

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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LOYALTY.

Catholicism has stood for obedience, and many wonders were the creation of that spirit. Protestantism has stood for liberty, and what divine things has man, in that freedom, done.

Yet, from overmuch emphasis on obedience, growth is lost, the new revelation is postponed, the soul is cramped; from overmuch emphasis on liberty, discipline is lost, authority is weakened, the old revelations comfort not the heart.

There is a higher word, Loyalty, in which the good of both is fused, refined, enlarged; obedience is held to the ideal, and never sinks to mechanical conformity to the institution; liberty is held to responsibility, and never runs into wild excesses of selfishness; obedience is directed by intelligence, and liberty is consecrated by noble constraints.

It is on loyalty that supreme emphasis is needed today. Loyalty is liberty recognized as the condition of wise activity; obedience directed by cultured reason.

The old saint had obedience; the sot has liberty; the root of manhood is loyalty. Liberty is the free field; loyalty is the constraining enthusiasm that compels man to dig a harvest out of that field; liberty is the strong, trained athlete, he may head a mob or rescue a drowning man; loyalty is that athlete harnessed to a high ideal.

The love of liberty springs from a consciousness of personal worth; its advocates are apt to be selfish. In loyalty devotion is turned from self to society; freedom is prized as a condition of philanthropy; its ideal is more generous.

Liberty emphasizes individuality, the basis of personal culture, but not the source of humanitarian sentiment and enterprise; but loyalty keeps in vision society as well as the individual, organizes social culture as well as personal culture; draws men into association for common benefits. Loyalty lays down a long line; brings into calculation many bearings, and corrects the aberrations of self-love by constant reference to general interests. There is too great distance between our ideals and our conduct; we need the constraint of loyalty to draw perception and practice into harmony. Our higher thought is too inert, timid, self-centered; we need a dynamic loyalty to the social ideal to give, in propulsion, creative efficiency.

The antidote for whatever poison there may be in the rankest disbelief, the sweet savor redeeming whatever spiritual deformity there may be in the narrowest dog-

matism, is moral earnestness; the health of the spirit remains as long as there is loyalty to the ideal.

We need loyalty to political principles to make votes expressive of conscience and intelligence, rather than of brute passion and ignoble selfishness; to make politicians guardians of public interests and leaders in statesmanship, rather than gamblers with public money and intriguer for place.

We need loyalty to social nobility to refine manners, where now we find coarse vulgarity; to elevate and dignify public amusements, where now we find bad taste and questionable levity; to cultivate reverence for spiritual worth, where now we find a corrupting worship of material success; to establish and sanctify friendships, where now we find rivalries, indifference, oppression.

We need loyalty to business integrity to bring to an end the reign of shams, of frauds, of low cunning; to refresh the world with a sense of the sanctity of trusts, with the pride of workmanship, with faith in merit; to hasten the advent of social unity by nobler views respecting the making and mission of riches.

We need loyalty to a high domestic ideal, enthroning the home as the highest of human institutions, woman's kingdom and man's paradise; so illustrating the beauties and emphasizing the importance of domestic purity that young people shall be better trained to assume these grave responsibilities, and more thoroughly restrained from those indulgences that entail man's deepest injury and society's quickest ruin.

We need loyalty in religion to make all men true to the light that shines in their souls; leading ministers to cast aside the mask of mediaeval phrases, behind which they disguise their new ideas and inspirations, and to speak with a power and helpfulness which inhere only in words into which the whole spirit is poured; leading the pews to renounce the ease and fashionable respectability that they purchase at the expense of sincerity and manhood; leading liberals to be as active as they are radical, to be as reverent as they are rational. Obedience is good, and liberty is good, but best and divinest is loyalty.—Unity.

"L. B." writes: "A paper called THE ALPHA has been sent me, but what does that word mean? I don't know that I ever saw it before."

Alpha is the first letter in the Greek alphabet, answering to A, and used to denote first, or beginning. The paper by that name is devoted to teaching heredity, or the right kind of inheritance, morally, socially, and physically. It is a great doctrine, much greater than any religion. Only have people born right, physiologically, and they will not need to be "born again" orthodoxically.—Boston Investigator.

THE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

BY CHARLES H. HAM.

This ideal school is a branch of Washington University in St. Louis. It was established two years ago solely by private subscription. The ground, structure, and machinery cost about \$40,000; and a fund of \$25,000, sufficient for its support for five years, was guaranteed. It was designed for one hundred and twenty pupils. It was established as an experiment to demonstrate, if possible, the practicability of joining manual labor instruction in the practical arts to the theoretical instruction in the public schools of St. Louis and of the country. Hence the projectors of the school were obliged to eke out the scanty endowment by a tuition fee of \$80 per annum for the course of three years. To a degree, therefore, it was not in the outset accessible to the poor; but this objection has been met by a provision for the purchase of scholarships, of which already benevolent citizens have availed themselves to a great extent. The school building consists of three floors. The first is divided into two compartments—a blacksmith-shop and a machine-shop; the second, into a pattern-shop and a carpenter-shop; and the third, into recitation rooms, teachers' room, and drawing room.

The students are divided into three classes. When I visited the school a year ago, I was introduced to a class in the blacksmith-shop, intent upon an experiment in molding for casting, conducted by a graduate of the Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic School. Each step in the lesson was preceded by questions as to the next necessary procedure, which were answered in chorus. The boys were as eager as if in the playground indulging in sport. When the exercise was concluded, the class was transferred to the carpenter-shop and assigned a task in wood-work.

I was shown specimens of patterns—many of them complicated—admirably executed. Each pattern bore a numeral mark, showing the degree of excellence attained by the maker. The same practice in this regard obtains in the manual training school that is followed in schools for intellectual instruction exclusively.

While the class in manual labor is engaged in its regular routine exercises, in the different shops, the other classes are occupied in the recitation and drawing rooms.

The instruction in drawing is comprehensive and thorough. The director of the school regards drawing as almost, if not quite, as important as reading. It is the short-hand language of modern science. To the novice it is a sealed book; but to the technically educated, every line, angle, and curve are pregnant with meaning; and every graduate of the manual training school will be an accomplished draughtsman. Pupils applying for admission to the school must be not less than fourteen years of age.

The course of study embraces five lines—three intellectual and two manual—as follows:

First. A course of pure mathematics, including arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and plane trigonometry.

Second. A course in science and applied mathematics, including physical geography, natural philosophy, chemistry, mechanics, mensuration, and book-keeping.

Third. A course in language and literature, including English grammar, spelling, composition, literature, history, and the elements of political science and economy.

Fourth. A course in penmanship, free-hand and mechanical drawing.

Fifth. A course of tool instruction, including carpentry, pattern-making, blacksmithing, and bench and machine work.

Before receiving a diploma, each student is required to execute a project satisfactory to the faculty of the Polytechnic school. The project consists of the actual construction of a machine. The finished machine must be accompanied by a full set of the working drawings according to which the machine is made, and the pattern used for castings, etc.

I have tried to give you a bird's-eye view of the St. Louis Manual-Training School. Allow me to outline very briefly the history of mechanical training in schools.

The first trade school was founded in Russia a century ago. Later similar schools were established in Belgium and France. Professor Woodward is my authority for stating that within the last twenty years hundreds of these schools have been established in Europe.

Belgium has schools for weaving; France for silks and laces; Switzerland for watches and toys; Bohemia for glass making and pottery. Austria has thirty schools for weaving, three for lace, eight for the whole group of mechanical industries, fifteen for working in wood, marble, and ivory, six for toys, four for baskets, and eleven for arms and other metallurgical industries.

The artisans' school of Rotterdam combines intellectual instruction with manual training. It has shops for carpenters, blacksmiths, metal-workers, masons, stone-cutters, cabinet-makers, etc. But, unlike the St. Louis school, the work at the school at Rotterdam has a real destination—it is made for sale.

The apprentice school of the city of Paris teaches several trades, and also manufactures wares for the market. And this is true of nearly all the mechanical schools of Europe.

It is evident at a glance that this class of schools can never form a branch of the American public school system. Neither the Government of the nation, nor of a State can embark in trade. Here, again, Russia is in advance. She has solved the problem of tool-instruction without involving the government in the business of manufacturing. The Russian theory is that an art should be taught before attempting to apply it; that the mechanic arts may be taught as the sciences are, through a graded series of exercises by the usual laboratory methods. In a word, it is that instruction should be given in the arts for the purpose of construction, and not that real machines should be constructed for the purpose of instruction.

It is plain that if mechanical education is ever to constitute a department of our public school system, it must be of this character. Accordingly, it is the Russian system which prevails in the St. Louis school. It is believed that teaching the details of actual trades is too narrow for general educational purposes; that "our physical education should be as broad and liberal as our intellectual training."

I think I may assume with some assurance that it is no longer disputed that the system we call the Russian, of general education in the use of all the principal mechanical tools and processes, is better adapted to popular instruction than the system generally followed in Europe—of teaching special trades. If, then, we are to experiment with a view (1) to public enlightenment and (2) to public adoption, it will be wise to try the Russian system—the system in successful operation in St. Louis.

I may remark that the St. Louis school is so successful and rich in promise that its patrons have already matured plans for its enlargement to a capacity of 240 pupils.

In an open letter to Dr. Eliot, chancellor of the university, Professor Woodward estimates the cost of the necessary additional plan at \$26,000; and he further estimates that an endowment of \$150,000 will be sufficient to sustain the enlarged school permanently, allowing for one hundred free scholarships.

Our present system of popular education is very defective. It crams the brain with a vast collection of isolated facts; but scarcely attempts to teach the art of assimilating them. It converts the pupil into a sort of sponge for the absorption of ideas, but omits to teach their relation to one another. It makes of the brain a memorizing machine, which acts automatically while under the hand of the instructor; but fails to respond to the new demands made upon it in the actual struggle of life. On the other hand, the experiments in technical mechanical education in Europe and in this country show that the student of mechanics, as taught by the Russian method, makes almost, if not quite, as rapid progress intellectually as his fellow of the public school, and at the same time masters a practical knowledge of the elements of the mechanical tools, and gains an insight into the processes of ordinary manufacture. The old method crams the brain to repletion, teaches the tongue the art of speech, and the hand the art of writing and these steps. What is now needed in education is that the brain shall be taught new modes of expression through the hand—drawing, the short-hand language of modern science, and the cunning of familiarity with mechanical tools, without which man is nothing, but with which he is all.—*New Education.*

What a grand idea! This is the long-looked-for and desired reform in our methods of public education, and beautifully supplements the kindergarten instruction of childhood. It is the most hopeful outlook for our youths that has yet been presented—most practicable and reasonable.

This method of manual training will develop the latent talents and abilities possessed by our young men and permit them to follow the calling to which they are most adapted. It will settle the question of trades-unions which shut the doors of workshops and skill-developing trades upon our boys and open them for foreign trained workmen. This is the true method to develop native ingenuity and originality, that will make it no longer possible to substitute foreign mechanical skill

when our boys will so abundantly supply a superior quality of work.

Who will be next to follow Missonri's example in this advanced method of education and training?

When will our girls share equal advantages and have opportunity to develop their inventive and executive powers to fit them to be companions of their free and cultured brothers? Surely St. Louis' successful experiment will be followed by other cities and States, until this process of developing and preparing for the life work of our rising generation will soon become universal.—ED.

HUMAN RIGHTS.

Lines read by Mrs. Flora N. Candee at the State Woman Suffrage Convention at Moline, Illinois, May, 1882.

Dear fellow-workers in a noble cause,
In all reforms there is a time to pause,
To look with retrospection o'er our way,
To question if results we see to-day
Are worthy of the efforts we have made;
To seek through all the flick'ring light and shade,
Of earth's successes for our glorious aim,
Which soar above our hopes and fears the same.

What is the aim whose height our zeal inspires,
The guerdon of our struggles and desires;
So longed for in the ancient prophets' day,
The kingdom come on earth, for which we pray?
It is the elevation of our race
Until it shall be worthy of the place
God gives it on this wide and bounteous earth,
Where nature shows His love and wisdom forth.

The human race—a brotherhood indeed!
Bound by the closest ties—nor blood, nor creed,
Nor sex, nor circumstance can break the band
Which the Creator, with omniscient hand,
Has round us with its common interests thrown,
Linking the lives of others to our own.
When one is injured, *all* the wound endure,
When one is aided, *all* are more secure.

In working for the rights of woman-kind
We do not aim alone *her* good to find;
Woman and man together stand or fall.
To the same destiny their Maker calls;
Together we must bear the weary cross
Where thorns our feet shall press, or wild waves toss;
Or, side by side, the victor's crown we wear
And chant *Te Deums* on the peaceful air!

Thus everywhere our mingled interests touch,
But nowhere is this influence felt so much
As in those unions close which underlie
Human conditions, whether low or high.
Till man and woman meet on equal ground
Will marriage but a partial good be found;
Life's fountain left impure, reform will be
Like efforts with a spoon to drain the sea.

Can the small stream be pure along its course
While poison in the fountain taints its source?
Can the rose grow and open to the day
When in the bud worms gnaw its heart away?

Will fruit expand and ripen in the sun
When blight has seized it ere its growth begun?
Alas! how slow our progress while the root
Of all the evil gains a surer foot.

How shallow are the morals of the day!
Youth is allowed to sport the years away
In ignorance of how it came to be,
And deepest secrets of its destiny.
A vain evasion or a foolish jest,
Unsatisfying to youths' eager quest,
Is given to questions asked in childish trust,
And the young mind, yet free from dross and dust
Which cloaked hypocrisy scatters afar,
Is left with every avenue ajar
To breathe contagion to the plastic soul,
The bold beginning of vice's fearful role.

Who but the mother should the first impart
To the dear life which lay beneath her heart,
The secret of its being, deep and sweet?
Why should she fear its eager eyes to meet
And satisfy the impulse sent from Heaven
To ask her how its precious life was given?
Why should those functions of the human race
Which in reality bear the deepest trace
Of highest wisdom and most tender care
In Him who maketh all things wise and fair
Be deemed unworthy of their high behest,
Owned with a blush, and talked of with a jest?

Oh! hollow mockery of modesty,
Which shrinks from knowledge's ever-searching eye,
Which screens the truth, and hides its sought retreat,
While spreading snares for unsuspecting feet.
Hence, guardians of the public morals find
Incipient passion in the childish mind;
Hence, innocence to sure destruction goes,
And virtue is betrayed by cruel foes.

The mystery of life! how grand a theme,
How worthy poets' highest, purest dream!
The contemplation of each ancient sage,
The greatest wonder of our wond'ring age.
From spear of grass, thro' plant, and shrub and tree,
To lowest forms of animalculæ,
Up through the rising spirals Darwin traced
Till man bursts forth the nucleus of his race,
Life's origin we seek and vain would try
To pierce its secrets with our finite eye;
And in the end turn back unsatisfied,
Foiled in our wisdom—humbled in our pride.

But this we've learned, (and for our worldly ends—
We use our knowledge and our money spend.)
To aid blind nature in her efforts crude
And seek to improve her work, sometimes so rude,
The best of seed the farmer's learn'd to sow,
If from his acres he would wealthy grow;
Not only must the weeds be kept at bay
If flowers delight the eye in summer's day.
But catalogues are searched, and care bestowed
That choice varieties alone are grown.
Who would expect the rose most perfect flower
From chance seed scattered in an idle hour?

Man calls all aids his meed of power to swell
Over the lower ranks of being. Well
He studies climate, diet, habits, breeds,
In making them subservient to his needs.

But small beyond compare the thought he spends
On human life—its origin and ends—
Which, left to chance, to passion's blind decree
Comes, laden with its immortality,
To carry down the ages weal or woe,
To be of truth and right the friend or foe.

What wonder murder shuns no more the day,
But walks on every side its ruthless way?
What wonder nameless crimes of horror cause
Indignant justice to forestall the laws?
For ignorance and crime—twin sisterhood—
Allowed to bear and rear their lawless brood,
A countless multitude of frightful ills
Each poor-house, jail, asylum, quickly fills;
Bad blood inflamed by favoring circumstance
For any crime affords a ready chance.

Ah! deeper yet the eating cancer goes,
Though on the surface seems the wounds to close,
For marriage, (counted blest and pure estate
When first it entered Eden's flowery gate,)
Is but too lightly prized—too idly sought—
And sad experience, so dearly brought,
Brings bitter lessons, and corroding pain,
Which to the innocent bequeath their stain.

Upon the marriage altar love's pure fire
Too often turns to flame of low desire,
Forgets to shield, to cherish and to bless,
And feebler grows in all but selfishness.
The plan of nature seems to work awry—
Instead of mutual aid and sympathy
Which God ordained between the natures twain
Of man and woman, free from selfish stain,
He looks upon her as his lawful prey,
And to base instincts gives the fullest sway.

The "social evil" laws protection asks,
And in high places with its threadbare mask
Of feigned desire to check the evil wide,
And render safe the wife and fireside,
Would make legitimate the lowest vice,

And crush the victims of man's avarice,
While infidelity to marriage vows
Is screened by safeguards which the law allows.
A different code of morals custom claims
For those whose crime should bear an equal blame;
Or, if to either leniency is shown
The fault of woman we should first condone;
Too oft of fate the weak, unconscious toy,
On life's swift current floating, full of joy,
She wakes to find no more, though sought with tears
The innocence of well-remembered years.
Betrayed through love—pure instinct of the heart—
She hides her shame-flushed face and dwells apart,
While he who wrought this ruin all untold
Walks among men unquestioned as of old.

Alas! that for this wrong woman should be
Responsible, that in society
She censures not with words of deepest scorn
Wrong to her sex, however lowly born.

Mothers clasp close their daughters young and fair,
Lest vice allure them with deceitful air;
Were they instructed in the laws of life
They'd go forewarned into its busy strife.
Till vice—"that monster of such frightful mien

That to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace"—
Till vice, however garbed, is branded "*crime*"
Virtue will suffer to the end of time.

Ah! wrongs once done this baleful influence
Reaches in ever widening circles thence;
The old commandment of the Jewish code
Laid on mankind a just tho' heavy load.
If God be not revered, his laws obeyed,
On man the fearful penalty is laid
That to remote posterity descend
The consequences which his sin attend.

On every hand the evidence we see
That thus we suffer pain and misery.
For in each State throughout our boasted land,
A fearful monument to sin, there stand
Those costly piles, which, rich and vast, but hide
The shame and woe which seek relief inside,
Where human bodies agonize and die
With ills inherited from infancy.
The priceless birthright of each child should be
Health, strength, affection, reason, chastity;
When robbed of these and launched on life's rough
stream

No sail, no rudder, not the faintest gleam
Of light to guide the hopeless voyager on,
O'erwhelm'd by billows, how his barque goes down!

We boast the public charities which build
Our numerous asylums, quickly filled
With victims born of ignorance and vice,
Whose sufferings are the dear bought sacrifice
Upon the altar of man's low desires;
While philanthropic piety aspires
This hopeless woe to mitigate, the cause
Exists unnoticed by the common laws.

Oh, woman! is not *thine* the power to arrest
This fearful evil? At thy firm behest
Cannot this tide of shame and woe be stayed,
Which of mankind has awful havoc made?
To own thyself—most sacred right of all—
To recognize thy heaven-appointed call,
To reign supreme in love's pure realm as wife,
And summon at *thy* will another life;
Around the unborn child such aid to bring,
Shaping its character by hidden spring
Of action, through love's brooding care,
With high ideal, radiant and fair;
To *this* does duty call thee, for the weal
Of generations who thy power shall feel.

Maternity—sweet word which can suggest
But holy thoughts to virtue's guileless breast—
Thou art the savior of our sinful world!
By thee hope's banner shall be yet unfurled.
Thou'st borne the heavy cross of power and caste
Through all the weary ages of the past;
Lift up the pallid face on which appears
The long endurance and despair of years;
Thine eyes shall beam with joy's glad light deferred,
Upon thy lips shall songs of praise be heard,
Upon thy brow shall rest at last the crown
More priceless than the monarch's on his throne,
The crown whose jewels—sons and daughters fair—
Desired and welcomed, all thy honors share.

Oh! is not this our highest, strongest hope,
And of our great reform within the scope
To rouse each woman to her duty broad,
Her great responsibility to God,
To use her powers of body and of mind
To elevate and bless the human kind?
Until she feels this burden wisely laid
On every soul, until self-interests fade
And work for others grows more grand and high
Before the ends of human destiny,
We grope in darkness, blindly toiling on,
And dropping by the wayside faint and worn.

Have patience, workers in a noble cause;
The world moves slowly, yet by stable laws;
And still in day-dreams, though through blinding tears,
We see the vision of millennial years!

ANTE-NATAL INFANTICIDE.

This crime is, and may well be, horrifying to every right-thinking person. It is well that doctors of medicine and divinity are striving to rouse the public conscience concerning it. To those who have the slightest knowledge of the disgusting and degrading details of such a crime—who have any reverence for helpless human life, or any conception of the ruinous effect on womankind—no denunciation of the practice can be too severe. Indeed there is an inwardness to this matter which the average masculine medical mind seldom penetrates. Those who look at it from a man's standpoint merely—who have failed to comprehend how august and how potent is the mother's office—do not show us one of the darkest depths of the evil. When we comprehend how the emotions of the mother are transferred to the brain and body of the developing child, by a process which has been compared to electrotyping, and that these impressions are stamped upon the enduring substance of an immortal spirit—to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength—we are dumb with horror at the thought that, failing to murder her child, the unnatural mother may make of it a murderer.

We must deplore the fact that even a *desire* to be rid of its little life should enter the mind of the mother of an unborn child. But is there not some strange but potent cause for this desire, which we are told prevails so alarmingly? Is it not remarkable that women should exhibit such a perverted, unnatural and cruel propensity? If there is anything in womanhood essentially womanly—anything which floods will not drown and fires will not scorch—it is the mother-instinct. If there be left a shred of womanhood, however defrauded and defaced, you will find in it a fibre of motherliness. It is the bottom fact—the latest stronghold of natural womanhood.

Fatherhood is nothing to it. Men know we are speaking God's truth when we say that the love of paternity, sweet and strong as it is, is weak and slight compared with the desperate, deathless, infinite love of a mother for the child she has borne—a love which grasps heaven and withstands hell; which laughs at torture and death; which surpasses the love of husband and the love of life, and only is surpassed by God's love. Then why do they find it necessary to rise to the seat of the teacher and the judge over us in this thing? How

have they dared to do it without first finding out whether sin did not lie at their own doors? They see but one ray of the truth. They are doctoring away at the ugly excrescence, while the seat of the disease lies far within. They have missed, with their lofty and lordly gaze, the whole conception of the dignity of womanhood and motherhood, and the necessities and the immunities it entails.

There may be frivolous, heartless women, the product of atrocious systems of education, who are exceptions, but that the average married woman everywhere loves and desires children, and is afflicted if denied them, we defy contradiction. Which is more really grieved—not in the *pride* but in *heart*—the husband or the wife if childless? What decent woman does not flame at the insult that if free to choose, women would be barren? I have noted these things for years—both interest and position being favorable to observation—and women everywhere have turned to me the eye of Coleridge's mariner, and poured upon me their confidence, (not complaints;) and I have to say that scarcely one woman who has done so but is a sufferer from her marital relations, not from her criminal selfishness.

Take one instance. A wife married when almost a child, and in order to overcome the very reasonable objections of her mother, a promise was given by the husband that she should never suffer from too early or too frequent child-bearing.

This wife became a mother in less than a year, and has ever since had children as fast as nature could develop them regardless of promises and of her unavoidable dread of such excessive burden. Before the birth of the last, to console the indignant wife and persuade her to some degree of willingness, the husband promised that no other child should be called into existence till she so desired. But it soon appeared that the husband expected this state of things to be maintained, not by his unselfishness at all, but by the wife's use of artificial methods. The wife begged her husband to spare her, (at a time, we believe, when a disabling malady prevented her from helping herself,) but the result was as heretofore. Was it any wonder that outraged, insulted nature should avenge herself in crime? Criminal abortion was the only escape which this wronged woman saw—as it is for so many others. Is there not food for thought here? And this was the wife of an excellent physician of high standing in his community.

Go to any intelligent and kindly physician who has for years attended the bedsides of women; ask him how many women have conceived children when disease, or infirmity, or constitutional weakness, or exhaustion, or excessive and too closely following maternities, have made horrible conditions for them and prepared a horrible heritage for their children. Ask him how many little children have died because the mother could not give them life-force enough to live. Ask him how many have been born with incurable taints of body, or mind, or soul. Ask him how many times he has given his warning that another maternity would be *fatal*—and given that warning *in vain*—and consider whether there be not a page in this volume of horrors for men to peruse!

Guiteau's mother was not the only woman who has borne child after child while an invalid confined to her room. No condition of either parent—physical, mental, moral, or social—no pressure of distressing circumstances, no unfitness nor unwillingness of the mother, no conceivable obstacle which would be considered insurmountable in any other transaction, but the demands of carnality have overleaped. Even the certainty of insanity, or the necessity of the Cæsarian operation has proved no bar. It is recorded in English medical history that one woman submitted to the operation seven times. Any other scripture seems more keenly appreciated than the injunction that the husband love his wife as his own body.

Now consider the reverse of this picture, which, though dreadful, is drawn by no hasty or prejudiced hand. We are setting down facts merely. Imagine the newly-married pair reverently and lovingly conferring upon this matter. Imagine their reaching some adequate conception of the import of generating a new immortal, and of the careful preparation of mind and body, and spirit and condition, which should precede an act so solemn and important; imagine the young husband solicitously inquiring whether his wife should be able safely to pass through such a crisis; imagine, if you can, such instances, which though rare, are not unknown; be it set down to the glory of humanity that he, realizing the dignity of womanhood and motherhood, leaves her free to elect when she shall take such supreme peril and supreme privilege upon herself; and fancy the surprise, the gratitude, the joy, the abandonment of devotion with which a wife would meet such a sacrifice of love!

Ah! men little know what they are missing by living upon the present level of selfishness, thoughtlessness, and animalism. Talk of wifely submission, there is no submission like that of reverence, gratitude, love, and perfect confidence; and yet such a state of things as we have described is no more than a wife's absolute *right*. We use the word in its highest, holiest, strongest sense. *A right is right* all round the circle. You cannot lay one wrongful touch upon motherhood but you mar a coming generation. Bind the mother with chains, and you beget a race of slavish creatures. It has been well said—only in maternity can the conditions necessary to maternity be decided. The mother is an artist of immortal destinies. In her hand lie mighty issues; within her sphere are the fountains which feed the eternities; but what can she do if she is herself crippled, hampered, tortured, exhausted, degraded, held down to a ministry revolting to every pure instinct?

Great souls cannot be generated under servile conditions. Sound bodies cannot be begotten of exhaustion.

Said a young mother—a woman pure and sweet as a lily—the gentlest, tenderest, truest of wives—a woman who would have died a hundred deaths before she would have laid her hand to a sin: "Before my first child was born I was so glad, I loved her before ever I saw her; even the little clothes were such a pleasure to me, and though I suffered so, I was so glad to welcome her. But when a second came so soon, and I so weak and worn, indeed I couldn't feel as if I wanted it." And the poor little soul soon left a body too weak to hold it.

Fathom, if you can, the shadow under which such a child must come into the world. Think of the sadness stamped upon a soul which its own mother can not welcome. Oh, my friends, if a child can receive nothing else, has it not a right to a welcome entrance into life? Disinherited childhood—what pen or tongue can tell all the meaning of the phrase! The wrongs of womanhood are bitter—but think of defrauding a child, before its birth, of health, of peace, of happiness, of the ordinary sweetness of a human spirit. Think of binding upon its helpless nature a burden of disease or pain or sorrow, or crime! One woman—begotten under the most abject conditions, at which her mother could not but rebel—said to me, “I lived in sin nine months before I was born.”

Remember that exhaustion and disease, and a thousand unfit conditions, do not prevent conception. It is possible for a woman to bear children so excessively, and so close together, that she absolutely dies of overproduction, and the children either precede her, or travail through a death in life. No ordinary woman, at least under the present condition of things, can bear a child every one or two years, and not break down herself, or produce caricatures of humanity. Considering that so many women find the conditions of maternity heaped with every degrading, disgusting, and distressing associations, accompanied with every manifestation of selfishness, and that husbands themselves so often instigate the crime, it is little wonder that women lose sight of the sacredness of the office—forget that little innocent lives are involved, and criminally seek to escape from what to them seems nothing but the consequences of lust. The remedy lies chiefly with men. Educate women, by all means, to better knowledge and higher views of these vital subjects. When have they had any education of this sort? Well may men bow their faces to the ground and hide their mouths in the dust, and cry “unclean! unclean!” rather than stand up in their self-righteousness, and cast the first stone at women. Let them cast out the beam from their own eyes. Let them rise to a plane of purity and unselfishness and nobility of manhood. Let them cease to pamper every animal instinct by stimulating foods and drinks—by alcohol and tobacco poisons. Let them cease to regard women as their subjects—the ministers of their lower natures—and rise to some conception of the purity and majesty of a woman’s nature and a mother’s office; and then shall this violence cease off the earth. Happy homes—not childless, fewer children but better, and happy, loving wives, will make a new paradise of earth.

“Then comes the statelier Eden back to men.
Then reigns the world’s great bridaals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!”

MRS. M. L. GRIFFITH.

PRENATAL INFLUENCE.

“An article in *THE ALPHA*, respecting the woman whose husband refused her the necessary means to provide an outfit for the coming ‘life,’ thus obliging her to help herself, ‘not steal,’ from her husband’s

pockets while he slept to obtain those articles,” is thus commented on:

The writer must have had a little of the old leaven about her when she, like so many miscalled reformers, wrote and blamed the woman for her son’s thieving propensities.

The other side of the question is this: If, as is said, the lady possessed property, her husband *took* it. In the eye of the law it is not called stealing. I say he was a *fraud*, and the lady would *feel* that possibly, before she had been a wife twenty-four hours; hence she gave no character to her boy, the “force” being essentially the father’s and a dishonest one, seeking her possessions.

Give the women fair play once in a while.

If this man courted the young lady’s money for a long time, then the more positive would have been the vital force that created the new life. MRS. B. S. PALMER.

Yes; but the young wife knew she was stealing and felt the degradation of a thief while she was taking the money, and afterwards concealing the act. This made a vivid impression on her child. Could she have felt a strong indignation at her husband’s injustice and penuriousness, and courageously have faced the consequences of taking what money she needed from the family purse, she would not have stamped the character of a thief on her child. The consequences of our actions on ourselves depend largely upon the motive that influence us and the moral plane upon which we live. Certainly any woman with force of character and a sense of justice, with the knowledge that she was moulding her child in her own image, while it was in a plastic and helpless state, would have aroused herself to such a sense of right as to have demanded justice at the peril of her life, and thus have transmitted courage and moral force. This circumstance probably occurred before the laws controlling married women were modified, and legally her husband at that time owned her property as he did and still does, own her person. All husbands own their wives to this day. Only many men are superior to unjust laws and recognize and respect the individuality of their companions, while a majority of women are in the most abject bondage and dependence upon their husbands. This is one of the worst forms of human slavery, and we contend against it constantly. But I think Mrs. P. is mistaken in thinking the case was cited with any other intent than as a fact, and the results are the natural consequences of such conditions. There was no attempt at blaming the unfortunate mother. If she acted up to the light and knowledge she had who could blame her?

Our object is to make woman more intelligent on such subjects and keenly alive to the results of motives and actions. This father’s legacy to his son certainly was not noble or honest, but the mother could have overcome much of his influence had she understood her power and opportunity.—[ED.]

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

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THE ALPHA.

VOL. VIII. SEPTEMBER 1, 1882. No. 1.

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

Anniversaries, however joyful, always bring with them reflections more or less serious, if not sad. THE ALPHA has not exactly reached a decade, but an age one-tenth of the length of the years allotted to man. Even seven years make the shadows begin to lengthen behind us, and show us we are so much nearer the setting sun. We sit and ponder, involuntarily asking of a higher power for more worldly wisdom, as well as for capacity to catch glimpses of divine truth.

Many persons gain wisdom by experience, but this great wealth accumulates slowly; so, after a few experiments, we turn to our friends and ask of them. The response is, "Make your terms strictly cash in advance; send your paper to no one who has not prepaid, and discontinue at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made."

Good, sound sense. Every one prizes most that for which he or she pays a price.

So hereafter we resolve that THE ALPHA is worth its subscription, \$1.00 per year, and when paid in advance we know exactly the number of copies to print, and exactly how nearly THE ALPHA treasury will meet expenses.

So hereafter every subscriber will be notified of the expiration of their subscription, and we will wait for their renewal. Each copy will have the above notice below the terms of subscription. We hope our friends will not regard this in any other light than one of strictly business necessity, and an example to all women to grow as fast as possible into accurate and prompt business habits—the only sure basis of prosperity.

We feel grateful for the encouragement and the forbearance of our many friends, who have held up our hands, spite of all our blundering, and still retain their confidence in our honestly doing the best we know. We promise the same effort for future years, and hope to sustain the usefulness of our paper as in the past.

WOMEN CLERKS IN THE PENSION BUREAU.

The announcement of Mr. Teller, Secretary of the Interior Department, that the three hundred clerks recently appointed to the Pension Bureau were to be men only, has created much surprise and excitement among philanthropic and thoughtful women, as well as with the disappointed.

Indignation meetings have been held, resolutions have been passed, an association of working women has been organized for mutual protection, from which good may result, as it often does from evil. Many worthy and needy women had been promised a position under this increased appropriation, having prepared themselves especially for the class of work done in this office, and have been kept in waiting for months for their expected appointments.

The rebuffs that women receive are very discouraging, but these rebuffs naturally belong to a subordinate and false position, the injustice of which becomes more and more striking as the subjected class rise in the social scale, slowly but steadily, in spite of the efforts to keep them down. The average ability of woman compares well with that of the average man. They bear the burdens of citizenship, and are amenable to man-made laws, suffer all its pains and penalties, endure all the sorrows of maternity in populating the world, do fully half the world's work without wages, and beg as favors positions to enable them to support themselves and disabled or shiftless husbands, or provide aged parents or children with food and shelter, and if they survive the wear and tear of life to sufficient age, they become *relics* and finally drop into the arms of death and oblivion.

What a humiliating picture this "accident of sex" makes for contemplation! What advantage can this latest indignity bring to any one? Let us see.

We observe that the women who issued the call and officered the indignation meeting are none of them ad-

vocates for universal suffrage. They call themselves "conservative." "They prefer to receive *courtesy* to justice; they will not unsex themselves by voting, and certainly will not clamor for the ballot."

This severe pain and shame may be utilized in convincing these women that the only relief from a recurrence of similar mortifying indignities is through the ballot. The only way for them to secure and hold appointments with equal salary for equal work with men is by enhancing their value to the State officials through political equality. They must enlist with the army of noble women who have struck for justice of political equality. They must be "*constituents*" and exercise the right of full citizenship, then the emoluments will be theirs as well as the penalties. May their sufferings help to open their eyes to the truth and nerve their hearts with true courage to turn their efforts for relief in the right direction, for the simile of the oak and vine is played out, since observation proves that the clinging vine always weakens and distorts, if it does not kill, the tree upon which it climbs. Frederick Douglass, in the time of the anti-slavery conflict, used to tell a story that comes to mind on this occasion with great force.

A minister was called to see a member of a disorderly and disreputable family named Blossom. One of the boys had been bitten by a rattlesnake, which greatly alarmed the whole family. The minister cheerfully knelt and prayed, "O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast sent a rattlesnake to bite John. Wilt thou be pleased to send another snake to bite Peter and James, and O Lord, we entreat Thee to send the biggest kind of a snake to bite old Blossom, for nothing but rattlesnake bites will reclaim the Blossom family."

May this new mortification and injustice prove to be the fortunate "snake bite" that will open the eyes of all women to the necessity for political equality and turn all their efforts in the direction to secure that result. We have known of some severe cases of "snake bite" with happy results, in our moral education work.

Wishing to hear both sides of the question, we went to headquarters and asked Mr. Dudley for information. He politely thanked us for coming, and stated with frankness, and we should judge, truthfully, from his standpoint: "That he does not discriminate against women. Upon taking charge of his office he found the morals of the employees fearfully bad." His remedy to make a purer atmosphere was to separate the sexes, so he abolished woman examiners, not seeing that it was possible to elevate the moral tone of the Bureau by appointing chief clerks in each room, of unimpeachable character, of sufficient intelligence, integrity, purity, and dignity who would put grave or delicate cases into the hands of *mature* men and women who would promptly

do their work. A new rule might be added to the list governing the duties and relations of the clerks—that any improper conduct or levity should be reported to the Commissioner. Such a rule would be respected by every right-minded person, and those with less character have no right to a position.

Mr. Dudley says: "He will not retain in his employ a gambler, a drunkard, or an impure man or woman; that he abhors a bad man as much as a bad woman;" which is fair; "that he will give women places on miscellaneous work as fast as he finds such work for them," &c., &c. Good as far as it goes, but still not quite right, unless the Creator made a mistake in making members of the same family male and female, boys and girls, and so uniting the dependence and interest of the sexes as to make it nearly impossible for them to be successfully divided in any of life's duties or pleasures.

There must be some better way to solve the difficulty than they have devised.

C. B. W.

WE ARE happy to inform our readers that Mrs. E. R. Shepherd's "Special Physiology For Girls" is out. It is a neat, well-printed and well-bound book, a credit to its author and publisher, and will be a blessing to our girls that are to be the future wives, mothers, and matrons; to succeed us and prove themselves our superiors, as far as their superior advantages and acquirements will admit.

All orders thus far received have been filled. More orders are solicited. Within a year this book should find owners and readers in one hundred thousand families, and it will if unemployed women will take agencies and canvass for its sale. The publishers, Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway, New York, offer very liberal terms to agents. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office and of the publishers.

WE HAVE a very interesting report of Mrs. Hardy's work among unfortunate women during the year 1881. *Our Home*, the name of Mrs. Hardy's Institute, is in Toronto, Canada. The pamphlet shows great kindness of heart and sympathy with the class they labor for, and owing to the loving-kindness and the consecration of this woman to her work she has been blessed with unusual success in reclaiming and restoring many that had turned their feet into forbidden paths, and restoring them to their friends and usefulness. We wish there were more Mrs. Hardys, and that they had all found their field of labor as truly as this one has.

DR. FOOTE, of New York, has published a report of the conventions and parlor meetings of the members and patrons of The Institute of Heredity during the year ending July, 1882. It is a very important and in-

teresting collection of work done and views expressed, and will be very serviceable in forwarding the interests of the Institute.

IMPOLITIC REFORMERS.

EDITOR ALPHA: It seems to me that in their zeal for the cause of Moral Education and Woman Suffrage, the advocates for these reforms are not always "wise in their generation." In the slang of the day, "they show their hands," "give themselves away" to their opponents. Men are not to be converted to a reform which so loudly threatens to take from them their most sacred and special perquisites. They will never consent to give the ballot to women, as long as these women proclaim beforehand that their votes will be cast for laws that require continence as the rule of man's life and "castration as the punishment of rape and pauperism."

To advocate these things fearlessly and honestly is to betray the cause by prematurely disclosing the plan of campaign. Women are largely in the majority, and no one doubts that laws framed under their supervision will be just, humane and elevating, securing to all, even to women, the equal and exact justice so often and so proudly misquoted, and a government that will in deed and in truth derive its power from the consent of the governed. But these laws will be against vice in all its forms, against lust, against corruption, against injustice of any sort, and under the influence of such laws "what will become of the vaunted superiority of man? Alas! it will be relegated to the realm of barbarism from whence it was derived, and *he* and *she* will stand side by side as equal powers.

Herein may be found the key to most of the masculine opposition to the "Rights of Women." My friends, "first catch your hare," etc.

Honesty may be the best policy; no doubt it is, but, "the truth is not to be spoken at all times" is another adage quite as good, and one that woman must heed, unless she expects to forge new and stronger links in the fetters which now bind her in galling servitude. Let her cease telling what she will do when she gets in power. Let her first secure her right to the ballot, and afterwards consider the question of laws to be framed in the interest of future generations. Let her rattle her chains without threat.

K.

Our friend has been reading Mrs. J. W. Stow's August number of *Woman's Herald of Industry*, in which the editor airs her theories of cure of evil, and her ideas of justice, in a freedom of speech and sentiment strongly Western in style and character.

With Mrs. Stow, we honestly believe that "castration is the only safe and sure cure for rape," but not without a fair trial that guilt or innocence may be fully proven. Neither do we believe that the crime of pauperism or the crime of being a pauper's offspring should be punished thus severely. Neither do we advocate all persons preparing themselves with the knowledge of surgery enough to avenge their own or their daughter's

wrongs. This is too much like mob-law, the spirit or letter of which bodes no good to any individual or cause. We have more faith in the slow processes of education and development, which in God's providence goes on ceaselessly. Education and living and working in harmony with immutable laws greatly and safely accelerates the march of reform, and is a great economizer of time and suffering and wrong.

So friend "K" has "imitated Mrs. Stow" and reiterated what Mrs. S. infers women will do when they have the power. But we do not fear that the ballot or a voice in legislation will curdle the tenderness of the mother's heart and transform her into a cruel monster, even if her demands for justice will ever be tampered with. Mercy and love are more potent than hate or coercion. So our brothers have nothing to fear and nothing to anticipate from our onward march, but better order and less crime, more peace and less strife, a higher grade of human life, and an accelerated march onward and upward to our "high calling."—Ed.

SUICIDE.

Last week, in this city, a young girl, seventeen years old, betrayed and deserted, attempted suicide rather than meet the reproach of her friends, the scorn of the world or a probable life of degradation.

Quite recently the morning papers reported the suicide of three friends—young girls under twenty years old. They met and compared their present discouragements and their future prospects, and decided that a dose of arsenic to let them out of this world was preferable to the struggle for bread. These casualties are becoming startlingly frequent; and who can estimate the moral bewilderment that comes from mental suffering, for which few are prepared by sound instruction on the value of life, and its uses and possibilities? It is horribly cruel to launch youth and inexperience upon such an uncertain sea of responsibilities without chart or rudder.

We find some very sensible remarks upon this subject and the value of good health in Mrs. E. R. Shepherd's "New Physiology For Girls." We make a few extracts:

We did not ask to live; we did not beg to be born, neither shall we be consulted as to the time nor way we should like to die. To some of us life seems a joyous, happy thing, and we look forward to coming years with hope and pleasure. Some of us, at times weary of life, see nothing in the future but toil and hardship; and, in moments of despair, wish we could die. But no matter how we feel about it, we must live on.

We may put a stop to our breathing; we may jump into the water, or take poison, and so end our lives as far as this world is concerned, but we have no right thus knowingly to destroy another's property, for we do not

own our lives in the sense that we own many things, *i. e.*, to do with them as we please. We own our lives as a little girl owns her shoes or shawl. Her father gave them to her to wear. If the child wishes to cut them to pieces, or to give them away, or to use them for any other purpose than the one for which her father designed her to use them, she must ask his permission. If she does not, she will soon find that her things are not hers. A very small child learns to make this distinction, and so will often ask when articles are given about which it is in doubt, "Is it all my own, to do what I please with?" It is so with living. In one sense our lives are our own, and in another sense our lives are not our own. They are our own to spend as we choose, to make them good or bad, happy or miserable, useful or worthless, healthy or diseased, as we choose. But the fact that we were not consulted as to whether we should like to live, nor how long, proves that another being—God our heavenly Father—has a prior ownership, and this is why it is wrong to commit suicide.

Life is a mystery to us. We are a mystery to ourselves. But as a sense of the obligation to live is innate with us, our first consideration commonly is, how, in fulfilling this obligation, may we compass the most comfort, pleasure, happiness in our lives? In what manner shall we control the most respect and love? We take our position in the world, and our surroundings into account and calculate how we can make the most of them. To some the paths of learning seem to present the highest inducements; and literature, or teaching, or authorship is their chosen pursuit. Others are allured by artistic callings; music, the stage, sculpture, or painting claim their ardent following. Then, again, some dream of a Utopia of their creating, and strive with all their human might to lessen the sum of human woe. Some theorize, and some act. Others, too many, alas! have no taste for learning, no love for æsthetic pursuits, no wish to help the world along to better times; no desire to mitigate the evils that deform society; they care alone for dress, display, gaiety, and the most foolish things of this world. Another class, with a listlessness difficult to account for in a people born to stand upright, breathe pure air, and with reasoning brains, have no apparent aim; they are listless and idle, living in human forms the lives of jellyfish. But the most of people have no choice but to unite the two problems, how to live, and how to live most happily; and with this class the problem of food, clothes, and shelter includes that of happiness. They have time for little else than the consideration of how to earn a living.

Thus we see life presents various phases to young girls, modified by their surroundings and personal peculiarities.

For the most part life is sweet, and it does not seem much of a hardship to be obliged to live. If dissatisfaction arises, it is not, generally, that life is felt to be a burden, but because of the surroundings of the individual. The gay, the light-hearted, the affectionate, the serious, the earnest, the proud, the ambitious, the intellectual, and the needy—all these are among my readers. These are looking forward to life, even to long life, and hope, life's "bright star," points to continuance of all

present good, or else the attainment of happiness which the present withholds.

The girls of this country have a greater variety of pursuits to choose from, and a wider scope for the exercise of their particular inclinations than those of other lands.

A great deal of pains, too, is taken with their education. Schools are supplied with whatever appliances are designed to aid in mental culture. Almost numberless books are written expressly for girls, having in view the best good for the class for whom they are prepared.

Large sums of money are expended by doting parents upon their daughters, that they may be trained in whatever is prescribed by the highest standard of the present age, or by the society in which they move. Only convince the people that a certain course is best for woman, and the majority are willing to give it to her.

And it is well, for the influence that women wield is tremendous. They are bound to exert an influence for good or evil upon society. The mothers of both civilized and uncivilized nations have to do with the little children in the most important period of their being. The ideas of right, truth and justice which they instill, or fail to instill, into the youthful mind greatly determines their moral character when grown to be men and women, who in their turn make nations what they are. It has often been said that an artful, unprincipled woman can excel the meanest man in wickedness; while, on the other hand some one has estimated that two-thirds of the Christian work of the world is done by women. Woman cannot do man's work, but her work is quite as necessary and comprises fully one-half of human responsibility. I repeat, it is well, considering the influence that woman must exercise for good or for evil that their facilities for education should be the very best. It is scarcely possible to over-cultivate love of truth and perception of right principles, or to take too much care that the faculties of intellect in which they peculiarly excel be directed into the highest channels.

But it seems to me that in this very needful instruction, so bountifully provided, a most necessary branch has been well-nigh overlooked, and that, too, one which is the very basis, the foundation of education. Too much attention has been paid to the superstructure. The foundation to which I refer is *physical training*. I put good health as the very first requisite for a life of usefulness and happiness; the corner-stone in the grand structure of the noblest womanhood. To strive for perfect health should be the first duty of a Christian. Some one may demur at this and put a Christian character at the helm, but I maintain that we cannot have the *best* Christian character without good health. Again, you may revert to some sick friend of yours who is so resigned to her lot, so sweet, so gentle, so lovely on her sick bed. You envy her her heavenly frame of mind; would almost be willing to be sick yourself for the sake of making the same acquisition. Ah! but it is not the suffering which makes your friend so lovely. It is because she has learned to be patient with it. I think in every case of confirmed invalidism, where this happy resignation exists, could its developing process be shown it would be found that previous to its attainment, the per-

son had passed through a dark season of discontent, and perhaps fretfulness at the hard lot which only through strong effort was finally overcome. There is enough in the conflicting, stirring elements of the world to discipline the character if sickness never comes.

The notion is prevalent that sickness is sent as a special dispensation of Providence, but that is a very unphilosophical notion. Good health is the result of our obedience to God's laws, and disease is the result of disobedience to God's laws. The following story is to the point:

"An honest deacon, living in—, frequently held a discussion with a physician belonging to the same religious society—the deacon declaring that all pains and diseases were produced by the mysterious ways of Divine Providence, and the doctor as sturdily declaring that they were produced by mankind themselves, by violating the laws of health. One evening the deacon ate heartily of buckwheat cakes and sausages, and was seized during the night with a severe fit of colic. He sent for the doctor, who very promptly refused to go, sending him word that if God thought proper to afflict him, providentially, with the colic, it was his duty to grin and bear it and not complain; at all events, he thought it was not his place to give medicine that would interfere with the operations of Providence! In an hour or two the servant returned, declaring that his master could live only a short time if he did not obtain relief; and the physician, knowing that God's laws were just and inexorable, and that he would not suspend them to relieve a thousand deacons, thought his brother had been punished enough for his folly, and concluded to try the effect of a little medicine. As he entered the room he saw, at a glance, the nature and cause of the difficulty, and giving him a small quantity of tartar emetic, he soon found relief. The worthy deacon learned from sad experience to recognize God's laws for man's physical as well as man's moral government."

Do not let us make a pack-horse of Providence to carry blame that should rest on human shoulders.

We know that the mind is greatly affected and controlled by bodily conditions. Business and pleasure, work and study, must be suspended entirely when we are prostrated upon beds of sickness. That is plain to all. But perhaps it is not so evident that every departure, however slight, from perfect obedience to the laws of health has an effect upon the mind. Yet so it is. The intellect cannot perceive so clearly, nor the disposition be so cheerful and patient, nor our work done so efficiently, when the physical system is even partially out of order. Many a tlemish of temper that is charged to the natural depravity of the human heart should be laid to disordered digestion, or a superabundance of carbonic acid gas.

A musical instrument that has bent, or loosened, or rusty, or broken strings, can produce no harmonious melodies. And this human "harp of a thousand strings," that might ever exult in clear, thrilling, harmonious, soul music, will inevitably sigh and groan, and squeak unendurable discords if its bodily frame is allowed to go unstrung. One single string out of tune will spoil a whole otherwise artistic performance. It is just as es-

sential that each part of this exquisitely and sympathetically sensitive human organism be understood and kept in health, and for the same reason.

Christ, the greatest practical philosopher that ever lived, Himself recognized and worked in accordance with the principle that the mind is affected by the body. He knew that a soul lodged in a suffering and diseased frame could not flourish in spiritual vigor and beauty; therefore, He made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, the sick to be well; He cleansed lepers, cast-out devils, fed the hungry; then, and not till then, He took their sin-sick souls in hand and preached the Gospel to them. He first made the body a "fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit" before He gave that Spirit. A fine, well-developed soul needs a good, strong body by means of which to carry out its schemes. The better the health, if other things correspond, the better will be the Christian.

Again, we are at birth endowed with a certain amount of vitality, sometimes called "constitution." The amount of vitality with which each starts out in life, other things being equal, determines the number of years we shall live. When our vitality is destroyed, or used up, we die. But very few people live as long as their vitality promises, or as long as their Creator intended they should live, judged by the constitution which He gave them. There are many ways of destroying the vitality too soon. It may be done gradually or suddenly. The man who commits suicide is an example of one who destroys it with a single act suddenly. The man who drinks intoxicating liquors, and dies of delirium tremens, illustrates how the vitality may be destroyed gradually, by a long series of acts. Every time we violate a law of health we break down the constitution. Each cold that settles on the lungs makes the lungs weaker than they were before, and less able to withstand exposure. The more we sit in a stooping posture the weaker the spine becomes and the more difficult it is for the shoulders to take an erect position. A foot or an ear once frozen is made tender and freezes more easily the second time.

If we would live out the full length of our days as indicated by our constitutions, we must obey the laws of health. We have seen that the suicide does wrong, because he destroys another's property. If it is sin to take our own lives by a single and deliberate act, it becomes no less suicidal to cut them short by a series of violations of the laws and conditions upon which we have learned that life depends. If we understand that we cannot be well when the blood is impure, and that we cannot have pure blood without breathing pure air, it becomes just as much a sin to breathe bad air, which is certain to cause premature death, as it does to breathe chloroform on purpose to kill ourselves. We have no right to destroy property belonging to another.

"BEAUTY pleases us, truth strengthens us, the good commands us; a genius charms us, a philosopher instructs us, a saint leads us; art embellishes life and makes the world more inhabitable, learning trains and stores the mind and makes life more dignified, religion regenerates the soul and makes the earth new.—Unity.

"LESSONS CULLED BY THE WAYSIDE OF LIFE."

My business for the last five years being such that I have had to travel from place to place, and to become acquainted with strangers, and having a great desire to learn all I could concerning the grand and sublime principles of prenatal culture and heredity, I have become acquainted with a few facts and incidents in the lives of others that have been of much value to me as lessons, and hoping others may be benefitted by reading them, I will narrate a few.

While traveling in the northern part of Ohio, a few years ago, in the winter, I noticed some young children catching on to sleighs and cutters as they came into town: and among the number I noticed a little girl whom I learned was about eight years of age.

I noticed that she was more graceful than the rest, and that she would get off from one sled and on to another while the horses were trotting at a lively rate. Seeing such ease and agility manifested in one so young caused me to wonder what the occupation of her father and mother could be. So upon making inquiry I found that her father was a brakeman upon a freight train, and that while *enroute* his wife was in the habit of meeting him at the depot when his train was due and handing him his meals, and as they were lately married and *loved* each other he would want to visit with her as much as possible, and so he would talk with her till the train was well under way, when he would catch hold and very gracefully swing himself on. And in *this* way his unborn child became marked.

At another time while traveling in West Virginia, I stopped to board for a few days at a hotel in H——, kept by Mr. A., and I noticed while there a little child only five years old. And I knew from the age of the landlord and his wife that they could not be his parents. But I learned in a short time that it was the child of their daughter, a fair young lady of about nineteen summers. The peculiarity of the little child was that without the *least* provocation, it would get *very angry*, and would come up close to you and say *I will shoot you*. It did no good to talk to him, for he would only repeat the same words over again—I will shoot you. And the mother, poor, foolish woman, had bought him a little toy pistol which he would always point at every one he came in contact with, at the same time repeating those fearful words—I will shoot you. I learned before I left that the young lady, its mother, when only fourteen years of age, had formed an attachment for a young man, who under the promise of marriage, had seduced her and then left the country. And she being of Southern blood, swore vengeance on him provided she could ever see him. After watching and waiting in vain for him for several months, all of the time having those thoughts in her mind, while sitting by a window in her father's house a short time before the birth of her child, she saw him pass on the opposite side of the street. Arising from her seat she went to the back part of the room and got her father's musket, and going back to the window, raised it, and simply said—I will shoot you, and fired; wounding him fatally. The child, poor little thing, will have to suffer that curse of *sin* as long as it lives, and will perhaps die on the gallows for murder.

Surely the "Parents have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." And what a *sad, sad* thought it is. How much better for the parents to partake of the fruits of *continence* and transmit to their children kind thoughts and words for all.

While traveling in the East I became acquainted with a lady whose domestic relations were of the most *unhappy* kind. She had large spirituality and benevolence, together with large conscientiousness, and she was of a very fine *mental* temperament. While talking with her about social life one day, she said to me, pointing to her four little children, the oldest of whom was only five: "Only one of these was welcome by me, and that was the oldest." And turning to the little ones, I saw upon the faces of all but the first, the *curse of unwelcome parentage*. And this same husband of hers was what the world called a *Christian*. And at the beginning of every day he asked the blessing of God to rest upon him and his. And night after night he would *outrage* the one he had *sworn* to love and had *promised* to protect, and he had even gone so far as to take her by force from her own bed and carry her to his during her sickness, and by his oft-repeated brutal outrages upon her person cause her to faint and lose all consciousness.

Speaking of him she said that she once *loved* him, but that by his oft-repeated abuse, he had drowned out the last *spark of love*, and she only lived with him because she *had* to. Upon asking her *why* she did not leave, she said with tears in her eyes, I cannot leave my little ones, for I know not what would become of them, and I am not able to support both them and myself; and, besides, if I should leave the *world* would *blame* me, and many of them would not even give me a shelter, while he would be looked up to and respected as long as he continued to walk with the *church*.

Only a short time ago I became acquainted with one whose domestic life has thus far been a very sad one.

I called at the house of a stranger and was met at the door by a lady who told me that there was a little child in that house that was very sick, and could not live but a short time. And she asked me to come in and see it. I found upon going to the bedside of the little one, that it was about one year old, and I was told by its mother that it had never seen a well day since it was born. Its little mouth had always been a *raw sore*.

The *facts* in the case I found to be as follows: Previous to the conception of the little one the father had been absent from home for a few months, and while absent he had been in the habit of visiting houses of prostitution, and that he had become diseased, and after his return home he had communicated the *loathsome disease* to his loving, truthful wife, and had caused a little child to be brought into the world whose body was nothing but a mass of corruption.

The mother told me that she came very near dying before the child was born in trying to cure herself of the foul disease, and that what she had suffered could not be told.

How sad to think that a kind, affectionate woman must suffer thus for the brutal man who was nothing to her but a cruel *master*. And how sad to think of the

little one that was born under those conditions and had to suffer during its short stay here for sins it had no control over and never committed.

And yet there are those who rise up, and in a *dignified* way, assert that woman has all of the rights she deserves; when, if the truth was known, she has not the right to even *her own person* after being united in the so-called sacred bonds of matrimony.

I say *away* with all such *man-made, selfish, one-sided* laws, and give to woman at *least* an equality with man.

Let men, who claim to be the *stronger* sex, say no more about "physical necessity," but let them live on plain food without the use of animal food, and whisky, and tobacco, and they will find that the "physical necessity" will soon vanish by the use of a little *will-power*, and then, and not till then, will they be led to see the grand and noble responsibility of parentage. And then, and not till then, will children be born free from the curse of *lust* and with the mark of *welcome* on their face.

E. SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSCOBEL, WISCONSIN, July 31, 1882.

DEAR MRS WINSLOW: I find upon referring to the date of my subscription to THE ALPHA that it expires with this month. I inclose herein one dollar for the renewal of my subscription to this bright little messenger of hope, and love, and purity.

I also inclose sixty cents for extra copies of THE ALPHA, and pamphlets, which I will name below. Many thanks for those extra copies of THE ALPHA, which I have tried to utilize by mailing to as many individuals.

While looking over the local papers for the address of parties to whom I wished to send THE ALPHA, it occurred to me that now the political craze (the cry for a maniac's blood,) has passed into the history of what has been, (and the reading public are being graciously spared a little rest,) it is opportune to send broadcast throughout the land, THE ALPHA—the alpha of the religion of humanity, as I believe it to be. Each precious number freighted with the best thoughts and wisest counsels of the greatest living philanthropists, it can but awaken a deeper interest in the minds of all who have the good of the human race at heart.

The past year to many has been so full of sorrow and anguish and bitterness that with the thoughtful, the human, the question arises, "must crime and its inherent consequences ever shadow the path of human existence?" The why and the wherefore, the cause and the remedy, must enter as factors of the greatest problem of the age.

I have just met with a copy of a small paper called, *The Word*, a free-love advocate, as I understand it, edited by E. H. Heywood. I have read a few pages in Dr. Foote's "Common Sense," and judge the Heywoodites are of the same school. The arguments advanced in support of their peculiar views of virtue remind me of the position taken by the whisky advocates. With those very "temperate" people there is nothing held in so much abhorrence as a drunkard, (unless, indeed, it may be a prohibitionist,) but with curious consistency, a moderate or temperate use of alcohol is strenuously advocated as necessary to the good health of all. (Each person being his or her own judge of what constituted a "temperate use.") So with those would-be virtuous free lovers; they abhor those whose lives are devoted to the gratification of lust, yet with a "devotion worthy a better cause" they seek to promulgate the doctrine of temperate gratification of lust as essential to good health and good morals. If redemption from the two greatest evils of this age depends upon these "temperate" theories, then is set the star of hope for those who labor for the improvement of humanity, and despair and death only, remains for all.

Yours sincerely,

EMILY G. TAYLOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 25, 1882.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: I am very much interested in the growth of THE ALPHA, and its life-saving principles. You have taken the initiative in a grand movement; in fact, you have undertaken the herculean task of reforming a very wicked world through the laws of heredity.

Prenatal influence, and righteous conditions pertaining to formation of life and character prior to birth, it seems to me, should be proclaimed from the housetops. Every young woman and young man should be made to feel the potency of the laws of transmission, and ignorance on the subject should, by law, debar contracting parties from marriage. Such is the radical estimate I place upon the value of knowledge upon such vital issues. I have reason, since the want of it has tainted my existence and that of a number of my friends in such degree as can never be eradicated.

I must not take up your valuable time. I hope to be able to get others interested in THE ALPHA, but it is a delicate matter, as society is so falsely constructed regarding conversation upon sexual topics; but when once false modesty has given place to common sense, then the cause will steadily advance. You are deserving of great encouragement for your assiduous efforts.

I am most respectfully yours,

E. L. H.

CANTON, MASS., 8th Month, 11th Day, 1882.

DR. C. B. WINSLOW: Copy of book "For Girls" received. I wish another for a young friend. I inclose \$1 and postage for same. It is a valuable little work. There is *great and crying need* for such a book. It should be in the hands of every woman in the land, young or old. It cannot fail to purify and sweeten the moral atmosphere wherever it shall go. God grant it wide circulation. Mrs. Shepard has conferred a blessing upon humanity by writing it. I say humanity, because were its teachings obeyed men would receive as large a share of the blessing as women, for only through pure, healthful, enlightened womanhood can come a race of men noble and good spiritually and physically. I have also lately had the pleasure of reading a copy of your paper. God bless you in your efforts to emancipate the race from sinful ignorance and false education. Yours very respectfully,

I. F. B.

CHINESE CAMP, CAL., July 14, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE ALPHA: Thank you for papers and documents, all of which I have read. * * * The moral teachings, diet, &c., are all good. But you will observe that it is uphill work to make the world work in harmony with the divine laws of life, morally, physically and spiritually. By littles and by suffering do we learn wisdom. Passion engendered by stimulating diet, hereditary proclivities and a great many minor causes operate against a speedy reform. But the heaven is at work, and with the aid of the angel hand man and woman too will stand redeemed from the many foul ulcers which humanity cultivate through ignorance of law and its punishment, rewards, &c. At the age of sixty-six I am surely sixteen in feeling and spirit, having as much and as active use of my faculties as I ever had, only acquired through experience and self-denial. But will humanity allow themselves to be guided by reason and hard sense? Is it not passion and appetite which govern the mass of mankind, producing all sorts of grotesque bodies and premature death? Surely such a field of reform is large enough for the philanthropist humanitarian. All of which will produce crucifixion to the would-be savior. But there is a peace within, from duty well-performed, which the world knoweth not of, which is stimulus enough to go forward in the good work. No aspiring thought ascends from the heart but meets with a responsive answer and a ray of divine assistance. If reformers only knew the value of good deeds performed with as unselfish motive, an impetus would be given to all progress which would be apparent to the dullest sense. May good angels attend you in the spirit of truth.

Respectfully,

JOHN TAYLOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 9, 1882

DEAR MRS WINSLOW: The August number of the blessed little ALPHA is just at hand, at least Mrs Bray's is, and I suppose mine will be presently, and I have been glancing through it. I am glad of Neal Dow's article on tobacco, and especially glad of Brother Rumford's clear, telling statement of his own

experience with the natural diet. Though I am still using cooked food (that has been "bedeviled with fire") and milk, I have little or no doubt that he is practising the best course (you know I put him on that track!)

Ah! "He only is a believer who lives according to his belief," (shall we not say rather, who lives his belief?) "For all true disciples thought and action are one." Felix Holt would "hold no belief without action corresponding thereto." Thank God the dear child is full seven years old! Long may she live to bless and uplift humanity.

As ever faithfully and fraternally yours.

N. E. B.

TORONTO, July 29, 1882.

MY DEAR DR. WINSLOW: My friend, F. E. Willard, sent me the July number of THE ALPHA. It is so brim full of excellent, practical papers that I want the inclosed list of friends each to have a copy. I have long been a believer in the principles which THE ALPHA so earnestly and ably advocates. In the practice of my profession I have ever done all I could to inculcate pre-natal education in both men and women. An incident occurred in my early practice which showed me how woefully our young men need teaching on this and kindred subjects. One evening a young man, scarcely twenty, came to my office begging of me to produce abortion in his young wife. I talked like a mother physician to him. In time he gave me the promise that he would do nothing wrong, that their child should live. I then began to give him some hints on its pre-natal education. I shall never forget the puzzled dismayed look he had when I told him that he must not have sexual connection while his child was in utero. "Why, what is a fellow to do then," he said. I replied, "do as you did before you were married." His eye fell, his face became red and he stammered out the humiliating confession "I was wild then." Alas, many of our boys are wild because they are conceived in lust, impressed throughout their pre-natal existence by the debasing sexual extravagances of their parents and in their young days fail to receive right teaching concerning themselves. May THE ALPHA be a grand success, finding its way into thousands of homes. Truly it is needed. Inclosed find \$1.45 for subscription.

Sincerely yours,

JENNY K. TROUT, M. D.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: THE ALPHA has found its way to my domicile again, I did not get the May or June numbers. You are doing a great work. We all admit its honesty and truthfulness. I inclose \$2.00. Please send one number to 133 Locust street, Allegheny City, Penna. This is a work done by one branch of the Woman's Christian Association called Sheltering Arms. It is with gratitude we can say that nine-tenths of our inmates have made advances to a higher life. They have learned much of domestic work, sewing, cooking and housework, caring for their own babies, and especially in the Incurable Hospital for Respectable Women, which is carried on in the same building, and serves as two-fold purpose of giving employment to the girls and of being a source of revenue. The house is beautifully situated on an elevated lawn with shrubs and climbing vines about it. The wide shady porches are hung with hammocks, where the babies enjoy the fresh air of heaven, all unconscious that the world has drawn a division line about them. Hoping we will have THE ALPHA to read by September, I remain your friend,

LOUISA C. McCULLOUGH.

BOSTON, August 13, 1882.

DEAR DR. WINSLOW: Inclosed you will find one dollar (\$1.00) my subscription to THE ALPHA. I wish it were one hundred dollars. I cannot find words to express my appreciation of your valuable services to humanity by means of the paper, nor my heartfelt sympathy for you in all your struggles to bring it into life and maintain it. It requires almost supernatural wisdom and strength to bring into existence such a pure, white, moral life as that of THE ALPHA and hold it above the dark, surging waves of immorality which surround it. I am thankful that you and the paper are stronger and that help has come and is coming. Yours in the cause,

G. D.

NEWBURY, OHIO, August 7, 1882.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: Will you please send me an extra copy of the August number. I read mine and found it so good I had to send it away, and I do want one for my table. The article on Guiteau which it contained, ought to be copied by every religious and secular newspaper.

I am thankful to live in this age when the soul of woman is wakening to her divine mission on earth. The Star of Bethlehem has risen and the wise men seek the infant Savior, the child of divine love. Angel harps are sounding the anthem of "Peace on Earth," thrilling the souls of mortals with a harmony that causes selfishness to fade away, and although we may see little effect from all the good work done we know that atom by atom the whole world will yet be filled with the sweet soul of this anthem, and our work is with the atoms.

THE ALPHA is an angel harp. I will make good use of all that come to my hand. Our W. S. Club take four copies and I have two of them to dispose of, and always wish they were twenty instead of two.

Yours in hope and faith,

S. L. O. A.

WEST PITTSFIELD, MASS., August 7, 1882.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: I have had the perusal of the July ALPHA and I am much pleased with its contents. I hope those principles will be put forward with a growing interest. It must be the great subject of universal reform to humanity. You shall have my sincerest wishes and prayers for success. I think it cannot fail. I have not seen the subject thus noticed before. I believe there are many ripe for those ideas.

Sincerely yours,

ISAAC A.

ORANGE, N. J., August 14, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: As time goes on your valuable paper is steadily increasing in that kind and quality of information which tends to improve and redeem society.

Cordially yours,

MARY F. DAVIS.

STRUCE GROVE, PA., August 9, 1882.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: THE ALPHA continues its clear ring of no uncertain sound and we rejoice at it. I do not know anything about the religious bias of its beloved editor, but I always feel a desire that every teacher of the people should read "Man's Nature and Development," by H. Martineau and H. G. Atkinson, if they have not and are willing to obey Paul's injunction to examine all things and hold fast to that which seems to them good and true. I have loaned it to many who express great satisfaction in reading it.

With much love,

P. D. P.

COUDERSPORT, PA., August 10, 1882.

EDITOR OF ALPHA: We cannot renew our subscription without saying anew God bless you in the harvest field among whose whitening sheaves so few dare labor.

With deep appreciation and hearty regard, we are your fellow-laborers,

W. E. H. E. AND MOTHER.

AFTER THE HUNT.

Now that the hunt is over—

Over, and day is done,

I step from the shade of the forest-cover—

I, and my dog and gun.

But, though on my cheek doth glow

The flush that the woodland lent

And the blood in my veins doth swifter flow,

I cannot but half repent.

I look on the prey at my feet,

I gaze on the forest tree,

And feel in my heart that life is sweet—

But never more sweet to thee:

Never more sweet, my pretty wee bird,

Pert little squirrel so spry—

A note in the wood no longer heard,

A hush of a chippering cry.

I know it is woman-weak

To grieve at a thing so slight;

But had I the word and my tongue could speak,

You both were alive to-night;

For what is your worth to me?

How merry the life you knew!

But a pleasure that never can come to me

I have taken away from you.

L. A. OSBORNE.

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A NEW SERMON FROM AN OLD TEXT.

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