisely and cleanly written for the purpose of teaching Sex Hygiene, is an infringement of public liberty and an attack on the Prevention of Venereal Disease, with which the subject of Birth Control is closely associated.

Will you kindly inform me whether the publication and sale of my book, as sworn to by me constitutes a misdemeanor, and if so, will you please take action immediately? A copy of my book (and reviews) is sent herewith.

Yours faithfully,

ETTIE A. ROUT

This morning I have received a letter from our solicitor, saying—

"Mr and Mrs Aldred have the right to appeal. Notice of Appeal must be given in seven days. Two persons in each case will have to attend the Court to act as sureties for the cost of the appeal, which if lost might make them liable to £30 or £40 we should think."

Of course the legal expense connected with the Appeal will be much more because Counsel will have to be instructed

I have consulted Dr Drysdale and Mr Harold Cox about suitable counsel to engage, and they unite in naming one man whom I am to see next week. He is a K.C. and M.P.

My opinion is emphatically that it would be far better for you to come over here yourself to give evidence as to your motive in writing books on Birth Control and express your opinions as to the best methods of publishing and distributing them.

I am willing to stand by you in every way possible, and to hold fast to the contention that if your books are suppressed mine should be suppressed as well, that is to say, I refuse to shelter myself behind the fact that my book was published by a well known firm of Medical Book Publishers, with a Preface by Sir Wm Arbuthnot Lane, whereas yours was published by a working class organization for the benefit of working class wives and mothers.

You are at liberty to publish this letter and make any use you like of it, and you can rely upon my personal support and help to the utmost.

Mr H G Wells and others have promised to give evidence on your behalf when the case comes to be properly fought out.

It is Public Liberty and Public Health which are under the attack of vile reactionaries, and we must stand fast for the sake of Past, Present and Future Generations of Mankind. Come over here as soon as ever you can.

The Annual Meeting

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Birth Control League, Inc., was held at headquarters on January 11. It was marred by the absence of Mrs Sanger who was not well enough to be present. Her absence was partially compensated by the grace and ability shown by Mrs Rublee, who presided in her place, and the meeting received with applause and enthusiasm the reports of the various departments of work. These reports were given by the heads of each department—by the Organization and Executive Secretaries, the Treasurer of the League and the REVIEW, the Managing Editor and the Circulation Manager of the REVIEW, and by Mrs Sanger's Private Secretary Miss Kitty Marion, who sells the REVIEW on the streets of New York, also contributed a few of her more exciting experiences.

In reporting for the League, Mrs Francis B Ackermann, Treasurer, stated that the receipts for the year 1922 had been \$20,175 67, disbursements, \$19,954 46, leaving a balance of \$221 46. The revenue of the League is wholly derived from memberships and contributions. For the REVIEW the total income was \$18,581 36, and the expenditures, \$17,734 53. Of the income about one half was from sales and advertisements, and the balance consisted of donations made for the support of the REVIEW.

Mrs Anne Kennedy, Executive Secretary of the League received hearty applause and a vote of thanks for her Report, which covered the whole history of the League from its inauguration on November 10, 1921, to the close of 1922. She

told of the removal of the League into large and convenient offices, and the gradual increase of equipment and of personnel. She described the immense number of letters daily sent out and received, and the work that these letters entailed on the staff. In all the League had sent out 112,775 letters during the year. These represented not only thousands of replies to letters received but also several circularizations of carefully selected mailing lists. The accomplishment of the work had only been possible through the devotion and self sacrifice of the staff and of volunteers who had given many hours and days of arduous service. The members secured during the year numbered 5,307. These members are distributed over every one of the forty-eight States, the District of Columbia and all the outlying possessions, from Alaska to Hawaii and the Philippines. Nevada is the State with the fewest members, but even in that State there are seven. New York has the largest number with about two thousand, and there are sixty three members scattered over eighteen foreign countries, Japan leading, followed by England in the second place.

Branches of the American Birth Control League, Inc., were established in 1922 in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and Miss Clara Louise Rowe in her Report told also of work in Maryland and Massachusetts. A Birth Control Conference was held in Philadelphia in January which resulted in the formation of a State Branch, and the Western Pennsylvania Branch, with headquarters at Pittsburgh, was formed in May. Reading, Pa., had also been organized during the

year In Ohio, she reported the existence of a Birth Control committee in Cleveland, and in November a Birth Control Conference was held in Cincinnati which resulted in the formation of the Cincinnati Branch Michigan organized early in the year with headquarters at Detroit, and the Indiana Branch was organized at Indianapolis on November 18, just before the formation of the Cincinnati Branch A local branch was also formed at Richmond, Ind

Miss Anna Lifschitz, Private Secretary to Mrs Sanger, told of the enormous number of letters sent personally to Mrs Sanger The number answered during the year was over 15,000, and three quarters of these letters began with the words "I have read your book 'Woman and the New Race' "

The business aspects of the REVIEW were summed up in the report of Miss Ruth Albert who stated that during the year 110,000 copies of the REVIEW had been printed Of these about 2,000 remained on hand, it being the intention to issue these as bound volumes About 20,000 had been distributed as propaganda and over 86,000 had gone to subscribers, been sold by dealers, or by Miss Kitty Marion and others in the streets of New York The number sold by Miss Marion in 1922 was 6,300, making a total for her five years of this activity of 42,000

The Report of the Managing Editor, Mrs Annie G Porritt, gave credit to the many able writers and reviewers who have so materially helped in the campaign for Birth Control by their contributions to the REVIEW She laid stress on the value of the REVIEW as a record of the progress of the movement at home and abroad, and spoke with satisfaction of the increasing number of subscribers, who are found in every State and almost every civilized country

Next after the reports of the officers came a report from Mrs Richard Billings, Chairman of the New York Legislative Committee, on the progress that has been made in regard to securing an amendment of the New York Law This amendment, which has been prepared with the help of professors in the Columbia Law School, would extend the right of physicians to give Birth Control information, now limited to the giving of such information in cases of disease, and would enable it to be given in clinics and dispensaries to all women asking for it Mrs Billings reported on the formation of a legislative committee, which was planning to hold a Conference in Albany on January 23

An important part of the business of the Meeting was the amendment of the League Constitution, and a Committee had been appointed by Mrs Sanger and the Board of Directors for this purpose The report from this Committee took the form of an amended constitution It was read by Mrs Porritt who moved its acceptance The motion was unanimously carried The new Constitution increases the number of the Board from nine to fifteen in order that the officers may also be members of the Board Provision is also made for the admission of active members as representatives of affiliated organizations

The Directors of the League hold office for three years At present, the Board consists of twelve members divided in three classes At the Annual Meeting four members were elected

to the class of 1926, viz Mrs George H Day, Sr, and Mrs A G Porritt, re-elected, and Mrs Margaret Sanger and Mrs F B Ackermann elected under the new clause of the Constitution Mrs Lewis L Delafield and Mrs Juliet Barrett Rublee were similarly elected to the classes of 1925 and 1924 respectively The Board as it now stands is as follows Class of 1926, Mrs Sanger, Mrs Ackermann, Mrs Day and Mrs Porritt, Class of 1924, Mrs Delafield, Dr C C Little, Mrs Richard Billings, Dr Lothrop Stoddard, Class of 1924, Dr J C Vaughan, Mrs Anne Kennedy, Miss Clara Louise Rowe and Mrs Rublee

After the conclusion of the business of the meeting an address was given by Mrs Rublee, Second Vice President of the League She summarized briefly the accomplishments of the year as given in the various reports, and especially laid stress on the total of 152,475 letters which had been sent out, and the 3,000 people that had been interviewed Forty two lectures on Birth Control had been given under the auspices of the League, and 213,500 pamphlets and leaflets had been distributed without charge Of Mrs Sanger's books a total of over 150,000 had been sold, 110,000 of these being "Woman and the New Race" The cost of all the work—REVIEW and League—had been approximately \$38,000 She also gave some account of Mrs Sanger's world tour, which had carried the message of Birth Control successfully around the world The next Annual Meeting of the League will be held on January 10, 1924

PRESS CLIPPINGS

WASTE OF LIFE is the greatest evil from which India, especially rural parts of it, suffers In other countries in ancient time three score and ten years was the maximum of life, in India it ranged from 100 to 120 In modern times reverse appears to be the case The Indian expectation of the duration of life at birth is less than 22 59 for males and 23 31 for females, against the expectation of life in England which is 46 04 and 50 02 years respectively

Poverty is undoubtedly the main cause of this appalling state of things

Poor physique due to starvation easily succumbs to insanitary conditions Epidemics rage with fury and sickness is the normal condition of life

Almost half of the population of India is condemned to waste by the disregard of its women folk in the life of the people If they were not absolutely necessary for the propagation of mankind they would have been completely disregarded *Feudatory and Zamindari, India, April, 1922*

MR AND MRS FRANK SCOTT moved West from La Porte, Indiana, the other day, taking thirteen children with them, buying only two railroad tickets The oldest of the thirteen children, triplets, were four and one half years old The youngest, twins, each six months That mother in ten years has had triplets five times and twins twice, and lost six children

You can't add anything to that —*N Y American, Oct 27*

Havelock Ellis

A Birthday Tribute by Hugh de Selincourt

And like a well tuned chime his carriage was
Full of celestial withcraft winning all
To admiration and love personal

a single word With help or without it, I have followed my
own path to the end"

AT A COUNTRY house one evening, many years ago, the name of Robert Browning was mentioned and a little of my enthusiasm for the poet, then at its height, bubbled out "He took me in to dinner once," a dark lady quietly announced, eyeing me "What Robert Browning!" I gasped, awe struck, as she intended that I should be "Yes, Robert Browning," she smiled, and added with an unmistakeable relish, "He was just like anyone else, a nice chatty man of the world, who thoroughly enjoyed his dinner I was a romantic girl then and bitterly disappointed" She may have detected a superior look upon my face, for she went on—"No doubt, you think it was my fault Of course it may have been" My gloomy silence was more expressive than it was meant to be so she informed my tender youthfulness that what a poet was and what a poet wrote were two very different things, that a poet after all was a human being uncommonly like the rest of us, and my tender youthfulness, dumb against the flow of her common sense, wasted much good black hatred upon her

Now I have reached years of discretion (moderate discretion, shall we say?) and realize that there is much more to be said for the excellent lady's point of view than I could then perceive, and so much more to be said for my own that no youth in his salad days could possibly grasp it, for without the help of reverence, it is impossible to distinguish one man from another or to recognize greatness, should it be your good fortune to encounter it, reverence giving the only true perspective

FOR THE BEST part (far the best) of two days and nights I had been reading it—(not possibly as the great work should be read, slowly through all its volumes, following the thought like devious ways through woods up a mountain till the subject opened in the last volume like a great prospect on the rain washed air of the summit, but only the long last volume ravenously devoured) and then in the small hours wrote to the man who had brought light into my heart a letter of unmitigated enthusiasm

I read and re read these sentences in the Postscript "When only one volume of these *Studies* had been written and published in England, a prosecution, instigated by the Government, put an end to the sale of that volume in England, and led me to resolve that the subsequent volumes should not be published in my own country I do not complain I am grateful for the early and generous sympathy with which my work was received in Germany and the United States, and I recognize that it has had a wider circulation, both in English and the other languages of the world, than would have been possible by the modest method of issue which the government of my own country induced me to abandon Nor has the effort to crush my work resulted in any change in that work by so much as

GUSH IS WHEN a sea of emotion tries to find its way through a drain pipe of expressional power The whole fat volume—its beauty, its insight, its tenderness, its breadth of outlook and its depth of wisdom, its thoroughness and its prodigious learning—moved me, quite apart from its intimate personal help towards joy and fulfilment, and then the story of the book's reception, told in such language that Edward Carpenter is right in acclaiming it as one of the finest passages in English prose writing—oh! the whole tempestuous experience roused the sea of emotion all right, and I wrote the letter moreover borne high on the waves of it I confess to the audacity of registering a vow (more vow than prayer, I am afraid) which I tried later to forget, that one day I would know the man who had written the book In much the same way, I had vowed as a small boy (again, alas! more vow than prayer) that one day I would write a book myself, and tried hard to forget the vow But neither vow could be forgotten, blush at either as I might in soberer moments

Perhaps you have never felt supreme conviction that a book was a gift of value to all mankind, epoch making in fact, and that the writer stood out from his contemporaries, a man among pigmies, however dexterous and natty and accomplished their pigny work might be, perhaps you have never been forced to tell that writer what you thought of his work if you have, however, you will be able to realize how I felt the morning after the letter was in the post It is one of those actions which do not bear the cold scrutiny of the morning We are not informed, so far as I can remember, that Enoch on the occasion of his illustrious walk patted his august companion on the back or praised him There seemed no excuse at all for my impertinence, and I could not even recall the words which I had used in that wretched letter

HOWEVER I RECEIVED an answer, practically by return the answer ran Dear Mr Selincourt—I thank you much for your sympathetic letter and your appreciation of my work Your words, with others I have received from various quarters since the publication of the final volume, enable me to realize that I have the approval of the people whose approval is best worth having and this is a considerable satisfaction to me when I remember the contempt—to say the least—with which my work has been received in the past Very truly yours, Havelock Ellis 31st Aug 1910

Years past I bought *Affirmations* and *The New Spirit*, and by their gracious influence was led to a better understanding of the work of many writers whom I had read, and was able to make a new friend in Diderot whose complete works I bought. The intrepid vow often stirred me to uneasiness, yet put out shoots in spite of my growing sense of its audacity

Audacious or not I knew I wanted to be in the man's presence, and knew that I one day should be, but it was a matter of too great solemnity and importance to warrant any active interference on my part. Meanwhile I contented myself with the constant brooding perusal of his books.

At last, with no ulterior motive that I was aware of, I wrote to ask him some question about the possibility of reading unpublished diaries of James Hinton to whom many references are made in the "*Studies*." The answer suggested that it would be simpler to talk over the matter, and he would be pleased if I could come and take tea with him at Brixton.

There it was, this to me ineffable suggestion, put simply as from one man to another, diffidently put, moreover, as though I might possibly not have time or even have something better to do. Somehow I felt that it was hardly fair. He ought to be warned. I felt guilty, as though I had received a priceless gift by mistake.

I WENT, HOWEVER, of course I went, and on the way I prayed earnestly that it might be vouchsafed unto me not to make an ass of myself—a contingency which from my earliest youth onwards kindly elder brothers and others have never ceased, no doubt with good reason, begging me to avoid. My prayer on this occasion, though most devout, was not answered. The circumstances proved too much for me and my highly developed power of restraint. For it happened that on the very day of my visit a knighted pet of the public had produced a little tale in eight papers simultaneously, receiving record pay for the effort, and I was imprudent enough to read the little tale in the omnibus. Viewed in this foolish comparative mood, the district did not seem suitable for a King among men to inhabit, nor did the street as I reached it, nor did the block of flats as I entered. While I was ascending the worn stone steps of the staircase shyness at meeting the man and rage at his surroundings set me in confusion. I could not see an inch beneath the dingy surface of things. The monstrous absurdity of modern life glared at me.

I rapped and waited, fuming at the public pet with his wealth and his knighthood, the door was opened and I was greeted from a small dark passage by what I discovered to be a tall white haired, white bearded man, and drawn into a small sitting room, its chill taken off by a gas fire, lighted by tall windows and filled apparently with stacks of paper covered books. He sat in an office chair at the littered writing table by the window. I sat in an easy chair by the fire. Samurai, I thought ruefully are disciplined to endure cold. The cheerlessness of a cheerless afternoon in a dreary outskirt of London, pervaded the room. Nothing seemed to possess either the power or the will to fence it out. I could not bear that he should be thus sitting in the dingy thick of it all.

IN A VERY FEW minutes he informed me about the Hinton MSS, in a quick voice that was lighter than I expected, looking as he spoke, not at me, but fixedly at the opposite wall. Then followed a long silence during which I realized that he was perhaps shyer than myself, and that somehow or other I must give vent to my feelings. The complete topsy turveydom

by which honor was lavished on the public pet and neglect upon this man was too much for me. My small pot over such a fire must soon boil over. To gain time I reminded him of my letter four or five years ago, he replied immediately that he remembered it very well. A longer silence followed.

The interview could not well be more awkward, at any rate, than it was proving. It would be some relief to me to tell him to his face what I thought of him, something must be done to right the ridiculous balance. So reasoned the small pot on the great fire, trying to excuse a law of necessity. And I let him have it crudely and flatly have it what I felt about the public pet and himself, a king among men, in whose presence it was an honor to be.

A sort of fury possessed me, most inopportune and disconcerting, but having got rid of it all, I felt easier and able to perceive, more clearly than I could under its oppression the man himself as he sat there, with his elbows on his round office chair, his long fingers pressed together in front of him, touching his lips, smiling occasionally, his eye always fixed on the opposite wall, rarely turned on me, saying "ah!" or "oh!" from time to time on a gentle underbreath, sympathetic little interjections, totally non committal, and this glimpse of the man gave the perspective to circumstance and surrounding. I became aware that his shyness was not due to self consciousness as mine was, but to sensitive perception of another personality. After all, small talk was not possible, one could only utter the deepest truth in one, here prevailed different rules of conduct from the excellent etiquette of a dinner party.

AND AS I FINISHED I knew that another truth was emerging, even less opportune. A passage in his work had seemed, to my astonishment and trouble as I read it, to show lack of appreciation for Shelley who had marked out in poetry the road which Havelock Ellis had constructed in prose. I was obliged to confront him with the passage where Shelley was almost lumped together with Scott and Swinburne and Gautier, as an author of whom youth's rapturous welcome could be outgrown.

My reading of the passage was gravely and almost anxiously doubted. The book was found, I heard comforting words while the actual sentence was being searched for, to the effect that in his opinion Shelley was probably the most wholly divine man who had ever lived. "Ah, yes, here it is," the sentence was read aloud, and the confession made that an intended antithesis had been fumbled in the making.

My contribution, so far, to this first meeting, thus plunging into the unspeakable and better left unsaid, did not tend towards ease of intercourse, but he took my outbursts kindly and simply, knowing that they were genuine and could not be helped, and now he suggested tea, which he retired to make himself in the kitchen and brought in beautifully served, a choice of milk or a slice of lemon, small hot scones (really hot), the little meal appearing as a chance of graciousness not to be missed, the whole effect immeasurably increased by the absence of a well trained parlor maid's professional assistance.

I had prayed that I might not make an ass of myself, and,

fortunately perhaps, my prayer had not been answered. It is as well to appear under one's true color from the outset.

AND I CAME AWAY, disillusioned of course, the sad penalty of unmitigated enthusiasm, having seen a tallish man merely, very much the same as other men, wearing trousers and a collar stud, braces probably and socks, a shy man at that, with an abrupt manner and too light a voice. On the contrary I came away in a glow of deep happiness, having been in contact with a reality fairer than imagination could conceive with renewed conviction that God may best be observed by human beings as their hearts go out in worship to each other, even as the Devil may be most clearly seen when their hearts are turned inwards by jealousy or envy or shame.

One lovely fact stood out like a beacon. Here was a man whose thirty years' work had been grossly maltreated by his countrymen, and who was without any sourness, who had remained sensible and kind, simple and responsive.

Disillusionment is meagre foolishness, crafty too, to sustain the little spectral self by belittlement, there is nothing so energy releasing and nothing so strength giving and delightful as worship of another human being.

On leaving I had faltered out a hope that I might see him again. He had instantly replied—"I hope so too" with an abrupt little laugh, yet I knew that he meant what he said as surely as I felt that for him to touch any human being as a mere formality (even in the customary handshake) was not pleasant.

Animals, after all, have the best of it in some ways. If I could but have laid my ears back like a little terrier bitch and gazed up into his face with speechless adoration, wagging my lowered tail the while from side to side till it ached, I might have properly expressed my feelings, and he—who knows?—might possibly have patted my head.

MERCY ON US! I hear the cynic sigh. What is the point of it all? This frantic admiration or whatever you choose to call it. It can only make you feel puny in comparison and insignificant, and to balance that, unduly conceited, in extolling him you but extoll yourself. Snobbery takes many forms. There is no answer to the half truth voiced by coldness and ill health. One can but pity and pass on.

I do not regret my behavior on that first visit now so deeply as I regretted it on my homeward journey, for the simple reason that the first visit was not, as I desperately feared it must be, also the last.

I was uncertain as to the etiquette a commoner should employ towards royalty, and there was no book or office that I knew of to which I could apply for information, nor could I during sleep visit the Temple of the Akashic Records in which I am assured all knowledge is written for our astral selves to read. I had only my poor heart to consult, and the royal generosity to rely on, but the two were enough for my purpose, because he was lured after a year or two to a large cool room beneath a gaudy band playing restaurant in which cool quiet room conversation was possible.

There during the last years of the war, at intervals usually

of a fortnight or three weeks, we took luncheon together, and there on one occasion, after he had become habituated to the atmosphere of worship which I could not relax, I distinctly saw his right eye twinkle in affection.

A sense of humor regulates, without destroying, enthusiasm, and I was aware that my intense admiration might easily become oppressive, for the more it was delicately pushed on one side by its recipient, the more deeply it insisted upon growing. An adoration that will not bear laughter is like a plant that will not bear wind and sunshine. It became a fascinating game, a challenge to my ingenuity, to give him perpetual little glimpses of himself as mirrored in my heart.

I HAVE MET MEN whose names are household words in politics or journalism, with a studied manner of receiving the homage which is their due, they rouse the imp of mockery in me to his obscenest pitch.

At the first of these luncheons, I was at the place of meeting considerably before the appointed hour, taking the more discrete of the two ways of leaving the Government Office. Having engaged the table at which I had visualized him sitting, I returned upstairs to the wide entrance to watch the ceaseless stream of passers by on the crowded street, some hurrying shyly, others sauntering at ease, as though the Circus were their back garden and everyone they did not know peculiar intruders, others making their stern way relentlessly, it was pleasant to watch the chattering stream, smart mostly or destitute, and to wait. I was lucky, for he did not come suddenly upon me. I spotted him crossing the road, and picking his way swiftly through the crowd, an umbrella under his arm, a muffler round his neck, dressed to be inconspicuous, yet to the discerning eye, by right of features and poise of head and the whole alert condition of his body, in all but crown a king. It was pleasant after the staring faces to receive his smile of recognition and to feel his greeting, a pleasure too simply obtained to be missed, and on future occasions I never missed it, except once or twice when he happened to arrive two or three minutes before the hour arranged.

I led the way, knowing the way, through two sets of folding doors across the cafe with its small tables, down the flight of stairs to the large quiet room where I had engaged a corner table. Thereafter it became a laughing rite to which there was no exception throughout the delicious series that I should lead the way and he should follow. So on I stalked, proud as a herald and after me he came.

DURING THE FIRST luncheon I formed the distinct wish, which I was far too cunning to express, to enjoy such a time regularly once a fortnight. I felt guilty again, as though he were being lured into a trap, when he suggested another meeting at the same hour, in the same place, which through its quietness could not be bettered, with himself as host. In three weeks we were lunching there again. It was then my turn, so having allowed a week to pass, I wrote again and received a favorable reply for the ensuing week. The fortnight passed for his invitation. I gave up hope, feeling sure that he had started back as from the formation of a bad habit,

but in a day or two the letter of invitation came. Three weeks was his interval, two weeks mine, and always the strain of wondering whether this time was not surely the last had such fingers to pinch me that I dared to write suggesting that the meetings should be regularly fixed for every other Thursday. I received a courteous reply to the effect that he considered anything approaching a fixed rule in matters of a spiritual nature to be a mistake. The letter contained no hint of rebuff, on the contrary, after unregenerate anger at my frustration, I came to feel a breath of delicate invitation contained in the words which at first I had been too dense to notice.

One is not lightly taken within the orbit of a full life, guided by an unswerving purpose, the life of a man with power enough to prepare during fifteen years for a piece of work, and to spend fifteen years in its quiet accomplishment, and then with the supreme power, when that work is mishandled, of remaining sensitive and kind and responsive. My lobster-like method of approach was gently foiled and corrected, but the lovely series of meetings has continued and their effect is cumulative, though the tension of waiting for each invitation has in no way lessened.

WE READ IN his work, not without a smile at this nice example of a great truth—"Life has been defined as, even physically and chemically, a tension. All our lives long we are struggling against this tension, but we can truly escape from it only by escaping from life itself."

A genuine book comes from a layer of consciousness where heart and mind interplay and which is not easily reached by ordinary intercourse. The rays of the sun that penetrate one's room and the sun itself present an analogy, if it be not too heavily treated.

Two curious fallacies are prevalent. One is the fear of what is called influence. It says—"I'd rather be myself, how ever stupid, than the echo or shadow of another, however wise." From it comes that pathetic wish to be "original," which Goethe never tired of deprecating. The other fallacy, even more curious, is that love of another person (in any of its myriad forms) must blind you to the quality of his or her work—a queer fallacy as though the seat of judgment, that perilous perch, were the only proper support for a self-respectful stern, whereas the truth is that love alone reveals.

Unaffected by these fallacies the main pleasures of his company soon became apparent to me. What I genuinely felt gained response, irrespective of argument, so that I was aware of a continual gentle encouragement towards self-reliance. My personal life, even more perhaps than most lives, has the character of an adventure, with that adventure I felt his strong sympathy. And above all his presence lent a distinction to all human relationship, which can too easily decline into a familiar turmoil where one's very soul is taken for granted. His presence, as Shelley says of poetry, stripped the veil of familiarity from the world, and laid bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms. For what else is a free man but living poetry—the word made flesh? Men for the most part live in the grip of custom, this man lives in the light of truth.

THE TEST OF a man lies in his power to be in truth himself and not a composite effigy of custom. "The weak cannot be sincere," says de la Rochefoucauld. An eternal conflict is waged between Custom and Truth. No one saw this more clearly than John Milton, or announced its importance with greater vigor, to recognize this conflict is to understand the meaning of Havelock Ellis's life and work, his place in the long human struggle towards freedom. But catch now the tones of Milton's voice in these pronouncements.

1 "Neither ought Custom hinder that Truth should not prevail, for Custom without Truth is but agedness in error."

2 "Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain, if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition."

3 "How goodly and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this! What a fine conformity would it starch us all into! doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework as any January could freeze together."

But to return to the pleasant surface. One day I suggested that the War Office regulations—food cards and tickets and all the rest of it—must be an insufferable nuisance to one who did his own catering. He declared smiling, his face turned towards me, that, on the contrary, they made him feel like a boy again, when he used to flatten a small nose against the window pane, anxiously determining exactly how many sweets or cakes could be obtained for the pennies in his pocket.

This remark of his came to my mind when I read Mr J C Harwood's criticism of *Impressions and Comments* (2nd Series) in the *London Mercury*. I preserve the article as a nice illustration of how little crossness can see of beauty even when beauty is displayed as conspicuously and simply as in that book. "The personality or rather the disguise for his personality which Mr Ellis displays so frequently annoys the reader." Well, Mr Harwood has as much right to his opinion as I have to mine, and I am grateful to him for the phrase, "disguise for his personality" because it drew my attention to the fact that, whereas most men were hidden under more disguises even than they themselves were aware of, here was one man who had removed every vestige of disguise, who lived and wrote to reveal and not to conceal, and therefore seemed the rarest, the most peculiar bird in the catalogue. Two other comments of Mr Harwood's were helpful in the same way. "Mr Ellis as himself says of Swift has a tendency to dwell upon excrement" and he excuses this tendency as "now his work is accomplished—a stiffly controversial attitude persists beyond the days of controversy."

HERE AGAIN I FOUND myself indebted to cross Mr Harwood, for his bad temper bumped me, if I may be allowed the expression, on to a main quality of Havelock Ellis, so apt in one's mind to be dubious and negative, namely his purity both of life and purpose. And I knew that to read his work was to understand the meaning of purity and to be in his presence was to feel its beneficent influence (so different from my schoolmaster's passionate cry to us poor little, perplexed fellows before him—"Be pure, my boys, be pure!")

But most of all did the phrase *stiffly controversial attitude*—

draw my attention to a feature of his character which I might possibly have missed (so simple and obvious and pervasive is it in him) even though he has written—"Personally I object to controversy I have always made it a rule to ignore all attacks, devoting my energies to the task of making my work as sound as I can" And this from no lack of controversial power, as his reply to Professor Karl Pearson amply proves (*Popular Science Monthly*, January, 1903), but from a deliberate attitude towards life, which leaves success, as it is called, and self, and public esteem to look after themselves, while he quietly pursues his own creative business This attitude which has become as natural to him as the poise of his head has caused some people to imagine that he is out of harmony with life, disappointed perhaps at neglect, inaccessible, forbidding, aloof But this is not so He has penetrated a little below the restless fret and hubbub of modern life's conditions to the heart of life knowing well his appointed task and tranquilly performing it, aware too of the present effect of his work, evidenced in lives around him and in young movements, so sensitive to others that by gentleness merely and understanding he has restored health and laughter to women from whom the world had taken both

THUS MY CROSS reviewer helped to open my eyes, and looking back I saw revealed in all those early meetings how simply and reverently his life obeys the law of love which is unknown usually or disregarded He spoke unkindly of no man Alert to quality he seemed uninterested in the faults and failings of others, he found it more amusing perhaps to watch them in himself, where they might be susceptible of treatment His humor never needed the spice of malice

His reply to a tirade of mine against a certain eminent writer of prodigious fluency is characteristic He agreed with me in preferring the author's earlier work which declined in interest, he thought, as he came to assume the attitude of Atlas It always seemed to be a matter of regret with him to be unable to like an author's work, and not, as is often the case, a barely concealed satisfaction To be with him was to learn the truth of the saying that the true humility and the true pride are twin sisters

"Ah!" said an acquaintance who had heard of these meetings, "he knows Havelock Ellis very well" I smiled, it was not worth while to deny the soft impeachment But I wondered what this knowing another precisely meant How one seemed to know some people in ten minutes with weary precision, and the more often one saw others and the more intimate even one became, the vaster grew the tract of undiscovered country, in what Thoreau has called—that continent, man

One thing, however, I came to know and to savor, as one knows and savors the bouquet of a fine wine, one thing which could only be imagined from his written work (and here reality outstrips imagination) and the knowledge of this one thing has preserved me from any painful sense of inferiority, because the man himself could never, for all his insight and wisdom, know it himself—and that one thing was his own sheer inextinguishable dearness In spite of the sweep of

white hair from his forehead, in spite of the venerable long, white beard and the deepset, sad eyes, ever ready to twinkle, I often seemed in the presence of a dear child who happened to have read everything and knew through worship the heart of woman In the same way I can imagine some prudent elder, when he was a little boy, wondering at times whether such serenity and stillness were quite natural in one of his tender years All his life I suspect him of upsetting the usual standards of age Those deepset eyes, ever ready to twinkle, showed me the perceptive beauty of these lines, till then un realized —

Ay in the very temple of delight
Veiled melancholy has her sovran shrine
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst joy's grape against his palate fine

AND THE LINES send a lovely bubble rising to the surface, the smiling memory of an occasion when as the long menu was scanned, he, rubbing his hands together, declared that a cheque received was larger than he had expected and a bottle of wine must in consequence be enjoyed It was enjoyed, a treat of treats, and all the more as on his earnest suggestion the plainest food, bread and spaghetti, was eaten that the flavor of the wine might be relished without conflict

Other bubbles rise clustering up to the surface once the well of memory is stirred, and none is brighter than that memorable occasion when I partook of an exquisite lunch, prepared by himself, in his flat no make shift of scraps or tinned food, with intention to save trouble, but a careful lunch with intention that each dish should be delicious to the palate, with the right wine, and coffee better than you can get it at any but an exceptional restaurant at its moment of gaining fame

Being shown the flat and its contents, I was vividly reminded of my own pride as a small boy, when I showed a little friend from school for the first time my treasures the sensation is one which I have not outgrown, but have only met it as genuinely and simply felt in another on this occasion I remembered too my foolish feelings on the first visit to the flat There was no longer any need to fume against circumstance or surrounding Just as the usual standards of age lose their significance with some people, so do other standards After a visit to St Jerome in his perfect study in the wilderness, any kind of personal display, however refined, would barely escape the semblance of vulgarity Simplicity has a distinction which no money can buy

DELICIOUS LITTLE MEMORIES come crowding how he boasted of his prowess in laying a fire with fewer sticks and less paper and a better result than any expert charwoman how he declared that he would rather win praise for the making of a salad than for the writing of an essay (not mentioning that perhaps the opinion on the one was more likely to be reliable than on the other), how he wrote in all seriousness that owing to failing health and age, the tiresome usual route by boat and train to Paris was much too fatiguing, and that he had in consequence decided to fly there by aeroplane, the service having lately been started. Rough weather was en

countered and a descent far from Paris made necessary, but the whole experience, including the novelty and the danger, delighted this incorrigible—I beg pardon, this man of age and failing health

And then this memory How at a time when I was discouraged by my inability to dispose of books which I had written, it so happened (by a mere coincidence, of course) that he wrote to ask if I could possibly spare time to read through some MSS of his, as he would value my opinion—encourage me more delicately and practically given, you may perhaps be able to imagine, I cannot

But these memories lead to the realm of the fairy tale where power fails me to lend credibility to the story The life of any saint has yet to be written Prevalent ideas of virtue are too strait and too starched to permit the beautiful truth to be realized—the truth of a saint, or of what Spinoza calls a free man, who has emerged, by the help of simplicity and of purity and of understanding, from the composite effigy of custom to manhood Men used to canonize such a man and have done with him His life will one day, however, be fully written, the life, perhaps, of Havelock Ellis, for his own work more

than the work of any other man has so helped to inform the general consciousness that the beauty of such a life can at last be revealed and its simple truth and beauty appreciated

Meanwhile I offer this little rough sketch—this slight glimpse of the man as reflected in my heart, a henchman's tribute merely, to a King on his birthday—a very proud henchman, I may add, seeing that I was asked to write it by Margaret Sanger, his friend

His life and his work are inextricably one His life is the living example of his work, his work is the breath of his life The rhythm between them is simple and harmonious and complete

No god, no king, no saint, no sage, this but a man, a free human being And what, after all, is there more divine, or more kingly, holier or wiser than that?

God appears and God is light
To those poor souls who dwell in night,
But doth a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day
Thou art a man God is no more
Thy own humanity learn to adore

Havelock Ellis—A Twentieth Century St. George

By Frank Pease

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a dragon After the way of dragons the world over, this dragon had terrible power, possessed an invulnerable hide, a stone heart, a breath of fire, corrupt claws and sharp fangs All dragons have these, only this dragon's fangs were the sharpest, his heavy claws the heaviest and most corrupt, his heart the hardest, his hide the toughest, and his ways the most terrible of all the dragons that ever existed Strangely enough, however, none of his terrible weapons ever were set against that which could defend itself This dragon, for all its fearful equipment—or perhaps because of it—made war not upon the strong, but on the weak on all that is tender, beyond value, and easiest to destroy You will understand me when I say the beautiful was its choicest prey

Fearful always of light, especially the shadowless light of high noon—truest of all light, this dragon made for itself out of what had once been a place of jewels, the retreat of music, the birthplace of perfumes, delight's own citadel, the darkest, deepest and most desperate cavern of all the world the cavern of the human heart Here, entrenched, hidden, powerful, and often supreme, the dragon made stealthy and horrible war on those virtues that are tenderest Through the black cloud from its fiery breath the good turned foul, the straight grew crooked, and the true writhed in a very distortion of falsity Acrid mockery held high revelry where once had been only melody A motto, once gold lettered above the door of the temple, which read "Love and Enjoy All Ye Who Enter Here," had been clawed away In its place the dragon set a curse For ages and ages as the children of earth entered the temple of desire, this terrible and never to be forgotten word stared down at them, searing their eyeballs, chang-

ing the warm steady flow of their blood into a hot running madness Once this madness set through their veins, once their eyes dimmed by the unholy and terrible word, then were they the dragon's very own Few escaped the blighting malignant hypotism of that terrible word set there above the door to the temple of desire,—for it was the word SIN

IT IS NOW known that the dragon, whose name was Evil Conscience, was at least two thousands of years old, though some say much older, a very considerable age even for a dragon Like many of the dragons that have tortured man kind, this dragon was finally slain Yet even to this day there are many who have never heard of its death nor the manner of its slaying, to say nothing at all of him who slew To all such, about whom the corrupt cloud from the dragon's breath still hangs heavy shadows across what should be the sunlit places of their hearts,—to all such we again say "Fear not, the Dragon is slain!" For, once slain in a single human heart, he died in many other human hearts What remains are but reverberations of his fall

It is in some such fancy that one approaches the works of Mr Havelock Ellis, in the mood that we appreciate St George and the Dragon, Perseus and Andromeda Havelock Ellis has been a very dragon slayer if ever one dwelt among men Not all earth's dragons are yet slain, but certainly this one to which the amazing integrity and high purpose of Ellis gave defeat, was the very worst For Evil Conscience in one field of human being—especially so predominant a field as the sexual—"carried over" into many another field through sheer momentum Offspring of the Morality of Custom, which is probably the oldest morality on earth, Evil Conscience estab-

lished itself with singular tenacity within the very core of Western religion. Since Nietzsche has given us his "Meaning of the Ascetic Priest," and Havelock Ellis his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," we attain both an historical and psychological, to say nothing of a deeply human and kindly understanding of our own ineradicable natures. We understand many a "why," and are no longer content to fling the stop gap "sin" into every sexual aberration or idiosyncrasy. Nietzsche showed us the ascetic priest as the negative, life denying originator and propagandist of the deadly concepts "sin" and "evil conscience." Havelock Ellis continues the movement to understand what has happened to our sexual selves by giving us a kind of cross section. In it we see the sex motive as a genuine constant, beginning, more or less consciously far before puberty, and continuing as a dominant factor in our activities, attitudes and tastes, far after virility. He shows us that it is woven out of the most inescapable ingredients of the human soul, a fabric made of uncounted and uncountable strands of ancestral pasts, so that even the idiosyncrasies of its multiform expressions are accountable—and "legitimate."

BETWEEN THE TWO men, between Nietzsche and Ellis, "sin" and "evil conscience" are done for, put to flight, slain,—at least in sexual matters. All of which brings us to the further thought that man is not "conceived in sin" nor "born of evil." With these two evil gestures of the dragon dispersed, the dignity and legitimacy of "Birth Control," as a conscious and deliberate aim without "sin" or illegality, becomes manifest.

We have only to hark back to those tangled, darkened days before the rise of Science and Toleration, when the worst—because the most erroneous—possible interpretation was given every act and attitude not conforming to Christian Puritan Victorian morality, to realize how great is the contribution of Havelock Ellis. It was an age of "sin." If no "sin" existed in the heart of the "sinner," then others put it there. Now 'tis said that "sin" is of the devil. They were, then, those Victorian and pre Victorian moralists, devil worshippers, instead of the good Christians they prided themselves. For their abiding error consisted in just this: that "sin," "sin" the ungodly, essence of evil and breath of the dark, "explained" the multiplex idiosyncrasies of that tangle of psychical love and physical emotion we now call the "sex complex." "Sin" was a blanket phrase used on every and all occasions to cover every act, every attitude, every gesture, whether permanent or passing, that at all pertained to the unceasing play of these persisting forces in all of us. Only, in those days, there was nothing at all "complex" about it. It was simply plain old fashioned "sin"—"and there's an end on it!"

Though by no means axiomatic, there's a deal of truth in "No sin there is, but thinking makes it so." Formerly, if the "sinner" did not think himself into "sin," then others thought it for him. How many warm hearted lovers of life and love, mothers to be, has such "sin thinking" driven into the night and the silencing waters? How many noble spirits has the black shroud of "sin" masked and marred for life through detection by "sin thinkers" of some careless episode,

a passing gesture, an innocence of accidentality, some moment's respite from the commonplace through the rare conjunction of souls and bodies, faced suddenly by that mystery of mysteries, compatibility?

WE UNDERSTAND A great deal of these matters today. It has been part of the magnificent accomplishment of Havelock Ellis—not to "settle the question," far from it—but to clear the ground for the first steps toward such an understanding. Just so long as the very premise to all investigation, to every consideration and analysis, was obscured wholly by the vicious and mistaken concepts, "sin" and "evil conscience," not so much as a mere beginning could be made. With such deep psychological intimacy and insight, such painstaking sympathy and intellectual honesty, has Havelock Ellis dealt with this so tabooed human constant, that one feels never again shall it become the "low" ingredient of life that it was the long and terrible stretch of years before he slew the dragon.

There are many other accomplishments of this brilliant man of letters that one might mention, his profound understanding of the wonderful Spanish temperament and institution—an understanding more than rare among northerners and non Latins, his wide, yet particularized knowledge of Literature itself, a very remarkable expression of which is an almost forgotten study of Zola in the short lived *Savoy*, his ability to withstand being stampeded by any surge from out the Market Place (his immunity to the primitive frenzies of war that toppled over so many of us!), and lastly, the deep catholicity of his mind which appears to be no accident, but the deliberate purpose of his will. It is my own belief, however, that he will live in the immortal corridors of Achievement because, a Twentieth Century St. George, he slew the Dragon.

EVERY GREAT REFORM which has been effected has consisted not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of previous legislation, and the best laws which have been passed have been those by which some former laws have been repealed.

BÜCKLE

In laying down our human moral laws we have always to beware of forgetting the fundamental biological relationship of parent and child to which all such moral laws must conform. To some would be parents that necessity may seem hard. In such a case it is well for them to remember that there is no need to become parents and that we live in an age when it is not difficult to avoid becoming a parent. The world is not dying for lack of parents. On the contrary we have far too many of them—ignorant parents, unwilling parents, undesirable parents—and those who aspire to the high dignity of creating the future race, let them be as few as they will—and perhaps at the present time the fewer the better—must not refuse the responsibilities of that position, its pains as well as its joys.

HAVERLOCK ELLIS

Shoes

By Richard Connell

"YOUR NAME?"

"William Felton"

"Speak louder, can't you?"

"William Felton"

"Your age?"

"Twenty two"

"Say 'Your Honor,' when you answer a judge. Don't pretend you haven't been arrested before"

"I haven't been, your honor"

"How old did you say you are?"

"Twenty two, your honor"

"You look older. What is your occupation?"

"Clerk in a shoe store, your honor"

"Officer Greavy, Officer Greavy"

"Here, your honor"

"What is this man Felton charged with?"

"Well, y'ronor, I was on m'post on Simpson street las' night an' at twenty three minutes past eight, I hear a commotion in front of the Idle Hour Movie Theatre, at 1833 Simpson street, Saul Bloch, proprietor. I seen the prisoner here bein' thrown outa the theatre by some men. They was kickin' and punchin' him. A woman was screamin' 'He kissed me!' He kissed me!" I ast her did she want to make a complaint against him and she said yes, she did. So I arrested him."

"Is that woman over there the one that got kissed?"

"Yes, y'ronor. That's her."

"Thank you, officer. You may go. Will you take the stand, Madam? What is your name?"

"Elsa Keck"

"Mrs?"

"Miss, your honor, Miss"

"Your age, Miss Keck?"

"Must I?"

"Yes"

"Well—forty one"

"Are you employed?"

"YES"

"Where?"

"I'm a waitress in the White Tile Restaurant, corner of Third avenue and 149th street"

"Been there long?"

"Twenty two years, your honor"

"Where do you live?"

"At No 1989 Second avenue"

"With your family?"

"I ain't got any family"

"With friends, then?"

"No, furnished room"

"Tell me exactly what happened last night"

"Well, your honor, I was on the early shift, bein' I been workin' there at the White Tile longer than any of the other girls, so I got off about seven and I says to myself I can't go home to that hot room of mine this early so I guess I'll go

take in a movie show, so I goes into the Idle Hour. It's cool in there and I can rest my feet, I says, if you ever done any waitin', your honor, you know how hard it is on the feet. Well, I goes in and they're showin' a lovely picture all about an Arab prince that fell in love with a white girl and carried her off to his tent and——"

"Please be as brief as possible, Miss Keck"

"Well, your honor, this man was sittin' next to me, and I paid no attention to him except to notice that his face was sort of sickly and his eyes sort of wild. I didn't give him no encouragement, your honor, I'm a decent girl. I just watched the film. Well, I slipped my pumps off my feet and leaned back to take it easy when all of a sudden he reaches out and kisses me right on the face. I screamed. I got all sort of hysterical. Then some men began punchin' him and the ushers dragged him up the aisle and I was that upset—nothin' of the kind ever having happened to me before—that I screamed some more, and when the cop come and asked did I want to have him run in, I said I did. I was afraid the men would kill him, they was beatin' him something fierce and he wasn't very strong lookin'——"

"Don't you want to press the case?"

"I—I dunno, your honor"

"WELL, I DO. I'm not going to let you withdraw your complaint, Miss Keck. I happen to be the father of nine children, six of them growing girls. For their sake and the sake of the rest of the womanhood of the city, I'm going to see if something can't be done about men like this. Is that man over there the one who kissed you?"

"Yes, your honor"

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, your honor, I couldn't forget"

"You say you haven't been kissed before——?"

"No, your honor"

"I mean by a stranger in a moving picture theatre"

"Oh, no, your honor"

"Ever been followed on the street by men, or annoyed by mashers?"

"Never, your honor"

"Very well. You may stand aside, Miss Keck"

"Your honor——"

"What is it?"

"I don't want to be hard on this—this boy. I guess he didn't mean no harm, mebbe he'd been drinkin' or wasn't right in the head or sumpin'. I guess I was sort of hysterical when I said I wanted him run in. I don't want to get him in trouble and make him lose his job. Jobs is hard to get and——"

"That will do, Miss Keck. It's too late now to drop the case. You tender hearted women, with your misplaced sympathy, are to blame for mashers. I represent the public, and the public can't have young ruffians going around kissing women old enough to be their mothers. I've got daughters to think of, and the daughters of other men, too"

"But, your honor——"

"That will do, Miss Keck Prisoner, stand up Well, Felton, you've heard the officer and you've heard Miss Keck What have you to say?"

"Nothing, your honor"

"Speak up, can't you? Don't mumble Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor"

"Have you anything you'd like to say? I'd really like to know why a quiet looking young fellow like you goes around acting like a beast, I really would"

"I—I—WOULD LIKE to say something, if you don't mind
"I——"

"Well? Don't mumble"

"I—I'm not a beast, your honor"

"Well, why do you act like one then?"

"It wasn't me, your honor It was somethin' in me I don't know how to tell you It ain't decent to talk about such things The minister said so I never done anything like this before Honest It just come over me—all of a sudden I wouldn't have done it if she hadn't taken off her shoe, it was the first time I ever seen a foot—like that, you know—outside of a store, I guess I got a devil in me or sumpin' Anyhow, before I knew it I'd done it and she was screamin' and the men was punchin' me and kickin' me and I didn't know just where I was I didn't mean to do it, your honor, honest, I didn't, it just happened—just happened——"

"Nonsense Things like that don't just happen, Felton Tell the truth You went in there to annoy a woman, didn't you?"

"No, your honor, no I swear on the Good Book I didn't I went in there so I wouldn't annoy no woman"

"I don't understand you"

"I—I—don't like to talk about it, your honor It ain't decent But I can't help it—— I got sumpin' wrong with me, I guess Always did have, ever since I was a kid I ain't a bad one, your honor I go to church regular and I know mv Bible and I ain't never been in no kind of trouble before You can ask Mr Wirtz if I ain't honest and sober and hard workin'——"

"Who's he?"

"I work for him—down at the Elite Shoe Store on Third avenue—Jacob Wirtz—"Fancy Famine Footwear" He'll tell you—Oh, I wish to God I never did go to work there That was what done it, your honor If I'd a been able to get a job as a chauffeur or a salesman in the gents' haberdasherv or anything, it wouldn't have happened to me But I didn't know nothin' but shoes—nothin' but shoes, your honor And they got me, I knew they'd get me, I did try to fight 'em, your honor, night and day I tried I prayed every night, 'Dear Jesus, don't let the shoes get me'——"

"Come, come, Felton I haven't time to listen to you all day If you have anything to say that bears on your case, out with it"

"I'm tryin' to tell you, your honor It—makes me all ashamed I don't know how to tell things, I ain't talked much

to people, except about shoes"

"Shoes?" what have they to do with your conduct?"

"They got everything to do with it, I guess, your honor It was them that made me do it—the shoes— You see, when I was a kid I wasn't like the other kids—I dunno why Things made me excited—little things that the other kids didn't seem to mind Things made me tremble and shiver like I was freezin' I lived up state in a little town with my uncle and aunt The other kids played with girls but I never did, it made me all sort of nervous just to see 'em Once I went on a straw ride when I was in the seventh grade, and I sat next to a girl and I got so nervous I threw up Other boys wasn't like that, but I was——"

"MY UNCLE TOOK me outa high school to go to work in his store He kept a shoe store I didn't want to, I wanted to be a sailor But he made me I didn't want to work in a shoe store, your honor I was afraid"

"Afraid?"

"Yes—well, you see—your honor—he made me wait on women They had little feet, your honor, such little feet And some of them wore silk stockings——"

"Go on, Felton"

"Uncle Ralph made me wait on them He made me He used to crack me across the face because I got sizes wrong, somehow I couldn't think straight, with men it was different, I didn't get their sizes wrong But those little feet in the silk stockin'——"

"Look at me, Felton Anything more?"

"I was nervous and sick and I felt queer all over and I used to think wicked things, your honor I couldn't stop it, no matter how hard I prayed, I'd just think and think—and I had to sit there and touch those little feet in the silk stockin's It got worse and worse—— Guess I got some kind of a disease, your honor, I was always funny that way, and I didn't want to be, honest I didn't

"WELL, YOUR HONOR, I clerked along in Uncle Ralph's store for five years, I thought mebbe it would get easier, worse, that's what it got Uncle give me five dollars a week and my keep, but I couldn't save much He made me give money to the missionaries and when I made mistakes about women's shoes, he fined me I wanted to save enough to take a course to be an engineer on a steamship I wanted to get away—get away from the shoes I was afraid I'd go crazy or sumpin', your honor I was afraid I'd do I don't know what Uncle Ralph didn't know, I didn't tell him, I knew he wouldn't understand, he was a good man and men's shoes and women's shoes was all the same to him But me, I was different

"Well, your honor, one night in Spring there was a bargain sale and there was lots of women and girls in the store, tryin' on shoes. I began to feel very queer and awful, it was wicked, I drunk ice water and I prayed, but it done no good I knew if I stayed there I'd go clean crazy and perhaps do, I don't know what, a girl come in and she had red hair and silk stockin's and I had to try on her a pair of 2 AA pumps—she

had the littlest feet you ever see, your honor—and I took to tremblin' and I kept sayin' under my breath, "Dear God, don't make me want to kiss her, please don't make me want to kiss her." An' I guess He didn't hear or sumpin', or perhaps He was punishin' me, because, anyhow, I did want to, I wanted to sumpin' fierce. But I knew it would be wrong and I didn't want to disgrace Uncle Ralph who was a good man and a deacon in the church. So I ran right outa the store just as I was, without a hat or nothin' and I left her sittin' there. I was so nervous I could hardly see where I was goin'. I ran all the way to the railroad station. I got on a train, the first that come. It took me to New York."

"Go on, Felton"

"WHEN I GOT TO New York I had One Dollar left. I looked for a job in a department store. The man said, 'Any sellin' experience?' And I said 'Yes.' He said, 'What line?' and before I knew it, like a fool, I said 'Shoes.' So they put me in the Misses' shoes. It paid sixteen a week. I thought mebbe I could save enough to get married. I guess I oughta have got married. But the fellas who was married said, 'Fat time a young fella has that marries on a clerk's salary!' It ain't so much the wife that costs, it's the kids. And I says 'But have you gotta have kids?' And they said, 'Of course y'have. How you goin' to stop havin' 'em?' And I says 'But 'spose y'can't afford kids?' They said, 'Then it's tough luck for you,' they said, 'and for them.' There was a girl in the cotton goods, your honor, that liked me, I guess. She was makin' twelve. We could of got married, mebbe, if it wasn't for havin' to have kids. If I only coulda got married, your honor, I wouldn't be here."

"Well, you are here, Felton. What else?"

"In the big store it was worse than Uncle Ralph's. All kinds of girls come to get shoes. I began to get nervous again, I was scared I'd do sumpin' wicked. I tried to get work at the docks, they said I was too light. I had to stay in the Misses' shoes. I stayed a year. Then I couldn't stand it another minute. One day when I was tryin' a brogue oxford on a girl I felt so bad I ran right out the store. I didn't stop for my pay or a reference or anything. I just run right out and went into a movie because it's cool and quiet in movies."

"Well, your honor, I tramped all over town lookin' for an other job, everything was full up, I did get a job carryin' boxes in a lead pipe factory, but they fired me after the first day, the boss said I didn't have the muscle. I didn't have no money left—I'd used up the money I'd saved to be married with—and they put me outa the house I roomed in and I didn't have no overcoat and winter was here and for three days I didn't have nothin' to eat but coffee. I couldn't stand it. I asked a man to give me a quarter and he said, 'You lazy bum, find a paper and get a job.' I did find a paper and it said 'shoe salesmen wanted.' It was beginnin' to snow and my head felt light and queer and I guess I'm weak, anyhow, so I went up to the Elite Store and they give me a job at fifteen per. I been workin' there nearly a year. Next week Mr. Wirtz was goin' to raise me to sixteen—and then I got into this trouble—"

"Is that all, Felton?"

"NO NO, YOUR honor. Ther's a little more. It's about what happened last night. I was workin' away in the Elite and it was gettin worse and worse. The older I got, the worse it got. I prayed, your honor. But I guess I was made wrong, or sumpin'. The other fellas in the store didn't mind, they was all married. But I couldn't get married on fifteen a week. I used to walk miles every day, but that didn't help none. It got worse. Those little feet—your honor, there oughta be a law about girls wearin' silk stockings' and little patent leather pumps with red heels. They oughta pay a young fella enough to get married on and have kids. Things began to get worse. I was all sorta jumpy, all last week I couldn't sleep. Last night I felt sumpin' comin' on me like I felt in Uncle Ralph's store that night I run away, I was afraid— It's not decent to talk about things like that your honor—"

"Go on, Felton"

"A girl come into the store, she was a red headed girl your honor, and she had the littlest feet—and she wanted patent leather pumps with red heels—"

"Come, Felton. Take hold of yourself. If you've any thing more to say, say it."

"I went to get the pumps—but I was tremblin'—and the box dropped from my hand, I knew I couldn't stand it. I ran outa the store, I guess they thought I was crazy or sumpin'. I went into the first movie show I come to, I knew it would be cool and quiet and dark—in there—"

"Well, what then, Felton?"

"THEY WAS SHOWIN' a film there, your honor, that there oughta be a law against, the girl wore silk stockings' and the man kissed her. There was a woman—that woman there—sittin' next to me and when the fella in the picture kissed the girl, this woman makes a little sighin' noise, and I looked at her sidewise. She seemed sorta old and tired lookin', your honor and skinny and plain and her eyes were sorta sad and I said to myself, 'I'll bet she wishes she was bein' kissed, just like I wished I was bein' kissed.' 'And,' I says to myself, 'fat chance for either of us.' 'And' I says to myself, 'I guess, mebbe, she wouldn't mind if—' But I knew it was wicked so I turned away and tried to watch the picture. And then—"

"Well, Felton?"

"And then, your honor, I heard her movin' and I looked and she'd slipped off her pumps—and she had little feet—and I'd never seen feet before outside of the store—and then—I dunno how—but—I—kissed her—and the next thing I knew they was punchin' and kickin' me and the policeman had me, twistin' my arm and hurtin' me sumpin' fierce. I didn't mean to do it, your honor, it just happened—just happened—"

"I've listened to enough, Felton. More than enough. I'm heartily ashamed that there are such men as you in this country, you are unworthy of the name of American, Felton. It is men like you who can't control themselves that worry the soul out of the fathers of growing daughters. I can't understand why you don't exercise a little self control. Six months in the city prison on Blackwell's Island!"

Give the Baby a Chance to Be Welcome

Letters Which Show the Need for Birth Control

IN THESE DAYS we no longer accept the eighteenth century doctrine that men are born equal. Even were all human beings at birth equal in their physical and mental equipment, which is manifestly not the case, there would still be the terrible inequality which faces the baby who comes into the world undesired and unwelcome, as compared with the child who is keenly desired and who is born by the deliberate choice of both parents. The Birth Control baby—such a baby as we show in our cover picture this month and as we showed last November, receives a royal welcome. His coming brings rejoicing and happiness, and as he grows up he feels around him the atmosphere of love and of careful nurture which naturally surround the child for whom the parents know themselves to have been deliberately responsible. Contrast with this happy lot, the lot of the child who comes unwelcome into the over crowded home! The very first item on any child welfare programme should be the provision of a welcome for the baby, and the men and women who work for Child Welfare and leave Birth Control out of their programme, omit to lay the necessary foundations without which child welfare programmes can never be more than palliatives.

MOTHER OF THREE AT TWENTY

Wisconsin

My dear Mrs Sanger

I hardly know how to start this letter. I am so overjoyed that I have bought one of your books, "Woman and the New Race." I sent for the book thinking I would learn how to prevent myself having any more children, but I read that the law does not allow you to put it in print. But I do not understand why, as it would help so many women that need help. I think your book is just wonderful, and am going to let my friends read it, or have them send for one. Dear Mrs Sanger, I am a mother of three children. The first one was a girl. When she was fourteen months old, I had two boy twins. I will be 21 years old this coming March. I can't bear to think of having any more, as it almost kills me, and I have such a hard time carrying them, and when being born. I can't bear to think of having any more. I would rather die than to have another. I am just scared to death from one month to another for fear I am in the family way, and the twins are only 6 months old now. I wouldn't give my babies up, as I love them, but I don't want any more. I am just all in and so tired all the time, as I do my own work, and take care of my babies. I am so happy to think that I have found some one that can help me. Please Mrs Sanger, do help me. My husband is 25 years of age and is only a laborer, and I guess you know how work and pay is now.

THE MODERN JUGGERNAUT

Ohio

My dear Mrs Sanger

I have just read your book "Woman and the New Race." I am twenty six years old, my husband lost his right leg above the knee in France, and I have a daughter who was born during my senior year in law school. Does that not speak plainly of my reason for presuming upon your attention?

Aroused by a bitter experience which nearly wrecked my life, I have struggled to obtain some scientific knowledge concerning Birth Control. Perhaps it will not surprise you to learn that I have not, even yet, obtained it. I will not be put off by those whispered "remedies" which savor of voodooism and witchcraft, and the reputable physicians and surgeons to whom I have gone have refused me, saying "It is against the law." It IS NOT against the law in this State for physicians to disseminate such knowledge in the regular course of practice, but there is a wide divergence of opinion as to what constitutes the "regular course of practice." If only the truth which you have struggled to uncover, were triumphant here! You have set in motion a tremendous power for enlightenment and good, but what of the victims who will yet be crushed beneath the Juggernaut, knowing that "Juggernaut is no God, but a dead mechanical idol," yet thwarted in their attempts to learn what they must do to be saved?

This letter sounds hysterical. It is a subject upon which I cannot speak without intense emotion. I have written you with a selfish motive,—perhaps you have found some way out. But believe me, if ever I can, within my limited means, assist this Cause which you have espoused, I shall consider it a privilege to do so.

PLEA FROM A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE

Massachusetts

My dear Mrs Sanger

I do not know whether I am within my rights or not in writing you, but if you do not feel you can reply, I shall quite understand.

I am the wife of a clergyman, and have two children—a girl of two and a boy one month old. For many reasons, economic and others, I do not feel I should have any more children for several years and I have no one to whom I can turn for advice. I have hesitated before asking so much from a busy woman, but I am so entirely at sea as to how to get hold of the right information, that I have finally decided to ask your help.

May I express to you, too, my very great appreciation and admiration of your dignified, sincere and thoughtful attitude and utterances on all these matters, which matter so vitally to us all in these days, and on which it is so difficult for many of us to get intelligent help and information about our problems. I shall be deeply grateful if you can give me a bit of aid on mine.

"THEY SHOULD HAVE MORE CARE"

Illinois

Dear Mrs Sanger

Having received your book on Birth Control, have decided to write to you, as I feel I need some help also I am a young and inexperienced mother, only 18 years old, and the mother of two children, a boy 2½ years of age, a girl 10 months old, and as we are not able to support these, I would love very much to know of some way of avoiding such a large family I am a firm believer in Birth Control but am no believer in abortion, as I think it very much a sin I expect to send for some of your books as soon as I am able My husband is in very poor health, not really able to do work at any time But is forced to on account of me and his babes I have read your Birth Control Review through I will now close, as it may take up some of your valuable time to read such a long letter I will close hoping you can help me in some way Hoping to hear from you soon

THE LAST BABY'S COFFIN NOT PAID FOR

Rhode Island

Dear Mrs Sanger

I have just been reading your book "Woman and the New Race" I am the mother of 5 children, the oldest 7 years, the youngest 2 years The last child I bore died at the age of 3 weeks My husband has poor health and does not earn enough to provide for the children we already have properly Yet he is healthy enough to beget children I have no safe period and when connection takes place I am pregnant I dread the time when connection must take place, for I know I will be pregnant again My doctor refuses to do anything for me, although he knows that I cannot care for what children I already have

Although I buried my child six months ago, I have not yet been able to pay the doctor's bill In fact, the casket the baby was buried in is not as yet paid for I have no knowledge of contraceptives, although I have tried to obtain it I have spent money, I could not really afford, on books which advertise conception and how to prevent it I have learned to my sorrow that they all state the same thing "The law won't allow us to impart the knowledge of contraceptives" I am writing this letter to you praying for that knowledge, yet not expecting to obtain it, because the law does not allow you to give it Do I pray in vain? Am I destined to bear unwanted children? Or will you impart to me that knowledge which in my estimation every woman should have?

AN APPEAL FROM A SAILOR HUSBAND

Dear Mrs Sanger

The Birth Control movement is bound to have its effect upon all straight thinking patriotic people of the world Being a sea farer, I have had the opportunity of visiting most countries, and have noticed that the further civilization has progressed the greater is the need for Birth Control

Now I notice in your book letters written by mothers in distress, seeking your advice Would it be asking too much of you to give advice to a husband before he is in distress?

I was married in Australia, nearly one year ago, to the loveliest little girl possible I have a moderately good income for a man of my age (twenty three) and if I were to remain a ship's officer, would be able to support one or two kiddies decently

Unfortunately I can't tolerate my position much longer—haven't seen my wife since the third day after our marriage—so I have decided to leave the sea and start a fresh profession on shore

I wish I could get my wife into communication with you, but as I can't, I am forced to ask the question which means so much to both my wife and myself Can you suggest any preventative that we may take advantage of until such time as I am in a position to provide for the little one? I shall be forever grateful if you do

FROM A GREAT GRANDFATHER

Editor, Birth Control Review

I want to give my testimony to the value of the work for Birth Control and how sadly that work is needed I am in my 86th year, and so can speak from long experience My mother died in child birth when I was three years old, and I have read several times that the average number of such deaths now in the United States is over 20,000 a year If the men in this country took 20,000 women and stood them up against a wall and shot them to death, the whole world would hold up its hands in horror, but the result would not differ any from what it is now, and certainly there would be much less pain Many women cannot bear a child save at the risk of their lives, yet the law forbids their being told how to avoid that risk, and not deny their husbands—or themselves—the joy that Nature intended marriage to give

I know a little woman who is gentle and kindly of heart, willing and helpful in spirit, warm hearted and generous, sweet tempered, patient and unselfish—a jewel of a woman, yet her life is a constant terror for fear she will have another child She has had three in the last four years, and had one before So there are four children to be fed and clothed—and her husband drinks!

They are working people, the four are all they are able to care for, and the little woman works every minute of the day and far into the night, altering clothing friends give her for the children, mending and working until her weary eyelids close, and she has to go to bed, where terror and not joy awaits her

This is not an imaginary case Every word is the living truth She said to me a short time ago, "I only get about two hours of uninterrupted sleep, then I have to nurse the baby, and the children wake up, and want a drink or something—not all of them at once, but one after another, as I am nearly to sleep again" Meanwhile the husband lies undisturbed and sleeps the whole night through

There are thousands of such cases, and who cares?

As the years go on and I climb higher and higher up the long hill of experience, my love and reverence for all woman kind increase I do not see how the Divine Power could invent or devise a greater blessing to man than a good woman

"Ye That Pass By"

By Kitty Marion

AFTER CRYING IN the wilderness, in other words selling the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW in the streets of New York, for 6 years, I am very well satisfied with the result of my efforts. Some of the best, most intelligent and most influential people from all parts of the earth have got in touch with the movement through buying the REVIEW on Broadway and have taken the "glad tidings" back to their homes.

People who have read about Birth Control in the daily papers, and people who have never heard of it before come up and ask "what does it mean?" and I explain to them that it is against the law in America to give contraceptive information, that we are fighting to have the law amended so that clinics can be opened, where poor, overburdened and sickly mothers can be instructed on prevention of conception, that they need not have abortion after abortion, or babies that they cannot properly look after, babies that are sickly and undernourished, and die before they are a year old, having only been a source of unnecessary suffering to the mother and themselves.

Most of the people who talk to me agree that Birth Control is the only thing that will save the human race and civilization from destruction, but quite a number are sure it is against nature and against God. I recall a man who came up and said, "Aren't you advocating murder?" I said, "No, there is no one to murder," and explained what we are doing. "But that is interfering with nature," said he, and I told him he interfered with nature when he shaved, had his hair cut, and put clothes on, that nature had brought him into the world naked and that to live according to nature he should run around naked and live in a cave or up a tree instead of in a house with all the latest comforts and conveniences. He admitted it was a good argument but that "we were here to reproduce ourselves" and I asked him to think of the thousands of human beings in and outside of institutions incapable of looking after themselves, did he want those to reproduce themselves and he replied quite vehemently, "No, I don't, you are right, you're right!" We discussed the question pretty thoroughly and he said he had never heard a woman speak so plainly and bluntly before, and he thanked and respected me for it. He left wishing success to the cause.

IHAD A SIMILAR discussion with an Irishman, the father of 6 healthy, happy children, whom he could well afford to keep decently. He called it the "slaughter of the innocents" and I told him there were no innocents to slaughter, but he insisted that Birth Control meant taking life and I explained that it was not taking but preventing life. Oh, but "that was intercepting God and nature." And I asked him did he think it natural to be taken ill? He did—and did he think it wrong to get a doctor to intercept, prevent or cure sickness? No, that was all right. And I suggested to him that it was even more right to intercept and prevent the spread of poverty, disease, feeble-mindedness, etc., by prevention of

conception. Well, perhaps I was right. He was in favor of sterilization of the feeble minded. During our conversation several people bought the REVIEW. A lady had a \$10.00 bill which I could not change. I gave her the paper and asked her to send the money to the office, but he insisted on paying for it as well as buying one for himself.

After thoroughly explaining to some people what we are trying to do, that it is against the law to give information, etc., they ask very anxiously, "And does this paper tell how to prevent?" I groan inwardly and explain again that it is against the law to give such information.

One Sunday night on Broadway two men came up, laughing heartily, and one said, "Well, you certainly are a hero! How much is it?" While paper and money changed hands, I said, "Now, you be a hero too, join the League and help us in this fight." He told me he was employed in a reformatory full of boys, victims of environment and inherited taint, who never ought to have been born.

ONE DAY LAST November, an Irish woman, in passing said, "You vile creature, you ought to bury your face in the mud, you dirty thing!" Later she returned and knocked some papers out of my hand, which were promptly picked up for me by other passersby. On the same day another Irish woman bought a paper saying, "I think this is a very good thing for the poor." I agreed with her and remarked, "You are Irish," "Sure," she replied, "and a Catholic, but I believe in Birth Control." A few days later, one came up and said, "I'm only buying it to show my independence. I believe in Birth Control."

I have been subjected to every expression of disapproval, contempt and scorn imaginable, including "making faces," expectoration and "crossing themselves." But that is water on a duck's back, and more than compensated by wonderful compliments on my courage and perseverance. For instance, one day a man passed, and glaring at me angrily, said, "You've got a hell of a nerve," and a moment later another called out cheerily as he rushed by, "Keep up the good work." And so it goes all the time, "shame" and "bravo" coming to me alternately from all directions.

A lady came up in an apparently quite friendly spirit and said, "I don't know whether you are just selling that paper, or whether you are interested." "Of course I am interested," I interrupted, "that is why I am selling the paper." "Well," she said, "I am a medical woman, and believe in Birth Control, but I blush with shame to see one of my sex lowering herself to do what you are doing. This should be done privately." While she hurried away I called after her, "No, this theory should be advocated very openly."

JUDGING FROM SOME people's air of outraged virtue, their conception of sex, procreation and the control thereof is anything but immaculate.

A poorly dressed woman said as she passed me, "Some body ought to hand you a billion dollars for what you are doing!" Here's a chance for "somebody," in fact for every body. Hand us your appreciation of what we are doing by joining the League and getting all your friends to join, for the stronger we are in membership and funds the sooner will the law be amended and clinics opened.

Last spring, near Macy's, a woman who looked as if she ought to have known better, berated me as a "disgrace to womanhood." I ought to be burned and lynched and heaven knows what not. She objected to Birth Control and to "that paper" being sold on the street. While she was holding forth, a little Irish woman who had often passed and expressed her opinion of me, came along and evidently encouraged by the other woman's attack upon me, raised her umbrella, which I grabbed while the other woman snatched some of my papers and threw them about. By then the crowd, which had gathered, started to interfere on my behalf, and two officers on traffic duty appeared on the scene. I tried to explain the attack while everybody was talking and trying to explain also. The first woman said, "I am an American," and one of the officers told her that did not give her the right to interfere with any body in the street. "She had a husband and family at home." Man's voice from the crowd—"Why ain't you home with 'em?" The policemen threatened to arrest them both, and one—Irishman with a lovely brogue said—"We've no right to interfere with her, she has the law on her side, the law upholds her." Meaning me. That was the grandest and most thrilling harmony that had ever fallen on my ear from a representative of the law.

ANOTHER IRISH LADY distinguished herself in the fight against Birth Control. Half a head taller than I and broad in proportion she bore down upon me like a fury near Macy's. "Get out of here," she yelled, "I won't have you sell that stuff, you dirty thing, get out," making grabs at the papers all the time. Such a virago! Again a traffic officer came to the rescue. He escorted her across the street and when he returned laughing, he said, "She was a terror, she said to me 'Officer, God has sent me to stop that women selling that paper.'" "Of course," he said, "she had been drinking and with the stuff they get these days there is no telling who sends them." He pacified her by telling her to go home and have a nap while he would go and send me away. The friend who was with her was quite concerned at the attack upon me and was glad to get away so easily.

It is said "when the drink's in, the wit's out" also what a man *thinks* when he is sober, he *says* when he is drunk. One day a man staggered up, and in very drunken accent wished that his mother had known about Birth Control, that he ought never to have been born as his father was a drunkard and he himself couldn't keep away from drink. He bought a paper. Another, very bleary, gave me a dime "for the cause." Still another bought the paper, wishing the cause good luck. Occasionally a rather unpleasant drunk comes "hic coughing" round and I take the opportunity to tell the people who wait to see what happens that "if he is married it is against the law

to teach his wife how to prevent breeding more like him."

If public opinion can be gauged by the miscellaneous crowds which collect the moment when trouble seems imminent, then the majority is certainly on the side of Birth Control. Sometimes when crowds are waiting for traffic to pass before crossing the street someone will say with a sneer, referring to the REVIEW, "I thought that had been suppressed." Then I reply emphatically, "No, it has *not* been suppressed, and is not going to be suppressed, and what is more, all women are going to be instructed in how to breed quality instead of filling the earth with idiots," then there are approving nods and remarks, "that's the stuff," "you said it," and so forth.

A WOMAN, A PRISON official whom I had met before, stopped one day and discussed the question. Among other things I told her that Birth Control meant the eventual elimination of the inmates of charity institutions and prisons and at once she said, "Oh, but what about our jobs?" I can hear the unborn crying to High Heaven to save them from a system under which some have to become "criminals" to provide jobs for others. I pointed out to her that in the place of the above mentioned and similar institutions we would have schools and colleges in which children would be trained to become independent self supporting citizens, and instead of herself being a prison matron she would be a teacher. Now this woman is a very lovable character in spite of that selfish and shortsighted remark. She adores babies and would make a wonderful teacher and trainer of children. Her parents could not pay for the necessary training to make her a teacher as there were "too many of them."

One evening during the first year of selling the REVIEW on Broadway, a young man bought the paper and a few minutes later brought two policemen to arrest me for selling obscene literature. Luckily I had with me a letter over Commissioner Enright's signature. Also the officers happened to know the meaning of Birth Control and were friendly. People were hurrying to the theatres at that time and many called words of encouragement to me as they passed.

I could write volumes on the petty spiteful persecution I and others who have sold the REVIEW have experienced from certain prejudiced police officers who took advantage of their uniform to try to intimidate, and threaten. On the pretext that it was against the law to sell "that stuff" or that I needed a permit, or that "this is a restricted district" or "you're collecting a crowd" all of which was false. I have been arrested several times. But all that has been totally eclipsed by the splendid and sympathetic attitude of the majority of officers with whom I have come in contact.

May all who see me sell the REVIEW have the same impression as one of a group of little urchins who called out "Aw, lookit the Statya of Liberty!" For Birth Control stands for Liberty,—Liberty far more concrete than the Lady in the marble herself!

EVEN IF, HOWEVER, there were any real danger of over production, there is ample room for all in heaven if not on earth.

REV H C HENGEL

Despotic Government at Albany

IN THE capital city of the Empire State, people are living under a Government as despotic as in the old Russia of the Czars. There is a mayor who makes a new law when he finds that there is none on the statute book to suit his purpose. He tries to sanctify this personal law of his by declaring that he is acting on behalf of a morality which is higher than the law. He, himself—spurred on by organizations which have no constitutional place in our government, but which arrogate to themselves the right to dictate to all the people—makes the law, and enforces it without warning on men and women who imagine themselves to be protected by the Constitution of the United States and the laws duly enacted by State and Nation.

This is not a concern only for the Birth Control movement. It affects the rights of every citizen of New York State and indeed of every State in the Union. Is one religious body to dictate to men and women, not only of their own faith, but of every shade of opinion, the rules of morality and to enforce these rules by pressure on officials elected by all the people?

These are the facts. The first New York State Birth Control Conference was called to meet in Albany on January 23. There were to be two sessions—one in the afternoon and the other in the evening. Margaret Sanger was to speak at the evening session.

In the afternoon papers were given by Mr Norman Thomas, President of the League for Industrial Democracy who spoke on 'Some Aspects of Birth Control'. Professor W. F. Willcox of Cornell University whose paper was on the Decline of the Birth Rate. Dr Benjamin T. Tilton of New York City, on Birth Control from a Physician's Standpoint, Dr John C. Vaughan also of New York on Birth Control and Its Place in Preventive Medicine, and a Psychopathic Nurse who related a series of heart-breaking incidents under the title 'Hard Facts'. Mrs Richard Billings, Chairman of the New York Legislative Committee of the American Birth Control League, Inc. then laid the legislative programme before the audience and stated the object of the Committee in regard to the amendment of the law.

Both sessions were scheduled to be held at the Ten Eyck Hotel. For days and even weeks beforehand great pressure had been brought to bear on the Hotel Management to refuse the use of his rooms and on the Mayor to forbid the holding of the Conference.

Mayor Hackett had instructed the Corporation Counsel to make a careful search of the statute book for a law which would authorize him to put a stop to the meetings. No law could be discovered.

In the hope of finding some excuse for intervening representatives from three city departments—the Corporation Counsel's Office, the Department of Health and the Police Department—attended the afternoon session.

As remarked by George Wood in his account of the meeting in the *N. Y. Globe* throughout the session there

was not one word spoken that would have brought a blush to the cheek of the most mid-Victorian maiden. There was no excuse whatever for Corporation Counsel or Health Commissioner or Police to interfere.

The Mayor was disappointed but his advisers knew that the main strength of the movement is Margaret Sanger, and they were determined to prevent her speaking.

The promoters of the Conference were confident that all had gone well and were wholly unsuspecting. People were assembling for the evening meeting. Suddenly they were told that the mayor had sent word to the Hotel Manager ordering him to refuse the use of the room for the Birth Control meeting.

It was too late to secure another hall too late to obtain an injunction preventing the Mayor from issuing his imperial ukase.

Nothing could be done but soothe the would-be audience and explain to them that they were the victims of their own city government, and that it rested with them to show whether or not they were content to be the submissive subjects of a despot.

The legislative campaign will go on. We shall continue to push the amendment to the law which will liberate physicians and permit them to give contraceptive information.

But we now know our opponents and we know that they will fight us not with fair argument and persuasion as we wage our battle against prejudice and ignorance, but with a dagger in our back.

They will use underhand pressure on people who are in any way dependent on their favor. They will bring secret influence to bear on governing officials and they will do everything in their power to substitute their own religious and moral conceptions for the duly enacted law of the land.

We need the help of every American who loves freedom and orderly government. It is not our fight alone. It is the fight of every man and woman in the country. Are we a free people? Or are we willing to be the submissive subjects of a tyrannical power?

Let us have your answer quickly, and to everyone who lives in New York State we say, "Let your Assemblyman and your Senator, and the Governor himself have it also."

Book Reviews

A Review by Wesley C Mitchell

THE POPULATION PROBLEM, A STUDY IN HUMAN EVOLUTION By A M Carr Saunders Oxford, Clarendon Press 1922
8vo 516 pp

A comparison of this book with the second edition of Malthus' *Essay on the Principle of Population* shows how much and how little the social sciences have progressed in the last hundred and nineteen years. Malthus and Mr Carr Saunders have minds of the same type. Each believes in the existence of certain 'principles of population' and each seeks to trace the workings of these principles through all the stages of development recorded in the literature of his day. The chief difference in manner of treatment is that Mr Carr Saunders applies to the population problem that doctrine of evolution which Malthus suggested to Darwin. Besides these new ideas Mr Carr Saunders has at his disposal materials far more voluminous and far more reliable than those which Malthus commanded. Biological data scarcely existed in 1803, mankind was not quite 6000 years old, ancient history began with the Jews and the Greeks, ethnology was a mass of uncritical observations made by explorers and missionaries. England had just taken her first census. All that has been learned since then about the increase of civilized nations Mr Carr Saunders sketches for his readers in encyclopedic form under rubrics derived from Darwin and with an emphatic sobriety which Malthus could not excel.

A digest of all this information would make a most indigestible review but the leading conclusions are easy to state. For every population group there is an

"optimum number. This is the number which taking into consideration the nature of the environment, the degree of skill employed, the habits and customs of the people concerned, and all other relevant facts gives the highest average return per head."

Of course this number is not fixed but varies "as the conditions referred to vary and, as skill has tended to increase throughout history, so has the number economically desirable tended to increase."

In the past approximations to the optimum population have been worked out unconsciously or semi-consciously. But it is now becoming possible for mankind 'after a due consideration of the position deliberately to decide what the best solution may be.' Perhaps we are nearing a time when numbers will be again stationary as they have been throughout most of man's history, for though increase may remain economically desirable, it may cease to be so from a wider point of view of human welfare, when, that is to say, facts other than income per head are taken into account."

All this sounds as if it might introduce an argument for contraceptive devices. But Mr Carr Saunders hesitates saying,

"Personally, I agree with the views of the Dean of St Paul's on this matter. Speaking of the use of these methods, it seems," he says, 'a *pis aller* which high minded persons should avoid if they can practice self-restraint."

But this is a matter in which every man and woman must judge for themselves, and must refrain from judging others. (P 316 note)

So much for the problem of quantity, what of the quality of the population? Two great factors must be considered, germinal change and the change in culture.

"Those who base upon germinal change their hopes for the physical condition of the human race in the future are building upon sound foundations. On the other hand, those who think that germinal change in mental characters will effect the evolution of society and mould the course of history are upon the whole mistaken. The course of history is in the main dependent upon changes in tradition [Mr Carr Saunders' word for culture] which are for the most part independent of germinal change."

If these conclusions are not clear to the reader, or if he desires to know upon what evidence they rest, he must explore the book itself. That is a considerable task, but a task not without its rewards.

A Review by A N Holcombe

CRIME ITS CAUSE AND TREATMENT by Clarence Darrow
Crowell & Co New York 1922 pp 292

Why do intelligent men keep on telling us that crime is a "disease?" Are we to suppose that manslaughter or grand larceny is curable, like headache or enlargement of the tonsils, by pills and powders or the surgeon's knife? Is the first offender to be treated like a measles case and kept in a dark room until his symptoms abate and we know that the disturbance has run its course? And is the habitual criminal to be restored to health, like the victim of scurvy, by a judicious change of diet? Mr Darrow is an intelligent man, yet he gravely suggests that we should not only give the criminal, like the physically or mentally diseased, due professional care and wholesome surroundings, but also should assist his recovery 'by appeals in the way of praise and encouragement, even to the extent of downright falsehood about his condition' (p 116). Apparently Mr Darrow would deny the moral responsibility of the bigamist or bank wrecker, whether he believed them morally responsible or not, just as many people would assure the melancholic that all is well, in order to aid in his recovery. Indeed Mr Darrow's particular object in writing this volume is to discredit the theory of moral responsibility as applied to criminals. The criminal through ignorance or weakness may be guilty of error, but he must not be branded with the stigma of moral degradation. In short Mr Darrow is a sort of Christian Scientist in the treatment of crime.

Mr Darrow amplifies his theory that crime is a disease by adding the qualification that it is a disease "whose root is in heredity and environment." Unlike the small pox however, or spinal meningitis, whose roots are also presumably in heredity and environment, crime is a disease which is a respecter of persons. It attacks chiefly we are told, the poor the ignorant, and the mentally deficient. But in another place (p 78) the author states that "outside of the hopelessly defective, or those who have very imperfect nervous or physical systems there is no reason why a child who has had proper mental and physical training and any fair opportunity in life should ever be a criminal." After thus inspiring the reader with the hope that most crime, like the germ diseases, may be prevented by suitable prophylactic measures, he destroys this hope by observing (p 87) that 'beyond all doubt all persons are potential murderers, needing only time and circumstances and a sufficiently overwhelming emotion that will triumph over the restraints that education and habit have built up, to control the powerful surging instincts and feelings that Nature has laid at the foundation of life.' So Nature will get the better of Nurture after all. Upon this theory the reader can not be sure whether it is the innocent or the guilty who in Mr Darrow's opinion are most in need of correction.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MISCONDUCT, VICE AND CRIME,
by Bernard Hollander M.D., London, George Allen and Unwin,
Ltd., pp 220

This little treatise, by one of the best known neuropathic specialists in London, a man who, by the way, is an earnest advocate of Birth Control is a guide to the proper treatment of criminals with due regard to their own welfare, and the good of society through the checking of crime. While a little too dogmatic in tone to be likely to meet with approbation from the medical profession generally, Dr Hollander has succeeded in the very short compass of some 200 pages, in clarifying every phase of the subject that he touches. He tackles boldly the question of the responsibility of the criminal for his anti-social conduct. Unlike Clarence Darrow, he does not relieve the criminal from responsibility, on account either of inherited tendencies or environment. This is largely because he strips "responsibility" of all metaphysical

meaning and regards the question as a practical one. Society is justified in punishing a criminal, if fear of such punishment suffices as a motive for refraining from crime and society has also the right of protecting itself from injury by putting criminals under restraint. It is the actual relation between society and its members that is to be considered and not the abstract right or wrong of the action committed or the degree of free will on the part of the person committing it.

A G P

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CHILD, by Dr Eden Paul—a paper read before the British Society for the Study of Sex Psychology. This is a condensation and review of a German monograph by Moll. It is not a pamphlet for popular consumption, but rather for avowed students of the psychology of sex. For these, it is a suggestive publication, stimulating to a first hand acquaintance with Moll himself. For the lay reader the pamphlet has, however, two great excellences. The first is that of absolute impersonal sincerity. When all writers on sex psychology can as honestly and as accurately record those of their own sex experiences which may be of scientific value, then their findings and conclusions will be truly educational. A second merit of the pamphlet lies in the statement and repeated implication of the necessity of parents increased understanding of the sexual life of their children. Surely greater knowledge is needed but with it must be a deeper sympathy—a sympathy which shall be wise and alert and watchful.

G P B

AGE AND AREA. A Study in Geographical Distribution and Origin of Species. By J C Willis. Cambridge University Press, The Macmillan Company, New York.

Of recent years the work of Charles Darwin has been subjected to new and searching criticism. While the enormous value of his contribution is fully recognized, it is felt that too much reliance has been placed on his theory of the origin of species and that it has been accepted too easily as a solution of problems that are more complex than men have been willing to acknowledge. In this volume Mr Willis suggests a new approach to some of these problems. He accepts the theory of mutations rather than cumulative adaptive changes. The struggle for existence necessarily acts on the new species arising through mutation, but if it succeeds in holding its own, it will spread from the spot in which it arose and its abundance and the extent of its habitat will be the indications of the time which has elapsed since it made its appearance. Plant life only is considered, but the theory throws light also on the distribution of animals and of man.

True theory is at the basis of all constructive thinking, and a correct knowledge of the origin and survival of species would offer a surer foundation for the solving of the problems of modern society. Mr Willis in this volume makes a definite contribution towards the correction of widely held opinions and his book deserves thoughtful consideration and a warm welcome.

A G P

PERIODICALS

The *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston) for January, contains an interesting article by Pearl S Buck, entitled 'In China Too'. In a little sketch merely describing an afternoon call, Mrs Buck pictures the arrival of the New Woman, the product of modern education and Western influence in Old China. The sketch enables us to understand how it is that when the idea of Birth Control was presented to the Chinese by Mrs Sanger, they grasped it and entered on its propaganda with more than American speed and thoroughness.

Note should also be taken of the article "After Washington" by Mr J O P Bland, in the December issue. Mr Bland analyses the results of the Washington Conference, and shows that the efforts for peace are largely nullified by the fact that the Conference completely ignored "the fundamental cause of war—the hunger marching of virile nations whose numbers have outstripped their food supply." Until "the unregulated and excessive population" of the world can be brought under control no amount of "talk about the hopeful dawn of new eras" can prevent the coming of new wars. Mr Bland emphasizes the blindness of authorities to the importance of the problem of population.

lation by citing the breaking up in New York of a Birth Control meeting convened by Mrs Sanger and Mr Harold Cox, at the very time that the Conference was deliberating in Washington.

Good Housekeeping (New York) for February contains an appeal from Mrs Florence Kelley on behalf of the proposed 20th Amendment to the U S Constitution. This amendment would enable Congress to legislate against child labor and would make possible more effective campaigns against this great evil. Needless to say that the Birth Control Review is opposed to Child Labor. It sees this evil as one of the many bad results of heedless, uncontrolled procreation of children, and looks for its abolition as one of the beneficent effects of Birth Control. But it also recognizes that everything that makes children a liability and a responsibility rather than a source of economic profit, contributes towards creating public opinion in favor of the small family. Men who are content to have children so long as these children can early become profitable, are ready to listen to arguments in favor of Birth Control when children have to be supported and educated until they reach the age of 14 or 16. Better Child Labor legislation is therefore not only necessary for the children who are here but it is of value for its tendency to create a sense of responsibility in connection with parenthood.

The December number of *The Eugenical News* (Cold Spring Harbor L I) is a peculiarly interesting number. This little publication is issued by the Eugenics Research Association, and is devoted to Eugenics. But it is difficult to progress far in this new science without coming up against the need for Birth Control, and the articles in this number on Crime and Heredity plainly point out this need. Another interesting article by Prof T S Painter of the University of Texas, concerns sex determination. According to Prof Painter, sex is determined at the moment of conception, and depends entirely on the male element—the presence of the male or female chromosome in the spermatozoon fertilizing the ovum.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From G P Putnam's Sons New York. THE PROBLEM OF POPULATION by Harold Cox.

From Nellie Seeds Nearing Ridgewood N J. THE NEXT STEP, by Scott Nearing.

From A C McClurg & Co, Chicago. THE MEANING OF CHILD LABOR, by Raymond G Fuler.

From the Psychopathic Laboratory of the Municipal Court of Chicago. EUGENICAL STERILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES, by Harry H Laughlin.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Connell, short story writer, (contributor to *Saturday Evening Post* and many other periodicals).

Arthur N Holcombe, Professor, government, Harvard University. Member of Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission, 1912-1917.

Kitty Marion, former music hall favorite in London, active in Milvant Suffrage movement under Mrs Pankhurst, many times imprisoned and forcibly fed. Came to America 1915, and began to sell the Birth Control Review, 1917.

Wesley C Mitchell, economist, professor of economics, University of California 1913-14 and Columbia, 1914-19.

Frank Pease, brilliant American writer of Canadian descent, contributor to many periodicals.

Ettie A Rout, Englishwoman, engaged in crusade against venereal disease.

Hugh de Selincourt, English essayist and poet.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

I think it will not be denied that a great deal of the opposition encountered by the Birth Control Movement is based upon the prevailing standard of ethics. By those who believe that there is a fixed and immutable code of morality decreed by a personal Deity, the attempt to subvert the theological conception of right and wrong is necessarily viewed as dangerous and inimical to society as at present constituted. The labors of statisticians, who prove that, from an economical and sociological standpoint, Birth Control would go far towards solving the problems of destitution, unemployment and the feeding, clothing and sheltering of earth's millions, are rendered ineffective by the ideology of an age which has been poisoned by vital lies in regard to the meaning and purpose of life. It seems to me that a little time spent in arriving at the truth as to the first principles involved in the practice of Birth Control might go far towards clearing away the intellectual fog surrounding these matters.

It is first necessary to recognize the fact that man is an evolving being, physically, mentally and spiritually. As a matter of expediency, at various stages of his growth throughout the ages, he has constructed ethical codes for the protection of himself and his belongings. As he has advanced in wisdom these moralities have been outgrown, superseded and replaced by other standards more suitable to his personal and social needs. As civilization became more complex so did his laws for the regulation of conduct become more intricate. Our ideas of right and wrong are not our own, but those imposed upon us by Church and State for the preservation of this artificial and mechanical institution which we call our Christian civilization.

But we are at present passing through a transitional period in world development, when the old standards have been proved inadequate to meet the needs of the expanding spirit of man. New and higher concepts of life and of the purpose thereof are replacing the creeds and dogmas which have served the ends of a lower order of society. Especially, in regard to the most sacred and important function of our being we are in need of a new morality—a cleaner, saner, healthier, more moral point of view. For sex and life are so intimately connected that to understand the one is to know the innermost meaning of the other.

I take it for granted that man is the maker of his own destiny, and that his present task is the reclamation of this planet and the production of higher and nobler types of human beings. With this as the acknowledged purpose of Life, we shall have a better chance to see clearly what must be done and whither we are journeying. Racial progress is entirely dependent on the production, in each generation, of an increasingly large number of superior individuals. The most splendid achievements of man in any department of life—in science, art, literature and government—must be credited to individuals who were in advance of the masses, intellectually and spiritually. Therefore any means which will enable us to improve the quality and raise the standard of human life

is of evolutionary value and therefore spiritual value. Birth Control is a means to this end. Man must cease to breed as the instinctual animals of the lower kingdom, without thought as to the results. From this more truly spiritual point of view which looks to the welfare of the race, it is *immoral* to bring inferior children into the world, or to bring to birth more children than parents can adequately care for and train for their work in life.

At this point, the practical application of contraceptive methods conflicts with the prevailing morality of the Churches. Birth Control is not in opposition to Christian morality, but it is in opposition to the morality inculcated by the priestly interpreters of Christianity or to *Churchianity*. According to the theologians, the sexual act has only one function, viz. the reproduction of the species. Therefore, they see in Birth Control a means towards what they have been pleased to label as immorality—sexual intercourse without the ultimate purpose of fatherhood or motherhood. In consequence of this terrible perversion of the truth, the priesthoods of all religions have taught man to consider sex as vile and unclean, and his mating instincts as bestial and belonging entirely to the animal nature. They ignore the fact that all the highest attainments of the world's greatest men and women, their heroism, their nobility, together with the wonderful appeal and power of the masterpieces of music, painting, poetry, sculpture and literature have been a direct result of the crea-

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tive urge of sex Often these achievements which command our admiration have been the product of a mating love between a man and woman, in which the thought of children was incidental In fact, the Church moralists are utterly ignorant of or purposely ignore the spiritual value and significance of sex And since they have taught our women to approach this consummation of love with repugnance, as something unclean and sinful, is it any wonder that we continue to breed "worms of the dust," who are "conceived in sin and iniquity," instead of free men and women?

We need a new, higher and more spiritual teaching in regard to the divinity of human love In the mating of a man and woman who have a high ideal in this respect, there are unbounded possibilities for the growth and development of two human souls Provided the fear of conception is removed from the woman's mentality, she has a gift to bestow which will blossom in strength and beauty in the lives of herself and her mate The world will be richer and finer for the fact that this love has found expression Children will be born of such a union, for most normal human beings want offspring But the children of this sort of marriage will not be the inferior progeny of marriages which are merely legalized prostitution, nor the unwanted children of a mother already physically wrecked by excessive child bearing They will be the types we are seeking for the improvement of the race, strong and beautiful as the love which gave them birth

There is nothing dangerous to the "home" or "society" in

the Birth Control Movement Rather will the victory of this Movement mean the possibility of *true homes* where love is paramount and a society purged of the hypocrisy and immorality which characterize it at present Marriage is at present the object of ribald mockery on the stage, in the films and current literature This state of affairs would rapidly disappear if clean, wholesome, sane views of sex based on a rational understanding of human nature were prevalent Intelligent people are in revolt at the immorality of "the conventional breeding pens" which by courtesy we call Christian homes This is not due to the New Morality, the sex psychologists, or the Birth Control Movement, but is entirely due to the unclean and immoral attitude of the theological minority who have poisoned our minds in regard to life Prostitution and venereal disease will rapidly diminish their ravages on society when the ideals of your Movement are common property among thinking people Your deadliest opponents are the ignorance and inertia of those who are still living in the Dark Ages of mediaeval priestcraft and superstition

Yours sincerely,

A M Stephen

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