

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

Dedicated to Voluntary Motherhood

Special Number

Fifteen Cents

\$1.50 A Year

September

THE NEW EMANCIPATION

The Negroes' Need For Birth Control, As Seen By Themselves

They That Sit in Darkness

A One-Act Play of Negro Life

By Mary Burrill

The Closing Door

A Short Story

By Angelina W. Grimké

Women and Children of the South—News Items—Book Reviews

BEACON BOOK SHOP

[Mail Order Book Service]

Offers to assist discriminating book buyers, those who are remote from big book centers, as well as others

Specializing in the mail order service, we can assure our patrons of unusual promptness and care in delivery and of infinite individual attention to their wishes

We take pleasure in sending regularly, to anyone interested, our Monthly Bulletin of Books, covering various fields of literature. Special facilities for securing out of print and foreign books. Correspondence invited

BEACON BOOK SHOP

(Formerly The Beacon, 134 Montague St., Brooklyn N Y)

64 West 40th Street

New York City

THE MODERNIST

A Monthly Magazine of Modern Arts and Letters

Edited by James Waldo Fawcett

RADICAL IN POLICY, INTERNATIONAL IN SCOPE

DEVOTED TO THE COMMON CAUSE OF TOILING PEOPLES

OPPOSED TO COMPROMISE, PLEDGED TO TRUTH

A FORUM FOR ACTIVE MINDS AND VITAL ART

A BETTER AND FREER MAGAZINE

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE

George Bernard Shaw	Eugene V Debs
John Haynes Holmes	Sen Katayama
Horace Traubel	Art Young
Rose Pastor Stokes	Gorham B Munson
William Bayard Hale	Blanche Watson
Louise M Kueffner	Sarah N Cleghorn
Elisabeth Freeman	Aaron Goodelman

Price 15 Cents per Copy—\$1 50 per Year

Send stamps for sample copy NOW

THE MODERNIST

25 East 14th Street

New York City

Books On Birth Control and Kindred Subjects:

- | | | | |
|--|--------|---|------|
| Man and Woman —By Havelock Ellis The book which reveals to each other Women and Men as they are..... | \$2 00 | List of References on Birth Control —By Theodore Schroeder Bibliography of 1,400 Books, Articles and Pamphlets..... | .35 |
| Parenthood and Race Culture —By C W Saleeby A Scientific Treatise in Popular Style for Parents and Prospective Parents... | 2 75 | The Small Family System —By C V Drysdale An Argument for Birth Control from Moral, Ethical and Health Standpoints..... | 1 50 |
| The Century of the Child —By Ellen Key An Illumination of the Child's Place in Society | 1 50 | The Love Rights of Women —By Havelock Ellis A Book That Every Man Should Read | .25 |
| Heredity —By Thompson A Study in Hereditary Influence from the Eugenic Standpoint | 3 50 | The Objects of Marriage —By Havelock Ellis A Reverent, Inspiring View of the Conjugal Relation | .25 |
| Population and Birth Control . A Symposium by William J Robinson, Achille Loria, Charles V Drysdale, Ludwig Quessell, Eden Paul, Edward Bernstein, D Dunlop, R Manschke, S H Halford and F W Stella Browne, edited by Eden and Cedar Paul.... | 3 00 | Uncontrolled Breeding —By Adelyne More A Startling Scientific Treatise on Overpopulation as the Cause of War..... | 1 00 |
| What Every Mother Should Know —By Margaret Sanger A Book That Teaches the Mother How to Tell the Truth of Sex of the Child Paper, 25c, cloth..... | .50 | Small or Large Families? —By Dr C V Drysdale and Havelock Ellis Birth Control from the Individual, Racial and Moral Standpoints Birth Control and War..... | 1 00 |
| Limitation of Offspring —By William J Robinson Answers All Arguments Against Birth Control | 1 50 | What Every Girl Should Know —By Margaret Sanger Sex Instruction for Adolescent Girls In Plain, Simple Language Paper 25c cloth | .50 |
| The Sex Side of Life —By Mary Ware Dennett A plain talk to young people..... | .25 | The Law of Population Its consequences and its bearing upon human conduct and morals By Annie Besant..... | .25 |

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

MARY KNOBLAUCH
Acting Editor

DEDICATED TO VOLUNTARY
MOTHERHOOD

MARGARET SANGER
Editor

VOL III

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1919

No 9

Editorial Comment

*By Blanche Schrack
of Atlanta, Georgia*

THE SLUMS OF our large northern cities are matched in vice and poverty in the Negro quarters of the southern cities. Certain streets of all these fair cities are lined with rows of closely built wooden shanties—sometimes row behind row—where the colored people live. There are a few “apartment” houses, our cook says she lives in one of them. She doesn’t seem quite sure of the number of rooms in the house, but thinks there are twelve on the first floor, and twelve on the second floor. The families on the first floor have one room apiece, on the second, each family has two rooms. For light at night they have kerosene lamps, and on the back porch on each floor there is a hydrant which supplies all the families on that floor with water for cooking and washing. Most of the families in this particular house consist of couples, but one family on the second floor has three children.

This is typical of the crowding and lack of sanitation on which vice and disease invariably follow, and is as bad for the white people of the city as for the colored ones who have to endure the first hand wretchedness of it.

IN NORTHERN CITIES where the negro population is a comparatively small part of the world, it may not be apparent that the virility of the Negro man and the health of the Negro woman is just as important to the white population as the welfare of its own men and women. In the South this should be apparent, and would be, if the white people in the southern cities were not encouraged by training and tradition to thoughtless habits of blind indifference where their colored neighbors are concerned. Yet the needs of the two races bring them together constantly in a variety of intimate ways—colored women nurse white babies, there are colored cooks in most white families, and since laundries are practically unknown in the majority of white homes (even in a city as large as Atlanta) washing is called for Monday morning by colored washerwomen, taken to their homes to be washed, and not returned until Saturday.

It ought thus to be evident to the most casual observer that a child’s life is endangered if its colored nurse is diseased, that people cannot long remain healthy whose clothes are washed and kept for days in dirty rooms.

WE OUGHT TO be ashamed though, to have to resort to the argument of self interest. The colored woman de-

serves to have health and cleanliness, a decent manner clothing, for her own sake, but if we are really too indifferent to her welfare to help her better her condition, then at least such selfish considerations as our own well being ought to goad us into doing something. But we do nothing, yet the facts are startling. Colored women and babies suffer and die as a result of our neglect. Of 1,290 colored babies born in New Orleans in one year, 555 died before they were one year old, in Charleston, S. C. in the same year, 758 colored babies were born, and 350 died under one year of age, Richmond’s record for that year was 625 births, 331 deaths—in other words, of every two colored babies born, only one lives to be a year old.

This is not the record of an exceptional year picked out by an alarmist to point a moral. In all the large southern cities the colored deaths each year, in proportion to the population, greatly exceed the whites, and the record of still births and infant mortality among colored people is alarming. In the city of Nashville for the period 1893-95, still and premature births for the white population were 272 and for the colored 385, the latter two and one third times as many, in proportion to the population as was to be expected. One writer tells us the diseases of inanition, infantile debility and infantile marasmus of which so many babies die are “merely the names of symptoms due to enfeebled constitutions and congenital diseases inherited from parents suffering from the effects of sexual immorality and debauchery.”

PROMISCUOUS SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS and loose morals are an inevitable consequence of the herding of one or more families in homes of two and three rooms, whether in the south or in the north. Under such conditions the colored woman is desperately in need of the protection which a knowledge of Birth Control would give, both for her own sake and to prevent the spread of disease. Of what avail is it to keep this knowledge from her if, practically, out of every two children she bears, one dies before reaching the age of one year? Society gains nothing by this slaughter of the innocents, and the colored mother, often without proper medical attention, without the knowledge and power of voluntary motherhood, is ruined in health and usefulness by this wasteful child bearing.

A knowledge of contraceptive methods would have an additional value as an incentive to personal cleanliness, but here the colored woman is caught in a vicious circle—she cannot have personal cleanliness without a certain measure of privacy, she cannot have privacy as long as the family continues to live in one room, and without practicing Birth Control, she cannot keep her family from growing beyond the limits of the quarters at its disposal.

COLORED MOTHERS ARE no more able to help themselves than are white women under similar circumstances. The obligation to aid them to make their lives decent and livable lies therefore, directly with the white women of the country, and in particular with the southern women because their opportunity is greater. So far, the white woman of the South has too often given her colored neighbor the help that affords merely temporary relief. It has been but the generous impulse of the moment toward a particular colored woman who has earned the consideration by faithful service, rather than the intelligent will to work to give colored women as a whole the self respect and cleanliness of mind and body which is their right. This can be done by teaching them Birth Control, but Birth Control can only help the colored woman, if to that knowledge is added the encouragement to a better mode of living which a clean and adequate home can give.

Elizabeth W. Colt

THERE WAS NOTHING half hearted about Mrs. Colt. When she believed in a cause, her devotion never wavered, nor did her zeal falter when faced by the most exacting tasks. When she was a friend, she was a friend, indeed. Helpful when help was needed, she had also a capacity for enjoyment not always to be found in the purposeful. Her death is a great blow to her many friends and to the varied interests for which she worked. The Birth Control movement has lost one of its ablest and staunchest supporters, and the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW a most valued member of its Board of Directors.

Women Doctors to Hold Conference

THE "MEDICAL RECORD" of August, announces that a six weeks international conference will be held in New York City, beginning September 15th, at which social problems affecting women throughout the world will be discussed. The conference will be under the auspices of the Social Morality Committee, War Work Council, of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association. The conference will be divided into three sections: health, the psychological aspects of the sex question, and legislative measures as they reflect the present status of sex morality. Already a number of prominent women physicians from all parts of the world have accepted invitations to be present.

No more Frauleins

GERMAN WOMEN ARE conducting a campaign to abolish the title of fraulein, as applied to adult unmarried women, according to Dr. Edith Swift Hale of Boston, who, in company with Dr. Katharine Bement Davis of New York, has returned from a trip abroad to study social hygienic conditions. The August "Social Hygiene Bulletin" reports the results of their study.

The German women believe that every adult woman should

receive the title of "Frau" or "Mrs" in order that there may be no discrimination between married and unmarried women, any more than there is between married and unmarried men, all of whom bear the title "Herr" or "Mr."

They believe that by procuring for all adult women a uniform title, they will protect illegitimate motherhood and the illegitimate child.

Dr. Davis and Dr. Hale invited a number of women physicians abroad to attend a conference which the Y M C A will hold in New York next month to discuss social hygiene.

Eugenic Group Discusses B. C.

VOLUNTARY PARENTHOOD AS a Factor in Eugenics, furnished the subject of discussion at a special meeting of the Eugenics Education Society of Chicago, which met at the Brownleigh Club in that city on July 27th. Prof. James Field and Dr. Harold Moyer addressed the meeting. Dr. Anna A. Blount, president of the society, writes:

"Prof. Field spoke of the plans and hopes for activity in Chicago, and as all those there were pretty out and out birth controllers, the discussion took the trend of following out the practical and sentimental difficulties in the way of the practice. Prof. Field feels that contraceptives are probably not ideal or final, but at present are the only practical solution of the problem. Those too stupid to limit their families came in for consideration, and Dr. Harold Moyer was convinced that for such, sterilization was the best means of birth control.

"We are all in favor of birth control, but the difficulties of technique, as well as other difficulties, make room for years of labor on the subject yet."

The BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

104 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Editors

MARGARET SANGER MARY KNOBLAUCH
MAUDE EDGREN LILY WINNER BLANCHE SCHRACK
*And in Recognition of a Vital Spirit that Still Animates
this Magazine, JESSIE ASHLEY*

Art Editors

CORNELIA BARNES LOU ROGERS

SEPTEMBER

Published monthly Subscription price \$1.50 a year,
foreign countries and Canada \$1.75, postpaid
Bundle rates ten copies for a dollar, \$9.50 per hundred

Owned and Published by

The New York Women's Publishing Co., Inc.

Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1918, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued on the first of each month.

Address correspondence and make checks and money orders payable to MARGARET SANGER

NOTICE —When requesting change of address, give both old and new address.

They That Sit in Darkness*

A ONE-ACT PLAY OF NEGRO LIFE

By Mary Burrill

(Written for the Birth Control Review)

CHARACTERS

Malinda Jasper, the mother Lindy, Miles, Aloysius, Mary Ellen, Jimmie, John Henry, a week old infant, her children Elizabeth Shaw, a visiting nurse

The action passes in a small country town in the South in our own day

Scene It is late afternoon of a day in September The room which does a three fold duty as kitchen, dining room, and living room for the Jasper family is dingy and disorderly Great black patches as though from smoke are on the low ceilings and the walls To the right is a door leading into a bedroom In the opposite wall another door leads into a somewhat larger room that serves as bedroom for six Jasper children In the rear wall a door opens into a large yard A window is placed to the left of the door while against the wall to the right there stands an old, battered cow hide trunk The furniture which is poor and dilapidated, consists of a table in the center of the room, a cupboard containing a few broken cups and plates, a rocker, and two or three plain chairs with broken backs and uncertain legs Against the wall to the left there is a kitchen stove on which sit a tea kettle and a wash boiler Near the window placed upon stools are two large laundry tubs Through open window and door one gets a glimpse of snowy garments waving and glistening in the sun Malinda Jasper, a frail, tired looking woman of thirty eight, and Lindy, her seventeen year old daughter, are bending over the tubs swirling their hands in the water to make sure that their task is completed From the yard come the constant cries of children at play

MRS JASPER (*Straightening up painfully from the tubs*) Lor', Lindy, how my side do hurt! But thank goodness, dis job's done! (*She sinks exhausted into the rocker*) Run git me one them tabblits de doctor lef' fo' dis pain!

...(*Lindy hurries into the adjoining room and returns with the medicine*)

MRS JASPER (*Shaking her head mournfully*) Dis ole pain goin' be takin' me 'way f'om heah one o' dese days!

LINDY (*Looking at her in concern*) Sec, Ma, I tole yuh not to be doin' all this wuk! Whut's Miss 'Liz'beth goin' er say wuen she comes heah this evenin' an' fine out you done all this wuk after she tole yuh pertic'lar yestiddy that she wuz'n goin' let yuh out'n bed 'fo' three weeks—an' here 't'ain't been a week sence baby wuz bawn!

MRS JASPER Ah ain't keerin' 'bout whut Mis' 'Liz'beth

say! Easy nuf, Lindy, fo' dese nurses to give dey advice—dey ain't got no seben chillern to clothe an' feed—but when dr washin' git back Ah kin nevah ketch up!

LINDY (*Reprovingly*) But I could 'a done it all mys'f

MRS JASPER An' been all day an' night doin' it—an' miss gittin' you'se'f off in de mawnin' tuh Tuskegee—no in deedy!

LINDY (*Hesitatingly*) P'rhaps I oughtn' be goin' erway an' leavin' yuh wid all dis washin' to do ever' week, an' de chillern to look after—an' the baby an' all Daddy he gits home so late he can't be no help

MRS JASPER (*Wearily*) Nebber you mind, Lindy, Ah'm going be gittin' aw right bime-by Ah ain't a goin' be stan'in' in de way yo' gittin' dis edicashun Yo' chance don' come, Lindy, an' Ah wants ter see yuh tek it! Yuh been a good chile, Lindy, an' Ah wants ter see yuh git mo'e out'n life dan Ah gits Dem three yeah at Tuskegee warn't seem long

LINDY (*Her face brightening up*) Yassum, an' ef Mister Huff, the sup'inten'ent meks me county teacher lak he sez he'll do when I git back, I kin do lots mo'e fo' you an' the chillern! (*The cry of a week-old infant comes from the adjoining room*)

MRS JASPER Dar now! Ah'm mighty glad he didn' wake up 'tel we git dis washin' done! Ah reckon he's hongry Ain't Miles come back wid de milk yet? He's been gawn mos' en hour—see ef he's took dat guitar wid 'im

LINDY (*Going to the door and looking out*) I doan see it nowheres so I reckon he's got it

MRS JASPER Den Gawd knows when we'll see 'im! Lak es not he's some'airs settin' by de road thumpin' dem strings—dat boy 'ud play ef me or you wuz dyin'! Ah doan know whut's goin' come o' 'im—he's just so lazy en shif'lis!

LINDY Doan yuh go werrin' 'bout Miles, Ma He'll be aw right ef he kin only learn music an' do whut he likes (*The cry of the infant becomes insistent*) No, Ma, you set still—I'll git his bottle an' 'tend to him (*She goes into the bedroom*)

(*The shrieks of the children in the yard grow louder A shrill cry of anger and pain rises above the other voices, and Mary Ellen, age six, appears crying at the door*)

MARY ELLEN (*Holding her head*) Ma! Ma! Mek Aloysius b'have hisse'f! He hit me on de haid wid all his might!

MRS JASPER (*Rushing to the door*) Aloysius! Yuh Aloysius! It warn't do yuh no good ef Ah 'ave to come out'n

*Copyright applied for

dere to yuh! John Henry, git down f'om dat tree, 'fo yuh have dem clo'es in de durt! Yo' chillern 'nuf to werry me to death!

(As Lindy returns with the baby's empty bottle, Miles enters the rear door. He is a good natured but shiftless looking boy of sixteen. A milk pail is swinging on his arm, leaving his hands free to strum a guitar.)

LINDY Have yuh brought the milk, Miles? An' the bread?

MILES (Setting down the milk pail) Nup! Mister Jackson say yuh can't have no milk, an' no nothin' 'tel de bill's paid

MRS JASPER Den Gawd knows we'll starve, 'cause Ah see'd yo' daddy give de doctor ebery cent o' his wages las' week. An' dey warn't be no mo'e money comin' in 'tel Ah kin git dis wash out to de Redmon's

LINDY Well, baby's gawn back to sleep now, and p'rhaps Miss 'Liz'beth will bring some milk fo' de baby when she come in lak she did yestiddy—but they ain't nothing heah fo' de other chillern

(The shrieks of the children at play in the yard grow louder.)

ALOYSIUS (Calling from without) Ma! Ma! John Henry done pull' down de clo'es line!

MRS JASPER (Rushing again to the door) Come in heah! Ever' single one o' yuh! Miles, run fix 'em up an' see ef any o' 'em got in de durt!

(The Jasper children, four in number, a crest fallen, pathetic looking little group—heads unkempt, ragged, undersized, under fed, file in terrified.)

JOHN HENRY (Terror stricken) It warn't me, Ma, it was Aloysius!

MRS JASPER Heish yo' mouf! March yo'se'f ever' one o' yuh an' go to baid!

MARY ELLEN (Timidly) We's ain't had no suppah

MRS JASPER An' whut's mo'e, yuh ain't goin' git no suppah 'tel yuh larns to b'have yo'se'f!

ALOYSIUS (In a grumbling tone) Can't fool me—Ah heerd Lindy say dey ain't no suppah fo' us!

(Calling to the children as they disappear in the room to the left.)

MRS JASPER Ef Ah heahs one soun' Ah'm comin' in dere an' slap yuh into de middle o' nex' week! (As she sinks again exhausted into the rocker) Them chillern's goan ter be de death o' me yit!

MILES (Appearing at the door) De clo'es ain't dirty I fo'git to tell yuh—I stopp't by Sam Jones an' he say he'll be 'round fo' Lindy's trunk 'bout sun-down

MRS JASPER Ah reckons yu'd bettah git yo' clo'es an' pack up 'cause it warn't be long fo' sun down

LINDY (Dragging the old trunk to the center of the room) I ain't a-goin' less'n you git bettah, Ma. Yuh look right sick to me!

(As Lindy is speaking Miss Elizabeth Shaw in the regulation dress of a visiting nurse, and carry a small black bag, appears

at the rear door.)

MISS SHAW (Looking in consternation at Mrs Jasper) Mahnda Jasper! What are you doing out of bed! You don't mean to say that you have washed all those clothes that I see in the yard?

MRS JASPER Yassum, me an' Lindy done 'em

MISS SHAW (Provoked) And you look completely exhausted! Come you must get right to bed!

MRS JASPER (Leaning her head wearily against the back of the rocker) Lemme res' myse'f jes a minute—Ah'll be goin' 'long to rectly

MISS SHAW It's a wonder in your condition that you didn't die standing right at those tubs! I don't mean to scare you but—

MRS JASPER (With extreme weariness) Lor', Mis' 'Liz'beth, it ain't *dyin'* Ah'm skeer't o', its *livin'*—wid all dese chillern to look out fo' We ain't no Elijahs, Mis' 'Liz'beth, dey ain't no ravens flyin' 'roun' heah drappin' us food. All we gits, we has to git by wukin' hard! But thanks be to Gawd a light's dawnin'! My Lindy's gittin' off to Tuskegee to school tomorrer, Mis' 'Liz'beth!

MISS SHAW (Surprised) I didn't know that Lindy was thinking about going away to school

MRS JASPER Thinkin' 'bout it! Lindy ain't been thinkin' an' dreamin' 'bout nothin' else sence Booker Washin'ton talked to de farmers down yonder at Shady Grove some ten yeah ergo. Did yo' know Booker Washin'ton, Mis' 'Liz'beth?

MISS SHAW I saw him once a long time ago in my home town in Massachusetts. He was a great man

MRS JASPER Dat he wuz! Ah kin see him now—him an' Lindy, jes a teeny slip o' gal—after de speakin' wuz ovah down dere at Shady Grove, a standin' under de magnolias wid de sun a pou'in' through de trees on 'em—an' he wid his hand on my li'l Linly's haid lak he wuz givin' huh a blessin', an' a sayin' "When yuh gits big, li'l gal, yuh mus' come to Tuskegee an' larn, so's yuh kin come back heah an' he'p dese po' folks!" He's daid an' in his grave but Lindy ain't nevah fo'git dem words

MISS SHAW Just think of it! And ten years ago! How glad I am that her dream is coming true. Won't it cost you quite a bit?

MRS JASPER Lor', Lindy 'ud nevah git dere ef we had to sen' huh! Some dem rich folks up yonder in yo' part de world is sen'in' huh

LINDY (Entering with her arms laden with things for her trunk) Good evenin', Mis' 'Liz'beth

MISS SHAW Well, Lindy, I've just heard of your good fortune. How splendid it is! But what will the baby do with out you! How is he this afternoon?

LINDY He's right smart, Mis' 'Liz'beth. I been rubbing his leg lack you showed me. Do yuh think it'll evah grow ez long ez the other'n?

MISS SHAW I fear, Lindy, those little withered limbs seldom do, but with care it will grow much stronger. I have

brought him some milk—there in my bag Be careful to modify it exactly as I showed you, and give what is left to the other children

LINDY (*Preparing to fix the milk*) Yes Mis' 'Liz'beth

MISS SHAW (*Nodding at Lindy*) What will you do, Malinda, when she goes? You will have to stop working so hard Just see how exhausted you are from this heavy work!

MRS JASPER Lor', Mis' 'Liz'beth, Ah'll be awright to-reckly Ah dad de same thing after my li'l Tom was bawn, an' when Aloysius wuz bawn Ah git up de nex' day—de wuk had to be done

MISS SHAW (*Very gravely*) But you must not think that you are as strong now as you were then I heard the doctor tell you very definitely that this baby had left your heart weaker than ever, and that you must give up this laundry work

MRS JASPER (*Pleadingly*) 'Deed, Mis' 'Liz'beth, we needs dis money whut wid all dese chillern, an' de sicknis' an' fune'ul 'spenses of li'l Tom an' Selena—dem's de chillern whut come 'tween John Henry an' dis las' baby At'er dem bills wuz paid heah come Pinkie's trouble

MISS SHAW Pinkie?

MRS JASPER (*Sadly*) Yuh nevah seed Pinkie 'cause she lef' 'fo' yuh come heah She come 'tween Miles an' Aloysius—she warn't right in de haid—she wuked ovah tuh Bu'nett's place—Ah aint nevah been much on my gals wukin' round dese white men but Pinkie mus' go, an' fus thing we know Bu'nett got huh in trouble

MISS SHAW Poor, poor girl! What did you do to the Burnett man?

MRS JASPER (*Wuh deep feeling*) Lor', Mis' 'Liz' beth, cullud folks can't do nothin' to white folks down heah! Huh Dad went on sumpin awful wid huh ever' day, an' one mawnin' we woked up and Pinkie an' huh baby wuz gawn! We ain't nevah heerd f'om huh tuh dis day—(*she closes her eyes as if to shut out the memory of Pinkie's sorrow*) Me an' Jim 'as allus put ouah tru's in de Lawd, an' we wants tuh raise up dese chillern to be good, honess' men an' women but we has tuh wuk so hard to give 'em de li'l de gits dat we ain't got no time tuh look at'er dey sperrits When Jim go out to wuk—chillern's sleepin', when he comes in late at night—chillern's sleepin' When Ah git through scrubbin' at dem tubs all Ah kin do is set in dis cheer an' nod—Ah doan wants tuh see no chillern! Ef it warn't fo' Lindy—huh got a mighty nice way wid 'em—Gawd he'p 'em!

MISS SHAW Well, Malinda, you have certainly your share of trouble!

MRS JASPER (*Shaking her head wearily*) Ah wonder whut sin we done that Gawd punish me an' Jim lak dis!

MISS SHAW (*Gently*) God is not punishing you, Malinda, you are punishing yourselves by having children every year Take this last baby—you knew that with your weak heart that you should never have had it and yet—

MRS JASPER But whut kin Ah do—de chillern come!

MISS SHAW You must be careful!

MRS JASPER *Be keerful!* Dat's all you nu'ses say! You an' de one whut come when Tom wuz bawn, an' Selena! Ah been keerful all Ah knows how but whut's it got me—ten chillern, eight livin' an' two daid! You got'a be tellin' me sumpin' better'n dat, Mis' 'Liz'beth!

MISS SHAW (*Fervently*) I wish to God it were lawful for me to do so! My heart goes out to you poor people that sit in darkness, having, year after year, children that you are physically too weak to bring into the world—children that you are unable not only to educate but even to clothe and feed Malinda, when I took my oath as nurse, I swore to abide by the laws of the State, and the law forbids my telling you what you have a right to know!

MRS JASPER (*Wuh the tears trickling from her closed eyes*) Ah ain't blamin' you, Mis' 'Liz'beth, but—

MISS SHAW Come, come, Malinda, you must not give away like this You are worn out—come, you must get to bed

LINDY (*Entering with more things for her trunk*) I'm glad yuh gattin' huh to bed, Mis' 'Liz'beth, I been tryin' to all day

MRS JASPER (*As she walks unsteadily toward her room*) Lindy, honey, git yo' trunk pack't Thank Gawd yo' chance done come! Give dat (*Nodding toward the partially filled bottle of milk*) to de chillern Mis' 'Liz'beth say dey kin have it

LINDY All right, Ma Mis' 'Liz'beth, ef you needs me jes call

(*Malinda and the nurse enter the bedroom Lindy is left packing her trunk Miles can be heard from without strumming upon his guitar*)

MARY ELLEN (*Poking her head out of the door to the children's room*) Lindy, Lindy, whut wuz dat Ma say we all kin have?

LINDY Some milk—it ain't much (*The children bound into the room Mary Ellen, first at the table, seizes the bottle and lifts it to her lips*)

ALOYSIUS (*Snatching the bottle from Mary Ellen*) Yuh got 'a be las', 'cause Mis' 'Liz'beth say we mus'n' nebber eat or drink at'er yuh! Did'n' she, Lindy?

LINDY (*As Mary Ellen begins to cry*) Ef yo' all git to fussin' I ain't goan to bring yuh nothin' when I comes back!

MARY ELLEN (*As the children crowd about Lindy*) Whut yuh goan 'a bring us, Lindy?

LINDY (*As she puts her things carefully into her trunk*) When I comes back I'm goan to bring yuh all some pretty readin' books, an' some clo'es so I kin tek yuh to school ever' day where yuh kin learn to read 'em!

JOHN HENRY (*Clapping his hands*) Is we all goin', Lindy? Miles too?

LINDY Yes indeedy! An' whut's mo'e I'm goan 'a git Miles a fine new guitar an' let him learn music An' some day ever' body'll be playin' an' singin' his songs!

ALOYSIUS (*Glowing with excitement*) Some day he might have his own band! Might'n' he, Lindy? Lak dat big

white one whut come fru heah f'om 'Lanta' Ole Miles'll come struttin' down de road

(*Aloysius seizes the broom, and in spite of the handicap of bow legs, gives a superb imitation of a drum major leading his band*)

LINDY (*Watching Aloysius' antics*) An' I'm goin' tuh have Aloysius' li'l legs straightened (*As the children roll in merriment*) 'Sh' 'sh' Mus'n' mek no noise 'cause Ma ain't well' An' in de evenin' we'll have a real set down to de table suppah—Dad he won't have to wuk so hard so he kin git home early—an' after suppah we all kin set 'round de fiah lak dey do ovah to Lawyer Hope's an' tell stories an' play games—

(*The children, radiant as though these dreams were all realities, huddle closer about Lindy who, packing done, now sits enthroned upon her battered trunk*)

LINDY 'Sh—sh' Wuz that Mis' 'Liz'beth callin'? (*They listen intently but can hear nothing save the sweet, plaintive notes of an old Spiritual that Miles is playing upon his guitar*) Then we'll git some fine Sunday clo'es, an' a hoss an' wagun, an' when Sunday come we'll all climb in an' ride to Shady Grove to Meetin'—an' we'll set under de trees in de shade an' learn 'bout li'l Joseph an' his many cullud coat, an' li'l Samu'l whut de Lawd called while he wuz sleepin', an' de li'l baby whut wuz bawn in de stable an' wuz lots poor'n me an' you An' on Sunday evenin' we'll—

MISS SHAW (*Appearing at the bedroom door and speaking hurriedly*) Send the children to bed quickly, Lindy, I need you

(*The children run into their room*)

ALOYSIUS (*Wistfully, at the door*) Ef we's good, Lindy, let us git up when Sam Jones come an' see de trunk go?

LINDY (*Quickly*) Mebbe—hurry up!

MISS SHAW (*Very seriously*) Lindy, your mother's condition has grown suddenly very, very serious The exertion of today is beginning to tell on her heart Bring me some boiling water immediately for my hypodermic (*Calling from the rear door*) Miles, Miles! Run to the Hope's as fast as you can and ask them to telephone for the doctor—your mother is very ill Tell him the nurse says it is urgent!

(*Miss Elizabeth hurries into the bedroom, followed soon after by Lindy with the water In a few minutes the sobbing of Lindy can be heard, and the nurse re enters the kitchen She leans against the frame of the rear door as though exhausted and stares out into the yard at the clothes fluttering like white spirits in the gathering dusk Then sighing deeply, she puts on her bonnet and cape and turns to go*)

MILES (*Rushing in breathlessly, with his guitar under his arm*) De Hopes ain't—

MISS SHAW (*Placing her hand tenderly on his shoulder*) Never mind, now, Miles, your mother is dead

MILES (*His guitar crashing to the floor*) Dead!

MISS SHAW Yes, and you must help Lindy all you can I would not leave but I have a case up the road that I must

see tonight I'll be back tomorrow (*As Miles walks with bowed head toward his mother's room*) Come, Miles, you had better bring in the clothes before it gets dark

(*As Miles follows her out Lindy enters the kitchen. The light has gone from her face for she knows that the path now stretching before her and the other children will be darker even than the way that they have already known*)

MILES (*Awkwardly, as he struggles in with the hamper piled high with the snowy clothes*) Anything mo' Ah kin do, Lindy?

LINDY (*As she sits on the edge of her trunk and stares in a dazed, hopeless way at the floor*) I reckon yu'd bettah walk up de road a piece to meet Dad an' hurry him erlong An' stop in de Redmon's an' tell 'em dey can't have de wash tomorrer 'cause—(*Gulping back her tears,*) 'cause Ma's dead, but I'll git 'em out myself jes ez soon ez I kin An', Miles, leave word fo' Sam Jones 'at he need'n' come fo' de trunk

(THE END)

Is Birth Control Immoral?

WE WONDER IF the gentlemen quoted below are of the number who consider birth control immoral

The first quotation is from "A Social History of the American Family," by Arthur W Calhoun, Ph D, Vol III, and is the protest of a Mississippi physician quite correctly described as reactionary, against a constitutional proposal that the blacks be placed on the same level as the whites in respect to legal marriage

"Every nigger wench to the equality of mah own daughters? The monstrous thing! The negro women have always stood between ouah daughters and the superabundant sexual energy of ouah hot blooded youth And by Gad, sir, youah so called constitution etc"

THE SECOND QUOTATION is from a correspondent of the London Herald who expresses his horror at the attitude taken by the Herald that the morality of intercourse "in the case of blacks and whites is on exactly the same plane as that of white races with black" He proceeds,—*"To allow negroes to add their strain to that of a pure white race is to permit the debasement of the white To permit the white, the more intellectual race, to add its strain to the black, is to enrich the black race It is true that this addition is, in the majority of cases, achieved without the sanction of marriage, but it is better to achieve it so than not at all, unless morality is an end, not a means It is the duty of the rulers of every intellectual race to prevent its debasement by admixture with inferior strains It is the duty of every ruler to encourage the admixture of the blood of the higher human types with inferior stock."*

This delightful thinker does not state how the milk is to be added to the pudding without the pudding being added to the milk It might be interesting to know, as the Herald says, how he would demonstrate his proposition,

Women and Children of the South

An interview with Chandler Owen, editor of the "Messenger"

Mr Chandler Owen, joint editor with A Philip Randolph, of the brilliant and forceful Negro monthly, "The Messenger," was census taker in 1910, in the Tide Water Section near Norfolk, Virginia. A university man, a brilliant writer and powerful speaker, as well as an economist of note, he speaks with authority on the subject of his own people—the Negro race
—Editor

I WAS CENSUS TAKER in 1910, in the Tide Water Section near Norfolk, Virginia. There were 3,800 people in my district. The average number of living children in each family was exactly 6 7/10. The average number of children born to a family was 8-4/7, although it was not at all uncommon to run across a family in which there had been from ten to eighteen children, most of whom were dead.

The house in which this family of six or eight children lived, with the father and mother, was usually a three room shack, two rooms down stairs, and an attic in which there were three or four beds,—one bed in each corner. A stationary ladder leads into the attic through a little hole in the ceiling.

The infant mortality in the South—and in the North also—is very high. For the Negroes, the average rate is 32.5 per cent, for the white people, 16 per cent. This is due to bad living conditions, insanitation and uncleanness—all products of poverty.

As to the prevalence of venereal diseases, I do not know whether it is more or less prevalent among the Negroes than among the white people. I would expect it to be slightly higher because of the conditions which are the cause of infant mortality. No statistics have been taken on the subject by races.

A large number of children among the Negroes, as among the poor everywhere makes for bad living conditions and cheap labor. There is, for instance, a greater number of Negro women than any other set or race engaged in productive industry in the United States. In 1910, of all females 10 years of age and over engaged in gainful occupation, 1/4 or 24-8/10 were Negroes. One half of all Negro boys and 1/3 of all Negro girls from 10 to 15 years of age, are at work. Only 1,620,000, or less than half of children of school going age, are in school today. In 1910, 40-7/10 per cent of all Negro females over 10 years of age were engaged in gainful occupations. This does not include those who are housewives, who do useful, and very hard labor.

Birth Control, by limiting the number of children born to Negro mothers, would afford opportunities for education and more time and money for a general improvement in conditions, many children who die in the South today because of the weakened conditions of the mother, would not be born at

all. Birth Control would materially affect housing conditions. There would be more money for better houses, for food, clothing and education. When people have more money and fewer children, they read, go to theatres, take small vacations, travel a little, and—of great importance—they engage in athletics. The lack of exercise expressed through athletics often gives rise to ennui. But when they are tied down by children, they stop a hard day's work, go home, and the chief pleasure they have is reproduction gratification. This is a very important factor, and gives rise to the large number of children which we see among the poor. The sex relation is their amusement and enjoyment. The end of life is not education, not a broad or virtuous life, but the gratification of desire.

THE NEGRO GIRLS in the South marry early, and this is another factor in over production. Many girls of 16, 18 and 20 years of age are mothers. There are two reasons for these early marriages: there are few amusements—little recreation, there are little dances once a month or so, in some room or barn. There are occasional candy pullings, peanut poppings, wood-chopping and rail splitting parties. The girls also marry early to relieve families of the burden of caring for them. The parents make special efforts to "marry a girl off." And among the girls, the fear of becoming an "old maid" is a serious problem. The "old maid" fear is a capitalistic institution, having its roots in the desire to be "respectable," to leave legitimate children who can inherit property. It has been fostered with girls, marriage being the sole aim of their existence. They have been expected to marry in order to produce more children.

Under such a system, on the military field, a surplus of men is needed for soldiers, on the industrial field, laborers are wanted, on the religious field, congregations are wanted. On the military field, they want a surplus for killing, but on the religious field, it is necessary to have not only large numbers, but large numbers in poverty and ignorance.

During slave days, Negro women often had as many as 20 to 25 children, or more. Professor Ulrich Phillips, of the University of Michigan, discusses this in his book on "American Negro Slavery." You will find from his book that Negro women were urged and forced to have children, and men were kept about the place for this purpose. More slaves were needed for the masters. Even today, Negro girls have a large number of children—forced by their masters in peonage camps of the South. In these camps the Negro women are forced to have intercourse with the white overseers. This is evidence given before a Federal Attorney General by Judge McDaniel, contained on p 228-30 of Wm A Sinclair's book on "The Aftermath of Slavery."

(Continued on page 20)

The Closing Door

By Angelina W Grunké

(Written for the Birth Control Review)

I WAS FIFTEEN AT the time, diffident and old far beyond my years from much knocking about from pillar to post, a yellow, scrawny, unbeautiful girl, when the big heart of Agnes Milton took pity upon me, loved me and brought me home to live with her in her tiny, sun filled flat. We were only distantly related, very distantly, in fact, on my dead father's side. You can see, then, there was no binding blood tie between us, that she was under absolutely no obligation to do what she did. I have wondered time and again how many women would have opened their hearts and their homes, as Agnes Milton did, to a forlorn, unattractive, homeless girl-woman. That one fine, free, generous act of hers alone shows the wonder quality of her soul.

Just one little word to explain me. After my father had taken one last cup too many and they had carried him, for the last time, out of the house into which he had been carried so often, my mother, being compelled to work again, returned to the rich family with whom she had been a maid before her marriage. She regarded me as seriously, I suppose, as she did anything in this world, but as it was impossible to have me with her. I was passed along from one of her relatives to another. When one tired of me, on I went to the next. Well, I can say this for each and all of them, they certainly believed in teaching me how to work! Judging by the number of homes in which I lived until I was fifteen, my mother was rich indeed in one possession—an abundance of relatives.

And then came Agnes Milton.

HAVE YOU EVER, I wonder, known a happy person? I mean a really happy one? He is as rare as a white blackbird in this sombre-faced world of ours. I have known two and only two. They were Agnes Milton and her husband Jim. And their happiness did not last. Jim was a brown, good natured giant with a slow, most attractive smile and gleaming teeth. He spoke always in a deep sad drawl, and you would have thought him the most unhappy person imaginable until you glimpsed his black eyes fairly twinkling under their half closed lids. He made money—what is called “easy money”—by playing ragtime for dances. He was one of a troupe that are called “social entertainers.” As far as Jim was concerned, it would have slipped away in just as easy a manner, if it hadn't been for Agnes. For she, in spite of all her seeming carefree joyousness was a thrifty soul. As long as Jim could have good food and plenty of it, now and then the theatre, a concert or a dance, and his gold tipped cigarettes, he didn't care what became of his money.

“Oh, Ag!”

If I close my eyes I can hear his slow sad voice as clearly

as though these ten long years had not passed by. I can hear the click of the patent lock as he closed the flat door. I can hear the bang of his hat as he hung it on the rack. I can get the whiff of his cigarette.

“Oh, Ag!”

“That you, Jim?” I can see Agnes' happy eyes and hear her eager, soft voice.

And then after a pause, that sad voice.

“No, Ag!”

I can hear her delighted little chuckle. She very seldom laughed outright.

“Where are you, anyway?” It was the plaintive voice again.

“Here!”

AND THEN HE'D make believe he couldn't find her and go hunting her all over that tiny flat, searching for her in every room he knew she was not. And he'd stumble over things in pretended excitement and haste and grunt and swear all in that inimitable slow way of his. And she'd stand there, her eyes shining and every once in a while giving that dear little chuckle of hers.

Finally he'd appear in the door panting and disheveled and would look at her in pretended intense surprise for a second, and then he'd say in an aggrieved voice.

“'S not fair, Agnes! 'S not fair!”

She wouldn't say a word, just stand there smiling at him. After a little, slowly, he'd begin to smile too.

That smile of theirs was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen and each meeting it was the same. Their joy and love seemed to gush up and bubble over through their lips and eyes.

Presently he'd say

“Catch!”

She'd hold up her little white apron by the corners and he'd put his hand in his pocket and bring out sometimes a big, sometimes a little, wad of greenbacks and toss it to her and she'd catch it, too, I can tell you. And her eyes would beam and dance at him over it. Oh! she didn't love the money for itself but him for trusting her with it.

For fear you may not understand I must tell you no more generous soul ever lived than Agnes Milton. Look at what she did for me. And she was always giving a nickel or a dime to some child, flowers or fruit to a sick woman, money to tide over a friend. No beggar was ever turned away empty, from her flat. But she managed, somehow, to increase her

little hoard in the bank against that possible rainy day

WELL, TO RETURN At this juncture, Jim would say oh' so sadly his eyes fairly twinkling

"Please, m'a'm, do I get paid today too?"

And then she'd screw up her mouth and twist her head to the side and look at him and say in a most judicial manner

"Well, now, I really can't say as to that It strikes me you'll have to find that out for yourself"

Oh! they didn't mind me He would reach her, it seemed, in one stride and would pick her up bodily, apron, money and all After a space, she'd disentangle herself and say sternly, shaking the while her little forefinger before his delighted eyes

"Jim Milton, you've overdrawn your wages again"

And then he'd look oh' so contrite and so upset and so shocked at being caught in such a gigantic piece of attempted fraud

"No?" he'd say If you only could have heard the mournful drawl of him.

"No? Now, is that so? I'm really at heart an honest, hard working man I'll have to pay it back"

He did I can vouch for it

Sometimes after this, he'd swing her up onto his shoulder and they'd go dashing and prancing and shrieking and laughing all over the little flat Once after I had seen scared faces appearing at various windows, at times like these, I used to rush around and shut the windows down tight Two happy children, that's what they were then—younger even than I

There was just the merest suspicion of a cloud over their happiness, these days, they had been married five years and had no children

IT WAS THE mother heart of Agnes that had yearned over me, had pity upon me, loved me and brought me to live in the only home I have ever known I have cared for people I care for Jim, but Agnes Milton is the only person I have ever really loved I love her still And before it was too late, I used to pray that in some way I might change places with her and go into that darkness where though, still living, one forgets sun and moon and stars and flowers and winds—and love itself, and existence means dark, foul smelling cages, hollow clanging doors, hollow monotonous days But a month ago when Jim and I went to see her, she had changed—she had receded even from us She seemed—how can I express it?—blank, empty, a grey automaton, a mere shell No soul looked out at us through her vacant eyes

We did not utter a word during our long journey homeward Jim had unlocked the door before I spoke

"Jim," I said, "they may still have the poor husk of her cooped up there but her soul, thank God, at least for that, is free at last!"

And Jim, I cannot tell of his face, said never a word but turned away and went heavily down the stairs And I, I went into Agnes Milton's flat and closed the door You would never have dreamed it was the same place For a long time

I stood amid all the brightness and mockery of her sun drenched rooms And I prayed Night and day I have prayed since, the same prayer—that God, if he knows any pity at all may soon, soon release the poor spent body of hers

I wish I might show you Agnes Milton of those far off happy days She wasn't tall and she wasn't short, she wasn't stout and she wasn't thin Her back was straight and her head high She was rather graceful, I thought In coloring she was Spanish or Italian Her hair was not very long but it was soft and silky and black Her features were not too sharp, her eyes clear and dark, a warm leaf brown in fact Her mouth was really beautiful This doesn't give her I find It was the shining beauty and gayety of her soul that lighted up her whole body and somehow made her her And she was generally smiling or chuckling Her eyes almost closed when she did so and there were the most delightful crinkles all about them Under her left eye there was a small scar, a reminder of some childhood escapade, that became, when she smiled, the most adorable of dimples

ONE DAY, I remember, we were standing at the window in the bright sunlight Some excitement in the street below had drawn us I turned to her—the reason has gone from me now—and called out suddenly

"Agnes Milton!"

"Heavens! What is it?"

"Why, you're wrinkling!"

"Wrinkling! Where?" And she began inspecting the smooth freshness of her housedress

"No, your face," I exclaimed "Honest! Stand still there in that light Now! Just look at them all around your eyes" She chuckled

"How you ever expect me to see them I don't know, without a glass or anything!"

And her face crinkled up into a smile

"There! That's it!—That's how you get them"

"How?"

"Smiling too much"

"Oh, no! Lucy, child, that's impossible"

"How do you mean impossible? You didn't get them that way? Just wait till I get a glass"

"No, don't," and she stopped me with a detaining hand "I'm not doubting you What I mean is—it's absolutely impossible to smile too much"

I felt my eyes stretching with surprise

"You mean," I said, "you don't mind being wrinkled? You, a woman?"

She shook her head at me many times, smiling and chuckling softly the while

NOT THE VERY littlest, tiniest bit—not this much," and she showed me just the barest tip of her pink tongue between her white teeth She smiled, then, and there was the dimple

"And you only twenty five?" I exclaimed

She didn't answer for a moment and when she did she spoke quietly

"Lucy, child, we've all got to wrinkle sometime, somehow, if we live long enough I'd much rather know mine were smile ones than frown ones" She waited a second and then looked at me with her beautiful clear eyes and added, "Wouldn't you?"

For reply I leaned forward and kissed them I loved them from that time on

* * *

Here is another memory of her—perhaps the loveliest of them all and yet, as you will see, tingled with the first sadness It came near the end of our happy days It was a May dusk I had been sewing all the afternoon and was as close to the window as I could get to catch the last of the failing light I was trying to thread a needle—had been trying for several minutes, in fact, and was just in the very act of succeeding when two soft hands were clapped over my eyes

"Oh, Agnes!" I said none too pleasantly It was provoking "There! You've made me lose my needle"

"Bother your old needle, cross patch!" she said close to my ear She still held her hands over my eyes

I waited a moment or so

"Well," I said, "what's the idea?"

"PLEASE DON'T BE cross," came the soft voice still close to my ear

"I'm not"

At that she chuckled

"Well!" I said

"I'm trying to tell you something Sh! not so loud"

"Well, go ahead then, and why must I sh!"

"Because you must"

I waited

"Well!", I said a third time, but in a whisper to humor her We were alone in the flat, there was no reason I could see for this tremendous secrecy

"I'm waiting for you to be sweet to me"

"I am But why I should have to lose my needle and my temper and be blinded and sweet just to hear something—is beyond me"

"Because I don't wish you to see me while I say it"

Her soft lips were kissing my ear

"Well, I'm very sweet now What is it?"

There was another little pause and during it her fingers over my eyes trembled a little She was breathing quicker too

"Agnes Milton, what is it?"

"Wait, I'm just trying to think *how* to tell you Are you sure you're very sweet?"

"Sure"

I loved the feel of her hands and sat very still

"Lucy!"

"Yes"

"What do you think would be the loveliest, loveliest thing for you to know was—was—there—close—just under your heart?"

BUT I WAITED for no more I took her hands from my eyes and turned to look at her The beauty of her face made me catch my breath

At last I said

"You mean—" I didn't need to finish

"Yes! Yes! And I'm so happy, happy, happy! And so is Jim"

"Agnes, Oh my dear, and so am I!" And I kissed her two dear eyes "But why mustn't I whoop? I've simply got to," I added

"No! No! No! Oh, sh!" And for the very first time I saw fear in her eyes

"Agnes," I said, "what is it?"

"I'm—I'm just a little afraid, I believe"

"Afraid!" I had cried out in surprise

"Sh! Lucy!—Yes"

"But of what?" I spoke in a half whisper too "You mean you're afraid you may die?"

"Oh, no, not that"

"What, then?"

"Lucy," her answer came slowly a little abstractedly, "there's—such—a thing—as being—*too* happy,—*too* happy"

"Nonsense," I answered

BUT SHE ONLY shook her head at me slowly many times and her great wistful eyes came to mine and seemed to cling to them It made my heart fairly ache and I turned my head away so that she couldn't see her fears were affecting me And then quite suddenly I felt a disagreeable little chill run up and down my back

"Lucy," she said after a little

"Yes," I was looking out of the window and not at her

Do you remember Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy?"

I did and I said said so Agnes had Kipling bound in ten beautiful volumes She loved him. At first that had been enough for me, and then I had come to love him for himself I had read all of those ten volumes through from cover to cover, poetry and all

"You haven't forgotten Ameera, then?"

"No"

"Poor Ameera!" She was thoughtful a moment and then went on "She knew what it was to be too happy Do you remember what she said once to Holden?"

Again I felt that queer little shiver

"She said many things, as I remember, Agnes Which?"

"This was after Tota's death"

"Well!"

"They were on the roof—she and Holden—under the night"

Her eyes suddenly widened and darkened and then she went on

SHE TURNED TO Holden and said "We must make no protestations of delight but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out." She paused "Do you remember?"

"Yes," I answered, but I couldn't look at her

"Well," she spoke slowly and quietly, "I have a feeling here, Lucy," and she placed her left hand against her heart, "here, that Jim and you and I must go softly—very softly—underneath the stars"

Again I felt that unpleasant chill up and down my back

She stood just where she was for a little space, her hand still against her heart and her eyes wide, dark and unseeing, fixed straight ahead of her. Then suddenly and without a sound she turned and went towards the door and opened it

I started to follow her, but she put up her hand

"No, Lucy, please—I wish to be alone—for a little"

And with that she went and shut the door very slowly, quite noiselessly behind her. The closing was so slow, so silent, that I could not tell just when it shut. I found myself trembling violently. A sudden and inexplicable terror filled me as that door closed behind her

We were to become accustomed to it, Jim and I, as much as it was possible to do so, in those terrible days that were to follow. We were to become used to entering a room in search of Agnes, only to find it empty and the door opposite closing, closing, almost imperceptibly, noiselessly—and, yes, at last irrevocably—between us. And each time it happened the terror was as fresh upon me as at the very first

THE DAYS THAT immediately followed I cannot say were really unhappy ones. More to humor Agnes at first than anything else "we went softly." But as time passed even we became infected. Literally and figuratively we began to go "softly under the stars." We came to feel that each of us moved ever with a finger to his lips. There came to be also a sort of expectancy upon us, a listening, a waiting. Even the neighbors noticed the difference. Jim still played his rag time and sang, but softly, we laughed and joked, but quietly. We got so we even washed the dishes and pots and pans quietly. Sometimes Jim and I forgot, but as certainly as we did there was Agnes in the door, dark eyed, a little pale and her, "Oh, Jim!—Oh, Lucy! Sh!"

I haven't spoken of this before because it wasn't necessary. Agnes had a brother called Bob. He was her favorite of all her brothers and sisters. He was younger than she, five years, I think, a handsome, harum scarum, happy go lucky, restless, reckless daredevil, but sweet tempered and good hearted and lovable withal. I don't believe he knew what fear was. His home was in Mississippi, a small town there. It was the family home, in fact. Agnes had lived there herself until she was seventeen or eighteen. He had visited us two or three times and you can imagine the pandemonium that reigned at such times, for he had come during our happy days. Well, he was very fond of Agnes and, as irresponsible as he seemed, one thing he never failed to do and that was to write her a letter every single week. Each Tuesday morning, just like clock work, the very first mail there was his letter. Other mornings

Agnes was not so particular, but Tuesday mornings she always went herself to the mailbox in the hall

IT WAS A Tuesday morning about four months, maybe, after my first experience with the closing door. The bell rang three times, the postman's signal when he had left a letter, Agnes came to her feet, her eyes sparkling

"My letter from Bob," she said and made for the door

She came back slowly, I noticed, and her face was a little pale and worried. She had an opened and an unopened letter in her hand

"Well, what does Bob say?" I asked

"This—this isn't from Bob," she said slowly "It's only a bill"

"Well, go ahead and open his letter," I said

"There—there wasn't any, Lucy"

"What!" I exclaimed. I was surprised

"No. I don't know what it means"

"It will come probably in the second mail," I said "It has sometimes"

"Yes," she said, I thought rather listlessly

It didn't come in the second mail nor in the third

"Agnes," I said "There's some good explanation. It's not like Bob to fail you"

"No"

"He's busy or got a girl maybe"

She was a little jealous of him and I hoped this last would rouse her, but it didn't

"Yes, maybe that's it," she said without any life

"Well, I hope you're not going to let this interfere with your walk," I said

"I had thought—" she began, but I cut her off

"You promised Jim you'd go out every single day," I reminded her

"All right, Agnes Milton's conscience," she said smiling a little "I'll go, then."

SHE HADN'T BEEN gone fifteen minutes when the electric bell began shrilling continuously throughout the flat. Somehow I knew it meant trouble. My mind immediately flew to Agnes. It took me a second or so to get myself together and then I went to the tube

"Well," I called. My voice sounded strange and high

A boy's voice answered

"Lady here named Mrs James Milton?"

"Yes" I managed to say

"Telegram fo' you'se"

It wasn't Agnes, after all. I drew a deep breath. Nothing else seemed to matter for a minute

"Say!" the voice called up from below "Wot's de mattah wid you'se up dere?"

"Bring it up" I said at last "Third floor, front"

I opened the door and waited

The boy was taking his time and whistling as he came

"Here!" I called out as he reached our floor

It was inside his cap and he had to take it off to give it to me

I saw him eyeing me rather curiously

"You Mrs Milton?" he asked?

"No, but this is her flat I'll sign for it She's out Where do I sign? There? Have you a pencil?"

With the door shut behind me again, I began to think out what I had better do Jim was not to be home until late that night Within five minutes I had decided I tore open the yellow envelope and read the message

It ran "Bob died suddenly Under no circumstances come Father"

THE REST OF that day was a nightmare to me I concealed the telegram in my waist Agnes came home finally and was so alarmed at my appearance, I pleaded a frightful sick headache and went to bed When Jim came home late that night Agnes was asleep I caught him in the hall and gave him the telegram She had to be told, we decided, because a letter from Mississippi might come at any time He broke it to her the next morning We were all hard hit, but Agnes from that time on was a changed woman

Day after day dragged by and the letter of explanation did not come It was strange, to say the least

The Sunday afternoon following, we were all sitting, after dinner, in the little parlor None of us had been saying much

Suddenly Agnes said

"Jim!"

"Yes!"

"Wasn't it strange that father never said how or when Bob died?"

"Would have made the telegram too long and expensive, perhaps," Jim replied

WE WERE ALL thinking, in the pause that followed, the same thing, I dare say Agnes' father was not poor and it did seem he might have done that much

"And why, do you suppose I was not to come under any circumstances? And why don't they write?"

Just then the bell rang and there was no chance for a reply

Jim got up in his leisurely way and went to the tube

Agnes and I both listened—a little tensely, I remember

"Yes!" we heard Jim say, and then with spaces in between

"Joe?—Joe who?—I think you must have made a mistake No, I can't say that I do know anyone called Joe What? Milton? Yes, that's my name! What? Oh! Brooks Joe Brooks?"

But Agnes waited for no more She rushed by me into the hall

"Jim! Jim! It's my brother Joe"

(To be continued in October issue)

Reconstruction is more difficult and dangerous than construction or destruction

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Voice from the South

Mr Isaac Fisher, University Editor at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, writes a letter to the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW which should be read by every white man and woman seriously interested in joining hands with the Negro people for their mutual development and understandings

YOUR LETTER WAS sent to Tuskegee and was, therefore, delayed in reaching me Although our own library at Fisk is not large and, of course, I do not have free access to the main branch of the Carnegie Public Library here, I am trying to get some matter for you on the subject of the Negro woman for it is very, very close to my heart

"As you say, there is very little published on the problems of the colored woman The major part of that which has been published has sought to write her down to eternal infamy More than twenty years ago, when I was a young man at Tuskegee, one of my classmates, a beautiful colored girl, got permission one day to speak to me in the library, and she brought to me one of series of articles being written from the South to a northern periodical by a white woman about colored women The injustice of the aspersions, the bitterness of it all, made the rest of our day very dark, for we were nothing but children, and we sat there—both of us—and cried bitterly, for we were not too young to know that the same periodical which gave this woman such freedom to indict all colored women would hedge if a colored woman from the South wrote as a rejoinder the whole bitter truth—the part which the first woman was so careful to withhold

THROUGH THE YEARS that have gone, I have never forgotten the incident, and now that I have a wife and a daughter of just the age of the girl who brought me the paper, I make it my business whenever I can, to say a word for the only woman in America who, in a great number of American states, stands beyond the pale of the protection of law in the very things in which she needs it most I have not the time to search for the matter you want, but if you are planning to say a word of good for a group of women who deserve unlimited credit for having gone forward in character almost entirely without society's aid—in spite of society's attitude toward them—I have ample time

"If there is anything else I can do, command me Despite all that has been said, I have been privileged to know, to work with, to appreciate, to sympathize and love some of the finest women in the world They have not all had the white women's chance, but many of them had seen the "Star" and were journeying through heart-breaks toward its light I owe them much and will do whatever I can to make their path a little easier God bless you and all like you who honor your own race by deeds of justice to another race"

Mr Fisher enclosed two books, written by southern women whose kindness, he says "had cured the heartache inflicted by the first woman"

Birth Control Speaker Convicted

IT WASN'T SO long ago that policemen were acting as dramatic and art critics, suppressing George Bernard Shaw's plays and deciding that Rodin's statues in the Metropolitan Museum should wear mother hubbards. Now, these same policemen come forward as critics of Birth Control lectures, and arrest speakers on the ground that "it ain't refined" to discuss birth control on the public streets.

George Swasey, speaker for the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW, and Kitty Marion who has been selling the magazine on Broadway and at public meetings for two and a half years, were arrested Saturday, August 9th, while Mr Swasey was addressing an audience on the East Side.

The charge against Mr Swasey was "disorderly conduct." Miss Marion was arrested for selling the magazine. Twenty witnesses from the audience—total strangers—followed them to the police station, and offered to give testimony in their behalf when the case came to trial. Jacob Pooplin and Harry B Denner, also total strangers, furnished bail of \$50 each.

Mr Swasey and Miss Marion were brought to trial on the 15th. The two policemen making the charges, performed miracles in memory feats. Sergeant Patrick Hickey repeated Swasey's entire speech from memory, talking steadily and rapidly for five or ten minutes! The second policeman went through the same performance. His notes on the case, he said, had been typewritten by a "friend" whose name, address or business he didn't know! The originals had been destroyed! The testimony revealed a policeman's vocabulary—not the vocabulary of speakers for the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW.

THE PROSECUTION WAS a grim farce. No charge at all was pressed against Kitty Marion, and the Judge reluctantly dismissed her. But despite the blatant falsity of the policemen's testimony, and the testimony of six witnesses against them, George Swasey was convicted, and sentenced to serve 10 days in jail or to pay a \$50 fine.

The Judge gave as a reason for the conviction the fact that children were in the audience, that Swasey was discussing a subject—birth control—which was open to debate, and had used the word "prostitute."

An appeal was immediately taken.

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, a group of women, composed of Dr Mary Halton, a physician at Gouveneur Hospital, Ellen Kennan and Gertrude Nafe, teachers, and Agnes Smedley, carried the matter to the public by an open air mass meeting at Second Avenue and 10th Street, near where the arrests had been made. With them were a large number of women to sell the magazine. For two hours, an immense audience listened to the reasons why birth control information should be given to women, poor women in particular. On the same evening, another protest meeting was held, where

Dr Halton spoke for two hours. Other meetings have been scheduled at different parts of the city, and are being held daily.

The fight is going to be waged. We need workers. We need men and women to help sell the magazine at meetings, to speak, to get subscriptions. The REVIEW, therefore, appeals to its readers for assistance. Renew your subscriptions, pass on the magazine to your friends, send money for the appeal of this case, come in or write and offer your services.

Patriarchate Abolished

ON THE 28th of March, the first of a series of meetings was held in Copenhagen in support of the bill for altering the marriage laws. A speech was made by the well known oculist, Fru Estrid Hein, who is the only woman member of the Commission on Family Rights. She again emphasized that it has been the wish of the commission to equalize the position of both husband and wife in a legal as well as in an economic sense. Especially with reference to their rights as guardians of their children. The father's veto, in case of dispute, which is the most devastating injustice in the law now in force will be done away with.

Magister Harold Nielsen characterizes the law as—certain Bolshevik proposals apart—the most revolutionary in Europe. It does away with the patriarchate. Man's only function will be to propagate and pay.

—*International Suffrage News, June 1919*

A Word from Dr. Dubois

Mrs Charles E Knoblauch,
Birth Control Review,
104 Fifth Avenue, New York

My Dear Madam

I believe very firmly in birth control, but I regret to say that I have been absent so long from my desk that I am unable to promise any article in the near future.

Very sincerely yours,

W E B DuBois

July 15

Save us, World Spirit, from our lesser selves!
Grant us that war and hatred cease,
Reveal our souls in every race and hue!
Help us, O Human God, in this thy truce
To make Humanity divine!

—W E B DuBois

Book Reviews

THE NEW DAY FOR THE COLORED WOMAN WORKER Mrs
Gertrude E McDougald, 823 East 166th Street New York City 39pp

As indicated by its title *A New Day for the Colored Women Workers*, the recent survey of New York City's industries made in the summer of 1918, heralds the arrival of a new and considerably large group of trade workers.

The story of the report dates back three years when a small group of women in the Manhattan Trade School Board in New York City cast about for measures to solve the difficult problem of placing the increasing number of colored graduates in the skilled trades for which they had been trained. This effort disclosed the extent and partly the character of the causes of the difficulties.

To the already active co-operation of the New York Urban League, the Women's Trade Union League and the Consumers League added their influence. The investigation was made possible by their securing an appropriation from the Y W C A.

Miss Nelle Swartz, now chief of the Women's Division of the State Labor Department directed the study and acted as chairman of the Committee on Colored Women in Industry.

Briefly stated some of the significant facts described are: That the colored women found in the trades, possessed a higher average of general education than a similar group of white girls in the same occupations. That she possessed little trade training and practically no industrial experience. That few colored women had entered industry as scabs or strike breakers, but largely as replacements because of war conditions. That comparatively few are recognized in Labor Unions and work for low wages and many times under poor conditions. That, the generally accredited with lack of speed and some degree of unreliability the colored woman proved a satisfactory worker in those trades where wages and conditions were good.

Beside making available for the first time accurate information and facts, the survey reveals clearly the problems surrounding the industrial employment of colored women in New York City.

Through its recommendations, the Committee holds a light over the pathways leading toward their gradual solution. Summed up, emphasis is placed upon the need for developing this new labor supply, both by general and trade training, and through education for group action and collective bargaining. The plea made is strong for keener appreciation of the contribution it is possible for the colored group to make to American life, once the barriers of prejudice and doubt are swept from the average American's mind.

That five organizations of national scope should jointly supervise this work of investigation, indicates the growing tendency of thinking Americans to include in its mental programme the colored citizen. But, of even greater moment is the immediate contributive action which followed its publication. The work on the survey ended November 1st. The United States government was awaiting its conclusion to begin at once to meet the needs disclosed.

The most immediate of those needs became urgent with the signing of the Armistice, for the question uppermost in the minds of all interested was, 'Will the door of opportunity for colored workers stand ajar now that the war is over?' The obvious thing to do was to assist these new workers and the United States Employment Service proved the most appropriate agency to handle the work. Centered in the Bureau in Harlem where 90% of the applicants are colored, a systematic work of canvassing employers was begun. It was of necessity largely a work of interpretation and advertisement to employers of the colored labor supply and the bureau.

In many instances those who had employed colored women during the war were willing to keep them. The reasons implied or given for this varied from the irresistible temptation to exploit ignorant labor, to an encouragingly true American recognition of their right to an American chance.

Six months after the signing of the Armistice found the daily orders at the Bureau for skilled women increased from an average of less than one a day to three or four daily. The fact that equal pay is offered in most instances augurs well for the permanent employment of colored women in the trades, for the American habit of mind of boycotting this group of workers is gradually experiencing a change.

As the work progressed the absolute newness of the whole situation the naive unreadiness of the workers for the expanded opportunities, necessitated a campaign of information. It was found that by many women, the highly specialized nature of skilled work was not understood. Women who had been cleaners of threads from rough uniforms believed themselves competent post war finishers on silk dresses at high war wages.

Besides enlightenment on the trades themselves lectures and addresses in churches and evening schools, showed the difference between the attitude of mind and action of one who serves and one who produces,—the citizen who waits for improvements in conditions and he who is a force in creating improvements. The talks further told of the duties and responsibilities which come with each new privilege and of the progressive legislation which affects the colored worker more than any other because he is at the bottom of the economic ladder and demands his active interest. Churches devoted only to emotional religion eagerly opened their doors to this new form of uplift.

Thus throughout the winter of 1918-1919 steady effort was success fully sustained to meet the most immediate needs. At the same time an earnest effort was begun to reach back to the source, and touch the most fundamental recommendation of the committee—that of emphasizing more education, trade and general.

Through the leadership of Mrs. Albert Erdman of the New York Urban League and the efforts of Miss Doerschule of the Y W C A with the co-operation of Mrs. Tupper principal of Public School 119 a notable conference on pre-vocational and vocational training for the colored child in March 1919 resulted in the disclosures that no pre-vocational work at all was available for the colored child, that it suffers in common with but to a larger degree than the white child, from the limited available trade training and that the only vocational advice that has touched him comes incidentally in connection with the before mentioned work of the Manhattan Trade School.

The work of showing the trade world to the school child through vocational guidance will soon be commenced in Public School 199 where it will link up with the pre-vocational classes just begun.

Thus the six months elapsing since the completion of the survey have seen action upon all of the recommendations of the Committee on Industry except one—that dealing with Labor Unions. A specific effort should be made to explain this large Union principle its benefits etc to this large group of workers, at a place convenient to the women.

Pressed by more immediate business the various union officials are slow to admit and slower to act upon the fact that there is a great danger in not educating these latest recruits. The more aggressive colored workers seek out the unions in self defense but they never constituted an exploited menace. Those who must be sought are the colored workers who prove stones about the other's necks.

When once the unions of New York City are thoroughly aroused to their opportunities, and have begun definite organized work, New York City may feel its colored workers have been given an impetus in their approach to their goal of fullest possible service in the individual field as it exists today.

GERTRUDE E MCDUGALD

THE HEART OF A WOMAN AND OTHER POEMS By Georgia Douglas Johnson Cornhill Company, Boston 62 pp Price \$1.25

The Heart of a Woman, a book of lyric verse by Georgia Douglas Johnson, is the subjective life of an awakened woman. It is in the title poem that the poet's muse gives us the best example of its haunting power.

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,
"As a lone bird soft winging so restlessly on
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home"

The heart of a woman falls back with the night,
And enters some alien cage in its plight,
"And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
"While it breaks, breaks breaks on the sheltering bars"

Each one of the lyrics is an emotional experience plaintively sung spontaneously sung as though the very outlet of song brought relief to the singer.

'My song is but my longing heart
Pulsated with its beat'

Above all the poems are musical. There is a lilt to the verse that carries one along restlessly through its cadences minor cadences with its intermingling of roses and rain its refreshing tears and unanswered longing. These minors are not depressing however. The sorrowing which touches all of the lyrics is the sadness of longing for the unattainable, the intangible joy of the dreamer who never realizes yet whose very dreams bring a melancholy happiness. It is that kind of sadness which is akin to joy and the ache of intense beauty.

"The wild pulsing beauty throbs like a sweet pain
O soul of me, drunk, ere night falleth again"

Whether the singer wistfully complains that there are none to joy when she rejoices or grieves, when she sorrows or laments, that might has overtaken her rapture bringing slumber and tears, the tears are refreshing. The theme which weaves itself through the lyrics is renunciation which exalts, death which sets free, love which finds its fullest expression in unfulfillment 'unbonded by the clasp of hand without a vow—'

The music is not all sad. There are swinging measures which joy in their own rhythm as in the following stanza

'Oh my fancy teems with a world of dreams—
They revolve in a glittering fire
How they twirl and go with the tunes that flow
'On the breath of my soul strung lyre'

Sometimes the singer is in a thoughtful mood as in Elevation

"There are highways in the soul,
Heights like pyramids that rise
Far beyond earth veiled eyes
'Sweeping through the barless skies
O'er the line where daylight dies—
There are highways in the soul'

Nevertheless as we regretfully close this book of short verses it is the music of the measures that lingers in our hearts that lyric quality which sings itself when words are forgot. The wistful minor strain remains to the end in the closing poem

'I'm folding up my little dreams
'Within my heart tonight,
'And praying I may soon forget
The torture of their sight

For time's deft fingers scroll my brow
With fell relentless art—
I'm folding up my little dreams
Tonight within my heart

LILLIAN B WITTEN

YOUR NEGRO NEIGHBOR By Benjamin Brawley The Macmillan Company, New York 100 pages 60 cents

It is going too far perhaps to say that if the 'leading citizens' of Washington and Chicago had devoted an hour or two of the early summer to the reading of Mr Brawley's 'Your Negro Neighbor' the recent race riots in those cities would not have happened. It is safe to say, however that even at this late date a careful reading of this interesting little book will help to explain both of those seasons of blood and make their recurrence improbable, maybe impossible—that is, if its meaning is sensed and its suggestions are followed.

To the people in other cities and towns in these United States and even in the rural parts thereof. Are you concerned about your Negro neighbor—near or far? Do you know the conditions under which he lives and labors—social, political, economic? Are you mindful of the part which he has played in the building of this nation? Are you aware of the fact that in times of peace and in times of war the Negro has endeavored to uphold the nation's honor and helped to build up the nation's ideals? Do you realize the importance and value of the Negro as an industrial asset? Do you know or do you care that 3,200 Negro men and women have been lynched in the boundaries of the United States during the past thirty five years? Have you informed yourself as to the struggle which the Negro makes in order that his children may be educated and that he himself may catch some fragments of culture and refinement?

All persons concerned with these questions and interested in the twelve million Negroes of the United States of America will do well to give Mr Brawley's 'Your Negro Neighbor' a careful reading. Surely all will agree with the author when he says 'The democracy does not mean that any one race or anyone class shall be on top or at the bottom, but that all shall advance together to the height of human attainment. Only thus can we finally be secure. Only thus can our country be the country of our dreams.'

If one-half the energy now spent in holding the Negro down were expended in helping the Negro up our common advancement towards the 'height of human attainment' would be much more rapid and equally more certain. The author expresses the aspirations of his race when he says 'Give us time. Give us time. Within the next fifty years we shall astound you.'

AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL

CREATIVE IMPULSE IN INDUSTRY By Helen Marot E P Dutton & Co 146 pp Price \$1.50

By our greed as exemplified in modern business, we have like Frankenstein, created a monster that will destroy us. We do not work to live, but live to work and Helen Marot, in her book, states the problem frankly as a search for a method which will awaken a universal impulse for work.

Under present conditions, the motive of industry—and the defect of it, the book states, is that it is not creative, but exploitive. A system of wealth production which cultivated creative effort would yield more in general terms of life than our present system. It is undeniably true that creative work is the most satisfying and enriching experience in life, but it is doubtful how far it would be possible to gain that experience through modern industry, even by free association of the workers with a single creative purpose and endeavor.

The last chapter of the book is devoted to an outline of educational experiments to prove the value of the creative impulse in industry. Nevertheless, however successful such an experiment educationally, there would be no effective way of enforcing the system on modern industry as long as it is in the power of business to exploit the workers and reap large rewards.
BLANCHE SCHRACK

BOOKS RECEIVED

Social Work By Richard C Cabot Houghton Mifflin Co 188 pp Price 50 cents.

Twenty five Years in the Black Belt By Wm J Edwards. The Cornhill Co, Boston 143 pp Price \$1.50

Out of the House of Bondage By Kelly Miller The Neale Publishing Company, New York, 1914. 242 pp Price \$1.50

Souls of Black Folk By W E Burghardt DuBois A C McClurg & Company, Chicago Eleventh Edition, 1918 165 pp Price \$1.25

An Appeal to Conscience By Kelly Miller MacMillan New York 1914 108 pp Price 60 cents

Race Relations (Lectures at Fish University), Nashville Tennessee 150 pp

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

The Louise Oliverau Case Minnie Parkhurst, 516 Third Ave West Seattle, Wash 64 pp Price 25 cents

A Lynching Uncovered Pub by Nat Assn for Advancement of Colored People 11 pp

Making Europe Safe For French Imperialism Frank F Anderson 336 East La Veta St Orange Cal

Maternity and Infant Care in a Rural County in Kansas By Elizabeth Moore U S Dept of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington D C 50 pp

A New Day for the Colored Woman Worker Obtainable by writing to Y W C A, the Russell Sage Foundation or the N Y Urban League, New York City

Norwegian Laws Concerning Illegitimate Children By Leifur Magnusson U S Dept of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington D C 37 pp

Prenatal Care By Mrs Max West. U S Dept of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington D C 41 pp

Rural Children in Selected Countries of N C By F S Bradley and Margaretta A Williamson U S Dept of Labor Children's Bureau Washington, D C 117 pp

Standard Statistics of Prostitution Pub by American Social Hygiene Assn, 105 West 40th St, New York City 18 pp

Thirty Years of Lynching in the United States Pub by Nat Assn for Advancement of Colored People, 70 Fifth Ave, New York 105 pp Price 50 cents

Trade Unionism and the Class War By Guy A Aldred Bakunin Press, 17 Richmond Gardens, Shepherd's Bush W 12, London 8 pp Price 5 cents

The Exposure of Southern Womanhood Through Lynching By Mrs Trawick Fisk News, Fisk University Nashville Tenn 34 pp

Southern Women and Racial Adjustment By Mrs Hammond Fisk News, Fisk University Nashville, Tenn

Eugenics and Child Culture

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE by G Hardy, the great French Neo Malthusian, has been translated from the little monthly journal the *Neo Malthusian*. It gives us an idea of what clear thinking and far visioned Frenchmen thinks on the population problem and on birth control

"Some months ago the Academy of Medicine consecrated several sessions to the examination of the population problem. Although the avowed aim of our medical solons was the discovery of methods destined, at whatever cost, to increase the number of Frenchmen, they were obliged incidentally to touch upon the question of eugenics and child culture

"The frenzy of the Academy for repopulation was somewhat restrained by the remark of Professor Pinard. He recalled to their minds that the mere quantity of men without quality was of little value, and that it was necessary to assure the rearing of children before calling them into the world. If conception does not take place under conditions best suited for procreation, if gestation and the rearing of the child are not conducted under the most favorable sanitary and economic circumstances, to increase and multiply can be only harmful to the individual, the race and the species

"It has been noted a thousand times that man, who strives so far as domestic animals are concerned, for the reproduction only of the best specimens, who exercises, so far as horses, cows, etc., are concerned, artificial and scientific selection, has so far neglected almost entirely to take any action tending toward the improvement and perfection of his own species

THE PROBLEM HAS not even been examined. It is on the wrong side really that selection is shown in human society

"The good and the healthy are destroyed. The evil and the diseased are preserved and nursed along with pious care. The unions contracted by chance, produce children blindly and leave them to be brought up, no matter how. Wars, industrial struggles and charity suppress the best or permit them to wither away, while they cultivate the inferior

"The organization of Public Charity is also the organization of public degeneracy. The principle of numbers, to be opposed to numbers, for mutual destruction, is wholly inoperative if one has in mind anything but exclusively war like ends, and even in this case it is very far from having the effect which some have been pleased to give it. But that is not the question

"The question is: Do we wish to constitute a robust, intelligent, beautiful and happy race?

"If so, man who has hitherto been a mere wild animal from the sexual point of view must become, as a reproducer of his kind, a domestic animal. The multiplication of our species

must, like all other enterprises, be submitted to examination and to reason, it must be subordinated to considerations of a physiological, moral and aesthetic nature, in order to transmit to succeeding generations only such characteristics as will render them less miserable and unfortunate than ours has been. Starting on the basis of eugenics, there are, it would seem, some special precautions to be taken, in order that humanity may in as many ways as possible, perfect itself

FIRST OF ALL, the hordes of degenerates, diseased, idiotic, feeble minded, alcoholic, and vicious criminals must be wiped out. Their sterilization commends itself the more, in that it will not occasion them the least discomfort. Very simple operations like vasectomy insure the painless suppression of any possible descendants of those physically or mentally unfit

"The reproduction of the sickly, and of those tainted with transmissible disease (syphilis, tuberculosis, etc.) must also be prevented. The most of these do not have or desire a numerous progeny, and persuasion will do as well or better, in their case, than constraint

"These two measures constitute what may be called repressive eugenics. They favor positive eugenics because thus only the healthy are privileged to found a family

"The fruits of healthy unions must not, however, be allowed to waste away. It is necessary to conform to the principles of child culture to keep them in a healthy state. There must be repose, sunshine, good nourishment, large, clean dwelling places for pregnant women, nursing mothers and young children. To insure the fullest perfection of the future citizen his development up to the period of adolescence must be safeguarded by a scientific pedagogy and a careful man culture

EUGENICS, CHILD CULTURE and man culture must supplement and complete one another

"To attain these ends and to dry up definitely the sources of degeneration and suffering, it is absolutely necessary to give to the proletariat the knowledge necessary to avoid having too numerous a family. It is indispensable that each family should be at liberty to have only as many children as it wants and is capable of feeding conveniently, rearing decently, and to whom it can give as prolonged and careful an education as possible

"Without doubt, the widespread prudery and general hypocrisy, which is even more profound in regard to these questions than to any others, will tax these ideas with immorality

"Nevertheless, no measures will more surely and more speedily benefit the whole human race than those we have set forth here. No others will contribute more rapidly to progress, emancipation and happiness"

The Malthusian Doctrine Today

By C V Drysdale, D Sc

The consequences of this doctrine for sociology are tremendous, and I have never yet read or heard anyone who appeared fully to appreciate them, with the possible exceptions of Huxley and Herbert Spencer. Briefly, they are (a) that man is an animal differing only in degree but not in kind from the lower animals, (b) that he has been developed by a continuous process of evolution through the struggle for existence due to excess of reproduction over subsistence, and must therefore be held to be still subject to it unless a break in the process can be shown, (c) that he has developed through a process of individual competition and voluntary association, which should therefore be maintained unless very good reason can be given for changing it, (d) that his physical characteristics and instincts are a part of this development and are not to be regarded as of a lower nature, (e) that over population is the cause both of individual and of international struggle, and (f) that his mental and moral ideas have been similarly developed in accordance with his environment, and have nothing whatever to do with any absolute or theological code, which in fact only indicates some antiquated stage in moral evolution.

FOR THE MOMENT our concern is with the bearing of the Darwinian doctrine on the population question, and it is truly lamentable to see how little even those who have made themselves the protagonists of the evolutionary doctrine for pure iconoclasm appreciate its infinitely greater sociological importance.* We have seen that Darwin and Russell Wallace avowedly drew their inspiration for the evolutionary doctrine from Malthus, and that biologists all agree both in tracing the descent of man from the lower animals and in attributing the process to the selective action of the struggle for existence due to over population (i.e. excess of reproduction over available subsistence). This doctrine, like that of gravitation or of the wave theory of light, is absolutely fundamental, and, as Darwin claims, no biological phenomenon can be understood without it. But if it is realised that man is an animal evolved by this very process of excessive reproduction, it is obvious that he must have been subject to this law at every stage of his development, and must still be so unless a clear proof of his having surmounted it is forthcoming. It is the fashion for many "rationalist" writers, who have become obsessed with Socialistic fallacies, to pretend that man is an exception to the Malthusian Darwinian law because his intelligence gives him a greater control over the productivity of Nature. This is puerile nonsense. Man's intelligence has been developed by the struggle for existence, and to such an extent as to enable him to increase in numbers more continuously and faster than any other type. But there is not a particle of evidence for the assumption that his productive powers in the mass have at any time exceeded or even sufficed for his needs.

* The Evolution of Man' (The Rationalist Press Association)
(To be continued)

Woman: Her Sex and Love Life FOR MEN AND WOMEN

By WILLIAM J ROBINSON, M D

THIS is one of Dr Robinson's most important and most useful books. It is not devoted to abstruse discussions or doubtful theories. It is full of practical information of vital importance to every woman and through her to every man, to every wife and through her to every husband.

The simple, practical points contained in its pages would render millions of homes happier abodes than they are now, they would prevent the disruption of many a family, they show how to hold the love of a man, how to preserve sexual attraction, how to remain young beyond the usually allotted age. The book destroys many injurious errors and superstitions and teaches truths that have never been presented in any other book before. In short, this book not only imparts interesting facts, it gives practical points which will make thousands of women and thousands of men happier, healthier, and more satisfied with life. Certain chapters or even paragraphs are alone worth the price of the book.

Illustrated 412 Pages Cloth Bound Price \$3
Order Direct

THE CRITIC AND GUIDE

12 West Mt Morris Park New York City
Dr Robinson's Never Told Tales \$1 00

GALE WENT TO MEXICO

And down there, where there is neither conscription, extradition nor a Jefferson Market Prison, he resumed publishing his fiery journal,

GALE'S MAGAZINE

It costs \$2 a year, American money, and \$1 for 6 months and is worth a lot more. Send an international money order or bank draft for a subscription (no free sample sent) and read such things as "The Soliloquy of a Slacker", "Judas Iscariot and the Bolsheviki", "The Catholic Church, the Cancer of Mexico", "Making It Easier to Murder", "Lenine, the World's Hope", "Keep Hands Off Mexico," etc.

The censor will not let GALE'S MAGAZINE into the United States, but this does not make any difference. Linn A E Gale has been making Burleson and the postal gods look like 30 cents all along. He—but hush, that would be telling! Never mind that but just send along your subscription to

GALE'S MAGAZINE

P O Box 518

Mexico City, D F, Mexico

Women and Children of the South

(Continued from page 9)

THE NEGROES IN cities today are beginning to learn a great deal about Birth Control. In Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Washington and Baltimore, it is difficult to find the more intelligent Negro women who have any children at all. Those who are most able to care for children have the fewest, those who are least able, have the greatest number. This is true of all races.

Another very important thing we should remember is that population is inversely proportional to intelligence. Those having most intelligence have fewest children. The average family of Harvard and Yale graduates is $1\frac{1}{2}$. The average family of Legislators is about two, yet they are the men who make laws prohibiting birth control.

MARRIAGE

As It was, Is and SHOULD BE By Annie Besant. A new edition of that intensely interesting Brochure, 25c. A few copies of No 1, The Scarlet Review, 25c each. "The Crucible," agnostic, samples, 4 different, 10c, none free.

Raymer's Old Book Store

1330 FIRST AVENUE

SEATTLE, WASH

Red Hot If you want for self or friends a paper that combats all religious dogma send \$1 for each subscriber and get the hottest paper **AGNOSTIC** four different, 10c published Samples, None Free

Send Today
The CRUCIBLE, 1330 1st Avenue
Seattle Washington

PAPER

Birth Control Organizations

IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

The Federation of Neo Malthusian Leagues
Dr Alice Drysdale Vickery, President

CONSTITUENT BODIES

- ENGLAND (1877)—The Malthusian League Secretary, Dr Brian Dunlop, 48 Broadway, Westminster, London, S W Periodical, *The Malthusian*.
- HOLLAND (1885)—De Nieuw Malthusiaansche Bond Secretary Dr J Dutgers, 9 Verhulststraat, Den Haag. Periodical, *Het Gelukkig Huisgezin*.
- GERMANY (1889)—Sozial Harmonische Verein Secretary, Herr M Hausmeister Stuttgart. Periodical, *Die Soziale Harmonie*.
- FRANCE (1895)—G Hardy, 29 Rue Pixerecourt, Paris. Periodical, *Generation Consciente*.
- SPAIN (1904)—Liga Espanola de Regeneracion Humana Secretary, Senor Luis Bulffi, Calle Provenza, 177, Pral la, Barcelona. Periodical, *Salu y Fuerza*.
- BELGIUM (1906)—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne Secretary, Dr Fernand Mascoux, Echevin, Courcelles.
- SWITZERLAND (1908)—Groupe Malthusien Secretary, Valentin Grandjean, 106 Rue des Eaux Vives, Geneva. Periodical, *La Vie Intime*.
- BOHEMIA AUSTRIA (1901)—Secretary, Michael Kacha, 1164 Zizhov, Prague. Periodical *Zadruhy*.
- PORTUGAL—E Silva, Junior, L da Memoria, 46 r/e, Lisbon. Periodical, *Paz e Liberdade*.
- BRAZIL (1905)—Seccion Brasilena de Propaganda. Secretaries, Manuel Moscosa, Rua d'Bento Pires 29, San Pablo, Antonio Dominguez, Rue Vizcande de Moranguapez 25, Rio de Janeiro.
- CUBA (1907)—Seccion de Propaganda. Secretary, Jose Guardiola, Empedrado 14, Havana.
- SWEDEN (1911)—Sallskapet for Humanitar Bernalstring President, Mr Hinke Bergegren, Vanadisvagen 15 Stockholm, Va.
- ITALY (1913)—Lega Neomalthusiana Italiana Via Lamarmora 22, Turin. Periodical, *L'Educazione Sessuale*.
- AFRICA—Ligue Neo-Malthusienne, Maison du Peuple, 10 Rampe Magenta, Alger.

IN THE UNITED STATES

- ANN ARBOR, MICH—Mrs L. A Rhoads, 1318 Forest Court.
- BANGOR, ME.—Dr P E Luce, 40 Central Street.
- BOSTON, MASS—*The Birth Control League of Massachusetts* P O Box 1358 Mrs Oakes Ames, president.
- PHILADELPHIA, PA—Dr L. A Young, 5152 Haverford Avenue.
- CHICAGO ILL.—*The Citizens Committee on Family Limitation*. Secretary, Mrs B E Page, 521 Longwood Ave., Glencoe, Ill.
- CLEVELAND, OHIO—*Birth Control League of Ohio* Mrs. A W Newman, 10601 Ashbury Avenue, secretary.
- DETROIT, MICH—Mrs. Jessie A Rene, 919 Brooklyn Avenue.
- ELIZABETH CITY, N C—Mr and Mrs. W O Saunders.
- HARRISBURG, PA—George A Hering, 2436 Reel Street.
- LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dr T Percival Gerson.
- MINNEAPOLIS, MINN—*The Minneapolis Birth Control League* Mrs. Helen C. Thomsen, 1208 Vincent Avenue, N., secretary.
- NEW YORK
The Committee of One Thousand Dr Ira S Wile, 230 W 97th Street, chairman.
International Birth Control League Dr Wm. J Robinson, President 12 Mt Morris Park West
The National Birth Control League 200 Fifth Avenue Mrs Maxwell Hyde
The Woman's Committee of One Hundred Mrs. Amos Pinchot, chairman, 9 East 81st Street
Voluntary Parenthood League 206 Broadway Mary Ware Dennett, Director
- PITTSBURGH, PA—*The Birth Control League of Western Pennsylvania* Rita F Stein 924 Mellon St., Pittsburgh, Pa., secretary.
- PORTLAND, ORE—*The Birth Control League of Portland* H C Dekker, 652 Elliott Avenue, president. Mrs J R. Oatman, 549 Fifth Street secretary.
- RADNOR, PA—*The Main Line Branch of the National Birth Control League*—Mrs Walter M Newkirk, secretary.
- ROCHESTER, N Y—A I Howser, 227 Parsells Avenue.
- ST LOUIS, MO—Grace Anderson, City Dispensary, 11th and Chestnut Streets.
- ST PAUL, MINN—*The Minnesota State Birth Control League* Secretary, Mrs Grace M Keller 230 Vernon Ave St. Paul.
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL—*The Birth Control League of San Francisco*, 239 Geary Street. Margaret McGovern, president.
- SEATTLE, WASH—*The Seattle Birth Control League* Minnie Parkhurst, 516 Third Ave West, Seattle Wash, secretary.
- SUMMIT N J—Rev Franklin C Doan.
- WASHINGTON, D C—*The Birth Control League of the District of Columbia* Mrs. Anna Wexler, 1926 New Hampshire Ave., president.