

The Alpha.

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

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

VOL. XI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 1, 1885.

NO. 4.

"WHAT WE HAVE TO DO."

ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.

(Continued.)

If knowledge is power it is also responsibility. To him that knoweth to do right and doeth it not, to him it is sin. May not an instinctive feeling of the vital force possessed by knowledge to bring about changes that the shortsighted fear, have had something to do with the opposition that has been made to education, by narrow-hearted and selfish men, at the various stages of race emancipation. In slave-owning States, both in the ancient and in the modern world, the instruction of slaves has always been discouraged, if we except the small number of Greek slaves who were taught to enhance their value as articles of commerce, or to enable them to teach their master's children. Education for the working classes has been hindered by country squires, and by the clergy up to a very recent date, and is still decried by too many people who have no better excuse for their ungenerous action than a despicable class jealousy which they would be ashamed to own. The advantages of a sound education, advantages which are necessities, in the crowded condition of the unskilled labor market, are still denied at the present day to women over the greater part of Europe. Yet in spite of these retarding influences enough knowledge has permeated the masses, and sunk into women's hearts, to justify those wiseacres who prophesied that general enlightenment would do away with the good old times, which those who know the most of history are the least anxious to see restored. The past can never be recalled; the present, rich in the experience of by-gone errors, is in a transitionary stage; the future belongs to woman. What she makes it, it will be; for good or evil it is in her hands. Fortunately action, guided by right motives, is always health-giving, always profitable to the growth of the moral and intellectual nature of the actor, so women may congratulate themselves that just now we are in a stage of the world's progress when action is demanded, and imperatively demanded of us. We can believe that there have been periods in the world's history when women must have consoled themselves for their enforced inactivity with the poet's thought "They also serve who only stand and wait." But of us such waiting will not be demanded, such service will not be accepted. Action, and no half-hearted action either, is the order of the day now. We have come into possession of certain truths that insist in getting themselves recognized, whether we like it or not. Facts are stub-

born things, says the old proverb, and we are compelled to face facts to-day. Mr. Clyatt, who has not missed a session at the old Bailey during the past forty years, and rarely missed a single day, and who has therefore some right to be considered an authority on the cause of crime, declares that intemperance was in numberless cases largely responsible for the appearance of the accused in the dock; but he declared his conviction that in a great many cases poverty was the real cause. "The crimes arising from jealousy, revenge, and hopes of plunder," he observed, "can never be eradicated, but all other crimes may be eradicated by an amelioration of the condition of the people." With such truths forcing themselves upon us at every turn, the redistribution of wealth, the equitable division of the earnings of every grade of wealth-producer, becomes a question of vital importance, not only to society in its corporate capacity, but to each individual member who would not feel that he, in his limited sphere, is an active agent in a wholesale criminal factory. Do we realize what a criminal factory really is? Can we picture to ourselves the processes employed, the long hours of labor, the hurried meals, the heated atmosphere, the strictly business relations between master and man, relations that double the weariness of toil by robbing it of all friendly feeling, and neglecting the human element in the human machine? Can we, in imagination, follow the tired slave of nineteenth century civilization home to the dark and airless tenement room, where sickly wife or sickly child awaits him, sickly of necessity, since the laws of health are not suspended because Mammon-worship has taken the place that Christ assigned to humanity—can we fail to see how easy we are making the devil's task? We understand the processes employed in this criminal factory well enough. Do we like the finished article? Do we see that the man who stands in the dock charged, may be with beating his wife, or robbing his employer, is not the ugliest product of the factory? Behind him stands, invisible only to mortal eye, the employer, who has ground the face of the poor, and the fair young daughter who has demanded ball dresses and costly furs at the price of fellow-creatures' lives. The ruined lives of the poor are revenged by the ruined hearts, the deadened consciences of the rich. Do we like the tone of society nowadays? Do we read with pleasure the accounts of the sumptuous banquets of the wealthy, of the magnificent trousseaux of fashionable brides, standing side by side, as they so often do, with brief paragraphs relating that yet another "death by starvation" has come to pass in some obscure garret or cellar. We can-

not have hardness of heart, and contempt of divine commandments in one department of life and high chivalrous feeling in another. The man who is indifferent to his duties as an employer, that is to say, indifferent to his responsibilities as a citizen, will not be very scrupulous as a husband and father. It may be said that many a man with the character for too much shrewdness, or as it is euphoniously termed, "a sharp man of business," is a kind husband and an indulgent father, and it may be true as far as the outsider can judge—there is many a wife sinking into an untimely grave through the unceasing demands of a husband whom the world calls "indulgent"—there is many a child lingering out a painful existence, whose presence here is a constant, though silent, condemnation to the authors of its being; but of this we may rest assured the same man no more brings forth considerate and inconsiderate actions than the same tree brings forth sweet and bitter fruits. The woman who, regardless of the fact that upon her health the health, happiness, and the well-being of hundreds of far distant descendants may depend, squeezes her waist, deforms her feet, and exposes her throat and lungs to the changes of the atmosphere, unprotected by warm coverings, will not prove a valuable partner for the long and trying life-journey. If we smilingly consent to the careless disregard of the great facts of life in one plain we must not expect that they will be regarded in others where we would have them scrupulously obeyed. Where people sin from ignorance there is always the hope that with knowledge will come reformation, but when ignorance cannot be pleaded as an excuse, then the whole social structure must suffer, unless a better state of things be brought about. Let us not lose sight for a single day that we who by vanity or thoughtlessness, help to perpetuate the customs that make wide the gap between rich and poor, that we are active servants in the great criminal factory that turns out its thousands of deadened souls year by year, while churches multiply and subscription lists flourish.

O! that women could be made to see the evil that is wrought by the false ideas of society to-day! O! that the useless accomplishments about which so many valuable years are wasted could give place to earnest study of social problems, upon the right solution of which the future, nay the very existence, of the English-speaking race depends; then would women see that the teachings of Christ are repeated in other, though not less certain tones, by such men as Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, then would they see that the good of each is bound up in the good of all, that it is no mere figure of speech, but a solemn truth, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." For we know that waste means want, we know that while some have too much others have too little. We know that women are largely responsible for much of the waste that is going on at this minute in thousands of English and American homes. And I am not referring to mere waste of material, though that is sad enough, I refer to waste of time, waste of influence, waste of health by sloth and self-indulgence, waste of power by inexcusable ignorance, waste mental, moral and spiritual, brought by want of thought, want of a high and noble aim in life, and want of steady well-directed effort. A friendly re-

viewer once said he thought I hardly did justice to the beauty of the monogamic home, and I feel that I now am laying myself open to the charge of undervaluing the beneficent influence of women; the truth is that I hold a woman's power for good in such high esteem that I mourn that a single wife, mother or daughter can be found who is giving less than her best to the cause of progress, and that I hold nothing done while aught remains to do. What depth of degradation comes to any department of social life, where from custom or false modesty, the influence of women has been for long periods withdrawn, we have lately been roughly called to realize, through the revelations of the noble editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and it is the conviction of the power of the mother-element to effect changes for good, at present undreamed of, that the thought of the many unused lives, the many wasted powers of fashion's daughters, makes me apparently ignore the quiet but invaluable work that is being accomplished by a small but faithful band of women workers. But that the majority of us are constantly employed in the criminal factory, are constantly decked in the garments, which I truly believe in a more humane and enlightened age would be regarded as garments of shame, testifying to a hardness of heart, that we assemble to worship the God of the hungry and naked in ways that ignore His teachings, who can deny? But we care for the love and praise of men—in this lies the promise of the future—for soon men will recognize that the splendor that is only compatible with careless indifference or culpable ignorance is neither admirable nor praiseworthy; then new ideals must arise, and men will strive, not to have, and to show they have, worldly wealth, but to be, and to prove they are, lovers of humanity. What power lies in the simple words "we know;" how gladly would we substitute for them the doubtful words "we think." With doubt comes choice, with certainty comes responsibility. We would rather after the good, or ought I not rather to say the bad, old fashion, shoulder our responsibilities on to Providence, than carry them ourselves; but nature has been too cunning for us; *we know* we are answerable for the crimes of great cities, and for the dull brutality of small ones. *We know* certain causes produce certain effects; we know that the causes of the effects about which we are wont to make such pious lamentations, are removable at pleasure, and soon our children will know it too, and convict us of hypocrisy. When this knowledge becomes sufficiently diffused it must be translated into action; this is inevitable from the very inherent nature of things. Man's whole being is bound up with his fellow-man and when each can read condemnation in the eyes of his brother for those things for which he now gets consideration and deference, the farce will be played out. Poverty and crime must always be more or less intimately associated where the conditions are those of modern civilization. The hardy peasantry, "their country's pride," have given place to the stunted and diseased denizen of the stifling court and dirty alley, to the pale and feverish dweller of the crowded tenement. "Nature herself," says Mill, "forbids that you should make a wise, virtuous people out of a starving one. Men must be happy in themselves before they rejoice in the happiness of others, they must have a certain

vigor of mind before they can, in the midst of habitual suffering, resist a presented pleasure, their own lives and means of well-being must be worth something before they can value, so as to respect, the life and well-being of any other person. This or that *individual* may be an extraordinary individual, and exhibit mental excellence in the midst of wretchedness, but a wretched and excellent people never yet has been seen on the face of the earth." Wretchedness may seem such a strong term that it may be said the wretched are in a very small minority among us; but wretchedness is of many kinds, and it is not only the man who is physically wretched of whom it may be affirmed that the highest, or even a high standard of virtue cannot be expected, but also the man who is mentally or morally impoverished. We must admit that when wretchedness is considered in this wider and fuller sense, the minority comes very near to swelling into a majority. How many happy people do we know? Has not "making the best of it" come to be the chronic state of thousands of men and women who, if removable causes of misery were left out of account, ought to be enjoying thoroughly happy lives? How dull and heartless an affair is social "pleasure." Fashionable amusements are a mere killing of time; and if this truly represents the case of the wealthy, how much worse is the case of the poor. How constantly gluttony stands, in all classes, for recreation; the chief difference being that the gluttony of the rich shows itself in the consumption of solids, while that of the poor prefers its gratification in liquids.

If this gives a picture of the play of a large majority of our contemporaries, have we a much better account to give of the work. How feverish and unhealthy is the daily life; how eager the pursuit of wealth which, when won, brings so little pleasure, so little of real worth in its train. How unsatisfying are the aims for the attainment of which we strive. How short the time spent upon those objects that go to perfect life, upon those things that make man nobler, better, happier. Even our philanthropy seems to be tainted with the fatal error and untold efforts are made to raise the fallen out of the gutter, and to scrape him clean, when an outstretched finger would have spared the catastrophe. Half the trouble and expense that are every day spent about the amelioration of the condition of the poor and the unfortunate are wasted, because given at the wrong time. Evils that should never have been allowed to arise are fought with, and for the most part, vainly, because the corresponding good was neglected when its establishment would have been comparatively easy. Take drunkenness, for example, how herculean the task of overcoming its effects, of staying its deadly progress; with what ease could the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks to minors, and the public condemnation of the consumption of alcohol by pregnant women have been enforced. How disheartening is the spectacle of aged paupers, and of idle, dissolute youth, of crowded penitentiaries, hospitals and prisons, yet how seldom are any efforts made to instill industry, thrift, self-control, or self-knowledge into the children of the nations.

Why is this? Chiefly because of false social aims. The young and promising intellects of the world occupy

themselves with those things which will yield them the largest share of public approbation in the future. It is not the possession of this or that cherished object that spurs them on to constantly renewed efforts, it is the hope of standing well with their fellow-men. Let public opinion demand scalps, and the horrid offering will be made; let public opinion measure success by the number of dinners given and partaken, and the high noble race for the means of giving dinners and of obtaining guests will be run, though it entail the sacrifice of duty to God, human pity, and personal happiness, aye, though it entail the denial of the ties of kindred, the denial of affection, of gratitude, and personal inclination. Let the demand be for services that will lighten human suffering, or what is better, for services that will prevent human suffering, and the ranks of the money-getters will be thinned, while ardent souls will respond to the call for worthy work as joyfully as opening buds to the genial warmth of spring.

For we must notice this call for service will take man along the line for which nature has fitted him; he will follow the line of least resistance, and in following this he will get happiness. How often when on the trail, scalp-hunting, or when on change, fortune hunting, is he paralyzed by the voice of reason asking, "What is the use?" How many thousands go on day by day, in the dull, weary round, kept to the treadmill by objects they despise and for the attainment of which they scarcely care. How different is the labor of him who is working for that in which his soul is bound up; how eagerly he overcomes difficulties; how steadily he pursues his course. Each day he goes to his labor as to a holiday, full of hope, full of joyous anticipations. Think of the light-hearted Pestalozzi battling with difficulties that would have beaten down, and baffled a hundred times, one working some small personal object, uncheered by the sympathy or encouragement of his fellow-men, but rather sneered at as an enthusiast; think of Froebel, Wilderspin, think of any noble pioneers along the paths of progress, and imagine what their lives might have been. If instead of meeting with ridicule, loving sympathy and substantial reward had been added to that inner-consciousness of well-spent effort, which even in adverse circumstances made their frame of mind one which most of us might well envy, and you see a picture of blessedness that gives a foretaste of heaven. What then can we do that is better worth the doing than strive by every means in our power to bring about that change in social ideals which shall set men free from a drudgery, condemned alike by heart and head, and enlist them in the service of their fellows, where waves of hope and deep well-grounded faith shall lighten toil and make success a blessing at once to the individual and humanity. If the mission of women is the amelioration of the lot of man, as Comte taught, she can begin it in no better way than by teaching him to work aright. No other path promises so surely to bring her to the wished-for goal; work must always claim the largest portion of man's time; how essential then is it that it should be such as it conduces to his highest good. Now I contend that no work that does not further the best interests of the race, can con-

duce to the highest good of the individual, because there is an instinctive perception of his true destiny in the heart of man that prevents any less noble object yielding that full satisfaction that the spirit craves. Now when the work of the world is undertaken with a direct reference to the promotion of human happiness we may be sure that the training of youth, and the guiding of adults will be reckoned the most honorable, as it is the most important of social functions. But that woman may be able to fulfill her high calling of moral teacher, she must be prepared to sacrifice all lighter aims; she must be prepared to withstand the false ideals of the present, she must prepare herself, to make pleasant the road along which she would have men walk; she must never forget that the great law of force flowing in the direction of least resistance holds good, and may always be reckoned upon as a sure ally, in the human, as in the physical world; it will be her infallible guide to action. The way she would have man go she must make pleasant for him, she must at once win him and urge him on the desired path, the way she would have him abandon she must set with briars and he will not then enter. Let her only arise, shake off her slothful indifference and claim her kingdom, proving her right to reign, by her power to enforce obedience, with smiles and loving greatness of soul that leaves no class, no creature, without the circle of her care; then may the memory of the great Criminal Factory, where woman joins with man in working at the destruction of human souls to-day be blotted out; and man may awake to find a new heaven and a new earth.

TALKS TO WOMEN.

CONCERNING LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

MRS. F. A. BINGHAM.

I told you, girls, if you were as anxious to secure fathers for your children as husbands for yourselves, that you would not be wronging the next generation, as you inevitably do by selecting men of such poor pattern and quality as the most of you do and will continue to do, I suppose, until you become more enlightened.

As to being "taken care of," I have never known a woman who earned her own living to marry a common workman, or an uncommon one either, who got better clothes or more of them, who did not work more hours for less money, and who was in any respect "supported" any better, and generally not half as well as she could do it herself.

I have seen scores of young women knowingly marry men addicted to profanity, beer and tobacco, though possibly as good as the average. I know these young women are pure and honest in their intentions, and when the innocent lips of babyhood become theirs to possess, they do not dream of the battle it will be to keep those lips free from the taint that they already feel is poisoning their own lives. For let me tell you any one of those miserable vices I have named is enough to embitter every sweet of existence to a tender and sensitive woman. Mark this, girls, the man who makes a habit

of promiscuously damning everything about him, invariably ends by damning himself and children, too, unless the mother has something preservative in her own character.

I knew a woman once whose husband was a big, burly man, and correspondingly big and burly in his language. It was exceedingly disgusting to me, but if she liked it and him, I certainly had no reason to complain; but one day the veil was lifted, and I learned how sore a woman's heart can grow under the infliction of coarse and profane language, even if not always aimed at her.

She came to call upon me with a mutual friend, a man of the finest, most feminine type. He had a voice as soft as a woman's, and in riding he sat composedly on the back seat, with his hands demurely folded, while she tucked the lap-robe about him, and drove and managed the horse.

I was quite amused, especially contrasting in my mind, our guest with the "man of her choice," and I said to her aside, "Isn't he the most womanish man you ever saw?"

Perhaps she saw a little concealed contempt in my allusion, for she hastily exclaimed, "O I feel as if I could throw my arms about such a man and always love and revere him. If you had heard, and were compelled to hear every day, the swearing and blustering that I do, you would long for such a contrast. I never thought how wearing and hateful it would become until I was married."

And when one reflects that in the homely phrase, "like father like child," and how careful any good mother is to keep her child from the taint of any moral poison, still more apparent becomes the necessity of selecting fathers of a "pure language."

I know a woman, a church-going Christian, the mother of a little girl and boy, aged five and three; and she has to repeatedly whip those children for repeating the fearful oaths with which the father ornaments his daily conversation; and I suppose he would resent it if he were styled an unkind parent.

Suppose that every young woman should resolve that no man having any of the vices that I have named, should ever call her wife, or touch her lips with the scared kiss of marriage.

I imagine I hear a chorus respond, "I guess there would be a large harvest of old maids!"

I recall a conversation I once held with an Irish girl, who told me incidentally that she was soon to be married. She had one of the most beautiful faces that I ever saw, and was as sweet in disposition as fair of feature and complexion.

"Well, Norah," said I, "since you will marry, I hope you will do well, and get some one as good as yourself."

"Why," she replied, the roses in her fair round cheeks growing a tinge redder, "Ted drinks and smokes some, which I suppose you'll call wicked; but you can scarce find an Irishman that don't."

"No," I sadly said, "nor an American either; but why must you marry at all, Norah? you are too young anyway."

"Why," said she, somewhat surprised, "all the girls does with us, or goes to the convent, and I can't just

make up my mind to that. Would you have me be an old maid?" she asked smiling.

And that was all the reason an innocent girl could offer for giving herself to an embrace polluted with whisky and tobacco, things against which she naturally revolted.

I believe the term "old maid" has made more wretched marriages than alcohol. Why is it that a woman can bear the odium that attaches itself to the drunkard's wife, the divorced wife, the miserable wife, of any shade, the half starved, the half clothed wife, the flogged and trampled wife even, with the greatest composure than the independent, dignified life of "old maid," is one of the things nobody can find out; but I do know it has been used by scheming, wily man to drive timid women into helpless matrimony since the days of Cain and Abel. I imagine, however, that this appellation is losing some of its old reproach and terror in these last days with Frances Willard, Louisa M. Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and even the mistress of the White House wearing it so gracefully.

Many a woman who singly might have led a beautiful and useful life has sunk her existence in that of some man, with whose aims and pleasures she could no more sympathize than a lark with an owl. She finds when too late that her companion for life is one whose range of conversation and thought is never elevating as that of a thoughtful, generous, earnest man invariably is, and that to make any advance spiritually or intellectually she has got to go alone, just as if she was unmarried, and with ten times more load to carry. God pity those who in this dreary lot have not learned that there is One who is more than husband or lover, of the best sort can ever be.

That women are in this present hour making more rapid development intellectually than men, the best observers concede, and that there is corresponding hostility to the slipshod condition which society calls marriage, is also true.

I do not believe in divorces, but there are contingencies where they may be the better of two evils.

When marriages are for the purpose of building a home consecrated to love and for the production of a thoroughbred human species, divorces will go out of fashion.

When women cease to be content with men who ask of them only the gratification of their animal wants at the least expense of money and trouble, contingencies which seem to warrant divorces will not arise.

No child brought into the world without the cordial consent of both parties to its existence carries with it the proper passport to success or happiness. This constant breeding of children by parents, actuated solely by human passion, is furnishing a harvest that reform schools, jails, insane asylums, and penitentiaries garner within their terrible walls, to say nothing of those who with their own hand blot out the life that was unwelcome from its conception.

Where men are gross and women are timid and yielding you have a combination fit to mar or ruin any nobility in the offspring such a union begets.

Sisters, married or single, the man who is not suffi-

ciently self-controlled to protect you from your fears, and give his offspring all the chance that lies in his power, to inherit tendencies generous and courageous, is not fit to be either husband or father.

Said a mother to me not long since, "I am glad I have one child who was not born under the shadow of fear. She came about a year after I was married, before I had learned to fear and dread the bearing and rearing of a family, and she shows it in every act of her frank, fearless, truthful life."

How much of wisdom is there for you, mothers, present and prospective, in the confession of that woman.

My heart rises up in rebellion every day as I see humanity debased and nature thwarted by the weakness of woman in this matter.

I believe that if the regeneration of the race is in the purpose of God (and I never doubt it) that a better generation must become an accomplished fact by woman's clothing herself with complete power over her own person.

Again fashion and ill-health are too potent agencies that make a woman feel the burden to be intolerable of begetting and bringing up children, and I say emphatically that a mother has no right to be subject to either.

Cease to be satisfied with the common man, ask that he shall come with you up to a better, higher life, and he will come.

Cease to marry for the paltry idea of having something to lean on, or for the sake of having Mrs. added to your name.

Put your loving arms about the man you have promised to love, to help him become pure, wise, and learned in the best love—that of unselfishness; help to beget and cherish within him nobler aspirations and more earnest purpose than any other one has ever shown him. Do not try to make him feel that a well-kept house and a good dinner are the acme of a woman's capabilities. Comfortable as they are there are other things of more consequence.

I have known women, who, excelling in these matters alone (and perhaps painfully realizing it), would jealously belittle other women in their husband's eyes, who aspired to somewhat wider sphere.

Do you know any such?

With thoughts still multiplying indefinitely I must close. I have not talked half as strongly as the subject warrants.

It is not because I believe that marriage does not hold more possibilities for development and happiness than a single life, that I have written as I have, but because it is regarded and entered into with such a lack of earnestness. It is because even with girls and women it is mentioned with filthy jesting and vile innuendoes.

It is because I see the purity and odor of the orange blossoms continually being displaced by the stains and fumes of beer and tobacco, and their curse resting upon our children, "even to the third and fourth generation."

It is because disappointment and insufficiency follow the close of almost every marriage ceremony, and

wedding bells mean no more than "sounding brass," that I write as I have.

A higher marriage is due to the world; it must shake off the old form and put on emblems of a regenerated sacrament.—*The Naugatuck Review*.

"IT WOULD HINDER THE BIRTH OF CHILDREN."

Was the objection urged against THE ALPHA by a pious mother of a large family of grown children. This is probably the first thing seen by every woman to whom its teachings are new. Some welcome it warmly on that account, while those who have been taught to look upon "increase and multiply" as cardinal doctrine, fear it is a wicked and dangerous publication, because it would hinder the birth of children.

Would it hinder the birth of children? What are the facts which warranted the pious mother referred to in coming to such a decision? She doubtless reflected upon the great numbers of young girls that look forward to marriage as a necessary evil just because of this dreaded family raising. To them the birth of children means giving up all the joys of freedom, society, study, music, art, and being "tied down," a slave to care, toil, privation and suffering. She had seen the attraction (or if not she, others have), which THE ALPHA possesses for marriageable young ladies, because its doctrines would prevent large families, and drew the conclusion that girls would continue of the same opinion after marriage, through life, if the compulsion, now causing motherhood, was removed.

She reflected upon expressions similar to the greeting given THE ALPHA by a young minister's wife with a babe in her arms. "Do you suppose a woman would want the second child if it was left to her to decide? I'm sure I wouldn't." The physical suffering; the "hard times"; nursing sore mouth; fretful babes; night watching, &c., &c. These would hinder the birth of children under ALPHA sanction; so thought the pious mother.

She reflected further upon certain statements in medical works and elsewhere to the effect that no man would assume the trouble, expense, responsibility, and other disagreeable burdens inseparable with bringing up a family were it not for the exquisite pleasure of sexual gratification. She reflected that men would not live ALPHA, not because they care two straws about hindering the birth of children, but because it would hinder the indulgence of animal appetite. This incentive taken away there would be no increase of the population. As another expressed it, "That is the way it ought to be, but while men are *men* I fear it never will be." "It is no use; you cannot get men to consent to live this life."

There is no question but that, taking society as we find it to-day, the pious mother's verdict is correct, and upon such a hopeless outlook she and hundreds of others drop this journal as too Utopian and impracticable—if not positively wrong—for any use. Admitting that the law, there should be continence except for procreation, would prevent the multiplication of the species, *what a disgraceful showing do we have here*. It is a humiliating confession that the present plane upon which the world is peopled is a low, animal, lustful, selfish,

libidinous plane. Nobody would have children if they could help it. Women would not have children if they were not forced to do so; men would not, unless well paid for it beforehand in sensuous pleasure. It is a plain acknowledgment that neither men nor women would do their duty. Unreasoning, unsanctified, beastly instinct is the motive of fatherhood; compulsion, helplessness, dislike, dread, hatred, attends motherhood. Women have children because they *cannot* help themselves; men do, because they *will not* help themselves.

Oh! THE ALPHA is a heart-searcher! It probes to the core. It finds out how much this talk about duty amounts to. Men have long delighted to tune unwilling wives up to the key of duty to increase and multiply, and now when this journal attempts to make man march to the same tune he does not step quite so lively. *Duty* sits beautifully on woman's shoulders, but it does not fit man at all. If it was anybody's duty to have children before these doctrines came along, the duty remains the same. If it was not, what were the motives which led to their birth?

What! Is it true, then, that no man has a desire for children, for the children's own sake? Has he no pride in human improvement? No love for appreciation by the nearest ties of kinship? Is it true that there is no yearning in woman's heart for the love and society of the dear little angels, prompting her to motherhood? Is there no conscience, no *ought to*, no right and wrong to guide in this matter? Is it, *per se*, a work of blind, thoughtless, fleshy instinct, not amenable to spiritual instinct, and mental choice and direction? If so, it is something to be ashamed of that lordly man is no higher than the brutes. If so, it is a good thing that we have THE ALPHA to show us up in our true light—it did not come one day too soon.

And to think that *Christians*, after nearly two thousand years of regenerative effort, could make such a plea! We should expect nothing better of heathen and men of the world, who, having lost spiritual intuitions and love of higher motives, through Adam's transgression, had nothing but bodily instinct to guide in procreation. But now, since *Chris'* has come to restore the supremacy of the spiritual over the animal, of reason over instinct, of consideration of the rights of others over selfish sense, we certainly have a right to look for better things and expect the church to procreate from highest motives—"Keeping the body under, bringing it into subjection."

But we believe that the reflections of that pious mother were narrow and one-sided, and did not embrace a full and careful consideration of ALPHA truths in all their bearings. Before it can be tested whether they will hinder the coming of children, the present conditions of society must be materially changed.

1. So that girls may feel certain they are not to be forced into maternity immediately after marriage, but are to be allowed to choose their own time when it shall take place. As Mrs. Duffey, in "Relation of the Sexes," says: "Can it not be that motherhood is forced upon women at too early an age, before they are prepared for its duties, feel equal to its responsibilities, or comprehend its compensations? A girl of twenty, with little knowledge of herself, and still less of the world, is about as

fit to be a mother as the doll with which she was playing a few years before. Have patience; when motherhood has developed within her, she will seek and take means to secure its outward manifestation. This enforced motherhood is the cruelest wrong which women sustain at the hands of men. It embitters their lives, and turns into a curse that which should have been a blessing. Allow the woman to wait until she *desires* motherhood before we require it of her."

2. So that wives may feel maternity is a safe and happy experience. Scatter the knowledge contained in "Tokology," that childbirth may be painless and unattended with risk, and that babies may be reared in health and without such fearful tax upon the mother's strength and comfort.

3. And, above all, so that boys may be rightly trained upon the relation of the sexes from the earliest dawn of inquiring curiosity. Society is now governed, not by a sexual standard worthy of *men*, but by *boyish* notions, picked up in the streets, and which they do not outgrow. A great many people think men are not capable of anything better: we may expect a chaste continence of women, but men are not fitted for it. "They pay for it, and they expect it," said a wife. Men themselves appear to think their happiness would be departed if the present system of marital indulgence was prohibited. "I do not like the primitive view of life," said one. Too flat and humdrum, this living for higher and better things, he meant.

The trouble is men were not brought up to it, that is all. Men *can* live and find truest happiness in the same ideal life of purity that women would be only too glad to adopt, if their partners would consent. Let mothers stop sending sons into the street to obtain sexual education, but take it into their own hands. They may teach them anything they please, and boys will believe it, if taken young enough. No subject has a more certain scientific basis of truth than the principles proclaimed by this little magazine. No mother need hesitate fearing her attempt will prove futile. "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." "Thy word is TRUTH." That the sexual organs should be used for procreation only is the truest of all truths, and shall prevail, but, like all other truths, it must be proclaimed.

Until these three changes have been made in society, viz.: 1, Put motherhood upon a foundation of reason instead of accident and instinct, and allow women to choose their own time; 2, Teach them the laws of safe and painless childbirth; 3, Require mothers to give young boys sexual training instead of sending them into the streets for it—until those methods have been thoroughly tested, we will not be frightened by the pious mother's foreboding that THE ALPHA would hinder the birth of children.

PRESBYTERIAN.

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE anniversary of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's seventieth birthday was observed in Washington by some of her friends at No. 1 Grant Place. Owing to sickness and death in the families of more than one of the officers it was thought we could not call a meeting. But *all* women owe to Mrs. Stanton's life-long labors such a measure of gratitude as not to allow the occasion to pass without some expression of appreciation. There were about twenty ladies gathered together, mostly without preparation.

Dr. Winslow explained the object of the meeting and why it was so hastily summoned owing to the disability of the officers of the association. This was the best we could do, and hoped it would be better than silence or seeming indifference, and all must contribute to make the evening enjoyable and profitable.

Miss Sheldon read a letter out of *The New Era*, written by Mrs. Stanton's daughter, Margaret L. Lawrence, descriptive of home life at Tenefly, and the throes of her mother and Miss Anthony, who are now in the last agonies of the completion of the third volume of "The History of Woman's Suffrage." It was graphic and spicy, and was well received by the ladies.

Mrs. De Long gave personal recollections, having been born in the same city and lived neighbors to Judge Cady. Remembered Mrs. S. as a young lady. She thought reformers as well as geniuses were born, not made. At the age of twelve Elizabeth discovered in her father's library some laws that worked injustice to women. Hoping to obliterate them she indignantly tore them out of her father's books, which called down a strong and well-merited reproof upon her head. When sixteen years old she determined to make an appeal to the New York Legislature for greater justice to women, to the consternation of her family. Overcoming all opposition she appeared before these law-makers with much self-possession and dignity, and sustained her plea with such strong and clear arguments, to the delight of her father and the astonishment of the legislators.

Dr. Winslow spoke of the improved condition of women everywhere through the efforts of this noble woman. A new era opened to the world at her birth. Seventy years ago there were but two or three avocations by which women could earn a support—housework, the needle, and giving primary instruction—all very poorly paid. Now all schools, professions, and employments are open to women. They are physicians, lawyers, ministers, merchants, editors, press correspondents, telegraphers, stenographers, carpenters, and farmers. In short, it is difficult to name a calling in which woman is not more or less distinguished. Mrs. Prof. Asaph Hall read this original poem:

TO MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, ON HER 70TH BIRTHDAY.

What shall we bring thee who hast reached the goal
Of seventy autumns, with their garnered store,
Who needest not our praise to excite to more;
Whose heaven-endowed and self-sustaining soul
Is like a star that through the heavens doth pour
And down from its far height its beams doth pour
Above our blame or praises loud encore;
Nor pauses when the year its measured dole
Completes of months and days, but with fresh might
Begins anew its journey round the sky;
So movest thou and so shines thy constant light,
So thou renewest thy dauntless energy.
Give thou to us, strong spirit, of thy dower,
Thy soul's keen insight and conquering power!

For thou dost see within thy realm so wide,
The impelling power of the eternal law
Of liberty against compulsion draw
Each to its place, where it may fast abide,
Where through the silence none may other chide,
And each fulfils, as first the heavens saw,
His willing service without break or flaw,
Within himself the law to prompt and guide.
Oh, few are they, not yet the Church nor State,
Nor yet philanthropist's nor poet's dream
Of liberty the image can create;
So like a god's is her majestic mien,
Spirit eternal and inviolate,
Yet her, methinks, thy vision clear hath seen.

Miss Wilbur brought reminiscences of Miss Anthony. They were fellow-townswomen and fellow-teachers.

Dr. Edson, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. O'Conno, Miss Sheldon, Mrs. Parnell, and others contributed to a very happy evening, which closed by singing the Doxology.

The world's delusion is that happiness and pleasure is the gratification of the senses. We must reach that point of spiritual growth that will show us there is no pleasure or pain in the senses.

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

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Subscriptions:

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

One year	\$1.00
Six months	50 cents.

Advertisements

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

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

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THE ALPHA.

VOL. XI. DECEMBER 1, 1885. No. 4.

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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 American Bulletin, New York, an occasional publication devoted to the opposition of immoral legislation, edited by A. M. Powell, has issued a December number, reporting the annual conference of the International Federation for the Repeal of Contagious Diseases Acts of Europe.

THE trial and conviction of Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for abduction and indecent assault, resulted in a sentence of three months' imprisonment without labor for Mr. Stead, six months for Rebecca Jarrett, and one month for Sampson Jacques. Madame Louise Mourey's sentence was six months with hard labor. What a farce the whole trial, conviction and sentence has been; the English government spending time and money upon a sham case, apparently with the design of

shielding from justice the inhumanly guilty ones, hiding their hideous guilt behind the contumely which they pour upon a pure and innocent man. The English courts cannot hide these guilty monsters from the All-seeing Eye nor the hand of inexorable justice.

This masterly effort to extinguish one that has sufficient moral courage to uncover the hells of metropolitan life, and let the light and air of heaven into dark and noisome places, looks, in the eyes of onlookers, as though self-consciousness may have biased the judgment of judge, jury and advocate in their effort to sustain the majesty of the law. It is like the Irish gentleman who has placed over the entrance to his grounds, "Any person found trespassing upon these grounds shall receive, for punishment, ten lashes upon his back, but the infomer of the trespass shall receive twenty lashes." This shows great anxiety to catch and punish the guilty one.

The *Christian Commonwealth*, London, says: "The most distressing feature of this matter is that it has brought to the surface some of the baser elements which exist in our society; we refer to the tone and temper of those who have pursued Mr. Stead with such ferocious and relentless malignity. 'Society,' the press, and the police all resolved to wreak their vengeance upon the man who dared to expose and denounce their licentiousness and cowardice. The treatment of this subject by the press has been most reprehensible, and in some cases it has been simply infamous. Envy, spite, malice, uncharitableness in every form have too evidently inspired most of the newspaper articles on this subject. No leniency, no charity, has been shown; no extenuating circumstances could be seen; evil, and evil only, was visible to the evil eyes which were but the instruments of still more evil hearts. Such an unlovely display of the malignity which sleeps in human nature has seldom been seen."

PSYCHOMETRY: THE DAWN OF A NEW CIVILIZATION. By Dr. J. R. Buchanan.

This wonderful book reveals and demonstrates an almost new faculty of the human mind (so little has heretofore been known of it). This faculty is possessed by all cultivated and highly organized people, consciously or unconsciously; but it was left for the genius or research of Dr. Buchanan to discover the method of its cultivation, to reduce its manifestation to a science, and demonstrate its existence, its uses, and its importance to the human family. Psychometry (soul reading) proves the fact that we leave our impress on everything we do, all we touch or come in contact with; that our character and life effects for good or ill all that comes into rapport with us through soul emanations. The impression we thus leave behind are permanent photographs of our true inner selves. Time, or distance, or circumstances do not efface it. We can be correctly read

and known by "a sensitive" long after we have passed from earth, and we had hoped forgotten. What an incentive this should be, that we live always in the upper story of our being, that we keep our thoughts and actions always *pure, just, and unselfish*, that we make the most and best of ourselves, not only for our own good, but for the good of others in other ages. This proves that no man can live for himself alone.

The poet John Pierpont expressed this :

"Fearful the thought, that when my clay is cold,
And the next jubilee has over it rolled,
The very page that I am tracing now
With tardy fingers and a care-worn brow,
To other brows, by other fingers prest,
Shall tell the world, not what I had been deemed,
Nor what I passed for, nor what I had seemed ;
But what I *was*. Believe it, friends, or not,
To this high point of *progress*, have we got ?"

It is not only in the *power* of all to develop this faculty, but it becomes a duty we owe to ourselves and others to climb as high in spiritual life as possible, and improve every opportunity that helps towards development. This help is found in the volume before us, and should be universally studied with a desire for growth into a higher, broader moral and intellectual life. Published by the author, 29 Fort Avenue, Boston, Mass.

MEMOIR OF MYRTILLA MINER. Boston and New York :
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

This *bijou* work is a sketch of the life of a very remarkable woman. A liberty-loving, enthusiastic devotee to convictions of duty, an inspired philanthropist, seeing the wrongs of the African race, then in servitude in our country, resolved to devote her life, her talents, and her culture to their interests, and do what she could towards compensating their wrongs. Her courageous soul conceived the idea of opening a school in Washington for the education of free colored girls. It is necessary to view this heroic act in the light of the supremacy of the slave power in the land thirty-five years ago. Her friends stood aghast at her temerity, assuring her she was rushing into the jaws of a remorseless power ; that she would not only herself be destroyed, but this rash act would render the lot of those she would serve still more desperate and wretched. But she was undaunted.

We have a personal affection for this heroic woman, counting ourself favored in being one of her chosen friends, and the confidant of all her hopes and schemes. This record of her deed cannot help but be a stimulus and an inspiration to every true soul that reads it ; a help to all that have strong moral convictions that run counter to the popular current, and an inspiration of strength to all that would live their own *true*, indivi-

dual lives, which has not been an *easy* thing to do in the records of the past.

Some of the sufferings, the sacrifices, and the triumphs of Miss Miner are here related, and are well worthy the perusal of all. The work was prepared by Miss Miner's friend, Ellen M. O'Connor. For sale at this office. Price, \$1.

EVOLUTION : A NEW THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF EVIL. By
Prof. A. G. Swartz, Chicago.

This is the title of a little tract written as an exponent of an important element of mental science. It is tinged with the mysticism of the East, as most of the literature of this new school seems to be. Sometimes in our mental struggle to grasp the "unknowable," and, I think, of the "unthinkable," we have almost concluded that this science consists of new terms to convey old ideas, and is, in fact, the doctrine of the elevation of the soul to a purer, cleaner, higher plane; and mind cure is none other than the attainment of the spiritual exaltation that the favored of all ages have caught glimpses of, which has been the inspiration of seers and prophets, who have handed down the sacred fires that have kept alive the aspirations of the race to the present time. The thought in this tract goes back to the first man and woman in the garden of Eden, and finds a correspondence in the prophecies of Scripture and the history of man, and sums up with the truism that the sense of right and wrong was developed in the human mind by the more or less Divine illumination we are able to bear.

We give the following extract as an illustration, which will commend itself to our readers:

We cannot use *our educated* sense of right or wrong to pass judgment upon the deeds of the first pair, for we must know that the measure of light is always the measure of responsibility. After light began to grow in the mind, they, especially the female, questioned the moral of continuing in the loves or carnal acts, or fruits of the "tree," the flesh, and now her diviner nature sees it wrong to act for physical or animal motives, and she decides it impure or evil, and that it can be pure or divine, when observed for procreation only.

Now, the subtle serpent nature of the carnal man grows artful and cunning, and he reasons with her, and deceives her by arguing that knowledge will be gained.

Here is the garden for man to "dress and to keep." In it the deeds of the body or mind prevailed, but were not sinful, because no standard of condemnation existed until the moral questioning of these deeds arose, and then we see the dawning of the good or the divine in Eden, the *body*, the garden of "pleasure" or "delight." The trial arose when the domain of mortal, innocent, yet carnal paradise, was invaded by the moral questioning, or the divinely assumed right.

Price, six cents ; for sale at this office.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR MORAL EDUCATION.

In our next issue, December, it will be decided whether it is possible to hold this much needed meeting or not. So far the encouragement has not looked favorable. True, some have responded generously, but many that are greatly interested and are a great power in our cause cannot be with us. The Cleveland Society has shown a generous hand in contribution and provided a delegation; Mrs. Whitehead, likewise. Dr. Dorothea Hall cannot be present, but has made the following wise suggestions. If other responses are as liberal we can have a successful and highly useful conference. If not we must wait a little longer ere we unite our strength and enlarge our field of action:

DR. STOCKHAM:

DEAR MADAME: I am truly glad of your call in THE ALPHA, and hope for a hearty response. I would suggest that all women editors take an active part in urging on the work. As to method, it must be educational, through organization. Women must proclaim a standard of morality and maintain it by all the arguments producible from science and physiology.

THE ALPHA doctrine should be the only standard. In thorough organization the Moral Education Society should follow the lead of the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and thus become an active power for good.

Women must have, and show faith in each other's integrity and in the sacredness of motherhood.

Preparatory to the called meeting, let different plans be submitted and canvassed. In order to accomplish harmonious action, let all resolve on self-renunciation. The radicals will want to turn everything upside down. The conservatives will want to confine themselves within the sound of the church bells, though its towers be filled with the dust and spider webs of past generations.

Nothing but a true devotion to maternity can so unite these extremists as to accomplish the best work. Let there then be sincere and earnest work done in preparation that "the temple may be built without the sound of the hammer." Let organization be the catchword, and public sentiment be the union of heart and hand for the greatest good.

DOBOTRZA L. HALL, M. D.

REVEREND, CAL.

OPEN WINDOWS AT NIGHT.

With the following, taken from the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, Philadelphia, we thoroughly concur: "It is well known that the bodily temperature sinks slightly during sleep; the physiological functions act with diminished activity, and hence the resistance of the economy to morbid influences is proportionately lessened.

But it is also well known that at night these influences are more potent and noxious. The air is charged with greater humidity; miasmatic and malarial poisons rise to higher levels, and extend with greater rapidity; the

chill of the damp night is penetrating and dangerous; the emanations from organic decay are more potent.

Against these the sleeper is less protected than in the day-time. He has divested himself of his usual external clothing to put on cotton or linen, and lies between sheets of the same material, between which, at the top and sides of the bed, the air gains ready access to his unprotected surface. If he is restless, he renders such access yet more easy.

A greater risk awaits him. A sudden fall in temperature at night is no unusual occurrence. In summer, a thunder-gust, in winter, a shift of wind to the north, often reduces the temperature ten to twenty degrees. The sleeper is unaware of this. He remains exposed to it, with no further protection than he found agreeable at the higher temperature, until he awakes chilled and stiff, perhaps with the seeds of a serious disease already sown.

There are such positive and unavoidable risks that we should counsel a delicate person to be exceedingly cautious how he ventured on the plan of open windows at night, however much has been said in its favor by popular hygienists."—*Sacredary Glanville*.

We indorse the above heartily out of our personal experience, and have maintained this position for years in opposition to all the authorities that say "we must have pure air at night as well as day," which is all right; if we can get pure air we ought to have it. But it will not be gotten from a damp, malarious atmosphere, such as we have spring and fall and often in winter.—*Ko*.

A good friend of our work writes us of another needed reform. We regret that we are not better students of political economy. If we had time we would master it, as there is not a more profitable, or more useful study for women. It is a good preparation for the responsibility of franchise, which is surely coming.—*Ko*.

Our Country seems to be exceedingly clear on questions that I consider most vital. Did the consuming power of interest on money ever appear to you clearly? It is really the foundation stone the world over of all this grand waste of the worthy industries. Just think of it! At the moderate interest of only six per cent. the income from a hundred thousand dollars per day, including Sundays, is \$26.64—while the poor man or woman who toils the whole day at some useful work, or scarcely averages one dollar, and in half the cases if their wants have to be supplied from the said dollar. At one per cent. interest on the hundred thousand dollar the income would be only \$2.74. So you see how hot it must be for the wealthy to work for our cause. For twenty-five thousand brings an income of \$4.11 a day, or \$28.77 a week. When you take into account the fact that all the leading newspapers of America are great capitalists—whose interest lies in having capital double as often as possible by high percentage, you will see what a power is against us. The worst of it

above fact is that the producing public support these papers, which are doing all they can to destroy them, and moreover, all the smaller papers over the country, who are not capitalists, but who are struggling for a bare subsistence, lack time to deliberately study the question, and so fall into line with the capitalistic papers, and work against themselves and the best interest of humanity. I have marked a point in *Our Country* of the 7th, mailed with this, where they estimate that ninety-five per cent. of the press are thus against justice. And all these smaller papers, and all the workers of our land—nearly—support and fight for capital instead of labor.

The aim of the great leading capitalists and papers is to puzzle the people and all the smaller press by keeping convincing facts out of their columns, and putting in slang arguments. Our President, as you see, is no amendment on Republican rule in this respect. He has put in a banker as Treasurer, who is doing everything possible to keep up this legal robbery system. Please excuse this hasty effort to explain.

Yours respectfully, WM. HUNT.

"CLEANING HOUSE."

Under the above heading there appears in the *Alleghany County Reporter* of November 5, 1885, the following account:

"Saturday night about half past 11 o'clock Officer O'Connor got wind of a nest of prostitutes in an unoccupied building. With Officer Hubertus he mounted the stairs, was refused admittance, kicked the door in, and found Lottie Sherwood, *alias* 'John L. Sullivan,' and Mrs. Minerva Confer, two notorious characters. They had a fire and plenty to eat, and were evidently in for a Sunday *siesta*. These women were once of the Wilder gang, but had been away and had but lately drifted in from abroad. They were accompanied by two young men, who had kindly consented to remain all night and probably over Sunday, but the officers interfered with the programme. Monday morning the women were taken from the lock-up and before Justice Hanks, where they plead guilty, and were sent to Angelica jail for fifty days each."

I read this notice with shame and indignation, as, indeed, must any fair-minded person, who thinks and reasons for himself. Not that I blame the editor especially, for he but voices the average public sentiment; but that this sentiment is unjust and pernicious any fair person must admit. The women found in the house were denounced by name as prostitutes, no doubt with truth. The young men who were with them were not even rebuked, were not called by name; yet if the women were prostitutes, what were they? The women lay in the lock-up over Sunday; where were their male companions in sin? In some fine lady's parlor, no doubt, paying court to the daughter of the house, an honored and privileged guest.

The women were sentenced to fifty days in jail. What was the penalty imposed upon the men who were at least their equal in guilt? Let the newspaper reports which meet the eye daily, of homes desecrated, of trust betrayed, of hearts broken, be our answer. Let the fathers and mothers of this land take into their hearts these

questions and consider them. Can we afford to have one standard of morality for women and another for men? Has virtue any sex? If prostitution is a crime, why is but *one* of the parties concerned a criminal? If it is a crime for woman to sell her virtue for money, is it not also a crime for a man to *pay* money to her for the same? Yes, dear readers, let us by all means assist in "cleaning house;" and let the cleaning be national. But as men never were fit either to clean a house, or keep it alone, by all means let the women help. I remember many years ago reading an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, in which Mr. Greeley said: "I saw in yesterday's papers that several hundred working-women had lately entered the vast army of prostitutes of this city. I glanced across in another column and read that several hundred women in this city were employed in making shirts at six cents apiece. I put this and that together and drew my own conclusions." And so may we; when we see men paid everywhere twice as much as women for doing the same work equally as well; when we see women tried and condemned by a judge and jury of men for crimes which in men are laughed at; when we see women paying taxes without the right of franchise, while for a sum of money paid the Government crime is licensed on every hand, we must in all justice conclude that something is wrong, and the women, as the chief parties concerned in the matter, ought to have something to say about it. Garrett Smith, in a letter to Miss Anthony in 1853, says: "Female modesty! Female delicacy! I would that I might never again hear such phrases. There is but one standard of modesty and delicacy for men and women; and so long as there are different standards so long will both sexes be perverse and corrupt." Let every true lover of humanity inscribe this noble sentiment on his banner, demanding modesty and virtue from all, regardless of sex.

EVA BARNES.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

(Continued.)

During the marriage ceremony the bridegroom said to the bride, "Whatever is thy heart the same shall be thine." One of the enquiries of the bridegroom was, "Who gave her? To whom did he give her?" Love was the giver, love was the taker. "Love, mayest thou be there; with love may I enjoy her." Another name of wife among Hindus is *Ardha auga*, or half body, *i. e.*, half of husbands, or in fashionable language, "better-half."

Monogamy was considered meritorious, as the object of marriage was the promotion of spiritual culture. Though married, the husband could not approach the wife except at stated periods. Thus is demonstrated the fact that it was more a union of the souls than a marriage of the flesh.

Polygamy was restricted if the wife was addicted to spirituous liquor or was immoral, mischievous, hateful to her husband, barren, having no male children, hopelessly ill or prodigal. He could not take another wife, and if the first wife was virtuous, yet sickly, her consent was necessary for his second marriage.

Our eminent law-giver, Mann, said "a good wife

should be bright as a gem, and possess knowledge, virtue, purity, gentleness, and a versatility in various liberal arts." This we look upon as the mark to which every respectable girl was required to come up and which necessarily constituted her education.

The Mahairvan Tantra said, "the daughter should likewise be nursed, educated with care, and married with gifts of money and jewels to a learned bridegroom."

The age of Vikramiditya, who flourished in B. C. 57, was our Augustan age. The wife of the renowned Kalidasa is said to have had much influence in causing him to become a deep scholar. The Rani (Queen) of Kamat was also a learned lady, and she used to converse with pundits on different subjects.

Bhababhuti lived in the eighth century A. D. About this period the Hindu manners were unchanged in some respects. Females of rank and position appeared in public and enjoyed liberty at home.

Dr. Wilson observes, "Hindu women have been invariably described as amiable, high principled, modest, gentle, accomplished and intelligent," and also that "in no nation of antiquity were women held in so much esteem as among the Hindus."

Gargi, Maitri, Lilavati, Khona, etc., our illustrious women of old, were the first inculcators of some mathematical and astronomical solutions which are in extant in the present civilized countries.

Up to the eleventh century the Hindus, both men and women, had much of enlightenment. But later on Mohammedans began to make raids upon India, and commenced the work of destruction by burning libraries, edifices and temples, and to commit outrages on the females, hence they were confined in the Zenana and consigned to seclusion. The Hindus could not save their lives, honor and property. Being incessantly troubled by foreigners and with a view to gain their objects, they became selfish. This is the first time in our history that Hindus learned to love self, and consequently lost their prestige. Constant foreign raids and invasions rent the country into pieces, petty chiefs and potentates began to grow, and out of this disorder, like the old barons of England, the tie of unity was torn.

Even in these days we have some refined and cultured countrywomen, who are managing their extensive estates, editing papers, writing out books, holding public meetings—not open air, of course—and getting education in university colleges; but their number is limited.

In villages our females have much more liberty than in busy cities and towns. The reason is obvious.

One of our Indian princesses has offered the British empire the services of a female regiment in case the war with Russia breaks out.

For the chivalrous and warlike habits of our Khartrya Rajput women, you had better refer to Col. Tod's masterly writing on Kaysthan, or history of Rajputana.

What affects me deeply and for which I am really sorry is the indifference, almost studied, with which you deprecate our ancient lore and speak of it in a taunting manner, as if there was no worth in it, a specious trash that has dazzled the bewildered gaze of some of

the best thinkers of your age. I shall not bestow much encomium on it. I simply leave you to judge for yourself. I know time will mend everything. A deep study, a differently constituted mind, is needed to comprehend the abstruse metaphysics of the East. Not a labyrinth to be lost into. No circumlocution, but a profound sense of truth underlying everything. You must look into the "soul of things" The poet whose words I quote struggled to conceive what approached Hindu philosophy, but which some have been pleased to dishonor with such misappellation as Pantheism and others as metaphysics in its lowest acceptation, and the rest, who are wiser, by far, simply as childishness. You will easily know whom I mean when you come to these lines:—

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interposed,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All *thinking things*, all *objects of all thought*,
And rolls through all things.

What the above means should better be conceived than defined. The poet himself knew not what he meant.

To quote from your own country you have one exponent of similar sentiments, who, though dead, would survive through the music of his sweet *Evangeline*. The key-note is struck in his beautiful lines that open the *Psalm of Life* which still vibrates, but which was not fully developed. You have your Emerson, the Englishmen their Thomas Carlyle. Both were great thinkers, but their lines of thought were quite different from those of the two poets. If you can catch a glimpse of the missing link you come to what Hindu philosophy very nearly means.*

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is an empty dream.
For the soul is not dead that slumbers,
And things are not *what they seem*."

With regard to ancient Hindu lore, I need assure you that our schools of philosophies are much superior to those of the schools of the West. Our Vedas, Darsans, Purans, Tantras, etc., deal with, among other things, the soul, and have naught to do with personality, whereas Western metaphysics greatly deal with materialism and the highest thinkers cannot trace the "missing link."

In making a sweeping remark on these subjects it is better to always keep in memory the words of a great Western theologian: "Do not indulge yourselves to judge of things by the first glimpse or a short and superficial view of them; for this will fill the mind with errors and prejudices, and give it a wrong turn and ill habit of thinking and make much work for retraction."

About occultism it is a very sacred subject, and requires much erudition and judgment. A person cannot be an occultist unless he or she is pure in heart, speech, action and deed, and who has no belief in the law of *Karma*, or moral law of cause and effect. Our Yog Shastras deal with and teach these subjects.

*Go to pre Socratic philosophy—Epictatus, Empedocles and Pythagoras; you will find traces of that.

In respect of theosophy and of the founders of the theosophy society as far as I have thought on them, I tell you that theosophy is not a new thing to us Hindus. Western and other foreign people might think it a new propaganda. It is to us nothing but *Brahma Vidya*, which our Shastras taught.

The founders, Madame Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, have laid Hindustan under deep obligation to them for rousing the Hindus into a sense of their duties. They have not brought any new religion with them. As far as I know, scarcely a sane person has joined the society for phenomena's sake.

Sir Isaac Watts has truly observed, "Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatical spirit; fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence; till you have turned the proposition on all sides and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you may think you have full grounds of assurance, be not too early nor too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state. A dogmatic spirit has many inconveniences attending it."

Pure Hinduism is not idolatry, nor a dogmatic creed, but pure *Advaitism* treating on universal soul and spirit of truth. "There is no religion higher than truth," and to obtain this we must go to the fountain head which can only be found by purity of heart. Our ancient lore deals with this very extensively and which has drawn your people to its study with an ardor."

As the subject is a very serious one and my letter has already become too long, I conclude this with my assurance that I am not the least offended with your remarks and comments. The more you think over poor Hindus the better.

I have forwarded two books to Dr. Holbrook; kindly read them. The *Bhagvat Gita* is a precious book. Your paper under reference was received on the 2d inst. Yours, faithfully,

RAJ COOMAR ROY.

REMARKS.—Our Hindoo brother sends us a good lesson, of the results of injustice and inevitable wrong. It is very well put and we are grateful for the wise and truthful lesson.

All truth is immortal and potent in every age of the world. But an old jewel is rendered more available in a setting that reaches the need of the age in which it is used.

The bit of early history he has given us is admirable. We are glad to know that Hindoo women have at any age enjoyed liberty and mental culture. He does not say whether this culture was extended to all women or a favored few.

The instances our friend cites reveals the mystery of the former greatness of India in the world of letters and civilization, a position no nation can attain while

its women are in abject subjection and ignorance. In our strictures we did not refer to India's former glory, only to the present condition of her women. True, through the efforts of Christianized Ramohun Roy, the British government abolished Sutte (burning widows alive). Widows in that country are now allowed to exist, but to what awful conditions are they condemned for the privilege of encumbering the earth.

We do not seek to further injure the feelings of our friend, but the following letter, recently published in the *London Times*, suggests the query, Why has India so sadly retrograded from her former greatness? How is it, with such a history and such national achievements in morals and literature and science, as is stated above, that at this day these widows (young and old) are in such a wretched condition?

CALCUTTA, September 30, 1885.

A Hindoo lady has sent a striking contribution to the *Times of India*. She takes enforced widowhood as her theme, and writes strongly and bitterly of what she describes as the brutalized human nature that could lose sight of the difference between a child widow of six and a matron widow of sixty, and provide for the innocent mite that life of long misery which is the invariable lot of the Hindoo widow. She tells how, directly after the husband's death, the widow's hair is cut off and her ornaments taken away; how she must thenceforth wear the coarsest clothes and eat the most unsavory food. Her presence is shunned, and she becomes the leper of society, doomed to pass her life in seclusion. She is not allowed to mix freely with her people. If she unwillingly intrudes on any occasion of festivity, the company curse her presence, and regard it as of evil omen. The mental work of the family becomes her lot as a matter of course.

"Suppose," asks the Hindoo lady, "it had been enacted that when a man lost his wife he should continue celibate, live on coarse fare, be tabooed in society, wear mourning weeds for the remainder of his life, and practice never-ending austerities, would not my countrymen have long since revolted against such inhuman treatment?"

She goes on to give a striking illustration of the venerable head of a Hindoo family sending out his creatures to hunt down a girl of ten to bless his remaining years, and then turning to his widowed grand-daughter of fifteen, and telling her that her widowhood is a punishment for the loss of her husband, which can only be expiated by a life of austerity, devotion, and purity.

We have heard that there is an effort being made to make second marriages possible and popular. Still, this second marriage is as compulsory as the first. The poor child, often as young as ten years, has no choice as to whom she marries, but marry she must, as the only means of escape from the drudgery and hardship of the most abject conditions. Her very existence as a widow is considered an "indecent fact." We do not feel that Coomar Roy has replied to our strictures on the immature age of wives or their disposal in marriage without choice or consent, nor how many others are to share their husband's home and affections, nor how much freedom of thought or action they are to enjoy as wives? These are points that should stand forth squarely on a foundation of justice, with an abolition of cast. The lack of such freedom and enlightenment of these women is enough to sink any people into semi-barbarism and

so weaken their moral and physical energies as to become an easy prey to aggressive nations. But for this Mohammedans might not have invaded their borders and England would not now rule over them.

Whatsoever of their ancient lore, Sanscrit or Theosophy, that is suitable for the further advancement of western development will be assimilated by us. But all peoples have their own phase of growth and develop their own laws and customs. If the records of the past have truths we need they will be readily absorbed, avoiding, we hope, all elements of injustice that have contributed to the downfall of the people to whom great truths were revealed.

Surely it is farthest from us to say aught against a cause founded on "purity of heart, speech, action, and deed," "with a strong belief in cause and effect," as this is the foundation of our own faith, and we would stake everything for its promotion and defense. We will wait, till by constant labor we have acquired erudition and judgment, which shall enable us to estimate the value of occultism. Once more, the return missionary, to whom we refer, is not Joseph Cook, but one we know to be reliable.

C. B. W.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why, then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong;
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I who, giftless, sunless, stand,
With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook
To turn the wheel;
Unto the larger stream we look,
The strength of steel
We do not ask from silken bands,
Nor hearts of oak in willow wands;
We do not ask the wren to go
Up to the heights the eagles know;
Nor yet expect the lark's clear note
From out the dove's dumb throat.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,
By love inspired;
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.
The tuneful throat is bid to sing;
The oak must reign the forest's king;
The rushing stream the wheel must move;
The beaten steel its strength must prove;
'Tis given unto the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

—Anon.

When these truths become the rule of action, then will the millennium be at hand. Then will each live true to the inner law of his being, and yet be unselfish enough not to encroach upon the rights of his neighbor.

That day will begin when woman has opportunity for development and is wise enough to use it well. Then will she be not less in attractiveness and affection, but she will have all these and more. The wisdom to think

and act from her own standpoint, the power to hold to the right, to become the ethical conscience of the race, the active factor in sociology, these things are her dower.

Her hour is struck and she is preparing for the work. Dumb, frivolous, easily swayed by love or fear as she often has been in the past, she is slowly awakening to her duty and her privilege, and can no more slumber again. The first duty of a mature woman is to place herself as nearly as possible in suitable conditions, and form proper relations. To do this perfectly requires a perfect world. What she will do depends upon her temperament, education and environment. The first of these is the result of heredity, over which she has no control; a poor education she can, in a measure, remedy, and her environment she can altogether change. And with all the light of the present to make her pathway clear, a woman with fair endowments and good health ought to stamp herself upon society as an ameliorating and uplifting influence. Heaven knows there is need enough of such!

She may marry young, and so tie herself to environments not easily changed. That is the appointed order of nature, and motherhood as naturally follows. But before she marries she ought to be very sure that the momentous step is the best one she can take,—best according to heart, soul and reason. The tremendous influence of marriage can only be understood when one looks back upon long and eventful years spent with one partner of joys and sorrows. Nothing so powerful affects character. It unconsciously shapes us in spite of ourselves. It is better to wait and watch and pray for the right mate, the soul companion, and be sure there is no mistake. Above all things, let us set our seal of disapprobation on those transitory attractions that enable their victims to change companions about as easily as one changes partners in a dance. Nothing is so fatal to delicacy, loyalty and purity. The steadfast soul is the one worth considering; we do not speak of nature's light as thistledowns. How much better for a womanly heart to devote itself to some worthy work, than wait for marriage with the first eligible man who desires her as his wife. To form that tie for a home solely is pitiful; to form it for any other motive than true affection is degrading. Meanwhile, do something, and do it well.—HESTER M. POOLE, *Religio-Philosophic Journal*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OIL CITY, Nov. 13, 1885.

DR. C. B. WINSLOW: I inclose you one dollar for my subscription to THE ALPHA, my subscription expiring with the present month. THE ALPHA has been a welcome friend in our house for some years, and we have become so attached to it that we cannot think of doing without it. When we have read it we send it or give it where it will be read and appreciated. I look on it as one of the saviors of the human race.

Fraternally,

S. J.

FROELL SCHOOL.

DEAR MADAM: Inclosed please find one dollar, my subscription for this year. THE ALPHA is used in every home until the vicious elements which are broadcast upon our lands are checked, and women awake to the knowledge of their powers and duties. Will you send to my address a sample copy of all books and pamphlets issued by the Moral Educational Society with

club rates. I am anxious to further the cause and hope to awaken some interest here. Yours, very sincerely,

C. M. N. A.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Nov. 18, 1885.

DR. WINSLOW: Inclosed you will find one dollar, for which please send to me THE ALPHA. I cannot thrive without it. It is a grand work you are doing for a vast multitude of people.

Fraternally yours, MRS. DR. BOYLE.

NEW HAVEN, October 18, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND: This little grain of "mustard seed" (a gold dollar) I drop into your treasury, with faith strong that the mountain of vice and impurity will be removed and man and woman will yet rise to the plane of true love and purity, for this is God's work, and through the teachings of THE ALPHA, the White Cross movement, "the London scandal," and other causes.

"His purposes are ripening fast,
Unfolding every hour."

I value THE ALPHA highly, and wish it could be weekly instead of monthly. Truly your friend,

H. M. COMSTOCK.

MOUNT LEBANON, Nov. 7, 1885.

C. B. WINSLOW, ESTEEMED FRIEND: I have always considered the title of your paper quite appropriate. Alpha is the beginning of an alphabet, which it helps to spell. So is your subject the beginning of life in the mortal, which it aims to reduce from chaos and lawless haphazard to some degree of regulation by reason, and to an order whose happy effects shall be manifest in the improved condition and superior character of offspring—a most necessary and important consideration for those who choose to confer an existence unasked, which so distinguished and honored a man as Humboldt, considered anything but a blessing. Humboldt, in his posthumous memoirs, quoted in the *North American Review*, 1879, says, "I was not born in order to be the father of a family. I regard marriage as a sin, the propagation of children a crime, * * * because he gives life to children without being able to give them the certainty of happiness. I foresee that our posterity will be far more unhappy than we are, and should I not be a sinner if, in spite of this insight, I should take care to leave a posterity of unhappy beings behind me." How much more, then, those who propagate recklessly and subject their offspring to unnecessary woes solely for a selfish, momentary gratification. The alphabet, when learned, is the key to all written knowledge, which opens the door to unlimited acquisitions of mental treasure and culture, and to the wisest thought of all ages and nations. But if the first letter is not learned, the rest are not likely to be, and this great world of mental culture would be shut out. So I look upon the doctrine of continence advocated in THE ALPHA, carried out in practice, as the first step in the progress of the soul out of darkness into light, and as the key to a world of happiness, intellectual and affectional, of a quality so refined and delightful that the debasing pleasures of sense cannot bear any comparison therewith, and would cease to be pursued by those in possession of the higher. I wish you and co-laborers much good cheer and success. For when the majority shall have conformed to your standard this world will have become a paradise, and it will be but a short step further in the perfect life. Thine for truth and purity,

A. G. HOLLISTER.

MOTHERHOOD.

My babe, once cradled in unconscious life
Beneath my heart of hearts, wherein my soul, all rife
With hope and tender love for the unborn,
Did dream, weaving sweet fancies
Starred with images of motherhood's fair morn,
When love's reward of labor's agonies
Should nestle in my arms, and I should feel
The first warm breath of infancy steal
O'er my breast, while soft, round, wondering
Eyes, reveal in mute surprise of waking
Thought, a soul divine, indwelling
In this dainty human flower.
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
Oh! wondrous mystery of quickened clay,

Oh! heaven-sent gift divine art spirit of joy!
My babe, my very own, art mine! all mine!

O God! I thank Thee for this hour.
Teach me, oh virgin heart, sweet
Mother of the Lord Christ man, to guide the feet
Of this dear child, entrusted to my care,
That pure, and true, and all unselfish he may tower
Above the common herd, helping to bear
The world's sad cross of sin; e'en conquering,
By power of human love divinely blest,
All discord, greed, and lustful strife;
If need be, yielding up his mortal life
For truth's immortal birth. Ah, rest,
Sweet birdling, rest; nestle serenely
In unconscious sleep upon thy mother's breast.
For who can ween what mission may be thine,
What call to high estate or duties stern,
Yet rather would I see thee fall in death,
Nor weep nor murmur at thy fate,
If, with thy latest breath, thou didst but spurn
Injustice, hate, and all unholy lust;
Than look upon thee as a crowned king,
Knowing thy soul unclean and false within.

But cease, oh mother heart, thy fancies wild,
Be thou content to love and rear thy child.
Nor waste thy time in idle hopes and fears,
Trust Him who gave His one beloved Son
The world to save, if, through all the years
To duty thou art true, proving by patient test
Of love thy worthiness, then mayest thou hear well done
Thou faithful one, thy son is blest.
And thou, through him, hath won immortal rest
From vexing care, where joy of love and love
Of equity and peace shall ever reign
Without alloy.

JULIA C. PIERCE.

FOR THE ALPHA.

MINE OWN.

A new soul a white soul, is nestled 'neath my heart,—
Is of my life's life—my soul's soul—my heart's heart a part;
For souls grow in sacred places after God hath given
The divine, the wonderful life-spark from highest heaven;
And as mother earth drinks in sunshine, dew and air,
So may my soul grasp, and hold and love (as in a prayer
It grasps and holds and loves the influence sweet,
Found like incense sweetest at His feet).

All sweet things—
Rose-leaves, bird-songs, and the wings
Of doves, gold-bees, and butterflies,
All joy that glows, or sings, or flies,
'Neath the blue sky!

That I, that I
Who often lie
And let dark thoughts, like noisome things,
Goad me with taunts, and thrusts, and stings,
Should e'er forget
His seal is set
Upon my forehead!

Me He crowns
With crown no monarch's gems outshine,
The crown of motherhood is mine!

Faith, hope, and present joy sing clear
Sweet, silent songs;—my child will hear
And woven in its earliest thought
Who knows what marvellous threads enwrought
Into the fabric of its mind
May make it happiest of its kind!
May make its heavens frown in vain,
May deep its joy and light its pain!

WAITSTILL ALLEN.

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1885.

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