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## A Study in Social Psychology.

BY THE REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

The lava from the volcano of sex can be traced by its striæ as far back as the history of human society extends. From the primitive gens up through the whole web of humanity to the fairest woven civilization the loom of time has produced, the scarlet thread of lust gleams in flaming contrast with the cold gray woof of sanctity, the proud purple of legitimacy, the vaunting blue of aristocracy, the sullen black of slavery, and the chastening white of the vestal.

Theocracy and pornocracy alike have made obeisance to the scarlet woman. Religion and lust have been meretricious partners from time immemorial. The incense-breathing preacher caught by the lascivious rustle of a silken skirt and led into the primrose paths of dalliance is no novelty. He is subject to the same inexorable law of Eros which has swayed thousands of his illustrious predecessors farther back in the world's history than the rutilant days of the Phenician Ashera.

Yea, even the gods were accustomed to pay court to the earthly feminine as embodied in woman. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair." Mythology is permeated with the amours of the gods. In the Old Testament, the Hebrew scripture, may be found scores of proper names that are not translated, because of their erotic significance. A translation of these names reveals the fact that sex worship prevailed among the Jews, just as it prevailed among every primitive people of whom ethnographers have any knowledge.

The scarlet woman is sought after with unlawful desire by the licorous patriarch Judah in Genesis, and she blazons her perpetuity by appearing in the heavens at the crack of doom, drunken with the blood of the saints, in the book of Revelation. She binds the scarlet thread in the window for the spies of Joshua, and in the Christian dispensation, many generations

afterwards, it was imputed to her for righteousness. She is as persistent as the rotation of the earth, as inevitable as death, as zymotic as the handful of meal possessed by the widow who entertained the prophet Elijah at Zaraphath.

She stands forth a rebel against the law and is far more difficult of suppression than the fugacious Filipino. She was born out of wedlock, for her ancestry can be traced to times when wedlock did not exist. By right of priority of ancestry then, she asserts herself and persists in occupying a place in the social economy. She is the elder sister of the wife and claims her wider privileges by right of seniority.

She has been the object of relentless warfare for scores of centuries, and she has continually drawn recruits from the ranks of her bitterest foes. If Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands, the scarlet woman has slain her ten millions, yet she herself is as imperishable as time. She has been hounded by the law, anathematized by the church, and ostracized by society, yet she continues to flourish. She has thrived under an avalanche of obloquy, and in return for ignominy and contempt has given the world the soul of art and the genius of literature.

To the unwedded mother the world owes the refining influence of the founder of Christianity, the resplendent genius of Leonardo da Vinci, the mighty intellect of Erasmus of Rotterdam, the doughty valor of William the Conqueror, the lofty statesmanship of Alexander Hamilton, the fervid brilliance of Boccaccio, and the fertile imagination of Dumas, both father and son. With how many other stars she has enriched the galaxy of genius, the world can never know. Her rebellious spirit found expression in glorious Aspasia, the lambent lyrics of burning Sappho, the seductive Phryne, the voluptuous Cleopatra, the diplomatic Diane de Poitiers, and the exotic George Sand. She lost Marc Antony the world, she laid old Troy in ashes, she has made and dethroned kings, and has dictated the selection of popes and cardinals.

But it is important for us not to mistake these examples as cases of cause and effect. Every woman who yields to Eros' sway regardless of convention's code cannot be a Bernhardt, any more than every virgin can become a Jane Addams. Genius is akin to Eros in that it manifests itself regardless of human law. The brothel inmate is to Aspasia as the ant hill is to Mount St. Elias. The scarlet blood must needs be tintured with an aspiring and intrepid spirit to mount above the foul and loathsome mire of shame and obloquy. But here again cause and effect are likely to be assumed without sufficient reason. The myriad-minded Shakespeare, himself at times the lapwing of love, has written:

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and fur's gown hide all. Plate sin with gold

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

And in another place this great foregatherer of the world's best thought says:

The world is still deceived by ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:  
As stairs of sand wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk;  
And these assume but valor's excrement  
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it.

This is but a variorum rendering of the same ages-old recognition of the scarlet streak in nature,—that streak which was apotheosized in the worship of Siva, of Isis, of Astoreth, and of Baal Peon; that streak which was symbolized by the Egyptian ankh, the gilgal of the book of Joshua, the lingam and yoni of the Hindus, and the groves and high places of the Hebrew scripture. Learned men who have made a comparative study of religions say the Christian symbol of the cross also is of erotic origin, a relic of ancient nature worship.

Richard Payne Knight, one of Europe's greatest archæologists, astounded and shocked religious people in 1786 by the publication of a treatise entitled *An Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus, Lately Existing at Iserna, in the Kingdom of Naples, etc., to Which Is Added a Discourse on the Worship of Priapus, and Its Connection with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients*. Every effort was made to suppress this valuable book on the plea that it was indecent, but copies of it still exist in some libraries, where they are eagerly sought and read by scholarly men.

The world, unable to quench the ruddy flame which gave it life and being, and which the ancients worshiped as divine, seeks to obscure it with the opaque screen of ignorance or hold it in check with the carbonic acid gas of pulpit vaporings. For example, a Chicago clergyman stood in his pulpit on Sunday, July 1, 1907, and said to his intelligent audience:

Any man or woman who entices or abducts any girl under the age of 21 years into a place of infamy for assignation purposes ought to be hung. I repeat it they

(sic!) ought to be hung inside of thirty days after proof. Let any who apologize these crimes combat this. There is not a true, pure-minded man or woman but agrees with me. Bridewell for thirty to one hundred days every married man found in such places. Stamp with exposure the whole business and we will soon be rid of it. . . . In God's name, let us act. Let us get a law making the traffic in girls punishable with death and it will soon cease.

Can it be possible that this well-meaning pastor has overlooked the fact, which history has demonstrated from its dawn to the present day, that Eros is stronger than death? Would it solve the problem to transfer the so-called "unwritten law" to the statute books? Is it not wiser to educate boys and girls in such a way that they will see the wisdom of controlling and directing the mighty energies of sex than it is to wreak vengeance on those who through ignorance or *from any other cause* allow it to flow in forbidden channels?

"There is not a true, pure-minded man or woman but agrees with me," says the Chicago clergyman. Let him read these words of the crystal-minded Grant Allen:

The coarse puritan brain, accustomed to envisage sex as something to be ashamed of, will object at once in its prurient way: "How horrid to think that in fruit and flower certain minds can see nothing but underlying sensuality!" In sober truth, the horridness lies all the other way—in looking upon sex, the mother of all things, as gross and degraded.

The common saying that the scarlet woman is a "necessary evil" is but a modern translation of the medieval ascetic dictum that woman was a necessary evil. The Neoplatonic and Pythagorean philosophers regarded the body and its passions as essentially evil. This doctrine was taught also by some of the early Christian fathers.\* St. Jerome said the only redeeming thing about marriage was that it produced virgins. Husbands and wives separated in order to live pure lives. If the bodily passions were vile, they argued, marriage could not make them pure. It required a miracle to meet this logic. That miracle was the sanction of the church. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, says:

The extreme disorders which such teaching produced in domestic life naturally alarmed the more judicious leaders of the church, and it was ordained that married persons should not enter into an ascetic life, except by mutual consent.

Among peoples of other religions, notably the lamas of Tibet and the Buddhist monks, similar beliefs are held as to the essentially evil nature of the sexual desires. The Buddhists teach that lust and ignorance are

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\*Chrysostom only interpreted the general sentiment of the Fathers when he pronounced woman to be "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination and a painted ill."—*Lecky's Rationalism in Europe*, page 99.

the two great causes of the misery of life, and that we should therefore suppress lust and remove ignorance. The Dhammika-Sutta says:

A wise man should avoid married life as if it were a burning pit of live coals.

St. Paul was imbued with the ascetic abhorrence of carnal desire, yet for expediency's sake he admitted it is better to marry than to burn.

So firmly fixed is this idea of the inherent wickedness of sexual desire—a peculiar sort of wickedness that can be transmuted into righteousness by priestly rite or legal formula—that it seems to have been impossible for any student of sociology to arrive at unbiased conclusions from a study of its phenomena. Not one of them, so far as I have discovered, with the possible exception of Bernard Shaw, whom the general public refuses to take seriously, has approached the subject unprejudiced, with his mind a *tabula rasa* so far as right or wrong of erotic desire is concerned.

Every investigator must admit the evils of Mrs. Warren's profession, but how few realize in what the evil of it consists. The mistake made by most sociologists and almost all moral crusaders is to assume that the natural desire which finds its gratification in an illicit way is evil of itself. It may be admitted that prostitution would not exist except for this desire; but neither would marriage, for that matter, except perhaps in comparatively rare instances. Advocates of the elimination of sexual desire are the real advocates of race suicide.

The problem of abating the social evil is the problem of eugenics. Sexual hygiene must be studied and discussed intelligently. Light must take the place of intellectual darkness. The popular impression that there is something essentially vile in sex must be removed. The minds of the people must be cleansed from the filth of medieval teachings regarding the vileness of sex. Children must acquire their knowledge of their sex natures from what should be the best possible source—from their parents,—instead of getting it from depraved playmates or servants. They must be taught that if anything human is sacred the sexual functions which brought them into existence are sacred; that no part of the body is vile or indecent.

Sporadic anti-vice crusades will never check the evil. As well try to cleanse the Augean stables with an ear spoon. Neither will drastic laws, such as the death penalty for sex crimes, put a stop to the evil. This is recognized by Sanger, who, in his *History of Prostitution*, says:

The guilty women have been banished, scourged, branded, executed; their partners have been subjected to the same punishment; held up to public opinion as immoral; denuded of their civil rights; have seen their offenses visited upon their families; have been led to the stake, the gibbet, and the block, and still prostitution exists. In some cases they restrain individuals; upon the aggregate they are inoperative.

The causes of the social evil are not inherent in human nature, but are relics of barbarism, and are so old and have been so long revered that they are regarded by almost every one as the very foundation stones on which the social structure rests. It does not occur to these people that a society in which the degradation of woman is a "necessary evil" must rest on a rotten foundation, and the sooner the foundation is repaired the better it will be for society. It is the province of eugenics to repair this foundation.

## Relative Sex-Morality.

BY JAMES ARMSTRONG.

You need only look at the way in which she is formed to see that woman is not meant to undergo great labor of the mind or body. She pays the debt of life not by what she does but by what she suffers. . . . The keenest sorrows and joys are not for her, nor is she called upon to display a great deal of strength. . . . The current of her life should be more gentle, peaceful and trivial than that of man's, without being essentially happier or unhappier.—*Schopenhauer*.

Although the progress of civilization has contributed to assuage the fiercer passions of human nature, it seems to be less favorable to the virtue of chastity, whose most dangerous enemy is the softest of the mind. The refinements of life corrupt while they polish the intercourse of the sexes. The gross appetite of love becomes most dangerous when it is elevated or rather indeed disguised by sentimental passion. The elegance of dress, of motion, and of manners gives a lustre to beauty and inflames the senses through the imagination.—*Gibbon: The Decline and Fall*.

It is well known that in the males of all mammals, including man, rudimentary mammae exist. These in several instances have become well-developed and have yielded copious supply of milk.—*Darwin: Descent of Man*.

Fundamentally there is no difference between the male and female man, since both are but as two unequal or unlike vessels made of the same clay and fashioned by the same hands of an identical potter, or as two chemical compounds whose differences consist in nothing more than different combination of the same elements; and thus it is seen that what one sex is, the other could have been—a thing impossible under the assumption of their essential unlikeness. If sex-evolution begins with parthenogenesis and proceeds from asexual to sexual generation through hermaphroditism to distinct sex-dualism, an extremely probable biological theory, sex-determination is a fortuitous rather than certain prenatal unfoldment, for there is no more warrant to think that elementary life has inherently definite sexual tendencies than that elementary matter has inherently definite chemical tendencies. Hydrogen and oxygen cannot be

said inherently to tend to become water any more than anything else in which their combination results; and since the inexhaustible proportions of their atomic mingling are effected by oscillatory and therefore variable force-matter agitation it is an accident rather than a certainty that they should combine in the proportion of two to one rather than one to one or three to one or any number to any other number. In the broad or cosmic sense there are, of course, no accidents, because indestructible matter played on by inexhaustible energy must undergo certain and definite changes in so far as they relate to universe-harmony; but in the narrow or human sense it is altogether a probability that such changes shall make for the welfare and continued existence of sentient creatures. The flora and fauna of each geological era are a certain and definite outcome of certain and definite biological conditions which arise out of certain and definite cosmic mutation, but on account of the unknowable possibilities of such mutation, on the largest as well as on the smallest scale, we can tell no more of an as yet unsexed life-form than of an unevolved earth-era, although we can certainly deny morphological necessitarianism in the sense that one form is inherently exclusive of another. And thus just as in the broadest cosmical sense there is no essential difference between geological periods, so in the broadest biological sense there is no essential difference between the sexes; for it is impossible to conceive of any other than a democratical relation between nature and her products, their differences being wholly attributable to the unequal interplay of life, force, and matter, an inequality without which life and the evolution of life would be absolutely impossible.

Assuming, as we may, that the human species were once given to hermaphroditic reproduction, it is still impossible exactly to tell how present sex-differentiation resulted, although we may approximate the exact causes on the theory of unequally developed double-sexed individuals, the strongest of which naturally sought to escape the painful child-bearing function, the result of which, by gradually freeing a growing number from the reproductive burden, brought about the disappearance, through disuse, of the generative maternal organs. As an evolutionary consequence of such disappearance on the one hand, there came about the disappearance of the generative paternal organs on the other; and since nature tends as much to uniformity as to multiformity, heredity at last effected a practically equal sex-dualism, separately male and female, each developing sex-idiosyncrasies in accordance with antecedent sex-conditions. Truth-evidence of this sex-evolution theory is found in universal individual tendency to shift existence-burdens from self to others, manifest in cannibalism, chattel slavery, and plutocratic industrialism, as well as in race-reproduction; and sex-differences are not more trenchantly defined than peasant-king, pauper-plutocrat differences, all of which, like the various figures formed by

that the population of France in 1825 would have been 50,000,000, nearly 100,000,000 in 1850, double that number in 1875, almost 400,000,000 in 1900, and so on.

It is clearly evident that such an increase would encounter obstacles: the obstacle of the lack of sufficient food, the obstacle of lack of lodgings. If this hypothesis had been realized our cities and villages would be ten times more populous than at present, and if we observed our ideals of hygiene as we should, the height of dwellings would be reduced one-half and the streets would be 50 per cent wider than they are now.

You can see what an immense space such a population would occupy and how the land available for agriculture would be diminished in extent by the increase of population and buildings.

And this increase would continue at a constant rate. As the cultivable and habitable space is limited, population would be kept in the limits of this space by painful obstacles. We must conclude, then, either that plagues, disease and war are necessary, or that prudential restriction of population is necessary.

To proclaim that plagues and wars are necessary is to deny social progress, is to proclaim the right of the strongest, is to perpetuate the struggle for existence and condemn humanity to be what it always has been, until the immense swarm of men, more ferocious than wolves and below them in mentality, are engaged in destroying one another.

Close the schools and the universities, then. The declaration of the rights of man will rest where it is now: a beautiful dream reduced to a lying advertisement; and that brave device, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," an irony which adorns our monuments, will be replaced by the legend: "Let Us Devour One Another."

I revolt at that view of the situation. We ought without hesitation to recognize the right of men to multiply and replenish the earth. But should not every human action be conscientious?

Every individual who, by the reckless increase of the size of his family, puts himself in a position where he consumes more than he produces becomes either a victim or a maker of victims. *Every nation which increases its population beyond the resources of its territory is condemned to become a conquering nation—in other words, a nation of brigands.*

If man wishes to escape the abominable obligation of destroying his fellow-men, he must be prudent and exercise forethought in the matter of bringing children into the world.

The theory of prudence, then, is not, as it has been represented, a theory of death. It is only a question of observing the positive laws of nature, and whether it please us or not, we must take account of the

necessities which they impose upon us. We may deny the natural law of the increase of population, but brutal Nature, regardless of our opinions, continues its work. Wars, pestilence, poverty, alcoholism and emigration have contributed in large measure to hold in check the population of Europe in the last century, yet we find Europe populated in 1900 by three times as many inhabitants as it had in 1800.

But some say we should do as the animals do and give free course to human reproduction. That is the doctrine of those who are more concerned in obeying the Jewish-Christian dogmas than in the happiness of the children or in so regulating the number that all may have opportunities for happiness and for the development of long, useful and happy careers.

Only one consideration is of value in the eyes of the adversaries of parental prudence, and that is number. But number is not always an evidence of strength and wealth. Think of the teeming millions of India and China! Are not the 2,000,000 prudent inhabitants of Switzerland of more industrial, commercial, physical and moral value than the 10,000,000 starvelings in Ireland?

In conclusion, the law of population is of absolute exactitude, and the consequence which the neo-Malthusians recognize is that prudence in the procreation of children is a necessary condition for victory in the struggle against the scourges which render humanity unhappy and against the abuses which give rise to those scourges.

Peace, well-being and justice will reign when the people learn by wise precautions to prevent the too rapid increase of population, the first cause of poverty and all its attendant evils.

## A Song of Maternity.

BY LILLIAN BROWNE-THAYER.

Be mine the song of Maternity!  
 Away with ignoble wars, petty strifes and commercial contentions!  
 Make room for the Mother!  
 Ignored and neglected and taken for granted, how long!  
 Her age-long wrongs shall be righted,  
 Her place shall at last be 'stablished in the minds of men and of children.  
 I wage war for the mother of men!  
 I sing pœans of praise to the mother!  
 I greet her, I laud her, I love her!  
 Behold her—the Life-Giver!

I see the maid of the Future.  
 She is strong and reliant and care-free,  
 Inhaling fresh air and basking in sunshine;  
 Aware of her sex and glorying in it!  
 Aware, too, of her potential motherhood.  
 Glad of her health and her maidenhood,  
 Awed and worshipful of her latent motherhood.  
 Consciously she prepares herself for the coming achievement.  
 During the day she studies and works,  
 The night's rest is dreamless, or, if dreamful,  
 She dreams of a day to come—  
 She hears children calling—calling—  
 The unborn children—her own—her dream-babes!

I see, too, the pregnant woman of that good, near day.  
 Artists vie with one another to paint her—  
 She is a goddess dressed in flowing white robes.  
 There is a red rose in her hand.  
 Her face is calm and serene and radiantly bright.  
 She is queen-like, inspiring worship and love!  
 She greets the sun in the morning—  
 Wistfully she watches the white clouds float by—  
 A bird flies overhead with a straw in its beak—  
 She listens to the insect's chirp in the door-yard—  
 She understands it all.

Her pulses measure the song in her breast—  
 "Creation! Creation! Creation!"  
 In her room are works of art.  
 She contemplates beautiful faces and forms.  
 Long she stands gazing at the Madonnas—  
 O, soon shall she, too, be "Madonna"!  
 She loves the great-eyed, little Christ-Child—  
 Her Child shall be great—mayhap Greater!  
 In the evening she watches the sunset—  
 "Another day nearer!" she whispers.  
 Thus is she glad and greatly content,  
 This Goddess, this Queen of the Future!

And I see the Future Mother.  
 She is sympathetic, broad-minded, great-hearted.  
 She directs her affairs with calm judgment and kindness.  
 She inspires trust and affection.  
 She is honored in the community.  
 Her children return love for love and courtesy for kindness.  
 She is comrade, friend and adviser.  
 She enters into her boys' sports—  
 Plays ball and marbles and nine-pins—  
 Dresses dolls for her girl-child,  
 Smiling at her little mothering ways.  
 She calls her children to look at the clouds,  
 Tells them Greek myths and Norse legends,  
 Points out peculiar traits of flower and bird,  
 Instructs them in the care of young animals,  
 Tells them of sex and the mystery of life—  
 Drawing analogies from flower and tree.  
 And always she studies and grows—  
 Grows younger in heart and wiser in brain,  
 Enlarging her love to mother not only her own  
 But all children and all young creatures.

Mine be the song of Motherhood!  
 I wage war for the mother of men!  
 I sing pæans of praise to the mother!  
 I greet her, I laud her, I love her!  
 Behold her—the Life-Giver!

## Good-Natured People I Have Met.

BY LILLIE D. WHITE.

A good many years ago, when I was quite a small girl, I remember my father coming in one day with an amused look which promised a funny story or incident. He had gone on an errand to a neighbor's house and found no one at home except the old grandma of the family, and she was scolding away in vigorous and forcible language all by herself. When she noticed her visitor she exclaimed: "Now there! Mr. Hunt, you've caught me scolding. It's too bad, but I have to do it sometimes." "Well, I guess you are not hurting any one," my father replied. "But do you think it does any good to scold that way all alone?" he asked.

"Well, sometimes I think it does and then again I don't know," said the perturbed monologist.

I have always felt a kind of respect for that lonely philosopher, who gave emphatic expression to her feelings, and in the long run found some good in it.

It would be well if some folks would follow her example and do their scolding in solitude. That is one way that it could do no harm; and another way it can do no harm is when it is necessary.

I agree with the general ethical idea that scolding and nagging are among the worst of human faults, but there are few if any sins which, under certain circumstances and in judicious doses, may not be virtues, just as there are few if any virtues which, under certain circumstances or carried to extremes, may not become sins.

Sharp words are bad and generally do more harm than good, but there are times when a short, sharp rebuke is more appropriate than a smile or a soft answer.

Tears are sometimes more appropriate than smiles, and patience, gentleness and placid good nature cease to be virtues in the face of injustice, tyranny and imposition.

I knew a man who boasted of having been married five years without a quarrel or cross word with his wife. On further acquaintance I discovered that they did not quarrel, because the wife submitted day after day to petty tyrannies, unjust demands and impositions with smiling forbearance and placid good nature. If she did not reform and acquire spirit enough to "lay him out" a few times before another five years, it is quite probable he left her by that time, for no man on earth could or ought to endure ten years of such imbecile complacency. If any man could, it proves that he deserves nothing better.

Many parents say with an air of virtue: "I positively will not allow my children to argue or talk back to me. It is too much like quarreling, and I will not quarrel with any one." And so every protest or attempted explanation is met with commands of silence, and no talking it over is allowed. Any parent who will not allow a child to say all that can be said in its own defense is not a wise or just parent. Don't quarrel, but talk it over. It is as hurtful to smother righteous indignation as it is to smother expressions of affection and sympathy.

There are many good-hearted, well-meaning people who are careless, thoughtless; who forget promises, duties and favors they intend to perform. If the one who suffers by these shortcomings is too polite or too good-natured to make a complaint or protest, the offender will never have the least suspicion that he ever did anything blameworthy.

I have known people who "never quarrel" or scold, but are so loud in their silent endurance of imaginary injustice and tyranny that a real outburst of indignation would be listened to with more pleasure than the "profane silence."

I have seen women receive men with smiles and good-natured greetings when frowns and severe rebukes were deserved and would have been much more appropriate.

A short, sharp lightning-storm is better than dreary days of cloudy weather. If the cloudy days could boast of their harmless, peaceful good nature and rebuke the storm for its ferocity, it would be as sensible as the person who boasts of his imperturbable placidity and beautiful disposition.

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## The Fruit of the Spirit.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

"Go on!—well, stop and rest, if you want to. You know how you feel better than I do."

The broad-backed, comfortable-looking pair of horses had stopped to rest from their task of pulling the hay-wagon, with its heavy load of visitors, from Spirit-Fruit Farm. They were evidently not surprised by the words of the tall, sun-browned young driver, and after a minute's pause they voluntarily started on again. It is presumed the "spirit" moved them to do so. And it seemed to me that this sentence sounded the keynote of the theory of the little community which we had just left.

Fifty or so of us were in the party that had come from Chicago that Sunday morning to attend the "house-warming" of the new home of the

Spirit Fruit fellowship on Wooster Lake, near Ingleside, Ill., about fifty miles from Chicago. We were met by hay-wagons, and driven to the farm—a joking, laughing crowd. “The House That Just Happened,” as they call it, is the result of two years’ labor of the members of the community. It is built of concrete blocks, made on the place, with red tile roof, and is beautifully and completely finished in every way. It is about 72x90 feet, two stories and basement. It overlooks the lake, which is a beautiful little sheet of water, affording boating and bathing opportunities. The community cultivates the land, of which it owns ninety acres and rents 140.

The house and grounds were thrown open to the visitors. During the afternoon probably 150 men, women and children of the neighborhood inspected the place. All were welcomed, and in the afternoon all gathered on the slope in front of the house and listened to a talk by “Jacob”—Jacob Beilhart, the leader. It was certainly a novel experience to the majority of the country people there, to listen to such a talk as was given. Jacob is a fluent and earnest speaker, and close attention was given to all that he said. He told us that they had released the land by paying their price to the persons who claimed ownership, and now it was free. No one owned it, neither he nor any member of the community. All work together, but there is no master, and no orders.

The newspapers have had much to say of the “free-love colony.” Jacob, while disclaiming their classification, expressed his views on love, marriage, and the home. Here are a few of his sentences:

I claim the marriage institution as it is upheld today by church and sanctioned by state is not conducive to man’s highest development, because it grants the right of indulgence to man’s most degrading selfishness.

When a man must, by his behavior and manly qualities, recommend himself to the instinctive nature of a woman who would be a partner in the highest act of creation, and cannot participate unless he so acts that he becomes a choice, then people will be born into this world who will not need police to watch them, no lawyers to defend the rights of others against them, no insane hospitals to receive a good percent of them. And I might add truthfully that there will be but few doctors needed to heal them, for physically as well as mentally they will be of a high order.

Can we afford to sell the right for life to that which in nature can only be obtained by the price of Love at the time it is desired?

Who can say that a man or a woman is not vastly better prepared to transmit a perfect mind and body to offspring when they are animated by the spirit of Love than when they are simply conscious of the contract they made under false colors?

Would I destroy the home? No! Where Love rules, there alone is a home possible. When contract is claimed to give right, and Love is not given supreme power to retain the good will and desire to coöperate between two persons, a home is impossible even though the two do board in the same house and occupy the same

bed. Such a place is not a home nor can it furnish environment conducive to the training of respectable, loving children who will be a blessing.

It is evident that the marriage contract is not necessary where Love continues to rule, and it must be seen to be a curse to humanity where Love has ceased to rule.

The community had its beginning at Lisbon, Ohio, about eight years ago, on a farm owned by Jacob. Changes have come with the intervening years. They came to Chicago, and had their headquarters here, then went to the country place to build their home. Men and women have come and gone, while the law of attraction and repulsion worked. There are now about twenty in the home, but there is room for more. Anyone who feels attracted is welcomed, but if it is not a true and mutual attraction he discovers his mistake and goes away. I do not know what would happen if the "undesirable" member would refuse to recognize the fact that he does not belong there, and persist in remaining. I believe the members do not regard this as a supposable case, however. I was told of one instance in which the visitor remained about a month, in which time the spirit did not move him—or, if so, he did not heed the prompting—to take part in the work. After the members were convinced of his undesirability they ceased to place a plate for him at table, and he went away. This was told me by a non-member, and may be a mistake; but I wondered how a person so thick-skinned that he would not heed gentle hints would be treated.

It is an ideal place for children, but there are only two who are members of the household—Evelyn Gladys and "Buster," charming and lovable little brother and sister.

A *Tribune* reporter accompanied the party from Chicago, and the next morning a "fearful and wonderful" report, occupying a full column on the first page, appeared in the *Tribune*. My attention was first attracted to this young man by the words "Mr. Gertrude Hunt," and as I glanced in his direction I saw that he was commenting on passers-by; and I realized the great "honor" a man confers on a woman when he gives her his name, and what a great misfortune it is for a man to have a well-known wife, for he then incurs the risk of being known as "Mr. Prominent Woman."

## Culture: Physical, Mental, Emotional. For Man, Woman and Child.

This department is to be conducted by M. Florence Johnson, a woman eminently fitted for the work by education, observation, and experience. She is a daughter of Moses Hull, is the mother of three lovely daughters, and the grandmother of one of the dearest little boys I ever knew. She is a graduate and post-graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston. I have known her intimately for nearly fifteen years, and I consider that any one, man, woman or child, who is brought within the sphere of her influence is to be congratulated. I asked her to start the department with this issue, but owing to her excessive modesty she hesitated to do so. However, I have taken paragraphs from her letter with which to start the department, and I am sure she will keep it up. She may be addressed in care of EUGENICS' office, and will, I am confident, welcome suggestions and answer questions.

L. H.

*Dear Lillian:* How do I like EUGENICS? Very well indeed. I am glad you have a department for children, and think the choice of editor is very good. I hope Editor Winifred will grow up with the magazine and edit it when her grandfather is done with it and her mother has given it up on account of old age.

You ask for suggestions. The study of eugenics, or right generation, will be sure to have much attention. To me it seems that environment is as valuable as heredity or prenatal influence, so I shall expect to see it receive its due share of attention. Given the best possible heredity and prenatal influence, children are often ruined by wrong care. Sometimes those who give the best physical care seem to be without the understanding to deal with the child as an individual of thought and will.

You may remember also that I think attention should be given to physical culture every day we live, as well as to mental and emotional development. Doubtless all these things have been considered and will be well represented in EUGENICS. But you must not ask for suggestions unless you really want to be advised to do everything you had thought of doing.

I have thought a great deal about your proposition to me to write a department for EUGENICS, but it is hard to decide to do it, for I should like to carry it on in something of a systematic way, and am not sure you would want that. I thought of beginning with a child at birth and talk of its care and education along up, following somewhat in the line of my lecture on the "Rational Education of Children." I can assure you that I feel very reluctant to undertake the work. It makes me dizzy-

headed to think of what one ought to know in order to impart the needed information. If I can, I will send you something, but perhaps you'd better leave me out this month, anyway.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is apparent in the fact that the conservative press now gives space to ideas which found place only in the most radical papers a few years ago. The following article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox appeared in the Hearst papers a few days ago and was doubtless read by many thousands who would never look at a radical paper. I am placing it in Mrs. Johnson's department in the hope that she will have something to say on the subject next month.

The heart of the whole world must bleed for the mothers of those unfortunate girls who have become enmeshed in the so-called "white slave" traffic in Chicago.

All the world thinks of the mother first, when a tragedy happens to a child, especially a woman child.

Yet were the poor blind old world consistent in its sympathy, and were its hysterical ideas concerning the sacredness of motherhood supplemented by common sense and practical methods, there would be no such tragedies as this particular one under discussion.

No doubt the mothers of these girls believe they have been good mothers. No doubt they would have given their own lives unhesitatingly to save their children the awful fate which has been theirs.

But also, without doubt, these poor women lacked the understanding of what constitutes a really Good Mother.

The mother who keeps her little girl from all knowledge of the great facts of sex relations and their sacredness is not a good mother.

Over and over this assertion has been made by a few people who think: "Innocence does not necessitate ignorance, nor ignorance insure innocence." Yet over and over history repeats itself, and foolish mothers walk proudly through the world telling their admiring friends how utterly like a new-born babe their marriageable young daughters are in their ignorance of the vital laws underlying all creation.

Our benevolent people and our philanthropists and our reformers give thought, time and money to the increasing of schools, libraries, hospitals and reformatories.

Not one cent or one organized effort is given to a school for good parentage.

Readers with memories will call this remark trite and old. It has been made at least fifty times in these columns. But it will need to be made fifty thousand times more from just such causes as the tragic fate of the white slaves, if the ideas of our philanthropists do not take a more sensible form.

The two men who are most earnestly trying to awaken the world to common sense on the subject of parentage are Dr. Elmer Gates of Chevy Chase, D. C., and Luther Burbank of California. Long ago Dr. Gates said that children could be made whatever the parents desired in morality and mentality by persistent and consistent brain-building.

Luther Burbank has published a wonderful book which every parent ought to read. It is called *The Training of the Human Plant*.

It is "dedicated to the sixteen million public-school children of America and to untold millions under other skies."

“During the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions, and blending still others, I have constantly been impressed with the similarity between the organization and development of plant and human life,” is Luther Burbank’s introduction to his discussion of the training of the human plant.

“Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child—I shall speak of the abnormal later—be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, what not.

“By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving him the closest communion with nature, by feeding this child well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving it all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in the child and fix there for all its life all of these traits.

“The man or the woman who moves the earth, who is master rather than the victim of fate, has strong feelings well in hand—a vigilant engineer at the throttle.

“By placing ourselves in harmony and coöperation with the main high potential lines of human progress and welfare we receive the benefit of strong magnetic induction currents.

“We are now standing upon the threshold of new methods and discoveries which shall give us imperial dominion.”

Nobody can blame a mother for not knowing the way to make her child such a close confidante and friend that it would be impossible for her to be led astray.

The only people who should be blamed in these matters are the reformers and philanthropists, who blindly pursue the same old roads to the same old goal of nowhere, and refuse to listen to the voice of progress.

Confederation and a smelting of all the philanthropic reformatory societies of America into a great scientific association, with Luther Burbank and Elmer Gates as directors, and the billions of money America can produce at short notice to back it, would in two generations do away with such men as Stanford White, Harry Thaw, and all the thousands and tens of thousands of other weak and misguided and vicious men and women in the land.

But so long as the country depends upon its present system of schools and churches and charities to reform society, bad will grow worse, until it reaches worst; and the more reform schools and prisons are built the more occupants will be found to fill them.

The warden of the Connecticut state prison remarked to a visitor one day: “Could I have directed the education of all these people the first ten years of their lives, not one of them would have been here. No child who has the right training for ten years ever becomes a criminal.”

By “right training” the warden did not mean expensive schooling, or private teachers, or extraordinary opportunities, or the cramming process, or drilling in the catechism.

We all know that criminals are found by the score who have been reared under these conditions with every worldly advantage, and by parents who believed they were good parents.

But they had not studied their children as Mr. Burbank studies his plants; they had not made child-development a life work as he has made plant-development.

That is the kind of “right training” meant by the warden at Weathersfield prison.

When children are given this kind of scientific care for the first ten years of their lives, there will be no more male monsters, no more “white slave” victims.

# The Kingdom of the Soul.

BY MRS. D. STEELE.

The growing tendency of divorce, the many discussions of the causes of the indifference if not open rupture in marital relations, suggest that there must be some explanation residing in the nature of the mind or soul itself. A philosophical explanation of this dissatisfaction, so generally conceded, is contained in an idea of Richard Wagner's, the substance but not exact words of which is: the soul can never satisfy itself in any object, but finally, after all its restless search, falls back upon its own essence for the satisfying portion.

If this, which is also taught by sages and philosophical systems, be true, how can the relation of marriage cause aught but this "divine discontent," chained as we are to the clamor of our desires? The mind, unconsciously excusing its own part in the fact, lays the blame upon the other party,—practically saying, "I am done with you; you did not give me what I sought—happiness."

Tannhäuser in the arms of Venus becomes weary, remembers the land he had lost, the prize he had won, and determines to leave her. She again and again throws her spell over him, and the senses triumph. At last he calls the name Elizabeth, and rises to seek once more the heart of purity. In her very presence the habit of mind and body overpowers him, and he sings a song of wild desire. In his undoing, Elizabeth rises to the supreme height of virtue and showers mercy. "Stand back or pierce this bosom with your swords." This is the ever-present drama of each individual torn between the fires of passion and desire (Venus) and the fire of soul (Elizabeth).

Woman is not faultless, certainly. Her desire to receive rather than to give unselfish love and service, her vanity and lack of faith in God and herself, make her the slave of her own senses, and the drag-chain rather than the inspiration of man. But for this fact no "man-made laws" could keep her in "sex slavery." But the "development of woman must be regarded as an end, and a sacred end, and this for the sake of woman herself, and not in any way as a mere accessory to the happiness or well-being of man." If to the accomplishment of this sacred end a social upheaval be necessary it will assuredly come. The student has already observed facts which give rise to consternation, but which, nevertheless, may be forewords of a truer womanhood and of helpfulness to man beyond his present dreams. In the book *Sex and Character*, by Otto Weiniger, the

statement is made that only "man creates and worships the Madonna—woman does not demand purity of man." He neglects the fact that woman's present effort and ideal is to demand purity of *herself*. Is it not a nobler thing to demand it of oneself than of another? This may be accomplished through wreckage of much that is considered necessary to civilization. It may be through what may seem the cruel path of individualism, but she is struggling to live her own ideal. And strong men stand beside her, pleading the "sacredness of the female form." This is the Madonna conception,—let it grow and wax strong, and men and women will rise toward Olympus.

I, for one, care not what path is trod to gain the goal,—whether it be marriage, spontaneous love, or renunciation. What the future has in store cannot be worse than the long history of evolution from the ape-man who laid the corner-stone of the home. To those who stand dismayed before the signs of destruction let me recall a statement of one said to be a God-man, whose active work of three years has reached down through nineteen centuries: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." He is telling us of the kingdom of the soul, where vanity, ambition and desire melt in ineffable sweetness; and he is telling us the same story which was recited in the language of philosophy by Wagner.

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## “The Blossoming of Tansy.”

And here is Platt again. Not so tempestuous as in *Love Triumphant* and *Women, Love, and Life*, but still—Platt. Strength and weakness, the love that lifts and glorifies and the love that degrades and kills, all are there,—all, and much more. I cannot adequately review Platt. You cannot understand Platt until you read his books—and then probably you won't understand him!

The story opens with a picture of flower-strewn Suffolk lanes in the after-glow of a summer sunset, with a pair of honeymooning lovers in full enjoyment of it all.

She has drawn his gaze to a wonderful plant in this radiant tangle; a balsamic, fragrant plant, with winged and feathery leaves. . . .

“Look!” she says. “Somehow this seems to me the very flower of love.”

“You choose wisely,” he answers, “for this is the Tansy, so called from the Greek *athanasia*, immortality; this flower is dedicated to eternity, and love is the One everlasting. Here, in the very air that it makes aromatic, I kiss you, my own wife, and pledge you my everlasting love!”

One of the characteristics of our author, by the way, is that he always has on hand a limitless supply of love of the warranted “everlasting” brand, with which to supply the heroes and heroines of his mimic world.

The discussion of the nature of the plant ends thus:

“No,” she says, with a whisper and a blush, “the Tansy of Eternity might best of all give its sweet name to a daughter of Love.”

And so Tansy's name is ready for her before she has her being. But the name did not have to wait for long. Our author draws charming pictures of the love of the parents for the child, both before and after birth.

The child of lovers is loved and welcomed before ever it is born. The arms of both father and mother are lovingly ready for it; ready with full stretch to support the pathetic, endearing feebleness of the infant back; eager with fittingly soft caresses to comfort the little trembling morsel of dear life.

If all children could be so welcomed!

Tansy's father, Richard Whitchurch, was a

teacher of music by profession and a composer of Music in his leisure. (Please note the meaning way in which the large M and the small m are bestowed.) Her mother, Edith Whitchurch, was (without profession and with almost as little leisure) just a wife and mother, and found this sufficient for her.

These two lovers were as “short” on practical sense as they were “long” on everlasting love. No thought was taken of the morrow and no provision

made for the future of the child. When Richard takes time from music and love to wonder what will become of the child if he and Edith should die, the family friend, the Scotch doctor, said,

"Look here, old man, if the worst happens, the girl shall come into my house and be as one of mine. . . . While I live she shall not want."

And Richard apparently is satisfied with the arrangement.

Just before Tansy's eighth birthday, and at this belated moment when Kenneth [Dr. McGregor's son] was nine, he found thrust into his life a baby-brother, without there being a precedent for such a thing and without his permission having been even asked. His reception of little Duncan was therefore rather a doubtful one; Tansy, however, rejoiced in the quaint little being and would fain have made him her very own; Tansy's mother meanwhile regarding him with longing and envious eyes. For it must be told that at Tansy's birth Dr. McGregor made it absolutely clear that Tansy was to have no brothers or sisters, since these might mean death to Tansy's mother should they come. Whitechurch, the calm, strong, silent man, simply said, "So be it," and made no more ado. Was he not of the race of Amadeus, of those who walk in the ways of the very love that is of God? Understanding love and its dignity, its lofty, delightful fellowship that from the very heart sings forth, "That which is strengthening for thee, sweetheart, is O so lustrous and gladsome for me to do; that which is fulfilling of thy life, sweetheart, is O so dear to me, so worthy to be striven for; that which is good for thee, shall be!" Yes; thus in his heart he had sung, and thus it had been.

But now the baby had come next door, and often he saw his Edith looking at it with longing and envious gaze. And he was of the race of Wolfgang, of untamed things with eyes of dread, whose on-coming is terrible. And of all the things that women ask of men, there is one which is more emphatic in the least hint than is any other thing, however loudly they might command it.

Thus it came about that ere baby Duncan McGregor was many months old, the doctor, speaking to Whitechurch, said sharply:

"What's this about Mrs. Whitechurch . . . ? Are you the man who loves her least in the world?"

"Least or most," replied the musician.

The last and deepest privilege of love is that accorded to the husband at the woman's tender-time. His it is then to exert to the uttermost that mystic plenary power that love possesses. His it is to roll back the clouds with his words, to make life run full and joyous at his kiss, to make death as unfeared as an old wife's tale, when he takes his sweetheart softly in his arms. Love, canst thou make agony a thing to laugh at, pangs but the point to a merry jest? If love cannot, then nothing can. If love can, then Edith's Richard, of all lovers, could do it best. . . . Yet, O most bitter anguish! Love cannot say unto death, "Go, for this is mine. . . ." Poor Richard! Edith and the babe, scarce born, are dead.

Then this earth ceased to be a place where he could be. Whether he knew it or not, death sauntered after him, . . . the black shadow knowing he had but little time to bide. . . .

Did he blame himself? Did he recognize that he had but the defects of his great qualities, that a man more circumspect would not have dowered her with the thousand-fold bliss that he gave? His brain was perhaps too numb for such thoughts.

And so Richard died on Edith's grave. Tansy's home was with the doctor's family, where she was the “little mother” of Duncan; the brother, chum, playfellow of Kenneth. When she grows up she discovers that her love for Kenneth is not that of a “brother” nor of a sister, but that it is such love as her mother felt for her father. But Kenneth's feeling is still fraternal. He loves—with a love which is of the flesh only, a love in which sympathy and understanding have no part—his beautiful cousin Grace, and marries her. Then when in need of sympathy he comes to Tansy, and eventually discovers he loves her. He is an eminently respectable Britisher, who, in order to be able to love this sweetheart with propriety, sets his lawyers to discover evidence against his wife which will enable him to obtain a divorce. This is revolting to Tansy, but she tries to believe that what he does is right, because she loves him. Failing to find the evidence against Grace, he is again influenced by her beauty and his desire for mastership and returns to her in a manner which might unthinkingly be called brutal; but which characterization would be slanderous to the brutes. He thinks a letter of farewell to Tansy settles his responsibilities in that direction, and when, months after, he again awakens to find that she is bravely and proudly accepting her approaching maternity, he is overcome by a sense of his own unworthiness and helps matters along by rushing off on a mountain-climbing expedition, and shuffles off his affectional, marital and paternal responsibilities with his life, in a fall from the highest peak of the Himalayas.

Tansy refuses to marry Duncan, who urges her to do so for the sake of the family honor and the protection of the child.

“I cannot see you suffer for a fault of our family,” Duncan said. “I must shield you; I would give my life to shield you; and, Tansy, the bond between us, if not that which is usual in marriage, is true and tender and strong. Many—perhaps most—marriages are founded on worse.”

She admired his great honesty, which even in this crisis would not lie. Then, with a woman's quick instinct, she led him to the cot where her rosy, bonny boy lay crowing.

“Look at him,” she said; “when he grows up I shall whisper in his ear that, despite all the world says, I have kept my purity. I could not say that if I had made a loveless match to save me from the world.”

Tansy was proud of her child, and he was well worth her pride. She had the strength to face the world, but, like Herminia, the heroine of Grant Allen's *Woman Who Did*, she did not have the strength to face her son and tell him the truth.

On the advent of Harold's sixteenth birthday a new and tragic terror seized her . . . thus:

She gazed at him; all the pride of a mother was in her face. . . . It was at this height of tense feeling that the horror suddenly held her. . . . She was

thinking, "He will go out into the world—play a brave part there! How splendid! . . . He will go out into the world! . . . the world. . . . Ah! what will the world tell him of his mother . . . ? (That was where the gaunt hand of the hangman was felt upon her. What would the world tell him of his mother?)

. . . Poor sad mother, who through all her life had made a fight so valorous for the realization of her truest dignity of life, what is now to help her? Only one thing availed her, one thing that waits ever for the great-hearted—Trust—absolute trust! If she could have but gone to her son, told him the whole, simple, human story of her great, simple, human heart—trust and truth, trust and truth; . . . but something held her back. For the second time in her life she was fate-stricken. The hags had marked her out for mockery.

As a matter of fact, I do not believe that a character such as Tansy or Herminia would have been so weak in the presence of her child as Platt and Allen represent their heroines to be. Women with the years of self-reliance and self-respect which had gone to strengthen and develop character would not have been so cowardly in the presence of their loved children. Rather does the weakness or cowardice belong to the authors, who seem to feel that a tragic ending is due to such tales.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

*The Blossoming of Tansy.* By William Platt. London: Evan Yellon. The Celtic Press, 38 Chancery Lane, W. C. Cr. 8vo, 300 pp. 75 cents.

## Life, Health, and Longevity.

The question, "What is Life?" has puzzled the wisest, in all lands, in all times and climes.

Where and when did life begin on earth, or in the cosmos, or did it ever have a beginning?

When and where did each individualized life begin, or did it ever begin; and when and how does it end, or does it ever have an ending?

The life period of each human entity, or ego, may be divided into three well-defined sections or parts.

*First*—The Hereditary, or the Racial.

*Second*—The Prenatal, beginning with the fertilization of the ovum and ending with the severing of the "umbilical cord" at birth.

*Third*—The Postnatal, beginning at birth and ending with the change called death.

The hereditary is that which determines the kingdom or grand division of life to which the new organism is to belong—whether vegetable or animal.

If animal, whether fish, amphibian, land animal or bird.

If land animal, whether reptile, quadruped or biped.

If biped, whether ape, gorilla or human.

If human, whether Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, Indian or Malay.

These divisions may not be considered scientific now, but they will answer the present purpose.

It is heredity that gives general characteristics. Germ-cells are said to be so nearly alike that the microscope detects no difference as between the cell that contains the embryo of an oak tree, a lizard, an elephant or a man. It is heredity that attends to all this—that is, heredity holds in its grasp all the possibilities of each of nature's germ-cells. For instance:

It is heredity that gives to each human being, as well as to most animal forms, one head, instead of three,—as certain amphibians are said to possess; or seven, as a certain mythical beast is believed to have had.

It is heredity that gives the human, as well as to most animals, two ears, one on each side of the head; two eyes, both in front, forward of or under the brain, instead of one eye in the middle of the forehead, as the fabled Cyclops had,—or one eye on top of the head, as a vestige in the pineal gland seems to indicate that man and other animals once possessed,—or a multitude of eyes, all on top of the head, as certain insect animals are now endowed with.

It is heredity that gives to every normally developed human two arms, two legs; two hands, each with five fingers; two feet, each with five toes; each finger and toe supplied with a nail—showing kinship with the beasts and birds that seize and tear their food with their claws.

It is heredity that causes the hair of the head to grow long, as compared to that of the rest of the body, and that gives to masculine man a beard and not to the feminine.

Many other physical characteristics, and also mental, can be directly referred to the domain of heredity. Some, and perhaps all, are subject to modification by the second grand division or period of life—

### *The Prenatal.*

This period, though much the shortest of the three, in the average human life is marked by changes far more rapid than in either the hereditary or the postnatal. Many thousands of years, doubtless many millions, were required to evolve the human from the gaseous and the mineral, through the vegetable and the undifferentiated animal forms, up to the point where and when the conception of an Aspasia, a Plato, an Hypatia, a Cicero or a Cæsar was possible. But now a few short months, a few days, or even a few hours or minutes, are to decide whether all these ages and cycles of preparation are to be crowned with success or marked by failure.

The prenatal is preëminently the impressible period, the pivotal, the fateful period, in the life of every human being.

It is here—right here, in the department of life called the prenatal, that the slow-moving, the unconsciously moving forces of evolution advance with leaps and bounds. It is here, within the narrow limits of nine lunar months, that *character*, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for symmetry or deformity, for health or disease, for success or failure, is stamped upon each human individual—stamped so fixedly, so irrevocably, that no postnatal training can do more than merely to modify, restrain or to some minor extent regulate the traits or tendencies implanted during the fateful, the pivotal, the critical prenatal period.

Many inquirers have reached the conclusion, by the inexorable logic of natural causation, that during the prenatal period the capabilities, the possibilities of each human entity are subject to great fluctuations or changes. In a moment of time the prospective genius, the possible poet, orator, musician, mathematician or philosopher, may be changed to the driveling idiot; the prospectively possible athlete, the Apollo, or the John L. Sullivan, may be changed, almost in a twinkling, to a physical imbecile, a pitiable deformity, a helpless and hideous monstrosity.

Yea, more, and still more to be deplored: the symmetrically formed (or rapidly forming) moral nature, the loving and lovable psychic nature, may, in a moment of time, through unfortunate maternal surroundings and impressions, be changed to moral deformity, to moral imbecility, to moral monstrosity—commonly known as *depravity*.

What is true of the power of maleficent influences is doubtless true of the opposite force or forces. The prospective dolt may, through favorable environment of the mother, or through the working of her own mind under unusual pressure, become the brilliant genius; the prospective coward may be made the hero; the hereditary thief, the sensualist in embryo, may be changed to the ideal citizen *in posse*, by favorable prenatal surroundings and influences.

A late writer says: "The education of the child should begin at birth." If the views herein expressed be correct, the child at birth has already received the most important part of its education. No nurse or kindergarten teacher, no pedagogue in the so-called primary schools, and no college professor can obliterate or greatly change the force of the education received during the nine months of prenatal life.

It is well, perhaps, that a distinction be kept in mind between *capacity* for education and education itself. The story of the ignorant and rich mother who reprimanded the teacher for not letting her know that her daughter lacked "capacity," adding, "her father, thank heaven, is able to afford her a capacity"—is in point here. While capacity for receiving education, as well as all other capabilities, may be greatly increased during the prenatal period, it is believed that no considerable increase in such endowment is possible during the postnatal period. That is to say, up to or until the change called birth the capacity for receiving education can be indefinitely increased, but when the gates of birth are once passed, the doors of nature's endowment house close, forever close, against the now individualized human ego.

If this view be the correct one, how important, how unspeakably important is it that mothers be supplied with the best possible conditions for their work when engaged in giving life, capacities and character to a new human being.

In his letter of advice to "a young man" who asked how to gain success in life, H. W. Beecher gave as his first rule: "Choose a good father and mother to be born from."

If the famous clergyman had said "choose a good *mother*, and let *her* choose the father, the helper," the advice would have been more nearly in accord with nature's teachings. Whatever help or helpers woman may have, she herself is the real builder of the new organism. All the real work is hers, and hers alone, and hence the simplest justice would say that the

choosing of helpers, as well as choice of time and of attendant circumstances, should be hers also.

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In common with other Mammalia, the human animal is possessed of several coördinate and subordinate systems, organisms, semi-independent and yet mutually dependent systems. The first of these, in the order of development, is the digestive and assimilative system, the chief organ of which is the stomach.

The process of digestion and assimilation of food for the growth and sustenance of the body begins in the mouth. This important organ, as its first and perhaps most important use, is a mill to grind the food and prepare it to be acted upon by the first digestive fluid, called the saliva, secreted from the blood by glands located convenient for emptying into and mixing with the food during the process of grinding, called mastication. When sufficiently ground and mixed with saliva, a little hand, placed in the back part of the mouth, seizes the food and pushes it down the œsophagus, the name applied to the upper end of the long tube called the alimentary canal.

This is the first step in the process of digestion, and if not properly performed it is but reasonable to infer that the subsequent steps will not be well done. William E. Gladstone is reported to have said that much of the exceptional health and vigor enjoyed by him at the advanced age of fourscore and more was due to the fact that he uniformly made two dozen bites for every morsel of food taken into the mouth.

The second step in the process of digestion is performed in and by the stomach, which is simply a sack-like enlargement of the alimentary canal. If the mouth is the mill, the stomach is the kitchen of the digestive process. For its use there is another fluid prepared,—secreted only when food is present, or when the mind dwells upon the idea of eating,—called the gastric juice. This fluid is emptied into the stomach, which, when food is present, proceeds to mix it with the food by what is called the peristaltic, or churning, movement. The result of this mixing is a milky-looking compound called chyme, which is then allowed to pass through the door or gate called the pylorus, at the lower or farther end of the stomach.

When hard substances present themselves at the pyloric exit, the gate instantly closes and the chunk of food or indigestible matter is made to pass the round again to give the gastric juice more time to dissolve it. If, however, after repeated or long continued effort the stomach fails to dissolve what the mill failed to properly grind, the pylorus is opened and the stomach sends the unwelcome substance into the next department of the alimentary canal, called the duodenum, or second stomach. Under normal conditions, when the mill, or mouth, has sent down enough food for the wants of the animal organism, there is a sudden contraction of the upper opening of the stomach.

The study of the digestive system and its functions, the question as to what kinds of food and drink are best adapted to the well-being of the visible animal body, is one of deep interest to all who deem life worth living—all who prefer health and longevity to disease and early death.

That the use of flesh as food is often the cause of disease and of premature death is doubtless true, but that it is so generally hurtful to the body, so vitiating to the intellect, and so demoralizing to the emotional and the psychic nature of the human animal, as some reformers tell us, seems not to be borne out by the facts. It is part of the weakness of human nature to oscillate from one extreme to the opposite. Having seen the evil of excessive flesh-eating in one's own case, and in that of friends, we jump to the conclusion that the use of animal food is always injurious. We fail to remember, always, that the human animal is a microcosm, embodying or incarnating the characteristics of all the provisional orders, genera and species of animal life, and that food that is normal and proper for one person may not be such for another; also what is proper or best at one stage of life is not so for another.

One of the evils incident to an exclusive diet of cereals, legumes, potatoes and other starchy foods, is the early ossification of the arteries, thereby bringing on premature decrepitude, premature loss of memory and other mental faculties—early old age and untimely death. This result is doubtless caused by the calcareous or earthy matters contained in these substances, of which matters flesh meats, nuts, milk and eggs contain very little.

Fruits and nuts seem to constitute the ideal food for the adult human, as milk is the natural provision for the infant mammal, but we cannot at once, or in one generation, get away from our heredity—or get the mastery over our heredity—sufficiently to discard flesh meat and starchy foods, and yet exhibit the vigor of body and mind we could and would possess while judiciously and temperately making use of a mixed diet.

I once heard O. S. Fowler say that for fifteen years of his life he was a strict vegetarian, but that he was at length obliged—by the loss of vigor, mental as well as physical—to return to a mixed diet.

*Experience* is the only sure guide.

M. HARMAN.

## The Unwritten Law.

Two recent criminal trials have attracted national if not world-wide attention to the importance attached to the plea of the "unwritten law" as a defense for murder. In the New York case the jury disagreed and the defendant is still in jail awaiting a second trial. In the Virginia case a former judge was promptly acquitted of the murder of a man charged with committing a sexual crime against the defendant's daughter. In neither case was any evidence admitted to show that the murderer's victim was innocent of the crime of which he had been accused. The lawyers in each case contended that the murderer was justified if he believed the crime had been committed.

Think of the infamy of a law, either written or unwritten, which justifies the killing of a man "on suspicion"; which makes belief that a man has committed a crime a justification for killing him!

In speaking on this subject to the students of the University of Chicago on Wednesday, July 3, Professor Herbert Lee Stetson, of Kalamazoo College, for many years a prominent clergyman, said:

It is probably true that the story the Virginia girl told her father was false, but the court refused to allow the fact that the story might not have been true to be introduced. In so ruling the court ruled correctly under the law. Whether or not a crime was committed, if the story is told and the person to whom it is told accepts it, he is not punished.

All persons who are engaged in making public opinion should seriously set themselves to the task of presenting in its true light the real value of the unwritten law. Christian civilization has abolished the duel. The unwritten law is a thousand times worse than duelling ever was.

A man should be trained early in life to develop his self-control. In the fourth place, there should be the substitution of one higher law for another. There is a higher law than the unwritten law: "Thou shalt not kill."

M. C.

## A Few More Things WHICH PUZZLE ANN.

Sometimes Ann gets letters addressed to "Mrs." [Ann]—that is to say, Ann as the private property of Ann; which, to be sure, is more sensible than to be the private property of John; but still, it is a bit superfluous. Ann is not the daughter, sister, or wife of any one; she is nobody in the world but Ann.

When we become sufficiently evolved to perceive that the love affairs of others are as much their own concern as are the clothes they wear, or what they order from the menu-card, the world will be a more habitable spot, I think. But do you say this might be subversive of the public welfare? Why not, then, check the puffy-faced man at the restaurant who devours before our astonished eyes a lobster salad, a two-pound steak, and then begins to wind up on mince pie? Do you conceive that this gentleman is really getting himself into good shape to be a desirable citizen and the father in a happy home?

Which reminds one of something that a traveler saw once upon a time. He came across some men seated about a table, and each had fixed before him a certain amount of viands, which were prescribed by law. Some of these men were gormandizing in fine style, and some, disregarding the contents of their own plates, were busily engaged in purloining those of other folk. Inquired the stranger: "What is the reason those men yonder are stealing from the plates of others?"

"Oh," replied a native of the place, "those are most wicked men. The portions that are on their plates they chose themselves, yet now they claim they made a mistake in the matter and

should have something else—asserting, I understand, that one can never tell whether or not he likes a thing until he tries it for awhile. Such men are not regarded by us as respectable, I assure you, sir, and if they are caught stealing, they are ostracized. But come now, will you not sit down among us and choose upon what diet you will subsist for the remainder of your life?"

The stranger shook his head. "No, my good friend," said he, "I think that I will just sit beneath that fine tree over there, where I can get a good view of the sky, warm my back comfortably in the sun, and dine on anything that comes along my way!"

"Infamous, debauched, greedy man," said they who sat together around the board. "His manners are so frightful and his appetite so gross that he dares not sit with decent folk!"

Yet, keeping your eye upon the man who followed his own will, you might have seen him industriously working out a mathematical formula all afternoon; and when the evening came he pulled out from his pocket nothing in the world but a handful of dried figs, and ate them with his eyes upon the splendor of the setting sun.

Under the economic system of our time it is largely "luck" whether an honest, hard-working citizen of these United States shall end his days in comfort in his own home or whether he shall close them at the county-house. The courts are not much surer, in reality; but suppose we were actually to acknowledge that it was all chance whether you got a term at Joliet, deserved or undeserved, or were awarded

damages to the amount of ten or twenty thousand down? I imagine the injustice in this case would be quite generally perceived, and that nobody would talk about "fantastic dreamers" if we were to try to institute some improvements in the hearing of lawsuits.

Every now and then somebody feels called upon to rise and gibe because Elbert Hubbard makes money down at East Aurora. Great land of love, doesn't Kirk make money out of a soap-factory? And which deserves the more to have a fur-lined coat, the man who makes books, or he who makes it nicely scented, absolutely pure and three cakes put up neatly in a box for two dimes and a nickle? Go to! The literary man has greenbacks in his pockets nowadays, and if you simply sized him up by clothes, you might suppose he owned a department store and economized on clerks at \$4.50 per week.

I think, if I wanted to raise excellent potatoes, I would not pass a law compelling tubers to be ten inches long; but I would set about studying the varieties of soil and quantity of moisture that would produce the best results.

There are many degrees of perfection in the apples on an apple tree, and the man or woman who bites into one specimen of this delicious fruit and finds it full of worms is not wise therefore to exclude all apples from the diet; for I believe that apples, on the whole, run pretty sound. Just give the tree some sun, an occasional enriching of the soil around the roots, a little spraying now and then, and, bless me! what becomes of the theory of original sin? I tell you that the natural tendency of all trees is to *grow straight*, and that apples never were so big and wholesome as they are today.

The "double standard" of morals is simply the result of unequal economic conditions. It is supported by the cow-

ardice of idle women who still live the life of the harem, only in this country there is supposed to be but one of them in each zenana. These well-fed women, with their ornamental liveries, lap dogs, and rings upon the thumb, have suffered fatty degeneration of the mind, and so they cannot realize that they are condemning their poor sisters for entering "Mrs. Warren's Profession," just the same as they. Also let us note, these women *dare* not think, for thus they would be said to lose that "virtue" which is the principal stock-in-trade they have, and which is of the peculiar brand compatible with the vile novel in one's own boudoir. There's not a single thought these women have but was put into their heads by men, who "love" them as they do their slippers, their dinners or cigars. Yesterday I saw such a woman on the street, all pinched of waist, deformed of feet, and led about the elbow in broad daylight by a man who owned her as completely as he did his dog,—the canine, by the way, looked to me like the more intelligent possession of the two; but this may be an uncharitable guess. However, do we all stand in deadly terror of what "they" will say; and are "they" mostly folk after the pattern of this woman and her keeper? And is it true, or not, that folks with brains do not take active part in "saying," as a rule, because they have too many things to *do*!

Did you see that the Finnish women are about to urge a bill that actually will take the ban from "illegitimates"? Shows which sex is in favor of the "holy" bond of marriage, doesn't it?

Mr. Armstrong is quite right about the general misapprehension of the expression "free love." *Free* anything is an abomination in the eyes of the great mass of conservatives, entrenched in privileges to which they know very well they have no right, and from which they

fear the least reform is liable to budge them. How would it do to talk about natural and unnatural marriages, thus casting a little odium on the other side, by way of change? Each day Ann waxeth more convinced that what is needed is more aggressiveness from liberal folk. How many women say, "Oh, yes, I think so, too; things are going wrong, we all know that, but let's not say anything about it out loud; 'tis little use to kick against the pricks; what can you do?" What can you do about it, my dear friend? Why, if no

freedom is to be had, then death is always very near at hand and very easy, and a dead freeman is more to be respected than a living slave.

I do not believe that those who really love each other will make "love" one day and "hate" the next; more than I believe a father really loves his son because he is respectable, and hates him when he is shut up in jail. However, it is not necessary to dwell in the same house with every one whose welfare you may chance to have at heart.

## Arbitrary Press Censorship.

Fred D. Warren, managing editor of the *Appeal to Reason*, of Girard, Kan., has been arrested for "circulating scurrilous, defamatory and threatening matter" in that Socialist paper. This is a governmental blunder. Warren has said nothing that has amounted to sedition. *The Mirror* does not think that Warren should be arrested for anything he says while Senator Tillman goes about preaching massacre and lynching by innuendo. Warren has not preached anarchy one-tenth as virulent as Arthur Brisbane has written in the Hearst papers in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. If Warren has defamed individuals or institutions they may sue. If he has impugned the integrity of the courts he has but expressed the profound conviction of hundreds of thousands of citizens who are neither Socialists, nor Anarchists, nor Nihilists. His paper is no more sensational in its crusade to save Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone than are a dozen afternoon papers in the big cities. He has attacked the "Molly Maguire" detective, McPartland, who secured the confession that imperils these men. A

million people think it queer that the same man should turn the same trick twice; should by the same device bring to the gallows men whose confidence he had won, except upon the theory that he got his price for framing up the story. We admit that the *Appeal to Reason* has spoken harshly of President Roosevelt, but not more harshly than Roosevelt has spoken of Harriman, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, W. J. Long, ex-Senator Chandler, and others. The writer of this paragraph has read the *Appeal to Reason* quite steadily since the Haywood case has come into public attention, just as he has made it a point to read Clarence S. Darrow's charming story, "Farmington," as part, so to speak, of the broader *res gesta* of the great case; and while it has been, as we say, hot stuff on behalf of the accused, it has not been what could be called incendiary.

The arrest of Warren is another example of the arbitrary censorship of the press recently set up by the postal department. It is pushing farther the authority claimed in the imprisonment of Moses Harman for writing in *Lucifer*

the *Light-Bearer* in behalf of the right of the child to be well born. It is an expansion of the authority to stop mail frauds, and the circulation of undisguised obscenities, and instruments or medicines for the defeat of increase in the population, and it attacks one of the most explicitly guaranteed of all American rights—the right of free press and free speech. If it were not unlawful, it would still be unwise—the course of attempting to choke off Socialism by killing its greatest organ. This sort of thing, in the first place, makes more Socialists, and in the second place makes more Anarchists out of Socialists. It intensifies rather than allays discontent—and *The Mirror* believes that discontent is only a sign of life and of thought. The arrest of Mr. Warren, we repeat, is a profound mistake upon the

part of the authorities. If he libels any one his victims can proceed against him under the law, criminally as well as civilly. We do not believe that arrest of editors and suppression of newspapers today will prevent the spread of an idea any more than the burning of books and their writers or the slitting of the noses of the sellers of books accomplished a like purpose three hundred years ago. If under any supreme executive free speech and free printing should prevail, they should do so under President Theodore Roosevelt, who is the most voluminous speaker and the most universally published man on the planet today, besides being in some quarters regarded as not one whit less revolutionary, dangerous and anarchistic than Mr. Fred D. Warren himself.—*William Marion Reedy*, in *The Mirror*.

## Angel City Notes.

One month ago today I wrote home that my stay in Los Angeles would be prolonged another month. Have been trying to get things in shape to obey the policeman's admonition to the idler on the sidewalk—"Move on!"—but am not yet ready.

Our friends in other cities who have been laying plans for receptions and entertainments for the benefit of the traveler from Chicago, no doubt begin to apply to him the noted saying of Dr. Young in his *Night Thoughts*, "All promise is poor dilatory man"; but if they knew all the causes of this long delay they would probably not condemn.

When I landed in the "city of the angels" in January last, my stock of vitality was small; so small that it seemed very unwise to enter upon an active campaign of agitation and education for a better understanding of sex problems and for the overthrow, else the

radical modification, of the laws that deny the right of free discussion of these problems. But notwithstanding the un wisdom of such effort at such time, the effort was made, with results so gratifying that it seemed a pity not to follow up the advantage by a series of meetings in the same line, and by organizing a club to continue the agitation and to crystallize and make lasting the advantage thus gained.

Then came Dr. William Windsor, president of the "Boston College of Vitaphony," with his corps of assistants, who began a series of popular meetings so closely allied in purpose and scope with my own work that the temptation to join forces with him for a more extended and all-inclusive campaign along radical lines of thought in this city, was simply too strong to be resisted.

Dr. Windsor attended a number of the Eugenic Club meetings and very mate-

rially assisted in making these meetings a pronounced success. Dr. Adah H. Patterson, the active president of the Eugenic Club, became one of Windsor's most efficient helpers in opening up the "western branch" of the Boston College of Vitosophy—which word is defined as the "wise way of living." Professor Edgar L. Larkin, astronomer at Lowe Observatory and honorary president of our club, and many of its prominent members lent helping hands. Thus encouraged, Dr. Windsor leased two flats of a business house, including a good hall, near the center of Los Angeles, for the term of three years, fitted them up as a business college and began forming classes in Vitosophy, Eugenics, Genetics, Phrenology, Hygiene, and kindred sciences. These classes have been well attended by women and men of culture and refinement, so that the experiment of planting an educational institution for the study of the sciences named, in Los Angeles, seems likely to prove a very satisfactory success.

As some of our readers may not fully understand what is herein meant by some of the terms used, I will state that in his educational work Dr. Windsor follows the teachings of Samuel T. Fowler, half-brother of O. S. and L. N. Fowler, phrenologists of New York and London. In his book entitled *Genetics* Samuel T. Fowler takes ground against the Newtonian explanation of the causes of planetary motions, cause of tides, etc. As formulated and condensed by Windsor, Samuel Fowler taught that "Space is the prime, ungenerated negative female parent of all that is," and that "Matter is the prime, ungenerated, positive male parent of all that is."

That "Electricity is the genitive passion of space, manifested by the states of gravity, receptivity, coldness and darkness."

That "Magnetism is the genitive passion of matter, manifested by the states of vibration, radiation, heat and light."

That "the eternal affinities which ex-

ist between these conditions [conditions of electricity and magnetism] produce all the phenomena of *growth*."

That "all objects are the product of growth, and that this is equally true of stars and planets, mountains and rivers, vegetables and animals."

The words Genetics and Growth are nearly synonymous in meaning. The root word of Genetics is "genere," to produce, through union of feminine and masculine sex forces.

In his "Genetics Applied to Astronomy," page 31 of the *Reconstructionist*, Vol. I, No. 1, Samuel Fowler says:

"Electricity is continuously generated in all negative (unoccupied) space, and magnetism is continuously generated from all matter. Electricity is the Passion, Spirit or Love of Space for Matter, and Magnetism is the Passion, Spirit or Love of Matter for Space."

From these brief extracts it appears that S. T. Fowler and his most distinguished pupil, William Windsor, teach the doctrine that the whole universe is *sexed*; and that electricity represents the universal feminine creative principle, and magnetism the universal masculine creative principle.

That there is much of truth in the views thus briefly outlined I have been convinced for many years, and that they furnish the key that unlocks many of the problems, the hitherto unexplained mysteries of science, whether astronomic, chemical, biologic or sociologic, I verily believe.

Under the guidance of this comparatively new philosophy the problem of *human temperaments*, the adaptation or non-adaptation of human beings to each other, becomes comparatively plain. And hence all who would help to remove what I believe the most common and potential cause of unhappiness and misery in associative human life, should make the study of temperaments, the chief of which are the electric and magnetic, a subject of special study.

And this again explains in part why I

have spent so much time with Dr. Windsor and his classes. I have been something of an amateur in phrenology, physiognomy and allied sciences nearly all my life, but never took up the study very seriously until now. But now, being convinced of the very close relation of these with the study of eugenics, to which science (if science it can be called) our magazine is chiefly devoted, I have thought it wise to learn all that can be known of these branches of human physiology, including temperamentology, if I may coin a new word.

As to my future movements I hesitate to make any definite statement. My friends at San Diego think it not a good time of year to hold a series of public meetings in that city, but urge me to come and get acquainted and form plans for a campaign later on.

At last, after long waiting—that is, what seemed long waiting after the issue of the last copy of *Lucifer the Light-Bearer*—THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS has made its welcome appearance, but too late for editorial comment. The magazine has not yet been fully read, but so far as read it does not fall below expectations. Saying nothing of my own brief contributions to the make-up of the initial number under the new name, the articles are all high class and

in line with the object of the publication. The names of the contributors almost without exception are themselves a guaranty of high merit, both as to matter and manner of expression. It is sincerely to be hoped that all the old subscribers to the pioneer journal in the field of eugenics will be pleased with the change of form, though many will doubtless regretfully miss the old familiar name—the old banner under which so many battles for freedom and justice have been fought during the past quarter-century. It is also sincerely to be hoped that all the old subscribers will send in lists of new names to swell the subscription list. If all do this the power and influence of the old pioneer journal will soon far exceed anything ever accomplished under the old name and form, and THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS will take high rank in literary merit among the leading magazines of the western continent; but, better than this, it is hoped and believed that THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS will take the front rank as exponent of the best and most necessary of all reforms, that of the emancipation of womanhood and the preparation of childhood and youth for better and wiser parenthood.

M. HARMAN.

*Los Angeles, Calif., July 11, 1907.*

## Liberty Strengthens and Exalts.

When she spoke again it was very measuredly.

"They bring weighty arguments against us when we ask for the perfect freedom of women," she said; "but, when you come to the objections, they are like pumpkin devils with candles inside,—hollow, and can't bite. They say that women do not wish for the sphere and freedom we ask for them, and would not use it.

"If the bird *does* like its cage, and *does* like its sugar, and will not leave it, why keep the door so very carefully shut? Why not open it only a little? Do they know, there is many a bird will not break its wings against the bars, but would fly if the doors were open?" She knit her forehead and leaned farther over the bars.

"Then they say, 'If the women have the liberty you ask for, they will be found in positions for which they are not fitted! If two men climb one ladder, did you ever see the weakest anywhere but at the foot? The surest sign of fitness is success. The weakest never wins but where there is handicapping. Nature left to herself will as beautifully apportion a man's work to his capacities as long ages ago she graduated the colors on the bird's breast. If we are not fit, you give us to no purpose the right to labor; the work will fall out of our hands into those that are wiser.'"

She talked more rapidly as she went on, as one talks of that over which they have brooded long, and which lies near their hearts.

Waldo watched her intently.

"They say women have one great and noble work left them, and they do it ill. That is true; they do it execrably. It is the work that demands the broadest culture, and they have not even the nar-

rowest. The lawyer may see no deeper than his law-books, and the chemist see no farther than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multiform culture; the heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision; she must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge, and the unanimity which springs from strength. *We* bear the world, and *we* make it. The souls of little children are marvelously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is the mother's, or at best a woman's. There was never a great man who had not a great mother—it is hardly an exaggeration. The first six years of our life make us; all that is added later is veneer; and yet some say, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself well she has culture enough.

"The mightiest and noblest of human work is given to us, and we do it ill. Send a navy into an artist's studio to work, and see what you will find there! And yet, thank God, we have this work," she added quickly; "it is the one window through which we see into the great world of earnest labor. The meanest girl who dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face, and ask her questions. It is the only education we have, and this they can not take from us."

She smiled slightly. "They say that we complain of woman's being compelled to look upon marriage as a profession; but that she is free to enter upon it or leave it as she pleases.

"Yes, and a cat set afloat in a pond is free to sit in the tub till it dies there,

it is under no obligation to wet its feet; and a drowning man may catch at a straw or not, just as he likes; it is a glorious liberty! Let any man think for five minutes of what old maidenhood means to a woman, and then let him be silent. Is it easy to bear through life a name that in itself signifies defeat; to dwell, as nine out of ten unmarried women must, under the finger of another woman? Is it easy to look forward to an old age without honor, without the reward of useful labor, without love? I wonder how many men there are who would give up everything that is dear in life for the sake of maintaining a high ideal purity."

She laughed a little laugh that was clear without being pleasant. "And then, when they have no other argument against us, they say, 'Go on; but when you have made woman what you wish, and her children inherit her culture, you will defeat yourself. Man will gradually become extinct from excess of intellect, the passions which replenish the race will die.' Fools!" she said, curling her pretty lip. "A Hottentot sits at the roadside, and feeds on a rotten bone he has found there, and takes out his bottle of Cape-smoke and swills at it, and grunts with satisfaction; and the cultured child of the nineteenth century sits in his armchair, and sips choice wines with the lip of a connoisseur, and tastes delicate dishes with a delicate palate, and with a satisfaction of which the Hottentot knows nothing. Heavy jaw and sloping forehead—all have gone with increasing intellect; but the animal appetites are there still,—refined, discriminative, but immeasurably intensified. Fools! Before men forgave or worshiped, while they still were weak on their hind legs, did they not eat and

drink, and fight for wives? When all the later additions to humanity have vanished, will not the foundation on which they are built remain?"

She was silent then for a while, and said somewhat dreamily, more as though speaking to herself than to him,—

"They ask, 'What will you gain, even if man does not become extinct? You will have brought justice and equality on to the earth, and sent love from it. When men and women are equals they will love no more. Your highly cultured women will not be lovable, will not love.'

"Do they see nothing, understand nothing? It is Tant' Sannie who buries husbands one after another, and folds her hands resignedly,—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord,'—and she looks for another. It is the hard-headed, deep thinker who, when the wife who has thought and worked with him goes, can find no rest, and lingers near her till he finds sleep beside her.

"A great soul draws and is drawn with a more fierce intensity than any small one. By every inch we grow in intellectual height our love strikes down its roots deeper, and spreads out its arms wider. It is for love's sake yet more than for any other that we look for that new time." She had leaned her head against the stones, and watched with her sad, soft eyes the retreating bird. "Then when that time comes," she said lowly, "when love is no more bought or sold, when it is not a means of making bread, when each woman's life is filled with earnest, independent labor,—then love will come to her, a strange sudden sweetness breaking in upon her earnest work; not sought for, but found. Then, but not now. . . ."—*Olive Schreiner: The Story of an African Farm.*

## The Naked in Court.

An engraving charged with immorality is on trial.

The three magistrates constituting the tribunal are solemnly seated on the bench. Of these three magistrates one is light, another dark, the third gray. In the morning, before coming to the court-house, in the evening, in the society in which they move, they differ no less in their attitudes and expressions than in the color of their hair. But at this moment they seem like three copies of one model. On donning their robes a moment ago, their faces assumed the same air,—the austere air of great occasions.

The guilty engraving is spread before their eyes. Nevertheless they scarcely examine it; they only give it an occasional oblique glance. They are waiting. They will study it at leisure later.

The assistant district attorney speaks. The regulation requires them to appear to listen.

The assistant district attorney is bald from his brow to his neck, and he expresses himself as follows:

“My God, gentlemen, I do not hesitate to admit that the engraver whom I ask you to condemn possesses very fine talent, deserves to be considered a perfect gentleman, and should on no account be confounded with those who design for places of ill repute. But we have duties to public decency to fulfill. The engraving which we charge with criminality represents a woman at whose feet lies a cabbage. Now, not only is the woman naked, but the cabbage also is naked.”

The assistant district attorney pauses awhile, and then goes on:

“Surely there is no intention here of preventing the manifestations of art. The government, the magistracy, and the district attorney’s office bow before art.

No more would we proscribe the naked. But let us understand each other. It is important to distinguish between the various kinds of nakedness.”

Another pause of the bald personage, who then, in a more solemn voice, proceeds:

“There is the ancient naked and the modern naked. We do not prosecute the ancient naked, which is entitled to all our respects. When confronted with the modern naked, on the contrary, we must keep our eyes open. For instance, never, in the ancient naked, would you find a cabbage. The cabbage, gentlemen,—do not forget it,—is the emblem held up to us in our infancy as the personification of maternity. It is extremely shocking. Your minds, so sagacious, so penetrating, so profound, have already perceived it. It is useless to dwell upon it. Moreover, in case you should still remain in any doubt, remember the learned definition of obscenity which you have given: ‘Obscenity exists where art does not step in to elevate the ideal,’ and when you have retired to your deliberating room, ask yourselves whether art steps in by the side of this cabbage to elevate the ideal.”

The poor engraver, pale as death, rises and can only stammer:

“My cabbage is naked, I confess; but in that respect it does not differ from other cabbages, its fellows. I did not know that a cabbage, to obtain the freedom of the city, had to be imprinted with the ideal; and if I must make a complete confession, I do not know where to find the ideal cabbage. I have confined myself to looking at ordinary cabbages, and it is from these that I have designed mine as well as my pencil would allow. I venture to affirm that I have

seen nothing obscene in them. I did not know, it is true, this definition of obscenity, but now that I know it . . . excuse me, I do not understand it."

The court declares the case closed and retires.

In the council chamber the blonde judge and the gray judge rush upon the engraving and turn and re-turn it in every direction.

At last the young blonde exclaims in despair:

"This cabbage resembles all cabbages; I see no indecency in it."

Then the gray judge takes off his glasses, wipes them carefully, replaces them on his nose, takes up the design, looks at it closely and from a distance, in the light and in the shade, and says in a good-natured tone:

"I agree with my colleague."

"But," says the dark judge, who has thus far been silent, "does not the curve of the leaves recall certain memories?"

His companions a second time feel and smell of the paper.

"No," says the blonde judge, squarely.

"Oh, my dear president, says the gray judge, "I am astonished at your imagination."

The dark judge tenderly lowers his eyes and resumes:

"What shall the sentence be, gentlemen?"

"We do not sentence," answers the two other magistrates, in chorus.

"And what do you do with the obscenity which 'exists where art' . . . ?"

A double burst of laughter stops the phrase on the dark judge's lips.

"Very well, we will acquit," he says, with a vexed air.

And five minutes later he declaims from the bench:

"Whereas, the cabbage of the accused, in spite of its wanton attitudes, does not, *a priori* and in a general way, inspire indecent ideas, the court orders its discharge."—*Paul Heusy in Le Radical.*  
(Translated by Liberty.)

# The Young People.

"What will become of the children?"

CONDUCTED BY WINIFRED.

## THE CLASS PARTY.

A PLAYLET.

### CHARACTERS:

*Kate Summerson.*  
*Ruth Murray, her friend.*  
*Tom Summerson, her brother.*  
*Jack Hastings, his college chum.*

### SCENE:

*Parlor of the Summersons' home.*

*(Kate is seated by the window, reading. Flings book down.)*

*Kate*—Why on earth don't those girls come! *(Looks at watch.)* It's half-past six now and they're an hour late. I shouldn't be surprised if *one* of them shouldn't come, but all of the five—good gracious! *(Pause.)* And to think of three quarts of ice-cream going to waste! not to mention the cake, lemonade, and goodness knows what else. It is such nonsense to give a class party and then have no one come—oh, it's *too* absurd. *(Thinks a moment.)* Oh, I know what I'll do. I'll go over to Ruth's and *implore* her to come and help eat the stuff. If Tom were not off at college, there would be no fear of anything being wasted. I'll run over now and get her before the cream melts. *(Exit.)*

*(Silence awhile, and then a voice is heard calling, "Kitty, Kitty!" Enter Tom and Jack.)*

*Tom*—I wonder where the dickens she is. She should have been down to meet us. Wonder if she got my letter?

*(The bell rings and Tom goes out. Jack sits down in a Morris chair, puts his feet on the table, and lights a cigarette. Tom enters, holding a letter.)*

*Tom*—It was the postman. I met the maid, who had a letter for Kitty. I

You see I am at it again. But don't let it happen often. I know that the reason I heard from only one of you is because the magazine has to be got out so soon. But I expect to have the mail overflowing by the next issue, so don't disappoint me.

I intended to talk a little about vacation. This is a time when we are all full of vacation. I suppose nearly all of you are so busy enjoying your vacation that you haven't much time or inclination to write. But perhaps some morning, when the cool breeze of the lake is blowing through the open window, you can take up your pen and tell us about the good time you are having.

The more I think of that idea, the better I like it. Suppose each of you try to tell the most interesting story of your vacation or that of somebody else. If you will do it, I am sure we shall have many interesting letters.

I have not gone anywhere this summer and I don't intend to. I hope you will not think that I am shut up in the office grinding out material for THE YOUNG PEOPLE, for I am not. A few days ago I rode eight miles on my wheel, and yesterday I walked nearly that distance, so I'll not get paralysis very soon.

This is the sort of work I enjoy, and if all of you have as good a vacation as I am having you will have a very nice time, indeed.

---

asked her where Kitty was, and she said she went out just before we came. Said she was going to give a class party. *(Looks at letter.)* Hanged if it isn't my letter! I don't understand it. I mailed

it yesterday morning and it should have reached her last night.

*Jack (coolly)*—No, you didn't mail it yesterday morning. I found it on your table last night and mailed it, but it was too late for the night train.

*Tom*—Well, we'll have to make the best of it. Say, Jack, I'm famished. How about you?

*Jack*—Oh, a little something substantial would come in handy.

*Tom*—All right! You stay here on the lookout and I'll go down and forage. (*Exit.*)

(*Jack gets up and inspects the room.*)

*Jack*—They have a nice place here all right. I wonder if "Kitty," as Tom calls her, fits the place. To hear him talk, you would think she was the only girl in the world.

(*Noises are heard outside—falling, tripping, etc. At last Tom stamps into the room. In one hand he carries a huge ice-cream freezer, from which the water drips over the carpet. On the other arm is a large tray piled with sandwiches, cakes, tarts, etc. Jack starts back as he sees him.*)

*Jack*—Great Scott!

*Tom*—Quite a mess, isn't it? I left half of it in the hall. Anyway, we have all the ice-cream. (*Looks at it lovingly.*) Um-m-m.

*Jack*—Well, let's fall to.

(*They eat ravenously for a few minutes, when a door is slammed outside.*)

*Tom (excitedly)*—Oh! Mercy! That must be Kitty. If she sees this I'm a goner.

*Jack*—Is she as bad as all that?

*Tom*—Worse. Under the couch with the stuff!

(*They drag the freezer behind the screen and push the tray under the couch. Tom follows it and Jack hides behind the piano. Enter Kate and Ruth.*)

*Kate*—I'm so glad you've come. You stay here and I'll get the things ready. (*Exit.*)

*Ruth (looks after her and laughs)*—Oh, that was a joke on her. Anyway,

I'm the winner here. (*Flops herself on couch. A muffled sound is heard from under it. She jumps up on it.*) Oh! what is that? It must be a mouse!

*Kate (from outside)*—Oh, Ruth, come here quick! Everything is on the floor and I can't find the ice-cream.

*Ruth*—I can't! There's a mouse here. (*Kate comes to the door. Ruth screams.*) Don't come in! Keep away! (*Kate disappears.*)

*Kate (outside)*—But, Ruth, come out here. Everything is on the floor. All the cakes and oranges and everything are scattered along the hall.

*Ruth (in a loud whisper)*—Maybe it's a burglar under here. Hurry and bring a poker.

(*Kate comes just in time to see Tom's feet projecting. Jack is looking over the piano, enjoying it all. Kate is about to pound Tom's shins with the poker.*)

*Tom*—For pity's sake, wait a minute, Kitty. Don't hit a fellow when he's down.

*Kate (drops poker, while Ruth alights from the couch)*—Tom! Well, I might have known it was you. But when did you get back? And what on earth were you doing under the couch?

(*By this time Tom has emerged. As soon as the girls see him they start laughing. His face has streaks of dirt, his tie is on one side, his hair is mussed, and he looks very much done up.*)

*Tom*—I—I—er—well, I—

*Kate*—You might as well own up, Tom.

*Tom*—Well, you see, we were—

*Kate*—"We!" Who is with you?

*Tom*—Why, Jack is. Come on out, Jack; you'll have to face the music with me.

(*Jack appears from behind the piano.*)

*Jack*—I beg your pardon, Miss Summerson, but I—

*Kate*—Oh, this is Mr. Hastings, is it? Mr. Hastings, this is my friend, Miss Murray.

*Jack*—Pleased to meet you, Miss Murray.

*Kate*—But all this isn't explaining

yourselves. Now, Tom, begin all over.

*Tom*—Well, it isn't anything, only Jack and I got here half an hour ago, and there was nobody here, and we were so famished we just—

*Kate*—Wait a minute till you get your breath. I think I can finish it. You went into the kitchen and found the lunch and ate it. There isn't anything very bad about that. I'm used to your doing it.

*Ruth*—But you didn't eat on the floor, did you? It is all strewed in the hall.

*Tom*—No, I was just coming to that. You see, Jack was waiting, so I brought the grub in here—

*Kate*—What!

*Tom*—And then we heard you coming and ducked. The cake is here. (*He pulls the tray from under the couch.*)

*Jack*—And the ice-cream is here. (*He knocks the screen over.*)

*Kate*—Oh, you awful boys! How will we ever clean up!

*Ruth*—But since the lunch is here, let's finish it now.

*Tom*—That's a good idea. What do you say, *Kate*?

*Kate*—Well, I suppose we might as well. You go and get the lemonade from the refrigerator. (*Exit Tom.*)

*Jack* (*looking at watch*)—Yes, we'll just have time.

*Ruth*—Time for what?

*Jack*—To eat lunch and get dressed. *A King for a Week* is at the Pacific.

*Kate*—Oh, how perfectly lovely!

(*Tom enters with a pitcher and glasses.*) Oh! here you are. It didn't take long, did it?

*Tom* (*grinning*)—No; I can find grub easy enough.

(*They all sit around the table. Kate pours the lemonade.*)

*Kate* (*rising*)—Well, now that we have something to drink, we must have a toast. Here's to "Our Class Party!"

(*They all drink.*)

WINIFRED.

### MY TROUBLES.

Yes, I've got a lot of troubles, though I'm just a little kid.

Ma says I've lots of blessings, but they seem to all be hid.

First, at home, there's sister Ann, and she's as mean as she ken be.

Everything she does that's bad gets blamed onto me.

Once when the preacher came to visit she tied him to a chair; And though a preacher shouldn't, I know I heard him swear.

When I told ma she did it, ma said, "That story's old; You lay things on your sister, when she's just as good as gold."

And now papa don't go to work—just lays around the house—

And me and sis has got to be as quiet as a mouse.

And ma is awful fussy; you just can't touch a thing;

If you take a thing out anywhere it's got to go back in.

And Jimmy Jones he broke my pipe when I was blowin' bubbles,

And when I told his ma, she says, "I can't mix in your troubles."

But when I just gets big enough I'll run away and leave 'em,

But now when I'm a little kid I'll try my best for even.

LOUISE.

Irate gentleman (who thinks he has been insulted): "Look here, sir, I'm not such a fool as I look."

"Let us hope not."

W.

## At the Desk.

Hereafter the forms for EUGENICS will close on the 2d of the month preceding date. Correspondents will please bear this in mind.

The August number of EUGENICS will be on sale at Chicago news stands. The Western News Company has taken 500 copies as a trial order. Subsequent numbers of the magazine will be distributed all over the country wherever there is a probability of sales. The friends of EUGENICS will, I am sure, do all they can to help to create the demand.

Have you a supply of EUGENICS "stickers"? We have had a large supply printed, and have sent them out to many friends, but perhaps have missed you. The stickers are useful to seal envelopes, and to stick in many places. Let us know if you can use them.

Are you a reader of *To-Morrow*? Both EUGENICS and *To-Morrow* one year for \$1.50. By taking the two together you save agents' commission for yourself.

In publishing the page of coupons in July EUGENICS we unknowingly violated a postal regulation which prohibits the printing of such coupons. So we must omit it in the future. We hope our friends will, however, make a special point of mentioning EUGENICS in writing to advertisers.

This magazine is not published primarily to voice the views of its editor. He believes that freedom of thought, of speech and of press are essential to the search for truth. He would not, even if he could, enforce his opinions on anyone. He does not dogmatize. We expect to give a hearing to many expressions of opinion with which we do not agree. We

hope the reader will judge each article on its merits. The editor is responsible only for the articles bearing his signature. At present he does not see the contents of the magazine until it is published, as he is in California.

A young friend sends me a letter asking for information which I can not give, but which perhaps can be given by some reader. She is a graduate of a well-known medical college, has had hospital experience and private practice, is a good nurse and experienced in the care of children. She earned the greater part of the expenses of her college education, and on graduation was awarded a prize. Of course all this involved overwork and she needs a change. Here is the letter:

If you should happen to know of any one who desires a travelling companion, nurse or attendant, and who can afford to pay at least \$60 a month and expenses, will you pass along the information? I prefer not to work in an institution if I can find anything else to do. Like Whitman, I have nothing in common with them (institutions) nor they with me.

I have no objection to caring for children—several of them. Or I would take children in my own home and bring them up in the way they should go. If you have any suggestions to offer they will be gratefully received. I might take almost any sort of work for which my training has prepared me, but I want to be as free as possible meantime, and as prosperous.

I hope I am not imposing upon your good nature. Don't go to any great trouble on my account, but if it happens to be easy all right.

I will forward any letters which may be received for this young woman.

LILLIAN.

Dear Lillian Harman:

Thanks for the change for the better of dear old *Lucifer*. I congratulate you, and confess THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS surpasses my expectations. I

inclose a dollar, for which please send me an extra copy every month for propaganda work. I would like to encourage Winifred in her undertaking. There is so little rational literature for young people on religious, ethical and economic questions. I hope Winifred will give us some dialogues between mother or father and children on sex questions, and so help us poor, ignorant parents to educate our children.

BRUNO LEHMANN.

[Winifred's department is primarily for the entertainment of herself and her young friends, and to give them experience in written expression of thoughts and experiences. She is too young to act as instructor. The subject suggested by Mr. Lehmann will undoubtedly be discussed in the department edited by M. Florence Johnson.—L. H.]

Dear Lillian:

Am sorry my ad was too late for the July number, which I have just received, and like all except the cover. You couldn't have got one with a dirtier look, but I suppose such come cheap.

DR. WILLIAMS.

Cherryvale, Kan.

[Now, what do you think of that? And when I had been so extravagant in ordering expensive cover paper that I should have lain awake nights worrying about it—but didn't. Why, the bill for that cover paper would have paid for composition and presswork of an entire issue of *Lucifer*. "Cheap!"]

Dear Lillian Harman:

I am just back in America, having landed last Sunday, after an absence of nearly five months. Have been in Asia and Africa much of the time, seen many sights, and had many adventures. (I am ashamed to say that one of the first notable sights which met my eyes on my return was the rough violence of a policeman to an aged Italian, for the crime of walking slowly.) I have traveled between this city and Asia ten times, and between this city and Africa twelve. I

have entered Asia thirty-six times and entered Africa twenty-five, having made a great many long journeys between Europe and Asia, Europe and Africa, and Asia and Africa, in addition to my many direct tours from this country, and I have been in every country and capital in Europe, and every one of the forty-five states of this country, with the single exception of South Dakota.

PHILIP G. PEABODY.

Boston, Mass.

Dear Comrade Harman:

I offer the inclosed ad for the dear *Lucifer*—THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS. Let me assure you that "Missouri Fred" is no fraud. Mrs. Ebel and myself climbed up to the mine. She was the first woman who could do it. If you come in our neighborhood, call and see the ore we carried home.

Mr. Fraley, the main stockholder, is a Socialist, and he calculated the place of the vein. As his work was correct in locating the vein, he is entitled to my confidence. I helped him all I could since 1904.

I would be pleased to see our ad in EUGENICS. Many of your readers have an understanding of mining and could risk \$25. Fraternally, ERNEST EBEL.

What a great deal there is in a name! I stopped in McDonald's bookstore, on Washington street, today—a place where none but the most "respectable" of publications are to be found,—and about the first thing I saw was a copy of your magazine under the new name.

LOUISA H. DANA.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Friend Lillian:

The initial number of THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS is at hand, and must say it more than meets my most sanguine expectations. The only change I would suggest is in color of cover. The fine print on that colored paper is next to impossible to read. Concerning the contents: I'd rather be the author of the

first article in the first number of EUGENICS than to be the governor of any state in the Union. Armstrong's "Careful Thoughts" are good; Crane's "Reproduction of the Unfit" is a "clinch-er"; while Mrs. Loomis' "Medical Interest in Sexual Problems" will undoubtedly cause the doctors and the goody-goody people to sit up and take notice. Each and all are good. Success to you.

GEORGE B. WHEELER.

Chicago.

What do I think of your magazine? If your first number is any guaranty for the future, I think it will deserve to live and have abundant success. I like the form. I think the change of name is well, not because there could be any intelligent objection to the old one, but because it is good policy to avoid misconceptions that require explanations. It is never wise to arouse unnecessarily the antagonism of prejudice. It is better, when we can do so without sacrifice to principle, to make it our servant. In the development of this new science, your magazine will have enough to carry that can not be avoided. It is a splendid purpose—the improvement of the race. Yours very truly,

FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Post suggested to me recently what I think I once wrote you regarding a new title for women—viz., that Madam might be an improvement over Miss and Mrs. It would have at least the advantage of being available for all women out of short skirts, and sounds well; but, on the other hand, is foreign. If you get any better idea, will you very kindly let me know? Yours very sincerely,

L. D. H.

Chicago, Ill.

July EUGENICS just arrived, and I must congratulate you and all of us who are interested in these questions, on having obtained such an excellent representative. *Lucifer* was very good in its way, but it was more like the organ of a so-

ciety circulating amongst its members, and was not so well adapted to file in a library as is its dignified-looking successor.

A. E. ELLIS.

Boston, Mass.

Love is the ruling influence of a true civilization;—how can it be too free or too plentiful? Love should mean the happiness of the loved one, rather than the selfish gratification of the lover. Yet this fact, simple as it is, is not learned until a lifetime has passed—and often not at all.

"Do you love me?" asks the young swain of the beauteous maiden beside him. "Yes, dear," she murmurs. "How much?" "So much that I want your every thought, your every loving impulse, all of yourself, for a lifetime. I love you entirely." And the swain is happy—for the time.

But if she had said, "So much that I desire your happiness above all things; so much that I long to see you live a full, rich, useful and beautiful life, whether I am in it or not; so much that you may feel that, whatever happens, you may always come to me for love and tenderness and comfort,"—then she would have described real love, the love that lasts and blesses and is prized while life exists.

L. M. H.

In the study of eugenics, as in the study of any other science, we must first consider the source. We have here in this most fundamental of all the sciences—and the youngest of them all—two realms from which to gather data—the spiritual and the material, or the soul and the body. There is no science which can as yet tell us that these two realms are or are not inseparable; but if we can believe that they are inseparable in some ways and not in others, we shall not be leaving the element of Time out of account.

While in this present body we know that the mind is the medium which unites body and soul. Any study of eu-

genics, therefore, which leaves the mind out of account, is going to be exclusively material—just as one which would leave the body out of account would be exclusively spiritual—if not “immaterial.”

It is the way, then, in which mind controls matter that is to determine what kind of progress we make in the science of eugenics; and the mind must be guided by something physical or by something spiritual. We do not need to investigate long to see that humanity has been guided by things physical almost exclusively up to the present era—nor are there very many since the birth of Jesus fixed the date for our era who have regarded Jesus as in any way a student of the science of eugenics. The result has been an increase of personal unharmonics, while the general harmony of the world has been maintained by plagues, wars, famines, murders and sudden deaths. Not until Jesus is looked upon as a student of the science of eugenics will the world regard him as a genius, instead of as a god or a myth. Jesus is only one of thousands who have had just such a science in mind, but as he fought harder for his ideals than any historic person, it is well to consider him as the father, if not the founder, of the science.

But the fact remains that Jesus did not prove that his ideals were correct. In the first place, Jesus left woman out of his philosophy and theology; it was always a man god that he announced. Now the world still questions not only the authority of Jesus, but the authority of the god that he and other Hebrews set up for the keystone of their theology. And the world is right, for the simple reason that authority of any human sort—(much more, then, supreme and divine authority)—is, in the light of evolution and all human experience, dual. It may not be so openly, but it is and has been so more or less secretly ever since the dawn of human life. In the words of one of England's most liberal ecclesiastics, the Bishop of Ripon, “It is the coming together of two powers which gives rise

to what I may describe as constitutional authority.”

The science of eugenics cannot dispense with the teachings of its most conspicuous champion, even though he left out its most important factor. Jesus taught the way, but he failed to teach us that the only trouble with the major premise of Greek theology (a theology in which the soul of woman was epitomized by Juno, just as the soul of man was epitomized by Jupiter) was that human beings, to be godlike, must form ideal unions between those fitted for each other in point of discipline as well as affinity—in other words, that the law he was always teaching would lead to just such unions, particularly in an enlightened age, if followed to its logical and inevitable conclusion. DANIEL WEBSTER LINCOLN.

[The following letters were crowded out of July EUGENICS:]

*Lucifer* No. 1092, announcing definitely the coming change of name and form, at hand. It is a very interesting number. Doubtless the change of name is wise; still one cannot fail to regret the passing of an old friend. I like “Ann's” remarks very much. I cannot help remarking that James Armstrong outrages his philosophy of diplomacy in his comparison of Mr. Harman and A. Lincoln. In all the stories of Lincoln I do not recall any impression of obscenity from them. Certainly he could not easily, in the same number of words, more certainly prejudice a greater portion of the people.

E. L. SMALL.

I think the last number of *Lucifer*, 1093, the best you ever printed, which is saying a whole lot, for you never printed a poor one. I do not know how long I have been a subscriber to *Lucifer*. I guess I must have been one of the first, for it is about as long ago as I can remember.

I have been very much surprised to see so radical a paper live so long—

most of them have had to go to the wall sooner or later, but *Lucifer* seems destined to live forever, even with its new name, dress and form.

I want you to always keep me on your subscription list and notify me if my subscription ever gets behind.

Wishing you and the paper many prosperous years, I remain yours for human progress, especially in the love relations and the better borning of the race,

HORACE N. FOWLER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The recent articles of your contributor, James Armstrong, have been of interest to me as a Christian minister in their revelation that bigotry and denunciation are by no means confined to people of certain "orthodox" opinions. Mr. Armstrong is such an adept at the business of bringing wholesale charges of rascality against those who hold religious opinions which he does not accept, that one might almost believe that he had had his training in certain narrow sections of the so-called "Christian" church. If one, as a convinced Christian, deplors the narrowness, blindness and unbrotherliness which are manifest in the misunderstanding and vilification which many church people accord to sincere reformers and libertarians, one cannot but equally deplore these things when they are used in behalf of the other side. One cannot help but feel that some of the professedly enlightened of today are by no means as free from the actual superstitions and defects of "Christian" people as they sometimes suppose.

As an intimate student of Anarchism for several years, I have had occasion to remark to my fellow-Christians, that so long as they judge of Anarchism by the assassin, they must not object if the Anarchist judges Christianity by the policeman and hangman. The reverse of this is true, and it applies to forms of libertarianism other than Anarchism. I

am surprised that libertarians are lacking to point this out to their fellows.

If Friend Armstrong is partial to the maxims as well as to the practices of the narrow religious, in this matter of denunciation, it is open to him to reply in the words that these sometimes use, that "it is the dog that gets hit that always yelps." May I, however, quote a much finer maxim, which, to me, beautifully expresses the essence of the teaching of Jesus, but with which, as a saying of Elisée Reclus, libertarians will hardly quarrel: "*On ne comprends rien que ce qu'on aime*" (We understand only what we love). Faithfully yours,  
W. E. GILROY.

Brantford, Ont.

Please put me on the list of subscribers for the forthcoming AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS.

The publication of this journal marks an era in the progress of the race. Eugenics is the science of all others that is to occupy the attention of scientists,

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## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS FOR THINKERS AND DOERS. . . . . SCARCE WORKS FOUND.

Especial Attention Given to Old and New Publications in the Field of Freethought, Secularism, Evolutionary Science, Economics, Ethics, Sex, Sociology, and Free Press. Old Works on Slavery Constitute a Leading Line. Also, Radical Fiction. What do you offer me in rare works in these departments? What do you want me to find for you?

If in your reading, you come across a rational, progressive book, new or old, let me know about it. Many a good work lies hidden for years in the enormous mass of rubbish.

Send for lists and circulars.

EDWIN C. WALKER,

244 W. 143d St., Manhattan, New York City

OLLIE M. STEDMAN,

500 FULTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Piano, Harmony, Mandolin.

Special Attention Given to Beginners.

YOUR FULL ADDRESS will bring, as return, my sample sets of Freethought Aphorisms, and of these Walter Hurt wrote: "You write some of the best philosophical epigrams I have ever seen." ALLIE LINDSAY-LYNCH, S. O., 6901 Stewart Av., Chicago, Ill.

philosophers and humanitarians, and more than all is to be cultivated and studied by men and women of every class who are neither religious nor philosophers, but are laboring in a practical way to infuse into the public mind loftier conceptions of the capacity of the soul for advancement in all that pertains to the happiness and welfare of the race.

To this end, I hope to see one point made in that journal, that appears to me to be fundamental in all progressive philosophy, and that is the great and important truth that men err only from their mistaken judgments; that every man, in doing an act, at the time of doing the act does the best he knows; hence every criminal, of whatever name or class, needs not punishment, but enlightenment. Following this line of thought, we shall very soon reach the conclusion that ignorance is the only devil that ever afflicted mankind, and knowledge the only savior that can ever redeem the race from the thralldom and misery that now press so heavily upon it.

Priests and their allies, the politicians, have hitherto told us, when any calamity befell us, that it was God's will, and we must forsooth learn to bear the load with becoming meekness; but a ray of light from the true philosophy of old Socrates in Greece is slowly but surely breaking into the public mind, and this light is leading mankind up to the great and glorious truth that, seen with clear

eyes, there are no evils; that what we call evils are merely so many reminders that we are on the wrong road to the garden of happiness, and that if we ever reach that country where the heart can rest secure from pains and woes we must change our course.

Let us keep in mind the fact that what we call evils have been the proximate cause of all the progress that the race has ever made in truth and knowledge, and not only all that it has made in the past, but of all that it ever will make in the future.

Study this question; its solution will show you a straight and sure road out of the Slough of Despond.

With many wishes for the success of the new venture, I remain yours fraternally,

H. W. HUNT.

*Federalburg, Md.*

I note from last *Lucifer* that the name is to be changed. Well, 'tis said that a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet, and I've no doubt that our loved little journal will contain just as much food for thought as under the old name, but it's like giving up an old friend to lose the old name. I've been with *Lucifer* since its birth and it goes without saying that I want it in its re-incarnated state.

Anent the discussion between Louisa H. Dana and R. B. Kerr, who refers to men's wages as \$2 per day all over the Pacific coast, I would like to say that

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hundreds of men in Los Angeles work for from \$6 to \$10 a week. I worked at my present place in a large steam laundry for \$6 per week for over three months and get only \$7 now, and had to nearly beg for the dollar increase. Girls and women by the hundreds work for \$6 to \$7 per week in department stores, laundries, box factories, etc. The young woman who gets \$9 or \$10 per week here is the exception, and a rare exception at that.

I am thinking of organizing a group, as suggested by Sercombe, and would like all its members to be as sick of wage slavery as myself. And the only pledge I'd ask of members would be that when they got tired of the increased liberty afforded by group life and felt disposed to "knock," they would go back to wages under a boss for a season until they felt like returning singing "Home, Sweet Home," how pleasant to be once more at home with intellectual equals. I have a simple plan that will work if I can find those willing to work together. Yours as always,

J. ALLEN EVANS.

219 East 15th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

#### THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

No one can have observed the first rising flood of the passions in youth, the difficulty of regulating them, and the effects on the whole mind and nature which follow from them, the stimulus which the mere imagination gives to them, without feeling that there is something unsatisfactory in our method of treating them. That the most important influence on human life should be wholly left to chance or shrouded in mystery, and instead of being disciplined or understood, should be required to conform only to an external standard of propriety—cannot be regarded by the philosopher as a safe or satisfactory condition of human things.

Nor is Plato wrong in asserting that family attachments may interfere with

higher aims. If there have been those who "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," there have certainly been those who to family gave up what was meant for mankind or for their country. The cares of children, the necessity of procuring money for their support, the flatteries of the rich by the poor, the exclusiveness of caste, the pride of birth or wealth, the tendency of family life to divert men from the pursuit of the

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ideal or the heroic, are as lowering in our own age as in that of Plato.—*Jowett's Introduction to The Republic of Plato.*

### I WANT YOUR ADVICE.

I need your helpful suggestions. I have written much in opposition to our present laws against "obscene" literature. These objections have largely been based upon the uncertainty of the statute,

which does not furnish any test by which to determine what is obscene and what not. The judicial legislation on the subject of "tests" is no better, because these are mutually contradictory and always leave it to the whim or caprice of juries or judges to determine guilt by personally created and *ex post facto* standards. No one with any decent conception of what is meant by law and liberty or the constitutional guaranties of "due process of law" can possibly indorse our present statutes upon this subject. If you do not agree, then write me why not.

Assuming now that thus far we are in accord because you believe criminal laws should so plainly describe what is prohibited that an ordinary man may know just what he must not do, or that for any other reason you believe our present laws upon the subject of obscene literature need changing, and suppose that it devolved upon you to prepare a new statute which in *general terms* would accurately describe such literature as you think should be penalized because of its obscenity, and whose descriptive test is to be so certain as to make it absolutely impossible to include anything else except what you condemn, then how would you describe the prohibited matter?

In one aspect this is equivalent to asking you by what *general* test you would have courts determine the existence, in a book or picture, of such obscenity as you think the law ought to punish.

To me it seems that any such description must be wholly written in *terms of the sense-perceived qualities of the book or picture*, and not in terms of its doubtful and speculative tendencies. If you do not agree with this statement, then tell me why not. If you do agree and believe that any kind of literature or art ought to be suppressed *as to adults*, then please write me, in conformity with the above requirements, a statement of *your test* of obscenity.

Remember now that the test must be so certain as to its meaning that all per-

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Yours for Truth, Justice and Liberty,  
THEODORE SCHROEDER,  
Attorney for the Free Speech League.  
63 East 59th Street, New York City.

“LOVE WORKETH NO ILL.”

It was with more than his usual unction that the Rev. Jonathan Holworthy announced his text one bright Sunday May morning, to the distinctly rural congregation of Middlebrook.

Smoothing out with one soft, plump hand the pages of the large Bible which lay on the pulpit cushion in front of him, he raised the other impressively, and shot a comprehensive and penetrating glance toward his humble and unpretending auditors. This glance proceeding from under a pair of shaggy eyebrows, and passing over the gold-rimmed spectacles set low on his nose, was intended as a kind of preliminary shot to awaken in the congregation any who were sleepily disposed, and to draw the attention of each one of his parishioners to the unusually “great effort” which he was about to make. And it must be confessed that this impressive manner and sharp glance had the effect to uncomfortably arouse several rather torpid individuals who had settled themselves comfortably into their pews, and to whom the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Holworthy had usually the effect of the droning of a bumble bee in August.

“Wonder if we’re going to have an-

other ‘Great Awakenin’,” such as I remember forty years ago,” said Deacon Weatherby to himself. “The minister ‘pears to have something powerful on his mind.”

And Deacon Weatherby, like several others in the congregation, shook off the sleepy fit which usually came on with great regularity as soon as he had settled himself in his pew. He now sat bolt upright, with an air of alertness that he did not manifest even in the numerous keen horse trades in which he participated, and in which he was always credited with coming off “first best.”

The Rev. Jonathan Holworthy, who had stood in silence with his hand on the page of the open Bible, critically surveying the assembled farmers and village folks of Middlebrook, appeared to be well satisfied with the effect of his unusual impressiveness. He therefore proceeded to deliberately announce

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his text, repeating it twice, slowly, as if each word were heavy and he had to lift it with an effort: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

Having thus delivered his text with much solemnity, and having apparently divided it in his mind under several heads, the Rev. Mr. Holworthy first addressed himself to the subject of Love. But Love cannot be said to have been the particular game which he was hunting in the great oratorical effort which he had planned for himself that morning. Beyond a few general platitudes interspersed with Scriptural quotations, he did not, therefore, expatiate upon this branch of his discourse. It was only when he came to consider the subject of "his neighbor" that he may be said to have really struck the trail and to have warmed up in the pursuit of his argument. "Who is my neighbor?" he suddenly demanded, with so much imperative force, that a half-witted young man, who sat in the front row, promptly replied, "Ike Hunniwell, the infidel."

This reply to the minister's inquiry

produced a half-frightened smile on the faces of some of the congregation. It must, however, be admitted that in general to the simple-minded farmers of Middlebrook, unaccustomed as they were to much allegory or metaphor, their "neighbors" were simply the plain, hard-featured, but kindly, men and women who lived on the farms adjoining their own, and the but little more stylish men and women whose homes lined the streets of Middlebrook.

But the Rev. Mr. Holworthy was looking for a very different neighbor from one of these, and he therefore only frowned at the reply of half-witted Ira Aliter.

And in pursuit of this anomalous, hypothetical neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Holworthy may then be said to have proceeded to compass sea and land. He sought him in the far-off jungles of India, on the trackless wastes of Africa, among the nomadic hordes of Tartary, and in the rigorous confines of Siberia. No land known to be inhabited by man was too distant or too inaccessible for the broad sweep of his resistless benevolence to reach. Indeed, if man had been amphibious, there is but little doubt that he would have dragged the sea in the ardor of his all-pervading search for this neighbor to whom "love" was to "work no ill." But as man did not occupy the depths of the sea, the Rev. Mr. Holworthy contented himself with traversing, in his astonishing mental flight, all the most distant and uncivilized countries known to man.

And in all these far-away places, some of which the bewildered farmers of Middlebrook had never heard of before, the Rev. Mr. Holworthy had no difficulty in triumphantly finding "his neighbor," and having thus found "his neighbor," at the uttermost ends of the earth, the Rev. Mr. Holworthy unceremoniously haled him as it were, taking him by the nape of the neck, metaphorically speaking, and holding him up

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for the dumfounded farmers of Middlebrook to gaze upon.

Having thus shown to the indiscriminating inhabitants of Middlebrook who their real "neighbors" were, the Rev. Mr. Holworthy proceeded to unceremoniously invest these "neighbors" with the garments made by the local branch of the Missionary Society, putting these garments on these imaginary "neighbors" somewhat as a constable would clap handcuffs on a miserable wretch who had long eluded justice. Thus the Rev. Mr. Holworthy, to his own satisfaction, showed to his congregation that through the efforts of their local branch of the Missionary Society they were working no ill but positive good to their "neighbors" in the antipodes. He then indulged in much self-gratulatory and flowery complacency, assuring his congregation that they were sublimely proving the Apostle Paul's great sentence that "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

In the minister's pew, a little way to the left of the front of the pulpit, sat a pale and faded ghost of a woman. She sat in the middle of the pew, and on her right, looking very uneasy in tight jackets and broad white collars, sat five stout boys. On her left, in stiffly starched sunbonnets and white aprons, were four prim and meek-faced girls. Mrs. Holworthy was looking more than commonly pale and fragile on this particular May morning. The delicate blue veins in her white throat and in her slender wrists showed plainly two or three times that morning. Mr. Holworthy had sent peremptory word out from his study that the children must be kept more quiet, as he was putting the finishing touches on his great sermon, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." Two or three times that morning, while undergoing the fatigues of preparing the children for church, Mrs. Holworthy had stopped with a sudden fainting and fluttering at her heart. And now, while she turned her white,

patient face toward the pulpit, strange fancies began to crowd her mind, interrupted only when Mr. Holworthy in rounding off one of his turgid periods, brought out with extra force the beautiful words of St. Paul, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

In Mrs. Holworthy's fancy, she seemed to see herself as she was at eighteen, a joyous, care-free girl, with many tastes for art and books, and high companionships and charity, and great and noble deeds. Life, then, had stretched before her like a flower-strewn pathway, not devoid of suffering and sacrifice to be sure, but the suffering and the sacrifice were to have had the sweetness and recompense of being her chosen own, freely accepted and joyfully submitted

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to with the sublime consciousness of her own soul's development thereby.

Then Mrs. Holworthy remembered with a sudden shudder in the retrospect, of her meeting Mr. Holworthy. Did she love the heavy, phlegmatic young minister who visited at her father's house so long ago? No, she could see, oh, so clearly now, that she did not, that she had never known love, that she was too young and inexperienced to divine the depths of meaning in that word. She saw she had been somewhat flattered by the attentions of the young minister, that she had been drawn into marriage with him by the assiduous teaching that marriage was a woman's sole sphere; and that marriage with a clergyman was eminently pure and respectable.

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As she looked back over her married life she saw that at its very threshold she had been compelled to lay aside all her tastes for art, her aspirations for doing something good and noble in her own way, even her simple enjoyment of her own poor little life, all had been ruthlessly sacrificed. From the day that her first child was born she had never known an unbroken night's rest, she had scarcely looked into a book, she had lost the use of her pen and pencil. The cares of breeding had absorbed her whole life; and what had she to show for them? Her children, to be sure; but even these could never compensate her for her ruthless dispossession of all the golden opportunities and innocent cravings of her own nature.

As Mrs. Holworthy mused thus over her mutilated past, the beautiful text of Mr. Holworthy's sermon began to mingle with her thoughts and to arouse strange questionings in her mind. Could these heathen "neighbors," whom Mr. Holworthy was seeking so strenuously in the far-off Isles of the Sea, have a more unmitigated slavery than hers had been? However unenlightened they might be, were they not quite as free and happy as she, bound as she had been to bear children for this great man, whether she wanted to or not, whether she was able to or not? Surely, if anyone deserved pity and needed succor, it was one whose lot had been like hers. Her head began to feel strangely confused. She repeated Mr. Holworthy's text to herself, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." Beautiful words! What could they mean? It was plain that something had worked ill to her unreconciled life, and therefore it could not be love. No, it was a blinding mistake, a fearful travesty, a hideous misnomer, to call it love. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor," she repeated till her brain was dizzy.

Just as the Rev. Mr. Holworthy had completed his great effort, and driven the last nail home, as it were, by recit-

ing for the last time the noble words of St. Paul which had formed the theme of his discourse, there was a sudden stir in the congregation. Mrs. Holworthy had fallen forward in her seat, and her children were peering at her face with the unsuspecting curiosity of those who have experienced neither care nor sorrow. When the kind-hearted women who came to her relief had laid her on the cushioned seat, her lips moved as if she was repeating something, but the only word they could catch was "Love." She had gone to a place where love truly "worketh no ill to his neighbor."

"This is, indeed, a mysterious dispensation of Providence," said the Rev. Mr. Holworthy to his awe-stricken parishioners.

But the village doctor, who was a man of few words, confided to his wife that evening that he thought that Mrs. Holworthy had died from a dispensation of children.—*The Strike of a Sex.*

#### IRRESPONSIBLE TALKERS.

Pleasant to the clerical flesh is the arrival of Sunday! Somewhat at a disadvantage during the week, in the presence of working-day interests and lay splendors, on Sunday the preacher becomes the cynosure of a thousand eyes, and predominates at once over the Amphitryon with whom he dines, and the most captious member of his church or vestry. He has an immense advantage over all other public speakers. The platform orator is subject to the criticism of hisses and groans. Counsel for the plaintiff expects the retort of counsel for the defendant. The honorable gentleman on one side of the House is liable to have his facts and figures shown up by his honorable friend on the opposite side. Even the scientific or literary lecturer, if he is dull or incompetent, may see the best part of his audience slip quietly out one by one. But the preacher is completely master of the situation; no one may hiss, no one may depart. Like the writer of imaginary

conversations, he may put what imbecilities he pleases into the mouths of his antagonists, and swell with triumph when he has refuted them. He may riot in gratuitous assertions, confident that no man will contradict him; he may exercise perfect freewill in logic, and invent illustrative experience; he may give an evangelical edition with the inconvenient facts omitted—all this he may do with impunity, certain that those of his hearers who are not sympathizing are not listening. For the press has no band of critics who go the round of the churches and chapels, and are on the watch for a slip or defect in the preacher to make a "feature" in their article; the clergy are, practically, the most irresponsible of all talkers.—*George Eliot.*

#### THE GOLD BALL AND THE GILT BALL.

In a small box of walnut wood there were a gold ball and a gilt one. The gilt ball was lying snugly in a corner, surrounded with cotton wool and pink paper, but the golden ball was loose, and, as the box was tilted, went careening about and across from one end to the other, jumping and rolling and banging at the sides.

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At last the gilt ball could stand it no longer.

"Oh, do stop!"

"Why?"

"How can you be so wicked?"

"What's the harm?"

"But if you don't take care——"

"Well?"

"You'll rub it off."

"Rub what off?" said the gold ball.

—Charles H. Hinton, in *The Speaker*.

The sovereignty of the individual is secured only by the guarantee of individual property. Universal freedom depends upon universal ownership. But the right of property is based on the right of the individual to the products of his labor. If there is an intuitive principle in the science of society, it is this. Just in proportion as this natural right is set aside, the individual loses one of the most important elements of sovereignty.—*Stephen Pearl Andrews*.

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Herbert Spencer wrote: "For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found in science."

Amen, say we; just so; that's it; and after learning how to live right for your own sake, nothing can be more important than knowing how "to have and to hold" prize babies.

If "race suicide" is deplorable, then race improvement (stirpiculture, or scientific propagation) is very desirable, and, in short, plain talk, that simply means knowing how to mate and breed.

To wed or not to wed—when and whom to wed,—these are questions that most normal men and women must decide some time.

To breed or not to breed—who may and who ought not to—are some more questions that occur to thoughtful persons with due sense of responsibility for their acts.

Reckless, thoughtless, and ignorant people are overtaxing all public institutions with foundlings, feeble-minded, crippled, and incorrigible children.

To ruin yourself by ignorant misuse of mind or body, and have "hell to pay," is sorrowful enough, but

To pass on your blights, defects and diseases to innocent babes becomes a crime grievous in proportion as we come to know better.

At marriage ceremonies we are generally reminded that "marriage is ordained of God," and scripture teaches that "male and female created He them."

Then true reverence for Divine wisdom requires us to study the natural relations of the sexes, and learn all we can of harmonious marriage and wise parentage.

Newspapers are overloaded with sickening details of mismatched couples, marital murder trials, divorce suits, deserted infants, and no end of the mutual miseries of marriage.

"Is marriage a failure?" is becoming a general cry, since many fools rush in where wise ones fear to tread.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the *New York Journal*, rightly says: "Who is to blame but the fathers and mothers of both bride and groom? *It is upon the fathers and mothers of the land that nine-tenths of the blame for all unhappy marriages of the world rests. It is the ridiculous false modesty of parents and their shameful indifference to a subject which is the root of all existence.*"

An editorial in the *Minneapolis Tribune*, a conservative daily, well says: "After all, we are not very wise in dealing with obscure but vital questions that underlie the very foundations of civilized society. . . . We pour out money like water to endow colleges to teach everything, from Sanscrit to making mud pies, excepting the laws and conditions of that on which the vitality and perpetuity of the race depends. *We teach sons and daughters everything on earth except how to be fathers and mothers.*"

Parents should read up and do their duty, and when they fail, young folks should instruct themselves by the aid of good books. Therefore we say to them: "Look before you leap," be careful, go slow, study up, and prepare for the most important steps in life!

Those who agree with us so far will be glad to learn further of a book which essays to cover all these points, and which has been happily named Dr. Foote's "**HOME CYCLOPEDIA of Popular Medical, Social, and Sexual Science**"—largely devoted to the consideration of **Love, Marriage, and Parentage**, and all most pressing problems of family life. This is **THE BOOK** for every one who is married or expects to be. About half of it is "plain home talk" about the sexual relations, marriage, its history in all countries, curious varieties and experiments, mistakes, reforms and possible improvements. All who hesitate to consult home physicians about delicate questions will find them plainly answered in this great work of 1,300 pages, by an authority of fifty years' experience. By mail to any address for only \$2.00.

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