

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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NO. 1.

CONCERNING THINGS.

MISFITS.

From the beginning to the end, in all the ramifications of human existence, and in all the relations of that life to all that surrounds or impinges upon it, there are in every form misfits, "Square posts in round holes, and round posts in square holes." This appears to be the rule, whether it be the law or not. In many places and at many times the undeveloped condition of things is enough to account for the fact, and perhaps enough to involve the necessity. Coming up from lower forms, each in an unfinished state, expanding, changing—a perpetual illustration of the law of life and motion—it were manifestly necessary to fit by systematic effort the square post to the round hole, or otherwise to expect a misfit. Such observation of the laws of development, then, would seem to be essential, as would, in the various adjustments in life and in the adaptation of parts, form a symmetrical and harmonious whole.

The indisputable fact that all things in the universe, whether organized or unorganized, whether classified or unclassified, whether objective or subjective, are worked under law, makes a knowledge of the working of each law indispensable to the best results under that law. Ignorance of this, and the empirical methods that characterize nearly all we do or attempt, are enough to produce the misfits with which the world abounds.

From the cradle to the grave the sower of tares—ignorance—is busy preparing the ground with the deep grub-plough of prejudice, smoothing it off with the harrow of personal vanity and obstinacy, and thickly dropping in here and there the seeds of dogmatism, from which a plentiful crop of the tares of bigotry is reaped, and the multitudes are fed thereon. What can be expected from this but a one-sided growth, and a development so irregular that mutual adaptations were impossible. Hence the misfits.

The mother, the first educator of the race, has been deprived of her ability to gauge, to guide, to mould the incipient man because she has been fed on this unwholesome diet, produced from elements in which inheres inharmony. Her nature has been dwarfed by the disabilities and restrictions that have encompassed her. The shackles of prior ignorance have held her, the fetters of prejudice have bound her to the dogmas of ignorance, and she starts from but little above zero, in her blindly groping efforts to direct the man who is soon to become the arbiter of her destiny in his capacity of law-maker, executor, of counsellor, advo-

cate, and judge. As master of the situation man should—and mothers feel this often without being able to formulate the feeling so that it shall become even to their own minds a distinct and clear concept—from the beginning of the evolution of his manhood, through education, experiment, and experience, have the advantage of the wisdom that has been accumulated by those who have preceded him.

Mothers are very largely and very potentially the prime educators of every man during the most important portion of the formative period of his existence. Can we wonder, then, that in the past and—though in lesser degree—in the present, because the mother is a misfit, that the boy should be, and the man surely so, until through his own effort he may now and then, in the study of adaptations under the law, become fitted to his place and be able more nearly to fulfill his destiny.

Uneducated in the practical duties of life, the girl comes to her motherhood with as little preparation for its legitimate functions and duties as though she had lived alone in the world. The prejudice which makes it improper that a girl shall be instructed in those things which nature has made it imperative that the mother shall know and impart to her son, if he will be a whole man, since the foundations must be laid in the early formative period of his existence, has laid the foundations for more misfits in domestic, social, commercial, and professional life than all other causes combined.

The father as a rule is a guest in his own household, and the influence he exerts tends more to diffusion than to concentration, more to the discrete than to the concrete. Business—and possibly sometimes pleasure—takes him from the home and leaves him little leisure to instruct by precept the boy who is so soon to take his place in society and in the activities of a public life. More, and sadder than this, there may have been antecedently so palpable a misfit in the domestic relations that the boy's first experience must have been of the frictions that come from such lack of adaptation. In such case the growth must needs be unequal, and the boy starts misshapen, and with tendencies which will be absolutely sure to throw upon society another misfit.

Could the mother, finding that as a round post she had been forced into a domestic square hole, so understand the methods necessary to prevent a recurrence of the necessity for solving this problem of adaptation, there might be hope of a cessation of such mistakes in the future, but the abnormal prejudices of society and the dogmatism of those whose will is law say, let the



mother be a "keeper at home;" let her follow the injunction of the Paulina scripture; let her remember her subjugation in the fall of Adam, who surrendered his will to hers upon the first suggestion of something good to eat, and for which the penalty of subjugation fell upon her and her heirs and assigns of the feminine gender, forever.

And so woman, the mother of the race, the prime factor in the normal status and in the development of the men as well as the women of the future, must remain in ignorance of all that the child must know, must feel, must have inwrought into the very texture of its being while it is yet a child if we would have perfected manhood, and then we stand amazed at the misfits that are all around us; at the utter ignorance of the possibility of adaptation and the powerlessness of individuals to hew off the sharp corners of the square post or to fill in the square hole. Necessarily, from the domestic misfits come the social, and society is kept at fever heat from the frictions. Men do not know and cannot find their places, and are continually impinging upon each other, and the clashing resound throughout the universe.

Unfitness for anything, or ignorance of the fitness, keeps men even out of any place or perpetually in the wrong place. The carpenter gets into the court room; the legislator on to the tailor's bench; the agriculturist or the shoemaker gets into the pulpit, and hence perhaps the effort to save souls from a material plane and by so material processes; from force of circumstances the preacher gets into a colliery, and with his surroundings so unpropitious for the development of a thoroughly pure theology, the preaching is sometimes not to edification. The incipient poet has his wings clipped in his infancy by the sharp scissors of hard necessity, and the flights of his fancy have no higher destiny than the wood pile; hence perhaps the tons of puerile stuff that kindles the fires of the editor's furnace, and so we go.

Look into the places of trust in all our land; into the halls of legislation; the places of business, banks, custom houses, brokers' offices, mercantile establishments, manufactories, among the trades, among would-be artists, into our school rooms, into our pulpits; aye, verily, in the "sanctuary of the Most High." Where will you find more palpable misfits than among those who assume to take the most advanced position among men, who assume to lead the spirit of man; to do that which shall make or move him ages after he shall have disappeared from the tangible pursuits of a mundane existence? Right here do we find the most extraordinary want of fitness, the most damaging want of fitness. The spirit of man is progressive, and in following the law of its being it must grow; but against what odds when it attempts either to follow the lead of its self-constituted directors and teachers, or to break away from them and follow the imperative law of life, for nothing in nature stands still. With cessation of motion comes stagnation, disintegration, and rotteness, which passes for death, though, in fact, it is only change, for nature has provided for even these conditions, and can, in her own laboratory, in process of time, disinfect and utilize all—

otherwise—useless elements.

To recount the theological and political misfits were enough to engage the pen of a rapid writer for weeks, and the misfortune that reaches to the periphery of every circle in which it is possible for man to move, growing out of marital misfits, would occupy a lifetime.

Boys, when you are looking for a wife—we suppose you will do this at some time, for the rule is that men look out for wives as they look for the varying changes in the produce or other market, and for similar reason, to take advantage of the possible profits—when you are prepared to assume such a responsibility, resort to any honorable strategy to see the girl of your choice in her own home, where she shall be without the restraints of society or of your conscious presence. See how she treats her mother, her brothers and sisters; see if she is a dutiful and respectful daughter; see if she is considerate of the feelings of those to whom she owes respect and affection. If she is not, shun her as you would the plague, for if you are what you should be she will be a misfit. There is always in an undutiful, disrespectful daughter a lack that cannot be supplied by the phantom of love. Such a girl should be relegated to the solitude which alone can make her existence in the world tolerable.

Girls, when you are sought, and in the present order of things you must wait to be sought—don't let a pleasing exterior fascinate you so as to deprive you of the power of just judgment. Be sure no man who has not been a good, considerate, respectful son, a kind, affectionate brother, can be a good husband, and if you are what you should be there again will be a misfit. There, too, is an absolute lack, which all your powers of pleasing cannot supply. I would rather follow to the grave a daughter or friend than see her give herself to a selfish, undutiful, unfilial son. Be sure such will never change in manhood the habits that have made his early home a pandemonium, his mother a martyr, and himself the terror of the household. Get behind the scenes, boys and girls, if you can, but first of all, be each prepared to let the other behind the scenes without fear, and so avoid the worst of all misfits.

A. M. B. *From The Daily Star.*

"CHECKS TO POPULATION."

A paper read before a Society of Men and Women for Scientific Investigation,
London, England, by
ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.

When we are confidently assured, that, by the limitation of the family, prostitution, poverty, and other social evils will cease to exist, we are inclined to be unduly elated, and to become active propagandists of the new tidings of great joy. There is something so fascinating in the thought that a quick way out of the social muddle has been revealed to us, that we accept the doctrine without, a too curious, examination of the conclusions upon which it is based. Then again, at a superficial glance, it is so profoundly reasonable. Prostitution and poverty apparently, arise from over-population. Prostitution, too, points to an imperious demand for sexual intercourse, which could be met, by the adop-

tion of the preventive system, without inflicting ruin upon any section of the body-corporate. The advocates of "checks" are humane and public-spirited men, with no end in view but the melioration of the lot of poor suffering mortals. What weighty reasons, then, one needs to justify opposition to a reform that promises such important benefits.

One side issue, not altogether undeserving attention, is commonly overlooked by those who promise such great things from the prudential check. At the present time, though, through deferred marriage, the birth-rate must be much lower in the middle, than in the poorer classes, the number of children reared by the well-to-do compares, not unfavorably, with the numbers reared by the lower orders, on account of the high rate of mortality among those deprived of the necessaries of life. But with the introduction of the prudential check, this, desirable state of things, would be altered, and the increase of population would be kept up, if kept up at all, by the lowest, least cultured, physically most unfit, by the most self-indulgent and imprudent part of the community. For sanguine as the advocates of the preventive system are, even they seem not to expect that the doctrines of Malthus will effect the birth-rate of Seven-Dials. If we consider the future of our country, the future of the race, this appears to be a matter of the very first importance.

However, it may be better to confine our attention, as much as possible, to those points upon which most stress is laid by those who seek to convince us of the wisdom of having recourse to artificial means to limit population. These are three in number:

PROSTITUTION—POVERTY—HEALTH.

Prostitution is to be lessened by enabling young people to marry in early life, free from the cares and embarrassments of a family of children.

The well-known fact that the prostitute is supported by the married, rather than by the single portion of the community, is here lost sight of.

Again, *Prostitution* is to be lessened, or abolished, by the removal of that social pressure which drives the under-paid, half-starved work girl into the streets.

How the prudential checks, employed to insure small families, by the thoughtful, far-seeing minority, can affect women drawn from the impulsive, thriftless majority, is not as clear as could be wished.

As to *Poverty* is it not probable that when the masses are sufficiently advanced in forethought and self-restraint to employ preventive measures for the restriction of the family, they will be sufficiently advanced to demand and obtain, an equal division of profits between capital and labor?

The third and most important contention of the advocates of checks, namely, that sexual intercourse is necessary for health, can not be so quickly dismissed, neither could it be adequately discussed in a short paper, were I competent to discuss it, which I am not. However a hasty review of the opinions of some acknowledged masters of sexual physiology may be of some help to the formation of sound judgment on this most important subject. The first thing is to

get as clear an idea as we can of the effect of the sexual act on the human frame, and for this purpose we must be content to avail ourselves, in the first instance, of the works of our French neighbors, whose opportunities of observation, have been greater, perhaps, than those of any other nation, owing, in a certain degree, to the long establishment among them of the *Regulation System*, and to the freedom of manners which has enabled them to collect information from all classes of the people, forbidden to English physicians, by the prudery or modesty of our habits.

M. Tissot, in the fifth edition of his work on "Onanism," translated by Hume and published in 1781, collects the opinions of his predecessors and contemporaries, and these opinions form a fitting introduction to the views of eminent medical authorities of to-day. Quoting Boerhaave's description of the effect of seminal ejection on man, he says (p. 11): "The loss of too much semen occasions lassitude, debilitates, and renders exercise difficult; it causes convulsions, emaciation, and pains in the membrane of the brain; it deadens the senses, and particularly sight, and it gives rise to dorsal consumption, indolence, and various other disorders which are connected with these." Galen knew that the humors were enriched by the retained semen, though he was ignorant of its mechanism. "Every part is full of it," says he, "with those who refrain from any commerce with women; but those who frequently give way to this intercourse are quite deficient of it."

It has excellent virtue, and that therefore it may very speedily communicate some of its power to all parts of the body," (p. 55.)—*De Semine*, b. 1. c. 34 t. 1 p. 1279.

"Coition," says Democritus, "is a kind of epilepsy." M. de Haller says "it is a violent action, which borders on convulsion, and which thereby surprisingly weakens and prejudices the whole nervous system." According to my preceding observation," continues M. Tissot, "and some of those which I have quoted, emission is accompanied with real convulsions, a kind of epilepsy, and the same observations furnish evident proofs of the influence which these violent emotions had upon the health," (p. 58). Scantorius lays it down as a positive maxim, "that the motions weaken more than the emission of the seed," (p. 60). J. A. Borelli, one of the first physiologists, says, "This act is accompanied with a kind of convulsive affection, which seizes the brain, and all the nervous system," (p. 61). From *De motu anima* l. 1. 11. 12, prop. 107.

So much for the views of the ancients, which on this particular subject are surely as valuable as these of the physiologist of the present time.

But our modern text-books give little encouragement to the doctrine that health would be promoted by sexual indulgence. In the 9th edition of Kirke's *Handbook of Physiology*, p. 739, may be read, "The seminal fluid is, probably, after the period of puberty, secreted constantly, though, except under excitement, very slowly, in the tubules of the testicles. From these it passes along the vasa deferentia into the vesiculae seminales, whence if not expelled in emission, it may be discharged, as slowly as it enters them, either with the urine, which

may remove minute quantities, mingled with the mucus of the bladder and the secretion of the prostate, or from the urethra in the act of defecation." We here see that nature has provided for the removal, in a slow and imperceptible manner, of that fluid about which certain empirics give themselves such needless alarm. Observe, too, that the secretion is constant, which would render constant sexual intercourse necessary as a logical conclusion, from the doctrines of a certain school of so-called physiologists.

But to return to our French teachers. Mr. Xavier Bourgeois, in his valuable work, "The Passions in their Relation to Health," says, "It is not rare to see young married persons abandon themselves with too much ardor to pleasure. With the abuse comes the impairing of health. Love transmits life only at the expense of the giver. In procreation, man in a certain sense violently rends away a part of his being; it is the blood of his blood that he gives away, for the seed is the quintessence of life. Should not an excessive waste exhaust the organism, and predispose to the most serious maladies? Most frequently venereal excesses entail chronic diseases. Certain authors have preferred to attribute these nervous affections to continence, to chastity. This notion should be combatted; it has never been tested by genuine observation. Modern writers show this nervous condition as most frequently occurring with girls or women whose active imaginations are occupied with voluptuous reveries, whose minds are fed by the reading of romances, by immoral spectacles, whose senses are constantly inflamed by irresistible erotic desire. Certainly such disorderly excitations can only be satisfied by sexual gratification. And if salacious desires are not satisfied, if obstacles stand in the way of unbridled passion, then the over-wrought nervous system is shaken, and develops the most strange and serious disorders. But let us not hold nature responsible for these ills, which it is possible to prevent by regular habits that conform to the rules of hygiene and morality." And after a long and interesting dissertation on sexual physiology, M. Bourgeois continues: "It is rather to the abuse of sexual delight than to abstinence from it that we should attribute the maladies we have mentioned, namely satyriasis and impotence in man, and uterine madness or nymphomania, hysteria, and sterility in woman. This is the mature opinion of thoughtful men, such as the physicians Max Simon, Duffieux, Diday, A. Mayer, Briquet, Fredault, who have given decisive proofs of their conclusions."

In an interesting discussion of a work entitled "Nature and Virginity," by J. E. Duffieux, the following passage occurs: "The turgescence of the sexual organs depends upon an exuberance of life, on an enhancement of plastic activity. Hence it appears to be calculated for the perpetuity of the species rather than the preservation of the individual. This is in some degree established by statistics, the results of which show that religious celibacy is conducive to longevity; thence it follows that continence would be a hygienic rule favorable to health."

It is impossible to do more than quote a paragraph here and there from the voluminous works of eminent

French students of this momentous subject, and from the writings of well known English doctors it would be easy to select evidence that would fill a volume of the cruel penalty paid by men, women, and innocent children, for the worship of the goddess Lubricity. Filled with holy horror of continence paid for at the price revealed in *Social Science*, and anxious to fortify myself for a crusade against a superstition that was devouring its thousands, I turned to the writings of men of acknowledged learning to search for proof of the baleful effects of chastity, and enforced celibacy, but what was my astonishment to find that the frightful evils of disease, corruption and lingering death came not to the continent man or woman but to the married wife, the fast bachelor, and to the youth of both sexes who had fallen a prey to self-abuse, the result of ignorance and inherited propensity to license. Yet it was evident that these writers had no prejudice in favor of rigid morality; from the perusal of the works of many of them you came away with exactly the reverse impression. But the evils of prostitution and poverty are so glaring, the deadly dullness of the lives of the majority of middle-class men and women so apparent, the failure of marriage to confer happiness so undeniable, that I clung for years to the hope that perhaps, somehow, "Social Science" had hit upon the truth. But it would not do. The Case-books of medical men told too plain a tale. They speak of that which they have seen, which once having the key, the unprofessional student of humanity may see also in the tragedies of daily life. Not chastity, but an inherited tendency, unchecked by instruction, to unchastity, is poisoning the lives of the people. Dr. Mortimer Granville, in *How to Make the Best of Life*, says: "Many a young man goes on fancying himself an invalid when he is no more entitled to sympathy—on the score of illness—than the wanton who consciously weakens his own brains. A life of purity and virtue, of self-restraint, and an orderly carrying out of wise purposes, would cure most of the feeble mortals who plead exhaustion."

Dr. L. Nichols, writing of indigestion, says: "Another cause of dyspepsia, as frequent as any, perhaps the most difficult of cure, is the nervous exhaustion of amative excess. Excess is excess. Lawful or unlawful, the drain upon the system, the nervous exhaustion, the bodily injury, are all the same."

Dr. Pye Henry Chavasse, F. R. C. S., and Fellow of the Obstetrical Society of London, writes: "The indulgence of the passions is not at all necessary either to his (man's) health or to his real happiness; some of the finest characters and healthiest men that have ever lived were as chaste as virgins."

Acton, whose long devotion to this branch of medical science, and whose exceptional opportunities of study in the French capital, make his opinion invaluable, tells us "that no man can claim that Nature forced him to vice." He, too, quotes, with concurrence, the following words of Professor Newman: "Every organ is liable occasionally to be overcharged, in youthful or vigorous natures, has power to relieve itself (by occasional nocturnal emission), and this is on the face of it God's provision that the unmarried man shall not be harmed by perfect chastity" (see Acton on *The Reproductive Organs*, 6th ed.,

p. 14). And in the same work he says: "It is a generally received impression that semen, after having been secreted, can be reabsorbed into the circulation, giving buoyancy to the feelings, and the manly vigor which characterizes the male" (p. 116). "In fact, who is ignorant that the semen, reabsorbed into the animal economy, when it is not emitted, augments in an astonishing degree the corporeal and mental forces" (p. 127). In a note he adds this important confession, that greater knowledge and experience has led to a change of view, favorable to the desirableness of chastity. "In former editions of this work I was not prepared entirely to acquiesce in these opinions of the reabsorption of the semen, but I now think that it passes to the general circulation and goes to increase vitality." I was glad to be put out of my perplexity upon this point, upon which the whole question of the healthiness of continence for men turned, by coming upon this most weighty note, as students of Acton's earlier works were inclined to claim him, scientifically, as he might be claimed socially, through his instrumentality in bringing about the C. D. Acts, as a preacher of the sexual necessity doctrine. But if it is possible to have evidence of greater weight than that of Dr Acton, we have it in the *Clinical Lectures and Essays* of Sir James Paget, published in 1875, where he says (p. 284): "Now I believe you may teach positively that masturbation does neither more nor less harm than sexual intercourse practiced with the same frequency in the same conditions of general health and age and circumstances. Practiced frequently by the very strong, that is, at any time before the beginning of puberty, masturbation is very likely to produce exhaustion, effeminacy, over-sensitiveness, and nervousness, just as equally frequent copulation at the same age would probably produce them. Or practiced every day, or many times in one day, at any age, either masturbation or copulation is likely to produce similar mischiefs or greater. And the mischiefs are especially likely or nearly sure to happen, and to be greatest, if the excesses are practised by those who, by inheritance or circumstances, are liable to any nervous disease—to spinal irritation, epilepsy, insanity, or any other. *But the mischiefs are due to the quantity, not to the method of the excesses; and the quantity is not to be estimated in relation to age and power of the nervous system.* I have seen as numerous and as great evils consequent on excessive sexual intercourse as on excessive masturbation." Now the advocates of the check system grow eloquent upon the untold miseries brought upon suffering humanity by self-abuse in all its forms, so when one of our leading medical authorities tells us that the evils of sexual intercourse are precisely similar in kind and degree, when practised with like frequency and in like circumstances, to those of self-abuse, it seems to me, that the argument for the prudential check, as a measure of health, falls to the ground. There can be little doubt that should the followers of the check system ever become a majority of the nation we must look forward to a community of weak brained epileptics, for we must observe that *excess is to be estimated in relation to the power of the nervous system.* Now the whole tendency of modern life is such as to wear out, therefore to lessen, the nerve

power of the community, consequently each generation, even now, starts in life in an unfavorable condition, as regards nerve power, when compared to its ancestor. If we are to add to this unavoidable tendency to nerve trouble, habits, which will result in offspring being born into the world robbed of their just inheritance of normal nerve power, it is not difficult to foresee that in a few generations a single act of copulation will be an excess. It is useless to blind ourselves to the fact that were checks to come into general use, sexual intercourse, now considerably restrained by the fear of offspring, would be greatly increased. But have we at the present time any superfluous brain and nerve power in the community that we can afford to dissipate it in senseless trifling? And if we feel that amongst ourselves there is enough neuralgia, epilepsy, insanity, and general want of tone, are we prepared to advocate practices that would inevitably insure a larger inheritance of these complaints to the coming generation?

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT.

UNDER A MIMOSA TREE.

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbled. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen? Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the rocks of language, on the hard baked clay of ancient customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the age of dominion of muscular force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was bowed, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of inevitable necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of inevitable necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb she quivered. But she is wise; she knows she can not rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look!"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them both together.

He said, "While she lies there he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he can not move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The age of muscular force is dead. The age of nervous force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of mechanical invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The inevitable necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, she is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle: and the drops stood out on her,

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He can not help her. *She must help herself.* Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me; "See the light in her eyes?"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees."

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said "I am a woman; and I am seeking for the land of freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the land of freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of labor, through the water of suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried!*"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

"He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand ; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert : they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of ancient received opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the land of freedom. In the water it buoys ; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written, Truth ; and it was white ; the sun had not often shone on it ; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick ; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you ; feel your way ; where it can not find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready ; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay ; what is that in your breast ?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it ; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here ?"

And she said, "See his little wings——"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking ! I will carry him to the land of freedom. He has been a child so long ; so long, I have carried him. In the land of freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion !' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down !"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the land of freedom before you. Those who reach the land of freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive ; put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her so that the blood run down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth ; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw

the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached ? Oh, I am alone ! I am utterly alone !"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence ! what do you hear ?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way !"

He said, "They are the feet of those who shall follow you. Lead on ! make a track to the water's edge ! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream ? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes, and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of these that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more ; their bodies do not even build the bridge ?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more—and what of that ?" he said.

"And what of that——" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge——" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass ?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke ; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light : the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes ; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this ?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it ?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be ?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light ; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything ; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills ; but I knew that the next day he would rise again.—*Olive Schreiner, in the Fortnightly Review.*

"Our five senses are good as faithful servants, when under subjection and properly controlled. But when not controlled they subject us to their tyranny."

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

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THE ALPHA.

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No. 1.

Renew your subscription to THE ALPHA, now.

REFRESHMENT.

We are rested and renovated by our "outing." Life seems more worth living, and the struggle to keep the wheels of the machinery of existence running smoothly not so great, nor duty so hard to perform. For this relief from a long pressure of toil we feel that we have a better opinion of humanity. We happily came into rapport with some of the best specimens of our kind, who turned smiling faces towards us and held out kindly hands with cordial greetings of love and hospitality. So we return to our desk and our patients with a sense of having been renovated by the large draughts of tenderness and sunshine, kind ministrations and solicitude, in which the sea, the rocks, lawns, elms, beeches, lovely drives, cool thoroughfares, blend in a kaleidoscopic view to our backward glance. While still ringing in our ears are the sweet singing strains of the family songster and the youthful, mirthful laughter of the merry sprite, whose future like her past is all "*couleur de rose.*" Long may her outlook be as cloudless and her guileless, loving heart warm the hearts and lighten the cares of those that love her. We wish that all our friends could enjoy as happy an escape from the crematory of city life, with equally happy results as ourselves.—[Ed.]

JENNIE COLLINS.

When a useful, helpful, unselfish, and cheery soul passes out of this life, who but regrets that one of the fruitless lives, one of the cumberers of the earth, could not have been taken in their stead.

Jennie Collins was one of the world's useful workers; one that the world could illy spare. She was a working woman, self-supporting, and knew the hardships and perils of working women, young and old. To help those that needed help she established a home known as "Boffin's Bower," which became headquarters for working women that were out of work or otherwise in trouble. This Bower sheltered many a homeless girl, and fed many a hungry one. And found, through Miss Collins' influence, not only work, but redress for wrongs. Through her effort, it is said, the Boston post-office gave employment to many women.

She said of her Boffin's Bower: "My experience in these rooms is simply incredible to myself. It can never be told. It would not be believed. Volumes would not suffice for the narrative of peculiar individual cases that have come to me with harrowing and sometimes puzzling and trying details, and which I have been able to relieve."

She was over fifty years old at the time of her death. A society has been formed to continue her work. But her place cannot be filled. Many tears flow, many hearts bleed in her memory.

DIED.—In San Francisco, California, August 14th, ex-Senator A. A. Sargent. His disease is reported to have been enlargement of the spleen. Mr. Sargent's name is prominent among the few law-makers who believe in justice for the whole human family. He was a consistent advocate of the political equality of women, and bravely advocated their cause on the floor of the Senate, presenting a bill for their enfranchisement, and speaking in its favor in days when our cause was more unpopular than it is now, and cost much firmness and courage to withstand the opposition and ridicule the movement called forth. But all critics accord to him the characteristics of fidelity and faithfulness to friends—social and political—and still more strongly was his fidelity manifest to his family and personal friends. The rupture of these tender ties must be sorely afflicting to this united and exceptionally harmonious family. Especially severe must the blow fall on his wife, who had walked by his side so many years and added her clear mental and moral perceptions to forward and strengthen her husband's noble career. May our Heavenly Father grant her the sustaining power of His grace and the support of His almighty arm in this great

affliction. May the memory of past happiness and duty done, with the love of her three good children, soothe the pathway of her remaining earthly pilgrimage, is the hope of one who loves her.

DR. MILLARD H. CRAWFORD, surgeon in charge at the Marine Hospital in this city, was arrested on the 28th of July last, charged with the crime of seducing a motherless girl 14 years old, daughter of a well-known chiropodist. Dr. Crawford was likewise well known and very popular in society, to which his position and affability gave him free access. He carried on his intrigue for months so successfully that the girl's father testified in court that he had never seen his face nor heard his name until this charge was brought against him. The child's aunt, living in New York, was sent for, who intercepted a letter from Dr. Crawford to the child. This letter confirmed the suspicions of guilt by its broad and vulgar familiarity, coupled with passionate expressions of *love* (save the mark.) It was only *lust*.

Mr. Andrew Lipscomb, Assistant District Attorney, wrought bravely and fearlessly for the Government, and made a most telling and scathing speech against Crawford and his lecherous practices, saying his high social and Government position should not shield him from merited punishment, and Judge Harper on the bench pronounced him guilty in two indictments, and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment, a ridiculously short term for his crime; but that he could be convicted and receive even this short term in prison is a great triumph for the cause of morality.

This case would be hardly worth recording as another crime against a mere child, one of the many that are occurring here and everywhere, but for the proof that the Edmund's Utah Law applies to all territorial localities in the United States (the District of Columbia being a territory.) This law makes fornication and seduction a crime.

Heretofore there has been no legal penalty of these crimes in this District, except that the victim's father or guardian could demand pay for the loss of her services during the time she was disabled for work. The pay used to be 10 pounds of tobacco. So the world moves *slowly* in the right direction.

We are to be congratulated that we have such a brave champion for purity in our Assistant District Attorney, and that we have on the bench of our Criminal Court a judge that is ready promptly to sentence such a crime, which he did without leaving his seat in these words in a slow and deliberate manner by saying he had fully reviewed the testimony and was ready to decide the case. "Touching the explanation given by Dr. Crawford

of his visit to Eva's house after returning from the excursion, he said he did not believe any person occupying the position of lover, as he claimed to occupy, would leave the lady at the door without seeing that she got into the house, or at least the house of a neighbor. It was almost impossible, he said, to get positive evidence of a case of fornication. As to the letter, he said if such a letter had been received by a daughter of his he would be forced to the conviction that she had lost the jewel of her soul and been ruined."

At this point there was applause in the court room, which was checked by Bailiff Revels.

"The verdict is guilty on both informations. The offence was committed in the District of Columbia, and the sentence is six months on each indictment."

Bravo! Long may this judge live and prosper.

KARMA.

"Have you read 'Karma?' I am anxious to know what you think of it? There is much in it that bears on your work," writes a friend from across the water. "Have you read 'Karma,'" says another friend, putting the book into my hand, and adding, "I like it." I have read "Karma," and find it a very interesting book, fascinating as the mysteries of the unfathomed always are, with many startling and dramatic passages. A party of high-toned, intellectual men and women, mostly English, met by invitation at an ancient castle on the Rhine. This castle has been restored internally and made habitable. The owner, Baron Friedrich von Mondstern, a bachelor, an adept in occult science, and represented as possessing power quite out of the line of common mortals, with crystalline ethics, a pure life; a professor and his wife; a journalist, a man of wealth who means to be a lawyer; a gentleman and his sister, a lady of rank and her beautiful daughter, an English captain and his wife, a titled gentleman, and a lady with remarkable clairvoyant powers. They go into a systematic investigation of occult phenomena, which is quite interesting. But the professor's wife and the titled gentleman become so alarmed at some of the manifestations, which they attribute to the devil, that they abruptly terminate their visit. The professor's wife seeks a divorce upon the charge of the infidelity of her husband.

Previous to this the clairvoyant lady sees by express invitation some passages in the professor's life that make him blush and visibly stare at the mention of a lady's name, and hastens to say, "I do not conceive that I have anything to reproach myself with in this case. I may have acted foolishly, but between us my conscience is quite clear; but I would rather not have this example

of your powers discussed publicly." And yet it turned out that he had won the love of a beautiful woman, with strong characteristics, from a pure good man to whom she was engaged and induced her to go with him, simply telling her of his *undying* love. But he could not marry her, not telling her he was already legally married to another. When Miriam discovered the fact she rose up in great consternation and said, "You have deceived me," and left for her English home. When her father refuses her welcome, not permitting her to his house, and but for an aunt, who is very fond of her, she would have slipped down the road that has led so many trusting girls to despair and death. Her first lover meets her, forgives her, and restores her to the old place in his heart, with the most *extravagant* manifestations of passionate love. The scandal gets into the paper and the professor feels that he must withdraw from the scientific party lest he bring reproach upon them all. He goes to the Baron and proposes to withdraw from the company. But his host, with a sublime charity, sees that though there was much in the professor's life that he could not approve, yet he looked beyond external things and saw only the good and useful in him. But he said, "we must see to it that Annesly (the first lover) *does not take any irrevocable steps in view of these important facts.*" The whole party took this charitable view of the man's sin, but were more or less severe on the woman. One of the ladies settled the question for the whole company when she remarked, "I dare say he has behaved very badly to the other woman, but Lady Emily (the wife) is a cold-hearted cat and I suspect *drove him to it.*" And so they all forgave *him*, but the *woman*—never—as though one person doing wrong could be an excuse for another to do worse. We had hoped Mr. Sinnett, with occult wisdom and high-sounding ethics, would not have fallen into the popular error of judging wrong relations between the sexes in the old one-sided way. We had hoped occult research would have revealed the truth that "sex is the origin of life," and any perversion of sex, be it little or much, is just so much damage or death to the soul of man and woman equally. But the bewildering mazes of lust seem to have blinded the eyes of men wise or unwise.

And sin is sin, whether committed by man or woman, the unjust decisions of the world notwithstanding. Infinite Wisdom has established the same standard of morality for man and woman. So "Karma" is a disappointment, for it is wrong in the foundation principles of justice. An architect would be set down as a fool if he attempted to build an elaborate substantial structure on a foundation without the essential claims of firmness and strength.

A SINGULAR CASE OF PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

A friend writes: My Aunt Josie has been spending August with us. Her daughter Josephine is Ethel's age, and a very interesting girl. Aunt Josie tells an interesting story of pre-natal influence. Before her twins came Gertie, the little daughter of Prof. D., was taken ill. The little girl's father came several times a week the last three weeks of her life to Uncle B. to go to Medford for the doctor, in the night. He would walk to M. and return in the doctor's carriage. My aunt says the lying awake awaiting her husband's return would make her nervous, and often she felt a terror come over her as the carriage approached their stable, where the doctor's horse would be kept. She would remain awake until the carriage drove away, and she heard the doctor's opinion of her little neighbor's condition. But it was the approach of the carriage that affected her—"frightened" her, she says. Her twins are a boy and a girl, Compton and Bertha. Bertha would scream and tremble in her nurse's arms before she could walk when she saw a vehicle coming and heard the wheels. When three years old they would take her out and try to explain how harmless a carriage was, and she would be pleased, but when it moved off she would hide her eyes on her papa's shoulder. Even now, though nearly five, she runs in excitement when vehicles pass. How is it that the little boy was not afflicted? The two are very unlike except that both are healthy and the same size, which is tremendous for their age.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

EDITOR ALPHA: I received the three volumes of the "History of Woman's Suffrage," and am now enjoying their contents immensely.

Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late Postmaster General, and Mrs. Ashton Dilke are the most prominent women in the suffrage movement here. But there are, of course, many others more or less prominent in the movement. I am convinced our ways are so much less energetic than yours, and so much *quieter*, that we appear indifferent and absolutely stagnant when contrasted with our American sisters. Mrs. Gougar was astounded at the want of enthusiasm at our suffrage meetings. Yet we move. As a nation we have got accustomed to appeal only to reason in questions of this kind, and positively have to repress any enthusiasm we may feel, so that it happens that many workers are quite unknown to the general public. We have heard so long that a woman best known is to be unknown, that though we may repudiate the theory, we allow the precept to influence our practice. To put it broadly, we may say that *all* women connected with progress in any of its forms are advocates of Woman Suffrage, from the studious Mary Somerville, the retiring Florence Nightingale, the learned George Eliot, and most of the lesser lights that are working to-day. Yet these women are not known to platforms, and scarcely known to be suffragists at all by the general public. I think your ways are boldest and best, but our ways are bred in our bones, and are partly the result of ages of repression that all classes and both sexes have shared, and partly the natural expressions of our natural phlegmatic temperament.

In looking over the volume of THE ALPHA, which you were so good as to send me last Christmas twelvemonth, I came upon a letter from T. C. H., in which he tells you of a society numbering 1,000 men who are advocating your principles in England. Now is it not illustrative of our methods that nothing whatever appears to be known here of this society. I have made inquiries and I cannot find that any one has ever heard of it. About six years ago a book entitled "Ethics of Love" came out, which advocated ALPHA doctrine in a very mild way. It was written by a man and published anonymously, with a few words of recommendation from Ruskin. The papers did not notice it; it got no advertising, was not sold. In fact, it was still-born. And no one seems to have heard of it who had not presentation copies sent to them. Now your effort has got a good circulation, is opposed as well as welcomed, and that is a very good sign. It is so strange to notice how our medical men admit that nature does not sanction the physical necessity doctrine, as if they were ashamed of the admission, and nearly always qualify this statement as much as they can, and apologize for being compelled to grant it. It is a thing to be thankful for that women have penetrated into the medical profession. Women generally have the courage of their opinions. The pity is with them that so few take the trouble necessary to have opinions. THE ALPHA has another reader here—I wish I could say another subscriber—a clever, pretty, rather energetic mother of six boys, who is worth converting. Do not you think fastness is often energy without a legitimate field of occupation?

Altogether, large as is the field, and horrible as are the obstructions to be overcome, there is more to cause hope than despair!

With love and gratitude, and admiration, faithfully yours,
K. M.

THE MISERY OF OVER-POPULATED LONDON.

The population of Great Britain is at the present moment being added to at the rate of at least 1,000 persons a day, or, in the words of the Registrar-General, "It receives every 10 years an accession equal to the whole population of London." In connection with this enormous growth two points deserve to be noted. The disproportion of the sexes, in itself a serious evil, is slowly but steadily increasing. The distribution of the population is undergoing a sensible change. The towns (except where some special cause is at work) are everywhere growing. The rural population is either standing still or actually diminishing. The metropolis alone receives every week an addition of more than 1,000 persons, and the cry is, "Still they come!" In the case of London and of other large cities the "natural increment" is swelled by the crowds who pour into them from every part of the world. Most of these immigrants are unskilled workpeople or bring what craft they possess to an enormously overstocked market. It does not require the harrowing realism of Mr. George Sims or the picturesque pen of Mr. Walter Besant to prove that where, as in the east end of London, the supply of workers is constantly overtaking the supply of work, wages will be driven down to starvation point.

When we hear of women working all day and half of the night in order to earn 3d. or 4d. by making a pair of trousers and 2d. by making a pair of full-sized sheets and having to find the "extras" for themselves—when we are told that 1d. is considered a handsome remuneration for filling 144 boxes of lucifer matches—we are tempted to ask: "Is this life? Is it the kind of existence into which any reasonable being would, if he or she were given any choice in the matter, desire to be born? Yet there are myriads of our countrymen and countrywomen whose only prospect of escape from such an existence is the workhouse or the grave. I am not speaking now of that destitution which springs from temporary depression of trade or of that which is perhaps inseparable from every state of human society, but of that which is directly due to the fact that 50,000 persons are huddled together in a locality where there is not work or room for half that number.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

JUST LAWS.

SUGGESTED METHODS FOR STATESMEN TO PERFECT.

The declared object of the United States Constitution is to "establish justice;" also making it the right and duty of Congress to legislate for the general welfare.

Who will claim that Congress has done its whole duty and established justice so far as national legislation can do it?

If the voters want justice, and will use their wits and do their duty, the industrious people of America need not continue to be enslaved by the old European land and monetary systems.

These unjust systems of fraud and oppression originated in an age of moral blindness and selfishness. The mass of the people now have more education, more conscience, more liberty, and more responsibility.

The men of the past have had neither the knowledge nor love of justice necessary to establish social or national justice. Hence our work is not to blame them, but to attend to our own duties.

When the limitation of land ownership and the rate of interest on money is rightly settled in this country, America will be on the highway of Justice, which leads directly to the city of peace and good will to men.

A law to relieve the people from the crushing burden of excessive and fluctuating interest on money is simple, easy, and safe. It only requires an amendment to a law already existing, namely, the law requiring the Government to loan money on United States bonds to bankers, at one per cent. per annum. Let voters require the Government to extend its loans of money, at the same rate on landed estate, say to the extent of half its cash value, and the work will be done.

But if the excessive and fluctuating interest on money (which now restricts enterprise, labor, consumption and use of products), was thus abolished before land ownership was limited, large money-owners, generally, would be tempted to rush pell-mell for land, in order to still hold the power of absorbing the earnings of the producing public through rent, and thus actually increase the difficulty of making America a land of homes for free men.—*American Liberty.*

AN EXPERIENCE.

A life of chaste continence in marriage is not only possible and practicable, but is the true road to happiness in that relation. It conduces both to health and happiness. There is no relation between love and lust. True love, the love that will endure through all eternity, can have no existence where lust reigns. These conclusions are the result of three years' experience in the better way. At first it was not easy to live in entirely chaste continence. Temptations were many and the battle was hard, and prayer was the only weapon that prevailed. But every victory brought new strength and peace and determination into our hearts. Now, if Satan were to take us up into a high mountain and show us all the kingdoms of the earth and say—"All these will I give you if you will fall down and worship lust (me)," it would not tempt us a feather's weight.

We have both grown stronger in health during this time. We love each other better every day, and such a thing as an unkind word between us is never known. We both pass for three or four years younger looking than we are. A lady made the remark not long ago—"No one not acquainted with Mrs. ——— would ever take her for a married woman. She is as happy as a young girl."

What a comment on the perversion of a divine institution which brands its guilt and suffering into the face.

We have consecrated our most sacred powers to Him who died for us, with the rest of our bodies, "a living sacrifice," not holding back part for our own selfish gratification. And we have been greatly blest. The curbing of strong passions has developed new powers of enjoyment in the soul. Our eyes see more beauty in the beautiful. Our minds find more pleasure in intellectual truth. We have learned that the kingdom of heaven does truly begin in our hearts here. And out of all this has grown a strong, holy, and enduring affection for little children. We are so thankful that this truth was brought to us in time, and that no child of ours shall ever rise up in the judgment to call us accursed for cursing it before its birth.

Let THE ALPHA go on in the good work. Many more will embrace the truth than you think for. This sin is often one of ignorance, and when your duty is done in warning the people, if they die their blood will be upon their own heads.

A BROTHER AND SISTER FOR THE TRUTH.

PROPER TEACHING.

"Again, it is to such associations of reformers of society" (the White Cross Army and other branches of the purity crusade) "that we must look for the formation of vigorous vigilance committees to watch the general treatment of women."—*Rev. Canon Wilberforce in the Philanthropist of June, 1887.*

Why not teach women self-protection? It would save men much trouble if women were taught that coition is not an expression of love; that health does not demand it, but that it is blessed of God only when it is right to have children; that human law does not make that right which without law would be wrong. Women could take care of themselves under such teach-

ing as this, and relieve vigilance committees of a heavy burden. In short, arm women with an abundance of her only weapon, namely, knowledge. She would not then allow the world to become overstocked with vampires to need watching.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

EDITOR ALPHA: I want to tell you how thankful I feel that the prospect of the continuation of THE ALPHA is favorable, and that you may still have an opportunity for expression of your enlightened thoughts, such as you have given in the last number in reply to the *Christian Register* &c. ("Shall ministers marry young"). THE ALPHA fills such an important niche that it will not be dispensed with, as is evident from the tidal wave that rolls to its support. Thank God for Dr. Bigler and Hiram E. Butler, so strong in line with THE ALPHA doctrine. As mind approaches the spiritual zone the light of truth dawns and flashes as a free inheritance to a higher, broader and purer life, where love is better understood and appreciated, causing men and women to reverence each other for what they are by their God-given nature. Truth, love and chastity are growing entities of thought. And we know not how much in that direction your paper has been the means of opening the blind eyes to light. At least there is decided thought on the power of the sex forces. The esoteric doctrines are all in keeping with THE ALPHA's teachings, and are being brought to the surface for analysis and adoption into the new field of thought for the new dispensation. I have just read that fine work, "The Perfect way; or, The Finding of Christ," and would like to re-read it with you. It is all so rich in truth; and what pleased me most was that there I found my own thought as to the true position of woman. I have for some time realized her to be the highest expression of God upon earth, and in proportion as she feels this truth herself, the world must grope and wait for the light, wisdom and love that will be revealed. The grand work of enlightening and elevating woman is no small task. Yet we see it working in every department; the chains loosening here and there ready to be cast aside that she grow into Divine order and be herself—the redeemed and the redeemer. A dear friend on whom I called yesterday said it came to her "so clearly that woman's emancipation would come through the power and spread of the Mental Cure doctrine." She being a late convert through practical experience, sees the possibilities of woman's usefulness, which certainly is the straight road to gain confidence, respect, love and honor. I hope you are sweetly resting in some quiet nook, where the oceans' waves sing their lullaby notes, and the cadence fills your dear soul with harmony, joy and health with all its recuperative power. The weather has been pleasant and the summer very enjoyable. Cool nights, grand for sleeping, which is California style, hot as the days may be. With the best of wishes, I remain your friend,

D. S. H.

Less generative and increased re-generative work would evidently be more acceptable to the Almighty as well as to His suffering children.

HUMAN CULTURE.

We find in an exchange a copy of a portion of the introductory lecture delivered to medical students at University College, London, by Dr. Henry Maudsley. The subject is of such profound importance that we can not forbear lengthy extract:

You will not be long in practice before you will have many occasions to take notice how little people ever think of the power which they have over their own destiny and over the destiny of those who spring from them—how amazingly reckless they show themselves in that respect. They have continually before their eyes the fact that by care and attention the most important modifications may be produced in the constitution and character of the animals over which they have dominion—that by selective breeding an animal may almost be transformed in the course of generations; they perceive the striking contrast between the low savage with whom they shrink almost from confessing kinship and the best specimens of civilized culture, and know well that such as he is now such were their ancestors at one time; they may easily, if they will, discover examples which show that by ill living peoples may degenerate until they revert to a degraded state of barbarism, disclosing their former greatness only in the magnitude of their moral ruins; and yet, seeing these things, they never seriously take account of them, nor apply to themselves the lessons which lie on the surface. They behave in relation to the occult laws which govern human evolution very much as primeval savages behaved in relation to the laws of physical nature, of which they were entirely ignorant—are content with superstitions where they should strive to get understanding, and put up prayers where they should exert intelligent will. They act altogether as if the responsibility for human progress upon earth belonged entirely to higher powers, and not all to themselves. How much keener sense of responsibility and stronger sentiment of duty they would have if they only conceived vividly the eternity of action, good or ill; if they realized that under the reign of law on earth, sin and error are inexorably avenged, as virtue is vindicated in its consequences; if they could be brought to feel heartily that they are actually determining, by their conduct in their generation, what shall be predetermined in the constitution of the generation after them. For assuredly the circumstances of one generation make much of the fate of the next.

In the department of medical practice in which my work mainly lies, I have this amazing recklessness strongly impressed upon me; for it occurs to me, from time to time, to be consulted about the propriety of marriage by persons who have themselves suffered from insanity, or whose families are strongly tainted with insanity. You will not be surprised to hear, I dare say, that I don't think any one who consults me under such circumstances ever takes my advice except when it happens to accord with his inclination. The anxious inquirer comes to get, if he can, the opinion which he wishes for, and if he does not get that, he goes away sorrowful, and does just what his feelings prompt—that is, gets married when he has fallen in love, persuading

himself that nature will somehow make an exception to inexorable law in his favor, or that his love is sufficient justification of a union in scorn of consequences. Certainly I have never met with so extreme a case as I chanced to light upon in a book a short time ago. "I actually know a man," says the author, "who is so deeply interested in the doctrine of crossing that every hour of his life is devoted to the improvement of bantam fowls and curious pigeons, and who married a mad woman, whom he confines in a garret, and by whom he has insane progeny." But I have met with many instances which prove how little people are disposed to look beyond their immediate gratification in the matter. If it were put to two persons passionately in love with one another that they would have children, one of whom would certainly die prematurely of consumption, another become insane, and a third, perhaps, commit suicide, or end his days in a workhouse or jail, I am afraid that in three cases out of four they would not practice self-denial and prevent so great a calamity, but self-gratification, and vaguely trust "the universal plan will all protect."

Those who pay no regard in marriage to the evils which they bring upon the children, nor in their lives to the sins by which the curse of a bad inheritance is visited upon them, may plead in excuse or extenuation of themselves the vagueness and uncertainty of medical knowledge of the laws of hereditary action. We are unable to give them exact and positive information when they apply to us, and they naturally shelter themselves under the uncertainty. Were our knowledge exact, as we hope it will some day be, we could foretell the result with positive certainty in each case, and so speak with more weight of authority. It is one of the first and most pressing tasks of medical inquiry to search and find out the laws of heredity, mentally and bodily, in health and in disease, and, having discovered exactly what they are, to apply the knowledge purposely to the improvement of the race—that is, to prevent its retrogression and to promote its progress through the ages. I see no reason to doubt that by discovery of these laws and intelligent practical use of our discoveries, we might in the fullness of time produce, if not a higher species of beings than we are, a race of beings, at any rate, as superior to us as we are superior to our primeval ancestors; the imagination of men seems, indeed, in the gods which they have created for themselves, to have given form to a forefeeling of this higher development. But I will not pursue this pregnant matter further now; I have touched upon it only for the purpose of illustrating the large scope of the medical work of the future, which is to discover those laws which have been in operation through the past to make man the superior being which he is, and to determine his future action in intelligent conformity with them; not only to cure disease of body and mind, as it has aimed to do in the past, and to prevent disease, as its larger aim now is, but to carry on the development of his nature, moral, intellectual and physical, to its highest reach.

It is a pity so many opportunities are unimproved to make a healthy moral sentiment for our youth and the novel reading public.

THE TOBACCO EVIL.

THE following clipping from a late New York paper tells its own story without comment. We republish it as a warning to boys and young men, who think the use of cigarettes and tobacco a most genteel and manly pastime, many thousands of whom are committing suicide as surely as young Knevals. It may be more slowly, but it is suicide all the same:

The funeral of Russell H. Knevals was held at his home, No. 62 East Fifty-eighth street, at 2 P. M. yesterday. The Rev. E. W. Babcock, assistant rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, conducted the services, and at the close the many friends and relatives of the young man took a special train at the Grand Central Station for Woodlawn Cemetery. During the services his father, Sherman W. Knevals, his mother, his sister Lillie and her husband, E. W. Wassem, and Rastus S. Ransom, Mr. Knevals' partner, sat near the coffin, while a number of Russell's former classmates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons were present. A number of lawyers prominent in the city were present. The case was an especially sad one, for the young man was an only and much beloved son, seemingly strong, vigorous, and healthy. On Sunday afternoon he was found lying dead on his bed, with no signs of illness. His death was at first attributed to a congestive chill, but an autopsy revealed the fact that he was killed by smoking cigarettes. He had been a constant and excessive smoker of cigarettes, and when the doctors reached the heart they found that the poison had so destroyed its action that it was unable to do its duty, and on Sunday its feeble flutterings caused congestion of the brain, with attendant coma, causing death.

Three or four of the young men who presented themselves before the Board of Examiners at Westfield, Mass., as applicants for the vacant cadetship at West Point, lost all chances of success, even if their examination had been otherwise satisfactory, by reason of cigarette or cigar smoking. Some of these had what is called "tobacco hearts."

ONLY eight out of eighteen applicants at Westfield were found physically sound. When it is remembered that the eighteen were young men, at a period of life when we should expect to find no unsoundness of body, the result is appalling.

The claim that the use of beer will diminish drunkenness and largely take the place of spirits is not borne out by Parliamentary report in Belgium. This report says intemperance is spreading fearfully in the kingdom. Next to Bavaria, Belgium has the reputation of being the country where most beer is consumed, the amount per year being 240 liters, or over fifty-two gallons per head.

In Sweden and Norway no intoxicant can be sold except at a place where good food, coffee, and other non-alcoholic drinks are also kept constantly on hand. The dealer is allowed to make a profit on these, but he is stringently prohibited from selling any liquor except at

cost. The idea is that dealers will thus endeavor to promote the sale of edibles and non-intoxicating drinks, upon which he does make a profit, and discourage buyers from drinking liquors upon which he makes none. It is called the "Gothenburg System," from the town in which it was first put in operation.—*From the Union Signal.*

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

To oppose all this downward tendency, which maintains itself in the very teeth of evolution, we hear that the doctrine of "love" is all-sufficient. Beyond this idea, and that of education, the thoughts of reformers have seldom gone. When we can love and educate the thistle into fig-bearing then we can reform the bodied and minds of men by the superficial methods that are now popular. We must rather discourage the advent of weakness, ignorance, and crime; we must not encourage criminals to be born. Society mourns over vice but takes no means to prevent the growth of the vicious. No check has yet been put in practice by the intelligent wills of men upon this overwhelming multiplication. Religion, law, philanthropy, though they palliate many evils, do not supply the cure for defective organization. Education, liberty, emigration, communism are but alleviations, and leave the root of the difficulty untouched. What is wanted is a higher endowment of the race at birth. The world is content because so much of blind, rude work remains to be done in it by mere muscular strength; because wildernesses are yet unreclaimed and unpopulated. But employment and emigration are but temporary expedients; all the *philanthropies of history are makeshifts; they do not give us a materially higher quality of men.*

The greatest of all reforms, then, will care primarily for the birth of the individual. It will abandon an unwise reverence for the mere fact of life; it will endeavor to procure good lives rather than numerous ones. It will be no visionary respecting the immediate feasibility of its plans; it will remember that the reform has already waited since the days of Plato, and while it further waits it will not do away with hospitals or leave it quite to nature to decide, in her untender way, between the worthy and the unworthy.

The genuine part of the new sentiment of humanity forbids henceforward any such proceedings as these. But modern science already shows to those who care to inquire the better way of reform, and its motto is the *prevention rather than the cure of human ills*. With new generations, and not otherwise, may greatly happier and better lives be made possible to men.

To be born again is felt as a deep need by many who have lost their way in life; but theologians will do no hurt, even to theology, if they remember and teach that there will always be the less need of such rebirth for those who are born aright at the first. Attend to the generation and we may let regeneration alone. He who is born rightly will have less need to be born again.—*Titus Munson Coan, in the June Galaxy.*

Make the laws a standard of right, and their benefits most secure an improvement in the morals of the people.—*American Liberty.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. CAROLINE B. WINSLOW: I saw your name mentioned in "Woman and Household" department of *R. P. Journal*, published in Chicago, J. C. Bundy, editor and publisher, as "editor of that plucky little ALPHA of Washington, D. C." Now I am one of those who long since came to the conclusion that it is more necessary to be born well than it is to be well converted, after we have been subjected to all manner of degrading influence before we are born. In one word, if the first birth was what it should be, the second birth, or that which ushers us into another stage of development, would be reached much more easily, and with far less crime and darkness to mark its track than unfortunately is the case now, notwithstanding all the jails, "reformatories," churches, and the thousand and one schemes for reforming the race, all good no doubt. But who thinks of raising a field of wheat on ground that is filled with all manner of foul weeds, briars, thistles, thorns, with it may be an accidental tree whose fruit is useful in degree, but which would be far more beneficial if the pure and uncontaminated rays of the sun could reach its branches and roots direct, rather than through all the obstructions. I don't know anything about the cost of your journal, so I inclose only ten cents for specimen number which I would be pleased to have forwarded at your earliest convenience. It is certain the women must do the work of cleansing the Augean stable of American society, because it is too unbecoming, too gross, too wide from good morals, good breeding, and everything that refined rake thinks and only does not condemn, because the condemnation would strike home. Well, this is a rambling request to simply ask you to mail me a newspaper. Respectfully,
S. F. D.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., August 17, 1887.

DEAR DR. WINSLOW: I wish to renew my subscription to THE ALPHA. Its principles are founded on the rock and they must become established in the lives of men and women, and this will be brought about just so fast as we each put ourselves in harmony with the teachings of Christ, and then try to spread the truth and love and life that comes to us in such holy living. Sometime I wish to send a list of names of people to whom I wish to send THE ALPHA. I inclose one dollar for my subscription, two dollars for "Tokology" and two "For Boys." With best wishes,
M. A. D.

THE HONOR OF A HOUSE.

The family of Dudley, of Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head crowned with a helmet, the throat latch loose, the vizor thrown up, and her hair flowing and disheveled. Its origin was as follows: In the latter part of the fourteenth century a brave knight, named Hotot, had a serious dispute with Sir Jasper Ringsdale concerning the title to a valuable piece of land; and as a last resort, the rival claimants agreed to meet upon the disputed territory and settle the matter by a combat at arms. Hotot was well advanced in age, and upon the morning of the appointed day he found himself laid up with gout, and in such pain that he could not even rise from his chair. In this emergency his daughter Agnes, who held her father's honor very dear, and who desired much to retain the land, armed herself in full knightly panoply, and, upon her father's well known charger, and bearing a lance which she had often used in tilting sport, went forth at the time appointed and met Ringsdale. The fight was stubborn, but the maiden's suppleness of limb finally prevailed over the knight's greater physical strength, and in the end she dismounted him. Quickly leaping from her saddle she drew her dagger, but Ringsdale had no desire to renew the combat; and when he had acknowledged himself vanquished, his opponent loosened her throat latch, and lifted up the helmet, thus letting down her flowing tresses upon her shoulders and discovering her sex. The Lady Agnes afterward married into the Dudley family, and in honor of this chivalrous and heroic act her descendants have used the above crest, with the motto, "*Galea spes salutis*," which is, freely rendered, "In this (helmet) we trust our honor."

BABY'S SHOES.

MARY N. BRUCE.

A mother is weeping quiet tears
Over a baby's worn-out shoe;
A treasured atom these twenty years,
She holds it dear, as mothers do.

She weeps to think how her baby died,
Leaving life's glowing path untrod;
Her boy, her promised joy and pride—
'Twas hard to give him back to God.

Another mother is crouching low
Over a baby's worn-out shoe;
Burning and bitter her tears that flow—
Burning as caustic, bitter as rue.

Her boy lived on to man's estate;
Best, like the other, he had died;
For then might this doting mother prate
Of promise lost, of joy and pride.

Oft on his pinky pattering feet,
As dew on rose-leaves, kisses fell;
Would God that they trod the golden street,
And not the path that leads to hell.

Oh, mother that bore and nursed and reared;
That fondly loved and chid and taught;
That labored and prayed and hoped and feared—
You see your life work worse than naught.

Whose disappointment is half so deep!
Who so burns for another's shame!
The boy's wild sowings for her to reap;
She fain would swear to all the blame.

Yes, for the torture is made complete
By dumb remorse for unguessed wrong;
She would face for him the judgment seat—
Without her boy heaven gives no song.

Oh, son that once wore that baby shoe,
You've wrecked your mother's joy and pride,
You've broken her heart that beat for you;
She envies her whose baby died.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Not he who rides through conquered cities' gates,
At head of blazoned hosts, and to the sound
Of victor's trumpets, in full blast and state
Of war, the utmost pitch has dreamed or found,
To which the thrill of triumph has been wound.

Not he who by a nation's vast acclaim,
Is sudden brought and singled out alone,
And while the people madly shout his name,
Without a conscious purpose of his own,
Is swung and lifted to a nation's throne.

But he who has all single-handed and alone,
With foes invisible on every side,
And, unsuspected of the multitude,
The force of fate itself has dared defied,
And conquered silently. Ah! that soul knows
In what white heat the blood of triumph flows.

ANONYMOUS.

When we walk towards the Sun of Truth, all shadows are cast behind us.—*Longfellow*

"There is but one failure in life, which is not to be true to the best you know"—*Cannon Farrar*

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