

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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WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.

BY ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.

CONTINUED.

The moral grandeur of Socrates, the skill and refinement of Phidias, the learning and eloquence of Demosthenes, the heroic bravery of Leonidas and the three hundred could not save Greece. The genius of Cæsar, the virtue of Cato, the sweet songs of Virgil could not stem the tide of corruption that swallowed Rome. The high-minded writer cannot control the low-minded masses. Never believe it. Keep your women innocent of noble aspirations, and your masses slaves to the loom, and your Emersons, and Ruskins won't save you. Ignorant mothers will be content to beget ignorant sons. Ignorant sons will involuntarily perpetuate the evils from which we suffer. How much of the drunkenness and immorality of to-day is directly traceable to the ignorance of medical men who have prescribed alcohol and counseled vice. But the time has passed for laying the blame of sins and shortcomings arising from ignorance to the charge of medical man or priest. In such important matters as these concerning the health of the body and the health of the soul, it is the duty of every created being, who has arrived at maturity, to seek knowledge for himself. This is a duty that cannot be left to the professional worker. Their business, at present, is unfortunately with disease. The laws which govern health each one must learn and obey for himself, and this not only in the realm of the spiritual and the physical world, but in the social world also. We must give up our popes and use our own reason and judgment. The best thoughts and the most carefully recorded reasonings of the most enlightened minds are now, thanks to a cheap press, and the advantages of circulating libraries, within the reach of all; and in using these advantages a great step will be gained towards dispelling that ignorance and overcoming that slothful indifference and broad questions and great issues which has been so fatal in the past. We must never forget that popes, whether they be medical, clerical, social or other, are interested persons, and *cannot* with the best will in the world see quite straight on the particular subject upon which their personal interest depends. They have gazed earnestly upon a particular spot until a certain obliquity of vision has resulted. They have concentrated their attention on certain aspects of special cases, till they have lost sight of the subjects all round. Nor does this in the least matter while they are dealing with intelligent people who consult them with intelligence and take their learning and wisdom for what they are worth. And of

very great worth it is. But when they are made to do duty, not only as specialists, but as moral conscience and embodied common sense for a community then the matter becomes serious. The Romish Church may truly say that priests who give their whole life to the study and interpretation of sacred lore have more right to speak with authority, and to be listened to with attention, than Smith, Jones and Robinson, who only have the odd half-hours snatched from a busy life to give to such matters; and all intelligent men agree, and all intelligent men are willing to listen to them with more attention than they would bestow upon the hurried student. But if they argue that it is better for Smith, Jones and Robinson to take their opinions ready made than to spend their leisure in searching for themselves, that is quite another question, upon which all thinking men will join issue with them. Women especially should give heed to this while they are in the transitory stage that lies between the old phase of their existence, when they willingly bowed down to authority, and the new era, when they will take, as their natural right, a foremost place in all social and moral questions. They can see that it is better for the individual inquirer, and therefore better for the race, that the mind should be strengthened, and the judgment formed by exercise. But too often the force of inherited instincts lay a heavy hand upon them, and they bow down to authority, and with cowardly idleness refuse to shake themselves free from the shackles that still weigh upon them, making the battle harder, the victory less certain for their more courageous sisters who are pressing on behind. If we are tempted thus we must nerve ourselves for effort by remembering that what we as individuals neglect, can never be accomplished by another.

"A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play.
"The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

Each has some message to his kind, if he be dumb the coming time and the edge of eternity will never be quite what it would have been. There are brave hearts, fearless and true, who will press on, but no one of them can do the work of two. The cowardice, the sloth, the bending to authority for the sake of a little ease, for the sake of a few cheap smiles, will leave its mark in the sands of time, will leave its stain on the brow which should have been fair, open and unclouded. Let each mother so tempted remember that the pressure she cannot or will not bear, will rest on the shoulders of her daughters with redoubled weight, with a weight that

shall crush them to the earth soiled and stained never to rise again to what they might have been. Women, will you not each bear your own burden, take upon you the glory of your own womanhood, bear for it, struggle for it, die for it, if need be. Shall another generation arise and see your daughters without rights in the land of their birth? Shall another generation of your sons go to their graves branded with the shame of using their strength to hold the fortress of liberty and justice against their mothers, sisters and wives? It will be as you determine. Brave, wise mothers will have brave, wise sons. But arms and weapons will not be forged in the reception rooms of fashion or among the loungers of the boudoir, nor power to wield them learned in that school. Those who mean to fight the battle of the present and of the future must work, must study, must fight ignorance, and conquer bigotry; must call to their aid the learning of the past, and rally round them the wisdom and the chivalry of the present. The best men of the time are with us, and the rank and file we must win. Now this need that has come to women to fight for the rights of womankind, if only to stop the wholesale degradation of manhood, which the disfranchisement of the weak has caused, has already illustrated anew the growth of good out of evil. Great and good women like Mary Carpenter have had to recognize, sore against their will, that when two sexes were created, two sexes were wanted. Not a great deal of one sex to a service here and there from the other, but two whole sexes, each with brain, heart, soul, and intuitions. There was something quite pathetic in the way in which that noble philanthropist struggled to work in a corner and avoid any public acknowledgment of the brave work she was accomplishing. She could work, but she could not come before two or three hundred people and explain her work. But it had to be done. Mary Carpenter was a woman all over. She could contrive, and plan, and execute, but she did not like to risk being stared at. That she conquered this small feminine weakness in the end, and did what had to be done without thought of self, was not the smallest of her victories. How many of us are cowards because we fear to be thought peculiar. But will not future generations think that the peculiarity rested with those who thought it strange that women should desire independence, justice, freedom, and an open recognition that they too are children of a common Father, they too are heirs of earth. Women are learning a new tongue. The old language of acquiescence no longer suits their altered circumstances. They have learned the alphabet of common rights and common duties and they do no longer acquiesce with their heart, even when they are dumb with their lips. They want honorable men for their friends and companions and they can't feel that they have got them while the statute books contain certain defacements. No one can feel comfortable in the presence of him whose common report accuses of doing a mean action, of playing a shabby trick; the rules of the club may not give them power to blackball the obnoxious member, but human nature can't forbear to show its resentment for the indignity put upon it, by sullen silence or audible murmuring. A contemptible

action, even when committed by a prince of the blood, will get itself recognized in a company of peasants. Those who know of the bad act desire to let others know too, as much as possible by such methods as are usual in polite society, but by other methods if they will not suffice. Now let us see what your own professor of Yale has to tell us about the growth of language: "It is the desire of communication that becomes the main determining element in the whole history of speech. This turns the instinctive into the intentional. As itself becomes more distinct and conscious, it lifts expressions of all kinds above its natural basis, and makes of it an instrumentality capable of such, of indefinite extension and improvement. He who (as many do) leaves this force out of account, cannot but make utter shipwreck of his whole linguistic philosophy. Where the impulse and communication is wanting no speech comes into being. Here, again, the parallelism between language and other departments of culture is close and instructive. The man growing up in solitude would initiate no culture. He would never come to a knowledge of any of the higher things of which he was capable. It needs not only the inward power but also the outward occasion to make man what he is capable of becoming. This is the characteristic of his whole historical attitude. Races and generations of men have passed away in barbarism and ignorance who were as capable of civilization as the man of the present civilized communities; indeed, there are such actually passing away around us. It is in no wise to deny the grand endowments of human nature that we ascribe the acquirement of speech to an external inducement. We may illustrate the case by a comparison. A stone has lain motionless for ages on the verge of a precipice, and may lie there for ages longer; all the cosmic forces of gravity will not stir it. But a chance thrust from some passing animal jostles it from its equilibrium and it goes crashing down. Which, shall we say, caused the fall? gravity or the thrust? Each, in its way; the great force would not have wrought this particular effect but for the aid of the petty one; and there is nothing derogatory to the dignity of gravitation in admitting the fact. Just so in language: the great and wonderful powers of the human soul would never move in this particular direction but for the added push given by the desire of communication; when this leads the way, all the rest follows." This describes not only the growth of the common tongue, but of those mighty movements that now and again sweep over mankind and advances him along the paths of progress. The muttering of the people swept the Stuarts from the throne and emptied the seat of the unfortunate Louis. The muttering of the women, let us hope, will sweep clean the statute books of unjust legislation, and cleanse society of the blot of great wealth side by side with grinding poverty. When mutterings begin who can say where they will end?

Not one in a hundred, or a thousand, of those who speak realizes that he "uses language;" but there is no one who does not know well enough that he can talk. That is why, language, to the general apprehension of its

* William Dwight Whitney, "Life and Growth of Language," p. 284, 1875, † Ibid.

uses, is simply a means of receiving from others and giving to them: what it is to the individual soul, what it is to the race, few have reach of vision to see. And least of all, is such penetration to be credited to primitive man: he, especially, needs some motive right before his eyes, and of which he can feel every moment the impelling force, and the desire to communicate with his fellows is that motive, the sole and the wholly sufficient one. He has no thought swelling in his soul and demanding utterance; he has no foreboding of high capacities which only need education to make him a little lower than the angels; he feels nothing but the nearest and most urgent needs. "So if it be said of women who clamor for justice and will not be silenced, that they ask but for this or that which they urgently need. Now for a 'married woman's' property bill, which they get; now for an infant's bill—which they do not get. Surely a mother can't care for the right to protect her own children—what next, indeed! Now for a bill to protect children; now for a written and voted proof that women are not deemed felons or idiots; it is only development following its accustomed course. Women's murmurs come from the need of communicating her troubles, they are a means of receiving sympathy and gaining knowledge. * "If language broke out from within, driven by the wants of the soul, it ought to come first and most fully in the solitary; since he, cut off from other means of improvement, is thrown back upon this as his only resource; but solitary man is as speechless as the lower animals." So solitary woman, cut off from the rush and crush of the market place, sheltered from the storms of life, is usually silent and satisfied, or, at least, dumb. There has been no pressure on her; she has not felt what it is to work from weary chime to chime; she has not groaned at the crushing weight of dark ignorance that kept her down and hemmed her in, while her more fortunate brothers went into the world and felt the glory of the possession and the use of high power. The history of the growth of language spoken with the simple, unvarnished truth of science could not have served us better had it been written to describe the growth of that struggling speech that is bursting from women's hearts all over the world and trying to get itself felt as a power and listened to as a language of reason and righteousness. In the beginning of language man speaks to communicate his wants; that is about as far as this speech of women has got, but * "Our recognition of the determining force of this element is far from implying that communication is the sole end, or the highest end of speech. We have sufficiently noticed the infinite value of expression to the operations of each individual mind and soul and its fundamental value as an element in the progress of the race. But it is here as elsewhere; men strive after that which is nearest and most obvious to them, and attain thereby a vast deal more than they foresaw."

So we women answer, when sceptics and opponents ask us what we want that we have not got, that until we have enjoyed a free and unfettered right of speech, with power to make that speech felt, we cannot tell the infinite value of expression to the operation of each in-

dividual mind and soul. Will those who hold back from the woman's cause because women speak with stammering tongues, ponder this lesson of science and learn that the speech of the human tongue did not burst full-grown from primitive man, and the speech of the human soul, rebelling against tyranny and wrong, has also to struggle into intelligent utterance syllable by syllable, word by word. But the syllables will grow and the words become blessings, to those who will come out and listen while we plead for the sons and daughters of the people.

"I read on the porch of a palace bold,
In a purple tablet letters cast—
'A house, though a million winters' old,
A house of earth comes down at last;
Then quarry thy stones from the crystal All,
And build the dome that shall not fall.'"

HEREDITY.

BY A. M. BEECHER.

There are few practical subjects, or subjects that relate in any manner to humanity, which do not involve, in greater or lesser degree the fact or fruit of heredity.

Not only since the proclamation that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation" has this been true, but from the beginning, and in the nature of things it cannot be otherwise.

The relation of propagator and propagated are demonstrably such that nature is not changed, and whatever differences or differentiation may arise, result from adequate preparation not only in the propagator, but in adaptations in the surroundings and contacts. Plan, design, is always discovered, if not in the unconscious propagator, yet in the law, of which there may still be profound ignorance.

No one doubts that apples will forever propagate apples; from wheat we shall always garner wheat; from thistles we shall always have a crop of thistles; from the rose we shall have a family of roses; but who doubts the evidence of the senses and refuses to believe that there can, by proper understanding, be developed from the hard, sour, useless, native apple the delicious varieties which fill our markets? Who refuses to believe that culture will convert the single way-side rose into the almost infinite diversity of beauty which gladdens the eye and fills the air with fragrance?

The farmer improves his stock by following the law of difference as well as the law of sameness, and he is called but a poor calculator who allows all things to drift, and, all unguided by reason which can grasp the law, to reach only the lowest standard.

To man has been given the power to know and to apply the laws that secure differences, improvements, and in this as in everything else intended to be regulated by reason, he is left to use it or disregard it and take the consequences.

While there has been a general unfolding, a general, but slow progression, the world has moved, but so slowly—the world of humanity in its moral and spiritual aspects—that to find a remedy, men have resorted to various schemes for its redemption from the consequences of undeveloped conditions, instead of starting

* Ibid.

from the foundation, and redeeming through development and rectification.

It is not as apparent as the fact of heredity itself, that changes for the better may be made by the application of a knowledge of the law as that, by ignorance or disregard the opposite conditions may be established? If the fruit grower refuse the light, the moisture, the fertilizing food to his trees, he will look in vain for precious, juicy, well-grown fruit. He knows this, and supplies the conditions of growth and fruition. The stock-grower does the same; but these same men will turn from organic but insensible vegetation, or unreasoning animals and bemoan the degeneracy of the race to which themselves belong, crying out in real or feigned earnestness, "whither are we drifting?" "What can be done to turn the manifest tendency of things from the utter ruin which is threatened?" "Look at our children, puny, weak, almost puerile as compared with their rugged progenitors. Look at the physical and moral degeneracy of the race. What is to become of us as a people?"

These questions and many others, kindred and equally important, stare us in the face and ring out from every corner, but they cannot be answered by a single stroke of the pen, nor yet by volumes written in explanation and illustration; nor can a generation, or generations, effect a radical cure of the evils which are involved in heredity and evolved under its law.

What shall we do then? If you should wish to go to Chicago as an objective point, and you found you were speeding away from New York toward Boston, what would you do? Keep on, saying, "I know I am going east when the point I desire to reach is west, but perhaps something will come along by and by and somehow bring me up at Chicago? Perhaps when I get as far east as I can go, suddenly some kind friend will appear, some one who knows I am going wrong, and who is benevolently sorry for me, will jump me into Chicago at the last minute. Anyhow, I am comfortably seated and I guess I'll sit still and hope it will all come out right." Would you call a man a fool who argued thus, who carried his argument into practical effect?

But suppose, still further, that all you held most dear, all that was of value to you, yea, that life itself depended upon your going over this road to Chicago, and upon your reaching that place within a given time; and more, that you knew that your children and your children's children would suffer and almost curse your memory—or have reason to do so—if you persisted in going east instead of west. Would you not call a man all the hard names in the category, if, for his own selfish and sensuous ease, because he would not take the trouble to change his direction, he took even a risk of entailing upon innocent life, of which himself was the source, all the evils himself encountered, and the still greater which his folly, his weakness, his wickedness engendered?

What is to be done? STOP! That is the first thing, and then take a first step back, and then the next, until you have retraced each misstep and reached the original point of departure, and then provide yourself with the

necessary information and appliances to make the journey, not only toward the desired destination, but with all that is necessary for its safe consummation, move on in such a way that when you arrive at any way-station you may be prepared to prosecute the important business in hand, instead of forcing your friends to convey you to a hospital to be treated as an invalid, or to a school for imbeciles to be educated in the first principles of the art of real life.

How? First stop, and stop long enough to think. Find out where you are, and how many leagues it is back to any point from which you may start anew in the right direction. If you have brought your whole family along, induce them to stop too. Take the lead. You have brought them out of the way. Be a man! Be a woman! Face the responsibility you have assumed, and be their leader, their helper, as they follow you step by step back to a safe point for a new departure.

You—every man, every woman—understand that at the foundation of the structure of the human being lies physical law.

You may preach salvation through any and everything that has professed to be a savior, from the beginning to the crack of final doom—to the drunken, starving man, to the crazy man, and to what effect? The cry will be: "Give me food. Give me a healthy brain. Restore me to a normal, physical condition, so that I can use the powers that do so depend for their expression upon such physical condition, and I will listen; I will know whereof you speak."

Preach spiritual salvation to a confirmed dyspeptic, and you may scare him into his grave; you must first get his food to digest so as to feed his brain, before you can reach the spirit which has no other means of communication with external things than by the machinery which it controls. If the engine be rusty, if it lack a cog, a wheel, a lever, can the steam, the spirit, the motive power perform its function? The safety, the labor, is not in the steam alone, but in the perfectness of the mechanism it operates; and while the *design* may be never be so beneficent, the catastrophe is no less sure to follow the demonstration of the machine.

Take the crude illustration and apply it to the human machine. Though you keep the steam up and well regulated, sure disaster will result from demoralized machinery. Not only interiorly then, but in all the objective material forms must the soul find its true expression and do its full work. The first step taken, the machine in good order, take your direction, fire up, look well to the switches, keep the head-light trimmed and burning, and you will take yourself and the train which follows safe into the station, and leave a clean track behind you.

In all the ways of life, in all the ways of living, let physical law be understood and applied. Give to the motive power—the spirit—a mechanism which it can dominate to do its perfect work.

Do you still say "How?" Observe the laws of health, break off every habit—whether it be by inheritance, or whether it be superinduced—which shall tend to obstruct the domination of the spirit, and which shall, if unchecked, gain force and strength as it is transmitted to

your posterity. If it be yours by virtue of heredity, all the more do you need to fight it; all the more do you need to protect your children and their children.

Is parental love not to count for anything? Are not the responsibilities which are assumed,—voluntarily assumed in the fact of parentage, to avail as motives for the proper care, for the protection of the innocent lives that come by no violation or desire of their own, and are so helpless in your hands?

Do not make your own inheritance theirs, because you are too supine to overcome the evils you deplore.

If you have inherited a consumptive diathesis, will you take less care that you are properly protected from the conditions that would superinduce or develop that malady? Will you not rather be more careful, more watchful to avoid any and everything which will rouse the sleeping monster? Will you not strengthen the weak points, and by every means antidote the tendency, diminish its power, and throw off "the seeds of the disease," or at least decrease their propagating power. Your children thus fortified and with the benefit of your precept and example, may grow strong for themselves and theirs.

Whatever tends to demoralize the physical weakens the expression of the spiritual, even to its perversion. Then comes the action and interaction, until disaster if not ruin shall supervene, and wrecks and carcasses obstruct the pathway of life and taint the very atmosphere, conveying the virus of their own disease.

Count upon your fingers, as you use them over and over, the deleterious habits of your own life, in eating and drinking, in dress and indulgences, and if you are puzzled to know where to begin, consider what you would have your children do, and do that; what you would have your children be, and be that; how you may secure a "sound mind in a sound body," for without the latter you cannot have the former. Nature never works backward. Shoulder your responsibilities now, for you must do it sometime. "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." Teach your children, as they sit upon your knee, even before they can use the reason which must guide them in aftertime—aye, develop that reason, and so lay a foundation which shall be perfectly safe, and upon which a superstructure may be reared that shall stand the fury of any subsequent storm of temptation or the undermining of insidious influence. Teach them the sacredness of "the temple of God," and make them understand that "what God hath cleansed," nor they nor you may consider as unclean.—*Day Star*.

ALCOHOL AND THE HEART.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the ruddy bumper, and saying that he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be kind enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay down on the lounge, and said: "Will you take it again?"

He replied, "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different, and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work until you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."—*Guiding Star*.

INSANITY.

It seems to have been left for an eccentric woman, under the bane of supposed insanity, to prove to English courts and people the dangerous state of their present lunacy laws. It appears that Mrs. Georgina Weldon, a London lady of considerable personal attractions, did not live on terms of perfect agreement with her husband. This gentleman, becoming tired of her peculiarities, suggested to Dr. Forbes Winslow, the proprietor of a private asylum, that his wife was not quite right in her mind, and that he was willing to pay a very pretty sum for her legal detention in his asylum. Dr. Winslow of course assented, and suggested that he call in two medical friends to visit her and give an opinion on her sanity, for which they were paid \$125 each. Duly declared insane, Mrs. Weldon was sent to Dr. Forbes' establishment, and there remained for some time. After escaping, she brought suit against the examining physician, laying her damages at \$5,000, and, although she conducted the case personally, without the aid of lawyers, and before one of the highest courts in Great Britain, she has just won it all along the line. The jury have found that she was not insane, and the judge has stated that the state of the lunacy laws, as shown by the ease with which this lady was incarcerated, calls for immediate attention on the part of Parliament.

Readers of the novels of the late Charles Reade will remember how persistently and vigorously he wrote against the evils of private insane asylums. Of course, there were men to call him and his assertions absurd, but there is no doubt that the abuses which he disclosed were very real, and that to a large extent they were remedied by his persistent agitation. That much remains

to be done, however, is only too evident by the case of Mrs. Weldon. It is not every woman who has been unjustly imprisoned in an asylum, that is able to stand up alone for her rights in a court of law, and win her suit.

It is not probable that her case is unique in any respect. One day, several years ago, while visiting the principal insane hospital of London, my attention was called to an old gentleman whose conversation and quiet ways suggested anything but impaired intellect; and, after talking a little with him, I asked the physician in charge, under what particular form of delusion his patient was laboring.

"Why, he has no special delusion," replied the doctor, "beyond extreme suspicion of his wife's fidelity to him."

"Did she get him in here?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"But, how do you know that instead of a delusion, it may not be justifiable jealousy?"

"I don't know," replied the doctor. "That is a matter which of course I cannot personally investigate. This man is brought to me under proper medical certificates, by which I am assured that he is laboring under a certain delusion. I find that he does entertain resentments and suspicions, which I am told are without the least justification; and that state of mind is insanity. Yes, it is sometimes quite difficult to get people into this place, but once in, I have no trouble in keeping them here," he added laughingly.

The physician who made this remark has since been appointed, I understand, one of Her Majesty's Royal Commissioners in Lunacy, whose business it is to inspect insane asylums in the United Kingdom. I need hardly suggest in what direction his sympathies will evidently lie.

As a general rule, it is only persons of considerable property whose liberty is thus restrained; still, there are exceptions to this rule. Many years ago, in one of our large cities, a man was found dead by a pistol shot, in his own house. The murderer was unknown, though suspected. Several months passed by, and at last the criminal was discovered to be a young woman. After her crime, she had secured employment, and at the time of her arrest she was earning her living in a large establishment in a neighboring city. Now, under ordinary circumstances, she would have been brought immediately to trial. It so happened, however, that the brother of the murdered man was an influential city politician and man of wealth. There were evident reasons why the friends of the murdered man should prefer silence to publicity in the affair, since, though the girl freely confessed her crime, the circumstances under which it was committed were such as in similar cases generally bring about acquittal. I never quite understood how the trial was put off, except that she was poor, undefended and friendless. She was never brought to trial; after certain delays, it was announced that she had been found to be "insane;" and accordingly she was sent to an asylum, where she has since remained. I saw her two or three times, once just after arrest, and some years later in the asylum; and I have no reason to doubt that the woman was as sane when arrested—months after the crime, and while supporting herself—

as any person is who commits such a crime. In one sense it has always seemed to me that she had been unjustly imprisoned, and that she was not given—the right of every citizen—a fair and impartial trial. In another sense, however, I am forced to admit that her punishment has been singularly lenient, though irregularly meted out. Had she been tried before a susceptible jury, in all probability she would have been acquitted. Is it better for society that a confessed criminal be irregularly punished, than that, through the sentimentalism of the average juryman, she escape altogether the consequence of her crime?

But if occasionally, persons are sent to insane asylums without sufficient cause, we must not forget that hundreds are out, who ought to be in. In the majority of cases, suicide is the result of unbalanced reason, so slightly manifested as to escape detection. A man is noticed by his friends to be somewhat despondent, "a little down-beated," they say; it runs along a few weeks; his relatives hesitate to subject him to restraint, or to send him from home, and are only awakened to the reality of his disease by an attempt—successful or otherwise—at self-destruction. Melancholy, however slight, if at all persistent, demands medical attention; though not by any means always in an asylum. There is no form of disease, which as physicians we are called upon to treat in the institution under our charge, more certainly amenable to hygienic agencies, than the first stages of melancholia.

It seems, too, that there are in considerable number vagrants or tramps, wandering through the country who are, in many cases, dangerous lunatics. I know one case in which the man escaped restraint, found his way to a distant city, and was discovered preaching excitedly on the streets the approaching end of the world. In France it has long been known that most attacks of insanity occur during the months of May and June. While visiting a large State Asylum in Massachusetts recently, I was told by the attendant physician that the greatest number of admissions in this institution occurs at the approach of winter; inquiring a little more closely in regard to this singular difference between France and America, the doctor told me that the majority of persons coming in at this season were tramps, who spend their summers wandering about the country, but who, at the approach of cold weather, were sent up by the different town authorities, to prevent them from freezing or starving to death. It is by no means a pleasant fact that a large number of madmen are free in summer to ramble about the country, even though they find their way into asylums in winter time. The number of outrages and crimes of violence so common nowadays, is suggestive certainly of a necessity for greater vigilance in respect to the poorer classes of insane. There is little likelihood to-day that a man without money or property, will find himself unjustly imprisoned in an insane asylum. In fact, the difficulty lies in just the other direction; that with no money to waste, and no property to be protected, insane vagabonds may be allowed to wander through the country, until some crime attempted or perpetrated, calls the attention of society to them, unfit to be at large.—*The Laws of Life for October.*

WIVES AND EDUCATION.

Gopal Vinayak Joshee is an educated Mohanmedan from Bombay, now residing in this country. He is described as a traveler, a linguist, a scholar, and a philosopher, and he is the husband of an educated lady who is now studying medicine in Philadelphia. He delivered a lecture before the San Francisco Teachers' Institute recently, and though his audience was composed almost exclusively of highly educated young ladies, he told them, according to the San Francisco *Daily Alta*, that they would be more of a blessing to themselves, the world, and their husbands if they were uneducated instead of educated, ignorant instead of intelligent.

This startling conclusion is the result of long observation and the most logical of reasoning. In fact if it is based on a correct conception of woman's proper place in the universe it is irrefutable. The *Alta* says: "He believes, as all Orientals do, that woman came into the world not to benefit themselves, but altogether for the advantage and comfort of man, and that therefore they should be so reared as best to adapt them to this end." His reasons for so believing are religious ones, and religious reasons are usually the fruit of that unreason which has filled man's mind with superstition and fuddled it with dogmatism. The *Alta* thinks he admits that women have souls but is somewhat doubtful as to what becomes of them after death. Regarding the future of man he has no such doubt. "He goes into paradise—if he has been a Mohammedan—over the ariel suspension bridge of Al Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then he revels forever in the companionship of seventy-two black-eyed houris, created for his special benefit, and not one of whom is educated enough to give trouble by sighing for an opera ticket or a new bonnet." It is impossible for a reasoning mind to hold unquestioning faith in such decree of the divine power and not find it evident that a woman should know only so much as is necessary to make her a good servant to her husband. In the words of our San Francisco contemporary, "The woman who fills most completely the idea of subjection in all things to man is the one who has fewest wants. If she has many desires and aspirations of her own, a large part of her life will be spent in trying to gratify them, leaving her so much less able to subject herself in everything to the man to whom fate has allotted her as his servant and task-bearer. One of the first effects of education is to give the people new and before unknown desires and aspirations, which in the case of women render them less willing to spend all their time waiting upon and ministering to the sovereign man."

To us it seems one of the greatest absurdities to suppose that women are made for no other purpose than as servants to husbands. But if the great purpose of woman's creation is marriage and maternity, as is commonly supposed here in America; if the great purpose of a girl's existence is to get a husband—and that certainly seems to be thought the great purpose in most cases—we incline to the opinion that Gopal Vinayak Joshee is right in saying that they had better know only that which is necessary to enable them to minister to a husband's wants.

ONE OF MANY.

The New York *Graphic* gives this pen picture of one of many:

Well, the poor boy came into this world with a weak body, for his mother was troubled with much household care and labor when she bore him, and his father, though a church member in good standing, was an inordinate tobacco chewer, and kept his strength bolstered up through the stimulus of the weed. So long as the boy ran about loose with other children and played in the sand with bare feet he was tolerably healthy. But when sent to school he pined. At the boarding school he was counted a good scholar and made great progress in memorizing. At eighteen he was tall, "spindling," and slightly stooping, always complaining, eating according to custom whatever was set before him, working and studying directly after eating, and complaining of a weak stomach. So he went on in life until the age of twenty-five. Then he married, was always in poor health, and in frequent consultation with the doctors. First, doctors at home; next, doctors abroad; then, special doctors; now, regulation doctors, with reputations and diplomas, and then in despair applying to outside doctors, herb doctors, bush doctors, botanic doctors, and tramp doctors; doctors who said it was his liver, doctors who said it was the heart, doctors who said it was malaria, doctors who said he didn't make blood enough, doctors who starved him, doctors who stuffed him, doctors who chilled him in cold, wet blankets, doctors who parboiled him in medicated vapor baths, doctors who advised him to go North, doctors who advised him to go South, doctors who suggested springs, doctors who recommended mud baths, but never a doctor who told him that half the damage had been done before he came into the world and the other half through his own ignorance and that of the authors of his being afterwards. But he died all right, and the doctors then found out what ailed him, and they gave the complaint a Latin name, and it's now raging round, seeking whom it may devour.

THE Woman's Congress held its 30th session in the Congregational Church at Des Moines, Iowa, October 7 and 9. Essays on important social topics were read, as follows: "Is the law of progress one of harmony or discord?" by Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell; "Comparative effects on health of professional, fashionable, and industrial life," by Anna D. French; "The production and distribution of wealth," by Rev. Augusta C. Bristol; "The work of the world's women," by Mrs. H. L. T. Woolcott; "Justice and not charity the need of the day," by Mrs. Mary E. Bagg; "Organized work as illustrated by the methods of the W. C. T. U.," Miss Frances E. Willard; "The ministry of labor," Miss Ada C. Sweet; "The need of adjustment between business and social life," Julia Holmes Smith; "The advantage of the spoken over the written word," Mr. Francis F. Fisher; "The religion of the future," Mrs. Imogene C. Fales; "Women physicians in hospitals for the insane," Jennie McCowan, M. D.; "Human parasites," Leila G. Bedell, M. D.

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AND CIRCULATE IT?**

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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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THE ALPHA.

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER 1, 1885. No. 3.

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

Some numbers of THE ALPHA contain articles that are of special interest to our patrons who would like extra copies for their own use or for friends. These will be sent to any address, post paid, from this office for five cents a copy till the edition is exhausted.

THE PROPOSED PUBLIC CONFERENCE.

We hope all our friends, and the friends of purity are interested in the proposal of Dr. Alice B. Stockham, for a public conference on Moral Education at Washington, D. C., some time during the coming winter. There is at this time a special call for workers in this branch of reform. Never before has there been such need, and never before so many inquiring, "What can be done to stop the flood-gates of vice that threaten our destruction." Do not let this suggestion fall to the ground without an effort to utilize it for our country's good. We hope the various Moral Education Societies and Reformatory Associations will work Dr. Stockham's suggestion into a practical fact, and be prepared to send delegates, and the delegates will bring their best thought and the fruit of their experience and let us counsel to-

gether. Responses to these suggestions should be addressed to Dr. Alice B. Stockham, 159 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill., or Dr. Caroline B. Winslow, 1 Grant Place, Washington, D. C.

MR. STEAD'S DEFENSE.

A London friend has sent us Mr. Stead's defense before the Old Bailey Court. But for its great length we would like to reprint it for our readers. It is complete and exhaustive; its one fault is its length. Condensation would have added much to its strength and force, and would have disarmed the objection of the court by consuming less time in its reading. Not an offensive or disrespectful word was contained in his minute explanation of his conduct and his motives, which was to obtain irrefutable evidence that little girls were bought and sold for immoral purposes, purposes most revolting and bestial, bringing ruin and life-long degradation to the helpless victims, while their despoilers continue to occupy high positions in society, church and state. The prosecution of Mr. Stead for exposing this nefarious wickedness is most inconsistent and shameful; instead of arresting the guilty parties and making them answer their accuser, they intimidate and browbeat the man whose moral courage and sense of right has endeavored by exposure to purify the moral atmosphere of the country.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Not long since, in the New York *World*, an old gentleman, a former newspaper man of some prominence, speaking of the names given to women's papers, says: "They choose the names of their papers much as they would name a yacht, a bird or a pug. The name must be euphonious and musical, delightful to the tongue and resonant to the ear," and mentions as examples Mrs. Amelia Bloomer's *Lily*; Pauline Wright Davis's *Uno*; Miss Leyburn's *Electra*; Anna Maria Barnes's *Aconthas*; *The Aegis*, of Cincinnati, and offers the following would-be witticism to THE ALPHA:

"Can you guess the mission of THE ALPHA, a monthly published in Washington by Mrs. Caroline B. Winslow? Alpha is a letter in the Greek alphabet, yes; but you've guessed wrong; it isn't devoted to Greek language and literature. No, nor Greek customs, either, nor Greek art. In fact, there isn't a word about Greece or Greeks in it. Took the name because it was pretty, and expounded woman suffrage? No; but don't give up. I will give you the motto which is printed at the head of its columns, and which reads: 'The Divine Right of Every Child to be Well Born.' Now guess."

"Well," said one of the listeners, "I don't exactly see the connection between the Greek alphabet and the

nascent infant, but perhaps THE ALPHA is a trade paper run in the interest of a training school for nurses, or maybe it insists that no child has a right to be born except to rich people, who can afford to provide every luxury for its tender years."

"Entirely wrong, my friend," said the old gentleman. "THE ALPHA discusses all questions relating to moral purity; it denounces all pleasures of the senses as the deadliest sins, and it tells young men and women that they shouldn't fall in love with one another until they are thirty years old, and then only in a quite formal and distantly respectful fashion. Of course, all this has nothing to do with the first letter of the Greek alphabet, but the paper is as appropriately named as most of 'em, no doubt."

For the information of this venerable critic, we would say that, although Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet it is sometimes used to denote the beginning of times and things. It is so used in the vision of John in the Revelation. "I am Alpha and Omega; the beginning and the end; the first and the last."—*Rev.* xxii: 13. The use we make of the word is neither classical nor poetical and we have no intention of being so understood. If this ancient journalist is still oblivious of our application of this word as our leading motto, we will explain that we devote the columns of our paper mainly to the discussion of the *beginning* of the alphabet of life, pre-natal culture, pre-natal influences, hereditary transmission and the responsibility of parentage. We deprecate the production of deformed, diseased and ill-favored children, as a wise farmer would prevent the multiplication of scrub stock. We are satisfied that the weal or woe of children is cast during the plastic and impressible embryonic period. The quality of seed a man sows, that shall he reap, and it is worth all that life can bestow upon a mortal in after life to start well in the race for achievement, usefulness, happiness and soul growth, and those that would not augment the sum of human suffering or crime, must look well to their ways. We do not believe in monastic life. The sexes were created for mutual happiness and benefit and should not be separated in families, recreation, studies or work. They should associate in all departments of life and cultivate the highest type of comradeship and friendship. The interest of men and women should never be antagonistic or *subordinate* to each other. Each should occupy the position that their ability and acquirements justly entitle them, regardless of sex. We do not dictate the precise age for "falling in love," but affirm that persons that marry and expect to become parents, should not be unsound or immature in mental, moral or physical development, or ignorant of their physiological functions or the responsibility of their conduct. True, all this has nothing to do with the

Greek language or Greek poetry, but it has much to do with the alphabet of life, and the beginning of life under the best auspices has much to do with the virtue, the happiness and the advancement of humanity. The *prevention* of crime by beginning life right is the only way out of the slums that man has fallen into. This publication sets forth the beginning of a new social era. It is a "John, the Baptist," "a voice crying in the wilderness" of human ignorance and woe. "Prepare ye the way for the coming of" an age of purity and higher aims in life—an age in which sex will be *reverenced* as the origin of life, and not prostituted to vile and sensuous purposes; an age wherein man and woman will be so clean that they will have nothing shameful to conceal, and the reign of *silence* on procreative subjects (which has heretofore been the bulwark of Satan) will have ended. In this age full and complete instruction will be given to all youth in physiological and moral science. Knowledge will disarm prurient curiosity, and frank open-hearted purity will chase from the face of the earth that demon of unrestrained appetite, that now seeks to hide in darkness and mystery, while it coils its slimy length around the citadel of life and saps virtue and honor from the heart of humanity. Our cognomen, THE ALPHA, is not irrelevant or inappropriate to the unique purposes to which it is devoted.

C. B. WINSLOW.

GRATITUDE.

Out of our pain and struggle,
Up from our grief and dole,
We are swift to cry to the Healer
For the touch that makes us whole.
Swift with our passionate pleading
For the help of the King Divine.
One look of Whose face can lighten
All trouble of yours and mine.

Alas! we are not so ready,
In the day of our joy and our crown,
With the palms and the fragrant incense
Laid at His altar down;
And how it must grieve the Master
That His own are so slow to praise,
In the flush of their peace and gladness,
The goodness which brims the days.

These lines, by Margaret Sangster, will touch a tender if not sore spot in many hearts, waking painful memories of dumb acceptance of costly gifts and priceless favors, from the lavish richness of a Divine Giver. They will thunder at the conscience of most of the human family, who, in their agony of pain or loss or disappointment over wounds inflicted by hands that, by the law of reciprocity, should only bless us. How prayerfully under suffering we lift our hands and cry aloud to God for His healing balm or for strength to carry our burden of grief; but when our prayer is answered, our grief assuaged, and our smarting wounds healed and present joy reigns in our hearts, do we take our gladness and our blessings and offer a paean of praise to the Great

Giver? To whom else is such gratitude due? To whom could it be more gratifying, or who would respond more bountifully than He from whom all blessings flow? Of the richness of this Divine reciprocity or the loss of neglect, only a faint comparison can be drawn by those who have given of their love, their labor, their substance to a fellow-mortal; it may be a child—a homeless one, or a sufferer from any cause, who receives willingly our offerings and our sacrifice until the store is exhausted, the fountain broken, the supply stopped, and a reciprocity of favors expected; instead we receive indignities, abuse, neglect and contumely. Only those whose experience has been of this order can know its bitterness; only such can know how sharp is the serpent's tooth, how deadly is the poison of an ingrate's blow. But when the experience is reversed how perfect the gladness and love, how strong the tie that cements and ennobles the giver and receiver! What soul can afford to miss such affluence from their earth-life? It is a draught from the over-soul of the Father, and will quiet all the unrest of the human heart.

It often seems that human wisdom is greatly at fault. Self-protection is an innate instinct. We should know the tone and temper of those upon whom we bestow, and carefully select deserving objects. Yes, surely, if we look for rewards, if we give alms expecting to receive reimbursement in love, in honor, or the praise of men—by this spirit do we not show the meanest part of ourselves, which is not the soul-quality; that will call forth and strengthen the best element in our friend. Does our Heavenly Father bestow in this fashion? Does He not send the blessed rain and sunshine and store on the evil and the good? He is our Father; we are made in His likeness; only so faintly and imperfectly like Him.

Gratitude is a noble sentiment. It only abides in a pure and just heart; its cultivation would redeem and enrich the most poverty-stricken soul and ennoble the humblest of our race. But if we hope to develop nobility we must have a mind to the strength of our brother. We must not humble a proud spirit, nor glut a craven one with excess of bestowals, nor heap obligations on these undeveloped ones, lest we extinguish the strength and joy that self-helpfulness brings to us all, and thus incur the curses of the proud or sink the ignorant into greater depths of debasement.

All that aspire after the best life, the greatest growth, the realization of their ideal, must nourish this sentiment in their hearts, by giving thanks and gladness to our Heavenly Father who supplieth light, peace, hope, joy and abundance for our needs. This is a prominent part in vital religion, for all things give thanks.

One of the earliest lessons in piety from the lips of our honored father was (with his hand rested caressingly on our head), "Count your mercies, my daughter; those that count and record their mercies have many mercies to record." We have found recording mercies a help in cultivating a grateful spirit, which multiplies joy and prepares strength by which to endure sorrows that must come. So we pray with Miss Sangster,

Lord, for thy waves of blessing,
 Lord, for thy breezes of balm,
 For our hopes, our work, and our wages,

And the bliss of our household's calm,
 For the gold of our garnered harvests,
 For our ships that are sailing the sea,
 For the human loves that sublime us,
 Oh! whom can we thank but thee?

Forgive that we weep like children,
 At the shadow that comes for a night,
 And are heedless again like children.
 When gladness returns with the light.
 Forgive that the earth-cares fret us,
 And the burdens bind us down
 And still let us walk in the sunshine,
 And not in the gloom of thy frown.

Oh! lift us, Lord, to the summits,
 Whereon we may dwell with thee!
 Oh! teach us how we may worship
 The Saviour who sets us free;
 That so, in our joy and triumph,
 As aye in our grief and dole,
 We may go in our love to the Healer,
 The touch of whose hand makes whole.

C. B. W.

CULLED FROM FOREIGN REVIEWS.

ERNESTA NAPOLLON.

Le Droit des Femmes announces the death of Madame Ernesta Napollon, "a woman of great talent, born in the highest rank of aristocracy and wealth. She has just died of starvation and despair."

One who knew her writes as follows: "She had great talent, a great heart, and yet had died of starvation and despair; it is truly said. In our age of extreme civilization, in the midst of society, a human creature endowed with the rarest qualities, capable of aiding in the world's advancement, having lavished her strength of soul and spirit for the benefit of the human race, cannot live, cannot give bread to her children, and to spare herself the agony of seeing them die of starvation, must in extremis sign an act of sale, infamous but illusory, the sale of her thought, the sole property which had not been stolen from her. By this means she could add a few days to her miserable existence, yet soon a corpse, she could not be allowed to rest forgotten, the impudent clamors of the press must needs give to her dead a celebrity for which living she had fondly hoped."

This is what may be seen in these days—days of cowardly persecution, of right by might, of talent by mediocrity, of woman by man.

I knew Madame Napollon at Rome last year; I knew her works, all imbued with an ardent faith in the triumph of liberal ideas. Some days before her death she wrote to me: "What trouble it is to die even when grief and want of food are combined!" She had told me her dramatic, incredible life; I understood her struggling and desolate life, I witnessed her maternal devotion.

How did this wealthy woman come to die, in such fearful poverty? How was it that this republican woman died in the arms of priests and sisters of charity? Nothing more simple. She was married and she had intellect. In Italy, as in France, to say wife is to say slave, to say intellect is to say victim. Married, she could be despoiled by the husband, the head of the family, the sole possessor of the common property. She was despoiled. Her large fortune remained in the hands of her husband, from whom she could force but a bare

living pension by long process of law, either not at all or very irregularly paid, for she lost her health by suffering, her courage by witnessing suffering. And still she worked. Now starts up another hydra, no longer the conjugal hydra, but the social. She worked, but gained nothing; her merit as a writer was recognized, yet the doors were closed against her. The Italian press, no more tender to women of talent than the French, took a malicious pleasure in circumscribing her to woman's sphere, *the fireside*. She died of it. To preserve a spark to this fireside, this great thinker was obliged to have recourse to the lowest manual labor. When the spark was extinguished, despairingly she begged everywhere, of every one some help, a little faith in her value, the right to live and let live. Ah, well, who heeds the despairing cries of a woman? They were accustomed to see this woman suffer, she also ought to be accustomed to it. Besides, it was her own fault. Why did she not content herself with marital insults? Why set herself up to think? Then one night she went into the street. Yes, in this city of Rome, where papistry reigns, a woman, still young, beautiful, with white hair and the unmistakable air of nobility, went out almost insane, holding out her hand to the passers-by. Priests saw this extended hand, and put into it the alms that saved her from immediate death. Why is the laity never at hand to succor such unfortunates? At least they would not, perhaps, have asked her soul in exchange for a bitter morsel of bread. The shame is not for the dead woman; the defeat is not for the cause that was so dear to her.

Madame Napollon spoke six or seven languages, which she could teach; she translated Hebrew and Sanscrit. She had founded schools for the peasantry—her peasants, as she lovingly said—she had edited several liberal journals; passed her life in doing good. Yet she died of starvation and of grief. *Morta di fame e di dolore!*

"Happy will be the day when such facts become impossibilities."

What a sad history! And what a pitiful tale of woman's subjection in those civilized countries. Truly she needs to be protected from her protectors. No wonder so few of them cry out for relief. Crying out is dangerous in those highly civilized regions; it must be stopped even if a woman's breath is stopped to enforce it. Let us thank God that we were born in America.

EMMA A. WOOD.

THE MORAL EDUCATION SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.

At the meeting of the Moral Education Society, held in this city, Oct. 13th, several plans were entered into for effective work. It was decided to organize the following new committees:

First. To confer with the W. C. T. U. and the Knights of the White Cross, in regard to united effort.

Second. To push legislative work.

Third. To plan normal work.

Fourth. To prevent the publication and circulation of obscene literature.

Fifth. To put suitable reading matter into railroad depots.

The old committees upon school work and publication were left standing. Mrs. Garner reported some effective work done in Michigan, and others have not been idle during the summer. The workers in new fields have been so well received, and the interest evinced has been so great, that we feel encouraged to put forth more earnest endeavor. The whole country is aroused to the need of energetic effort, and plenty of workers can be put in the field if adequate methods be planned for them. People have been so prejudiced against the discussion of subjects pertaining to moral education, that it has been hard to reach them hitherto. The breaking down of this barrier is one important point accomplished. We believe that now a national committee could do much in suggesting plans for effective work. Will not ALPHA readers publish everywhere the invitation to the January meeting at Washington? Let all friends of humanity be urged to come up to the Capital, that wise work may be planned for the purification of society.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ALICE B. SPOCKHAM, M. D.

WOMAN IN CONCUBINAGE.

EDITOR OF THE ALPHA:

In the *New Church Independent* there has been a discussion as to the justifiableness of concubinage. It is said by some of the New Church people, and was said by Swedenborg, that, under certain circumstances, it is justifiable for a man to have a concubine. The editor of the *New Church Independent* presents another side of the question to the effect that nothing can justify a man living in such a state, and that the volume of Swedenborg from which the justifying clause is quoted is not a part of his theological writings, but, by his own assertion, simply relates to external manners or modes of life; and, also, that only the man's side has been represented, not taking into account the woman and the bastard children who must suffer a life-long disgrace. The editor closes the discussion with a letter from a New Church woman, which he calls "a fitting *finale* to what has been said on this subject." I copy it for you, thinking it may interest the readers of THE ALPHA to know what a woman of the New Church thinks on this much-mooted subject. Perhaps some of THE ALPHA readers may not know that the New Church is the name given to those who followed the doctrine of Swedenborg. The letter is headed

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF CONCUBINAGE.

"No one can deny the existence of 'just causes of separation' between husband and wife. But 'just causes of concubinage' is quite another matter. Let those who fear not to find Swedenborg infallible, consider the question from the woman's standpoint, and they cannot, I think, fail to see the monstrous iniquity and injustice of the plea. No one for a moment supposes or could suppose that in the case of a 'just' separation on the part of a wife from her husband, it would be 'allowable' for her to enter into the relation provided by 'concubinage' for the man and husband in like circumstances. Can a woman be 'justified' in becoming a 'concubine'? And, if so, on what grounds? The

truth is that it is about time we began to look at this subject from the standpoint of common sense, not to say common decency. No man worthy the name any longer wishes to take refuge for his weakness behind the ancient and world-accepted notion that HIS nature necessitates the violation of law for the indulgence of his appetites when law forbids their indulgence.

"The man of the new age stands upon higher ground than this; and he stands on higher ground, not for himself alone, but for those whose ignorance must be enlightened and whose weakness must be strengthened by THIS acknowledgment of and HIS conformity to the truth; for the truth is no respecter of person. Unless it is 'justifiable' for a woman to enter into an unlawful relation, concubinage for a husband separated from his wife cannot be 'justifiable.' Are the advocates of concubinage ready to accept the whole position and *all that is involved in it for women?* They cannot stop this side of the utter destruction of the possibility of marriage between man and woman. For concubinage, on the supposition that the relation is 'justifiable' for a man and unjustifiable for a woman, destroys the truth of the essential equality between man and woman, upon which, according to Swedenborg, marriage of necessity rests. If there is one law for man and an exactly opposite law for woman, then we may as well give it up and accept something else than marriage as the final word for the relation between the sexes.

"No one can overestimate the difficulties in the way of our emancipation from hell. They sometimes seem to us, and they certainly would be, insurmountable but for Him who stands pledged to our deliverance. But it can help no one to blink the truth. When a man finds himself in hell, if he cannot STEP out—and who can?—but must, perforce, wade out, crawl out, often slip back two steps for one that he takes forward, why, then, let him find help from despair in the conviction that love and not truth, is the final word for the sinner. The truth would not get anybody out of hell. We are all in one boat, angel and devil, saint and sinner. No man from His Divine side, from his life in God, and not out of Him, ever felt that he was better than any other man, that any other man, even the worse, was worse than he; because, having come to a knowledge of God he KNOWS that no man can be farther from the Adorable Perfection than he himself is. And so you will not help this man by legislating down to his weakness, by 'justifying' him in his failure to be 'perfect, even as his Father in heaven is perfect.' He KNOWS that he would far better fail fifty times a day and ACKNOWLEDGE that he had failed, than confess his own damnation by feeling 'justified' in his sin. And what is true of this man is true of all men and women.

"Let us not tamper with the standard of perfect purity Christ Himself has set up for us. And let it be the standard for men as well as for women. D."

I give this to you with italics and quotation marks, just as it is written, and send it with but a word of comment.

If, when a man has been for just cause separated from his wife, concubinage is justifiable for him, what, then,

can a wife be called but a legal concubine? If all a man wants with a wife is to minister to his sexual desires, what is marriage but legalized prostitution? Dreadful thought! If that is man's love—oh! shameful prostitution of a holy word!—what pure-souled woman wants it?
E. A. W.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALPHA:

The mail has at last brought to me THE ALPHA for August, for which I had been anxiously looking. I delayed to reply to your letter, which I find reproduced by way of appendage to the protest just published, simply because I waited to hear from you in print. I am sure you will admit without qualification that I was justly entitled to a protest, not merely out of a love in itself for nationality, which, though not a bad thing, did not alone rule me, but I claim a higher instinctive motive, namely, the avowal of what was a fact and the honest endeavor to disabuse the minds of your numerous readers of a very strange notion which was calculated to do a good deal of harm to the just cause for which you had been so long fighting. Indeed, silence on my part would have been construed into assent by foreign readers, and a wilful and cowardly forbearance by my own country people, especially the fair sex. I need, therefore, make no apology for my last letter, as it was couched in a good spirit and though its language was somewhat grandiloquent—not indignant—I hope it has been read in good part.

I sincerely assure you I had not the remotest thought of venting any personal disapprobation for the author of the criticism, but it was directed to the subject-matter of it. I admire you for the straightforward manner in which you are dealing with the subject. I presume you have been led by the influence of Christian missionaries into some serious misapprehension. You seem not to hit at the *truth*, which is only *one*.

You are shocked at the present degradation of our women and hence you take us to be a "motherless race." Granted that our women have greatly fallen from the ancient ideals and they are far below the level of their glorious matrons who are silently laid on the lowly grave, but whose deeds are the best epitaphs that are yet noticed by honest observers. Yet a modern household is not altogether devoid of ancient purity, dignity and independence, not to speak of the inherent graces of women, such as modesty, affability, patience, with the requisite accomplishments. There are women still in our *seraglio* who are real heroines, who may be the fit subject of a poet's song or a pattern for imitation. Such cases, though few, are not rare. But still real beauty is a joy forever, and I ask you do you still maintain that we had no glorious past and that our forefathers and mothers were not the fountains of knowledge, the light of which they shed and which is now preserved by the present civilized world? If you do not accept this then I must tell you that you are either under the influence of "soil spirits" or that the truth is designedly veiled from you. I hope and trust that the latter is the case with you.

I am perfectly aware that you had meant me no wrong, for I have enough of confidence in the catholic tone of your paper, not to speak of the personal respect which I entertain for you. You can rest your heart in content and need not have made any apology for it. I would not have written you this letter but for two reasons. The first is to exonerate you from any motive of wilful distortion of fact. The thing is your want of facts and what you have is a dressed fiction. For instance, when I showed your letter to a friend he burst into a fit of laughter when he came to that portion of it in which the cock-and-bull story, which has been made a capital of debased humor, of the Hindu gentleman and his wife travelling in a railway carriage. We have heard similar romantic stories of Yankee life which are no doubt highly tinged with every possible falsehood. But we don't believe in them. We reserve them for fun or domestic chat when we are grown weary of all talk. I could have matched this ridiculously fabricated tale with several others in popular cant, which may be styled "the current coins" of buffoonery. For instance, haven't you heard of the stereotyped exclamation of an Englishman whose inherent reserve and shyness stood in his way of saving a fellow creature from a watery grave, though quite in his power, "Oh! that I had been introduced to him." If you believe in such stories I have no objection to your giving credence to kindred stories. There are people who resort to such crafty subterfuges to condemn a flaw in a neighbor and to swell it into a heinous crime. The simple fact possibly was that the wife was veiled as your nuns usually are. And if veils be transformed into sacks, what wonder then that a mountain can be made of a mole hill. However, we needn't rind the lemon to make it sour when we can easily understand each other. It is easy for a heated imagination to raise a tempest in a tea-pot, but there are few discerning people who can fitly throw oil into the troubled waters. The Hindus are not so cruel as to put their wives in sacks; this sort of cruel punishment we would not even give to our criminals. The fact is that the bashful lady was under veil. As the missionary gentleman's recital was very unreliable, I refrain from making any comments on it.

I would not like to venture on any person's remark. But I possibly guess who this "returned missionary" is. Perhaps it is your celebrated Boston Monday lecturer, whose short stay in India and his acquaintance with the superficial life of its people, if interpreted into an insight into the inner life of our countrymen, would mean only a degree of self-sufficiency which can only be excused in a foreigner. Of course, men like your Dr. Thobourn, Dr. Dall, can claim a hearing from us who have seen enough of us to be in our confidence. I would have quoted a recent speech of the latter clergyman, who has done real honor to his order, in which he distinctively points out the difference between the ideals of an Indian and a Western civilized life to consist in what he observes, the former wanting in energy, the latter in simplicity. The one is spiritually constituted and aims at what in Homeric language we would call *dulcet inane*; the latter making temporal bliss to be the all and end-

all of existence is carried away by ceaseless activity, a frenzied hankering after independence. Be it not understood that we declaim independence. Freedom is sweet after restraint, else it has no healthy effect. I may add that my remarks are not directed to anybody, but they are tendered for just consideration, and I may observe like Shakespeare's fool:

"Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him; if it do him right
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies
Unclaimed of any man."

One of my American friends, for whom I have much regard and respect, wrote to me a few days ago, "As a rule, Americans have been taught by missionaries that Indian women are slaves with no rights. You ought to set it right by *exact facts rather than by simple denial.*"

Returned missionaries are doing any thing but harm to our country by their false recitals of our women, religion, literature, science, arts, etc. To write exact facts would be a heavy task for me, and they will occupy several volumes. I only give you some facts which although they would be too long for your paper, still I request you not to curtail it or expunge any portion of it. As the subject itself is of a grave nature, I ask you and your numerous readers who are educated and refined to ponder over it.

In days gone by, when our country was uncontaminated by foreign contact, the females enjoyed liberty and moved in society. They attended meetings, *sawas*, jubilees, theatres, funeral processions, hunting and shooting excursions. They lived in camp while battle was raging high, and sometimes appeared in the battle-field and fought and won battles. They rode on horses and elephants and drove in cars. They sat on the thrones when the male issue was extinct. They were brought up to admire valor and despise cowardice. Like Spartan mothers Khatrya ladies could exclaim at parting for the battle-field, "either with it or on it." If they shamefully retreated they were ignominiously dealt with. We meet with abundant proofs of our women not having been debarred from society or being doomed to seclusion.

Our women were very educated and refined in their tastes. They were nurtured in spiritualism, not in materialism, as the women of the present generation in the civilized countries are. *Kunti*, the mother of the *Pandavas*, was a highly educated lady. She said men can raise themselves by good character more than by wealth or learning. Her sentiments on human suffering were noble.

Drwapadi received instructions from a teacher while she was an infant on the lap of her mother. She was afterwards practiced in inspirational compositions, fine arts and military science. After she was married she was intensely occupied. She looked after cow and sheep herds. She was in charge of the treasury and regulated the expenditures. She inculcated that no one obtained *Mukti*, or salvation, except through a thorough unselfishness or doing good without the expectation of a return in any shape.

In ancient days the Hindus had been contemplative and

religious. It was then the duty of every husband to make his wife recite the hymns once in the morning, once at noon and once in the evening. The hymns may have been extemporized or composed. This discipline was encouraged by the *Rig Veda*. In that period women were permitted to be invested with the sacred thread to teach the *Vedas* and study the *Gyatri*. We thus see that women not only studied, but taught, the *Vedas*, and in this respect they claimed equality with male preceptors. They not only received instruction from their fathers and husbands, but also from preceptors. There was no seclusion of the females during the Vedic period. They used to go out adorned for festivals or mingle in the midnight foray. There were social meetings of a learned and literary character, and Hindu ladies attended them. The *Mahavira Charita* says: "The great sages who have been invited to the sacrifice are assembling with their wives and sons from all quarters." Again, Janaka's brother, with his two daughters, comes to the hermitage of Viswamitra, on the borders of Kansila. "The Rishis are come with their wives."

It is not long ago that our great and learned Lord Saukracharya, while he went round the whole country to establish *Atheism*, or science of religion, and crush the atheistic Buddhism, he had to come in contact with a most learned Brahmin, named Mandan Misra, in the North. These two pundits (learned men) decided that Pundita Avay Bharate, wife of Maudan Misra, who was educated in four *Vedas*, Kalpa, Grammar, Nirukta, Chanda, Astronomy, Astrology, six philosophies, and in all prose and poetry should sit as an umpire. When Mandan Misra was defeated at Ssbankara, Ubai Bharate argued with Shankara and first frustrated him, but at last he gained his ground.

In *quondam* ages there was no "early marriages or enforced widowhood," the females had the privilege of *swambara*, or self-bestowal, and selected their husbands of themselves. In the description of Ayodhia after Rama's banishment, Valmiki thus laments:

"In kingless realms behold
Young maidens clothed with gems of gold,
Flock to the gardens, blithe and gay.
To spend their evening hours in play;
No lover on the flying car
Rides with his love to the woods afar."

(To be Continued.)

THE "social purity" movement, founded on the revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is steadily gaining strength in England. It is now headed by the Methodist Church as an organization. The cause is warmly advocated by all the organs and preachers of the denomination. Meetings are organizing to make the public acquainted with the new developments of scandal in high places and to inaugurate a general system of boycotting tradesmen and commercial houses managed by men of reputed sexual immorality. Several of the great West End shops, wherein swarms of young girls are hired at the most meager wages, have been denounced by name in these public Methodist meetings as places of ruin for young men and women, and ladies have been warned to avoid them. Letters have been read accusing London journalists of general immorality. The

Methodist Times even goes so far as to explain the "conspiracy of silence" maintained by the majority of the London newspapers against the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and their attack upon Mr. Stead for making his revelations by alleging that an appalling state of the vice exposed by Mr. Stead exists in the press circles of London. This paper prays that God may raise up some mighty journalistic Hercules "to cleanse the Augean stables of journalism."

The Berlin scandal is much discussed in all the purity meetings. The name of the man implicated is Prof. Graef. He is a member of the Berlin Academy of Arts, is sixty-four years of age, a Senator, has long been celebrated for his paintings, and is the author of the picture known as the "Nymph Bathing." He was accused last spring by the mother of his model for the figure of the nymph in that picture of having corrupted both the model and her fourteen-year-old sister. The accusation led to the Professor's arrest on the 24th of March last. The details of the charge were so horrible that a secret inquiry was had, and the result of this has been the conviction of the prisoner and the publication of the scandal. The defense was that the mother of the girls had sold their bodies to the Professor; that she had compelled him during the period of his relations with the girls to pay her, in all, the sum of sixty-three thousand marks, and that her prosecution was instigated by his refusal to be further blackmailed.—*Washington Sunday Herald*.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1885.

MY DEAR DR. WINSLOW: I do trust the recent revelations will wake women up to the importance of sharing the responsibilities of government. It is impossible to me to understand the wide-spread indifference of our sex to public questions. I have been lately impressed with the perfectly awful apathy of many women with regard to social matters; outside the home circle large numbers will not and cannot be got to raise a finger. It is so disheartening, because it seems to justify, somewhat, the present position of women. When these thoughts will intrude, realize to yourself how thankfully I think of you; how proud I feel to know that—and yet a woman has taken up the matter, which most of all effects universal well-being, from the very roots. The Stead prosecution has ended as far as the first stage of the farce has been played. It is humiliating to feel how constantly the governing powers side with the existing state of things, however bad they may be, to hinder the uprising for righteousness in each succeeding generation. Week by week, I might almost say day by day, proof comes to hand of wide-spread and almost universal (at least universal in so far that all classes are concerned) corruption. Yet our rulers can find nothing better to do than to spend time and money over a bogus case of abduction. However, great sympathy has been shown for our noble friend and helper, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I tried to get a morning edition of his defense, which the magistrate ruled out of order and would not allow to be read in court, to send to you, but none were to be had. I hope another

edition will be published. I imagine Smith (W. H.), M. P., who has the monopoly of the railway bookstalls, allowed the whole of the series of papers containing the prosecution case to be sold at the stalls, but when the noble word of Mr. Stead for the defense appeared, he stopped the sale of the paper. Is it not too childishly mean and stupid? As if the truth could be hidden and falsehood made to prevail. Still right can be made difficult and wrong can be made easy. Yours, very sincerely,
K. M.

A TERRIBLE WARNING.

The German spelling for "beer" is "bier." The English equivalent for "bier" is "coffin." The step from beer to the grave is very short. For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medical quality which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits diminish circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke an acute disease ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.—*Scientific American.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 22d, 1885.

DEAR DOCTOR: In the cause of humanity, I thank you sincerely for having sent me, without waiting, the papers and books I requested. Later on I hope to become better acquainted with your branch of work in the Lord's vineyard, and, if in Washington, hope to make your personal acquaintance. We are indeed in the alpha of a new day, and signal redemption is the hope. The promise that the "Light of the sun shall be sevenfold," and the "Light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun" is at hand. If we look down merely at the present condition of the race, steeped in ignorance we grow discouraged; but there are such mighty signs in the earth, we are enabled to both "hope and patiently wait" for "our redemption truly draweth near." God bless you and cause you to abound in wisdom, His wisdom, that through you "Truth may be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." Your sister, in the blessed hope,
M. H.

RED WING, MINN., Oct. 8, 1885.

DEAR DR. WINSLOW: Inclosed please find one dollar and continue my name on your subscription list for another year. I think THE ALPHA a most readable paper and wish it could be read by every woman in the land. Yours for truth and temperance,
Mrs. E. S. W.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., Oct. 15, 1882.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: Thanks for your kind letter and the package of ALPHAS; have sent them all off; so much of the last number is so very good; in fact all is of the best. On reading the sentiment expressed, one feels anew that the day of deliverance must be near at hand. Dr. Alice Stockham's suggestion is a good one, and I hope for a good delegation and good results. Dr. Alice did not come to Riverside I am sorry to say, so I did not meet her; but I have just received a letter from her asking my attendance with you at the convention. Much as I should enjoy to be with the jewels of this earth, and feel the unity of their divine purpose. I must be content to be there only in spirit. I always was one of those who could do only so much physically, and now that I am, by age, obliged to conserve my energies, it would be too great a task to take such a long journey; it being in the winter would be an additional burden. I should miss my home climate. I shall be only too glad to write some, however, as you request. I am very glad that a proposition has been made, and feel that the call will meet a hearty response, and an organization be formed from the other woman organizations for the sole purpose of moral reform. We have the example of the W. C. T. U. organization and know the good results, so that we need not hesitate. Organization effects public sentiment, which is more powerful than law. Law becomes a dead letter when public sentiment wills it, so that to organize and work is the most effectual means of making a change. Good men are just as powerless as we are to do anything, hence the ballot does not help them, neither would it help us at the present as much as organization for a special purpose—the purpose of elevating the standard of public morals. This must be woman's work; it has been left long enough to know that it will never be any better till women come forward. "The woman Thou gavest to be with me, gave to me and I did eat" has been the story, and now the time has come when he can say I have misinterpreted and abused that which was sacred, and the law of heredity falls heavily. 'Tis enough. I have faith that if woman is true to her maternity and works to that end, she will win back the fallen Eden of happiness; but in the meantime she must bind her sheaves with her own hands and reach forth to rescue the apple unflinchingly. To explain the term "binding sheaves," I must tax your patience a little to listen to a dream. The night I got Dr. Alice's letter, I lay thinking most of the night as to methods, and as I dropped off to sleep, I dreamed that word came in haste that a field was ready to harvest; that everybody was wanted, women and all. I thought to myself that they did not expect me, as I could not be of much account. Still, for some reason, I found myself suitably dressed, and on my way, dancing down a hill to the field. Many had been working but had gone to their dinners, a few were there remarking on what had been done. I said nothing, but felt a surprise and discomfiture at so much reaping done without it being bound into sheaves, securing it from the blasts of the wind that was turning it in disorder. The lesson comes to me, that we must bind our sheaves with our own hands. The great need is strong, willing hands to do it. You say that "the work is the Lord's work." Very true; but you know as well as I do, that the Lord cannot work here on material things except through human agency. When the simple truth is realized and felt in the heart the work is truly commenced. We hope and pray that this moral work is already begun. It may need the wisdom of better minds than mine to guide and direct for the best, but it seems to me that the perception of truth and a devotion to it, is the greatest need. The spirit of truth pervading every movement, made so apparent that it cannot help but send conviction to every thinking mind and sincere heart. The union of women must be unanimous and their object of organization to prepare public sentiment for legislation, such as the future may determine. The subject is a very knotty one, but I hope our strongest and best feminine minds will feel the necessity for concentration of effort, and be equal to the demands of providence. "Where there is a will there is a way." I am pleased and thankful that you see some prospect of going out to lecture and, of course, organize societies. I shall be delighted to have you at my home when you get to Riverside. Faithfully and lovingly yours,
D. S. H.

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