

The Alpha.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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

VOL. X.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 1, 1885.

NO. 7.

WOMAN AND SKEPTICISM.

A SERMON BY REV. OLYMPIA BROWN, DELIVERED AT THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 25, 1885.—PHONETICALLY REPORTED BY MISS NETTIE WHITE.

I have been informed that there was a sermon preached this morning by Rev. Dr. Patton on Woman and Skepticism. I cannot reply to Dr. Patton, because I did not hear him, but I will preach a sermon from the same text he used—a part of the Scripture lesson which has been read in your hearing. It will be found in Luke xxiv: 22, 23.

"Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre."

"And when they found not His body, they came saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that He was alive."

"Woman and Skepticism." I do not know why these two words should be placed in connection, for it seems to me that they are the very antipodes of each other. Skepticism comes not by woman's sentiment, not by woman's spiritual and affectionate nature, but comes more frequently from masculine logic. It comes more frequently from the profound metaphysics of the learned doctors. It is written: "The pure in heart shall see God." I do not find any place in the Scriptures wherein heaven or heavenly things, or any revelation of Divine truths, are promised to metaphysicians or to logicians. I do not find any place where it is said the profoundest logicians shall understand God, but all along the way there are promises unto those whose hearts are open to sympathy and tenderness, and so I believe that even according to the condescensions of the sterner sex women may reasonably expect to have at least their share of a knowledge of God, which is called theology. It is notorious, I think, that women have taken especial interest in religion everywhere the world over, and in all ages. In our own times you know that the largest part of almost all the congregations of the country are made up of women. You know that the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting and the conference meeting would be impossibilities without woman's co-operation, woman's devotion, and woman's self-sacrifice. You know that in a great many churches over this broad land of ours it is woman's faithful labor, woman's sacrifice, that enables the church treasury to do its work and the minister's salary to be paid. And not confining our-

selves to our own country, if we go abroad to other lands, if we look beyond the Christian religion even, we shall find everywhere that the spirit of religion has seemed to characterize woman. It is recognized all through the Bible—woman's peculiar fitness and adaptation to the great interests of the soul. And when, in the beginning, according to the grand revelation that we have there of the beginning of things, when God called things into being, He made this human race, "male and female created he them"—not *him*. He gave them dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over every creeping thing on the face of the earth; all the wealth of this world, all that it can yield, all the vast resources of this earth, were given equally to woman and to man. And then, in the fullness of time, Jesus Christ came to the world and revealed himself peculiarly to women. It was a mother's insight, a mother's devotion, a mother's spiritual nature, that so enabled her to hear the voices of the angels and to recognize that the Savior of the world was to be born; and in those long months of watching and pondering all these things in her heart, the angels came very near to her, and the Divine Spirit was so rested upon her that when Christ came to the world he came with a woman's tenderness in His nature, and woman's spiritual perception, with a woman's great sympathy for fallen, suffering, down-trodden humanity everywhere, and He revealed Himself first of all to woman. It was in obedience to a mother's command that He left the temple, where He was sitting with the doctors asking them questions and hearing of the grand mysteries of the universe. Obedient unto a mother's command, He went out of the temple, and went to the humble home; and in learning truths from the association with that mother through the first thirty years of his life, He was prepared for the grand work to which He was called; and then, when the time came that He should declare His mission He did not seek out the learned scribes and leaders of the church; he did not present Himself to the rabbis, the doctors of divinity of that day, and present them with certain logical deductions. O, no! He met the sinful and sorrowing woman at the well—the woman whom the world derided, the woman that belonged to the sect that the Jews hated—and he there declared Himself to her as the Messiah. He bade her go forth and proclaim that the Messiah had come. He performed His first miracle at the command of a woman. It was women who were His intimate friends and companions, and

to whom He spoke of the great mysteries that He came to declare; and when in the last trying hour men proved cowardly and faithless, when they ran away, or followed Him only at a distance; when Peter denied His Lord, and one of His followers had betrayed Him, women stood faithfully at the foot of the cross, and with tender and weeping hearts looked on, while the suffering Lord, looking upon them in pity and in love, ascended up to God. And when the disciples, discovering the disappearance concerning the fulfilment of the prophecies, ran away, not knowing what to do, it was women who came early in the morning to the sepulchre, and it was they who saw the vision of the angels and knew that the Lord had risen. To them He spoke, and said: "Why weepest thou? Go and tell My disciples that I am risen from the dead."

We read that women, for a long time shut out of the churches and standing in the outer courts of the synagogue, not recognized as having souls, scarcely admitted to any of the privileges of men, were first welcomed to the gatherings of early Christians, and were invited to bear their testimony. There they told the story of their joys and hopes.

That grand old hero, the Apostle Paul, vindicated the rights of women, sending them out to do his work and to preach the gospel, preparing them to be effectual laborers in the cause of Christ, giving them kindly, friendly advice as to the manner in which they should deport themselves; that they should not appear with uncovered heads when they proclaimed the prophecy—for that word in the New Testament does not mean the foretelling of future events, but elevated or instructive discourse. "When your women prophesy let it be with their heads covered." So careful was this earnest laborer in the cause of Christ in regard to the reputation of these women, so careful lest they should do something which might bring upon them a misjudgment of society, that he gave them advice even as to their wearing apparel, welcoming them to the good work to which Christianity had opened the door. But you may say, perhaps, if Christ, and if the apostles, if Christianity opens the door of opportunity to women and invites them to this larger liberty, how does it happen that the Christian churches through these many years have failed to recognize their preaching and have kept women out of the pulpit, and out of all the opportunities for laboring publicly for the upbuilding of truth in the world?

The reader of ecclesiastical history goes back to the early centuries, follows the course of the church through the first one or two centuries, and notes how, by degrees, Christianity became mingled with the fallacies of surrounding religions, how little by little it fell away from its original purity. The reader of the history of the early Christian church recalls the time when it was patronized by the authority of the State, when it became a State religion, when it took upon it ceremonials, expensive pomps and shows, and departed from its original simplicity in form and manner of devotion. And you recollect that at that time there came in this horrible doctrine of the depravity of woman, and the immorality of women. The pollution attendant upon her

touch was such that holy men, who would know of the things of God, ministers of Christ who would proclaim the gospel of the world's salvation, must not even be associated with women. And then came in the celibacy of the clergy. How, consequent upon that, and following immediately upon it, there came in such a reign of iniquity to the Christian church, such a lowering down of the whole moral standard, such depraving of the morals of the entire community, that it prepared the way for the dark ages that settled down upon Europe, in which the moral nature of man seemed to be slumbering in one long lethargy approximating unto death. It was only when Luther, recognizing the right of the human soul to freedom, recognizing the right of man to free thought and independent action, dealt the death-blow not only to the sale of indulgences, but to the supremacy of the pope and the celibacy of the clergy as well. It was only when Luther took that stand that the world began to rise and man began to come out into the light and liberty of God's children. Slowly through the ages since that time our church, the church of Christ, has been coming nearer to the original ideal of primitive Christianity, but it has taken centuries to outgrow that false teaching and those evil customs; so we have had handed down along the ages the doctrine that women were not to speak in the church on doctrines; that women were not to be known in the councils of the State; that they were to have no part in the affairs of the nation, but they must be continually under bonds, subject unto masters, living entirely with their sympathies shut within the four walls of home, knowing no broader interest than those of their own family, and no higher aims than the material wants of food and clothing, doing nothing grander nor better for their children than merely to attend to their physical necessities.

We are told that liberty for women leads to skepticism; that it leads to immorality, that it leads to infidelity in marriage. The facts of history will bear me witness that such has not been found to be the effect of liberty in men. We have seen what liberty has done for men. No republican, no American who believes in our republican institutions but will grant that it is only in the atmosphere of liberty that noble characters can be developed; that it is the free man whom the truth makes free, and that while a man is hedged in and shut down he cannot attain to his best. If you compare the people belonging to the laboring community in our own country with those who come over to us from the old world, bearing in their characters and on their faces the marks of years of servitude; if you compare them, I say, with the noble mechanics, farmers, laboring men of all classes of our own country, you will see the difference between liberty and servitude; and you will recognize that it is only in an atmosphere of liberty that the human race reaches its grandest completeness. It is under the influence of religious institutions, where men are held responsible for their conduct, where they have high aims, where honorable remuneration is afforded, and where they have within their grasp the opportunities of the world, that men grow strong, heroic, self-reliant, and in all respects worthy to be called the children of God.

Now if liberty does all this for men, if it makes

them true and brave and strong, self-reliant and earnest, why should it not have the same effect upon women? What reason can be given why freedom for women should lead to skepticism, why freedom for women should lead to immorality. I have not the time to-night—and perhaps this is not the proper place—to vindicate the characters of those women whom I understand were slandered by Dr. Patton this morning. Had I the time, I believe I could show you that the noble character of Madam Roland makes a bright spot on one of the darkest pages of European history. Had I the time I might possibly show you that Frances Wright, although charged by many with heresy, was never charged by any man on the face of the earth with any departure from the principles of morality and purity. I might show you, perhaps, that even poor Woodhull—sinful, wandering, visionary, filled with error, mistaken, betrayed, branded—is still a human being, still a child of the dear Father, having in her no doubt aspirations for something better; longing for the higher life, and desiring to enter into the light and liberty of the children of God; but hedged in and fettered, this part of her higher nature has been perverted and turned aside. I might possibly show you these things had I time, but time does not permit. Rather let me call your attention to the long line of noble women whose beautiful characters make American history grand and inspiring, the noble women who, under the influence and inspiration of republican institutions, and within the limits of the Christian church, have done honor to American womanhood.

Let me call to your minds the noble women of the Revolution, who were willing to peril their lives and give all for their country, for liberty, and at the same time were the most devoted of Christians. Let me remind you of Mrs. Adams, so noble that when the great statesman, her son, at his height of power, referred to her, he said: "All that I am I owe to my mother." Let me remind you of the noble women who, during the war of the rebellion, left their homes here in the North and went down upon battlefields that they might minister to the suffering and dying.

Let me remind you of Lucretia Mott, a woman as it seems to me of the most beautiful character that has yet been presented before the world, in this our country; a woman so Christ-like, so trusting, so devoted, that everybody who came within the reach of her influence was baptized with the Holy Spirit. She, let me remind you, was the founder of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and for forty years its representative before the people, holding during her lifetime an important office in that association. I do not know why the reverend doctor forgot to mention Mrs. Mott in the array of women that he presented to his audience. I am told that it was not for want of having her picture at his side, as it had been presented to him very recently. But such a woman, a representative of those who advocate a larger liberty for all women, a representative of the Christian church, a woman reared in the atmosphere of the larger liberty which the Society of Friends extend to women—such a woman is a complete refutation of the charge that freedom for women leads to skepticism

or to immorality. We are told that freedom for women means infidelity in the marriage relation, and leads to the frequency of divorce; but let me remind you, my brothers, that as yet the women of this land have had no voice in making the laws on the subject of divorce. If you have lax laws on that subject, if they admit of more divorces than are warranted by the doctrines of the Christian religion, it is not the fault of women. No law on the subject of divorce has been made by women, or has been made in response to any petition coming up from women. No such law has been asked for by the women of the land. If they are wrong—and this is not the place to discuss that subject—the burden of responsibility rests upon those men who have taken it upon themselves to make all the laws upon this and every other subject. Until the women of this land have had some voice in legislation on the subject of marriage and divorce, it is not fitting that any class of women shall be held chargeable with the wrong that is done in those laws.

Freedom for women, we are told, leads to immorality. On the contrary, look around you. What is acknowledged to be the great primary cause of the licentiousness, of the immorality of the time? Is it that women are so self-sustaining, so independent, so strong, so capable in regard to their financial relations of self-support? O, no! The story of the prostitute is, in two-thirds of the cases, I think I am safe in saying, a story of want, a story of poverty, a story of ignorance, a story of betrayal because of her weakness and her dependence. The first cause of the immorality of the time is that women have been hampered, that they have been kept down, that they have been kept poor, until they become the easy victims of licentious men; and while men hold the power in their hands, and while they hold all the remunerative employments for themselves, while they have charge of the wealth of this nation and remand women to places where they get a miserable pittance that only keeps body and soul together, let no man on this earth charge upon women the immorality of the time. The immoralities of this day grow out of the subordination of women, and the great remedy must come by making women self-sustaining and financially independent. Sometimes when I look around me and realize how licentiousness is increasing in this land, how it is spreading itself far and wide, contaminating all classes of society with its slimy touch; when I realize how, with the larger wealth that is coming to our people, the door is opened to self-indulgence; when I see how intemperance is carrying our bravest and noblest and most beautiful young men down to shameful deaths, or on to lives of degradation and misery; when I realize all this, I stand fearful concerning the future. I look anxiously on, and ask, What next?

In this grand city of yours, as I go up and down the broad streets and see the grand buildings that rear themselves on every hand; as I note the beauty of your Capitol, with its perfect symmetry, its works of art, its beautiful fresco work and its pictures; when I look at all these public buildings and institutions, as they lift their grand proportions before me, standing forth as the symbol of prosperity and of the wealth and the growth

of this nation; when I look around me here in Washington and see people gathered from all parts of this great Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North and the South, all along the line, representing varieties of industry, the thousands of forms of activity that are going forward here, I say: Can it be that this great free nation is destined to go out and to be known no more on the face of the earth, as has happened to nations of the Old World? And then I look at our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution of the United States, and it seems to me that such principles ought to live, that the Union of the people and for the people, and a government by the people ought to stand; and when I see the multitudes from the Old World fleeing from tyranny and from poverty, and oppression in its various forms, coming here to find homes, I say, it seems to me that this nation shall live. And yet, over on the other side, where those great crimes that have been the cause of the downfall of all the nations of the world—immorality, self-indulgence, impurity, licentiousness, intemperance—these things have sapped the foundations of the proudest nations of the Old World. They have brought the most powerful governments to ruin; they have laid low the mightiest cities, and they have weakened the strongest peoples; and they will do the same for us, unless we can find somewhere a reserve force in our community that shall rise up and infuse into our political and social life an element of faith, of charity, of purity, and of hope. Unless we can bring the womanhood of America to take part in the councils of the nation, to take their part in the instruction given to the people by means of the pulpit, the platform, and the press; unless we can have woman's faith and hope, woman with her vision of the angels to make the world pure and strong and good; unless we can have these we shall go out in darkness, as other nations have done before us.

I have said that women were by nature and by the peculiarities of their circumstances and experiences fitted for religious impression. It is woman's peculiar experience that enables her to receive the vision of the angels. It is in the long months when she recognizes that the responsibility is resting upon her of forming the character of the new being that is to come to the earth; it is through that long period, with trustful, hopeful watching and prayer, she feels the ministration of the immortalities and the Divine Spirit closes around her and there come to her revelations of truth and duty which no man in all this world ever can experience. Then she sees with the eye of faith beyond the things of this present time. She looks above things that are seen and passing, recognizing the things that are unseen and everlasting. God speaks to her soul and she feels the Divine presence. Let us have the mothers of the land, with their high inspiration and the songs of the angels resounding in their ears, the dear Christ bending over them in loving sympathy. Let us have them in the councils of the State and in the places of influence, and let them translate the songs of the angels into human laws and incarnate them in human institutions, that there may be a high and pure moral standard placed before all the people; that we may rise out of

our materialism and our sensualism to live for the highest aims, to aspire to realize here on the earth that kingdom which is peace and righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost.

I said to you that I am filled with anxiety with regard to our future, that my heart stands still sometimes when I realize the sin and sorrow that is around me, and yet I am not hopeless concerning our future. I see evidence of growth, and I see the evidence of enlargement of intellectual vision all around me. It is a significant omen of our times, and one of the grandest omens too, that all the colleges worth speaking of, with one or two insignificant exceptions like those of Harvard and Tufts (I do not know that I should except Harvard since it has an annex for women), have opened their doors and welcomed women. Not only that, but almost all the presidents of the colleges have borne testimony that women have acquitted themselves as nobly in learning their lessons, and they have appeared in the recitation rooms as regularly, and have graduated with as high honors as their masculine companions in the same classes. It is one of the grandest omens of our time that Dr. Patton himself is at the head of an institution where men and women are educated upon equal terms. He signs the diplomas that shall recommend them to the world as educated in the arts and sciences and letters necessary to make them useful citizens of the Republic. It is a grand omen of the times that the church is outgrowing the darkness of the middle ages and getting back to the teachings of Christ and the Apostle Paul, and is sending women out as Paul did, to labor in the Lord, and I thank God that my own church, the Universalist, has been the one to open the door of opportunity to women who wish to proclaim the glad tidings of the whole world's salvation, and that thirty women (I think it is nearer forty by this time) have come forward to enter into the work, and to obey the command that Christ gave to those women who were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, to go abroad "tell the disciples that I am risen from the dead." It is a grand omen of our time that while this morning one reverend doctor was preaching against liberty for women and held up to the scorn of the congregation some unfortunate women, and some grand women that he slandered, another minister in another church—I think it was the Calvary (some good church of Christ)—was bearing testimony to the beauty of woman's character, to the efficiency of her work, and to the recognition that Christianity gives to woman's fitness for public work. So, I say we are not without hope. Many of the churches are recognizing woman's capability for usefulness. Some of the States have recognized that she is capable of judging of a school committee, while Wyoming and Washington have given her the ballot.

The time is pregnant with hope; let us not despair, but let us listen for the voices of the angels. To-day, as of old, He speaks to sorrowing, down-trodden and oppressed woman, and now, as then, He says: "Woman, why weepest thou? Go tell my disciples that I am risen from the dead." Christ is risen; He rises to-day; let us shake off the grave clothes that have hung about our race through the ages of the past; let us rise out of that

lethargy, and put on new life that is with Christ in God; and, brothers and sisters, let us walk forth together in the light and liberty of the children of God.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON IN SECTIONS; RATHER LATE BUT TIMELY,

ON POLITICIANS, POLITICAL PARTIES AND PARTISANSHIPS, AND THEIR RELATION TO EITHER THE WELFARE OR INJURY OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY REV. D. J. MANDELL.

TEXT.—Gal. 5: 7: Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?

SECTION 1: Introductory, with special reference to "The Truth" as it concerns the birth, rearing, and prospects (or estate) of our children.

"The Truth," which is so clearly one of the serious points in our subject, deserves special preliminary mention in our treatment of it for various reasons—chiefly because, in this connection, it strikes at once the fundamental interests of society. It is frequently stated that parties are necessary—to watch and check each other—but one who is confessed to-day by European as well as by American statesmanship to have stood at the head of governmental wisdom—GEORGE WASHINGTON—left it to us as his parting advice and caution, to avoid being split up into conflicting political parties.

A party, to be sure, may have more or less some correct standpoint. Probably no party in our Republic has as yet existed that has not had at least an asserted claim to some just bias, or veritable "right." But two parties necessarily indicate that one of them is somewhere in the wrong, while neither of them may be in the right in that full or complete sense that makes justice, truth, or prosperity paramount, supreme or triumphant.

But we cannot enlarge on the mere philosophy of this. The fact shows us that as parties have increased confusion, corruption, riot and kindred elements have also become dominant. Thus, in the latest partisan development, the Republicans had by far the noblest position, the most honorable and praiseworthy cause for their starting-point, and were opposed by nothing but a determined slavocratic autocracy and their resolute sympathizers.

I need not speak of the fearful bloodthirsty spirit which accompanied this (to make just now no exceptions), nor of the terrible war and defense of our national Union, and of its legitimate claims and purpose that intervened. I have, in fact, but one thought to utter here—a thought that strikes deep down to those foundations of life with which everything corrosive in society plays the very mischief—the *human birth*—the organic quality, character, tenure and perfectness of our children born and to be born—how are these affected by such seasons and scenes of turmoil and tempestuous wrath and strife?

Not to multiply mere words or phrases, I was in the South a few years ago enjoying the hospitality of Southern men and women, who had been in the very midst of the tornado of conflict and bloodshed they had brought upon themselves, and the ruinous results as to physiological conditions, as well as outward order, &c.,

&c., were very apparent. One mother, after I had been at home with the family some little time, plucked up courage and confidence enough to show me a child to whom I had not before been introduced. Poor mis-born (not mis-begotten) thing! Near the time when it should have entered the world, tender, yet true, to the God-given line of human organic fitness and beauty, one of those raids from the North into the South took place, and the unfortunate little creature came into the world misshapen, paralyzed, and capable of nothing but a motion and a moan, such was the effect of the surrounding terror upon the mind and system of the mother, extending to and fastening itself upon her fragile, unborn babe.

But it is not war, or war parties alone, that may induce consequences like these. There is a social "party" called the "Rum party," which also makes itself prominent as a political institution. Years ago a family of my acquaintance, by the antics, the brutish threats and capers of a tipsy devotee of the drinkers' faction, were so much injured through the effect upon the sensitive system of the *prospective* mother, that two of her daughters were intellectually, morally, and physically maimed for life—one of them indeed a very pitiable case from birth to the end of life. Life, of course, was in both cases shortened as well as blighted.

I very much question whether the hurry-scurry, crude coarseness, ribaldry, &c., &c., of contending partisan masses in our late political contest had any better influence upon the pregnant *motherhood* of our nation than it had upon the masses, masculine and feminine, who may be supposed to have been more-direct actors or observers in the heinous melee. Certainly any *anciente* woman, who was a looker-on at any of the campaign processions, where everything was "painted red," and boys and men—some girls perhaps—were "fixed up" in feminine toggerery of "Mother Hubbard," "poke bonnet," &c., the "Belva" style they called it—I say any *probable* mother, looking on such scenes, as in any other case of ludicrous extravaganza, "carnival," masquerade or anything of that ilk—or any such mother, or any mother *approbating* the participation of husband or children in the affair, was not in the way of cultivating either infancy unborn or the children in the home any more than her husband or herself, in aught of that high and ennobling life that befits and alone glorifies man or woman.

Further reflection on this all-important point must cease here, though all that may be said in succeeding sections of this discourse will necessarily have a strong bearing on this fundamental feature of human welfare, nor shall I fail to render ample justice to the honorable side of the politicians of the day, as my text and topic demand.

WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN., Feb. 1885.

Nature and Nature's laws lay laid in night.
God's aid, let Newton be! and all was light.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

THE truly vicious man is continually under the lash of an outraged conscience.

THE nobility of human nature is evidenced in the essentials of good character and honest principles.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN.

Here is a most encouraging result, that most women may attain to, if they begin a systematic effort to obtain physical health and strength, if they begin their training early in life:

Under the modern system of physical culture, either from necessity or choice, women are developing greater strength and powers of endurance. It is, happily, no longer fashionable to be puny, delicate and ready to faint on the least exertion. It is not reasonable to suppose that woman's activities will ever embrace out-door work, but when that seems to be the only thing to do, it is better to do it well than to starve or do worse. That women have "risen to the occasion," the following examples testify:

From the Yakima, W. T., *Signal*: "Miss Carrie Minner, aged fifteen years, has twice this season driven a four-horse team to the Dalles and brought out heavy loads of freight. The distance for the round trip is nearly two hundred miles. The road crosses over and through the Simcoe mountains, where many long, steep and narrow grades call for skilful reining and good judgment to avoid accidents. On one occasion Miss Carrie, having twenty hundred pounds on her wagon, increased her team to six horses while ascending the summit of the Simcoes."

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* mentions having seen several female railway station agents in Minnesota. One was a girl of fifteen who took the place of her father, an invalid. She was telegraph operator and train dispatcher as well as ticket agent. Conductors and freightmen came to her, telling her to have such a car sidetracked, and asking her where No. 57 was, and so on. At another station two girls had entire charge. One was telegraph operator, the other ticket agent and baggage master. In summer, when there were heavy trunks, the agent was allowed a man to help her. Women's quick ears and fingers seem especially to fit them for telegraphing and ticket selling. The traveller was informed that the girl agent was very reliable, and that the railway company esteemed her highly. Then came the question: "Does she get as much pay as a man?" "Just the same."

Mrs. S. C. Vogl, of the *Woman's Journal*, writes from Willow Brook Farm, Oxford, Me.: "I am boarding at a most congenial place. The farm of over three hundred acres is run by two sisters, who inherited it a year or two ago. One of them has been for years a teacher in Dr. Gannett's school. They can paint beautifully and sell their pictures, play the piano, make butter and cheese, embroider, read Greek, French and Latin, do delicious cooking for fifteen, keep posted on new books and on the daily news, oversee their hired men, know the qualities of the soil and the raising of stock—in fact, do the double duties of housekeepers and business managers. They keep their farm in tip-top order, quite a contrast to the farm at which I recently boarded, which was run by an ignorant, opinionative farmer, in disorderly fashion, while this one is cultivated by educated girls who use their brains to help their hands. Board is only five dollars a week, and we enjoy excellent beds and a

bountiful table, requirements for summer comfort not attainable at most farmhouses."

"SWEDE EM."

A writer for the *Detroit Post* gives his experience as a huntsman while camping near Marquette and Lake Superior. One day he strayed away so far as to take refuge in a cabin situated in a small clearing and near a lake. He continues: "A trim-built woman of thirty-five or forty years of age, stood in a door, dressed in a short grey dress and a russet jacket, neat woolen stockings and stout shoes, and a white and dainty linen collar. She invited me to a seat in the cabin, which was neat and well kept and contained many articles of use and ornament not met with in the log houses of other settlers. The lady, for such she was, brought out a refreshing cup of spruce beer and treated me hospitably. I told her I would be glad if I could hire her husband or brother to guide me back to my camp, and asked how long I would have to wait until one of them got back. She smiled and said: 'You will have to wait a long time'... She quickly inform me that she lived there in the heart of the wilderness alone; her nearest neighbor being a mile and a half distant. She lived in Chicago at the time of the great fire in that city, and, losing all she had, went out to service in several places, the last being Marquette, from whence she came to the place where she now lives." The woman then said that she had not only selected and secured the eighty acres, but had made the clearing and put up the cabin herself, without assistance. In reply to his question about loneliness and fear, she answered in this wise:

"She seized a Winchester rifle that hung conveniently to hand on pegs of her own construction, and stepping to the door fired, without raising the rifle any higher than her hip, at a place on a tree a hundred feet distant, and put the ball into the small mark.

"'But,' said I, with increased wonder, 'you cannot carry that rifle all the time?'"

"She slipped her hand down to her side and drew from a buckskin pocket that had been hidden by the folds of her dress, a pistol, not of a toy kind, but a heavy Colt's navy revolver.

"'I can use this as well,' she said.

"'How long,' I asked, after the weapons were disposed of, 'will it be before you get your land?'"

"'It will all be paid for this next spring,' she replied. 'I have been here three winters. I calculate on killing enough game to pay my way,' she continued, 'and pay for the land, and I have succeeded. The small game I sell at Marquette, and the large game, such as deer and bear, I ship away.'

"'Bear?' I interrogated with dilated eyes. "'Why, yes; bear,' she said. 'Wouldn't you like to buy this bear skin?'"

"'But did you kill that bear?'"

"'I did,' she replied, 'and I shot him so as not to spoil the skin. See, here are the two ball holes in his head, I fired twice. I hit him on this side of the head first and I waited until he turned the other side, then I fired, and he dropped dead.'"

A few days afterwards the writer visited her again. She further unfolded her life. Having just refused

\$1,000 for the pine on her land, she was about to engage as guide to some young hunters.

Her knowledge of the habits of animals made her services valuable to parties from cities who were ignorant in regard to securing game. The amateur hunter finishes his description in these words:

"Well as I suppose you came here to settle and to live and die, wouldn't it be better to have a husband to share your labors? Some smart young fellow, you know."

"She laughed merrily as she frankly answered: I don't find such smart young fellows. I have seen a good deal in my time in the cities."

"How do you live when the winter comes on?"

"Oh, very well indeed. I can take my ax and in half an hour get fuel enough for one day."

"Thinking over this practical solution of the woman's rights question as I returned to camp, I confess that the feeling uppermost in my mind was one of greatest respect and highest admiration for this courageous woman. I also found that this feeling was shared by all of the settlers that knew her, and that 'Swede Em,' as she is familiarly called by them, is never mentioned except in terms of praise and commendation.

"There is nothing rude or masculine about this woman. Her pleasant but resolute face is bronzed by exposure; she is of medium height, and somewhat slight, but her every movement is as lithe and active as a deer's. Her name is Emma Christina Nielson."

Many thanks to unknown friends in various parts of the country, who have sent to the editor of the Woman's Column, papers, documents and letters of exceeding interest. If they are not recognized in any other manner, be assured, kind friends, they serve to keep alive a bond of sympathy between those of common hopes and aims. A portion of such documents will be used sooner or later. Where many things crowd, and all seem of import, something must wait its turn. But, because there is so much material, do not fail to send more. Some one may wait for just the word which you must not withhold.—*Hester Poole.*

A REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD FROM "THORNDALE."

Well, I have been happy once! I have been a child! I have been in heaven! I have stood in the smile and ban in the arms of one of God's angels. I was the happy child of a gentle and loving mother.

How vividly I remember that daisied lawn, those tall white lilies, those glowing peonies, those tulips, which are nothing in the world unless you can peep close into their cups—cups full to the brim with beauty. We men outgrow the flower.

But the light of that garden, and the light of all the world to me, was the mother's smile, the mother's love. My eyes fill with tears at this distance of time, when I think what a tender, constant, unpretending, and yet infinite, love it was that she bore to me.

She taught me to love all things, all living creatures, and to find beauty where I should else have never looked for it. She taught me to give pain to no sentient thing, to inflict no suffering, if possible, on any

fellow mind. She made me understand that there was a spirit of love abroad through all the universe, and in the Author of it all; that I must be like it if I would be good or happy; if like it I should live in peace for evermore.

Other conflicts than those of active life were destined to be mine—conflicts which she could still less foresee and quite as little provide against. Yet even over these her spirit has perpetually hovered. No rude iconoclast could I ever have been—no desecrator of the temple. I needed no image or beautiful picture of the Madonna to sanctify its walls for me. I saw *her* kneeling at the shrine. She had worshipped there. The ground to me was forever sacred. How far one spirit such as hers, how far it goes to make for us a faith in heaven!

What God has given to us in this sweet maternal heart it is very marvelous to think of.

Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually night and morning kneeling by the bedside.

Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult it is now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this morning and evening devotion became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that the prayer must be said *hazeling just there*. If, some cold winter's night, I had crept into bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself, it would not do!—it was felt in this court of conscience to be "an insufficient performance;" there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place and said it all over again from beginning to the end.

To this day I never see the little clean white bed in which a child is to sleep but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber.

MYSTERIES.

Where are you going, dear little feet?—
Restless, pattering things!
Bearing your burdens soft and sweet,
Swift as the swallow's wings.

Where are you going, dear little hands?
Busy from morn till night!
Counting the hours by golden sands,
Charming with new delight!

What are you saying, dear little tongue?
Chattering all day long,
Words that the wild birds teach their young—
Sweeter than speech or song.

What are you seeking, wandering eyes?
Gazing away to the west;
Watching the rosy sunset skies,
Where the day sinks to rest.

Ah! little baby eyes of blue,
Wandering dreams of yours,
Life must be sweet when life is new,
Long as the world endures!

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

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 newscasters, or will be sent at the following rates:

One year	-\$1.00
Six months	50 cents.

Advertisements

The Alpha having a large circulation, and being of a suitable size for binding, is a good medium for advertisements, which will be inserted at the following rates:

One square, space equal to six lines compared, first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion, fifty cents.

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 E. Winston, Editor of "The Alpha," No. 1 Grant Place, Washington, D. C.

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THE ALPHA.

VOL. X.

MARCH 1, 1885.

No. 7.

To our many friends that have written kindly letters of encouragement and praise we return thanks and assure them their efforts to hold up our hands and strengthen our hearts are most timely and sustaining. We need this kind of help all the time, and hope those who do not receive a speedy and timely reply will forgive an over-busy woman with a good "many irons in the fire," which prevents her from doing many things she would like to do. Keep on your good offices, my friends, your reward will come for thus blessing our life.

The New Era looks very neat and attractive in its tasteful cover, title page, and general make-up. One sits down with satisfaction and a good appetite as to a well-appointed table and is refreshed by a scientific dish on ethics, by Dr. Selia G. Bedell; a pleasant bit of Mrs. Helen M. Gongar's autobiography, with a glimpse of her domestic life; a Poem, by Helen Bostwick; A bit of the Editor's nice consciousness, *In the Ideal Home, &c., &c.* The whole is a credit to its editor, publisher, and printer, and will become justly popular and prosperous.

The Washington Monument is erected and dedicated. The stupendous structure has raised its head forty-five feet higher than any structure built by human ingenuity and perseverance. We are, of course, proud of it. Proud that our young nation has achieved so much, and

proud that this construction was completed under Republican administration.

And now all eyes are turned to the next page—the inauguration of President Cleveland and the change of the policy of administration. What will be the result? Who can foresee? We will not deny our forebodings, nor the pang it will cost to part with friends, and separate from those that have kept step with us in the years past, nor the dreary heart-ache that will come when the places that knew them will know them no more. Will this humiliating crisis in our country's history send us to ruin or rouse our moral energy to achieve a purer, truer, nobler patriotism that will rebuke ruinous sensuality and bring to the surface all the latent manhood and the Spartan principles that are not dead, only slumbering in the hearts of our American men and women? Lord, give us wisdom, give us strength, give us moral health and courage.

A HEART SEARCHER.

One of our correspondents says she is delighted with *THE ALPHA*, reads it through as soon as it comes to hand; thinks it has struck the bed-rock of all reforms, and is the only publication in the world that has dared to strike at the root of human woes and sins, and closes by inquiring if we and our contributors are sincere and earnest in our lives, and march to the tune of our own precepts; says she has had many shocks and disappointments with beautiful theorists, whose every-day life is not in harmony with the precepts given to others.

These are rather heart-searching queries, and make us pause and review and compare; and as we do so a calm and peaceful light illumines our soul by a revelation of the unconscious power embodied in a pure, earnest, truthful heart. The words they utter—the work they accomplish—even their very presence—carries a persuasive eloquence stronger than words or arguments, and makes them living, breathing exponents of the best part of human nature; more convincing and irresistible than the finest rhetoric or the most subtle reasoning, and a richer, more precious possession than brilliant talent or the highest culture. Still, all have not attained to that blessed growth. Many, most of us, are aspiring and climbing to it; and, when once upon the mountain top, their glorified faces shine and their feet are no longer weary and hearts faint; but many are called upon to descend again to the valleys of life and humbly toil with the multitudes, but never again just like those that have not been near the radiance of a revelation of a higher and more blissful existence, for the way is open between their hearts and the shining ones. The angels will come in and abide with them.

WE are glad to reproduce Rev. Olympia Brown's sermon on Women and Skepticism—a woman's sermon phonographically reported by a woman and accurately done. We have watched with interest the controversy between Dr. Patton and Dr. Mary Esther Hart on the merits of a sermon preached by Dr. Patton from the same text that Olympia Brown used on the evening of the same day.

In the *Woman's Journal* Dr. Patton complains of Olympia Brown "replying" to his sermon, when she had not heard it, in these words: "And to think that a lady with the title of 'Reverend' should have been set to 'answering' a sermon against skepticism in women, which she had not heard or read. Alas! alas!" Whereas she disclaimed any intention of replying to him in her opening remarks, for the reason that she did not hear his sermon.

In the indignant responses made to Dr. Patton's reported strictures on woman's danger when she stepped out of certain social restrictions, especially his strictures on the recent Suffrage Association in our city—and we have heard they were numerous, but of their number only Dr. Hart was heard—Dr. Patton complains loudly of misrepresentation, but refuses to produce his manuscript, and in his last response excuses himself because his strictures were not in the sermon, but only extemporaneous utterances before the sermon. What difference that could make to the force or justice of his remarks we fail to see.

A letter from a friend expresses so clearly our views upon the subject that we take the liberty of quoting a passage or two:

Was much interested in the articles and think Dr. Hart a little ahead. If Dr. Patton's sermon was such a noble defense of our sex, (according to his quotation from one of his "effusional" hearers), why did Miss Anthony feel like "spanking" him? And why did Mrs. Stanton thank him for illustrating her position? And why, also, didn't he deny the false report of the *Republican* if it was so directly the reverse of the truth, as he makes out in the *Woman's Journal* and in *The Chronicle*? Why, too, was he so opposed to my copying his sermon? "That's just the thing I don't want done," he said when I asked him if he would let me copy it for publication. * * *

Such sermons really do the women's side good, and I hope he will preach more of them.

The trouble with many honest, earnest-minded people is that they confound the dogmas of men and their interpretation with the revelation themselves. Their theology is so imbued with the Jewish and pagan idea of the inferiority and subjugation of women that it crops out in the most unexpected and unceremonious manner. Witness Dr. Patton calling Dr. Hart "Miss" Hart, when he himself had conferred the title of Doctor of Medicine upon her. Would he so address any male graduate? Certainly he would not.

So any movement in the ranks of women that questions any dogma of the church is decreed as skepticism and infidelity. Infidelity to what?

The resolutions presented at the recent Suffrage Convention in this city, which were the primary cause of all of this preaching and discussion, are of this order. We reproduce them to show that neither Christianity nor truth, nor any high or holy principle was jeopardized by them—only a very old dogma of man; so old as to be denied in the letter by all churches, and yet is still alive in spirit, as events prove:

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas the dogmas incorporated in religious creeds, teaching that woman was an afterthought in creation, her sex a misfortune, marriage a condition of insubordination, and maternity a curse, are contrary to the law of God as revealed in nature and the precepts of Christ; and

Whereas these dogmas are an insidious poison sapping the vitality of our civilization, blighting woman, and laying their palsying hand upon humanity; therefore,

Resolved. That we denounce these dogmas wherever they are enunciated, and we will withdraw our personal support from any organization or person so holding and teaching; and

Resolved. That we call upon the Christian ministry, as leaders of thought, to teach and enforce the fundamental idea of creation, that man was made in the image of God, male and female, and given equal dominion over the earth, but none over each other. And further, we invite their co-operation in securing the recognition of the cardinal point of our creed, that in true religion there is neither male nor female, neither bond nor free, but all are one.

This is only protesting against the spirit that will not allow a woman, not even a nun or a deaconess, to set foot within the railing of a church altar. Not even to adjust the altar cloth that her own hands and aching eyes had embroidered, because she was the originator of sin and in league with the devil. These false doctrines must go and give place to the sweet spirit of Christ, who recognized neither male nor female, bond nor free, but all as *one*.

C. B. W.

OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

9 COLLEGE TERRACE, BELSIZE PARK,
LONDON, N. W., January 1, 1885.

DEAR DR. WINSLOW:

I have duly received the books. Very many thanks for them. I believe the true solution of the sexual evil difficulty has been found. Your teaching comes upon me after years of earnest straining through the darkness like a bright and promising dawn. All our strength must be put into educational reform. The body must be more attended to than it is at present, and do you not think many pleasures now forbidden may be given freely to the people of the future? I am quite sure that three-quarters of the evil wrought by our young men in their early manhood comes from the forbidding of harmless pleasure with girls of their own class. I do truly believe there is plenty of strength even now in our youth and in our adults to put away sexual intercourse, when it is undesirable to have children, but I doubt whether any kind of education will prevent girls and boys, men and women, from desiring and having a great deal more of each other's company and love than society at present sanctions. We want force that is now used for evil diverted into a new channel, which shall effect good. Would not the permission to love liberate an enormous power, which power would not only suffice to restrain passion but would leave unused energy enough to effect a thorough moral regeneration of the race. We seem here to get a hint from science. Force cannot go in two directions, and it will follow the law of least resistance. Now men and women (the good ones) use their moral power in crushing out love. Love is forbidden, lust is loosed. If we want to overcome lust must we not get the power by giving love liberty. Do not misunderstand this, please. I have no hidden meaning,

but I can't help seeing that an almost irresistible power draws men and women together for sympathy and mutual help, quite apart from all sensual desire, and because society will not believe in pure friendship between men and women, the women use all their strength in crushing out their hearts, and the men, since they cannot enjoy the society of refined women without ruining reputation, take their revenge in forming liasons. I would be glad to know what your greater experience feels on this point. I do not suppose the forbidding of friendship between the sexes is carried to such an absurd pitch in America as it is here, but still you will be able to follow my general thought. If you think men and women are so made that they cannot and never will be able to associate freely together when there is real and tender friendship without immorality resulting I should be really obliged if you would tell me plainly. To me it seems a horrible slander on men and women to dream of the impossibility, but I am constantly finding myself in a minority of one, in my opinion, so should be glad to hear yours. If men and women cannot love without undesirable results I do not see where we are to get the force from which is to raise humanity on to a higher platform, but if they can, then surely with petty jealousy killed and men and women free to join hands and hearts in common effort for service, then a brighter future may lie before humanity than the past would seem to warrant. I sincerely trust the improvement in your health may continue, and that for the sake of the nation you will spare yourself all avoidable anxiety. The thought of the good work you are busied with, although a tonic, is also, I fear, a great tax.

Yours with every feeling of respect and gratitude, very sincerely,
K. M.

MY FRIEND: You are pondering the very question upon which our hope for human redemption is founded, and one that most reformers are vaguely reaching out after. No, the American social restrictions are not as tyrannical as with you, but there is a want of lofty aim and sentiments between the sexes that is very far from our highest ideal, and the outcome of false notions of labor and love and friendship make our society the false and often corrupting thing it is. We have made a stride towards a better state of things in our successful effort at co-education. The opening up of many employments and callings to women, formerly occupied only by men, such as Government clerkships, journalism, telegraph operating, book-keeping, type-setting, and many other callings, is a pleasing feature. Rivalry in skill and competition generally forces even unthinking men to pay involuntary deference to those that show themselves to be their equals, often superiors. Church, literary, and musical sociables are another feature of our society where women take a most important part. Such societies could not succeed in popularity without women's assistance. Now what we need is a thorough knowledge of the science of sex as the origin of life, and an enlightened cultivation of reverence for our physical bodies, and the part they bear to our success in life and our spiritual growth which must follow with right effort. Then the highest, purest, truest friendship will follow between men and women without a thought of immorality or an act that will cause shame or regret.

We do not believe in "crushing out" any force with which we are endowed; but in *directing* all power, all force into legitimate and lawful channels that will ultimate only in the highest good to all. This has been the

position occupied by THE ALPHA all the years of its life, and what good it has accomplished has been mostly in this line and in appealing to parents to consider the welfare of their children, in preparing the best conditions for their inception and gestation, as well as support and education after they come into this outer world.

Love is a mighty factor in human life. It must not be ignored but *cultivated*, enlightened, directed into wise channels and then let all souls expand, vitalize, and delight in its richness, its fullness, as children of a loving God and Father.

We are more than pleased that you see so clearly the scope and value of our labors, and that you throw the weight of your approval and assistance in our direction. Let us not unclasp our hands, for in union is strength, and our numbers in this radical reform are few. We need the co-operation of all that see the light and feel the needs of the human family.

Most sincerely and truly your friend,

CAROLINE B. WINSLOW.

"A PREACHMENT ABOUT WOMEN,"

by Elizabeth Cummings, in the *Christian Union*, contains these wise reflections:

"The excessive absorption of women in domestic cares and duties has lowered and narrowed their notions of what is worthy. Each one of us can raise the quality of the day, not only for ourselves but for the little circle that makes our world. We have all known some rare men and women who seemed always to diffuse warmth and brightness. We smiled at the thought of seeing them, and were unconsciously our best in their presence. Life grew interesting, cares grew light, they were so very charming. Human beings are like spheres that from some electric attraction can touch each other only at one point. We meet some people only on their dark and disagreeable side, and are in turn conscious that an apparently dazzling orb is drawing toward itself a certain cloudy and unhappy quarter of her own nature's. A mother is the home center. To her all faces turn. Ah, well for her, and well for all, if she has the sweet and subtle charm that vivifies and attracts toward herself the best in each. Sir Thomas Browne says with tender gravity, 'Live unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not to be disputable whether thou hast been a man.'

"If you cannot study alone or join a society, get up a reading circle, as seven women did with whom I am acquainted. They are house-wives, all over fifty. They are weary with much serving, and their hands are hard with labor. None of them had the best school-training, but they agreed with much trepidation to read Shakespeare. One went without a new bonnet, one made a shabby cloak do. One, who had several crab-apple trees, made a quantity of jelly and sold it, and one earned enough money by stitching to buy the needed book—for two dollars and a half meant self-denial to

each one of them. A kindly parson—there is always one such in every town—lent Green's 'Short History of the English People.' A sympathizing friend sent them Whipple's 'Age of Elizabeth.' It was pathetic how interested those mothers grew and the pleasure they got out of the society, as they modestly called their reading circle. 'It is a pity you old, gray-headed women can't find anything to do but read Shakespeare,' said a cantankerous male neighbor, whose wife supported him by taking boarders, but the gray-headed women sweetly persevered and studied on. That society yet exists. It is now nearly four years old. They are yet reading Shakespeare, but they have also read many studies upon him, and all the history of his time, and they will, I have no doubt, persevere until they have mastered him.

WORDS OF CHEER.

"It is a mistake to suppose that one cannot do good work outside a school-house. The most accomplished botanist I ever met took up the study by himself while he was his father's clerk. He had only a common education, the village in which he lived was the dullest place I ever saw, and the little shop full of ready-made clothing in which he spent his days was not an inspiring place. Few women have less leisure or less encouraging surroundings than he. But he quietly persevered, got no end of fun out of his studies, he gravely told me, and now his name is well known to botanists as an authority on all the plants growing in his State. The out-of-door exercise and the interest in the earth which this study excites makes it very refreshing, and one of the best for women. It is a pity to have an immortal soul and to spend one's brief life on this shining mote that travels about the sun, and among the stars, knowing nothing about it more than do the earth-worms busily and blindly wriggling in and out of the mould.

"Life is very like old Boston. Often when you are upon a narrow and dingy street, which you think is a *cul-de-sac*, if your courage holds out, and you keep on, you find out that what seemed to be the end of everything is only a corner around which you pass into a broad fair road. After all, the world for each one of us starts from ourselves. 'When a sculptor cuts a statue,' says Gerson, 'he only cuts away the useless parts until at last appears the image he has conceived. The beautiful is within us.' When circumstances and prejudices and lack of opportunity have all been given their due share of allowance, the truth yet stands that women are childish, ignorant, and petty, and broken down before their prime, because they do not make use of the opportunities for knowledge, intellectual growth, and higher living that are within their reach."

THE world is not yet past redemption. In Chenango County, New York, recently, seven men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years sat down to a dinner, and on comparing notes, it was found that not one of the seven smoked, chewed, or used tobacco in any form, never drank or played cards. For this much good let us be thankful.

TO THE GIRLS WHO WILL SOME DAY BE WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Since last we met many hindrances have come between me and my purpose—my desire to talk to you. But there has not been among them all that saddest one, forgetfulness, or want of will or of hope that my few words might be acceptable. Indeed I should be glad could I reach more of you than will be likely to see *THE ALPHA*, for my heart often aches for your needs, though you, in your youth and innocence (inexperience), can scarcely credit how great those needs are. My heart yearns to you, and I long to be of some use to you "before I go." The words of a deeply poetic nature can tell my feelings better than my pale prose can ever do. I will quote the first and last stanzas of a poem of which all or most of you may have seen the whole. It is called

A FOOLISH WISH.

Why should I seek some burden small to bear

Before I go?

Will not a host of nobler souls be here

God's will to do?

Of stronger hands, unflinching, unafraid,

Oh, silly soul! What matters my small aid

Before I go?

* * * * *

I would be satisfied if I might tell

Before I go,

That one warm word, how I have loved them well,

Ah, loved them so;

And would have done for them some little good,

Have sought it long ago, still seek it but I could

Before I go.

I do not know the name of the author. I found the poem in the commonplace book of one who had gone and whose memory is very dear to me. The whole poem so perfectly embodied her feelings and actions throughout her entire life that it seems but the echo of her own voice.

I have talked to you of the value of self-control, and even while urging upon you the duty of cultivating it I yet am pondering in my mind these thoughts: Do they really know how much it means? Can they realize how great is the gain and what an extent of ground it covers? I am by no means sure that you do know. Do you see that by studying to have perfect control over your thoughts, words and actions, you are learning patience, self-denial and the many virtues so important to you in your lives here and so essential to your spiritual advancement.

Patience and self-denial, those qualities so especially needed by women who are wives and mothers. Wealth will not shield you from care. Riches cannot salve a broken limb or cure an aching heart. Something beyond the dim vision of this world is the only thing that can sustain us when faint and weary with our burden. And that "something beyond" will come to us only through patience and self-denial; self-control in all things and a determination to let duty be first in our thoughts.

Love and duty. The two words seem to me almost of the same significance—one helping the other. One cannot fulfill one's duty without love. With it one cannot fail—for true love has eyes to see where duty lies—heart and strength to perform it.

Do you know even what love is? Being, as I have said and believe, the only thing that will enable one to fulfill one's duty—shall I give you my idea of it? Or rather, shall I first tell you what in my opinion it is not? It is not the passing fancy for a face and form you admire. It is not the liking for pleasant manners and sweet words; not the desire to be petted and cared for, to have life made smooth and easy, however agreeable all these may be. And it is not for gratification of a still lower kind; it is not for the abuse of that most sacred function of our nature, that which prepares bodies for the souls that come here for their perfection. No; it is not for any of these things that you should marry. None of them. Not all combined make the love that should actuate you in becoming wives and mothers. Something beyond all this is necessary. Love is a far holier thing. It is the perfect union of mind; the two in one. It is the constant desire to benefit; to be of service to its object. To be of service, not alone for time, but for eternity. Is that too far to look? But if you really love, will it not be for always? Love does not fade with time. Passion fades, all else fades, but love endures forever. Oh, wonderful human heart that can hold so much of the divine! Shall we not try by every means to make ourselves able and fit to receive and contain the only love, the true, the imperishable? If there is one among you to whom my words bring conviction will you tell me, that I may know I have reached one heart "before I go"—have left one small "footprint on the sands of time." EMMA A. WOOD.

IRRESPONSIBLE PARENTAGE.

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN MORLEY'S LIFE OF ROUSSEAU.

"There is assuredly no word to be said by any one with firm reason and unsophisticated conscience in extenuation of this crime. We have only to remember that a great many other persons in that lax time, when the structure of the family was undermined alike in practice and speculation, were guilty of the same crimes; that Rousseau, better than they, did not erect his own criminality into a social theory, but was tolerably soon overtaken by a remorse which drove him both to confess his misdeed and to admit that it was inexplicable, and that the atrocity of the offense owes half the blackness with which it has always been invested by wholesome opinion to the fact that the offender was by and by the author of the most powerful book by which parental duty has been commended in its full loveliness and nobility. And, at any rate, let Rousseau be a little free from excessive reproach from all clergymen, sentimentalists and others who do their worst to uphold the common and rather bestial opinion in favor of reckless propagation, and who, if they do not advocate the dispatch of children to public institutions, still encourage a selfish incontinence which ultimately falls in burdens on others than the offenders, and which turns the family into a scene of squalor and brutishness, producing a kind of parental influence that is far more disastrous and demoralizing than the absence of it in public institutions can possibly be. If the propagation of children without regard to their maintenance be

either a virtue or a necessity, and if afterwards the only alternatives are their maintenance in an asylum on the one hand, and their maintenance in the degradation of a poverty-stricken home on the other, we should not hesitate to give people who acted as Rousseau acted all that credit for self-denial and high moral courage which he so audaciously claimed for himself.

"It really seems to be no more criminal to produce children with the deliberate intention of abandoning them to public charity, as Rousseau did, than it is to produce them in deliberate reliance on the besotted maxim that He who sends mouths will send meat, or any other of the spurious saws which make Providence do duty for self-control and add to the gratification of physical appetite the grotesque luxury of religious unction."

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Catholic priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken.

"How do you find her?" asked her husband anxiously.

"I will ask the question, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell down the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

"My resolve was taken.

"Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me out.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

"The injury was not from a fall and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone and I pounded her and left her. She tried to follow me but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up-stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering, but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself more or less when she fell.' And with an honest quiver of the chin, he added, 'She is an angel and wine is a devil.'

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and the Providence that so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now in that land of no license.

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE WORLD'S MINISTRY.

No soul can be quite separate
 However set apart by fate;
 However cold or dull or shy
 Or shrinking from the public eye.
 The world is common to the race,
 And nowhere is a hiding place;
 Behind, before, on either side,
 The surging masses press, divide;
 Behind, before, with rhythmic beat,
 Is heard the tread of marching feet.
 To left, to right, they urge, they fare,
 And touch us here and touch us there.
 Hold back your garment as you will
 The crowding world will rub it still.
 Then since that contact needs must be
 What shall it do for you and me?

Let every such brief contact be
 A glorious helpful ministry—
 The contact of the soil and seed,
 Each giving to the other's need,
 Each helping on the other's best,
 And blessing each as well as blest.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT MODE OF DRESSING.

[Concluded.]

IV. The shoulders, and not the hips, should support all lower garments. At the shoulders we have strong, horizontal bones, which will not be injured by moderate weight; but at the waist we have only the soft muscular walls, and the hips, which give but a slight support at two points, and that when the bands are tightly fastened. The internal organs of the abdomen are loose and floating, and protected only by yielding muscles; and the slightest strain will drag them down, and, if continued, cause weakness, disease, and a long line of ills. One physician says: "No description can give any adequate idea of the evils consequent upon wearing skirts hanging from the hips."

We appeal to all women, as they value life, health, comfort, and usefulness for themselves and for their children, to change their manner of dressing. Cut your merinoes and flannels in single garment adjusted to the form, which shall clothe you evenly from throat to wrists and ankles, without gathers, bands, or double thickness anywhere. Cut chemise and drawers together in like manner. Lay aside corsets and closely fitting waists. Wear but one under-skirt, or at most two, and let them be gored, with no fullness at the waist. Let your dress-skirts be as short and light as may be, and hang them all from the shoulders by a suspender or by buttons on the muslin "chemilette." Clothe the extremities warmly. Let the entire dress be so comfortable, healthful, and simple as not to absorb time and energy which should be devoted to higher aims.

The style of dress we advocate—described fully in a book entitled "Dress Reform," by Abba G. Woolson—is cool in summer and warm in winter. It forbids pinched waists, but removes the undue fullness of gathers and plaits, and displaced organs below the waist. All the garments, even stockings, are lifted easily by the slightest elevation of the shoulders. The "Emancipation Waist" affords support, does away entirely with bands about the waist, and is furnished with three rows of buttons at different intervals below the waist line, upon which the drawers and skirts are held. It is very pretty, and affords a most delightful sense of relief from all weight, heat, and pressure.

For the outer dress, at least for the house, the "Gabrielle" is best, but no odd or unfashionable costume is necessary.

If any one doubts the necessity of a change in this direction, let her make herself acquainted with the physical condition of the women about her. She will not find one in a hundred who does not suffer from the causes we have indicated. Let her notice how rosy little girls change into pale, languid young ladies with the putting on of corsets and long dresses. Let her comprehend that it is this hampering dress which almost precludes the so-much-needed gymnastic exercises in our public schools. Let her watch the staggering, tumbling efforts of women to get on or off a car, or to do anything that requires free use of the limbs. Let her compare the shape of her corset and the size of her waists and bands with her own chest when expanded for a deep breath, and notice whether there is not a feeling of re-

lief when the clothing is removed. Let her count the thicknesses around her waist, and compare it with the thinly clad extremities. Let her estimate the amount of time, thought and vitality expended upon making, arranging and wearing. Let her weigh her skirts, and remember that untold suffering and weakness, and, under certain circumstances, terrible pain and danger, must follow the drag of those five, ten, or twenty pounds! One who has distorted her body by corsets and weight upon the hips, may well dread *maternity*, which would not naturally be a time of such fear and suffering. An eminent medical authority says that no woman troubled with internal displacement need hope for a cure until she has adopted a short and perfectly loose dress, the weight of which depends entirely from the shoulders.

It is not true that women were created invalids. If they will live wisely and well, and dress so simply and easily that their attire will seem a part of themselves, instead of breaking down in the prime of life, they will be ready to take their part in the great world's work.

MRS. M. L. GRIFFITH.

DEAF-MUTISM TRANSMISSIBLE.

In its appropriate place the reader finds a paragraph furnishing in brief the statistics of deaf-mutism, by which it appears that upward of 550,000 of the world's population are born without speech and hearing. Eminent authorities, among them the Abbé Lambert, include among the causes of this sad abnormality of constitution the influence of heredity, the parents being one or both deaf-mutes. Prof. Graham Bell, who is known for his success in teaching unfortunates of this class to speak, uttered an opinion on this subject, in which he expresses apprehension lest the permitted intermarriage of deaf-mutes might produce a race characterized by their peculiar defect. A report has been lately published under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in which statistics are marshalled relating to the lives and occupations of persons who were once pupils of the institution. In this it is stated substantially that so far as danger of persons congenitally deaf transmitting their defects to their children is concerned, much greater danger is to be apprehended of defects of hearing as resultants of consanguinous marriages in which neither parent is deaf. While the data of the report appear to sustain this inference, and while we are ready to admit the disastrous consequences of persons marrying who are related to each other by ties of blood, we feel it incumbent upon us to discourage the union of those who are defective in one or more of the senses. We would not have the blind marry the blind, the deaf join hands with the deaf, or the mute with the mute. Much less would we favor the union of those who like deaf-mutes are lacking in two important elements of physical and mental integrity, and therefore necessarily wanting it facultative balance.

Our old friend, Dr. Randall, of Woodstock, Vt., lately informed us of a singular case of heredity well known to him. In a family of nine children, seven had inherited a minute abscess of the scalp from their father. The two children not so marked have transmitted it to several of their children. Cases of transmitting marks

of a pathological type, however, are very common, but as compared with a defect of the senses are certainly of minor importance; therefore it may be reasonably concluded that their psychical impressions, or that obscure nervous influence that so affects the foetal germ as to reproduce them, must be of a less powerful character than a condition that always prevents one from free association with others. Taints of blood, defects of sense, deformities, are often known to leap over one or two or even more generations. The Abbé Lambert alludes to this fact of atavism with regard to the reappearance of deaf-mutism.

In this matter respect should be paid to the old principle of like producing like, the force of which is strengthened by the double impression physically produced when both parents are suffering from the same infliction.—*Phrenological Journal*.

ACCORDING to an article in the *Contemporary Review*, the number of insane in Great Britain has increased from 65,130 in 1860 to 112,590 in 1880, or at a rate three times faster than the population, and it is not very gratifying to learn that the close relationship between civilization and Christianity appears from the fact that where schools and newspapers are few the number of the insane is few, and that the circulation of daily papers one might almost say determines the proportion of lunatics. Ireland has a greater number of insane per million of its inhabitants than any other country. Scotland comes next; then England with 3,190 per million, while the United States had but 1,590 per million in 1871. English statistics show that a much greater portion of the insane come from the lower than from the middle or the higher classes. Not only are women less prone to insanity than men are, but the disease assumes with them a less malignant form. It should be added, however, that the highest percentage of insanity among women is in the United States first, and then in England.

The rate of suicide in London has been thirteen per cent. less the last ten years than in 1860-'70. Paris takes the lead in suicides, the number per million of its inhabitants for the past ten years being 402, while the number in New York is but 144, and in London but 87. The increased military service, both in France and Germany, has been accompanied by an increased rate of suicide. As a rule, three-fourths of the suicides are males.

NOBLE LIVING.

Put all thy talents to their use,
Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn
And innocence thy trust.

Rise to thy proper place in life,
Trample upon all sin,
And e'er a gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.

So live, in faith and noble deed,
So heaven returns to earth;
So live, that men shall mark the time
That gave thee mortal birth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, December 8, 1884.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW : Please send me some of your "Moral Reform Tracts" which I see advertised in your excellent paper, viz: "Father's Advice to Every Boy," "Mother's Advice to Every Girl," for which find inclosed, etc. I wish to make Christmas presents of them to some of my youthful friends. I think such tracts ought to be distributed by the million. Reason: 1. Because they will do more good than the usual holiday presents or gifts. 2. Because they are based upon science and go hand in hand with original Christianity. 3. Because the boys and girls of our day need them, and will read them. 4. Because they are among the best gifts parents can bestow on their children.

JAMES S. PRESCOTT.

BEDFORD, January 27, 1885.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW : The mother of Mrs. F. has been getting her to read my ALPHAS before she was married, which was about a year ago, and she now has a baby, and she got along nicely through child-birth. I told her mother to tell her I presumed she would not have got along so well if she had not read THE ALPHA. Her mother pays for the book and ALPHA so that she may get all the information they contain for her future benefit and her family that are to come. Also a younger sister who is now at school. I tell you these things as a word of encouragement in your work, showing that seed sown will fall on good ground somewhere, and spring up sometime if we work in patience as we few women here have to in the temperance work. We formed a union some ten years ago of forty members, but they all dropped off but myself and the president and four others, but we held meetings in faith that some good is done by our notices being read in the churches and contributions to the State union. I thank God for the Moral Education Societies and the formation of the Institute of Heredity, which is to meet February 5th to choose officers for 1885, of which I had notice to be there, but cannot go, for I cannot go about as I used to in abolition times, being now seventy years on life's journey.

Yours truly,

L. H.

MY DEAR MRS. WINSLOW : Please send me one copy of Dr. Rosch's "Chronic and Nervous Diseases of Women," also one "Mother's Advice to Every Girl." Then after reserving postage let me have the equivalent of the rest of the three dollars herein inclosed in Gertrude Hitz's admirable essay "On the importance of knowledge concerning the sexual nature." It supplies a want long and seriously felt, and I feel most grateful to the writer. I have bought and read almost everything I heard of that bore on these subjects in the hope of finding a suitable work to hand to young people, and this is the first I have found without any objectionable feature and yet taking the highest moral ground. I am delighted that I need no longer withhold the information so ardently sought for, because I could not find it expressed in a manner that would produce the desired effect. "Marriage and Parentage" is good but verbose, padded rather, and does not once teach that copulation was only justifiable where fruition was desired; a flagrant omission. "For Girls," by Mrs. Shepherd, is another valuable addition to this kind of literature. Sincerely yours,

C. S. L.

February 19, 1885.

DEAR DR. WINSLOW :

ENGLAND.

The receipt of your welcome paper is one of the greatest pleasures of the month to me, and it must be much of a satisfaction to you to know that we have three societies in England working on the same line. The Social Purity Alliance, Church of England Purity, and the White Cross. At a recent meeting of students at Glasgow, who had assembled to hear the noble Miss Ellice Hopkins, life-long champion of fallen women and the cause of higher virtue, many of these youths came around with sticks, &c., for a lively evening. Miss Hopkins had risen from a bed of sickness to address the meeting, and I am told that after the opening word, "brothers," with her own beautiful intonation, a pin might have been heard drop right to the close, and several hundred are said to have forthwith signed the White Cross Pledge.

"Gray, gray morn in the hollow disk is creeping;
Call the troops to arms, be they waking, be they sleeping."

We shall not always spend our souls in "mending the breakages of society;" there is, thank God, an awakening all along the line.

OUR BOYS.

TO MY DEAR SONS, R. AND J., THESE LINES ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

Two baby boys, so sweet and pure,
The angels wafted them I'm sure
From star-lit realm of cherub's fair,
To this sad world so full of care,
And gently left them at my side
Mamma's blessings, papa's pride;
Oh! may good angels ever guide
My boys.

Two winsome boys, brimful of glee,
Wonder and childish ecstasy,
Cheering us from morn till night,
With their prattle and delight
At the sunshine, birds, and flowers;
Lighting all our lonely hours,
As sunbeams brighten April showers,
My boys.

Two bonny boys, with blue eyes bright,
With rosy cheeks and foreheads white,
Just shaded o'er by locks of brown;
Two jewels rare from out love's crown,
Two mortal flowerets blithe and gay,
Destined to tread life's thorny way;
Ah! may their feet ne'er go astray,
My boys.

Two manly boys, with hearts all true,
And high hopes bright as morning dew;
Oh! may they never be defiled
By evil passions, or beguiled
Of false sirens to enter in
The gilded sepulchres of sin;
Where lurks a "death's head," that would win
My boys.

And yet, oh! God, of what avail,
A mother's prayers, a heart's sad wail,
When all thy laws, by man defied,
Are set aside and opened wide;
Alluring haunts entice to shame,
E'en men of lofty state and name,
And wealth and power and world-wide fame;
Grown boys.

Dear, thoughtless boys, could you but know,
That all this glittering, reckless show
Conceals a serpent doomed to sting
You unto death, if once within
The magic of its poisoned charm
You pass, would'st pause in vague alarm;
Alas! oh, Christ! keep thou from harm
Our wayward boys.

Could they be taught that wealth and fame
And power are naught, nor laureled name,
If manhood's crown of virtue be
Not worn, that only purity
Of heart and life, yield honors true,
That souls unclean must ever rue
Their fate, would this sweet gospel, old yet new,
Reclaim our boys?

O! God, to thy great love we trust
Our boys, until the demon Lust,
Licensed by man to drag them down,
Is crushed; till Chastity's triumphal crown
Of love, encircles every land,
And Virtue sways her mystic wand
Divine, (just gleaming from th' opening hand
Of time), o'er all our boys.

YREKA, CAL., Jan. 22, 1885.

LOYAL DEVOIR.

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