

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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THE WOMAN'S LABOR QUESTION.

BY ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.

Continued.

"I can not think of anything but teaching, as a means of adding to our income" said Margaret, after a pause, during which all eyes had been turned expectantly upon her perplexed young face.

"Should we teach as daily governesses, or resident governesses, or in schools?" asked Elsie.

"As daily governesses, I suppose, or we could not live at home, and it would not be so dreadful to live apart. Then I think we younger ones are scarcely qualified to undertake more than two or three subjects. We could all teach German, because dear mother being a German, it is to us as our native tongue, and I suppose Grail, Charlotte, Elsie and Bertha could at once undertake music, French, and one or two more subjects."

"The objection to your plan, Meg," said Grail, "is that the living would be very precarious, for hundreds and hundreds of men and women are competing already as private teachers. I fear too that we are all too young to stand a very good chance of getting high-class pupils, and the lower classes expect to be taught for next to nothing. Then I should be very unwilling to have you out, at all hours of the day and late in the evening by yourselves. We must not be satisfied to choose any work that does not promise to bring us in an increasing income as we grow older, and I fear teachers' fees are much the same whether the teacher is twenty or fifty, unless he has won renown in some other walk of life, and therefore is especially sought. Now, Frieda it is your turn."

"Could we not live together and keep a school?"

"We will put that down as a subject to be considered. We should be obliged to pass two or three years in a training college first to fit ourselves for our duties. And I should have no hesitation in using some portion of our capital for this purpose if you all feel that you do not dislike the calling. It would be an investment which would bring us a good return in the future, and if we worked, we might reasonably hope to win a respectable position and competence for old age. I do not dislike the idea, but you would have to make up your

minds to the three years in some good training college, for I could never consent, and I am sure you would be very unwilling, to undertake the solemn task of training young minds before you had been through a special course of study, to prepare for so important a duty."

"I have nothing to suggest," said Louise, "except that we open our school for boys as well as girls, as we should do if we were still in America. I am sure twice as much is learned when the sexes study together."

"Not at all a bad suggestion. I believe many parents would be glad to have sister's eyes on their boys when they are away from home. Sisters are very like little mothers. We can see what older people think would be the success of the experiment in the intervening years."

"It seems to me, that Meggie, Louise, and Frieda, have very little idea how wearying it is to teach," said Bertha. "I would rather open a large millinery and dressmaking business. We are old enough to begin that at once. We are all clever with our fingers, and if we hired an experienced forewoman, and two or three good dressmakers to cut out and fit, until we had learned to do these things ourselves, we could begin in a few weeks. People must have dresses, and would rather trust their goods to women who lived in a decent house, with everything clean and comfortable about them, than have them in little dingy rooms, where there is the chance of contagion and all sorts of horrors. I believe we should succeed. Ladies would like to be waited on by educated girls."

"Dressmaking and bonnetmaking seems hardly a proper calling for the daughters of a physician, and the granddaughters of the Court Chaplain of D—," said Margaret, with a low voice but heightened color, appealing with her eyes to her elder sister.

"Why Meg," said Grail "it seems to me your pride is somewhat misplaced. No work is dishonorable or dishonoring that is well done, though I must confess Bertha's proposal has astonished me."

"Do you dislike the idea, Grail?" asked Bertha.

"Not at all, I like it for the originality and freedom from prejudice which it shows. We have

often made our own dresses and bonnets, when there was no other necessity for our doing so, but the desire to save our money for some object we cared more for than fashion, and we never felt that we lessened our self-respect thereby, and I do not see why we should feel that we renounced our right to the title of gentlewoman, if we made dresses and bonnets for others, that we might earn money to spend in picture-galleries, libraries, and concert-rooms."

"I think," said Elsie, "that we should make more money by Bertha's plan than by school-keeping. But both suggestions have the disadvantage that they would entail much sedentary employment, and we have all been used to such an active life that I fear we should suffer much from the enforced confinement. What I have to suggest is not at all a scheme after my own heart for it would entail separation, but it promises an active life which would exercise all the faculties, with a fair chance of promotion in after years. It would not necessitate breaking into the capital, and we could begin at once. I propose hospital nursing."

"My dear Elsie you have no idea how hard the work is, or how revolting; but you are a born nurse, so the idea is very natural to you. If you think you would prefer it to any other career, you shall try it, but first hear the proposition Lotta and I shall make. You are mistaking in supposing that we could begin at once. I have already made some inquiries at four or five London hospitals and I find five-and-twenty is the age generally considered best for taking up the work of a nurse. Some hospitals will not take women before they have reached that age, affirming that their constitutions are not sufficiently set to bear the strain of anxiety and the pressure of long-continued exertion; they say too that girls are much more liable to catch infectious diseases than women between twenty-five and thirty. One or two hospitals occasionally take probationers at two or three and twenty, but when the rule is so wise and founded on such sufficient reasons, I should not care for you to run the risk of breaking it, but as years go on you can consider the subject more fully. Now, Lotta, let us hear your suggestions."

"I am afraid Meggie will like my idea less than Bertha's, so I shall preface it with reasons. I want to live all together so that we may help one another to bear the burdens that will come, whatever choice we make I think we should secure sufficient leisure for the younger one to attend a few classes, and we must all remember that we have minds to nourish as well as bodies so that it is our duty, as well as to our advantage to choose a profession, or business, that will give us at least as many free hours for self-improvement as the men of our class enjoy."

"Hear! hear!" from Grail.

"Then I should be glad if we could remain in

this neighborhood. It is near the college in Harley street, where entrance fees have already been paid; and it is near the park, which I think no small advantage on the score of health and pleasant recreation, and I know no other part of London that has wider and pleasanter streets; here the houses have a well-to-do air, that is worth a good deal in this smoky atmosphere, whose dirt and dinginess tend to bring a settled gloom upon the spirit. If you can not secure fresh breezes try to fix yourself within sight of clean, white curtains, well polished brasses, plate-glass windows, and bright flowers is my maxim. These things we have here, and I am sure our chances of success will not be a little increased by keeping around us all the cheerful sights and sounds, that we can innocently command. I want to earn money quickly, and in the way which promises the greatest return for the least risk; and to gain this desirable end I shall think no honest work detrimental to our dignity as women of well-born, highly-cultivated parents, nor do I fear that any honorable business will prove us in the least disrespectful to their memory. I am always surprised at the mental deformity which permits professional men's daughters to become governesses without training, or companions without independence, because the callings are termed 'genteel,' when they too often entail dishonoring pretenses and knowledge, not possessed, and contemptible subservience to folly, weakness and vulgar social prejudice. Surely it is not honoring the memory of relatives to place yourself in a position in which your human instincts, your most noble characteristics must suffer humiliation, and a deadening process which may end in their total annihilation. It is as though you credited your holy dead with reverence for the outside circumstances of vanity and pomp, instead of the true worship of the intrinsic merits of noble independence, and that liberty which is necessary for the growth of the soul. Better be a dairy-maid who can keep her self-respect while she polishes her pans, than a poor, half-taught governess, humiliated by the sense of her own ignorance, and disgraced by the falseness of her position. Now that I have told you my wishes and my feeling, are you prepared to hear that I propose that we take suitable premises, put ourselves into pretty uniforms, with little caps and aprons, and open a boarding-house, doing the work ourselves, that we may assure the satisfaction of our boarders."

"Well, Lotta, you need not have made such a preamble," burst from Margaret as soon as her sister ceased speaking, "is it anything shocking to American girls to do housework, as to the children of a poor German professor's daughter to see that the dinner is cooked, and not spoiled. Though, since you made it for my benefit, I thank you."

"I am glad you do not dislike the idea Meg, and I think Louie and Frieda seem willing to dust

chairs instead of teaching children if I was to judge from their faces, but let us hear what Grail has to suggest."

"My plan bears a striking resemblance to yours, Lotta, but it is somewhat modified to suit English tastes. If we were in New York perhaps it would be the best thing to take the suggestion as it stands."

"By the way, Grail," interrupted Bertha, "why don't we return to America. I am sure women are treated much more respectfully, and with much more consideration there than here. Have you considered it?"

"No dear, there are many reasons against it. In the first place we are here and have our living to get. It would cost us a good round sum to take us back as we came, and I do not think any of you would care to cross in one of the cheaper vessels if it could be avoided, you have so long been accustomed to travel with all the comforts and conveniences that wealth supplies, that you would feel the difference that enforced economy would bring as very irksome. And it is a disagreeable experience easily avoided by remaining in England. Then although grandpapa begged so hard to be allowed to keep Earnest, when we left Germany eighteen months ago, that mother and father consented to let him stop, and although grandpapa has written since papa's death, saying that he means to adopt him, since his dear daughter, our mother, has gone home before, still I should like to be as near our youngest brother as circumstances allow. He is only a boy now, and we could not wish anything better for him than to be following his studies under grandpapa's care. He would have been a greater anxiety to me than all you girls together, had he been with us in this great dark city, and I am truly thankful that he is so well placed, but at the same time as he grows older he may get weary of the small German university town and be glad to come to us for a while, now and then; he did not give promise of turning into a *gelehrter*, and I expect, as years roll away, and he finishes his *studentenjahre*, he will choose some active profession. Again if I were quite convinced that Ernest would not need us, I think our presence in New York, in our altered circumstances, would be a hindrance to Fred. As we have only two brothers we might as well consider their interests, at least as much as our own. Though I believe them to be identical for since you have touched upon the subject, I may as well tell you that I think it might happen, though Fred is a dear good boy that if we were to settle in New York he might feel a little bit vexed that the property, which I hold in trust for you, was left entirely under my control. You see as he is a year older than Sam, he might think he ought to have been left co-trustee. I suggested this arrangement to dear father, but he said no, it would

be an unnecessary anxiety for Fred, just as he was entering into life, that he would, perhaps marry, that young men were mere boys at the same age that their sisters, if they had been well educated and properly trained, were clear-headed and observant women, and he preferred to leave it in my hands; besides, father said the other arrangement might cause Fred to throw up the appointment he had obtained for him with so much trouble last fall, that he might come to England to look after our interests. All this papa wrote to Fred at my request a few days before he died. We will put off all thought of returning to America until we are rich. It is a pity that riches or poverty should make any difference in the estimate of our acquaintances, but we must take the world as we find it, and there is nothing to be gained by shutting our eyes to the fact that we should not take the same position in New York if we were to open a boarding-house in that city as we did when living there as the daughters of a wealthy and popular physician. Some too might blame our parents, and say that they did not act wisely in accustoming us to a style of living which we could not keep up when they were gone, and although we know very well that it was for our own good that we were brought into intercourse with refined and well-educated people, and received instruction at the best American schools, outsiders may dare to censure those with clearer insight and truer vision than their own, and this chance of censure I would gladly avoid by remaining here. We remember, what others can not know, that our parents always taught us to consider a life of idleness wrong in itself, injurious alike to the individual and to society, so that we have not been thrown on our own resources unprepared. And this would make any blame, which might be natural and fitting in other circumstances, unjust to the memory of our parents, yet we could not prevent the censure for we should be the only people in the circle of our friends, who would never hear it. Although we have enjoyed all the advantages of wealth, we have been trained in simple habit, and taught to be useful and self-sufficing, therefore we have reaped all the benefits to be derived from ample resources, without suffering the penalty that comes with money, when its possessors look upon it as the means of purchasing a future of idleness for those they love. And how very thankful we ought to be that our faculties have been trained to serve us in our hour of need. How good it will be for us to feel that we must rouse ourselves to action, if we would keep those advantages we have hitherto enjoyed. Society does not yet demand useful work from its women, so that any course of events that compels girls to take up a lucrative career, may be looked upon as a certain benefit to them as human beings."

"I do not think we should have spent our time uselessly under any circumstances; we have al-

ways been kept so constantly employed that we should have been miserable in idleness."

"That is true, but many girls who have worked hard all their school-time, have fallen into the habits of getting through the day in, what we may call, busy idleness, when living at home, and this always ends in restlessness, discontent and real misery, for all but the utterly stupid, who have not sufficient brain power and see that their business is as profitless as their idleness. For my part I am thankful that we are spared the trial; and I wish all parents would spend their money freely in providing their children with the power to enjoy the use of their faculties, instead of hoarding it so that they might never need to use them."

(To be continued.)

THE ESSENES.

(Continued.)

The moral duties to one's self recognized by the Essenes were chiefly temperance, patience, and cleanliness. Temperance extended to eating as well as drinking. The persecutions which the sect underwent from the Romans, made fortitude and patience virtues in supreme demand. Cleanliness was enforced by rules requiring frequent ablutions. The attire of the brethren, consisting of white robes of linen or other material, shows how constantly present to their minds were ideas of cleanliness and purity. Minute attention was given to a proper disposal of all excretions from the body. Baptisms were frequent both as habits and emblems. Personal chastity, even where individuals of the opposite sex were not concerned, we may be sure, was also highly regarded by them, both from the celibate tendencies of the brotherhood, and from what Josephus relates of their conduct in wedlock.

Thus the natural, moral virtues enjoined by Christianity, were recognized and practised more than a century and a half before the advent of Jesus of Nazareth, and from that time continuously by the same religious sect, at least till the time of Josephus, and Pliny the elder. Chastity, temperance, continence and patience with their concomitants, clemency and self-sacrifice, were observed as the highest religious, as well as moral duties, by a religious fraternity, before they were taught by Jesus and the Apostles. The noblest precepts of the Sermon on the Mount were practical rules of a close-communication brotherhood long before they were announced in Galilee, or more correctly speaking, before they were formally tabulated in a gospel.

Were there any duties purely religious, supposed to be peculiar to Christianity, anticipated in the same way by the Essene brotherhoods?

THE ESSENE OF JUDAISM.

The essential feature of Judaism as a religious system in contradistinction from Christianity, was that it sought to reconcile man with God by a mul-

tiplicity of sacrifices, chiefly the bloody sacrifices of animals. The original belief of the Hebrew people was that the odor and the savor of burned flesh were grateful to the Deity. As the moral sense of that people matured, the belief was modified and the reconciling element in the sacrifices came to be considered the love and good-will to God of the person that offered them. Seven centuries before Christ, that noble prophet, the elder Isaiah, rose to the conception that the fat of bulls and rams was an abhorrence to Jehovah; but that idea never found a lodgment among the priesthood; and had Jerusalem not fallen under the dominion of Rome or some other heathen power, the smoke of bloody animal sacrifices would still ascend day by day from the altar of burnt offering on the temple hill of Moriah.

Christianity substituted for a means of reconciliation with God, instead of the sacrifice of animals, the sacrifice of a divine man; but in connection with that sacrifice to render it complete and effective, it required the practice on the part of the offerer of the very virtues essential to membership in the Essene brotherhoods. But the remarkable thing in Christianity was that it utterly set aside animal sacrifices. So long, however, were our gospels written after the sharp struggle of Jesus with the state religion of the Jews, that no where in them is given a single precept from him directly impeaching the practice of such sacrifices. Only in an apocryphal gospel do we find Jesus distinctly teaching: "Carry no sacrifice to the temple." In this single precept is found a clearer echo of the strife between Jesus and the priesthood than in all the canonical gospels. When Judaism was struck on this point, the blow was aimed at its heart; for in the Jews' estimation, when the sacrifices were taken away, all possibility of atonement and reconciliation with God went with them.

Christianity proposed to utterly take away the sacrifices. But that was precisely what the Essenes aimed at and accomplished among themselves, more than a century and a half before Jesus preached. The Essenes substituted for animal victims the performance of the cardinal moral virtues as the only acceptable sacrifice. The brotherhood would have been forthwith destroyed had they been vociferous in the propagandism of their antipathy to the official sacrifices. But they were "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and knew how, under the mask of extraordinary devotion to the law of Moses, to eliminate the letter and practice its spirit, and cloak the new worship in the disguise of a fraternity, in which the mystery of an acceptable method of atonement with God was harkened with three successive orders of graded devotees; to the last of which only was the prophet Isaiah's open secret revealed, namely, that animal sacrifices were not acceptable to God.

For my own part, I believe Jesus stopped precisely at that point where the Essenes, a century and a half preceding his time, rested their practice; that is, that he preached the observance of the moral virtues as the complete and sole requisite for full reconciliation with God. But in the first and second generations of Christians, in that turmoil of political and religious opinions which prevailed among Gentile believers outside of Judea, he was himself substituted in current belief for those sacred victims whose bloody atoning death neither Judaism nor Paganism imagined could be dispensed with. Hence in three of the Gospels he is represented as himself drinking the Passover wine as the emblem of his own blood; and in the fourth, he expires on the cross as the divine lamb at the very hour the actual paschallamb was slain. Thus early in Christian history was metaphor converted into fact; and from the dawn of the second century till now, it has been considered in all the great communions of Christendom far more essential to secure a vicarious interest in his atoning death, than to sympathize with his sweet life in love, continence, temperance and self-sacrifice. Most singular irony of fate, that the foremost opponent of animal sacrifices to the Deity, should of all men himself come to be believed as the most acceptable victim to God!

D. L.

(To be continued.)

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

A successful experiment in pure living and right generation with good testimony of the value of Tokology to a young mother. These young people are true and consistent reformers, and have begun life on the best principles and shaped their future towards a pure and blessed Christian home.

—[Ed.]

I know you will be interested to learn that we have a baby at our house—a “welcome child.” A little son came to give to us great joy on the morning of the 13th of September. He is a remarkably good baby, I am glad to be able to say; he is strong and well, and each day he seems to perceptibly increase in weight and fleshiness. His mother informs me that his dresses are becoming too small for him, so fast does he grow. I have thought sometimes that it might have been the part of wisdom for us to wait for a few years before assuming the duties of fatherhood and motherhood, for my wife is now but twenty-one years of age (and I but twenty-five) and her health has not been vigorous, owing to the fact that for some years she suffered from malaria, but we so longed for a child and we decided that we could not wait. I believe we have not done very wrong to have our child come to us so soon. During last summer my wife was much better in health than she had been for some years; she followed Dr. Stockham’s directions laid down in

“Tokology” closely, and as a result pregnancy caused her no sufferings. Now she is more than ever enthusiastic in praise of good Dr. Stockham, and her longing that all women might have “Tokology,” and were willing to profit by its teachings is intense. At the birth of our child my wife’s sufferings were not at all severe, and they were not in the least protracted. We shall ere long have photographs of our child, if he lives, and we shall be pleased to send one of them to you. We have named him Dio Lewis, because of our love and admiration for the great and good man who bore that name, and if he grows, when he reaches manhood’s estate, to be so unselfish a friend of humanity as was Dr. Lewis, our dearest wish shall be realized.

We join you in rejoicing over the advent of Mr. Caldwell’s *Christian Life*, and in hoping that by its influence many may be led to the light. To my mind it seems incredible that any person possessing a conscience could read the sincere, earnest and convincing words uttered by Mr. Caldwell and be not impressed by them. I wish to do all I can to extend the circulation of *Christian Life* and THE ALPHA, but my time is so limited and the indifference to be met with so great, that little can I do. But “every little helps,” I know, and I shall not despair.

Are you pleased with Mrs. Miller’s *Dress*? Anything looking toward the emancipation of women from the bondage which fashion entails I heartily favor, but I think Mrs. Miller errs when she speaks of her journal having circulation only among the wealthy and cultured. There are many progressive, intelligent people who have not affluence (and do not desire it) and who do not lay claim to culture, who may not be entirely pleased with the “select” tone of *Dress*. And my wife and I noticed, with sorrow, that wine at table is spoken of in the pages of *Dress* as a matter of course. It seems to us that a progressive woman, as Mrs. Miller is supposed to be, should be alive to the evils of intemperance, and ready to do whatever may lie in her power to combat them.

My wife sends her kindest regards to you. We can not have the great pleasure of conversing with you, but your pictured face looks down on us from one of our walls, and for this we are thankful.

“LET US not forget our mercies and blessings when we remember our misfortunes.”

“COUNT your mercies. Those that count and record their mercies have many to record.”

“IT is not the position you occupy that makes you great. But the faithful performance of the humblest duties.”

“IF to our words we do not add noble deeds, it is as though we left the garnered sheaves to the inclemency of the weather.”

HEREDITARY TENDENCIES OF ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO—
THOUGHTS FOR FATHERS.

“Let men know that they are men, created by God; responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity.” If this great thought, which is credited to brave old John Knox, is true of ordinary and general life, what awful significance it gains when we apply it to that function in which man most nearly approaches the Divine creative prerogative! We have long extolled the duties and powers of motherhood, and therewith heaped upon it more than humanity is able to bear; but the great levers of God’s truth and justice are slowly wheeling round and lifting upon fatherhood a share of the mighty weight.

Is there under heaven a more fearful responsibility than that of photographing yourself, soul and body, limb and feature, temper and habit, thought and acquirement, upon living, immortal, accountable beings? Husband, you look forward with reverent delight to the coming of a little one into your home. Father, you love your child; you would toil, spend, suffer, die for it. Would you poison that baby soul at the very fount of its being? Would you give it an inborn, irresistible impetus on that downgrade, “smooth as grass, slippery as ice,” whose foot rests in hell? If not, you must never learn the fatal fascination of the drink and tobacco habit; or if you have learned it, root it out at once and forever, by the power of the Highest.

The certainty of hereditary law is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the inherited effects of alcohol. Here is a family of sons—the father a drinker. One after another falls a victim to the daily appetite. One, however—an eloquent minister of the gospel—withstands it for years. At last he falls—recovers—falls again and again—at last goes down in darkness and disgrace. One could multiply instances almost indefinitely, but they are so sadly common as to seem trivial beside the accumulated horror of statistics. But alas! they are never trivial to the sufferers. One case in a household is a tragedy. “He is such a big-hearted man,” said one to the writer; “the most generous of all the family—if he only did not drink. But it really seems as though he could not help it. He said to me once, so pitifully, with a tremble in his voice, ‘Do you think any man would drink if he could help it?’” “Did his father drink?” “Yes, just before his son was born.”

If the drinker feels at liberty to damn himself, he must not feel at liberty to become a parent. The meanest wretch that wallows in the gutter would shrink from the thought of plunging hundreds and thousands of unborn human beings into this measureless ruin—a ruin which gapes for their baby souls, and closes blackly over their dishonored graves.

There is one more fact of crowning awfulness to be considered. Hereditary tendency gains force as it descends. It is admitted among stock-breeders that any defect, however small, increases with each succeeding generation, until at last the stock becomes worthless; and those who study testimony upon hereditary alcoholism, note that the moderate drinking of the father or mother implants an overmastering appetite in the child. He that hath ears to hear let him hear!

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS.

It is often said the souls of little children are like white paper, upon which culture may write what it will. But deeper insight is revealing the truth that the new-born soul may more fitly be compared to a page written all over with invisible ink, which the fires of life cause to start forth in characters clear and beautiful, or distorted and hideous. We are just learning how majestic is the mother’s office, in that it is given her to make these mystic and mighty inscriptions which are more enduring than life, more potent than fate. It is given to motherhood, during the few brief ante-natal months, to mould a plastic, human soul and body into almost any shape which her *will*, her *capacity*, her prevailing *emotions* and surrounding *conditions* dictate.

Wise, motherly women who have made this subject a study, declare that far more is due to the temporary efforts of the mother, during the preparatory months, to keep herself and surroundings pure and sweet and bright, and every way at the best, than to her natural and ordinary disposition. Rev. A. E. Newton, in his admirable little pamphlet, “The Better Way,” which no parent should be without, says, of inherited disposition to crime: “The indulgence of any evil desire or thought on the part of the mother, during the period of gestation, is likely to infuse a subtle, moral virus into the very texture of the young life that is being so marvelously wrought within her own. * * *

There are strong reasons for believing that these entailed proclivities often assume, in their unfortunate subjects, the form of an imperative *must*. It is common for murderers, kleptomaniacs, and other criminals to plead that something within them *makes* them commit the crimes. What is this but the mysterious force of an inborn tendency?”

How does all this bear upon the awful problem of the drink habit, the insatiable, overmastering, all-devouring *drink appetite*? Hear what high authority says touching the direct influence of the mother in this direction: “Nothing is more certain than that the desire for alcoholic drinks is inherited, and all degrees of mental dullness and incapacity, from one grade below the parental endowment, to idiocy, may be distinctly referred to habits of intoxication. The habit of taking just a drop to sustain your fainting spirits during the day, and a glass of something hot at night, added, most

likely, to the father's moderate drinking, gives the child an *uncontrollable passion for stimulants*. Alcohol breaks down the will, and what is a human being without a will? * * * Friends often advise a pregnant woman to drink beer or spirits, assuming that nature at such times requires it. Now, nature is equal to her own emergencies, and pregnancy is not a disease. The brooding mother needs plenty of sunlight and fresh air, abundant sleep, moderate exercise, wholesome food and congenial surroundings. Let her listen to no one who prescribes a stimulant, which holds a disease in itself."—[Pamphlet on Transmission, by Mrs. Kirby.]

Dr. John Cowan, in his invaluable work "Science of a New Life," has much to say on this point. "Pure blood being a requirement in the right growth of the child, it is almost unnecessary to say that a clean, sweet, lovable baby can not be grown by a mother who uses fat meats, pork, spices, grease, coffee, beer, whisky, wine, etc. * * * The only allowable drink to be used during this period is water. * * * If the parents wish a child that will possess a desire for tobacco, or a fondness for alcoholic liquors, it is only necessary that the father, during the period of preliminary preparation, use moderately or in excess, tobacco, wine, whisky, beer, etc. If the mother have her morning or evening glass of beer, ale, wine, cider or whisky—spiced, hot or plain—the effect on the character of the New Life will be much more positive."

"Let no nursing mother be induced by physician or friend to drink porter or ale to increase her flow of milk, and give her strength. It is, in my opinion, feeding the babe on poison, and if, unfortunately, the child has any hereditary tendency toward a love of strong drink (and such traits are undoubtedly transmitted by inheritance), this course is actually fostering the tendency. A babe fed on such nutriment will often accumulate fat, but this accumulation is not a sign of health. * * * The use of whisky in the first bath of an infant is not only unnecessary, but absolutely wrong."—[Mrs. E. B. Duffy—"What Women Should Know,"

Dr. Morrell examined the mental condition of 150 children from the poorer classes of London, the majority of whom were offspring of criminals and drunkards. He reported that these children were stamped with the triple curse of physical, intellectual and moral degeneracy. Says Dr. Mary Blake, in her pamphlet on "Pre-Natal Influence." "When we realize the large number of children that are conceived when the demon alcohol is coursing through the blood of one or both parents, we are not surprised that drunkards and criminals are the result. Last winter I made constant visits to the dilapidated tenement houses in Boston. Among many similar experiences I recall a bare attic room; within it husband and wife both lying upon a pile

of rags in one corner, stupified by liquor. The wife and mother, half clad and deformed, clasped in her arms a six-months babe, which was drawing its nurishment from her poisoned milk. If the imps of darkness had conspired to imbue the child's nature with the worst possible influences, nothing more could have been done to bring about this demoralizing result. In another den of wretchedness, I saw a little child, whose head scarcely reached above the table, drink empty a cup before I could seize it, that contained whisky that had been prescribed by the city physician attending the dying mother of the child."

Dear sisters, I have put together a little testimony concerning your direct agency in this vital matter. God has set within your homes, under your very hands, the fountains which feed the eternities. Will you poison them with a deadly, ineradicable, self-perpetuating virus?

INDIRECT RESPONSIBILITY.

We have tried to show you, dear sister women, how solemn is your duty, and how great is your direct responsibility touching the pre-natal culture of your children. In view of these mighty issues, perhaps you are ready to cry out that the burden is greater than you can bear; and unless we consider the other side of this subject, it is indeed too true. O, if you knew how many tender and helpful words burn and groan for utterance to you! For their is help; and without help you can but do little. For centuries we have been heaping up the load of responsibility, and laying it upon an already overtasked motherhood, while to fatherhood we have said, "Go free and live as you list." Unless you have known and considered these things in time, and chosen for your husband and the father of your children, one who is untainted by debased appetite, and who will support and cherish you while you strive with reverent touch to carve the destiny of a new immortal, you will faint and fail. Could we command a universe of voices, they should all cry to you that as women—as the arbiters of fate for future generations—you have no deadlier foe than alcohol, and its fellow-worker and friend, tobacco; and never are they deadlier than when they approach you through your husband.

[To be continued.]

"FOR BOYS."

¶ The holidays are at hand. Friends, do not forget that "For Boys" will make a very suitable and useful Christmas and New Year's present, and that every boy should own this book to help them to know themselves and give them an impetus towards pure and high living; the only method by which they will become good citizens, happy husbands and fathers. Price \$2.00, and "For Girls," \$1.00. For sale at this office.

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

Subscription and Advertising Rates.

Subscriptions:

The Alpha is published on the first day of each month, and can be obtained of newsdealers, or will be sent at the following rates:

One year	\$1.00
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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.

Correspondence:

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

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

PAID FOR.

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

THE ALPHA.

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No. 4.

THE article on "Hereditary Tendencies" we reprint in the present issue was published by the W. C. T. U. some years ago. It is now out of print, we believe. It is too good to be lost, as is all that dear Mrs. Griffith wrote. We wish to preserve it and make it useful as an educational effort, so that being dead our sweet friend still speaketh to us.

THE Lucretia Mott Infirmary of Brooklyn, N. Y., devotes its whole energies to treating diseases of women. This class of suffering has a tendency to terminate in insanity, as statistics of insane asylums show. The medical staff and attendants of this infirmary claim to have saved several women from such a horrible fate. There is an effort now being made by the friends of this institution to endow a permanent bed, to be called the Lucretia Mott bed, and would be happy to receive donations from the friends of this good woman, to be applied in this truly charitable work. Send to Mrs. M. W. Manning, 305 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"JUSTITIA," a court for the unrepented, is the title of a paper devoted to the interests of woman, and through her of humanity. It is published at Nos. 51 to 55 Dearborn street, Chicago, and is edited by Miss Caroline A. Huling. The

second number is before us. It presents a pleasing appearance and is full of useful information and just sentiments with which THE ALPHA is much pleased and finds itself in accord. We give it hearty welcome with our best wishes for its prosperity, as we do every truly womanly effort to preach the gospel of justice and the elevation of her sex. At the same time we want everybody to subscribe for THE ALPHA, and hope they will. *Justitia* is issued semi-monthly, \$1.50 per year.

"TRUTH" a magazine of Christian science. Mary E. Plunket, editor. Chicago. Monthly. One dollar and fifty cents per year in advance. The name is good and its objects high. We hope much good from its publication, but, as good Dr. Bartoll said, we caution you to go slow, for we are not at all sure you have all the wisdom allotted to this world. We would be glad to know that all that these new teachers claim could be realized in fact. While we are sure they have a glimpse of a great truth we think we must abide our time for a period of larger growth ere they can demonstrate all they claim. Extravagant claims for an unformed purpose must necessarily weaken force, exhaust enthusiasm and lessen stability.

A YOUNG medical student of Pennsylvania writes that he has become much interested in all physiological and hygiene questions, especially protoplasm and the origin of life. Not finding his textbooks very clear or definite on certain points, he applied to a neighboring physician of twenty-five years, practice and asked two questions: One was if in treating cases of catarrh he put his patients on special diet. His reply was: "No, sir, I do not; my patients eat what they please." The young man then inquired if "after conception it was *right, proper* or *natural* for a woman to receive marital attentions. The reply received was: "Yes I think it all right." The young man greatly surprised replied: "I think if my two questions had been *properly* answered the reply would have been very different from yours."

What a specimen of scientific ignorance is this, and what a lack of common sense this venerable practitioner displayed. (Alas that such ignorance is not more rare). Twenty-five years' experience in modern civilization; with the death struggles and honors of maternity, the lives he has seen pass out from his sight and still thinks it is all right. Not to men

tion his vain attempts to restore broken constitutions from violated laws, laws that the instincts of all animal creation obey. But medical studies, reason, analogy, observation and experience have failed to reveal to his benighted intellect and moral obtuseness as wrong; will never note the unhallowed abuse that only man *dares*, neither will he observe the disastrous and deteriorating effect of this waste of vital forces on offspring, nor once imagine that a highly organized delicate woman could not endure a greater physical strain than his mare, a lion or an elephant. "There is no male in the universe that abuses his mate in this way but man," and only woman whose strength is so sadly taxed, often during gestation ministering to her husband's lust, suckling the former child and at the same time filling the office of housekeeper, cook, chambermaid, laundress and seamstress, when all their energy is needed to build and should be directed to building up and nourishing the embryo man that is developing from mother's blood and nerve. The mental and moral imperfections of our rising generation are largely the result of outraged motherhood. We would recommend this physician and all others similarly benighted to study Dr. Alice Stockham's, "Tokology," and learn a lesson of wisdom from a woman's pen, which observation and reason have failed to impart and advise them never to attempt instruction upon subjects upon which they are so profoundly ignorant.

C. B. W.

THE ANARCHISTS,

The anarchists of this country have enacted with terrible cold-bloodedness the legend of the old philosopher, who one frosty day found a serpent on his path frozen stiff. Pitying the poor reptile the kind-hearted man lifted it up and warmed it to life in his bosom. When sufficiently resuscitated and comfortable the serpent turned on its benefactor and stung his heart.

The anarchists are a turbulent, untrained people in the art of self-control, knowing little or nothing of gratitude and less of real justice. Our countrymen have welcomed them to our shores and shared with them the privileges and blessings of our republican institutions, with freedom of speech and press. They are so full of the mob and rebellious spirit as not to see that they are trying to destroy these institutions; are insensible to the blessings they might enjoy and the gratitude natural to a

noble mind. They mistake liberty for license, and would reduce our beloved country to utter ruin and misrule. True, labor has suffered many wrongs, much injustice and oppression from the avarice and arrogance of some corporate bodies and some capitalists. But strikes, rioting and unlawful violence, will never rectify these wrongs. It is a decree of heaven that those who "use the sword shall perish by the sword."

Still while we know that the crimes of the executed men at Chicago call for condemnation, having forfeited their right to liberty they should be deprived of it. Does it not seem in this enlightened age, in this nineteenth century of Christ's kingdom on earth, His followers should have learned of His wise and just teaching a wiser and stronger method of restraint than hanging? When shall we cease to obey the Jewish laws of Moses, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and adopt that? Moral strength combined with gentleness in Jesus' precept, "But I say unto you, resent not evil; love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." Cannot our lawmakers substitute a more humane method of restraining evil-doers than hanging? Would not imprisonment for life, with restrictions of pardoning power, do better?

We see Miss C. A. Huling, in *Justitia*, suggests hand labor and the proceeds to go towards supporting their families and educating their children. An original and happy suggestion, humane and Christian. Something of this kind must be done. Our civilization, our religion, our intelligence demands a higher code of criminal law, and we must have it. Justice and mercy must clasp hands. The lion and the lamb are to lie down together.

At the regular meeting of the National Press Association Nov. 12th at Williards' Hotel, Mrs. M. E. McPherson, presiding, a very scholarly paper was read by Miss May Rogers of Dubuque, Iowa, on "Women in Relation to Labor." She reviews the whole ground candidly on both sides of capital and labor, and very justly decided our difficulties could never be settled by antagonism. Capital and labor must shake hands and co-operate as each was powerless without the other. "When our great corporations conclude that they have no right to monopolize all the wealth and luxury, while those that bring muscle, skill, time and patient toil to develop the plans of capitalists, invest that which

is equal in value to money, and will so adjust matters that every employer shall receive a dividend on the annual net profits, opposition and antagonism is disarmed. It instantly becomes the interest of every workman to enhance the prosperity and good name of his establishment and to extend the trade as far as possible.

The rich capitalist does not enjoy more happiness than the laborer, often not as much. Their days and nights are harrassed with cares and fears. They fear and distrust those around them. Their children with great expectations are often failures as citizens, as patriots in health and morals, and the misery of parents and child is complete. A sense of hollowness, a want of solid satisfaction in each other is a prolific cause of misery, What the world needs is not charity or pity, but justice.

A pleasant discussion followed the reading of the paper, and a vote of thanks was tendered Miss Rogers for the profitable entertainment she had given them.

A MASS MEETING.

A mass meeting of women only was held in the Congregational church in this city, Sunday, November 28th. There were fully one thousand women present. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Burrows and Miss Shepard, of London, England. Subject: Rescue work and the horrors of London-prostitution; and horrible was the recital. It is encouraging that so many women could be called together and made to listen to this revelation of vice. It is one step towards the recognition of womanhood's true valuation and her responsibility in this matter. It will not be long before the truth will dawn upon them, as they recall the statement that married men are much more immoral than single men, and that age does not exempt them from the torment of unhallowed desire. This interesting young woman gave us a cause for this state of things. The carelessness of mothers in letting their daughters go to theaters, balls and places of amusement in company with young men without other protection, immodest dress and novel reading all being bad in themselves, but not by any means the bottom fact. These unfortunate men and women, although the children (many of them) of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, merchants and cultivated and religious parents, were generated in violation of moral law, the children begotten of pleasure (lust), accidents, undesired and unloved,

and the unruly passions of married men, the result of unrestrained indulgence in marriage, till all respect or power of reciprocation is exhausted, and they rush out to prey upon other women.

But patience yet a little while, and the whole truth will dawn upon this body of women, and they will see their responsibility rests on a harder foundation than that named. They are responsible for conceiving these children in passion and desecrating the temple of God's holy spirit by the awful crime of the unholy use of a sacred trust. Light must dawn upon them soon, for the sake of defrauded and defenceless childhood. Lord, come quickly.—Ed.

AN OPEN LETTER.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND THAT OTHER YOUNG FRIENDS MAY CONSIDER ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO THEM.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: You are surprised that I write you, but your good mother came to me with a look of perplexity and anxiety on her face and said: "I want you to help me. I want you to write to —— about his smoking. I am sure you can do him good; it is such a pity that he should smoke now. He passed through boyhood and through college clean and sweet. I can not be reconciled to his smoking and injuring his brain and nerves by tobacco." Need I say I was much shocked and entered into her sorrow all the more readily, as I have been so interested in your growth and advancement from your boyhood and felt proud that you had reached man's estate "clean," as your mother states it. I have set you down in my calendar as one of my boys to be proud of. Proud of your industry, your frank, happy deportment; proud of your talents and their thorough cultivation, and the promise of a useful life. If I have been thus happy about you, how much more must your mother have anticipated and had reason to expect. In no way can we look upon the tobacco habit with pleasure or profit. Hygienically it is ruinous. It impairs digestion, injures the voice and sight, enlarges the glands, often resulting in cancer of the stomach, throat, tongue or lips. We have now in mind prominent examples of this. The case of Senator Ben Hill, cancer of the tongue; Congressman Haskell, of Kansas, cancer of the stomach; General Grant, of the throat, and the dying condition of the Crown Prince of Germany. These are prominent names. There are hundreds of such cases of less illustrious standing. Many when

not thus fatally poisoned, become besotted and half imbecile, useless and worthless, when they should have been a pride and joy to their families and prominent in the annals of their country.

What is called "tobacco heart" is quite common in quite young men. It means debility and irregular muscular action, and is liable to fail at any time, a muscular or mental strain is experienced, hence so many sudden deaths.

Last July eighteen young men presented themselves before the board of examiners at Westfall, Mass., hoping to fill a vacant cadetship at West Point. Only eight of the number were found to be physically sound, and four of the number had "tobacco heart," and thus lost all chance of success, even if their other qualifications had been sufficient. The loss of self-respect from this habit is very serious. The consciousness, or worse still, the unconsciousness of the fact that the breath, the skin, and clothing are so saturated with tobacco as to make their very presence offensive to all clean persons is pitiable.

It is surprising how oblivious to the rights of others a habitual smoker becomes. He marches heedlessly along dispensing his poisonous exhalations. Puffing his smoke at every one, poisoning the air in the streets, the cars, church, hall or parlor, with obtuse unconsciousness that his presence is not a delight.

There is an economic side to this question. The expense of this indulgence is crippling to the finances of most young men, and will demand the expenditure of a fortune in a few years. Not that tobacco users may not make money, but it is helping to turn enormous sums into injurious channels. We need all our resources for education, the cultivation of special talents, caring for the unfortunate and increasing the comfort and happiness of the masses.

During the last year the losses by fire in the United States was in total \$120,000,000, while there went up in the smoke of cigars \$180,000,000 or half a million per day. Do you not see what an amount of good could be done with this sum, could it be diverted from tobacco into channels of industry, art and literature? Do you wish to contribute one farthing to this enormous waste? Surely not when you look at this subject from a humanitarian point, or from a personal point of view, when health, purity, nervous force and brain power are at stake.

There is a still more serious responsibility connected with this subject. "No man liveth to himself alone." All men sooner or later wish to marry and become fathers. Who would voluntarily poison the blood and injure the brain of an innocent child by his own bad habits? Yet this is what those that use tobacco and alcohol do. And from these bad habits in parents is attributable the deteriorating health of our generation and the increase of vice and crime in our day; through the loss of will power and the supremacy of appetite by heredity. Your heart would shrink from such a crime.

Let us hope you will renounce your lately-acquired indulgence and escape the possibilities of the horrors it inflicts, and set your face towards a higher and nobler life than a sensualist, and that you will induce as many young men as possible to follow your example. That your mothers' and fathers' hearts may no longer suffer anxiety, and all your friends may have reason to rejoice in the fruition promised in your boyhood and youth. Will you pardon this intrusion upon your attention of a not agreeable subject, and believe me, with sincerest regard,
your true friend,

CAROLINE B. WINSLOW.

A YOUNG and zealous friend of THE ALPHA and Social Purity and a devout Christian, has felt for sometime a concern in his mind for the enlightenment of ministers and editors of religious papers. With an earnest purpose and sublime courage he has presented the subject and offered papers and books, hoping to enlist attention and secure co-operation in his efforts to save young men from the sin of sensuality. His experience in these efforts have been painful and his success disappointing. He sends us the following correspondence as a specimen of the result of an honest effort. It speaks for itself:—[ED.

PENNSYLVANIA, November 14, 1887.

REV. J. B. K—.

DEAR SIR: You have in your possession a little book known as "The Better Way," which was sent to you, as you will remember, by me several weeks or months ago. If you can do so conveniently, I should be glad to have you return this book to me, as I can find use for it. In your conversation you expressed yourself as being not altogether pleased with the doctrines laid down by the author of the book, and I requested you to give it another reading. This I trust you have done. How any sane,

candid, fair, unselfish Christian man can read this book and afterward refuse to believe that the right way is in it unmistakably pointed out, I can not understand. Frankly, I will say that it is my firm belief that only a selfish clinging to the lusts of the flesh will induce a man to refuse to accept the rightful belief that the procreative instinct was implanted in man only for the purpose of begetting offspring, and that to apply this holy instinct to the satisfying of a sensual appetite is to commit a great offense against true purity and to grievously sin against God.

Yours truly,
(Signed) J. C. McC—, Jr.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA., November 15.

Mr. J. C. McC—: I have looked all over my library and can not find your book. They had a house cleaning some time since, and I fear some of the books were misplaced, as there are several missing. Inclosed you will find money to buy you another, and if this sum is not enough, please let me know at once. I am very sorry about it, but it can not be helped. As for your insinuations against my character and morality, I scorn to notice them. Let me give you one word of advice—curb your temper and be careful how you denounce men in the future. Some men would resent your infamous charges in a manner that would startle you. Please be careful.

Hurriedly,
(Signed) J. B. K.

PENNSYLVANIA, November 17, 1887.

REV. J. B. K—.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your communication of the 15th inst. The price of "The Better Way" is twenty-five cents, and because of this fact, I herewith return to you seventy-five cents of the one dollar which you sent to me. Should you come across the book at any time and send it to me, I will of course promptly remit the twenty-five cents which I have retained.

You counsel me not to lose my temper, and I wish to say that I do not believe the note I sent to you contained evidence of wrathfulness on my part. I merely stated my belief that "The Better Way" points out the only way by which true purity is reached, and that a desire for self-gratification is responsible for the action of those who, after having the "Better Way" pointed out to them, refuse to walk in it. I am sorry that I have to think as I do; I wish men were more willing to rise above selfish considerations, and were not so ready to frame excuses for practices which, though they may lead themselves to believe are sinless, are inconsistent with a truly godly and unselfish life. It was not my purpose to make any insinuations against your character when I wrote, for I had a hope that after a more careful exami-

nation of "The Better Way," you had been led to believe in its teachings, although they at first seemed foolish to you.

I regret that you should have construed my words into infamous charges against yourself; it was not my purpose to make such. I can only conjecture your meaning when you say "some men would resent your infamous charges in a manner that would startle you." It may be that it is your opinion that some individuals, not so forbearing as yourself, would be inclined to sue me for slander, or be impelled to attack me for the purpose of doing me physical harm. But a suit for slander would not prove that my ideas are not right, nor would any acts of violence, or threats of violence, compel me to decide that I am wrong in following the guidance of the righteous doctrine which is set forth in the pages of "The Better Way."

I have no ill feeling toward you, and I can only hope that some day, if not now or in the near future, you may conclude that I am right in holding that the sexual instinct was only given to the human family for high uses—that the Creator never intended it should be employed for mere fleshy gratification.

Yours truly,
(Signed) J. C. McC—, Jr.

THANKSGIVING.

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
"The barley, the oats, and the rye?
"The golden corn and the pearly rice?
"For the winter's days are nigh."
"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
"And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vines,
"And the fruit from the orchard trees?
"The dew and the scent from the rose and thyme
"In the hive of the honey bees?"
"The peach and the plum and the apples are ours,
"And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton-field
"And the gift of the sugar-cane,
"The savory herb and the nourishing root,
"There has nothing been given in vain.
"We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
"And the measure is full and running o'er."

Then lift up the head with a song,
And lift up the hands with a gift,
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift.
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessing and glory of home.
"Thanksgiving! thanksgiving! thanksgiving!"
Joyfully, gratefully call
To God, the "preserver of men,"
The bountiful Father of all.

—Amelia E. Barr in *Winsted Press*.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE CLOAK OF TRUTH.

A ROMANCE FOR THE YOUNG AND OLD.

In a far-off corner of Eastern India there lived in the days when fairies still visited this earth, a little girl whose name was Yuddi. Her parents were poor and had to work hard and continuously to gain even the small amount on which Oriental laborers are able to support life. Poor little Yuddi's childhood was not very full of pleasure. For her were none of the toys and games that modern skill and ingenuity have fashioned to make the season of youth enjoyable.

In the cold season Yuddi was occasionally sent to school presided over by a wise old Brahmin, Rhasta, who for a few "pice," as the smallest native coin is called, taught his pupils as much as their brains could absorb in the limited time they gave to study.

Many people think that India is a land where great heat prevails the year round. This is true only of certain of the southern parts; but in the north, where there are some of the highest mountains in the world, and where farming is carried on in the valleys between lofty hills or upon very elevated plateaus, the cold in winter, and during the long "rainy season," is often intense. Poor Yuddi frequently suffered much from the bitter weather, her clothing being thin and scanty, while the walls of the hut and the loosely-fitting doorway admitted a great deal of frosty air.

The dearest wish of her heart was for a large, warm cloak, in which she could brave the cold when she was allowed to go to school, and wrap herself at night. Often and often she prayed that such a good gift might be sent to her, but for a long time in vain. She had heard a great deal about fairies who watched over good children, yet the one who ought to have attended on her had never made herself known. With the sweet, trusting faith of childhood, Yuddi did not give way to despair, but only strove to be a better girl, believing that if her guardian had not come, it was because she had not deserved the boon.

Late one night, after Yuddi had been asleep for several hours, she was startled from her slumber by a voice calling in the sweetest tones she had ever heard:

"Awake, Yuddi, and see what I have brought thee!" The child sat up on her bed of dried rice-leaves, rubbed her astonished eyes, which at length showed to her the most beautiful being she had ever seen. Yuddi knew at once that it was a fairy. It was not, however, such a creature as our western writers have told us of, or that we see in pictures or upon the stage in pantomimes and spectacular plays. It was not dressed in white gauze, nor did it have butterfly-like wings and a

magic wand. No! this was an Indian fairy, with a dark olive-tinted skin, and with bare arms and feet. Round the body was wound in numerous folds a scarf of some many-colored material, in which shone threads of gold. The folds fell almost to the knees, below which appeared loose trousers of a semi-transparent silver gauze. Round her wrists and ankles were massive rings studded with gems.

A single diamond, brilliant as the "Kohinoor" itself—Queen Victoria's richest jewel—glittered on her forehead, sustained by a narrow fillet of gold. From this seemed to flow a soft light which suffused the hut. Once, when at the Bazaar, Yuddi had seen a Nautch dancer, who bore a faint resemblance to the fairy. That dancer had been till now, her ideal of beauty, but she saw at once how surpassingly lovely was the present visitor. Yuddi was not at all frightened, but she glanced round with some anxiety to see if her parents were awake. They were sleeping soundly and Yuddi could not help feeling glad that she had this lovely vision all to herself.

"I am awake," she said, "what can Yuddi, the little daughter of Bi Lings, do to serve you?"

"Nothing, child," answered the fairy. "I am come to serve you. You have longed for a cloak; see, I have brought you one," and she held up before the girl's delighted gaze the most exquisite garment she had ever beheld. It was of the purest white lamb's wool, and round the collar and edges were embroidered in letters of gold some of the wisest sayings of Brama.

"Is that really for me, my very own?" cried Yuddi.

"Yes, my child, if you can keep the condition of the gift. This is the 'Cloak of Truth,' and no one must wear it who does not speak perfect truth. If the wearer deceives or equivocates, be it never so little, the word 'falsifier' will appear on it in letters of flaming scarlet. Will you take it and wear it?"

Now, Yuddi had always been a very good little girl. Her mother had taught her how wicked it was to lie, and the teaching had gone home. It was not, however, without some little tremor that Yuddi answered:

"I will take it, and try to be worthy to wear it, oh, my good fairy."

"That is well. I hope you will keep it long. But there are other conditions to the gift. If the fatal word appears on it, you must instantly take it off. Then the scarlet letters will fade away, and you must find some one to take it from you. That person you must watch. If he or she wears it in truth and purity all is well; if not, you must seek till you can discover a proper and faithful owner. Will you promise to do all this?"

"I will," replied Yuddi, who was so determined to deserve to keep the cloak that the last-named conditions did not greatly trouble her.

"Then let me place it round your shoulders

and may all the powers of good grant you strength long to retain it."

With infinite gentleness and tenderness the fairy wrapped Yuddi in the cloak and laid her back upon the rustling couch. A moment later and all was dark and still. Lulled by the warmth of her new covering Yuddi sank almost instantly into sleep. When she awoke again the morning was far advanced. Her father had long gone to his daily toil: but her mother stood over her looking in wonder at the magic garment.

"In the the names of Brahma, Siva and Vishnu," exclaimed the wondering woman, when she perceived her daughter to be fully aroused, "where did you get that cloak?"

Then Yuddi told the marvelous story; and the good women, who had a strong belief in the supernatural, and who, moreover, had never had cause to doubt her child's veracity, accepted it without a murmur.

"You are indeed blessed, my only one," she said as she clasped her to her breast. "Strive to retain the fairy's gift."

All that morning Yuddi was intensely happy, but at the hour of noon her father came home to his meagre dinner. He, too, saw the cloak, and was told its history. But he scoffed at the tale, and accused poor Yuddi of having found or stolen the cloak and then attempting to deceive him. The poor little girl was deeply wounded. Never before had her word been mistrusted. On telling the story the second time to one who was unsympathetic, she began to realize how almost impossible it sounded. So, later, when she went out wearing the cloak, and some children crowded around her and asked where she got it, she unhappily equivocated. In an instant the dreadful word "falsifier," in the flaming letters of tell-tale scarlet appeared upon her back. Her companions ran from her screaming with fear. Yuddi tore off the cloak, and almost blinded with bitter tears rushed home and sobbed out her unavailing grief to her mother. That good woman comforted her as well as possible and tried to show the child that even if she had lost the cloak, she had been taught a lesson which she ought never to forget.

Yuddi was, however, almost heart-broken, and it was only when her mother reminded her that she still owed a duty to the fairy, that she roused herself a little from her sorrow. "I will keep my word in that at least," she said. "I will go to the good Rhasta, my master, and offer it to him." Without loss of time she sought the wise old man, told her story and offered the cloak.

"My child," he said as he took it. "I will try to wear it. But I am old and know the world and men well. To few it can be given to be absolutely truthful, I fear I am not of those. Come to me in the morning."

When Yuddi returned Rhasta was no longer wearing the cloak.

"I have lost it sooner than I expected, my child. You know how poor I am and how few pupils I have. Last night the father of Rhum Gat came to me and asked how his son was getting on. I thought to my self, if I tell him how hopelessly stupid Rhum Gat is, he will be taken away. I did not tell the truth, and I am punished, for I have lost both cloak and pupil. When the father saw the word upon my back he said his son should come to me no longer."

Again Yuddi resumed her quest for a wearer of the cloak. Among others she took it to a famous lawyer. "Child, have you come to mock me?" he cried. "I could not keep it an hour, and do my best for my clients. I might keep it an hour if I were asleep, though I believe I sometimes talk in my sleep, so even then I couldn't be sure of it."

Once more the weary search began. A wise woman, famous for herbs and medicines, refused to try it. "Did I tell some sick people the truth about themselves they would surely die, when, if I bid them hope there is a possible chance for them. If I told others of what my medicines are made they would loose faith in them. Take away your cloak."

Day after day poor Yuddi continued the task which she began to think was hopeless. Many took the cloak who had not wisdom enough to know that there was not the remotest chance of their keeping it even a few minutes. Tradesmen lost it through misrepresenting the value of their goods; manufacturers, though selling adulterated articles, and even an artist, who was famed as a seeker after ideal truth, through willfully attempting to improve on nature in his landscapes and by grossly flattering in his portraits, likewise lost it.

At last the despairing Yuddi gained audience with the wisest man in the land, the King Chief Councillor. "You must be very young and innocent to come to me my child," he said, when she had told the reason of her visit. "Know that if I told the truth to my Royal Master about some of our foreign relations, or when he asks me what his people think of him, I should need about a hundred lives a year."

"Then let me see the king," boldly cried Yuddi, "he at least has none to fear."

"You think so, child? Well, I will contrive you shall see him. But you may have to wait a long time."

Yuddi answered that she did not care how long. The cloak was becoming an intolerable burden to her, never long absent from her sight, and it was in her mind night and day, sleeping or waking.

She had need of all her patience, for kings are not easily seen, especially by the children of Ryots, as the Indian peasants are called.

When she was admitted to the great presence she knelt, covered her face, and was for a time too frightened to speak. The king finally succeeded in reassuring her, and she told her errand.

"And so you think," said the monarch, "that kings can be more truthful than other people? You never made a greater mistake. You are too young to understand all the reasons why we are compelled to falsify and deceive; but I will tell you one or two: Sometimes I have to meet a neighboring sovereign who is jealous of me or I of him—with whom, perhaps, I have been at war, and who has killed thousands of my people; yet I have to call him 'my loving brother.' I have to put up with ministers I detest, because the people demand that they shall be in office. I have to tell my subjects that I know they will cheerfully pay taxes and vote supplies, when I feel the doing so will make them suffer terribly. Go, my child, kings can speak less truth than their poorest subjects."

On leaving the palace Yuddi met an old, old man—a kind of priest, or dervish, who frequently preached to the people and in the intervals of his preaching begged for enough to keep him alive. He was clad in the most wretched rags, and, as Yuddi passed, he asked for something to get food and clothes. Immediately she offered him the cloak, explaining upon what conditions he could wear it.

"I think I can keep it, my daughter. Come to me here to-morrow and see."

The next day Yuddi found him still wearing the cloak, and with its spotless purity unsullied.

"How is it that you alone have been able to wear this for a day?" she asked. "I will try to tell you, my daughter, I am very old and have no wants but food and clothing. When I ask for money for these, I speak the truth. I ask no man to build me a house or a temple; therefore, I seek no more than my daily food. I have no friends whom I must flatter and no enemies I need fear. I have outlived all but my love for God and His creatures, and I have no aim but to do good to them. I tell them that for their welfare here and hereafter they must refrain from evil, and I call to them hourly to leave the wrong and seek the right. What reason have I to tell anything but the truth? I thank you for your cloak, and I hope to wear it till I die."—*Julian Magnus, in the Epoch.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, November 22, 1887.

DEAR MADAM: I am one of the matrons at the Imbecile Asylum at present. I see some phases of life here that I never even knew existed before. There are over 700 inmates; in some cases as many as five children from one family. And, too, we have children here whose parents were here as inmates. I can't understand why such people should be allowed to marry. If any one wants to engage in missionary work I don't know of a better place than right here in this asylum and the county poor house, from where most of these children come. I often look at these poor children here and think how much sin and suf-

fering might be saved if there were only more Dr. Winslows in the world to preach THE ALPHA doctrine. I have 90 little girls under my care. I didn't mean to write so much when I began.

With loving wishes,

E. B.

TO THE EDITOR: There can surely be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent person, that sexual intercourse should only be indulged in for procreation, and one is surprised that any argument is required in proof of such a self-evident proposition. It is strange, however, that such a discussion, which is in the interests of all humanity, can not be conducted without the exhibiting of such hatred towards men as is apparent in the writings of all who engage in it. Such words as "hellish lust" and "fiendish brutality" are unsparingly applied to them, while the women, who are equally partakers in their guilt are gently spoken of as injured innocents. Considering the way in which women and girls down to 14 and 12 years of age employ all their artifices to corrupt our young men and entice them to vice, it seems to me that there is a good deal of "hellish lust" with them. The fact that this kind of epithet is a blasphemy against the Creator. It is a divine instinct and a noble passion which attracts the sexes, and should be regulated and facilitated, not suppressed or degraded. If children were brought up to recognize the true dignity and necessity of the love faculty, and instructed in the physiological laws regarding it, if, instead of being tacitly or openly led to think of it as God's special abomination, they were encouraged and assisted to form new acquaintances among the opposite sex, and to judge of their fitness for a mate by their character, not by their personal fascinations, there is no reason why all might not be married at the period indicated by nature, namely, 18 to 22 in males, and 14 to 16 in females, and consequently prostitution and flirtation would die out. As long as girls are exhorted to put off marriage as late as possible, taught to consider that to be an old maid is nobler than to have a husband, and to insult and scorn any advances made to them from the other sex, we must have prostitution, secret vice, ruined homes and blasted lives. The alternative to marriage is insanity, disease or vice, for nature will take no refusal of her laws, and although by dint of superhuman penance, a man may school himself to not even wish for the society of the other sex, such examples are so rare as to prove the rule. The *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations are simply a reaction against the late marriages which sordid motives and unnatural notions have made customary. Nearly half the people in the country never marry. In this fact lies the reason for half the disease, vice and misery that exists. THE ALPHA should devote itself to promoting true, pure, refined marriages, not merely by words, but in actual practice. It would pay, indeed earn the gratitude of all thus benefited.

Yours affectionately,

San Diego, Cal.

E. A. P.

ST. PAUL, MINN., November 8, 1887.

Dr. Caroline B. Winslow:

DEAR MADAM: I take great interest in your work; it is very good and I enjoy reading your paper. I hope your paper is still being published as I am getting subscriptions for it and I feel it would be a substantial loss to the community to have it go out of print. I received the years publication and the other papers for which please excuse my neglect of not having answered before. I inclose you draft of two dollars for which please send me N. E. Boyd's "To the Studios and Thoughtful," and such other papers as you may see fit. I am trying to interest the people of St. Paul in a similar society, and any suggestion you may offer will be very gladly accepted.

Yours,

FRANK S. HAUPT.

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