

# The Alpha.

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Human Rights before all Laws and Constitutions.—Gerrit Smith.  
The Divine Right of Every Child to be Well Born.

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## IN CLOUDS OF SMOKE.

A LECTURE BY D. S. LAMB, A. M., M. D.

In an ancient book more or less known to all is the story of a little cloud which arose out of the sea and was like a man's hand. It foreshadowed, however, a heaven black with clouds and a great rain, with which ended a wasting drought in the land of Israel. In the simple language of the old time we are told "that the clouds dropped water," and Solomon said: "The clouds drop down the dew." The mind of Job conceived the Supreme Ruler as binding up the water in thick clouds, and he asked a question that has never yet been answered to our satisfaction: "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Again he asked: "Who can number the clouds, or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" The coming of the rain is represented as in obedience to a command: "He hath commanded the clouds from above and opened the door of heaven."

The Orientals looked upon the clouds as the dwelling-place of the Most High. David sings: "Clouds and darkness are around about Him," "who maketh the clouds his chariot." Elijah, the friend of Job, accused the latter of having greatly sinned and of presuming that his guilt would not be discovered. "Thou sayest, How doth God know? Can he judge through the dark cloud? Thick clouds are a covering to Him, that he seeth not." The pillar of cloud of Israel, in its wanderings through the wilderness, was the reputed residence of the invisible Leader. The prophet Nahum declared: "The clouds are the dust of his feet." The cloud above the mercy-seat and that also which filled the temple of Solomon were the visible representatives of the presence of Jehovah. It was prophesied that the Son of Man should come in the great day in the clouds of heaven; and the same advent is elsewhere proclaimed—"Behold he cometh with clouds." John announced the appearance of an angel, saying: "I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud."

The cloud's dark face, its obscuration of the sun, the shadow it casts upon the earth, the pealing thunder and flashing lightning which emanate therefrom, command a feeling of awe in the breast of every one, while to the ignorant they are the form and voice and outstretched arm of an angry and vengeful God. Thus in Pope's

Essay on Man:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind,"

There is surpassing beauty in the thought of the bow in the cloud, the promise of future favor. Amid the noise and flame of the storm,

"As when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on over the Caspian,"

appears the many-colored *iris* of peace.

The vanishing of clouds affords a ready comparison for the transitory nature of life, its purposes and pleasures.

"What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appear-eth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Job bewailed his misfortunes in these words: "My welfare passeth away as a cloud." The prophet Hosea thus addressed Ephraim and Judah: "O! Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O! Judah, what shall I do unto thee, for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

This same evanescence affords another comparison in the assurance of Israel: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins."

Clouds are sometimes the heralds of a promise not fulfilled; they breathe (thus Othello) "the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." It is so with the barrenness of pretenders, of whom Solomon said: "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain."

To be "under a cloud" is to suffer affliction or misfortune of some kind through fault of others or our own. Job thus cursed the day of his birth: "Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above; neither let the light shine upon it; let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it." Zephaniah, the prophet, heralded the great day of the Lord in these words: "That day is a day of trouble and distress—a day of wasteness and desolation—a day of darkness and gloominess—a day of clouds and thick darkness."

And Addison thus refers to Cato and Rome:

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;  
The great, the important day, big with fate  
Of Cato and of Rome."

Thus Gloster in Richard III:

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York;  
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."



It has been said that there is no unmitigated evil; and this relieving feature has been expressed in the proverb: "Every cloud has a silver lining;" and also in the couplet:

"Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

The domains of poetry and prose, sacred and profane, are thus seen to contain many clouds. They form the substance of essays and the shadow of idyls. The gorgeous, many-tinted sunset is both a poem and a painting, the work of a Master hand imprinted on the sky; prince and peasant may delight therein. These fleecy tufts—innumerable—that scurry o'er the heaven's face, as if fleeing fast before the rising sun, how like a comedy. The black masses, piled like Ossa upon Pelion, belching forth lightnings and thunders and torrents of water, how like a tragedy. The rose-tinted early dawn, with the songs of birds, the hum of insects, the whispering of zephyrs, and the murmur of brooklets, how like an opera.

The word cloud is often compounded. Thus, we read in Dryden, of the cloud-born and cloud-dispelling; in Phillips, of the cloud-piercing; in Gray, of the cloud-tops; in Sandys, of the cloud-ascending and cloud-touching; in Browning, of the cloud-wrap; in Young, of the cloud-covered. Waller tells of "Bacchus, the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;" Thomson, of "Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs." Ogilvie speaks of the cloud-gilt; Shakspeare of the cloud-eclipsed, the cloud-kissing and cloud-tops.

Thus Prospero in the Tempest—

"Our revels now are ended; these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into thin air, into thin air,  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,  
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

But what is a cloud? A collection of particles; in a primary sense, of particles of water; in a secondary sense, of particles of anything, wet or dry, provided they are sufficiently separated from each other to move readily upon each other. A cloud is therefore not a vapor. When near the surface of the earth it is called a fog.

There are other clouds also. Ezekiel spoke of a thick cloud of incense. Paul wrote to the Hebrews: "We are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses;" and it is common enough to read of clouds of smoke or dust—and of birds or insects. We recall with no great feeling of pleasure those great clouds of the aqueous, which through the late inclement season overshadowed us so constantly, dampened our spirits and diluted our pleasures. Let us forget them for a while.

For one moment we recall the great cloud of sand, the Sahara simoon, which obscures the horizon and quickly buries the traveler in oblivion. For one moment those myriad insects which darken the sky devour the verdure and devastate the earth.

Whoever has seen the city of London, on which rests a double pall, fog and smoke, that benighted city, I might say, will understand the agitation in regard to "smoke abatement." This movement is in favor not only of light and comfort, but of virtue, too; for if it is true that "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," then the darkness of London must pre-eminently "cover a multitude of sins."

We are reminded of the occasion when Abraham rose up in the morning and looking towards Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities of the plain, saw that "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Whether such untoward event shall ever happen to the great city by the Thames, may well be doubted, though Macaulay has suggested that some traveler from New Zealand may "in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch" of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of London.

If the great patriarch were to revive and take his journey hitherward, and look upon the average American at his home, or club, or favorite saloon, he would see in a modified way the smoke of the country still ascending. Not, however, of sulphur, with the smell of the Inferno, but of what Spenser, in his Faery Queen, calls "Divine Tobacco," whose fragrance may therefore be termed the odor of sanctity.

Were Job to awake from his long slumber and be transported to this capital, I suspect that his experience in public conveyance or place of amusement—or public office or hall of legislation—would remind him somewhat of that leviathan of which he said: "Out of his mouth goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or cauldron."

And that loving disciple, apocalyptic author, would he not be reminded, in this great centre of liberty and license, of the horses with lions' heads and smoke issuing from their mouths, of which it is said, "it kills many men." And as he breathed the irritating cloud, rising to the right and to the left, before him and behind, would it not be natural for him to exclaim, with the great army of martyrs: "The smoke of our torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

May we not learn somewhat of the history of this which Byron calls

"Sublime tobacco, which from east to west,  
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turkman's rest,"

and of which Charles Lamb wrote: "The old world was sure forlorn, wanting thee," which paraphrased would be, its advent supplied a long-felt want.

Tobacco is as old as the hills in which it grows. The historian Las Casas tells us that on the first voyage of Columbus to the new world, and his arrival at the island of Cuba, the inhabitants were seen smoking dried leaves which had been rolled into tubes and wrapped around with maize leaf. These were called *tabacos*.

Charlevoix, in his history of Saint Dominique or San Domingo, states that the instruments used in smoking were called *tabacos*.

There is besides a province of Yucatan that is called Tobacco, an island in Campeachy Bay named Tabasco, and another island, one of the lesser Antilles, called Tobago. Like the seven cities which claimed Virgil for a son, it is not easy to say where tobacco first saw the



light of day. But it appears clear that when Columbus discovered America he discovered tobacco at the same time.

The plant belongs to the nightshades and the genus *Nicotiana*. There are many species, of which the *Nicotiana glauca*, or common Virginia tobacco, is said to be the strongest. Those who are not familiar with the plant will be able to identify it most readily in the various conservatories by its label, or, in the absence of that, by the following description:

The root is large and fibrous, for it may truly be said to be a well-rooted evil. The stem is straight as a pipe-stem, to which, indeed, it is nearly related. It grows three to six feet in height, and branches at top.

The leaves are large, the lower ones as much as two feet in length and half a foot in width, with a short stalk. They are alternate; that is, opposite not to each other, but spaces between every two. The color is pale-green; by drying they become of a brown color, brittle and thin as paper.

The herbaceous parts of the plant are covered with long, soft hairs, the points of which exude a glutinous matter which gives the stem and leaves a sticky feel, a prophetic sign of how the thing sticks to one who has ought to do with it.

The flowers resemble the garden petunia. The flower-cup is bell-shaped, and divided at its open end into five segments. The corolla, or crown of the flower, which is set in the cup, is a tube of a greenish color, swelling out also into a bell-shaped opening and expanding into a five-lobed plaited, rose-colored border.

The stamens are inclined to one side and the anthers are oblong. Each flower has a pistil with a slender style, longer than the stamens, and having a cleft stigma. Speaking botanically, if these pistils should prematurely "go off" posterity would suffer by conspicuous absence—and at the same time the stigma, which is attached to the plant, would be removed. It will also be observed that what this plant lacks in stamina it makes up in style.

The fruit is an oval capsule with two valves and cells, and about a thousand kidney-shaped seeds. The taste of the plant is bitter and nauseous. The odor is narcotic and disagreeable. Its offense is rank and smells unto heaven. It is of lowly origin; of the earth, earthy. It rises up and spreads itself, but in a few short months there are "nothing but leaves." The most of these are foreordained to be burned with fire.

Tobacco of good quality requires the best of earth to live upon. It is very particular as to the weather—how hot or how cold, how wet or how dry. It needs to be humored until the harvest comes, and then, while enjoying the balmy breezes and glorious sunsets and moonlight nights, sipping the dewy nectar of the evening, and nodding polite recognition to its neighbors, it is suddenly cut off in its prime. Its feelings at this sudden taking off the poet has failed to express.

The dried leaves have a strong, narcotic, penetrating odor, which is said to be developed after moistening them and heaping them together until fermentation takes place. Ammonia is thus evolved, combines with acids of the leaf and liberates the nicotine. There is less

of the latter, therefore, in the manufactured article than in its natural leaf.

Josh Billings once said that when a man ate hash he knew what he ate. And the application of the same irony may be made here. Tobacco is much adulterated to cheapen it or give it a flavor. The leaves of other plants, the pie plant and dock, the burdock and colt's foot, the beech and plantain, the oak and elm, add to it the charm of variety. Peat-earth and bran, sawdust and potato starch, barley meal and oatmeal, beanmeal and peameal. Undoubtedly, therefore, some men take their tobacco with their meals. Chicory leaves steeped in oil, liquorice juice in which figs have been boiled, bruised aniseed, sal ammoniac, sugar, &c., &c., &c., break the monotony of the pure article. We pay our money and take our choice—tobacco.

The different forms into which the article is manufactured are sufficiently familiar, and may be grouped in those made for chewing, for snuff and smoking. Of the first may be mentioned the pigtail and Cavendish. There are many varieties of snuff—the Welsh, the Scotch and Rappee, and any of these is snuff to Mac-a-boy sneeze.

Cigars and cheroots differ in shape—cheroots are shaped like a cone; they are said to come mainly from Manilla. The word cigar is from the Spanish *cigarro*, and should not be spelled segar, which is bad form and corrupt.

Much has appeared from time to time in newspapers and journals in regard to the manufacture of cigars in the tenement-houses of New York city, and not long since the legislature of that State prohibited such manufacture. The law, however, on some technical ground, I believe, has been declared unconstitutional. The *Medical Record*, of that city, stated that these cigars were "made in fever dens, amid filth and stench, surrounded by vice, dirt and misery." This is certainly an agreeable piece of information for one to put in his pipe and smoke.

The extent of the trade in tobacco may be inferred from the fact that the annual product of the dried leaf throughout the world is about 6,000,000,000 pounds. In 1880 the revenue derived from it in the United States was nearly \$40,000,000. It might as well have been double that sum, for history well shows its ability to stand attacks (a tax).

The average consumption is about as follows:

In Russia, France, and England, one pound per year for each inhabitant; in Italy, one and one-half pounds; Austria, two and two-fifths pounds; United States and Germany, three pounds; Belgium, four and four-fifths pounds; Holland, five and one-half.

The ancients smoked Indian hemp and henbane; the Chinese, opium; the American Indian his tobacco; with him, however, its practice had its religious side—was connected with worship, treaties, and councils. The calumet, a pipe of peace, passed from one to another, and a refusal to smoke would have been considered an indication of hostility. He believed that the Great Spirit found a secret savor in the smoke; and if we consider the devout frame of mind in which it was offered up, a "burnt offering," who may doubt its acceptability?



The introduction of tobacco into Europe was quickly followed by its general use in the form of cigars or with the pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh is generally credited with having been its foremost patron; and the story is doubtless familiar of the occasion when his servant entered his room and saw his master surrounded by a cloud of smoke; mistaking the cause, he quickly brought a pail of water with which to extinguish the distinguished courtier. The practice of smoking spread rapidly, in spite of very much opposition. This opposition, however, was akin to that "zeal of their house which hath eaten me up—that zeal which simply destroys," and of which the result is "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Popes and Sultans arrayed themselves against it. The cruelest forms of death were inflicted. The bulls of Urban VIII and Innocent IX may be referred to; the decree of Sultan Amurath IV that the pipes of smokers should be thrust through their noses; that of Sefi, King of Persia, that melted lead should be poured down the throats of inveterate smokers; that of Michael Feodorovitch, Czar of Russia, that the nose should be cut off, whence, perhaps, the prevalence of the termination of Russian names—*nosoff*.

In Switzerland smokers were cited to appear before a council, and suffered the same penalty as those convicted of adultery; perhaps, however, the tobacco was so much adulterated.

King James I wrote a "counterblast," in which he demonstrated it "as a lively image and pattern of hell, and its use as a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs; and the black, stinking fumes resembled most the terrible Stygian smoke of the bottomless pit."

James was pretty nearly correct in his estimate of the virtues of this plant; but the counterblasted tobacco continued to be used just the same.

In China its use was prohibited during the Ming and Tsing dynasties.

There were also laws against it among the English colonies.

The culture of the plant in England was prohibited by law in 1660, and the law is still in force, being modified only in the case of medical gardens.

Curiously enough, Shakespeare nowhere mentions tobacco, although there can be no doubt that it was known and used in his time.

Its use has, indeed, spread over the world. In China the practice is said to be universal, children of a few years of age carrying tobacco pouch and pipe. Everybody smokes in Russia. In Persia the people are the greatest smokers, and therefore the laziest people on the face of the earth. The average man smokes, the average woman damns it with faint praise. When the heavens roll together as a scroll and the elements melt with fervent heat, the average man may possibly be found lighting his pipe preliminary to the final cremation.

[To be continued.]

When there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes that shed their coloring over all the events of life.

#### FORBEARANCE VERSUS COWARDICE.

The whole question of woman's rights and wrongs turns upon her worth as a created being. Her opponents have always begun their attack upon her asserted rights by denying that she has the capacity to use such rights were they conceded to her. In spite of facts of history it was declared that woman was unable to benefit by the educational advantages that her brothers used with profit. When the demand arose for giving married women the control of their own property wisacres said that if they had legal control it would avail them nothing, since nature had made woman so weak and yielding that any husband could kiss or kick her into giving up her power into his hands.

Mark man's appreciation of his own chivalry—the chivalry into which power, he says, nature has given woman bound hand and foot.

What a libel on nature or nature's God.

Woman *cannot* be man's equal, says the lord of creation. Is man quite so illogical as to load with the chains of disabilities the being he *believes* to be too weak to rise? There is some mistake here. Either man asserts that which he feels to be untrue, or his masculine intellect is not the proud giant before which we have been taught to humble ourselves.

When appeals to nature's stigma of incapacity are not answered as conclusively as the appealers with revelation is called in to prop a falling cause, and secrets are twisted and turned with as much industry and ingenuity as if men were ignorant of the fact that no existing copy of the Scriptures is authentic and that the greatest crimes ever committed have been sanctioned and defended by biblical authority.

Is it much wonder if the human incapables prefer to trust their cause to the daily revelation of the voice of the Great Creator? Is it much wonder if women—when they are women—when they think and feel, and draw in with every breath the inspiration of the Universal Father, prefer nature's living testimony to the dry parchments of ancient school-men?

And if thoughtful, full-hearted women feel thus; if they hear an inner voice whispering that they, too, belong to the great human family, not as slaves and tools to serve the purposes of man, but as equals, co-heirs of heaven and earth, as daughters of the Eternal King, rulers of the kingdom of the world, being answerable to Him who has signed their commission with motherhood, for the well ordering of their earthly home; if they feel that they are the responsible partners of men in all the labors of life, are they not bound to listen to this inner voice and obey its teachings? Are women justified in holding back one weapon of offense or defense with which nature has armed them from the breast of the traitor, who would keep them out of their Master's vineyard. Have they the right to consider their ease, to court the smiles of a time-serving world, when their action or inaction affects the progress of the race in the future, the most vital interests of humanity in the present? I think all earnest people will agree that women have no such right. I think the master who left his property in charge of his watchman, and found that robbers had entered his house and stolen his



goods would not say, "well done, thou good and faithful servant," if he discovered that the fire-arms hung unused on the walls, the mastiff stood unchained in his kennel, and the stout cudgel lent unbroken behind the door. Now we women must ask ourselves to whom do we belong? Are we the daughters and ministers of a heavenly Father, or are we the bond servants of earthly priests? If of the Great King are we faithful when we allow traitorous words to be spoken of those who have labored long and unweariedly in the service of humanity, in the cause of down-trodden womanhood, without straining every nerve in efforts of defense? Would not men brand as cowards the soldier who heard unavenged his dead brother-in-arms defamed, and are not women cowards if they leave one weapon unused in the punishment of such hardened offenders as those who assail the absent or the dead. When one sheltered from direct attack behind the sanctity of the priest's gown forgets his office, forgets Christian charity and manly decency to defame the dead—dead dear to all womanhood, sacred as sisters, loved as leaders—does it not become the positive duty for all who respect themselves, for all who believe that women as a body are entrusted by God to give a high standard of moral rectitude to the age, who believe that Mary Wollstonecraft, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Frances Wright, Lucretia Mott were loyal to themselves, true to their conception of duty, worthy of all honor; does it not become the duty of such people to resent the outrage committed in their presence by every means in their power?

Women sit in churches. It is good for them so to do as long as the ministers of the altar lead them onwards and upwards. It is an act of forbearance, which if often repeated, becomes criminal, if they sit with folded hands and placid brows to hear their God-given womanhood insulted, their honored comrades in life's struggle against tyranny and wrong defamed.

How many ministers would dare to insult the larger half of the servants of the Most High if they were certain that the first injurious phrase would send the clearest-headed, noblest-hearted women out of the desecrated temple? Let us draw a sharp line between forbearance, long-suffering meekness and cowardice. If we are not true to the memory of those God has raised up to smite presumptuous arrogance we are not true to our Master or ourselves, or to the unborn generations who will suffer or rejoice as our actions to-day shall decide, for

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink Together—dwarfed or God-like, bound or free."

What we want is a healthy public opinion that shall honor all women fighting the battle of sex, and this public opinion women can create if they will. But they must feel that they are really and truly servants of humanity, soldiers of progress. They must submit to discipline; they must fall into the ranks and stand by one another to the death. Men honor those who can honor themselves, but I would not have women seek the suffrage of the world; their own good conscience must serve or they are poor eye servants. I do not believe the man lives that could stand up against the united

frown of womanhood. Let it be understood that women condemn, and are not afraid to mark their condemnation of that most base and unmanly thing that strives to pluck the crown from his mother's brow, and uses his strength, not to defend, but to strike the defenseless, and he will not long be bold to raise his shameless head.

"Who not *himself* respects, honors not woman,  
Who does not honor woman, knows he love?  
Who knows not love, can he know honor then?  
Who knows not honor, what has he beside?"

ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

#### THE SILENT MISSIONARY'S APPEAL TO MINISTERS AND PARENTS.

Ministers, parents, one and all, I will be brief and to the point and tell you at once that my heart actually pains to know that many of you are not doing your duty in teaching the whole truth as taught in the Bible. "Oh, that I were dead and buried!" exclaims many a victim who walks this world pale and trembling, whose bright hopes and future happiness have faded and gone and a secret sorrow been left gnawing in the bosom of a soul once bright and happy. Why is this? Mostly because ministers and parents have neglected to teach the whole Bible truth by omitting one great sin because of a delicate nature. Is this right? Does the Bible say you can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven by teaching all except one great sin? No, my fellow-laborers towards a higher and holier life, you are well aware that the Bible teaches nothing of the kind.

It is true that the sin to which I am referring is of a very delicate nature, almost too much so to preach from the pulpit in this age of the world as you would any other sermon, but this is no reason why it should not be preached at all. No, none whatever.

We read in I. Cor., 9: "Nor abusers of themselves with mankind," and in I. Tim., 1-10: "For them that defile themselves with mankind shall not enter into the kingdom of God." From these words you may get an idea as to what I mean.

I have made the avoidable causes of disease a special study and know what I am speaking about. How often, Oh how often, the disease or death of a loved one is attributed to special Providence for some mysterious purpose, when it had nothing to do with it whatever. How wrong thus to charge your Heavenly Father when you, Oh father and mother, are to blame for not having taught your loved ones the evil consequences of secret sins on account of false modesty. You are to blame, not your Heavenly Father. Before charging Divine Providence look to yourself and your sons and daughters for the cause of their suffering; for the violation of God's laws of health and happiness, either knowingly or ignorantly, produce disease and death. My soul longs for the welfare of humanity, and when I see our young folks, from the age of ten years up, both male and female, bearing symptoms of vicious habits, as thousands upon thousands do among children of all classes of people, both high and low, refined and vulgar, it makes my heart recoil with horror, especially when I



see their intense agony of mind, which they try to conceal with their bodily troubles. Under such circumstances I cannot help but exclaim, oh, ministers and parents, why, why do you not teach children and older ones the consequences of secret sins, but leave the devil and wicked associates lead astray your "darling idols and future hopes" by thousands upon thousands. Seemingly pious children who are taught to abstain from all other evils are nevertheless victims to this one great sin.

"The Missing Sermon," lately published, gives an explanation of it with its terrible consequences, and the extent to which it is a cause of disease as given by professors of medical colleges. It ought to be, but need not be, preached as regular sermons are. An appointment may be made by the minister to meet gentlemen only at least once or twice a year, and to them state the solemn facts, so that fathers may learn their duty and teach their children ere it be too late to reap a life-long misery, as many do on account of not receiving a word of warning. Tobacco and whiskey are great evils, but I do not believe they do as much toward blunting the finer feelings of man as this secret sin, the extent of which is not known except by the practiced eye, who can read its infallible signs. Says the late Professor S. Pancoast, of the Penn Medical University of Philadelphia, in one of his works, that this sin "is a primary and indirect cause of more than two-thirds of all disease at present incident to the human family."

Oh! that this vile demon did not exist, then would I be happier, but now my heart actually pains as the result of a philanthropic spirit to know that, "unnoticed and unknown," many of our fairest and best are secretly suffering on account of not having received a few words of warning by their parents. I feel that I can only be truly happy in doing my duty toward removing this evil, in hopes that many thousands of our young and precious souls will be saved from wretched lives and untimely graves, and prove a blessing to this world through their unknown friend, the Silent Missionary.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," which in itself ought to be sufficient proof in regard to the corruption that exists among our young men and boys, as they go about in our cities, towns, and villages, sowing the seed of darkness.

How often, Oh how often, have I been thinking if the graveyards could but speak, as if we could but read one another's mind, what sad and lamentable facts would be revealed of unnoticed and unknown sins, the sorrow of which is borne only by those who silently carry them to their graves. Surely the much-talked-about millennium will not come under such conditions. Life is short, and ere I be overtaken with the sleep of death I hope and pray to accomplish a great work in revealing to the public this great and mostly unknown cause of disease and misery, and save many precious souls from secret sorrow and death. Will you help me? Will you contribute your mite toward having the "Missing Sermon" distributed throughout the land and bringing before the public such literature as will elevate and refine our young folks and older ones into a higher and holier state of existence? Ministers and parents and all desiring to do good, I beg

of you teach the whole truth for the sake of your children, your own happiness, and out of love for God and His holy laws.

Please inclose stamp when you send for the "Missing Sermon."

Your humble servant and lover of souls,

THE SILENT MISSIONARY.

#### THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF CRIME.

A phrase in Ezekiel's picture of the captivity of Israel served the Rev. R. Heber Newton, of New York, as a text for a sermon on crimes and criminals. The phrase was "For the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence." "Perhaps this is not an attractive subject for such a congregation as gathers here," said Mr. Newton, "but it may be a needful one for just such a congregation to consider. Crime is a social disease, the festering points in which the tainted blood of the body politic is drawn to a head. The crime in England cost \$3,000,000 annually. Seventy-four thousand persons are engaged in its detection. One person in every thirty-six in England is arrested for crime every year. Not only is the body politic afflicted with this disease, but a more alarming fact is that till within the last decade the history of crime in Western civilization has been a history of increasing crime. In 1850 the population of the United States was over 19,000,000, and there were 5,644 persons in the prisons of the country. In 1860 there was a population of 27,000,000 and 19,086 persons in prison. Ten years later the population had increased to 33,500,000 and the prisons held 32,901 persons. Crime increased out of all proportion of population.

"Many causes contribute to the rapid increase of crime. Some people say that it is because there are bad men. It is not alone a question of original sin. There are two great factors contributing to sin. One is that of humanity which transmits from father to son vicious instincts, and which we call heredity. Another factor is that summed up in the word environment. It is of the latter I propose to speak this morning. Certain factors of our social environment tend to the development of crime. As the first of these I unhesitatingly place the exaggerated importance attached to wealth. The one great talisman to social standing has come to be wealth. Again I emphasize the preternatural competition in our industrial world. A legitimate outcome of this competition is to drive men to get unfairly what they cannot get fairly. Cunning is the natural result of this condition of affairs. Cunning is little fraud. Then speculation is characteristic of our civilization. From that comes the regularly recurring hard times, where hosts of men are turned out of work all at once. Is it any wonder that the great army of criminals is being recruited? Statistics show that during the last period of financial depression in this country crime increased 25 per cent. If there is one crime which saddens the heart it is the social evil. No one thing can be assigned as the cause of this curse, this cancerous curse of our civilization. There are 40,000 girls out at domestic service in this city and earning not more than \$6 a week. On every hand temptation



meets them. Not more than one out of every five hundred girls drawn into evil life comes from the ranks of high-paid labor. You know or you ought to know what our tenement houses are. You know that they are hothouses of crime and nurseries of vice. Do you ever ask yourselves, citizens of New York, what your responsibility is in this matter? Do you wonder that crime continues? Poverty is the mother of vice and crime. It seems to me, my friends, that there is a trumpet call to men of business to study this great problem.

"All crime flows back to the present condition of our industrial system. In every hundred thousand persons in the country you will find eight criminals, while in the same number of people in the city you will find seventeen criminals. The mental and moral atmosphere of a tenement house is contaminated by the manner in which people crowd together. Bad blood, impure blood, is one of the most potent factors in crime. Think of the mala administration, or no administration, of our city government, and then wonder that crime exists. Education alone will not solve this problem. I do not believe that knowledge is synonymous with virtue, but there is this to be said, that he who is educated, who is intelligent, is better fitted to support himself in the stress of existence, and so less tempted to crime. That education is utterly superficial which cultivates the mind alone, as our public schools are practically doing to-day. When we begin to discern what a true education is and apply it we will begin to believe that one of the tap-roots of crime is dried up. *I find in the license of the printing press to-day one of the powerful factors of crime.*" —*New York Times.*

#### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY WHITE CROSS MOVEMENT.

A very remarkable White Cross meeting was held December 20, at Edinburgh, being the inaugural meeting of the White Cross Society, which was started among the Edinburgh University students on the occasion of the visit of Miss Ellice Hopkins to that city last year.

The Edinburgh University now numbers nearly three thousand members, and has the largest medical school in the three kingdoms. The importance of the fact that the White Cross movement has been taken up in this great intellectual centre is obvious. When it is remembered that the students come up at an earlier age than English undergraduates; that no supervision is maintained over them, but that they are simply turned adrift into a large and dissolute city, even their lodgings not being registered, an organized public opinion on the side of purity becomes, under these circumstances, a vital necessity, so that young men just coming up may at once be induced to take a high standard, and not darken down into the low moral tone all around them. Nothing shows more clearly the progress that moral education is making than the fact that some of the professors attempted such a society some ten years ago, but failed; whereas in a few months the White Cross Society numbered four hundred members, the medical students honorably taking the lead.

The inaugural meeting was regarded with some apprehension, owing to the nature of the audience. The task of addressing the gathering devolved on Miss Ellice Hopkins. Professor MacLagan took the chair, supported by Professors Charteris, Croom, Brown, Simpson, and Cathcart. The chairman managed admirably. Almost immediately Miss Ellice Hopkins was pushed to the front, and it was soon manifest how the meeting would turn out. For forty minutes, through a most home-thrusting, hard-hitting address, she held them transfixed. A few faces that meant mischief in the middle of the room gradually subsided into an earnest, almost pathetic gaze, and by the time she had finished, as one of the committee afterwards remarked, "I believe that if she had told them to storm the Edinburgh Castle, they would have gone off in a body and done it." After a few exquisitely chosen words from Professor Charteris, the proceedings terminated.

Some hundred fresh members crowded up to enroll themselves, and the White Cross Society now numbers upwards of eight hundred members. It has planted the White Cross Edinburgh University Arms a little in advance of the Oxford Association, which has existed for three years. Much of the success of the movement is owing to the admirable and indefatigable secretary, Mr. Cathcart, one of the extra-mural medical professors.

S. E. B.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

The seeds are planted and the spring is near,  
Ages of blight are but a fleeting frost,  
Truth circles into truth.  
Each mote is dear.  
To God no drop of ocean is ever lost,  
No leaf forever dry and tempest tossed,  
Life centres deathless underneath decay,  
And no true word or deed  
Can ever pass away.

Work on, oh! fainting heart,  
Speak out thy truth.  
Somewhere thy winged heartseeds will be blown,  
And be a grove of pines from mouth to mouth,  
O'er oceans into space and lands unknown,  
E'en till the long-foreseen result be grown  
To ripeness, filled like fruit with other seed,  
Which shall plant anew and gather when men need.

#### ACROSTIC, CAROLINE B. WINSLOW.

Come thou forth, unfurl thy banner,  
Armed with weapons bright and keen,  
Rend each trammel ignorance forges,  
Overthrow her crafts unseen.  
Leave the past, destroy her forces,  
Infinite will guide thy feet.  
Need not fear ten thousand thunders,  
Each bear victory, not defeat.

Bear in view the chains you've severed,  
With captive's joy that freedom brings,  
In thy march over creeds triumphant,  
Naught but love shall rule all things.  
Shield anew for woman's conflict,  
Learn the arts of wisdom pure,  
Ope thy mouth, awake the sleeping,  
Weary not, success is sure.

OLIVE F. CHANDLER



# IS NOT THIS PAPER NEEDED? WON'T YOU TAKE IT AND CIRCULATE IT!

## Subscription and Advertising Rates.

### Subscriptions:

The Alpha is published on the first day of each month, by the Moral Education Society of Washington, D. C., and can be obtained of newsdealers, or will be sent at the following rates:

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### Correspondence:

Letters consisting of personal opinions should be not more than half column in length. Letters containing important facts or interesting matter may sometimes be longer.

All communications, books for review, &c., should be addressed to Caroline B. Winslow, Editor of "The Alpha," No. 1 Grant Place, Washington, D. C.

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We send THE ALPHA to no one unless it is paid for, and we discontinue it at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made. Persons receiving it who have not subscribed for it may be sure that it has been sent and paid for by a friend, or neighbor, and that no bill will ever be presented for it.

# THE ALPHA.

VOL. X.

JUNE 1, 1885

No. 10.

THE *Matrimonial Review*, published at Farmersville, Pa., by M. S. Weber, in its May issue, in enumerating and commenting on its monthly exchanges, says of THE ALPHA, after quoting our motto: "Would that more publishers would take courage on this all-important question and handle it with the same severity. In what other manner does this subject require handling but with force and severity." Terse.

We are under obligations to Mr. Weber for setting us forth in this light. We have seen so few copies of the *Review* as to be unable to speak justly of it. But it seems to aim at fighting domestic wrongs and enlightening the ignorant. There is much need of such work. May the *Review* prosper.

MISS EMMA MARDEWEL has issued a prospectus for a work, entitled "Childhood's Poetry and Study; or, The Life and Forms of Nature," which she says is the result of long experience with child-life and its educational needs, and attempts to awaken the mother and educator to the necessity of studying the child's earliest unfolding, beginning in the cradle, with a series of Froebel's educational principles illustrated with colored charts. It presents also the circular drawing system up to an elementary class, which demonstrates natural

science so simplified as to be intelligible to all. It will prove a most useful work for mothers and instructors.

THE morning mail brought inclosed in its budget a copy of May number of THE ALPHA with this sentence written upon the margin:

"Your humbug of a paper not wanted in these parts."

As there was neither name nor address, and the postmark was illegible accompanying this forcible, not to say rude, sentence we shall continue to send the obnoxious paper till the subscription expires unless we have further information as to his or her identity, which in all honesty we must confess we do not wish to know, as this simple sentence of ten words reveals the moral status, without referring to refinement and the gentler virtues, and proves how much he or she could be benefited by instruction likely to appear in the columns of THE ALPHA from month to month.

My friend, chafe not thy spirit. It is not possible for the puny arm of mortal to block the wheels of progress. God's fiat has gone forth. We are on the eve of a social revolution, peaceful and bloodless, but a revolution all the same, of which THE ALPHA is the John the Baptist. The sufferings, groans and prayers of souls groping in darkness have ascended unto Heaven and been met with a pitying response, and the cry from above is, "come up higher out of the miasm of lust and strife, jealousy and discord into a sweeter, happier and healthier life." Let us hear and obey the call.

"THE serio-comico-tragic" humor that pervades Prof. Lamb's lecture, "In a Cloud of Smoke," is an attractive method to instruct and warn and lead the inexperienced to aspire and strive after a purer, cleaner life than a majority of mankind have attained. It is wise to present some of our sterner duties of aspiration and self-denial in a playful style. But our Puritan inheritance feels slightly shocked at the jocular strain when such sad and serious consequences of the tobacco vice are being revealed in our midst. When so many terminations of lives from heart disease are constantly occurring and so many brilliant minds are stultified or go out in the frenzy of insanity and many more on the straight road from tobacco consumption to inebriety, and the corruption that pervades all ranks, it would better suit our sterner mould to have thundered anathemas, shouted warnings and use examples of the most extreme cases. Just now when our military hero is slowly but surely dying from the effects of nicotine poisoning, we can hardly restrain ourselves from crying aloud.



Yet we do not doubt that Prof. Lamb's method will be quite as effective and possibly convict more of their sins, followed by the grace of repentance, than could be effected by greater severity, upon the principle of molasses capturing more flies than vinegar. The difference is the same as between peace and war, love and hate, the beloved disciple John and impetuous Peter. We all know which of these elements is most desirable, most blessed.—Ed.

The "Chimes Calendar for 1885," compiled by Mrs. E. S. Miller, author of "In The Kitchen," is the most useful, instructive, and amusing calendar ever published. Retail price \$1. The preface, of which the following is a copy, explains the nature of the contents of the calendar:

Three days in each month here are goodly receipts  
For dishes or draughts for the sick;  
Two days there are riddles, charades, or conceits;  
One day there's a rule or a trick  
For knitting, crocheting, or making something  
Ornamental or useful in dress;  
And sometimes a hint upon health we shall fling  
On our pages to soothe man's distress.  
One day there are lines to some plant, tree, or flower,  
To some animal, insect, or bird;  
But through all the rest of the month shall be heard  
The strains of the poets—the dower  
Most precious to hoard they have left us—the gold  
For our life-streams to shine with and hold.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Miller, the gifted compiler and author of this charming calendar, is, as is well known, the only daughter of the lamented Garret Smith, the philanthropist and reformer. She is the fortunate inheritor of her mother's and father's talents and graces of spirit, with accompanying large-heartedness, and turns these rare abilities to the interests and advancement of her own sex. Her "In The Kitchen" has lent a charm to culinary duties, and made their drudgery delightful, by developing skill, economy, and simplicity in the preparation of food, which brings compensation for toil, instead of mortifying failure and loss.

So, in counting time, she has woven into every day's service poetry, skill, science, hygiene, and amusement to lift the mind out of the realms of toil into the delight of *good uses*, which is the essence of life and true service, which makes this calendar a souvenir for a lifetime valuable to add to the possessions of a household.

For sale at No. 1 Grant Place. As the year is so far advanced the price is now reduced to 50 cents per copy. Send in your orders.

"The wisest physicians say you may trace out the ante-natal development of any crazy man, and you will find the remote cause of his malady hidden away in the recesses of the wronged and outraged motherhood that gave him unwelcome existence."

## A FAITHFUL PASTOR.

The following letter was addressed to "The Silent Missionary." It speaks volumes to those that need a precedent:

BRIDGEWATER, VA., April 25, 1885.

DEAR SISTER: Many thanks for your copies of the Missing Sermon. I have distributed the copies that you sent me, and will be glad to have the privilege of distributing many more. What is your charge per hundred for sending them out? I think of getting a hundred or two and trying an experiment; that is I will distribute them to my congregation whenever I preach on the subject of tight lacing or self-abuse again. I think they would be the very thing to fix what I try to plant. I have preached on the same subject that I spoke of before at another congregation. I do not know what the effects of my sermon has been farther than I could read on the countenances of my hearers. The sermon took very well with the majority of the congregation. There were a few that sneered, and about ten or twelve showed their indignation by jumping up and leaving as soon as I was done speaking. I have felt the great need of striking at many of our popular and idolized sins for quite awhile. I feel that your work will help to bring about the reform that we as a people must make or become helpless and despondent.

I have been hinting at the sins of tight lacing, high-heeled shoes, self-abuse and other kindred evils for several years past in my preaching. Having read Mrs. E. R. Shepherd's work "For Girls," and feeling that it demonstrated evils that I might prevent by doing my duty as a minister and teacher, I resolved that I would no longer be tied by the common current of *false modesty*, but that I would attack those evils boldly as other sins. Something over a month ago I had the privilege of addressing a very large congregation in Augusta County. I took for my subject "Expression," and carried evils in thought and in action through to their effect on the expression of the one so thinking or acting. The effect on the congregation was very marked. About one-third of the faces beamed as though they were longing for just such work. About another third sneered, some got up and left in disgust. The rest of the congregation seemed to be wonder-struck or, perhaps, conscience-stricken.

I knew that I was striking an unpopular subject, but felt encouraged to find as many good-thinking people as I did. I mean people whose eyes were open to the evils of the present. I have the pleasure to learn that one young lady returned from church, deliberately took off her corset and deliberately put it in the stove; another, at the same house, laid hers away and said she would not wear it again. How many more that did likewise God only knows.

I feel that there is a great reform to be made in this direction, and that we, as ministers, should come to the front and help fight the battle.

Excuse so long a letter. Yours.

S. N. McCANN.

Here is an example of moral courage and faithfulness worthy the consideration of all ministers and teachers who have heard the tender, pleading voice of the Master they confess. "Lovest thou Me? Feed my lambs." The most importunate duty of a shepherd is to succor the lambs of the flock—the more feeble in every sense they may be the more solicitude and care a *true* herdsman bestows.

Long-established custom and false teaching on the origin of life and the *true* uses of sex, with unfortunate inheritance of lust, have so hedged about the pathway of the moral sentinel and so obscured his vision that he or she is blind to much that is pernicious to the well-being of their charge, and have no desire to uncover the nakedness of the human heart and reveal the awful, festering sores and polluting practices that destroy all



moral sense and make the unfortunate patient an easy prey to other vices and crimes.

In the fearless faithfulness of Rev. Mr. McCann we have a beacon light that should guide many halting, floundering and becalmed ministers in the direction of neglected duty and show them, if they would save souls, they must first save bodies and make them temples fit for the indwelling immortal spirit. This is a work that must be done whether men will hear or whether they forbear.—Ed.

#### SINGERS AND STIMULANTS.

Dr. Lenox Browne read a paper on "The Influence of Alcohol and Tobacco on the Voice" at a recent meeting of the London Society for the Study and Cure of Inebriety. *The Tonic Sa-fa Reporter* gives the following report of the lecture:

Reference was made to what little had been written on the subject by medical men of the past and present, lack of literature on the question having incited Dr. Browne to investigate the matter, and to obtain facts in place of generalizations. His special experience as surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, and to the Royal Society of Musicians, &c., led him to see that many throat disorders, if not caused by the regular use of alcohol, were greatly aggravated by it, and that often total abstinence was sufficient to cure. Alcoholic drinks frequently cause chronic dryness of the throat, huskiness, hoarseness, uncertainty of intonation, flat singing, and loss of high tones, not to mention more serious diseases. That alcohol is not necessary in the treatment of throat diseases is shown by the fact that at the Throat and Ear Hospital very little is used. One thousand and twenty patients have been treated there during the past seven years, 777 of them suffering from throat diseases, and the total expenditure for alcoholic stimulants during the time was only £8 7s. 1d. In one year, 1881, when 63 patients were treated, the amount was only 1s.

Dr. Browne had sent to all the male vocalists, whose names appeared in the musical directory, a set of questions as to the use of alcoholic drinks, the form (malt liquor, spirits, &c.) they preferred, and when taken, especially if taken at time of performance. Also as to their use of tobacco.

He had received 380 replies; of them 213 owned to drinking, some adding, "very moderately," 41 drank occasionally, 26 rarely, and 101 not at all, among the latter being some of the most eminent singers in our cathedrals and Chapel Royal. The number of abstainers quite astonished the lecturer, as he had not expected such a result, which he considered very creditable to the profession. Of the 279 non-abstainers 65 took stimulants at meal-times only, 47 at meal-times and night only, and 26 at supper only, 65 at night after work, 8 between meals only, and 58 at all times. In answer to the important question as to taking stimulants immediately before or during use of voice 285 replied they never did so, 47 made it a habit, 32 only occasionally, 6 before performance only, and 20 during performance only. Many who were not abstainers spoke strongly against drinking in connection with performance.

The lecturer was of opinion that a hearty meal should not be taken less than three or four hours before performance, but a little food in the form of beef tea or raw egg (not beaten up but with yoke whole) might be taken just before or at intervals in the performance. Draughts of ale, stout, &c., are especially to be avoided, as they distend the stomach and so hinder the proper action of the diaphragm. Raisins have been proved to possess great restorative powers, and dried fruits are a good substitute for alcohol as an aid to work. Cocoa was also recommended as a convenient form of taking a little nourishment. Time did not permit of full treatment of the replies as to the use of tobacco, but of the 380, the non-smokers numbered 63, while 180 smoked habitually, and the remainder only rarely or in great moderation.

Dr. Browne said that to singers the use of tobacco is more in-

jurious than that of alcohol, causing in some dryness of the throat, in others excess of mucus, being specially dangerous to those of nervous temperament. Smoking caused or aggravated many throat diseases, and singers should avoid "smoking concerts."—*The Voice*.

OUR old acquaintance, Emma Marwedel, who has spent many years on the Pacific slope, prosecuting her favorite work—introducing kindergartens and instructing teachers as well as children—has discovered that so many of the children that come under her care are spoiled in the make-up, and if she would see kindergarten instruction cultivated to its ideal perfection, children must be prepared for that happy destiny by being born right. She is out with an "International Appeal to Promote by United Effort Preparation for Motherhood by School Instruction and Academical Chairs." The following extracts are from her appeal, which should call for preparation for fatherhood as well as motherhood. We must get rid of this one-sided idea if we would have happy results:

#### HEREDITARY INFLUENCES.

What a difference exists in this respect between plant and animal life. Scientific knowledge and care has been accumulated in the same degree upon a hereditary perfection of those animals domesticated for the use and pleasure of man, and the expense of their improvement is unlimited, while the exclusion of all mental and physical and even moral disabilities are carefully considered.

What different development of qualification do we expect from the hunting and the shepherd dog, not to mention the little flippant King Charles and the noble St. Bernard? No one doubts the truth that an eagle's flight is never outdone by the lark, yet can the king of birds claim so sweet a song?

Can man be excluded from these laws? He can not. The same lawful relation that exists between the seed and the mother plant makes man white or black, leading him with talents and the power of conquest to the heights of life, or leaving him devoid of them, to travel the humble by-paths, making him a victim of the sin of sins or a pillar of the good of good. A fragment of direct or indirect ancestry he enters the world which blames or praises him for what he has been made by the influence of others. He is led to form habits and thoughts before he is conscious of himself. He is surrounded by impressions unconsciously calling into being ideas and desires for which he may be commended in after life.

What an event then is the birth of a child; what responsibility rests on man influencing its birth; and who is able to deny the claims of the child on man for being born well?

Oh, is it a myth that our most valued and queenly rose grew, the daughter of a simple rose-bud, by the roadside? Is it a myth that the delicious fruit which delights the taste and vision once fell from the half-crippled mother tree, scarcely tempting the wild birds



and beasts of the forest? Is it a myth that the man of the age, moving the thought of the world, descended from some savage tribe? Did not he, like us, exist as a part of a whole, developing like a circle in a circle? A separation from the unity of which he was born a part would have been to his own moral destruction. Forced to live and yet not willing to fall below the brute he had to unite with those of his kind, a natural sequence of the law of evolution. Thus ascending, purified by unity in need, a unity in action, in feelings, and in aspirations, led by necessity to free himself from himself, he outlived part of the inner savage nature, placing it by higher social virtues, and it is upon the conception of this unity and its relation to moral, intellectual, and physical perfection that the social, educational development of man rests.

#### THE MOTHER.

Almost a century lies between these appeals upon the dormant powers of the mother to fill this special educational office. How far has progress and time advanced the recognition and importance of this office? How far is the mother of our age aware of a special preparation to fill it? Practical experience has taught that to be a teacher a special preparation is needed, but to be a mother and teacher in one is left to mere instinct and chance.

Of late higher education has been granted to woman, proving her capacity and earnestness to compete with man for honor and bread. In doing so she enters upon a general course of instruction which makes no provision for her special and natural vocation. For this special vocation her training should embrace anthropology and hygiene, psychology, physiology, pedagogics, history of pedagogics, history of law and ethics, and finally a thorough course of Froebel's system, theoretically and practically.

Is not the preparation of our food brought under the scientific analysis of our laboratory? Is not the cutting and fitting of our garments subordinate to the principles of physiology? Are not ventilation, sleep, recreation, mental and physical exercise, based on scientific laws? Are not agriculture, horticulture, forestry, fishery and fowling carried upon scientific principles? Are then the prenatal formation of man, his first mental, moral and physical unfoldings—the unity and harmony between his inner nature and the outer world—the integrity of his character, his control of will, the early conception of the social and individual relation as a part of the whole, less valuable than cooking by chemical laws? Is the truth we seek for man the only truth exempt from scientific principles? Is the woman of the age in reality aware of the lack of a training in this direction?

The strongest and the purest emotional feelings and thought of man spring from the everlasting source found in true womanhood. The poetry of all ages glorify the devotional self-denying virtues of the wife and mother as the sole fountain-spring of all life and earthly happiness, is crystallized in the union of mother and child into the symbol of celestial, ideal love. So nourished and poetically inspired, the young female mind must conclude that woman's ideal love "is sufficient to outreach woman's practical duties."

Crowned in silence by a world which lavishes in blindfolded enthusiasm its tributes to the divine beauty of unveiled hope and untold devotion in the loving bride, she lifts every flower thrown in her path, every wish reaching her listening ear, every whisper of friendship, every pressure of the hand, as a token foretelling the endless days of happiness and peace this love will bring to her, with very little return on her side except a mere instinctive feeling of what life may require of her. So she faces the world as it is, not as it should be.

It will take but a glance at the moral history of woman to catch the connecting thread between woman "as she is" and the woman "as she was," necessary to understand and fortify her present condition. Every cultured woman is undoubtedly familiar with the history of her sex at large. Referring to the beginning of modern civilization, we find the woman, though always the appendage of man, preparing the comforts of life by her own industrial home labor. Simplicity of feeling and desires, want of communication and aspiration, exclude her, though queen of the home, from the outer world; being happy in herself, she made others happy. The labor of life bringing equal weight on the shoulders of husband and wife, "they were friends."

But man stepped on woman's dominion. The industry of the home, woman's queenly independence, the family union and sheltering support, were thrown by man on the market of competition. He advanced in skill as he grew stronger in number and union; his sister, the light-diffuser of the home, crushed under the monotony, idleness, and want of support at the home life, followed him finally to the market of labor. Placing herself at his side, she was accused of unskillfulness, and, consequently, accepted a pay which her brother would have scornfully refused.

So man became master. Ruling the world with his increased earnings, he made the woman his toy. He played with her as she played with him. Both selfish, both empty, both childish, from want of higher aims in common, and God knows what grew out of the unsheltered, unconcentrated woman's life without a home, thrown on the market of labor, together with an unprincipled master over her weakness.

Since then both man and woman have increased in skill. As the woman labored before for man, she labors now with man; paying labor bringing higher comfort; so idleness, destruction of virtue; hence man and woman were led far away from the simplicity and union in labor of the former home life. The unlimited but dangerous scope to enjoy life and to use life *a tout prix*, opened a phase of intercourse between the two sexes, to which woman fell a victim. The stress of her perfection lay only in the acquirement of accomplishments to please and to enjoy instead of to serve; so she faces the world as it is.

It would be a great error to presume that the picture just drawn had neither exceptions, nor that it was based on a fixed condition to be stagnant. On the contrary, any judgment open to cause and effect easily detects the transition between the past and the present in the glorious dawning of a new time, based on new principles.



This force, creating in its ideal a lawfully-understood realization of true mother and fatherhood, is to outlive the existing narrowness of sexual superiority and weakness. Impossible as it is to change the man of the day into the savage of the past—so impossible is it to uphold the evolution force of developing the motherly element stronger in the man and the manly element stronger in the woman of the future.

Professor Hall says: "There has never been a period in education where a fresh, searching look into the real nature of children was so needed as now, and nowhere more than in our own country. In this study anthropology, psychology and literature have a common interest with education; also, the study of child life and need has moreover already produced a source of valuable workings, mostly by foreign scientific men, containing records of their observations on their own infants.

"It is then in trust of the earnest inspiration gained from the thoughts and activities of my contemporaries—the deep and earnest faith in a rising motherhood based on a higher scientific conception of the laws of nature, and the union with the dawning spirit of the time, to lead the child back to nature, from which it sprang;" that the deep reverence and devotion gained through long years' intercourse with the child, presses the author to participate in the effort to direct and regulate the natural laws born in the child. May the many failures find their excuses in the earnestness of the writer.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1885.

#### A SKETCH FROM THE REAL LIFE OF ONE WOMAN.

"Yes, my dear," she said, as she smoothed the grey hair back from her worn face, "I have had my own experience, but I do not know that any good can come now of speaking of it. It is all past and gone now, and no one is to be blamed. We all did the best we knew then. My husband is a good man and I love him, but there are pages in my life history since we were married that he could no more read understandingly than I could read Greek or Hebrew. You see we were poor, dependent on our day's work for subsistence. I was proud and ambitious, and as eager to make a home as he. I was glad and willing to have two or three children, and those we had are still the joy of my life. But we could not do justice by more. When my boy was one year old I became *enceinte*. My hands and heart were full. I had no room for the new life that would soon be dependent upon me. At this time a wicked woman whispered words of temptation in my ear. I listened and I fell. She told me how I could rid myself of this encumbrance. I said to myself it is the last time. I will get through with this and will never have another child, neither will I become an abortionist to satisfy the lust of man. Would to heaven I had remained true to this pledge! but the temptation was too great. Again and yet again my hands were red with the blood of my unborn babes. My health was gone, my mind nearly wrecked. I was morbid, jealous, a curse to myself, my family and the world, and all the while I despised my own acts, and hated my life, yet saw no way out. Most gladly would I have lived

a continent life, but such a thing I had never heard of. There was not a person I felt upon earth who would sustain me in such a life should I attempt it. Oh, the agony of those years! I often felt that it was wicked to eat food; wicked to sustain my body in order to prostitute it to such unholy purposes. I felt daily that an ignorant, sensual servant girl of sixteen would amply fill my place, and although I longed to die and be at rest I rebelled against being robbed, as I felt that I had been, of my rightful inheritance of health and happiness and love, for spite of all his selfishness and ignorance of my rights and needs I loved my husband with a love that I felt might have honored a prince. Yet I felt that this love was wholly unappreciated. I demanded more than he had to give, and I felt that I had asked for bread and been given a stone. He, on his part, thought that my ideas of love were morbid and unnatural, because they were beyond his ken. As years passed on I would gladly have given birth to a child, but this was refused me. I had grown so weak that at three or four months I would have a miscarriage, taking me down to death's door often and again. And this was the hardest for me to believe of all, that my idolized husband was willing, for a few moments' gratification, to incur the certainty of my terrible suffering, and the probability that I would not live through the ordeal. I tell you we hear a great deal said of the 'chivalry of men,' but in such instances as these I would like to see some of it come in play. I do not wish to excuse myself. In the beginning I sinned. But afterward I was sick, almost insane. I feel that I was not responsible for my actions. I needed some strong one to lean upon then, some one to take care of me, but I didn't have it. Yes, guilty as I often feel myself, I feel that I was more sinned against than sinning. Yet, was my husband also the victim of circumstances. He is a good man, has been a good husband to me in many ways, in every way in fact excepting this. *And he knew no better.* That is why I tell you this. It may be that some one may profit by our sad and terrible experience. Spread the light on these subjects that have heretofore been held sacred (?) from public gaze. Ignorance is not innocence. We must form a public opinion that demands unselfish lives of husbands as well as wives, and give the lie everywhere to this vulgar doctrine of a 'physical necessity' for men. As yet, even our most liberal and advanced thinkers on many phases of social work have not the slightest idea that a continent life is or can be compatible with a perfectly-developed manhood and womanhood. Until this false idea is done away with the lives of the majority of married women must be a continual warfare or a continual sacrifice, and marriage itself a desecration rather than a consecration. But then, my dear, this is all past for me now. My husband and I have both learned many things too late to be of use to us, but we are walking together the last end of life's journey peacefully and harmoniously. But this period in our lives, of which I have spoken, is one of which I never speak to any one but you. And it is one to which I can never reconcile myself or look back upon without the keenest pain." I rose and kissed her



pale cheek and thanked her through my tears for this glimpse of her heart history, *knowing full well that it was of more value to mankind than all the fine-spun social theories of our wisest men.*

EVA BARNES.

A simply-told unvarnished tale; but it reveals the sufferings, the sickness, the misery, the falsehood, and murderous life of many, many women who mourn and groan and flounder through life, while, myriads "curse God and die," when knowledge of themselves and their heavenly endowments, their true relations and exalted duties and glorious destiny, would turn their rebellion, their suffering, their hate and deadly conflicts into pæons of joy and gladness. How loud is the call for all youth to know their true relations to one another, their highest duty to themselves, and a knowledge of the reverence due to *life-giving* sex relations when redeemed from sensuality.—ED.

#### EXTRACTS.

George Chainey, in a recent lecture, said: "The ignorance of *what* is necessary to good health is simply appalling. The saddest sight that meets my eye any time I walk the streets are the young men who have emasculated themselves, and the young women who have destroyed the beauty and glory of their sex simply through ignorance of their own live bodies. Knowledge of the spirit is important, but so also is the knowledge of the body. The spirit flows in the channel we dig for it. If that channel is foul and reeking with rottenness and disease, the poison of narcotics and alcohol, do you think your soul will remain unsullied? As soon as I knew my body was simply the temple of an immortal soul I had to give up whiskey and tobacco. We must also have a little more openness on the subject of love, the relation of the sexes, and the birth of children. Every child born into this world has the right to be born of sound and pure parents, and receive a joyful welcome through the beautiful and garlanded portals of love. I know that we have been weighted in this reform with the vagaries and crankisms of many self-imposed champions of freedom. Some people always seem to take hold of the hot end of the poker. Instead of presenting us the subject only when transmitted into the flowers of beauty and fragrance, they empty the manure heap on our heads.

"But even this must not make us betray the cause of the soul's highest purity and truth. Holier than any temple of wood or stone, consecrated by diviner rights and for diviner purposes, is the human body. But we must also teach that the flowers of modesty are as beautiful as those of love. The rough feet of reformers must no more be allowed to trample upon the true modesty of nature than those of street loafers. Those who cannot handle this subject without mixing with it the flavor of the stables and coarseness of the brothel must be sternly taught that it is their duty to keep silent. \* \* \* Because woman has clung to religion while man has forsaken it, is adduced as a claim against it

when it ought everywhere to be received as an argument in its favor.

"Woman living more in the affections, finding her destiny in the love of her heart, or the cradle of her child, permitted to have opinions of her own, because her voice had no weight or authority in making opinions, has preserved the open vision, and so, while man has wandered into the darkness of infidelity and atheism, she has remained in the light and faith of divine wisdom. The redeemers of the world have been those men who were at once womanly as well as manly, who have listened to and obeyed instinct and intuition as well as reason. \* \* \* Let woman make our laws awhile, and do you think every street corner would be an open gate to hell, and that education would give no chance to intuition, or that our laws would be made in the interest of the strong against the weak, as though the sentiment of love and pity were an oncast in every chamber of legislation? Some cry out against the suffrage of woman for fear she would send a bishop to the White House and a preacher to Congress. Would they be worse than ward politicians, scheming lawyers, and political demagogues, who now control our legislation, imposing burdens upon the people too grievous to be borne, while they never lift a finger to help bear them? If we would save ourselves from the city of ruins in which we are living to-day we must stop scorning and taunting woman and kneel at her feet asking her to be our savior.

"Let woman be the perfect mistress of her body and her soul, and the unhappy marriages and universal prostitution will cease. Woman is prostituted out of marriage because our man-made marriage laws force her into such a condition after marriage. Do not mistake me. I do not claim that all that bears the name of womanhood is divine. God forbid I should call divine her serfdom to fashion, the poisonous tongue of slander with which she too often pollutes the pure breezes of heaven. *But I believe these are diseases born of the injustice done her.*

#### SEEING STRAIGHT AND THINKING CLEAR.

BY ADELE GLEASON, M. D.

Spinoza, that grand old philosopher, whose thoughts have been the seed for a later harvest of wisdom, said: "All truth—natural or spiritual, metaphysical, physical, poetic—may be expressed geometrically."

I have laughed over that statement often—laughed to see how true it is! The least imaginative mind, most averse to allegories and figures, will at once admit that a mathematically perfect circle is the best expression of our idea of eternity; no theologian with wordy definition can make the thought so clear. What does a curve express? What do we mean when we say, "there was an obliquity in his conduct?" Why do we say, "now don't fly off at a tangent?" Here is the picture of the sphere, *i. e.*, all truth, and the line touching it, but so directed as never to be able to touch the sphere again, though prolonged through all space. "Keep the time of rectitude" is a very common expression.



All these terms are perfectly adapted to perfect morality. They refer to abstract laws; invisible but sure. No one has ever said that two parallel lines will meet if they are prolonged far enough. Any mind denies it intuitively. To a higher grade of mind such propositions as the one that, "the square of the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the square of the two sides," is as evident as the foregoing; to the ordinary mind it must be demonstrated step by step before the truth is grasped, but it is none the less self-evident. Our Creator cannot have intended us to walk by any truth that we cannot see clearly and demonstrate as clearly as a problem in geometry. He has mysteries that cannot be explained to our minds in our present state of being, but He has made all the truth that we need as human beings plain before us. All that we need for care of the body and the soul is at hand. No supernatural agencies need be called upon.

This being true, why are we half the time so sadly befogged, the other half so sadly mistaken in our care of the body, for instance? Because we do not see straight and think clearly. And why do we not?

The brain, the law of its action, the resultant thought is the same in all humanity, has ever been, will ever be. Why do we not only differ in opinion from others, but differ with ourselves so often. Because we will not take the honest, the mathematically honest, way of thought; we are afraid it will bring us to conclusions that we do not like, to conclusions that it will be too costly to come to. The soul has a prophetic sense that says, "don't go that way, it is too expensive."

The next most frequent obliquity of the mind is from prejudice. I need not say anything on this point; in this age we are ashamed of prejudice, and will not even admit that we ever cherish it, but we do; and as the water deflects the sunlight so prejudice turns truth aside.

Our intentions direct our thoughts. John Ruskin says: "In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, the men who look for the straight will see the straight." Is there a law for the arrow and the bullet and none for our thoughts? Their laws are the same. The amount of powder determines the force and distance to which the bullet goes; the will selects the target. The information or learning determines the power of thought; and the will directs it.

It is not the brain (body) of man that is "deceitful and desperately wicked," but the heart. It is not the stomach that calls for food that is injurious to our health; it is our taste, our liking that calls for it. It is not our tired, aching heads that calls for overwork, it is our desire to get the reward of that work. It is not our aching back that asks for a heavy dress and a tight corset, it is the vanity of the heart that demands them. If a fit of jealousy gives you a feverish night, don't say you have malaria. If a fit of anger gives you a congestive headache, don't say overwork gave you that headache. If ungratified vanity has given you the blues, don't say you are "depressed because you find people unworthy of your love." Be honest—you can be. I say be honest while you may, for there will come

a time when the intentional obliquity of your thinking will so set the brain action in a certain direction that it will be hopelessly oblique, and then perhaps you will never be able to see clearly and think straight, for the mental vision, objectively as well as subjectively, has become disordered; we can then no longer see when others are honest. We think them what we are. It is a law of nature. To the intoxicated man others are intoxicated, but he is not.

And what is thinking clear? It is simple clean thinking. Do not keep waste thoughts in your mind. Do not keep waste material in or on your body.

Body and soul act and react on each other. The relation between a dirty skin and a dirty shirt is very obvious; there is also a relation of both to the soul.

I am sorry that the word clairvoyant has become so hopelessly degraded that it cannot be used to express what it means, clear seeing; if it could be rescued by science to mean one who sees straight and thinks clear, we should have made a step toward physical and moral health.—*Herald of Health.*

#### THOUGHTS.

Who can estimate the value, the power, or the influence of a thought? It comes to us like a meteor, flashing into our brain, or is evolved by the effort of the soul to comprehend some truths, which, perhaps, we have long tried to understand, and have previously failed. Its coming changes the course of our whole lives, perchance. We see life from a new standpoint. It changes the current of feeling and action. It even moulds our features anew. We are, to some extent, different beings.

It is a law of nature that no single atom of matter can be disturbed without disturbing, to a greater or less extent, every other atom in the universe. We cast a bit of wood on the surface of a stream, and in that very moment the particles of water nearest to it are disturbed, and the circling eddies spread farther and wider till the shore is reached, and, though our senses no longer give us evidence of the fact, we know that each individual grain of sand on the beach is moved by the rippling water, and moves its neighbor in exact proportion to the force exerted upon itself. What is true of the physical world is true also of the mental and moral worlds. We launch our thought upon the stream of time and life, and though we may not see the eddies it causes, they are there just the same. Those in immediate contact feel it first, and through them others, and so on till I feel the influence, according to the degree of force.

Said a lecturer, who was speaking on an unpopular subject, "You cannot come here and hear me speak and be the same as you were before." It is even so with those who hear our spoken thoughts or read our written ones. They have taken something into their minds which they cannot entirely throw aside. It may be forgotten for a time, but it has a certain effect that remains with us, whether we will it to be so or not.

Thoughts are imponderable and invisible, but they are, nevertheless, living things, and possess a fund of force that is none the less powerful for being invisible. Indeed the invisible forces of nature are the most powerful of any.



By our thoughts and our involuntary representation of them in our actions, we create our atmosphere which is recognized, to a certain extent, by every person with whom we come in contact, and by means of which the measure of our real manhood and womanhood is taken. Therefore, how necessary it is that the thought be pure, that its influence both on the thinker and on others may be elevating and refining.

All real reformation of life must first begin in the thought. No advance in development was ever made until the necessity for it was recognized in thought and the mental resolution formed that always precedes every important step in life.

As soon as we become men and women in thought, we become so in reality, and are soon recognized as such by the world about us. It may not be always willing to acknowledge us or our thought as being beyond itself; but if our lives are better and purer than our neighbor's, our continued, quiet persistence will in time have its effect, even though we may never say a single word on the subject. We shall, also, find our neighbors turning in the same direction, in some degree, as that in which we are going, for the higher influences are always positive to the lower, and possess a power of which the lower in the scale of development must at some time stand in need, and which, when required, always responds. It may be a long time in coming, but its coming is inevitable. Continued progress is the law of the universe.

Therefore, ALPHA friends, let us be strong in well-doing. Though the seeds of pure thoughts, high desires find no expression outside of our own lives, yet they will not be vain. It may be that—

"A little spark from a high desire  
Shall kindle others and grow a fire."

RITA BELLE.

BURLINGTON, N. J., May, 1885.

### TRUTH.

The truth alone, will bear its weight,  
Fear not to act or speak it;  
While falsehood falls us at the gate,  
However fair you make it,  
Truth is allied to God above,  
And all the holy powers;  
Why not be strong in truth alone  
Whate'er the trying hours?  
If we're for God and God for us,  
How can the wrong overcome us?  
At morn, our sun though overcast,  
At noon will shine upon us.  
Then follows eve, a quiet rest,  
We've stood for truth in earnest,  
And here we find the soul is blest  
With peace, the Christian harvest.

Canterbury, N. H.

MARY WHITCHER.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS, May 3, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Inclosed find \$1.00 for renewal of subscription to THE ALPHA.

I feel more certain from year to year of the good work it is doing, and only wish I had the means to help along the good work more. I send every number far and near that it may help to sow the good seed of moral reform.

With hearty wishes for the growth and success of Alphasism, sincerely,  
B. M.

DR. WINSLOW: You certainly are doing a grand and noble work in sending out THE ALPHA. Oh if the women could only understand the mission of THE ALPHA, how much good and profit they might receive. As it is, we must be patient and wait. Wish you every success in your God-given work.

Yours truly,

K. B.

I am very much pleased with THE ALPHA. Hope I may never be obliged to do without it. After I read I circulate them.  
M. M.

CASSELTON, DAKOTA T'Y, 9, 1885.

Some friend not long since had the kindness to mail to me a copy of THE ALPHA. After a careful perusal I was surprised to know or learn that there was a paper in the land published for the purpose of advocating the very principles that I have long regarded as the very foundation of a much needed reform. We have our societies and associations struggling with evils and trying to render life more tolerable and happy; to curb or restrain those passions and propensities which, unrestrained, bring crime and suffering upon so many of our race. The reason, as I believe, is that they allow the seed to be sown and attain a vigorous growth before beginning any effort to root it up. It is conceded on all hands that the child before birth is very susceptible to influences under the control of the mother that mark it physically, hence the wise care of the mother not to expose herself to objects that will transmit any undesirable mark to the child. Now, as that is a mental result wholly why not see to it that no undue sexual mark or tendency be transmitted to the child by the same means? For this purpose we can learn a lesson from the lower animals, and refrain from all sexual excitement during the period of gestation. In my opinion until this is done all efforts of moral reform will make slow progress, if not result in entire failure. And, again, who ever accomplished great good without an earnest purpose? Now, I dare say that ninety-nine out of every hundred conceptions are not the result of a real purpose, but wholly accidental. Am I not right? Union for the sake of a temporary emotional enjoyment, and not for the sake of a new life to be brought into the world, and then a frequent and undue excitement of the sexual organs all through the period of gestation cannot but be very deleterious in its effect. It cannot but mark the offspring with tendencies that cannot be overcome and seldom controlled.

The following out of the principles of THE ALPHA, if I understand it rightly, would be a death-blow to a world of licentiousness and restore to its normal state or use the sexual relations of husband and wife. Being a doctor and an editor of such a journal I take it that you have made sexual ethics a specialty, and that there is no breach of proprieties in thus giving a brief idea of my views. There are other inquiries I would be glad to make in regard to the working of your reform and the teachings of your society (moral education) as to marriage, home, &c., but will not trouble you further now. May I hear from you? Address me at Fargo, Dakota Territory, box 1392.

Yours, with great respect,

H. C. WELTON.



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