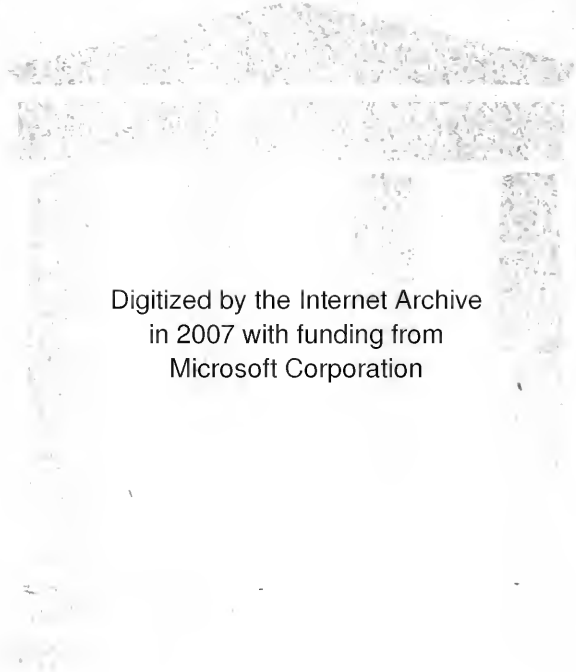


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**MATRIMONY MINUS
MATERNITY**



MATRIMONY MINUS MATERNITY

BY
M. H. SEXTON



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THE DEVIN-ADAIR COMPANY

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PREFACE

IN ancient Egypt the Apis bull was fanned with a feather; to-day his stately brother is knocked down with a sledge.

Job, to grow a velvety skin, raked his slimy pelt with a potsherd.

The surgeon's knife explores the anatomy of man and destroys the haunts of skulking life, while the pen of genius, dipped in the ink of fact, lifts the counterpane from the bed of sin.

Social laxity has never been more rampant than at the present day, and the coddling methods now in vogue will never starch the moral fiber of man.

In the following pages the reader will see that the steed of thought swings along the human highway, check free, pounding with his steel-rimmed hoofs the pagan methods that have outlived the Christ-numbered centuries.

It is sought to environ the home, family, and fireside with precepts that will cleanse the body and lacquer the soul against the burrowing power of sin.

Where tear gas is used the subject in the judgment of the writer merits it.

No brief is held for any creed, and every man is accepted as a brother.

With the theology or organized beliefs of men the following pages do not deal, nor is the domain of technical science entered.

While standing on the summit of man's activities and casting his eyes across the world, a lawyer saw the moral dreariness of the children of God and the contempt for law among the children of men,—hence set out to lash the money changers from our social temples, and the seven devils from our Magdalens.

Should any reader behold himself in the mirror of thought,—or recognize any of his sins in the inventory of man's cupidities, it is hoped that he will not flame into a passion, but will swallow it as he would physic, on the theory that it is all

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intended for his good. Like Buddha, let him reflect that if he meet a cripple in his travels, there is time to become like unto him; that if he sees a cancerous face, let him shudder at the thought that he may not be immune; and that if he beholds a decaying corpse by the roadside, let him remember that—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

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MATRIMONY MINUS MATERNITY

CHAPTER I

EUGENY

IN lighting up the burrows of the vermin on the family tree and in locating stains on the social linen of this day and generation—in the words of Garrison: “I will be as harsh as Truth, and as uncompromising as Justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a course like the present. I am in earnest

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—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse
—I will not retreat a single inch—and I
will be heard. The apathy of the people is
enough to make any statue leap from its
pedestal and hasten the resurrection of
the dead.”

It may be that the advocates of eugenics
and sexual precociousness are unconscious
worshippers at the shrine of Pandora.

Many well-meaning, intellectual people,
during all of the ages, by flattery, desire
for praise, hope of renown or temporal
advancement; together with many honest
seekers of truth with the betterment of
man at heart, have launched their inquisi-
torial barks upon moral seas of unknown
depths, concealing monsters which have
arisen without warning and strewn their
wakes with wreckage.

Havelock Ellis says:

By “Eugenics” is meant the scientific
study of all the agencies by which the hu-
man race may be improved, and the effort
to give practical effect to those agencies
by conscious and deliberate action in fa-
vor of better breeding.

It has been settled that animals and vegetation can be improved by the guidance of man. Such interference is known to us as the science of eugenics. But when the sexual progressives undertake the application of the barn-yard rules to man, they are confronted with their equals, and since the laws of civilization accord to men and women alike security in their nuptial selections, sexual scientists, unwittingly in the service of the devil, base their hope for aid upon public opinion agitated to the point of statutory enactments.

It must be conceded that it is a fascinating subject even to the bystander, and it may be that in time to come, as in the past, enactments may be brought about in support of some phases of it. For the intended purpose they will be as futile as the sanitary laws against spitting or the Mosaic laws against adultery and idolatry. They will be in constant conflict with the innate laws of love, hate, sex attraction, and free will given to man with his first breath.

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Long before St. Patrick built a fire of icicles and during the intervening years, sincere men ascended the mountain of thought and in the haze of its summit unavailingly struggled with the mystic problems of life. Some have had brass enough in their blood to offer amendments to the laws of progeny worked out in the Garden of Eden. There God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

Darwin was the first to slip on the banana peel of reason in an effort to establish that "man in our image" was really the image of a monkey, and in his day, strange as it may seem, many of the leading thinkers worshiped at his shrine, but to-day the best thought rejects this theory as a scientific folly.

The animal called man, now under consideration, has 240 bones, 7,000,000 skin pores, 1200 breaths per hour, 98 degrees of heat, 33 ounces of insensible perspiration a day, an average brain of 3½ pounds, about 2500 square inches of skin, 10 yards of bowels, 46 quarts of water, and a pas-

sionate longing for the daughters of Eve, which has pranced in his blood for sixty centuries, and been calmed by onanism, buggery, rape, incest, fornication, adultery, and matrimony.

Man, on which the scientists propose a social operation, infests every part of the known world. Climatic and social conditions have bred in the human family a multiplicity of distinct races. As an antidote for the miseries of life about four hundred spiritual specifics have been formulated by man, which assure cold-storage security to the soul while in the body, and a bed of down after it has gone over the top. Creeds and superstitions have so burrowed into man that they unalterably affect his habits of life and beliefs touching matrimony, monogamy, polygamy, constancy, and offspring. Hence by common consent and in spots only, can the eugenic scientist ever hope to influence people to statutory mating or regulated offspring.

As well attempt to teach Greek to a gorilla as to eugenize people who believe

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that they can save their souls by chewing and swallowing a printed prayer; that they can purify the blood by eating stews made of skinned moles and bats; that neuralgia can be cured by sticking a piece of lemon peel over the nerve where the jaw bone joins the skull; that headache can be stopped by a strip of snakeskin bound on the forehead; that hiccough can be relieved by boiled ants' nests taken internally; that snake bites and heart ailments can be conquered by slowly swallowing a broth made of boiling water and alligators' teeth; and, finally, that all diseases will yield to the red topknot of a woodpecker if worn constantly in the ear.

Sexual relations never have been, and never will be, fully controlled by man-made laws. The divine law even has utterly failed to bring to its observance any considerable portion of the human race.

The propaganda, now abroad in this fair land, having reached us from other shores, seeking to unburden woman-kind by damming up the maternal stream, has found some congenial centers in which to

build its nasty nest and hatch from its eggs social vipers, physical cripples and midget souls who will satiate the fires of lust on the armored altar of love and finally sink into a childless rottenness, then with no evidence that they have benefited the world, they may be called to render to God an account of their stewardship and hear the final words, "Depart from Me, ye cursed."

An orderly handling of *Eugeny*, the subject under consideration, requires that it be treated under subdivisions.

CHAPTER II

MATRIMONY

SEXUAL relations, not prefaced by matrimony, always have been condemned by the laws of God and civilized man. As Eugeny anticipates wedlock, the evolution thereof must be considered, as well as the motives that inspire it, in order to determine man's power to forecast its fruit.

By covenant there has been sexual union from the very dawn of man under the social name of marriage.

The first connubial expression is found in Genesis: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

This language excludes polygamy.

Evidently one man and one woman was the divine plan for companionship and

propagation, or more ribs would have been used.

The one-wife "cleave" law seems to have been observed to the time of the Flood and even in loading the Ark, as Noah was commanded to take in "the male and his female," and when the shower was over, Noah was directed: "go forth of the Ark, thou and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee."

The law of monogamy received its first great shock when Sarai, whose frail knowledge of man led her prayerfully to implore her husband to "go in unto" her willing tent maid.

Then being ripe and roseate with youth, and but recently married, Abram reluctantly "hearkened to the voice of Sarai."

After several months of anxious brooding the blood of the Jew and Egyptian blended in the wild man Ishmael.

The rigidity of the old rule, involving the wife's consent, has been so greatly relaxed by fleeting centuries that now the domestic and the head of the house rarely

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consult the wife before they jointly sacrifice to the goddess of love.

The relations of the cook Hagar and the Patriarch Abraham furnish us with the first recorded family scandal, as well as the earliest instance of the wildness of a wife's jealousy by which Abe was forced to drive his dark-skinned mistress of low origin from his bed and board with no other heritage than a bottle of water, a loaf of bread, and a bastard.

Had Abraham obeyed the promptings of eugenics and continued hopefully to observe God's command, "Increase and multiply," the illegitimate progenitor of a great nation—"whose hand was against every man"—and from whom Mohammed claimed descent, would have been lost to the world.

Solon, one of the seven sages of Greece, in the sixth century, B.C., chained the ambulatory laws of marriage to a fixed statute.

The humanity, wisdom, and morality reflected in this pagan's conception, when compared with our own family safe-

guards, should make our evolutionary twentieth-century Christians feel as humble as Job on his ash hill.

The Solon Law provided:

That the bride and bridegroom shall be shut into a chamber, and eat a quince together; and that the husband of an heiress shall consort with her thrice a month; for though there be no children, yet it is an honor and due affection which an husband ought to pay to a virtuous, chaste wife; it takes off all petty differences, and will not permit their little quarrels to proceed to an eruption.

Plutarch says:

In all other marriages Solon forbade doweries to be given; the wife was to have three suits of clothes, a little considerable household stuff, and that was all, for he would not have marriages contracted for gain or an estate, but for pure love, kind affection, and birth of children.

In China a married woman was without respect until the hour of her travail, and was particularly honored if she brought to the nation a son.

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“Happy,” says Confucius, “is the union with wife and children; it is like the music of lutes and harps.”

The moral pendulum is constantly swinging from one extreme to the other.

The tendency of the idle, passionate, restless rich, like St. Augustine in his youth, is to try out all of the old and invent new sexual thrills.

Many of our godless wealthy heads of families do not pretend to confine themselves to one household. They look upon a wife as a domestic convenience, the channel for an occasional heir and the means of maintaining a hypocritical appearance of exterior respectability, while courtesans in queenly apparel walk out from palatial apartments, covertly maintained by church, financial, and social leaders, until anger, revenge, death, or a suicide reveals their villainies to the world, all of which evidences a return to pagan practices on the part of a startling number of our leading men.

The sexual filth that rides the matrimonial tide seems to ooze from the mor-

ally weakened condition of men, constantly diluted by neglect of the ever willing graces about them, who spring from their knees at the beck of a coozie niggling on the highways of sin.

Judge Hopkins, of the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations, recently sought transfer to another branch of the court on the ground that the marital woes poured into his ears daily for more than six months had completely unnerved him; that they were such as to attend a man in his solitary walks, arrest him in the midst of his debaucheries and fill even his dreams with terror.

He said, on retiring :

Once I viewed marriage through rosy mists of sentiment and poetry. I believed there was still love in the world—love that endured from the altar to the grave. In the Court of Domestic Relations my ideals died one by one. Day after day I listened to nothing but the sorrows and tragedies of married couples. I began to wonder whether any such thing as marital happiness existed on earth. So I asked to be transferred. It was a last measure

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to self-defense—a measure to save at least some of my ideals.

It must be apparent to men and women of the world that just as soon as a married woman begins to ease up on the corset string of virtue by permitting a man, not her own, to linger on her lips, or to pass to her a cocktail across a rose-shaded table in a gay restaurant, or seemingly to accidentally touch her amative centers, that moment she receives into the parlor of matrimony a guest who may pick the lock of chastity; for, as Shakespeare says, “touches, though gentle, still conquer chastity,” and with that conquered, the hen of matrimony soon begins to brood, cluck, and show temper.

Connubial restlessness is stimulated by vitalized fiction and photo plays, now used to entertain the people, which are often founded on matrimonial blisters, or the webbing of females, with suggestive sensuality as the chief attraction. Any show-house management will tell you that it would much prefer to place before the

public clean entertainments, but that the general condition of society is such that snappy stories in the magazines, the portrayal of woman's downfall on the stage, her emulation of the undraped statue in dress, and her growing tendency to booze and bridge, with an exterior cleanliness and an interior moral rottenness, and all approved by the hunters of corseted shoats, have forced all sources of entertainment, including show houses, hotels and restaurants, to cater to the social swill-hunters, or die of monetary dry rot.

Though cruelly unjust, it is quite the habit to condemn a lapse in woman in spite of the fact that she must breast the storm of wild desire within, and parry the seductive, passionate, embracing, heat-charged pleadings of the courageous male who presses her to submission or rebellion.

Dorothy Dix says:

Every pretty girl in the world is in daily and hourly danger from the street masher on every corner and from the men she meets in society and works with in busi-

ness, who are forever, openly or covertly, tempting her to adventure along the primrose path with them.

By wine, curiosity, or through her own passionate untrained heart, many a woman has been tempted, like fish, to nibble till hooked.

It has been published that a noted clergyman, who has personally explored the subways of immorality, asserted that one-half the husbands and wives of New York are unfaithful to their marriage vows.

This proclamation, coming from the moral night-soil man of the great metropolis, would lead one to conclude that the human race is gliding down hill to hell and to believe in original sin, and doubt the perseverance of the saints and even the chastity of Mary.

Much of the carbon which tends to unseat the matrimonial valves is found in that part of the press of the country which seems to be willing to do anything but be respectable for the almighty dollar. With the general news of the day are also

thrown at our doors, to be often read by children, glowing, lying, nasty advertisements urging the public to traffic in sure-cure bald-head remedies, face lotions, freckle-eradicators, waist-reducers, flesh-killers and flesh-builders, wart-crumblers, corn-lifters, bunion-pacifiers, foot-deodorizers, rheumatic-twinge yankers, torpid-liver rattlers, kidney-flushers, constipation vents, diarrhetic astringents, evacuators, pain ferrets, furred-tongue erasers, itching-piles soothers, drooping-female lotions and lost-manhood resurrectors, together with pictures of the few shameless scavengers of the medical profession who say to the libertine and developing youth: "Fear not! Sound all the depths and shoals of sensuality, then come to us, as we hold the power of life and death over every microbe that lurks in the crummy valley of bartered sexual commerce."

The olla-podrida of many of our daily papers would disturb the abdominal poise of a yellow dog. Conglomerately we find editorial splashes of social, civic, or political morality; tickling engagement an-

nouncements; the lying, bombastic, flamboyant wedding write-up; followed by copious extracts from the nastiest portions of divorce proceedings; church notices sleeping beside Duffy's Malt, Peruna, Swamp Root, Twilight Sleep, Tape-worm poisons; a sermon on the seventh commandment, balanced by the picture of a medical degenerate barking his wares and willingness to clean sexual sewers for a nominal sum.

A Sunday edition of the *Houston Post*, a widely circulated paper, carried into the homes of its readers the following advertisement of a prominent merchant:

Our Ladies' Garter Department:
We can give you an All Silk Garter for 50 cents with nice buckles with such reading on them as "Private Grounds"; "Stop, Mamma is Coming"; "Look Quick"; "Good Night, Call Again"; "I am a Warm Baby"; "Take off Your Things," etc.

A New York City daily on February 7, 1916, announced that conversation hose for Palm Beach dames, displayed by ho-

tel shops and seen at balls, tell much. Some are of hand made lace and cost up to one hundred dollars a pair. One has a mouse at the skirt line, while its mate says, "Watch your step." Another says, "Delighted," while its companion shows a clock face with the hands at twelve and the words "Good Night."

On May 15, one of our Utica papers published this:

A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month.

If the lucre-loving press continues to emblazon fakes, Father John may yet be crowned "King of the Gullet" and Lydia Pinkham "Queen of the Matrix."

If men and women would bow to the full meaning of the wedding ring, the false gods of to-day would be cast from their pedestals, tranquillity would nestle in the lap of matrimony and the horrible effects of ravishing sexual ills would cease to deface the offspring of man.

CHAPTER III

MATING

MATING, in our social structure, is a subject that has been periodically cuffed about since the ancient days of Theognis by fluffy intellects and by university men with less practical brain than the angora goat, and whom an asinego might tutor on the tricks of the mattress and social deceptions.

Yet these God-forsaken modernists cry out that mating must be controlled, if need be, by legislation.

Only a farding-bag brain, where green stuff lies undigested, would suggest, even, such an impossibility.

The statutory stricture cult, engaged in high-brow development, would have those afflicted with love, with generation in view, submit their family tree and sexual ma-

chinery to a physician and in the somber shadows of doubt await his certificate.

Communities would soon learn that special examiners, politically appointed, and with an itching palm, would pass on to the portals of matrimony every lung-spitter and blood-poisoned applicant that could pay the price, and would do it with as little qualm as the present professional murderer experiences when he presses the sound through the door of the temple, generally sealed by illicit contact, and feeds to maggots the embryonic temple of a soul.

You cannot legislate virtue into a whole people nor will they long submit to obnoxious laws.

Lovers will ascend a high mountain, if need be, to commit matrimony on the summit.

Legislative enactments, such as are advocated by sex maniacs, with the nasty provisions for personal exposure, would tend to dry the fountain of matrimony and multiply celibates, who, with God's command, "Increase and multiply," resounding in their ears, would, like the cats, in

the soothing stillness of the night wake up the world with carnal carousals.

Adam was the first male to yearn for a female, and that yearning has lived and burned in the blood of man during all of the dreary centuries since. This female magnet high-browed and low-browed, in gorgeous attire, mean attire, and in no attire, within the law, without the law and against the law, has always drawn men from every station of life to the lap of her yearnings.

The social sex-filters who, in book form, spew their mental indigestion upon the world, seek application of the Holstein breeder's rules to man. The ten-thousand-dollar bull and the five-thousand-dollar cow can be mated and occasionally will increase the milk supply. But how are you going to keep the wealthy, social, blood-poisoned scrub out of the nest of the wayward woman, attractive common actress, or the sensual, socially ambitious female?

Will it ever come to pass that only the dyed-in-the-wool type shall bring forth,

while the ever oncoming amorous women of low origin shall be denied the thrills of maternity. As a general rule, in every phase of animal life dependent upon coition for progeny, the amative male pursues the female to the threshold of her choice.

As well try to hang the Mediterranean on a grape vine to dry as by statutory enactment to force mating among unwilling human subjects.

Sex attraction, for mating purposes, among men and women, will forever defy the stock-breeder's rules.

If mating were practical there is no way to limit the sexual activities to the pair mated.

From the sparrow to the virtuous queen for mating purposes the male will be selected.

For if perchance they feel the amorous flame—
No choice have they—for every man's the same.

Mate those who meet the requirements of the most æsthetic sexologist, and what assurance is there that they will breed at

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all, and if they do, how can the mind and physique of the offspring be definitely influenced by man-made rules, in view of the fact that developing life germs blindly obey unyielding natural laws?

It must be that race-control trumpeters are the victims of catarrhal head noises, rather than the called harbingers of social reform, else they would not have been led to conceive that which they cannot bring forth because of the natural barriers that plug the orifice of generation.

The greatest present need is a richer mixture of morality for the engine of love.

Myriads of times has virtue been willingly sacrificed on the altar of ambition and secretly bartered for place and power. Incontinence has led men across lands and seas; bent them to intrigue, larceny, murder and suicide; wrecked hearts, homes and thrones; bred wars; wiped out national boundaries and many times changed the map of the world.

CHAPTER IV

MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

As an aid to the mating of compatible and physically fit people, the tomnoddy sexual progressives, who chafe under the present semi-decent restraining laws enacted for social betterment, now unblushingly urge a trial matrimonial bureau, which to my mind falls but little short of lechery refined by sanction. Allow such a law for the sake of argument, and what would follow? Men or women who failed to qualify would go forth into the world marked to be ever after pursued by the suspicion, engendered by gossipers, that they were not well sexed, that there was a wrinkle in them somewhere; hence in communities where known they would be doomed to celibacy, or those physically capable would become sexual nomads.

Start the experimental station where the trial marriage candidates may test their fitness with no resultant obligations, and society will soon become about as orderly as a harem in hell.

I imagine that the matrimonial trial station would soon become very popular, and the she-pearl of virtue a very cheap article of commerce in the marts of man's will.

Just as soon as the unbelievers, sexual idolaters, and the morally torpid men of science succeed in prying the fig leaf from the goddess of chastity, and lifting the counterpane of marital constancy, as woven by the Christian Church, you will see the Syrian cities of Sodom and Gomorrah revitalized in our own fair land, and our men, like the snail, shall leave behind them a slimy track on which they will have wasted themselves away.

Of course, the great power of the Christian world will continue energetically to war upon all devilish and socially baneful influences, which on the surface seem harmless yet tend to sterilize the moral soil of the human heart and disrupt the

social trinity, the home, family, and fire-side.

Many know how hard it is for morally inclined men and women, with passion-charged blood, to resist the call to sin.

Since virtue carries in her lap her own "order of sanctity," and hard-working meandering lust warningly burdens her anatomy with nauseating droolings and weeping scab-capped sores, why, then, should righteous indignation swell into a smothering billow at the approach of an alleged improved sexual doctrine?—ask the disciples of the new school. Our answer is, that well-meaning and God-fearing men may stand in the narrow highway of morality and flap their shirts and shout against sin and corruption until they swell their thyroids into goiters without numerically affecting the vast army of lust wrecks that annually dive into the mud at Hot Springs.

The trial marriage or matrimonial bureau will never be seriously considered as a social institution so long as nuptial sensualists can at will have their ties sun-

dered in a devilish institution sanctioned by alleged Christians, called the divorce court.

It will be conceded by every sane man that the scabby, rickety, and blood-poisoned should not add to our population, but to prevent this, we need not become unduly exercised, as nature soon calls home all of her weaklings.

CHAPTER V

MYSTERIES OF CONCEPTION AND GESTATION

VOTARIES of a controlled and more perfect offspring, tell me how it happened that the blear-eyed Leah and fair Rachel came from the same shell. Account for the velvety Jacob and the shaggy Esau, twin sons of Isaac the Patriarch and Rebekah the Venus of Israel.

Gestation is subject to so many mysterious influences that every child is carried to birth with fear and trembling. The laws of nature toy with the powers of man.

Louis II, king of Hungary and Bohemia, was born without a scarfskin.

Dr. Harvey, the father of the principle of blood circulation, is said to have believed in and written of a race of men with tails.

The kings of Denmark have descended,

as some say, from one Ulfo, the son of a bear.

In the family of Lepidus at Rome there were three, not successively, but by intervals, that were born with the same eye covered with a cartilage.

A race is mentioned that carried from their mother's womb the form of the head of a lance, and children not so marked were looked upon as illegitimate.

Galen, in his treatise on the measles, says the disease was brought by a woman who had no father.

Lord Bacon, treating of the period of gestation of various animals, says gravely that an ox goes twelve months with young.

Livy speaks of a woman brought to bed in a desolate island, where she had not seen a human face for nine years.

Diodorus Siculus mentions a sorceress of Egypt who had passed for the celebrated Isis, upon the strength of child-bearing without the aid of man.

It is recorded that while a princess was watching skillful Egyptian craftsmen cutting down the Persea trees of Pharaoh,

a chip flew into her mouth, which she swallowed, and after many days she bore a son.

In Robinson's *Readings in European History*, it is recorded that during the crusades a woman, after two years of gestation, brought forth a son who was able to talk at birth; and that a child with a double set of limbs, another with two heads, and twin-headed lambs were born, while colts came into the world teethed as mature horses.

Hippocrates relates that his mother used frequently to tell him that for two years before his birth she had no carnal intercourse with his father, but that she had been strangely influenced one evening while walking in the garden. We can all understand the doctrine of animal appetency, if not of the chemical affinities controlling these strange births. Before admitting the miraculous, I suggest that these mystifying instances of nativity may have followed pious or patriotic cozening.

Samson's strength lay in his hair,

may be thus concealed on the suggestion of the angel who apprised his barren mother of her approaching fertility.

No disciple of eugeny would recommend mating with the scabby Job, yet in the Bible we read that "in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job."

Richard Gibson was court dwarf to Charles I of England and became a noted miniature painter. Ann Sheppard was the court dwarf to Queen Henrietta Maria. These mites were happily married and broke an established opinion that dwarfs do not reproduce, by having nine children, five of whom lived to maturity and were of ordinary stature.

Professor Preyer in 1859 says that mammæ occurred on the back, in the armpit, and on the thigh; the mammæ on the last place having given so much milk that the child was nourished.

To procure future husbands, suitable to the altered conditions of society, cross with Lemurs some of whom are well known to have two pairs of mammæ on

the breast. Dr. Handyside cites a case in which two brothers exhibited this peculiarity. Dr. Bartels gives an instance of a man who had five mammæ, one of which was located above the navel. The scientists should give attention to the development of these maternal parts of the male anatomy as in the event of a general suffragette triumph they would become very handy. Much cold study and careful thought should be given to the subject before any serious move is made towards the development of the one located above the umbilicus.

A normal and favorable gestatory condition might lead to the elimination of undesirables. Nutrition, mental calm, comfort, mode of dress, social habits, and physical activities exert a mighty influence upon the young before parturition.

Alcoholic, syphilitic, drug-charged or disease-laden sperm will rarely produce prize-winners at a beauty show. Circingle a breeding mare, or sow, or tighten up the corset-deformed woman of the present day, during gestation, and the freaks in

museums and side-shows will be multiplied.

If the eugenists would seriously address themselves to the correction of these evils, they would be most welcome in our midst.

Sex-control by feeding was one of the fads of some of the burnished intellects of the past who occasionally suggested to the Almighty, but the prescription of a proteid diet to produce males, a fatty diet for females, has been relegated to the realm of quackery, though it was the opinion of the great Verulam that when mothers ate quinces and coriander seed the children would be witty.

Plutarch on this subject says:

We find that women who take physic whilst they are with child, bear leaner and smaller but better shaped and prettier children.

It has been announced by the Child Welfare Association of Pittsburgh, that beer and bologna are two of the causes of the crescent-shaped underpinning of children in that city.

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It has also been observed by close students that black hens sometimes lay white eggs.

It is claimed that Jacob spotted the offspring of Laban's sheep and goats by the timely use of mottled sticks.

In a book written by a Christian bishop, Heliodorus, in about the fourth century, it is stated that "Chariclea was a beautiful and fair virgin of Ethiopian parents. Her whiteness was occasioned by her mother looking on a statue of Venus."

A man residing in New York kept a cow of which his wife was very fond; the cow was killed and sold and the feet reserved and in a mangled state were hung in a shed. Upon seeing them, the wife who was then pregnant was so moved and shocked as to affect the child in such a manner that he was born without any arms and with distorted feet, and for pastime, when a youth, he dexterously handled a cooper's shaving knife with his toes.

In Haddington's *Poems*, there is a case called the Black Case, concerning which the story recites:

There was a man who followed the profession of an attorney, who had a very amorous wife. But he had not leisure to attend to all of her gayeties. Once, that he was unable otherwise to free himself from her importunities, in toying with her, he upset his ink-bottle in her shoe. She brought him a black child in consequence. He reproached her, but she reminded him of the ink-bottle, and of his awkwardness.

Into families of normal children a giant or dwarf occasionally drops.

Among the noted dwarfs, the earliest mentioned was Philetus of Cos, 330 B.C., a poet and grammarian, and tutor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. To resist the wind, it is said, his clothes were weighted.

Julia, a niece of Augustus, had as a court favorite Coropas, who was twenty-eight inches high, also Andromeda, a freed maid of the same height.

Alypius of Alexandria, logician and philosopher, was seventeen inches in height.

John d'Estrix, of Mechlin, master of several languages and about three feet

tall, lived with the Duke of Parma in 1592.

Geoffrey Hudson, as a social stunt, was served up in a cold pie by the Duchess of Buckingham before Charles I and Henrietta Maria. He was then eighteen inches tall, and in 1653 he killed a man in a duel.

Count Borowlaski was an accomplished Pole, thirty-nine inches in height.

Charles S. Stratton, or "General Tom Thumb," of Barnum fame, was a Connecticut Yankee, thirty-one inches high, who married Lavina Warren, one inch taller. Their wedding tour covered parts of Europe. "Thumb," wife and child, with a dwarf, Commodore Nutt, revisited England in 1864.

Mr. Collard at twenty-two years of age was smaller than "Thumb," and sang in concerts in London in 1873.

"Bebe," the dwarf of King Stanislaus of Poland, was twenty-three inches tall, and in 1858 at ninety years of age he died in Paris.

Che-mah, a pigtail, twenty-five inches high, was exhibited in London in 1880.

Princess Topaze, a French lady, was twenty inches high and weighed fifteen pounds.

General Mite, an Irishman, was born in New York State in 1864. His height was twenty-one inches and weight nine pounds.

Lucia Zarate, a Mexican, was twenty inches high and weighed four and three-fourths pounds.

The following women never had to look up to any neighboring male:

Elizabeth Lyska, a Russian lady, who at the age of twelve stood six feet eight.

Anna Haven Swann, of Nova Scotia, was seven feet in the clear.

Marian, the "Amazon Queen," stood eight feet two in her shoes.

Among men specially noted for their skin capacity was the Kentuckian, Martin Van Buren Bates, with seven lineal feet to his credit.

Robert Hales, the "Norfolk Giant," was seven feet six and weighed four hundred fifty-two pounds.

M. Brice was the same height.

Chang-Woo-Gaw, eight feet tall, ex-

hibited in London in 1880; and Big Sam, porter of Prince of Wales (George IV) was also eight feet; and Gilly of Tyrol, was about eight feet one. Frederick Swede, of Sweden, and Charles Byrne were each eight feet four. When you go abroad call on Byrne's skeleton in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Patrick Cotter, the "Irish Giant," was born in 1761, measured eight feet seven, and wore a shoe seventeen inches long.

Joseph Winkelmaier, of Austria, had eight feet to his credit.

John Middleton, the "English Giant," was nine feet three, and from the heel of his hand to the tip of his middle finger was seventeen inches.

Calbara, the Arabian, brought to Rome in the days of Claudius, is said by Pliny to have measured nine feet and nine inches.

Emperor Maximus was nearly nine feet and of vast bulk.

Goliath of Gath, who was brought to earth by the stone of David, was "six cubits and a span."

Og, King of Bashan, in 1451 B.C., according to Deuteronomy, had a bed nine cubits long and four cubits wide.

Peter, the Wild Boy, was captured by George I of England while hunting in the forest. He was about thirteen years of age, walked on his hands and feet, climbed trees like a squirrel, and fed on grass and moss which he preferred to the fare of the king's table. He never learned to speak a single word, and died at the age of seventy years.

"Baby Jim" Simons, a negro, who at the age of thirty-seven died in Philadelphia in 1917, weighed eight hundred pounds. To take his body to Texas for burial it was necessary to charter an entire freight car.

George Bell, a seven-foot eleven-inch colored giant, was killed by his common-law wife at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 19, 1919.

The Siamese twins were united at the breast bone by a cartilaginous hose through which the umbilicus passed. They

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married sisters—had several children—and died two and one-half hours apart.

Twin girls were born in Herkimer, New York, in March, 1918, and though fully developed and pretty of feature, by some freak of nature they were joined together from the chest to the abdomen.

On October 12, 1918, C. Emery Titman, the son of a deceased millionaire of Philadelphia, and weighing six hundred ten pounds was railroaded to White Plains, New York, in a special compartment, and he there occupied the hospital section of the White Plains jail, as he could not be shoe-horned into any of the cells.

Jan Van Albert, nineteen years of age, and nine feet five inches tall, in the month of April, 1920, arrived in New York City on the *Mauretania* from Amsterdam. It is claimed for him that he is the tallest man in the world.

Is more needed to demonstrate that nature will take her course, or leave her course, in spite of what man willeth?

CHAPTER VI

CONTROL OF OFFSPRING

UNLESS you restrain the amative male, offspring, definitely, cannot be controlled.

It must be apparent to even the fitful browser along the highway of human activities, that men in every social station always have been, and always will be, sexual rovers.

Death by fire for adultery did not deter the intriguing, twin-bearing Thamar from kid-bargaining with willing King Judah at the crossroads. The death penalty for adultery failed to restrain the Jews; and one thousand blows for the man and the loss of the nose of the woman scarcely dented the practice in Egypt.

Maternal instinct so dominated the repulsive Leah that she swopped her son's mandrakes with the fair Rachel for the loan of Jacob for a single night.

Pharaoh impounded the winsome Sarah while touring Egypt with her husband.

Prince Sheckem deflowered the unwilling Dinah; and the sexual scent of Reuben led him to his father's concubine.

No student of anatomy ever ended a more bedraggled career than the jaw-bone warrior Samson. At Timnath his genius subdued an ogling Philistine; and at Gaza he attracted another filly. He fell at the feet of Delilah, the bewildering beauty of the valley of Sorek. This trained and seductive queen of tortion nectared his lips, soothed his massive anatomy, and so frequently tempted his aphrodisiacal yearnings that exhausted nature finally yielded her secret.

One moonlit zephyr-kissed night restless David sought the palace roof. His trained eye fell upon Uriah's wife laving for the homecoming of her spouse. An unholy fire burned in his soul till his messengers brought her to him. Soon fitful slumber mantled the great king, who when he awoke sought a cinder pile on which

he moaned and atoned for his undying sins.

The Egyptian kings, Psammetichus I and Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Israelite oppression, following the example of their illustrious gods, married their own daughters.

The Achaemidian kings did the same, and Artaxerxes, king of Persia, also married two of his own daughters.

The handmaids of Leah and Rachel gave Jacob four stray sons.

Amnon, the son of David, feigning sickness, converted his chamber into a bakery, induced his beautiful sister Tamar to take charge, then raped the baker.

Solomon, the owl of the human race, hooted over the greatest harem that it has ever been the misfortune of a single man to assemble. He loved many strange women, together with the daughters of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Sidonians, and Hittites. A thousand women called him "Sol."

The hoary elders of the people, with

cockerel energy, chased the pullet Susanna through the fence of her garden.

The Romans, without rime or reason, seized the Sabine women and bore them away on the pinions of lust.

Philinna the dancer gave Philip of Macedon a male degenerate.

The posthumous son of Roxanna came from the loins of Alexander the Great.

Nero murdered his mother, divorced Octavia, married his mistress Poppæa, a woman of surpassing beauty and of broad sexual training, who shod her mules with gold and daily bathed in the milk of five hundred asses, and went to eternity on the toe of Nero's boot, a penalty for thoughtless gestation.

Mundus proffered the winsome Paulina two hundred thousand drachmæ to sup and lie with him for a single night.

The sexual savagery of Tarquinius rendered the saintly Lucretia unconscious and induced suicide.

After the angel Gabriel dropped a chapter of the Koran exhorting Mohammed freely to enjoy his captives and concu-

bines in spite of his wives' clamors, in a solitary retreat for thirty days, he honeymooned with Mary to fulfill the command of the angel. In his sexual peregrinations the cradle and the tomb alone escaped him. His nuptials with Ayesha were consummated at the close of her ninth year. He would have been equal to the thirteenth labor of the Grecian Hercules.

In Ferrara, "in 1425 a Princess was beheaded for adultery with a stepson."

When Pius II came to Ferrara, in 1459, he was received by seven princes not one of whom was a legitimate son.

Giamfaolo Baglione lived in incest with his sister.

Æneas Sylvius Piccalomini, in his history of Frederick III, says: "Most of the rulers of Italy in the fifteenth century were born out of wedlock."

Francesco Cenci was a Roman nobleman who persecuted his beautiful daughter Beatrice until she yielded her person, and for which unnatural crime hired assassins drove a nail into his head September 9, 1599.

Casimir, King of Poland, whose queen was an intolerable shrew, took the beautiful Esther, a Jewess, to fill an aching void. Her influence with the King secured an enduring toleration for her people and the education of her two illicit daughters as Jewesses.

Abrotonon, proud of her bastard son, exclaimed:

I am not of the noble Grecian race,
I am poor Abrotonon, and born in Thrace:
Let the Greek women scorn me, if they please,
I was the mother of Themistocles.

The passions of Cæsar broke the chains of restraint when his eyes beheld the unrugged Cleopatra; and Antony forgot his Octavia when this pile of voluptuous lust amidst bewildering oriental odors beckoned him to her boat on the river Scydnus.

Mazeppa, immortalized by Byron, and lavishly endowed by nature, pranced before the alert Theresa, the wife of the richest count in Poland, and thirty years his junior. A spreading chestnut tree soon drooped from the heat of these pant-

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ing lovers, and while Mazeppa was de-
claiming:

And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I love so well,

the count's guards seized and bound him
to the wildest horse that ever kicked sand
on a desert. With nostrils shooting fire,
he split the winds, leaped the mountains,
spanned the plains, till he dropped with
his burden

Bound, naked, bleeding and alone
To pass the desert to a throne.

Peter the Great was attracted by a
peasant's daughter, while the mistress of
a prince.

The "Grey-eyed Queen" Guinevere,
wife of King Arthur, and of ravishing
beauty, shared her charms with Sir
Lancelot du Lac and graced the free-love
altars of other seductive males.

Julius Cæsar at his aunt's funeral said:

My aunt Julia derived her lineage on
her mother's side from a race of kings and
on her father's side from the immortal
gods; for her mother's family trace their

origin to King Ancus Martius, and her father's to Venus of whose stock we are a branch. We united in our pedigree, accordingly, the sacred majesty of kings, who are the most exalted among men, and the divine majesty of gods, to whom kings themselves are subjects.

Cæsar's descent from this extravagant ancestry failed to eliminate from his nature the sexual restlessness of the ordinary mortal. Plutarch says of him that in his youth he had been very intimate with Servilia, the mother of Brutus, and when their loves were at their highest, Brutus was born, hence Cæsar believed him to be his own son.

Henry IV of France madly loved the matchless blond Gabrielle, who, finally, as mistress bore him Cæsar, Alexander, and Henrietta.

The third Charles of France, through Agnes Sorel, "the fairest of the fair," added three to his subjects.

Rousseau has immortalized Héloïse, the pupil and mistress of the celebrated Abélard who was eunuchated at the in-

stance of her enraged uncle. They sleep side by side and their graves are frequently watered by pitying and pensive lovers.

For several years Voltaire basked in the sensual sunshine of Madame du Chatelet, noted for her beauty, talent, and immoralities.

Mirabeau, French orator and statesman, in 1776 left his wife and eloped with an adventuress, for which he was condemned to death but released after four years in prison.

Descartes always was attracted by women with a squint because his first mistress was cock-eyed.

Goethe loved eight different women of various ranks, among them a married one, and finally the low-born fascinating Vulpus shared his bed as a mistress.

Charles II of England sighed for the orange girl and actress Nell Gwynne, whose bastard son by him was made Duke of St. Albans. "Don't let poor Nellie starve," were the last words of this sexual rover.

Mrs. Mary Robinson, the actress, attracted the attention of George IV of England and became his mistress.

Fair Rosamond, the daughter of Lord Clifford, was the paramour of Henry II. She dwelt in a secret bower known only to the king, which he reached by following a silken thread.

Edward III of England quarreled with his parliament and saw public discontent sap the loyalty of his subjects while he wallowed in the sensual mire of his rapacious mistress Alice Perrers.

George IV, when Prince of Wales, fed on the forbidden thrills of Perdita, the English actress and rhymester.

England's first "Defender of the Faith" slightly shaded his contemporaries in sexual energy, blood-letting and nuptial-busting.

Emma Hamilton, the wife of a tottering ambassador, at Naples, fell on the breast of Lord Nelson in a paroxysm of hysterical rapture. She was a woman of extreme beauty, sexual ardor, shady antecedents,

the mother of two strays by a navy captain and of one by Nelson.

John Howard, England's queer, quaint, delicate, and studious man, who reformed the prisons of the world, died while administering medicines to the poor wretches in Russian hospitals, and whose memory is preserved by every nation, at the age of twenty married a lodging-house keeper his senior by thirty years.

Shelley, the English poet, married an innkeeper's daughter, eloped with Miss Westbrook, and later married her, soon left her, and on hearing of his first wife's suicide, married Mary Godwin with whom he was globe-trotting at the time.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria matched Hercules in judging amative petticoat tenants. The actress Katharina Schratt will umbra his memory so long as history endures.

The O'Shea rose brought to her couch, to the divorce court, to dishonor, and to an early tomb, the great, silent Parnell.

An ex-king of Portugal, now reduced to rabbit-raising on a ten acre lot in Eng-

land, lost his throne through startling dissipations, and princely gifts to an actress.

John Rolfe, nuptially mixed his blood with the squaw, Pocahontas, and from this mongrel fountain the Randolphs and many of the first families of Virginia claim descent.

John C. Fremont, the first nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency, and Governor of Arizona, eloped with the fifteen-year-old daughter of Senator Benton.

Crocker, of Tammany fame, crossed the shamrock with an aboriginal feather.

The Beecher-Tilton mutual yearnings is only an instance of the growing number of clerical lapses.

Now comes a minister of St. Louis, graduate of a theological seminary, son of a distinguished clergyman, eloping with, and marrying, an eighteen-year-old negress, and still no great poet yells: "Oh, Freedom, thou wicked dream!"

Pontano plainly suggests that a wife

had better shut her eyes to the relations between her husband and her maids.

As further evidence that offspring cannot be controlled, Mr. Ellis asserts:

It has been found that of nearly 15,000 women, who passed through Magdalen Homes in England, over 2500 were definitely feeble-minded. The women belonging to this feeble-minded group were known to have added 1000 illegitimate children to the population.

If bastardy is evidence of low mentality, then weaklings among England's females are as numerous as Mosaic locusts, for the public press has recently estimated that 200,000 illegitimates is the net result of women frequenting the training camps of the soldiers.

If there is virtue in eugenics, then there is hope for England in this large spurious increase, as these low-brows were mated with the best fighting blood and physical flower of the Empire.

Some of these children of love may yet straddle the woolsack in the House of Lords.

While common bastards are barred from the tables of royalty, I do not understand that they are excluded from the trenches of the warring nations.

In his history of the Popes, Pastor says in 1490 there were 6800 prostitutes in Rome, and that in Venice in the beginning of the sixteenth century there were not less than 11,000 publicly immoral women in a population of 300,000.

England's man-made religion, founded by a sensualist, has finally produced a materialistic people comparable with the Jewish Sepulcher—fair without but foul within—whose genital wanderings penumbra the best efforts of pagan Rome.

Shed the light of your own experience upon the question of regulating mating and controlling the mated, and it will at once appear to be a scientific folly.

These human frailties are not disclosed and collated for pastime but rather in support of one phase of a very far-reaching subject which has engaged the attention of men for many centuries and was ably analyzed by the Grecian poet Theog-

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nis in 550 B.C., who clearly saw the advantage of applied selection as well as the futility of the effort. He thus wrote:

With kine and horses, Kurnus! we proceed
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase, at any price;
Of a sound stock, without defect or vice.
But, in the daily matches that we make,
The price is everything; for money's sake
Men marry: women are in marriage given:
The churl or ruffian that in wealth has thriven,
May match his offspring with the proudest race;
Thus everything is mix'd, noble and base!
If then in outward manner, form and mind,
You find us a degraded, motley kind,
Wonder no more, my friend! the cause is plain,
And to lament the consequence is vain.

CHAPTER VII

STERILIZATION

STERILIZE the mentally tainted or physically impaired, urges the Modernist, to the end that all offspring may be as perfect as the hothouse Killarney rose, with physique and mentality as free from taint as its divinely painted face.

Sterilization should never be permitted until every molecule of the spermaceti of the victim has been microscopically examined and scientifically developed by some of God's side-partners, to the point of definite ascertainment as to whether in it there slumbers a germ of genius, lest some needed being, by the recklessness of science, be lost to the world.

Who can successfully contend that there was any inherent tendency to murder in Cain? That which we call jealousy sleeps under the skin of every rational

being. Its intensity depends upon the strength of the being harboring it and the degree of provocative stimulant which unchains its fury.

If a surgical switch had been put in Cain's seminal railway because he originated fratricide, then Jabal, the father of tent-dwellers and cattle-herders; and Jubal, the progenitor of harpists and organists, and Tubal Cain, the instructor of artificers in brass and iron, all would have taken the switch and still be lying in the wreckage by the roadside of anthropologic folly.

The votaries of a perfect race would knock on the head all such defectives as were denied holy orders by the Mosaic law governing candidates for the priesthood, which provided that:

Whatsoever man he be that hath a blemish, he shall not approach; a blind man, or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose, or anything superfluous, or a man that is brokenfooted, or brokenhanded or bone-headed, or crookbackt, or a dwarf, or that hath a blemish in his eye, or be

scurvy, or scabbed, or hath his stones broken, shall not come nigh to offer the bread of the Lord.

Until the wild men of science can tell us why it is that perfect eyes, cock eyes, squint eyes, watch eyes, sore eyes; pert ears, lopped ears, no ears, cauliflower ears; well formed, humpbacked; knock knees, bow legs, clump feet; high brows, low brows; straight noses, convex noses, concave noses, flat noses, snub noses; black hair, golden hair, auburn hair, red hair, straight hair, curly hair; idiotic, deaf, dumb, blind, epileptic, bright, sane, crazy, large, small, powerful, weak, thugs, thieves, freaks, murderers, sinners, devils, and saints may gestate in the same womb, they had better roll the edge on the sterilization knife.

The following stars in the intellectual firmament have been scientifically classed as semi-insane; hence, if now in the flesh, would be proper subjects for the surgery.

Gérard de Nerval, political writer and poet, from his youth was a mystic, a

believer in the occult, a noctambulist, drinker, nomad, bohemian, and the most precocious youth of his time, who dragged a live lobster at the end of a blue ribbon about the Palais Royal and hung himself in a brothel, probably with a garter of the Queen of Sheba.

The gifted Baudelaire, whose writings were deodorized by the police, exclaimed: "My soul soars upon perfumes as the souls of other men soar upon music." Only the stench of putrefaction gave him olfactory delight. Before his death he dyed his hair green and took a strangle hold on his father-in-law.

Tolstoy, at eight years of age, was seized with a wild desire to fly. From his window sill he beat the air with his featherless wings and a fall of sixteen feet physically unfitted him if it did not convince him of the futility of an early renewal of the effort. He reasoned that a man accustomed to pain could never be unhappy; hence, to bring sunlight into his somber life he would hold a large dictionary upon his outstretched arm for five

minutes, or in the barn would scourge his back with a rope till the tears came to his eyes. Because of these eccentricities it is claimed that this noted Russian novelist was semi-insane. This genius may have been cracked but through the crack moved an intellectual light so intense as to draw the scholars of the world to his writings.

Pascal, before the close of his first year, nearly died of languor charged to the influence of a sorceress who consented to his relief by casting the spell upon a cat which was thrown from a window and killed by the fall. To complete his cure, at about the age of seven years, there were gathered by the sorceress, before sunrise, nine leaves of three different kinds of herbs which were worked into a poultice and placed upon the child's stomach.

From childhood he could not endure the sight of water without falling into a fit of passion, nor could he bear to see his father and mother together.

From his eighteenth year he never spent a painless day. Partial paralysis below the waist, with inability to swallow

liquid except hot and then only one drop at a time, together with volcanic headaches, incessant heart burn, and many lesser comforting ills for all of which Descartes bled, bathed, and purged him till his life was endangered. He wrote out a vision of a runaway and sewed it in his clothes, and ever wore around his body an iron girdle set with sharp points which he would press into his flesh on the approach of temptation or broken thoughts. Towards the close of his life at times he lost his speech and consciousness and was afflicted with vertigo and convulsions. An autopsy disclosed cavities filled with putrefied blood. The medifrontal suture still open was regarded by most anthropologists as a mark of mental superiority. The great size of his brain led the physicians to believe that it prevented the frontal suture from closing.

He came into the world without ancestral taint and was sired by a man of high character and pronounced capacity. In profundity of thought, grace of expression, wisdom of diction, flaying irony, and

keenness of thrust, he stands out as the central figure in the great galaxy of intellectual luminaries that France has given to the world.

What surgically trained Ishmaelite shall say that the fountains of this mighty genius should have been dried by sterilization, or that he should have been allowed to die, while in a decline, during his first year?

The muckers of science place Mozart, the beacon light of harmony, among the semi-insane because at the age of ten he would flee from a trumpet, and if pursued, would hide.

We have all heard buglers capable of arousing the microbe of insanity. A further scientific ground was urged that at the age of fifteen he fell in love with a girl ten years his senior but did not add that he married her younger sister by whom he had two sons.

Mozart composed 179 works and died at the age of thirty-five years. His operas *Don Giovanni*, *The Magic Flute* and *Figaro* will endure until the harmony of

the world shall be thrown into chaos by the bugle call to judgment. This bulging genius played the harpsichord at three, composed concertos at five, and conducted a concert tour at six. He flashed his dying soul into an unfinished *Requiem*, which remains a noble monument to his poverty-hampered genius. No friendly eye saw his remains covered. His wife could not find his grave. Vienna let him starve but finally erected a beautiful monument upon his empty stomach.

Beethoven stood five feet five inches high, very broad and strongly built, with large head thickly coated with black hair, with dark, very bright, peculiar eyes. His father was of a tempestuous temper and led an irregular life and sang tenor in a band for twenty-five pounds a year. His mother was so ordinary that she has been referred to as of no account. They say he was deaf at thirty, a very eccentric character, a genial disorder reigned in his mind; he washed in ice water and used several pitchers of it for his toilet, dashing it on his hair and face without notic-

ing that it made a pool on the floor in which he splashed like a duck and constantly scolded. When hot-headed he plunged his cranium into ice water to mitigate the heat, and in the heart of the woods spent days, composing, with his head bared to the dampness and storms. Still his genius gave to music a strength, breadth, depth of color, and a beauty before unknown to the world. Living in a profligate city at a time of unmuzzled morals, and himself singularly attractive to women, yet his name was never shaded by a single scandal. He said: "It is one of my first principles never to stand in any relation but those of friendship with another man's wife." Princes, cardinals, beautiful, clean intellectual women, like Rahel, and men like Goethe were his companions. This moral man of the widest musical intellectual sweep is classed amongst the semi-insane by scientific "hags" who, like Jacob, seek to draw attention to themselves by attacking angels.

St. Paul, the heavy weight of early Christianity, has been classed as an

epileptic. The evidence against him seems to be that he held the garments of the assassins of St. Stephen; on the road to Damascus a Heavenly light clothed him and for three days he was without food, drink or sight; he escaped from the walls of Damascus in a basket; collided with St. Peter at Antioch; failed in his defense before Agrippa by appealing to Cæsar; talked himself into many jails; frequently wrote epistles to strange peoples that were never answered; had a mania for tramping, preaching, flaying hypocrites, rib-roasting the Jews, and a very marked carelessness in the use of language when denouncing sinners,—all of which culminated in his arrest and led to his execution by Nero as a felon.

Rossini, the son of a town trumpeter and inspector of slaughter houses, stands at the head of Italian composers for the stage. In Vienna his music and attractive personality raised a wave of popularity which swept everything before it. Paris gave him such a cordial reception and storm of applause that he resolved again

to see her vivacious and appreciative people. The king and aristocracy of England with open arms extended to him a most generous welcome. In nineteen years he wrote thirty-six operas, and *William Tell* is the one most likely to endure. He is classed among the irrational and his memory blackened because at times he wept, despaired, complained of cold hands and sleeplessness; and because he once said: "I feel all the miseries of a woman, the only thing that I lack is a uterus."

Edgar Allen Poe is classed as a psychic degenerate because he drank like a savage, had delirium tremens, would drink liquor without water or sugar, and gulp it down without tasting it; that his life was one dark sob, and that the paralyzing terror in all of his stories evidenced his madness.

"The Raven," "The Bells," "The City in the Sea," and "Lenore," are not straggling poetic flowers, which, by chance, sprang up in the crevices of a whisky-cracked brain. Only Emerson and Lowell contest his poetical primacy. Edwin Markham says of him that he "is the most

tragic figure in our literary history and the figure that casts from our shores the longest shadow across the world. He was a great intellect and a sad heart."

I would rather be the author of "The Raven" than of all the spew that has dripped from the brains of all of the sexologists and anthropologists who have delved in the frailties of man since frogs leaped into Pharaoh's soup. In death his lips moved for the last time upon these sanctifying words: "Lord, save my poor soul!"

The critics of this immortal genius in prose and verse, compared with him, are as mud-balls "stuck on the radiant front of the rainbow."

Frederick II of Germany, at the age of eighteen, wrested the imperial crown from Otto IV; spoke seven languages and was one of the first to write Italian poems; he was a patron of the arts and a diligent student of national science. Intellectually he was perhaps the most enlightened man of his age; still he is classed as semi-insane because he had such a dislike for

changing his coat that he did not have more than two or three during his life.

The following noted men have been shadowed mentally by scientific cynics who never see a good quality in a man and never fail to see a bad one:

Schiller, because when meditating he would put his feet on ice and sniffed the aroma of decaying apples, which he kept in his bureau drawer for that purpose.

Paisiello could not compose unless he was wrapped in six blankets in the summer and nine in the winter.

Byron had an attack of convulsions when he heard Kean recite, and sometimes imagined that a ghost visited him.

Darwin seems to have suffered from serious chronic neurasthenia, and at one time from monkey-mania.

Chopin's affliction was extreme nervousness, which so affected him that the merest trifle, the wrinkle in a rose leaf, or the shadow of a fly would make him bleed.

Van Helmot had the aid of a spirit in

all important matters and looked upon his own soul as a resplendent crystal.

Richard Wagner was a degenerate because his writings show incoherence, flight of ideas, and a tendency towards silly puns.

Berlioz failed to coördinate mentally and kicked his guitar, then grabbed his pistol to end all because his thoughts failed to flow freely. Intestinal neuralgia wore him down and epileptic convulsions preceded his death.

Lombroso says that the list of great men who have ended their lives is interminable, and he classes as epileptics Molière, called by Voltaire the father of French comedy; Julius Cæsar, the greatest military commander of his time, peerless as a politician and statesman, and virtually the founder of the Roman Empire; Petrarch, crowned poet laureate of Italy in the capitol in Rome and died sitting among his books July 18, 1374; Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, who founded St. Petersburg on a bog, married his mistress, changed the manners of the Russians and

filled their lives with industry, and when drunk with wine would strike off twenty heads in succession to show his dexterity with the sword.

Napoleon, whose genius shook the earth, suffered from an habitual twitching of the right shoulder and of the lips. He believed in presentiments and horoscopes, credited sorcerers who promised good fortune, despaired when he broke a mirror, was superstitious about Friday and the number 13, and the letter *m* he considered fatal.

Grasset, in his work on the semi-insane, classes Newton as a *demi fou*, which in popularized English means a "damn fool," and that he became insane in his old age, the evidence being that he delivered fantastic lectures, clenched his fists while driving, defied Villars and challenged him to fight, wrote obscure letters, became melancholic, had been absent-minded all of his life, and that the illustrious astronomer suffered from dementia in 1694.

Newton, the greatest of natural philoso-

phers, was born in 1642, the year of Galileo's death. He succeeded to the Mathematical Professorship of Trinity College and delivered a course of optical lectures in Latin at the age of twenty-five years. A new telescope was invented by him. The incident of a falling apple brought from his wonderful mind the marvelous law of universal gravitation. He was a master of the mint, twice a member of Parliament, knighted by Queen Anne and at his death had been president of the Royal Society for twenty-five years.

In 1696, two years after his alleged dementia it is recorded in Chambers' *Encyclopedia*, that "in the interval of public duty, however, Newton showed that he still retained the scientific power by which his great discoveries had been made. This was shown in his solution of two celebrated problems prepared in June, 1696, by John Bernouilli, as a 'challenge to the mathematicians of Europe.' "

A similar mathematical feat is recorded of him as late as 1716, and at the age of seventy-four years.

On these facts I much prefer to be classed with the Newtons than with the nut-cracking alienists and professors who are ever ready to bedevil a human being for the beckoning dollar.

Mohammed before his sixth year lost both of his parents and was the victim of poverty and fits. In his tenth year he entered the service of a rich widow, as a camel-driver, who, though fifteen years his senior and the survivor of two husbands, offered him her hand, which he took and grew a long beard and cultivated a black mole between his shoulders which later was looked upon by his followers as "the seal of prophecy."

At forty years of age in the solitude of Mt. Hira he nursed an inclination to teach a new faith as a substitute for idolatry, narrow Judaism, and a corrupt Christianity.

Like Isaac, Moses, Baalam, Paul, Joan of Arc, Bloody Mary, and Joseph Smith, Mohammed was honored by divine visitations.

Whether divinity was present or actu-

ally represented in each case, is still a mooted question.

Some dogmatic inquirers have suggested that these visions may have been the children of hysteria, fright, dyspepsia, or ambitious cunning.

What Mohammed had conceived after a long, painful, and solitary confinement he finally brought forth amidst such fearfully exultant physical vehemence that during his revelations his eyes shot blood, his lips foamed, and he steamed with sweat.

This book-made lunatic fought superstition, the killing of newborn daughters, gambling and usury, exhorted the people to pious moral lives, and to the belief in an all-mighty, all-wise, everlasting, indivisible, all-just God, the throne of whose mercy could be reached principally through fasting, almsgiving and prayer. In the zenith of his power he lived in a miserable hut, freed his slaves, and mended his own breeches.

In a civil-service test for humility and contempt of the world he would outclass

any disciple who ever cussed fish on the Sea of Galilee.

Freeing him from the sins and errors of his successors, and taking him all in all, human history records the achievements of but few more earnest, noble and sincere "prophets," men irresistibly led by an inside voice to preach, teach and warn, and to throw into the teeth of the world sublime truths not fully comprehended by themselves.

If, however, Mohammed were on trial for murder in this day, the lobcock alienists, who prance on the mental horizon for hire, would affirm that the fastigium of his intellectuality had irrevocably slipped into the storm center of irremediable madness.

Like hounds, they often take the wrong scent and cry out along a false trail, never perceiving their fault.

The noted Thaw was the victim of the monetary alienist Flint, who, consciously or through olfactory defectiveness, for years bayed along the trail of this alleged paranoiac. That they are not dependable

was shown in the last trial of Thaw at which Dr. Flint called upon the court to save his great mind from the hypnotic powers of his victim.

These are only a few of the intellectual lights that shine in the window of time, who have been classed as defectives by alienists.

By all the gods and bobtailed chickens that infest mythology and the barnyard, I most solemnly affirm that no sane man is safe who has ever stepped on one of the Ten Commandments, should he fall under the paid observation of any of these scientific vultures.

CHAPTER VIII

STANDARD

CONCEDE that mating can be controlled to the point of matrimony, then, I ask by what standard shall fitness be determined? Will intellect, physical lines, and pedigree govern as among breeding animals? Will honesty, sense, and soundness, divested of dowery, take the applicants past the censor?

Plutarch says: "Seldom honesty and beauty dwell together."

If physical perfection shall be the primary requirement, the animal in man will soon dominate the intellect and we will ultimately have a race of gobblers and stallions uproariously displaying their charms before their queens. If an attractive stalwart physique, with such brain as chance may have lodged in it, shall finally become the standard, then it will follow as

the night the day that genius must sleep alone.

Physical abbreviation and imperfections have attended many of the most noted men of the world.

How many deformed or physically defective princes, kings, emperors, poets, prophets, philosophers, statesmen, musicians, orators, generals, and wits could I enumerate?

When that little, lean, poor, dejected famous preacher in Italy, Cornelius Mussus, stepped into the pulpit in Venice the people were about to depart. He threw his beautiful voice into their ears and with his wealth of intellect soon doped them into an admiring spell-bound aggregation. Happy was the senator who could sit in his company or have him at his home.

Hannibal had but one eye; Muleasse, King of Tunis; John, King of Bohemia; Tiresias, the prophet; Appius Claudius; Timoleon and Homer, were blind. Angelus Politianus had a leaking tetter in his nose, yet he wrote in words of gold; Socrates was hairy, long-legged and pur-

blind; Democritus, shriveled; Seneca, harsh, lean, and ugly to the eye; Horace, a red-eyed shrimp; Æsop, deformed; Melanchthon, a short hard-favored man; Marsilius Ficinus and Faber Stapulensis were dwarfs; Galba, the emperor, had spinal curvature; Epictetus was lame, and Lord Byron, club-footed; the great Alexander and Augustus Cæsar were sawed off; Napoleon was called "Puss in Boots"; Pope measured less than five feet; Agesilaus was mean in form; Prince Boccharis physically was the crookedest and mentally the wisest of Egypt's royal blood.

The pigmy King of Poland, Uladeslaus Cubitalis, fought more battles and won more victories than any stalwart predecessor who ever strode a horse.

Zacchæus, the only rich sinner honored at lunch by the Savior's presence, was so small that he viewed his Master's approach from the crotch of a sycamore.

"The Great Commoner," the sickly and club-footed Thaddeus Stevens, walked from humble obscurity to a seat in Congress.

Yet show me so many wits and such divine spirits in any other intellectual assemblage.

Sottish, dull, and leaden minds are usual in large bodies and comely features.

Fat and fame are not often covered by the same skin. About the only great statesman one can recall who was really a fat man was Charles J. Fox, as can be seen by his effigy in the palace of Westminster. He would make three of his great rival Pitt the younger.

The only fat poet one can recall is Jamie Thompson, the author of "The Seasons." He was a comfortable, lazy, slovenly man, of whom it is related that he would eat peaches off the tree, not taking the trouble to take his hands out of his pockets to pluck them. Yet, despite his lazy disposition, he managed to write one of the longest of English poems as well as "The Castle of Indolence," a castle in which he habitually dwelt.

When ominous clouds were hovering above the head of Cæsar, he said to his trusty friend, Antonius;

Let me have men about me that are fat :
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

In the material world a small diamond is worth more than a granite block.

If physical perfection is sought, the lofty idealists might profitably dwell upon the fact that there has been little physical progress in our species for many thousands of years. The Cro-Magnon race which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago was at least equal to any modern people in size and strength, and some of the so-called unprogressive races, as the Zulus, Samoans and Tahitians, are even to-day envied by the people of the white race for strength and beauty.

The minds of men may be likened to wood, metal, and stone, in that some readily yield to the burnisher, while the vast majority remain dull in the hands of the most gifted artisan.

The belchers of wind and words may blindly struggle on, but unavailingly, as they will find their every effort environed by unyielding, God-given, natural laws.

CHAPTER IX

INTELLECTUALS GENERALLY UNFERTILE

THE sexologists who seek to mate "intellectuals" know that thereby they can limit offspring and spare the wealthy, socially inclined the burden and inconvenience of children and without sexual restrictions because of the well-known law laid down by Ellis that "in the races and also among animals generally, fertility diminishes as the organism becomes highly developed."

That matchless mind and divine favorite, Moses, so ran to intellect that he early soured on matrimony and sent his wife to her father that his time might be given to plaguing Pharoah, legislating against idolatry and adultery, evolving a sanitary system of diet, foot baths, and whiskers, expounding his ten rules of salvation,

regulating the quail and manna supply and clubbing water from tearless rocks.

The lily-faced Solomon, with "bushy locks dark as the raven's wing," chased bugs for a thousand hens and left for his throne a single Cockerel, mentally slim, but sexually strong, who, by aid of eighteen wives, and sixty concubines produced twenty-eight sons and sixty daughters.

Michael Angelo, the architect of St. Peter's, sculptor, painter and poet, put tongues in clay and the touch of divinity on canvas, and yet this great sweeping mind never sought marriage but rather the pure and ardent companionship of widow Colonna.

Ariosto, noted for his vivid imagination, vivacity, fertility of resource, word-painting and beauty of style, was called the divine by Galileo. By a Florentine widow he had two sons.

"Tumble-down Dick," was Cromwell's son, a poor, feeble creature, shooed from the throne in about three weeks.

A. Von Humboldt, the great scientific

traveler and son of nobility, never married. Of him Goethe said: "I may say he has not his equal in knowledge, in living wisdom."

Napoleon III gave royalty a single son.

The bigot Edward Gibbon was the son of a member of Parliament, and in a family of seven he was the only one who survived childhood. He was low in stature, feeble in health, with large head, thin legs, big feet, shrill voice, shy and timid; and yet bridged twelve centuries with a history which is still the highest authority on most of the periods of which it treats.

Ferdinand, of Columbus fame, begat crazy Johanna, the mother of Charles V of Germany, whose two sons were constantly pursued by squirrels.

Napoleon I, the modern Mars, was twice married, resulting in a single scrubby son.

Dean Swift never knew the passion of love, though for thirty-five years he was the virtuous companion of the beautiful and intellectually fascinating Stella. Within one hour after his death his ad-

mirers clipped his head as clean as the dome of the Colossus of Rhodes.

Lord Bacon in quest of wealth found it in a childless matrimony, as sketches of him make no references to children.

One child bore the name of the noted Edmund Burke.

Alexander Pope, healthy, plump, pretty, and precocious, at the age of twelve was attacked by a serious illness induced by "perpetual application," which ruined his health and distorted his body. His "Essay on Man," alone will carry his memory undimmed through the coming ages. He left no descendants, and Martha Blount was the only woman who in the least swayed this mental marvel.

Lord Macaulay, whose intellect from early infancy burned with unusual brilliancy, died a bachelor.

Cecil Rhodes stamped his name on the continent of Africa and in the history of the British Empire and almost hated women.

Oliver Goldsmith, who "wrote like an

angel, but talked like poor poll," had no taste for matrimony.

To say that Bismarck built the modern German Empire is a sufficient tribute to his greatness, still this towering master of statecraft added but three to the Kaiser's subjects.

Louis Agassiz, a Swiss naturalist and Harvard professor, had but one son.

From the intellectual aristocracy of New England came Ralph Waldo Emerson, a mild man with a scholar's face, who, like Hawthorne, despised explosive laughter. His writings will long supply oil for other men's lamps. "Hitch your wagon to a star," is one of his many imperishable sayings. His matrimonial record is two wives and two sons.

William Cullen Bryant was of Puritan ancestry, the son of a cultured physician and a weakling at birth, with a head much too large for his body, rendered normal by brook bathing on which sometimes the ice had to be broken for the daily Spartan bath. This first famous American poet knew the alphabet at the age of six-

teen months and left two daughters to bask in the sunshine of his fame.

The historian Francis Parkman was of distinguished ancestry, the son of a minister and the father of two daughters.

Two wives and one child is the matrimonial record of James Russell Lowell, poet, scholar, humorist, and ambassador.

John G. Whittier, former shoemaker, journalist, agitator, and poet, asked no woman to wear his name.

Washington Irving, lawyer, traveler, minister to Spain, and one of America's most gifted writers, lived the trying life of a bachelor.

Chauncey Depew of distinguished ancestry, a serious or playful orator at will, a United States senator and the most noted after-dinner entertainer of his time, though twice married, and called nearly everything else, was never called father.

David B. Hill, lawyer, governor, United States senator and candidate for President, studiously avoided the matrimonial toga.

The great white-souled Washington left his image on no human clay.

Samuel J. Tilden, attorney for fifty-two corporations, was so highly intellectual that he never built a nest in the lap of matrimony.

The war governor of the Empire State, Horatio Seymour, closed his career without a son or daughter.

President McKinley was the seventh son in a family of nine and his two daughters died in infancy.

Lolita Armour, the incubator baby of twenty years ago, is the only heir of the J. Ogden Armour millions.

Poe married his cousin Virginia, less than fourteen years of age, who died childless at twenty-four. She was the only magnet that drew and held the love of this intellectual wilderness in all of his oscillations from the skies to the gutter.

Only one child called the imperious, matchless Conkling father.

The dazzling splendor of Franklin's intellect gave him membership in all of the leading scientific societies of the Old

World and at the close of his great career there was but one child to soothe his throbbing brow.

When Henry Wilson died the faithful tomb unveiled its bosom and received the Vice-President of the United States of whom it was said: "He served his imperiled country faithfully, withstood temptations and died an honest man." This constructive statesman, with better than a three-pound brain, was so poor that Sumner loaned him one hundred dollars to defray his inaugural expenses, and so unfruitful that his only son in early childhood joined the Heavenly choir.

These examples tend to support the Ellis theory that barrenness haunts the wake of a highly developed intellectuality.

But gifted men developed up from the common walks of life, as a rule, are far more prolific than those long associated with the so-called learned professions.

A few noted examples will suffice.

Lincoln, the Negro's Moses, the Union's savior and the Republic's saint, had four children.

Beecher, of Plymouth Church fame, a mud-ball in boyhood, but a bright star in manhood, had four children.

Samuel S. Clemens of "Tom Sawyer" fame, and the most recent assassin of sadness, had four children.

James A. Garfield studiously obeyed his mother's behest, "Remember thy God and study books," until called from the rein of the mule to the reign of the people. Of his six children one has written his name in the history of the World War.

Thomas A. Edison, who rescued the human voice from the sleep of the tomb, and, wizard-like, robbed the occult of her treasures, found time to dance six children upon his knee.

James Fenimore Cooper, whose tales raised the hair on bald heads, had seven children.

Horace Greeley, the father of seven children, with mud on his boots, his worldly effects in his bandanna, entered New York City with a country-fed brain which carried him over one of the roughest roads that man ever trod from the typesetter's

case to the Democratic nomination for President of the United States.

Peter Jefferson was a planter, surveyor of note in the Colony of Virginia, and a member of the House of Burgesses. Thomas Jefferson was his third child and eldest son in a family of ten children.

Lyman Beecher was the second generation of one of the most noted of American families. His "Six Sermons on Intemperance" were translated into many languages; and his sermon on the death of Hamilton at the hands of Burr marked the beginning of the end of dueling in the United States. Of his thirteen children, seven became clergymen. The most noted of his family are Catherine E. Beecher, Thomas K. Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Henry Ward Beecher.

Thomas Marshall, in the Revolutionary War, rose to the rank of colonel, and John Marshall, that peerless jurist, who found the Constitution a civic dogma and left it a bar of steel, was the eldest of fifteen children.

Intellectuality in woman is also a boulder in the highway of the cradle.

Michal, the daughter of King Saul and wife of King David, never felt her first-born's breath.

The six wives of England's genital athlete matured but three children, all of whom would have filled unknown graves had they not been born to a crown.

The beautiful, talented Katharine Parr, who composed both in Greek and Latin, matrimonied at fifteen, was herself four times a widow, thrice of widowers, and the sixth wife of England's most scaturient royal sensualist; she died childless.

George Eliot so magnetized the married and gifted Lewes that many years were spent together and a scandal bred which closed the coveted doors to social centers and distilled a gall in her soul which she unstintingly poured into her literary stream.

Maria Susanna Cummins, the daughter of an able judge and the author of *Lamp-lighter*, still widely read, had no taste for matrimony.

Alice and Phœbe Cary, deprived of candles by their stepmother, courted the Muse by the light of rag wicks in saucers of lard. Attractive women, clever talkers, gifted writers—the cultured and artistic sought them in their New York City home, not for matrimony, but to loll in the sunlight of genius.

Dr. Mary Walker, in man's attire by leave of Congress, led her sex for half a century in a contest for social equality, and while she drew the eyes of the world upon her, still no man was ever able to ring her finger.

Sister Maria Celeste, who chose a celibate life, was the daughter of the astronomer and physicist Galileo, the sweep of whose marvelous mind was beyond the grasp of the midget souls around him.

The cultured Empress Josephine had one child by her first husband, but was divorced by Napoleon for barrenness.

The authoress Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the daughter of a lawyer, had but one child.

Helen Hunt Jackson, the daughter of

a college professor, was twice married, had two sons both of whom died in childhood.

Clara Barton, whose deeds of mercy covered two continents and won for her the Iron Cross of Germany, still failed to attain the greatest title known to woman, that of "Mother."

Lucy Stone worked her way through Oberlin College, and during her four-years course had but one new dress and that was calico. She became a noted abolitionist, and when she was to speak in Malden, the congregational minister gave notice that "a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the town hall this afternoon. Anybody who wants to hear that kind of music will of course attend." At thirty-seven she entered Platonic matrimony, retained her maiden name and died childless.

These noted women are a type of myriads of their sex, who for centuries past have chosen the convent, teaching literature, philanthropy, politics, professional

or intellectual activities, rather than the calling of tilling God's flowers in the garden of the heart.

A modern silo would hold the increase of America's social queens, from the modest, gifted Martha Washington, to the present-day bare-back type.

To further support the theory of Ellis and others, that fertility decreases with organic development, thousands of the dead might be called from their tombs, and of the living from their palaces and banquet halls.

The same rule obtains among animals.

Dan Patch, with a pacing record of 1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$, descended in the male line from George Wilkes with a record of 2:22. Patch as a sire has to his credit twenty-one pacers; all good but none famous.

Cresceus, the trotting king, with a record of 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$, was sold for a fabulous sum to the Russian Government for breeding purposes and proved such a failure that he was put to work on a commissary wagon.

Good trotters have come alike from the thoroughbred, the Morgan, the Canadian, and the Indian pony. Morgan, a Vermont horse, did not come from fast ancestry, yet left numerous fast-trotting descendants; and Dutchman, one of our best trotters, was taken out of a clay yard, and put on the turf from a Pennsylvania wagon team.

Mr. Galton says:

I regret I am unable to solve the simple question whether, and how far, men and women who are prodigies of genius are infertile. The daughters of parents who have produced single children are themselves apt to be sterile.

Recent investigation supports Mr. Galton.

In the *London Times* of October 16, 1916, it is reported that a

voluntary confidential census among a class of "intellectuals," showed that of 120 marriages, 107 were "limited," the average number of children to each marriage being considerably under 2. If this were to become the average number of children to every married couple through-

out the land, France would live to write England's obituary notice, with the epitaph on her tombstone: "Died of suicidal corruption and syphilitic poisoning."

CHAPTER X

SOCIETY

SOCIETY, in its broad and temporal sense, comprehends the poor, well-to-do, and wealthy.

The sexology of Mr. Ellis touching offspring seeks to introduce into society the "ideal of quality in place of the ideal of quantity," and to crush "the vulgar aim of reckless racial fertility."

By the phrase "ideal of quality" we assume that Mr. Ellis has in mind an educated and financially comfortable parentage. He evidently intends that all increase shall ultimately come from the upper layer of society as that layer will readily subordinate itself to the doctrine that "reckless racial fertility" ought to be checked. We all know that the men and women of this portion of the human family are not much given to progeny-hunt-

ing. They may have become disheartened by the comparison of their best efforts with the children of those socially beneath them. If the future pillars of this republic are to be hooked from the ocean of wealth it behooves us to examine its depths.

There is but little revealed that greatly interests us outside of man and his works, and unlike the chipmunk, it is hard for one to burrow into the human family without leaving some dirt at the hole.

Since Noah sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" while his kidneys worked on the blood of the grape, till noisy slumber alarmed his menagerie and his wine-soaked body became the rendezvous of gnats, flies, hornets, wasps, punkies, mosquitoes, libellulas, scarabs, spring-tails, rhipipters, soldados, necrophagans and humpbacked worms, man has changed but little in his tastes, habits, and passions, save possibly, in the intensity of his hypocrisies and in the refinement of his villainies.

Trimalchio fed his guests on peafowl's

eggs taken from the straw under a wooden hen, and startled the gluttons with a circular tray containing food representations of the signs of the Zodiac, and finally washed sow's haslets to the second station with century wine, and reclined on the down of partridge wings; since then he has had some feeble imitators.

A New York lust scavenger, the victim of a moral low-brow, touched a spring and disclosed a human pullet who stood on the banquet table robed only in a smile and as imperturbed as an ass of Corinthian metal.

Herod, when soused, gave the head of John the Baptist to a leg-twisting favorite who thrilled the old fool by a climactic leap from a table to his lap. Many of us can recall modern instances of cane-sucking sons of wealthy men who have been leaped upon by terpsichorean artists.

If the reports that have come to us of the social broodings at exclusive Atlantic seaboard resorts are one-half as dependable as a sparrow's chastity or a harlot's dream, then, assuredly, no bedtime dan-

cer who ever whisked flies from an Apis bull with a peacock quill had a physical movement or thrill unknown to the wine-driven engines of love that wiggle in hammocks or "ham" the sands on the moaning shores of these sin-soused cities of the sea.

At these resorts fools and their money developed the banquet stunts.

A man of some intelligence and great wealth, who descended from the sweat-soiled loins of an immigrant, procured the loan of Consul II, the leading social Ape of Central Park, and in human breeches and snowy shirt front he was given the plate at the right of his host. In intellect and sobriety he was the star of the evening.

At another gathering of the low-combed cocks of society a pig was loosed among the wine-swashed, waist-stretched revelers. Greased and bewildered, he dove among the screaming, swaying, tumbling female tanks, who love every he-thing but their husbands, and ripped trails and tailoring till he wrought a havoc and ana-

tomical exposure sufficient to glut the monetary and sensual cravings of whinnying studs, who spend their wakeful hours plucking blooms from the garden of virtue, later to cast them aside, scentless and dead.

The pagans, in the days of their juiciest sins, could have learned from these foul lemans who nocturnally infest the reeking sewers of shady resorts, and, like the unclean birds of the night, retire only with the breaking dawn.

The dollar has been the yardstick of society—since Abraham paid Ephron four hundred shekels of silver for Sarah's tomb—whether picked from the ham of a Harpy or the hand of an Angel.

Socially the clean wife of a poor intellectual brilliant would not in these days be given standing room with those enriched by pickles, bonds, hams, or sausages.

Gold is the counterpane for grammatical errors and genital sins.

Society, as now constituted the world over, is a pottage composed of miscellane-

ous meats, including bob veal, sweetbread, lamb fry, choice cuts, capon and buttocks with a vegetable adjunct of skunk cabbage, pig weeds, cowslips, burdocks, carrots, lentils and an occasional sweet herb and all spiced with gold dust.

A calico printer founded the famed Peel family.

Baron Reading, who has just been created an earl, and Lord Northcliffe, who has been made a viscount, are both of the humblest origin. Northcliffe was a reporter, and Reading, now Lord Chief Justice, is the son of a Jewish storekeeper. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England sold groceries in his father's store.

The son of a section boss, born in a little shanty in a western boom town, John J. Pershing, in command of the American Army in the greatest war that ever shook the earth, drove the blood-reeking Hun from the soil of his Alsatian ancestors.

Clémenceau, who kissed every stone along the highway of poverty, the recent Premier of France, is accredited one of

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the broadest and shrewdest of living statesmen.

The Socialist Ebert, who on the abdication of the Kaiser took the royal post of Chancellor and shocked the aristocracy of the Empire by reposing in the Kaiser's bed for two nights, is a harnessmaker by trade.

In the business world the men that have emerged from the gloomy shades of poverty into the sunlight of prosperity constitute a vast army.

Notable amongst them is Charles M. Schwab, who entered a mill at the age of eighteen and finally performed the marvelous feat, as head of the United States Shipbuilding Corporation, of producing one hundred and twenty-four ships in the month of July, 1918.

Let the descendants of these and other noted men of humble origin refrain from silly boasting on the subject of ancestry, but rather pride themselves on the humbleness of their antecedents and the greatness attained by them.

We are all well aware that this social

ocean out of which Mr. Ellis hopes to fish "quality" is constantly absorbing the drainage of many social cesspools.

Robert Burton says:

Consider the beginning, present estate, progress, ending of gentry, and then tell me what it is. Oppression, fraud, cozening, usury, knavery, bawdry, murder, and tyranny are the beginning of many ancient families: one had been a bloodsucker, a parricide, the death of many a silly soul in some unjust quarrels, seditions made many an orphan and poor widow, and for that he is made a lord or an earl, and his posterity gentlemen forever after.

The same noted scholar further observes:

Hercules, Romulus, Alexander (by Olympia's confession), Themistocles, Jugurtha, King Arthur, William the Conqueror, Homer, Demosthenes, P. Lombard, P. Comestor, Bartholus were bastards; and that almost in every kingdom, the most ancient families have been at first princes' bastards; their worthiest captains, best wits, greatest scholars, bravest spirits in all our annals, have been base.

The Normans who went over to England with William the Conqueror and constituted the proud English nobility were simply a miscellaneous set of adventurers, professional fighting men of unknown, and no doubt for the most part undistinguished, lineage. William the Conqueror himself was a bastard, according to Burton.

To get a little nearer home let me call attention to the root of some of the so-called first families of the present day.

The Vanderbilt root paced the deck of a ferry; the Astor root bought pelts from the Indians; the Gould root was a surveyor and mouse-trap inventor; the Mackey root was a bartender and gold prospector; the Lincoln root, a rail splitter; the Garfield root, a canal driver, and the Grant root, a tanner.

There are hundreds of others, nameless because still in the flesh, who have financially emerged from the most abject, but generally respectable, poverty, and their descendants who bask in the sunshine of inherited wealth should not forget whence

they sprung, and that their pile may rest on bleeding hearts, wrecked homes, suicides, and financial cripples, the victims of grasping, thieving ancestors.

Still as the world views them they constitute the gentry, and Agrippa defined gentry as "a sanctuary of knavery and naughtiness, a cloak for wickedness and excusable vices, of pride, fraud, contempt, boasting, oppression, dissimulation, lust, gluttony, malice, fornication, adultery, ignorance, and impiety."

How many of the white-trousered gentry and degenerate princelings who scorn labor, yet wear and eat its sweat, have descended from the church-robbers of the sixteenth century?

The right to rule is man's gift, and it is not vested in some driveling son of a rough-neck ancestor, or bandit forefather whose mailed fist battered his way to power and a throne.

How many family trees have been felled in the social forest upon the discovery of a criminal ancestor dangling from a limb!

Show me a money-bag who dares invite all of his relatives to any of his social functions.

Some disown their parents, deny brothers and sisters, and will not suffer kindred and friends to approach lest they umbrate their pomp, accounting it a mud stain on their greatness to have had such beggarly beginnings.

Simon in Lucian, in the day of his wealth, changed his name to Simonides because of his beggarly kindred, and set the house of his birth on fire that no man should point it out.

Sickness is a great commoner, and until it enters the banquet hall of wealth, the money idolater and the snobs from the womb of wealth are unmindful that the wood is drying in the sun that will make their coffins, and that the despised hand of toil will dig their graves.

The result is the same whether one is strangled by a chain of gold or a rope of hemp, or the belly is filled with éclairs or mush and milk.

“Vanity of vanities; all is vanity,” is

the final cry of these worldly, sin-laden, goldenrods from the cheerless vale of a drooping virility.

There are too many arrogant, chest-inflated, morally poisoned skunks, who haughtily point to a tinsel ancestry and the blue veins on their bodies as evidence of greatness and of their right to make doormats of the rest of mankind.

With us wealth is society. Money orates the home, adorns the body, expands the stomach, breeds gout, pauperizes happiness, leads to lust stews, brothels, groin pains, and contempt for the poor.

The nasty refinements of society's afternoon tango tea dancers, when emboldened by wine and amatory yearnings, led a noted New York restaurateur recently to close out his supply of social male household pests, tango pirates and lounge lizards.

The best solace for the sensual itch is the dishpan or washtub.

Nero never wore the same garments twice,—his slaves never changed theirs,

—to-day by the economy of nature they are physical equals.

In social distinction founded on money alone there is a vast volume of froth.

A crooked overseer, dishonest banker, designing petticoat, Monte Carlo, storm at sea, flash of lightning, financial panic, drouth, cyclone, sickness, invasion, speculation, locusts, bugs, or booze, may at any time force a Dives to the level of a Lazarus.

When a social pillar has whiskied his thirst to the point of an old-rose nose, and stretched his anatomy at the feet of Bacchus, and finally expelled his soul in a wild delirium, the fee-hungry doctor saves the family name by announcing that dipso-mania was the cause of death. In a mechanic it would have been tremens.

If one of the common herd shoves an article from a counter into her muff she is a thief or shoplifter, but when a fur-laden, powdered sister of the social set is caught the poor soul is suffering from kleptomania.

As a rule, the working girl will carry

to maturity her social indiscretion and clothe it with a mother's love; but out of the rustling silk no human cry is ever heard, for the blight of gold has parched the plant and cast it to the lap of mother earth.

One pines in repentance and piety or fills a harlot's grave; the other shines in her sins and society and holds her secrets till judgment day.

A noted example was a wealth-crazed spinster of Detroit, Michigan, who loudly rang the social bell on two continents. Her beauty was fodder for both clowns and kings. At seventeen she married a Belgian prince, deserted him and eloped with a café fiddler. Soon wearying of his catgut notes, she erased him from her calling list, then for a time dropped into obscurity with another bee that had been attracted to this much-sucked rose. A self-willed, highly educated, physically perfect dynamo of mischievous impulses, and with eyes that would lift a saint from his knees, she tantalized and tortured men in all of the capital cities of Europe, till,

worn down by the fury of her passions and dissipations, decorated with three divorces and cursed by four husbands, she recently closed her eyes in poverty and obscurity at Padua.

The golden-mouthed John Chrysostom expressed the general sentiment 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."

How many matrons of our day can be seen in Juvenal's mirror of the Roman matron of his day?:

All glowing, all athirst
 For wine, whole flasks of wine, and swallows first
 Two quarts to clear her stomach and excite
 A ravenous, an unbounded appetite.

Maids of obscurity are freely selling their accumulated beauty and form to bloated guzzlers for chariots and gems.

If the beds in the palatial homes of bachelor libertines through this land could give the names of the crushed and bleeding hearts of former innocence which burdened them till required for another vic-

tim, a field of wilted flowers, cut in the bud by the reaper of lust, would stretch from the morning gold of the East to the crimson tinted West.

The mashing elders sought Susanna in the garden, and nightly on our streets can be seen hoary lust-hunters trailing some unsuspecting squab.

How many can give thanks, with the soldier and pagan saint Marcus Aurelius for not having unlawfully tested his virility before his majority?

Will the attractive innocent girl ever learn that the honeyed words and special favors of her married employer are only spades of earth from virtue's grave? Will she ever learn that the promise of marriage by a son of wealth, with the price paid in advance, is an apple of Sodom which will turn to ashes on the lips?

Society is honeycombed with male lust gluttons, robed in attire and manners of gentility, but, who, at heart, are lower than the rattler that warns before it strikes.

A noted architect and his millionaire

slayer are fair samples of an army of social hell-doomed, carnal sugs, who flay chastity and worship sin.

How many he-aristocrats molt away their physical substance and drearily end their days groaning and sighing over their emasculated powers, and exclaiming in the words of the eunuch: "Behold, I am a dry tree."

Two educated, wealthy, and to the eye, refined sisters, for years maintained the palatial "Whispering in the Meadows" in the city of Chicago, where every sensual diversion known to Sodom was practiced by themselves and stimulated in others. It was in this annex to hell that the son of a noted merchant of Chicago was killed while furthering his creed that no married woman could long withstand his assaults upon her virtue.

Daily, social, financial cripples yoke themselves to any old rickety female Sodomite who can stay the sag in their financial backs.

In all of the history that has been written on the walls of time the single fact

stands out that whenever gold wrested the throne from honor and virtue, decadence followed.

The devil, as a teacher, is tireless: He never sleeps. He works but little in the barren soil of poverty. In the fields of the idle rich or in the laps of social yearners he reaps abundant harvests. His latest fad, with surface innocence, is the exchange of husbands by married women at the shows, dances, theaters, and other gatherings.

There is a well-defined percentage of parasitic sons of wealth who are distinguished by red eyes, pearly teeth, daily bath and linen shift, perfect mouth, glove-and-cane manners, with a sensual scent, erupted hides and bandaged anatomy, and who contaminate and poison everything within the radius of their unholy mousing, and yet these harpies are permitted to roost on and besmear their ancestral perch and enter the homes of refinement and cleanliness through the power of a golden jimmy. How few amongst them with a

nose without a rose, and a skin without a scab!

They roam among the highest social peaks and seek victims even in the huts of the lowly. From the records of court trials and the pages of medical works it seems that their own sex and animals, even, are not immune from their miasmatic touch.

Society, in its restricted sense, is made up of everything that its membership will tolerate.

No questions were asked the famous illegitimate Themistocles after he had tricked himself into the baths of the sons of noted Athenians.

An English novelist of *Chrysanthemum* fame on a balmy morning entered the harbor of New York. For months he was wined and dined and sighed over and later spent three years in a London prison for an unnatural crime.

The devil in his warfare upon unstained souls has had in his service, and still has, quite as many women as men.

The female seducer to lewdness, for

personal gratification, for hire, for her haunts or for others, has plied her nefarious calling in all of the avenues of humanity since the passion-charged wife of Potiphar ripped his cloak from the virtuous Joseph and the youthful and matchless Cleopatra shed her rug in the tent of Cæsar, and Delilah, the queen of teasers, robbed Samson of his secret.

Like decoys in the stockyards, procurers and she-rakes are constantly leading lambs to their doom. Thus is the never-ending stream of social poison fed; and thus were the instrumentalities produced which crippled the English army in the Boer War, and which on May 14, 1917, led the War Fund Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association to print the following paragraph in its appeal, to wit:

Facts not allowed to be published but which we are given from the most unquestionable authorities will strike you with absolute dismay. Fine young men—many of them married—leaving home with high characters and clean records returned by the tens of thousands before they ever

saw the front—ruined for life. An unbelievable percentage of the young manhood of nations sent home to struggle hopelessly against their fate—necessarily to spread their curse among some who are innocent.

The *Church Times* of February 18, 1916, an English publication, discussed the subject, and the public conscience was painfully shocked to learn that

one in ten persons in large towns is infected with acquired or congenital syphilis, and a far larger percentage than this, gonorrhoea. In one great city of the Empire, which shall be nameless, it is stated that ninety men in every hundred of middle age, who have been born and reared in that city, have had venereal disease.

The foregoing is supported by the fact that married men in the English army home on furlough were not permitted to consort with their wives. It has been reported that within a year two hundred Canadian nurses returned from the front burdened with the evidence of sexual patriotism.

Mrs. Neville-Rolfe, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in October, 1918, on the subject of "The Changing Moral Standard," is authority for the following condensed observations, which apply to England.

Those who pursue a course of conduct in keeping with the best interests of the community include only a small proportion of the men and probably only about two-thirds to half of the women. The rapid numerical increase of the "amateur" is reducing with startling rapidity the proportion of women living up to our past ideals of chastity.

Available records show that from 1914 to 1917 the police arrested and brought before magistrates for soliciting twenty thousand women in the city of London alone.

There is no denying the fact that girls, unmarried women, and young married women of all classes have in very large numbers joined the ranks of the "amateur."

Mrs. Rolfe wrote:

It is a severe shock to be forced to the recognition of such depravity as is indicated by the following well-authenticated story. A girl of nineteen, who entered a country-house party, when asked by her hostess where she was staying the week before, answered glibly, in a mixed company, "Oh, I was at———and had a topping time"; openly boasting of promiscuous immorality during the visit. That such an announcement could be made without the majority of those present feeling that anything out of the ordinary had occurred, shows that the social customs and traditions are altering rapidly in a most undesirable direction.

Consider also the well-educated business girl who telephones for information as to where facilities for treatment of venereal diseases can best be obtained "because I was kind to a friend who came home on leave the other day and now my fiancé is reaching London next week and we are to be married." Or, the domestic servant who writes for information of the same nature in great distress, because she cannot imagine "who I got it from, as all my boys are such nice boys and it is not as if I was a bad woman"; all indicate the changing standards.

It is mainly the result of a short-sighted system of education, the excitement inherent in war conditions, the emancipation of women, immediately followed by the economic independence of very large numbers under conditions removed from home influences.

What evidences have we that the moral bulwark reared by our American ancestors is being battered down?

In what respect have we changed as to our mode of life, habits, practices, and beliefs?

Within our memory angel food has dethroned mush and milk, and silk between the ankle and the knee has replaced the woolen sock. The patient ox, the dash churn, the oaken bucket, the revolving rake, the peg-tooth drag, the grain cradle, the horse tread thrasher, the corn-planter's bag, the crosscut saw and the arm-strong dung-spreader have passed into history; but let us take hope from the fact that the cows still calve and the hens lay in the same old way.

On the farm the wife is supplanted by

the statutory cow. This animal must be addressed kindly, and have her hair combed and bag handled with clean hands and in full dress. Numerically the calves are increasing and the children decreasing.

The spare bed is occasionally used by a son or daughter who has left the Great White Way of city life for a few hours with aging parents. The tenement house has fallen to decay. Nearly every man is his own clergyman and without the constant gospel-pounding of a Paul, religious and moral lassitude has entered many hearts once the abiding places of a rigid Christianity.

The great fortunes made by hook or crook in the last few years by men from the common walks of life have precipitated a mad struggle for riches and its pleasure, resulting in a bold and far-reaching demoralization of both men and women. The farm is too lonely and slow for young men, and the milk pan is no longer the mirror, nor the country youth the companion, of the girl schooled upon the crystallized sweat of doting parents.

The Ten Commandments are sent to the attic and the golden calf wheeled out. The red-light district of life at first is cautiously entered, then roamed in, till finally its pleasure-maddening vortex sucks in and enslaves the once most cautious nibblers at the bait.

Do you demand proof?

Since Milton's *Paradise Lost* sold for twenty-five dollars and a western bull for one hundred thousand dollars, the public press has fairly reeked with accounts of domestic woes, social evils, crimes, murders, and suicides.

Men and women in all stations of life are daily indicted and daily convicted of all manner of crimes.

We see the wealthy broker Eddy swapping wives with a liveryman followed by murder and suicide; the Reno divorce-court judge resigning from pure exhaustion; married women preferring dogs to children as legatees; the bridge-whist table to the domestic hearth; the cigarette to the darning needle; the sinner to the saint; the purr of a cat to a child's

prattle; feticide to maternity; a slumbering ovary to a wakeful womb; a calcimined face to a clean skin; unbosomed charms to a veiled existence; a dog's trousseau to children's gowns; *Three Weeks* in literature to *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; the touch of a panderer to a husband's kiss; the sensual arms of a thick-lipped ebony pugilist to a sunlit face of her own race; the stage clout to a matronly dress; and finally the street is preferred to the home, where we see them "lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine"—a condition in which the armor of virtue is readily vulnerable to the torpedo of lust.

We lately read of bankers, moral teachers, professional and business men, members of a Christian association, in a section of the West, having outsinned Sodom and Gomorrah.

Civilization is in a continual flux, and much of the new-world aristocracy has reached the stage of ooze.

Probably the seed of more sowers is now cast by the wayside, more tenanted

wombs evacuated by the refinements of surgery, and more souls hurled over the embankment of immorality into the fervid bowels of hell, than at any time since the fig leaf was ripped from its moorings by the curiosity of woman.

How many husbands and wives whose lives blended well in the dark hours of poverty have become estranged in the red glare of wealth?

The toxin of the dollar has led many a man to sunder his matrimonial fetters, to pension and turn out to grass the companion of his humbler days, for a woman with all the sexual ferocity of a Borgia or a Massalina pounding in her veins.

Many wives are so cruelly neglected by husbands, whose daily employment is to sweat over pleasures that yield only to a golden key, that the road to perdition is paved with broken hearts and sprinkled with the ashes of loves consumed in the roaring fire of infidelity.

There would, however, be less cockerel-strutting and tail-feather display if the deserted wives were permitted to shoot

the bustle off from every drab who seeks, like the cowbird, to deposit her eggs in the nests of others.

If clean husbands would apply the Cudahy treatment to sexual prowlers who enter the matrimonial close there would be fewer men rocking other men's children when they think they are rocking their own.

Walter D. Bieberach, M.D., connected with the Chicago Vice Commission, estimated that the profits from vice in that city were fifteen million dollars per annum, divided among four groups composed of the brothel-keeper, the property-owner, the liquor-purveyor and the amusement-purveyor.

It would seem that among the contending nations social barriers have been badly crippled by war.

Birth-control and eugeny have been mired by the sexual whirlwind which is lashing the world.

Stokes shot Jim Fisk in a fit of jealousy over that voluptuous sunburst Josephine Mansfield. This is only a well-

known instance of the thousands of trigger-pullings involving the possession of some queen of filth.

The world well knows that from the cheerless huts of the lowly, from the bleak wilderness of poverty, from the barren shores of illiteracy, from the deserts of opportunity—but generally from the lap of clean maternity, sired by piety and purity—have come the stellar intellects which gradually ascended the horizon into the clear blue field of knowledge whence their scintillations illumined the somber highway of man's activities, harnessed the untamed powers of nature and ferreted from their burrows secrets that baffled man since the dawn.

President Harding, with the patriotic zeal of a Washington, the sensitive conscience of a Lincoln, the silent courage and tenacity of a Grant, the temperament of a McKinley, the piety and purity of a Paul, on December 15, 1920, at Marion, in an address to the Ohio Child Conservation League, clearly indicated that

the America of the future must come from the soil of the republic. He said:

The generation of to-day in its concern for the morrow will guarantee a citizenship from the soil of America which will be the guaranty of American security.

To the social students, moral philosophers, and pupilmongers who are honestly seeking the betterment of man, I would suggest that they give the people more of Christ and less of Ellis.

A greater number of the stalking evils of the day can be withered through mental sanitation and moral surgery, than by the specialized well-known anticonception deceits and sexual formulas.

The human mind always feels for the popular breeze disregarding the source and unmindful of its effect.

In the year of grace 1918 it was quite in harmony with American sentiment to consign the Kaiser to hell as the typification of the accumulated barbarity of centuries. Yet burning accused negroes at the stake

in the South has been a frequent social pastime.

In May, 1917,—while we were commendably pouring our wealth into the lap of bleeding Belgium to aid the suffering victims of alleged Hun atrocities and belching forth anathemas from the pulpits, and issuing well-intended proclamations from the White House, threatening the world with our brand of democracy—two thousand five hundred citizens of Memphis, Tennessee, calmly watched the sizzling flesh fall from the oil-soaked burning body of Ell Persons, a dangling negro.

While the whites of the South continue to deny the blacks the due process of law which they invoke for themselves, they should not grow red in the face blatantly demanding justice and freedom for people abroad.

“Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother’s eye.”

Class and race hatred, religious bigotry, avarice and immorality will always be fes-

tering sores in the side of world-democracy and obstructing bowlders in the highway of eugeny.

For redemption from the gathering social evils which are blighting many of the best amongst us we must steadfastly lean upon the arm of Christ and place our trust in the moral stamina of the common people, the daily associates of the Messiah, who have always in times of great social stress and oppression rescued humanity and relit the taper of hope in the human breast.

If we escape the extreme penalty here our civic salvation must be secured through the millions of Christian men and women of our nation who shall be strong and brave enough to teach mankind by word and example that there can be no hope for those in whose hearts the grace of God is a stranger.

One of the most elucidating mental flashes, on present social conditions, is the following from the pen of Hon. Byron R. Newton:

Vulgar of manners, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred,
Heartless, Godless, Hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night,
Bedwarfed the man, overgrown the brute,
Ruled by boss and prostitute,
Purple-robed and pauper-clad,
Raving, rotten, money-mad ;
A squirming herd in Mammon's mesh,
A wilderness of human flesh,
Crazed with avarice, lust and rum—
New York, Thy name's delirium.

CHAPTER XI

SHRINKING PROGENY

THE plan of sexologists does not comprehend morality as it has come to us from the Cross but rather a limited high-power progeny.

Havelock Ellis, in his book *The Task of Social Hygiene*, at page 23 says:

“Increase and multiply” was the legendary injunction uttered on the threshold of an empty world. It is singularly out of place in an age in which the earth and sea, if not indeed the very air, swarms with countless myriads of undistinguished and undistinguishable human creatures, until the beauty of the world is befouled and the glory of the heavens bedimmed. To stem back that tide is the task now imposed on our heroism, to elevate and purify and refine the race, to introduce the ideal of quality in place of the ideal of quantity which has run riot so long,

with the results we see. The vulgar aim of reckless racial fertility is no longer within our reach and no longer commends itself as worthy. It is not consonant with the stage of civilization we are at the moment passing through.

The foregoing is one of the most ungodly, unchristian and unpatriotic pronouncements ever written on ancient tablets or in modern books.

Had the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers disregarded the multiplication precept hurled from the eternal throne, at the dawn of man, into an unpeopled world, who would have thrown the tea of the oppressor into the ocean of liberty, who would have fought the Colonial battles, whence would have come the three millions of unconquerable men and women, who would have rocked the cradle of liberty in which reposed an infant republic, and who would have guarded and nurtured that infant to a stately manhood, represented in "Uncle Sam," who now proclaims to the world that he rules the greatest nation, the most versatile people

and the best governed republic that the sun has ever smiled on since thrown into space from the majestic hand of God?

The greatest struggle that ever rocked the earth, since Cain killed Abel, and which fertilized the battlefields of Europe with human blood, was fought by children grown to manhood.

When Babylon, Sparta, Greece, Rome, and many other nations which have long since perished from the earth, had attained the zenith of their greatness and culture, they sought the widest possible sexual liberality, but set bounds to their offspring, and willfully permitted their children to die or be eaten by beasts, thus unwittingly sapping their man and womanhood, and numerically weakening their nationality by ill attention to progeny, thereby hastening the approaching day when they were to lay the crown of centuries of glory in the lap of the invader.

When irreligious France wrote above her graveyards: "Death is an eternal sleep," and in 1870, fell crushed and bleed-

ing before the invader, a victim of sensual and riotous living, and with her death rate above her births, in alarm she then took a paternal interest in her pregnant daughters and public morals, and provided maternity homes for dependent or afflicted women who were molding assets for the nation; hence in less than fifty years, we behold a new France, so regenerated that her people, in genius, patriotism, courage, resources, statesmanship, versatility, and endurance are now the marvel of the world.

A female German socialist boldly announces the doctrine that every woman, regardless of social relations, having a yearning for maternity should select a male and bring forth young.

The government of Germany is liberally socialistic and with a bounteous hand takes care of her children of chance, dependent mothers and the unemployed. Her net increase in population is about one million a year. In 1906 the number of illicit births was 177,060; and now twenty per cent of all increase are the children

of love. Here we have a people who from the days of their savagery to this hour have believed in monogamy and that it was their duty to have children and to rear them all. Hence, Germany is numerically and intellectually one of the greatest nations on earth, and single-handed, could have, in 1916, wrested the crown from any king or ruler then burdening his people with the humbug of royalty.

To check the reckless multiplication of offspring Richardson and others appear to advocate the special cultivation of non-child-bearing women. In other words, these godless sexologists want a scentless rose, stoneless cherry, and ovarian desert.

If the doctrine of Ellis and others, that "racial fertility" is a reckless vulgar aim, ever effectively roots itself in the hearts of the pale-face nations, the time will as surely come in the future as in the past when the boasted civilization of the white man, defended by machine-made men grown on the deserts of maternity, will vanish before the onrush of that nation

or those nations who have kept up the "vulgar aim" of "racial fertility."

Antagonism of the Roman Catholic Church toward the birth-control movement is well known. This antagonism is based on theological grounds, but it has frequently been pointed out that the result, whether the Church has the fact in mind or not, will be to give the Church a slowly increasing preponderance in numbers in any community where the population is made up in part of Catholics and in part of Protestants.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, popularly known as the Mormon Church, has taken a similarly antagonistic stand on birth-control. Theological objections are raised against it; but in this case what may be called the eugenic aspect, the problem of altering the relative proportions of different classes in a population, is clearly seen and acknowledged.

In the July issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*, an official publication issued at Salt Lake City, five of the twelve elders

who make up the supreme council of the organization state their views on birth-control.

The eugenic view of the subject is most clearly seen by Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., who points out: "I feel only the greatest contempt for those who, because of a little worldly learning or a feeling of their own superiority over others, advocate and endeavor to control the so-called 'lower classes' from what they are pleased to call 'indiscriminate breeding.' "

The old Colonial stock that one or two centuries ago laid the foundation of our great nation is rapidly being replaced by another people, due to the practice of this erroneous doctrine of "small families." According to statistics gathered by a leading magazine published in New York, a year or two ago, the average number of children to a family among the descendants of the old American stock in the New England states was only two and a fraction, while among the immigrants from European shores, who are now coming into our land, the average family was composed of more than six.

Thus the old stock is surely being re-

placed by the "lower classes," of a sturdier and more worthy race. Worthier because they have not learned, in these modern times, to disregard the great commandment given to man by our Heavenly Father. It is, indeed, a case of the survival of the fittest, and it is only a matter of time before those who so strongly advocate and practice this pernicious doctrine of "birth-control" and the limiting of the number of children in the family will have legislated themselves and their kind out of this mortal existence.

Our government in 1917 was demanding a trained force of five millions of men for the World War in anticipation of the very danger that I have outlined. Let us thank God that we to-day can give to our national defense, if need be, ten millions of men, for the reason that those who have come to our shores, except the so-called nearly extinct "Yankee," have indulged in the old-fashioned "vulgar" physical progeny methods, rather than in the capers of those who burn in their lusts one toward another and burrow in the filth of unnatural commerce, rendering abortive

sexual enterprises and salting maternal plants.

A frontier defense, composed of flesh and blood, such as the World War presented, is not spun from threads of silver or gold, nor does it come from Richardson's "non-child-bearing women."

Unless those amongst us who correspond to the ancient burghers and peasants are encouraged by social laws to marry and multiply, who will man our dreadnoughts, sight our coast guns on the invader, enforce an orderly civilization, keep the idle, lazy wealthy from hunger and filth, run our mines, shops, factories, and railroads, and do all the menial work of the nation?

You cannot grow an oat crop on an asphalt pavement; neither will progeny sprout in a sandy uterus nor spring into being in a surgically raked ovarian garden. Unless those endowed by nature for progeneration are permitted frequently to test their virility, regardless of family tree or physical contour, the Lady Eglantines of the future may as well save the

wear and tear of laying 314 eggs in 365 days, because Richardson's prognosticated non-child-bearing Amazons will soon solve the problem of the food supply.

No great amount of printer's ink need be used in efforts to shrink the progeny output.

The withering effect of diversified technical sexual knowledge used against offspring, unknown to the woman of a century ago, is apparent in every compilation of vital statistics and is emphasized by the few or no children in the families of the wealthy and in the great reduction thereof amongst the middle classes.

The cause of this social condition springs from a general moral relaxation and cirrhosis of the conscience, stimulated by the doctrine of sex equality, taught in female colleges and on the rostrum and inculcated with socialism; and still further impressed by social-sin literature, the easiest way on the stage, a trousseau of hair and hints in vaudeville, leg-locking, umbilical chafing, breast-pressing and platonic commerce in the ballroom, which fre-

quently lead lambs to their doom and sheep to a change of pasture.

In New South Wales, dominated by socialism and suffragists, the evidence given before the Royal Commission, by doctors, clergymen, and druggists, and subjected to a sifting cross-examination, proved that the women generally expressed the desire to avoid maternity and took positive action to that end.

A feminist, Lydia K. Commander, in her book upon this subject, says:

The knowledge of how to control family scarcely existed in America two generations ago. Now it is practically universal. To-day thousands of physicians in this country make a practice of disseminating the knowledge of how to avoid children. The vast majority know how to control the size of the family and do so deliberately.

Let me add that the old custom of going downstairs head first on the hands and knees and taking pennyroyal tea have long since been abandoned as emmenagogues.

The greater the female liberty and intellectual attainment the more dormant is the maternal instinct.

One authority states that "half the college woman graduates do not marry, and a quarter of those who do marry are childless."

The social pullets, and engaged couples, discuss with amazing frankness the number of children they will have, if any, and the conditions under which they will consent to bear them.

Miss Gertrude Barnum, connected with the Federal Department of Labor, refers deplorably to what she terms "the third sex in industry." Her definition is:

In general, it is a group, divorced from the women who believe that women's sphere is the home, and from the coeducationists in labor who believe that women should receive labor education with men and should cooperate with men in raising the working standards of both men and women. This group believes it should work primarily for women and against men. Most of the active ones are unmarried.

There is in the world a lot of militant, mouthy hall trees for petticoats, who are generally sexually unemployed, and who spend their time advocating the torch, disseminating socially baneful literature, discharging cargoes of soap-box gas upon street groups, and in breeding discontent amongst a class of women who would be happy if let alone, and finally advising those under the connubial yoke to sand the copulatory track and sexually starve their husbands into buglers in the cause of equal rights.

How many inflammatory he-orators and cupbearers are in the ranks of the "eruptionists" through sexual starvation rather than through any innate conviction, thereby encouraging and augmenting the ever-increasing number of women who are hostile to maintaining such a birth rate as will enable the nation to repel the invader, protect its institutions established by the blood of the sons of heroic women and to continue to secure to her citizens peace and plenty?

Persistent attempts to parry the laws

of progeny sooner or later will lead nature to rebellion, the physique to emaciation, the individual to the tortures of the damned here, with all of the diversification of hell hereafter.

In furtherance of these soul-destroying and body-wrecking indulgences, a world-wide propaganda sneaks its literature and missionaries into the homes of our people to poison contentment, sow the seeds of sexual rebellion against natural coition, and instruct married women in the use of the anticonception mask.

Ben Reitman, when placed on trial in Rochester January 24, 1917, for selling birth-control literature, presented to the court a petition signed by 450 persons protesting against his arrest and demanding his release. Mrs. Ada Chase Dudley, one of his supporters declared: "Common sense is the keynote of the birth-control propaganda, and I am heartily in favor of the movement."

Mrs. Ethel Byrne, a birth-control missionary, while a guest at Blackwell's Island for distributing some of the devil's

best productions, observed: "It is only a question of time before people will understand. I felt that we owed a debt to society. We are seeking to lighten the burden of womankind."

Sexual eunuchs are increasing rapidly among church patrons and society-hunters, while free-love tendencies and yearning for social freedom, are breeding a vast army of "neuters" among the women, who "are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring."

Those women who dodge maternity and fondle poodles, and leave their dogs with the check maids in church basements, while they proclaim on the floor above that they are glad that they are not like the poor publican at the door, recently received a shock from Rev. George Hugh Birney, of Cleveland, pastor of the fashionable Euclid Avenue Methodist Church. He astounded his wealthy and practically childless congregation by deploring the absence of children in the homes of the rich and the development of a "third sex" amongst the women.

“If I were asked to indicate the one most ominous sign of the times, I would indicate the unsexed woman,” said Dr. Birney. “In the craze for freedom from all restraints, both religious and social, the new woman is under the temptation of disregarding both her nature and her soul.

“We are told of a ‘third sex’ created by the European war, due to the changing status of both women and men, particularly the women outgrowing their maternal instincts.

“Such a ‘neuter’ sex has been afflicting America for two generations. It is represented by the woman who cares more for puppies than babies and who thinks it more genteel to coddle a cold-nosed poodle than to sing cradle lullabies.”

It is well known to all students of social conditions that there is a steadily growing revolt against child-bearing. The world-wide decline in the birth rate of our people is not so much due to temporal conditions as to volitional sterility or the use of artificial preventives. The

“massacre of the innocents” by the tools of the devil shows how widely neo-Malthusianism has rooted itself in the hearts and homes of our people; and the time is not so far distant when we may be called to realize that this canker is threatening not only our national life but the paleface with extinction.

Letters from the working women published in *Maternity*, 1915, page 94, contain these sad and devastating confessions from women who have taken a definite stand against maternity.

One writes:

If ever I have the opportunity, I shall certainly advise all young men and women about to marry to avoid having any children.

Another writes:

After this (suffering from childbirth) I said to a friend one day, “If only I could feel that this was my last I would be quite happy.” “Well,” she replied, “why don’t you make it your last?” and she gave me advice. As a result of this knowledge I had no more for four and a

half years. I sometimes think that the Great Almighty has heard the poor woman in travail, and shows her a way of rest.

Another woman wrote:

When at the end of ten years I was almost a wreck, I determined that this state of things should not go on any longer, and if there was no natural means of prevention, then, of course, artificial means must be employed, which were successful, and I am happy to say that from that time I have been able to take pretty good care of myself.

The noted English priest, Father Bernard Vaughan, in an article of recent date upon this subject, gives the following extracts from letters received by him along the lines under discussion.

If mothers will be wise, they will try not to bring poor boys into the world; let the ones that talk have the boys; give us food and we will have children.

Another one wrote:

If you want the cradles filled, shut up the shops in ———. Render it by legisla-

tion impossible to buy anywhere artificial checks on population. Young people, and just now many soldiers, marry with the deliberate intention of preventing families.

Still another wrote:

If the shops in———were shut up and the vending or possession of the things they sell made a penal offense, it would tend to prevent the decline in births. I can point to one fellow living at the rate of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, said to be a partner in such a business.

Another one wrote:

If I had my time over again I would have an empty cradle. I love my children and they love me, and I miss my pet every day. I am pleased to say I have only two little girls; I hope they will never fill a cradle.

And one wrote:

Why are you so down upon the women? Blame the men. But for the men, who want a good time and money to bet on horses or anything at all, there would be thousands of more babies born in England.

Another one wrote:

Before you begin to preach from the text "Fill the cradle," kindly arrange with Government and municipal authorities to provide standing room for the cradle. I have four kiddies of my own, and my husband somewhere in France. Do you think people will let me rooms? Not a bit of it—me and my children are beggars and wanderers. Nobody will have my children, and municipal tenement houses are no better. Wherever I go I am told, "We can't have them," and I am turned into the streets.

Another one touched upon an actual condition so apparent in the social centers of our own country that it has a peculiarly strong and convincing application here, which should be condemned by all sensible and morally inclined people. This woman wrote:

I have three lovely children, and my husband is always asking for more, but if you knew the ridicule and banter it has subjected me to from my women friends you would not blame but pity me. They swarm around you, and just when you

need sympathy most of all they pour out vitriol into your soul, saying, "How can you be so silly? It is so middle-class to have more than two, so vulgar and immoral. Why, you surely don't want to take your ideals from the farmyard, or from the rabbit-warren?" Is it really immoral, Father, to have a big family? Anyhow, nothing in this world would induce me to go through these sneers and jeers again.

Sounding brass, tinkling cymbals, church organs, vesper bells, the hope of heaven and Christ crucified should lead this nation to the shrine of William Albright at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, who, on March 3, 1917, at the age of sixty-five, offered himself and fourteen sons to President Wilson for service in the army and also his seven daughters for Red Cross work in case of war.

Of almost equal value to the nation is Ike Sims, of Atlanta, eighty-seven years old, who had eleven sons in the service, and proudly awaited the call of three more at home.

R. C. Bland, a Carolina farmer, vigor-

ous at sixty-five years, twice married, is the father of thirty-four children of whom twenty-six are living.

The second Mrs. Bland is the mother of nineteen of these children and says that "it is as easy to bring up fifty children as it is to raise ten."

One woman who can make a loaf of bread, patch trousers, milk a cow, and lovingly reign in her home as wife and mother, is worth vastly more to this generation than all the poodle-combers, sidewalk gigglers, footlight favorites, social swill hunters, bridge-whist gamblers and progeny-shrinkers that could be packed in the Louisiana Purchase.

One plow-holding Bland is of more intrinsic value to any woman, or nation, than all the sponge-brained, cuff-necked, rainbow-legged, beer-soaked lust scavengers that ever sneaked into life from the sand lots of maternity.

On November 20, 1916, a band of nasty anticonception device demonstrators were assembled at the home of their noted leader in New York City, planning the

continuance of the birth-control clinic, for the carrying on of which Mrs. Margaret Sanger was then awaiting trial, when the shocking news reached them that at least one married woman had lived and died clean, and proposed to aid others of her sex to do the same by setting aside three millions of dollars to be used for the training of girls for motherhood. The bequest of this God-fearing woman, Mrs. Lizzie M. Palmer, is accompanied by the statement

I hold profoundly the conviction that the welfare of any community is inseparably dependent upon the quality of its motherhood and the spirit and character of its homes.

Paul, while developing Christianity, proclaimed the Palmer doctrine. He wrote:

I will, therefore, that the young women marry, bear children, guide the house, give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.

Very likely the Birth Control League would regard the teachings of Christ and Paul as obsolete, and out of harmony with the advanced thought of the present-day disciples of his satanic majesty.

You can't build a nation on a motherhood who "conceive chaff and bring forth stubble," but rather on the wives of the land who cry out unto their husbands, as did Rachel of old unto Jacob, "Give me children, or else I die."

Social conditions have greatly changed since the sentimental appeal of Rachel. Now the wife says, "No children"; the servant says "No children"; and the landlord says, "No children."

Infanticide and abortion were approved by Aristotle and the legal destruction of weak and deformed children was also advocated by him; as it is now by many who stand in church and sing: "My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

These abominations are now practiced by the sexual blank-cartridge artists, the doorstep and hallway harlots, and the unnatural mothers who abandon their illicit

fruit to the charity of strangers, and are also advocated by professional fame-seekers, teatman educators, spurious philosophers and some gospel-pounders.

How many sepulchers, fair without but foul within, are walking amongst us today, with an M.D. on their breeches, who feed on the ruptured seals of the temples of unborn babes, and drink of the drip-pings of carnality?

I asked a young man of my acquaintance who had been married for two or three years if he had any children. He said, "No, and I thank God for it."

Natural laws are buffeted, statutory laws are defied, and happiness, health, sanity, liberty, life, and even death are gambled with to avoid conception. It is through such a hell that many expect to reach heaven.

Men of genius have spent countless nights in the laboratories of the world in quest of life elixirs and germicides to prolong human existence.

On the other hand, doctors, chemists, inventors, and tradesmen have wearied sci-

ence in efforts to derail the sequence of sexual acts.

Millions of dollars are annually spent to check contagious diseases destructive of man, but no worthy, effective efforts are attempted to induce maternity, or to stay the wholesale destruction of embryonic life.

Recently in England the question of appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars in aid of needy expectant mothers was under consideration, but failed of favorable action because of the large amount required, while an appropriation of forty thousand dollars for dog-breeding passed without dissent.

How different the world would be morally if the married could be made to feel that matrimony without children is like a vine and no grapes, a lantern and no candle, a brook with no water gushing and gurgling in its channel.

Through lack of offspring, in the words of Solomon, "the memory of the prosperous wicked shall rot."

Colonel Roosevelt, the Lar of the Ameri-

can households and one of the most chivalrous sons of the goddess of Liberty, in his sixth annual message to Congress, upon the subject of home and offspring, said:

When home ties are loosened, when men and women cease to regard a worthy family life, with all its duties fully performed and all its responsibilities lived up to, as the life best worth living, then evil days for the commonwealth are at hand. There are regions in our land, and classes of our population, where the birth rate has sunk below the death rate. Surely it should need no demonstration to show that willful sterility is, from the standpoint of the human race, the one sin for which the penalty is national death, race death—a sin for which there is no atonement.

On his way home from his Egyptian hunting trip Mr. Roosevelt in Paris, before a distinguished representation of every department of French life, with characteristic courage and boldness, said to them:

You have every element of leadership among nations except in population which

seems to be decreasing. The remedy is in your own hands. Stop race suicide.

If Paul in his letter to the Galatians, A.D. 58, truthfully mapped out man's only highway to God, restricted, narrow, and rugged though it may seem, the twentieth-century children of the same God have no license to broaden or feather that highway. Paul clearly specified the practices that will close heaven to the guilty.

He wrote:

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

In defiance of the teachings of Paul, at a convention in October, 1920, at Utica, New York, the New York State tiptoe sin funnels and idle moral bandits, votaries of a sisterhood who operate through a club

confederacy, passed a resolution to work for the abolition of all restraining laws touching offspring, and for the free dissemination among women of the medical knowledge essential to the prevention and control of offspring.

To this a vain protest was made by many of the clean, Christian family-builders who wear upon their breasts the shining shield of "mother," while the timid defenders of embryonic life sat chagrined and mantled with shame.

The tillers of sapless breasts that have never felt the warmth or thrill of an infant's hand should read and imbibe, if not for their own, then for their nation's, good, the sentiments of that clean, intellectual English lady, Margot Tennant, who was called "The Dragon Fly" because of her reedlike figure, and the "Woman with a Serpent's Tongue" by poet Watson because of her fiery wit, and who was wooed and finally won by Herbert Asquith, then Prime Minister of Great Britain. This noted, well-poised, social queen heard the

whisperings on the other shore in three maternal efforts.

In her diary she wrote:

There are many kinds of love, but the greatest is the mother's for her child. In spite of France's genius and courage it would be a greater country if it produced more children.

The excuse given for limitation of families is usually one of expense; the expression signifying that a child is an encumbrance always jars on me. I would like to have ten children, in spite of the poignant emotion that loving two has caused and still causes me.

Jacob referred to his offspring as "the Children which God has graciously given Thy servant."

St. Luke wrote:

And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

But Jesus called them unto him and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, on June 29, 1921, learnedly and eloquently opposed the passage of the child-welfare bill, the objective of which is to subject mothers and children to the pad-and-pencil guidance of myriads of she celibates, who couldn't tell a labor pain from the creak of a wheelbarrow, but who do know that Congress appropriated \$1,480,000 to enforce the provisions of this Bolshevik bill, and who do know that most of it will go to the dry stock in the herd of maternity bell-ringers, who will be turned loose upon the homes of the nation as fast as the system can be extended.

The doctrine of the right of State visitation and home espionage will not long be tolerated in a country whose sons recently emerged from a world war fought on the sublime theory of a world democracy. Will the sleuthing authorized by this child-welfare bill extend to the homes of wealth? If not, the hounds should be held in leash.

Bills of this character are brooders sitting on vipers' eggs, and the theorists and

alleged reformers who conceive and bring them forth, forget, or never knew, that substituting the new for the old and tried led to the French Revolution which abolished law and religion, renamed the weeks and ignored the Christian calendar, closed the courts of justice and trampled property rights, condemned to banishment or death entire classes of the people, in the wake of which slaughter followed, until the guillotine groaned under its labors, and the gutters flowed with the blood of the slain.

Senator Reed in his crushing analysis of the child-welfare bill said:

One of the worst products of the late war was the idea that the State should take charge of the individual citizen. That noxious plan reached its highest degree in Russia. It was asserted there that every child was the ward of the government; that parents were incapable of rearing their children, according to the high notions of the reformers; that motherhood and birth-control should be established by law and the child taken from its mother's care and turned over to public

officers. On top of all that the State was to take charge of the mother and pension her, so that, being the supporter of the mother, it could assert the right to dictate her course of conduct.

Senator Reed, at another point in his speech, vibrating under the spell of a righteous indignation and aglow with patriotic fire, exclaimed :

When we employ female celibates to instruct mothers how to raise babies they have brought into the earth, do we not indulge in a rare bit of irony? I repeat I cast no reflection on unmarried ladies. Perhaps some of them are too good to have husbands. But any woman who is too refined to have a husband should not undertake the care of another woman's baby when that other woman wants to take care of it herself.

A wise man places all important tasks in experienced hands. He does not engage as a civil engineer a man who has never seen a level; as a doctor, a person unacquainted with anatomy; or as an instructor in music, an individual ignorant of its notes. Is it not the height of un-wisdom to delegate the solution of prob-

lems of child-bearing and child-care to a woman who has not had the experience of motherhood, and very possibly does not so desire, or to a bachelor girl who never beheld in a baby's eyes the mirrored vision of a mother's tender love, nor watched the loving dimples in a baby's cheek gather to welcome a mother's rapturous kiss?

What I have said and shall say I mean to apply to the members of the Children's Bureau, including its servants, agents, and employees, substantially all of whom enjoy the blissful and seemingly perpetual state of single blessedness.

I care not how estimable the office-holding spinster may be, nor how her heart may throb for the dream children she does not possess, her yearnings cannot be substituted for a mother's experience. Official meddling cannot take the place of mother love. Mother love! The golden cord that stretches from the throne of God, uniting all animate creation to divinity. Its light gleams down the path of time from barbarous ages, when savage women held their babes to almost famished breasts and died that they might live. Its holy flame glows as bright in hovels where poverty breaks a meager crust as in palaces where wealth holds

Lucullian feasts. It is the one great universal passion—the sinless passion of sacrifice. Incomparable in its sublimity, interference is sacrilege, regulation is mockery.

The great Mohammed, foreseeing that the perpetuity of his creed would depend upon the offspring of his followers, wrote: “Paradise lies at the feet of mothers.”

On Sinai’s blazing mount Divinity traced on stone: “Thou shalt not kill.”

The bravest battle that ever was fought!

Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you will find it not—

’Twas fought by the mothers of men.

O! Spotless woman in a world of shame;

With splendid and silent scorn,

Go back to God as white as you came—

The kingliest warrior born.

CHAPTER XII

PREVENTIVES

THE agents of race annihilation extend their activities to the most unexpected places. Good authority states that a purveyor of artificial checks on births sent advertisements to a clean English lad just out from school, advising him to begin at once to learn all about indispensable outfits for young men wishing to see life.

In the leading cities of the world women have become hardened upon this subject to the extent that they stop at the shop windows, particularly in Europe, where the devil's implements lie in plain sight, and very quietly discuss the quality and effectiveness of the various articles with each other, without a twitch or a blush showing on their enameled and powdered faces.

The renowned Cardinal Mercier, in a

pastoral to his people before the War, warned them that:

An abominable propaganda, carried on by means of lectures, pamphlets, newspaper articles, and practical demonstration, encourages the suppression of child-bearing, and induces parents to adopt homicidal practices, in circumstances and to an extent hitherto unheard of. Little by little, into every class of society, there filters a series of rotten, unwholesome ideas, which threaten danger to the child, if they do not render parenthood wholly contemptible. Very soon parenthood will be viewed not as a duty but as a burden so inconvenient that it may be, nay, ought to be, thrown off.

The British Medical Association in alarm passed the following resolution in 1905:

That the growing use of contra-conceptives and ecbolics is fraught with grave danger both to the individual and to the race, and that the advertisement and sale of such appliances and substances, as well as the publication and dissemination of literature relating thereto, should be made a penal offense.

The eminent priest, Bernard Vaughan of England, in a recent lecture to his people on the subject of the "Empty Cradle," said:

These moderns, therefore, with their new-fangled doctrines concerning what they call the just and hygienic limitation of families by artificial checks, are charged with spreading an immoral doctrine that degrades the individual, that ignores sin, and defies God. They are endeavoring by their propaganda to bring this Christian country of ours, with its splendid traditions and with its multitudes of justice-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing citizens to a shameful and nameless tomb.

Our only hope of a future fertile, rugged race lies in a reversion to the God-given rules of Adam, who, having been lifted from Eden on the toe of the boot of sin, and dropped in an untamed world, seems to have successfully met the requirements of the Divine law, "Increase and multiply," without special instructions, first aids, or satanic tutorage. While Adam, like the beasts, had but one un-

frilled rule, still after he was eight hundred years he begat sons and daughters; but it is quite likely, the shifty, scientific sexual progressive of our day would regard his methods very crude.

Divine guidance of man never hurries. God has no dials, calendars, nor clocks. Time ends the mortal. Eternity is the home of the soul. On the highway of the fleeting centuries an occasional John the Baptist appears to warn man of his sins and of the wrath which awaits the human viper satanically engaged in buffeting Divinity.

Mohammed, St. Augustine in his youth, and England's Henry VIII never wrought a sensual thrill that has not been augmented and refined by the pagans of to-day.

Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, like John the Baptist, seeing the myriads of social vipers in the present generation, on the seventeenth of December, 1921, issued a Christmas pastoral to be read in more than three hundred churches of the archdiocese of New York, in which with an

herculean club he bangs the heads of the pagan sin patriots of to-day, who bathe, perfume, and bandage their poisoned and scabby bodies in which their sin-seared souls are housed.

The Archbishop commands his "faithful" to keep from their homes any literature on birth-control as they would an evil spirit.

The salient features of his warning are as follows:

The Christ-child did not stay His own entrance into this mortal life because His mother was poor, roofless, and without provision for the morrow. He knew that the Heavenly Father who cared for the lilies of the fields and the birds of the air loved the children of men more than these.

Children troop down from heaven because God wills it. He alone has the right to stay their coming, while He blesses at will some homes with many, others with but a few or with none at all. They come in the one way ordained by His wisdom: Woe to those who degrade, pervert, or do violence to the law of nature as fixed by

the eternal decree of God Himself! Even though some little angels in the flesh, through the moral, mental, or physical deformity of parents, may appear to human eyes hideous, misshapen, a blot on civilized society, we must not lose sight of this Christian thought that under, and within, such visible malformation there lives an immortal soul to be saved and glorified for all eternity among the blessed in heaven.

Heinous is the sin committed against the creative act of God, who through the marriage contract invites man and woman to coöperate with him in the propagation of the human family. To take life after its inception is a horrible crime; but to prevent human life that the Creator is about to bring into being is satanic. In the first instance, the body is killed while the soul lives on; in the latter, not only a body but an immortal soul is denied existence in time and in eternity. It has been reserved to our day to see advocated shamelessly the legalizing of such a diabolical thing.

In the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, whose law you Christian fathers and mothers love and obey, stop your ears to that pagan philosophy, worthy of a Herod,

which ignoring revelation and even human wisdom sets itself above the law and the prophets of the old and the new dispensation, of which the Christ-child is the beginning, the bond, and the end. Keep far from the sanctuary of your Christian homes, as you would an evil spirit, the literature of this unclean abomination. Sin not against children, who, after all, are the noblest stimulus and protection to marital affection, fidelity, and continency.

Another Christian lesson the world needs to learn is God's law against divorce. Disastrous beyond possibility of description to society is the condition when women measure their lives not by the number of their offspring but by the number of their husbands. Let us thank our Heavenly Father for the valiant women we all know—and their name is legion—who with the highest ideals of wifehood and motherhood carry on heroically the honor of the family. Neither height nor depth, nor sorrow nor pain, nor sin of husband nor ingratitude of children, nor privation, nor loss, nor opportunity of comfort, nor lure of pleasure can tempt such noble women to shirk their duty or break up their home.

To shirtless Satan, and his willing scribes, I say: "One thing still blocks your way: 'Revealed Religion,'—not sired by reason nor born of knowledge, but rather the child of love and pain which 'lives between the rosy breasts of Hope'—this drive, a crushed and bleeding victim, from the garden of the human heart and then your triumph will have been complete."

CHAPTER XIII

EYE OPENING AT PUBERTY

THE muckologists are of the opinion that until they succeed in wiping out the human race, or in greatly limiting progeny, the children, during budhood, should be taught in school or elsewhere, the meaning of sexual fragrance, so that at puberty they may understand the process of procreation.

A knowledge of the history of the little Lacedæmonian girls in the gymnasiums, where their limbs were trained to grace, and their modesty to ruinous familiarity, should lead any clean man to cast such a suggestion from his mind with the energy with which he would expel a viper from his lap.

Those who would have the bob veal, in theory, as wise as the two-year old bull in practice, succeed only in arousing curi-

osity and prematurely stimulating irresponsible functional tests which unseat the valves of the nervous system, choke the mind with the carbon of sensuality, sow the land with fillies, fray natural laws, burst the confines of morality and place the sparrow's price upon chastity.

The young of animals are born without midwives, suckled without rubber, teethed without dentists, evacuated without doctors, matured without hygiene, and reproduced in kind,—as the result of a passive observance of natural laws,—and without the aid of the smoky, nasty sexology which infests the minds of some of our so-called advanced thinkers, who have not yet caught up with the reasoning of the ancients, but whose inflated egotism prompts them to attempt a reconstruction of the race.

The fly, even, gives irregular but frequent attention to the subject of seed time and harvest, not only without the suggestion of man, but in spite of him.

Rational and irrational animal life is governed by the same natural laws formu-

lated by a supernatural power, and if animals profit by an instinctive observance of them, why, then, should not children, unprompted, be permitted to learn each function from the book of nature or from parents.

A mature person who would plant noxious weeds in the kindergarten of innocence under the guise of essential knowledge, or prematurely kindle the fires of lust in the breasts of youth, should be told, as was Socrates, who was charged with corrupting the youth of Athens, that he had better save the state the expense of his execution.

Dean Jones of Yale in the *World* of May 30, 1920, on this subject said:

Sex education is much better than formerly; but this is one task that I believe very firmly must be done in the home and not by outsiders.

Let the well-meaning thinkers and teachers on this subject beware, lest, by too early an application of the poultice of

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knowledge, corruption be prematurely
drawn to the surface, for

Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

CHAPTER XIV

DIVORCE

THE Law-giver Moses laid the ax at the root of woman's domestic security and turned the battering-ram of man's passions against the temple of virtue when he wrote:

When a man has taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her: then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand and send her out of his house.

From that hour the sea of woman's degradation grew deeper and its restless waves finally rose to submerging billows of sensuality on the crest of which she was tossed and buffeted until, in the centers of the highest culture, gauged by

the moral thermometer, she ranked below the beast.

Thus did the human race continue to sow the winds and reap the whirlwinds for centuries until Christ explained that Moses suffered the men to write a bill of divorcement because of the stony condition of the hearts around him, and, after reaffirming the law proclaimed on the completion of Adam and Eve, He laid down the following law on marriage:

What therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery.

With the expansion of Christianity this divine precept sank deeply into the human heart; it swept from the lap of the Christian woman the nasty accumulations of centuries; it illumined her brow with the halo of purity and indelibly stamped thereon the ennobling titles of wife and mother; it also rescued from the dark and somber night of sin and reëstablished in

pristine purity God's first social institution, the human family.

The Church of Rome for more than fifteen dreary centuries, during which time the human mind was pretty generally coated with sensual and monetary soot, successfully fought the crowned and uncrowned stallions within her fold.

During the Middle Ages virginity and conjugality were fiercely assailed by vassal and castle guarded Christian princes and barons whose constantly pampered and ever-welling lusts led them to intimidate the local clergy and defy even the bishops. Strange as it may seem, these sin-soused, intestinally pampered sexual gluttons spewed with fear when threatened with the Pontifical anathema.

No mortal, high up or low down, with fair skin or sexual itch, by military threats, flattery, bribes, or bludgeons has ever been able to pass the portals of St. Peter's with a decree of divorce.

Henry VIII tugged violently and long at his connubial fetters but could get no aid from Rome. The Church chose to

lose Catholic England rather than to break the law of her founder Christ.

Pope Innocent III compelled Philip Augustus, the king of France, to recall his discarded lawful wife Ingelburga of Denmark, and to dismiss from his palace the consort of his bed Agnes de Meranie.

Pius VII stood like a wall of granite against the dissolution of the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte with Elizabeth Patterson.

Count Boni de Castellane of France wearied law and precedent in a fruitless effort to have Rome dissolve his marriage with Anna Gould.

Luther and his brother reformer Melancthon decided that the Landgrave of Hesse was entitled to have two contemporaneous wives.

The *Calling of a Christian Woman* by Rev. Morgan Dix, a Protestant bishop of Maine contains this candid affirmation:

Laxity of opinion and teaching on the sacredness of the marriage bond and on the question of divorce originated among the Protestants of continental Europe in

the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of Protestant states on that continent and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of New England. From that time to the present it has proceeded from one degree to another in this country, until especially in New England and in states most directly affected by New England opinions and usages the Christian conception of the nature and obligations of the marriage bond finds scarcely any recognition in legislation or in the prevailing sentiment of the community.

The Western Reserve is a colony founded by New England settlers in Ash-tabula County, Ohio, concerning which the census shows that one marriage out of every eight is sundered by divorce.

In the Northern Baptist Convention on May 24, 1916, upon the subject of divorce Dr. John A. Earle, president of Des Moines College is reported as having said:

I don't believe this convention should dictate to the ministers. There are many just causes for divorce. I will tell this convention that if my daughter should

marry a drunkard I would help her get a divorce, and drunkenness is not recognized by the Scriptures as a just cause. A resolution censuring ministers who officiate at the marriage of divorced persons is not in accord with Baptist democracy.

Christ likely had not heard of or anticipated "Baptist democracy" when he said, "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery."

The Bureau of the Census of the Department of Commerce and Labor made a report in 1908 on marriages and divorce for the twenty years preceding 1907, which showed that one in every twelve marriages ended in divorce; and that the divorce rate is higher in the United States than in any other country furnishing statistics. In the year 1906, there were granted 853,290 divorces.

Rev. F. M. Moody of Chicago on June 25, 1916, while urging upon President Wilson the necessity for controlling marriage and divorce by constitutional amendment, informed him that 125,000 divorces had been granted in 1916, and that during

the past sixteen years of this century the United States led the world by granting 1,400,000 divorces. Since 1914 five millions of American women have run their husbands through the divorce mill.

Let your imagination picture the sad, demoralizing effect of this social condition upon the children of these dissolved unions.

Yet the Episcopal Church will not change its canon on divorce. There is a strong movement in the Church by consistent members, ashamed of this pagan practice perpetuated by Protestantism, to forbid the clergy to perform a marriage ceremony for a divorced person with a wife or husband living. When the proposition came up before the convention at St. Louis recently, it was voted down. The clerical delegates approved it, be it said to their credit, but the lay delegates rejected it on the ground that it "would drive Christian men and women out of the Church."

How can a man or woman, who believes in divorce, be a Christian, or a follower of

Christ, since He so plainly condemned divorce and alleged it to be adulterous to marry the one put away?

In Canada from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, only 116 divorces were granted. During the same period of twenty years there were only 11 divorces in Ireland.

Does not a sort of progressive Mormonism result from the divorce law?

Millions of women demanded the vote as a matter of justice.

Millions of men and women are demanding the abolition of alcohol as a beverage because of its disastrous effect upon humanity and the untold and far-reaching misery that it brings to mothers and helpless children. Divorce destroys the home, breaks up the family, instills hatred in the children for one parent or the other, and often throws them into the cheerless lap of civic charity to be taunted at maturity with having been an almshouse product, yet how many dry throats can be found outside of a single Christian denomination who consider the ill effects of the divorce, or any other sexual evil, in their

relations to mothers and children as worthy of the notice of veiled puritans who hypocritically caw from a popular perch in a cause which does not expose or restrict their secret sins or threaten their temporal welfare!

Occasionally a cry from the wilderness of social sin is heard. Now and then a John the Baptist will take a chance on his head and denounce illegal marriages and the adulteries found in divorce stews.

In a news item there is suggested partial remedy based on the remarks of a disgusted and courageous Judge, which reads as follows:

TOLEDO, Ohio, November 4, 1917.—A law that will provide that married folk cannot obtain a divorce until after they have had five years of married life to their credit: This is the solution of the divorce problem offered by Common Pleas Judge Bernard Brough.

“It has reached the shameful point where there is one divorce out of every four marriages,” Judge Brough declares. “Three times as many women as men apply for divorce. This may indicate more

men than women are responsible for disturbance in the household.

“Some marriages are really no more than trials,” says the Judge. “Couples make no pretense of establishing a home and living as sane married people should. They fight the first week and in a month are seeking divorce. Hasty marriages bring about this situation. I believe the only solution to the divorce question is a five-year marriage.”

Under date of April 1, 1920, a leading New York paper published the following:

Judge Joseph B. David to-day quit the divorce branch of the Supreme Court here and asked to be transferred to some other Court. On being interviewed he said, “Far from being a stigma on a woman’s name, a divorce now seems to be regarded as an asset by her, in that with one she can attract more men. Marriage means but little in this day and age, causing laughter rather than solemn regard.

“Sitting in this court every day, I have at last concluded that the more divorces a woman has, the more men she can attract. All that couples have to do at present to get around the divorce laws is to

cross a few state lines. I believe that many women seek divorces just for excitement. They have too much idle time on their hands."

The wild beast of divorce that roams the fields of matrimony and feeds on human passions should be lashed from this Christian country with a scourge of scorpions.

The divorce law has been gradually limbered up by statutory enactment till now, in the different states, about twenty-five grounds for absolute divorce exist. The plea of cruelty or desertion has wrecked more nuptial couches than all of the other statutory causes.

Recently a woman in quest of a divorce on the ground of cruelty charged that her husband had his dog's teeth filled with gold and hers with silver.

In another case a woman claimed that after her marriage her husband would say, "Put up your little tootsie wootsies and get them warm," and that before the year ended he would say, "Take away your damned old hoofs."

Another woman was "cruelly crushed and her heart made to bleed" by her husband's insisting on keeping the picture of an old flame on the dresser in their sleeping room, and when she objected to it he would throw kisses at it and say, "I wish I had married that rosebud mouth instead of a garage entrance."

Another wife alleged:

We were married scarcely a year before I began rapidly to take on flesh and lose the physical lines of my girlhood. His whole demeanor toward me gradually changed. I took him to task in a kind way for his coldness and neglect. He said—"I have seen better shaped animals on a farm and your eyes are buried in pork." He put a dead mouse in my stocking and when I drew it on I thought I would lose my life before I could free myself from the horrid thing. He laughed in irony during my desperate struggle and said, "I put it there to scare some of the fat off." That experience haunted me for weeks and filled my nights with horror. I would leap from my bed in a cold sweat to escape the imaginary pursuit of myriads of mice. We always retired in the dark. One

morning on opening my eyes I beheld a frightful black spider swaying about two feet above my head suspended from the ceiling by a white thread. I ducked under the clothes and screamed to John to remove it before I smothered. He said, "Sweat away; it will reduce your flesh." I went into a nervous decline and soon became very thin. When I asked him why he put the leather table cover in my bed, he said, "To prevent your bones from splitting the sheets."

The defense was that he married her for her beauty when she was poor; brought her to an attractive home; that the mouse and spider episodes were intended as practical jokes; that constant attendance at the movies had unseated her nerves and brought on nightmare and nocturnal twitching; that she still had the outlines of a Rehan; that the leather table cover was used because of a physical weakness, and that, as her husband, he wished the privilege of paying the expense of her burial. The case was never tried. He supported her at her mother's thereafter.

Mrs. Starstack in her action for divorce,

testified that her husband, after six trying months of rigid matrimony, destroyed her dreams of love and turned every antenuptial pledge into a lie by splitting the air with a heavy silver wedding present aimed at her head; testing the timber of a chair upon her frail anatomy; viciously lacerating her wedding waist; heaving a powder box against her abdominal wall; slopping her face with hot soup and denying her movie and bridge money because of the high cost of living.

Gladys Patience, the mother of an adult son and daughter, sought to have her matrimonial fetters judicially melted because of her husband's refusal to communicate with her except through postcards, some of which read:

Any old barn that's painted, looks good,
and that's you.

Life is just a slaughter house and we
furnish the bull.

I am a happy man. Why? Because
I'm alone.

If you want to be pecked clean, marry an old hen.

A painted, artificial, hand-made, stringy female, the result of nature, nonsense, or desire, will breed he matrimonial chil-blains.

Cicero divorced his wife Terentia that he might marry an heiress whom he later repudiated because she failed to weep at her stepdaughter's funeral.

Cato sundered his ties with Attilia after the birth of two children, and loaned his second wife to his friend, Hortensius, upon whose death he remarried her.

The Emperor Augustus drove Livia's husband away and made her his wife.

Sempronius Sophus divorced his wife because she went once to the public games without his consent.

The mother of Scipio without cause was thrown out by her husband Paulus Æmilius; and the heartless Sylla repudiated his wife while ill and sent her to a neighbor.

Catherine and Josephine, devoted and

beautiful wives, were divorced by their respective husbands Henry VIII and Napoleon, because of their alleged sterility; and Charlemagne sent his wife back to her father Desiderius because she bore him no children.

Yet Cato, Cicero, and Augustus were moral censors, philosophers, and statesmen, while Henry VIII wrote a book in defense of the Catholic faith; and Charlemagne was the greatest church-builder that ever mussed plush on a throne.

The French King Philip married the daughter of the King of Denmark, and after a single night sent her to her father with an unpublished letter of explanation.

Louis XI of France returned his wife Margaret to her home, explaining that her stagnant breath roiled his stomach.

Women seeking a divorce for every domestic ill should know of the experience of an Afghan lady who sought to discard her husband for baldness. She applied to the Ameer of Afghanistan, who, recognizing the importance of domestic as well as governmental unity and authority, de-

cided, after due reflection upon the demoralizing tendency of feminine disrespect for intellectual men with barren domes, that an example should be made of the complainant. He accordingly ordered a vial of sour milk poured upon the husband's head and forced the wife to lick it off with her tongue. She was then placed upon a donkey's back facing his tail and ordered to ride through the bazaar. Domestic tranquillity has reigned since in the dominions of the Ameer.

Of ninety-four representative women, during 1910, conversant with affairs, and members of the Women's Co-operative Guild, of London, to the question whether or not they were in favor of divorce by mutual consent, eighty-two deliberately answered in the affirmative.

These thoughtless and perhaps moral women may have been quite unaware that they were advocating a licensed commerce with the other sex.

American social conditions are fairly indicated in the following news item—

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NEW YORK, October 24, 1918.—Frank J. Gould, youngest son of the late Jay Gould, has started divorce proceedings against his second wife, Miss Edith Kelly, according to reports received here from Paris by his friends. Incompatibility of temper is understood to be the ground for the action.

At the time of her marriage to Frank Gould, Miss Kelly was a well-known actress and had appeared in leading parts in *Havana* and in *The Girls of Gottenburg*.

The marriage took place in 1910, a year after Gould was divorced from his first wife, Miss Helen Margaret Kelly.

Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould later married Ralph T. Thomas of New York who died, and then married Prince Nouredin Vlora, an Albanian nobleman.

Another phase of social activity among the wealthy, is described in the *New York Tribune* of October 27, 1918. A new use of the kiss as an instrument for sustained thrills has been disclosed.

The plaintiff in a divorce action charges that her husband, a wealthy manufacturer, in company with the wife of a dentist, en-

tered an auto at Gedney Farms Hotel, destined for Red Brook, miles away; that as soon as their anatomy struck the seat the pair entwined and in a sensually bewildered delirium, he siphoned the lava from the responsive, torpid lips of his companion, though dedicated to the service of another. It is further charged that this osculatory facial grazing feat was developed in silence, and in the presence of others, and prolonged to the journey's end without breaking holds.

The noted Olga Nethersole kiss, as Sappho, which she bestowed on her favorite, in comparison with this lip-locked pair, would be, in heat, as a lambent flame to a fire-tossed forest.

Matrimonial dyspepsia, treated in divorce courts, is a menacing ill that yields to no moral serum.

Divorce is a social microbe that has infested marital relations since Abraham tickled the chin of Hagar, and which continues to roam and fatten in the anatomy of man in defiance of popes, pulpits, pen-

alties, and a threatened inferno, sulphuric and flame-lapped.

Some one wrote that "the chain will gall tho' wreathed with roses." When the leaves of the rose of matrimony are no longer bejeweled by the gentle dews of love, soon flaws appear where formerly perfection reigned, and nectar-sweating lips, the price of bartered realms, pout defiance at the approach of a crumbling idol, while divinity in form no longer moves a lash of the Apollo of a blighted love.

Mites are magnified, remarks willfully distorted, explanations fall upon unwilling ears, guilt grows defiant, and finally the statutory key to the connubial lock drops into the lap of matrimony.

Divorce is now crowding the banks of the Protestant social stream throughout the world, and elbowing for room in the civil courts.

Recently, the following appeared in the public press,—

LONDON, January 28, 1920.—The post-war divorce crush is steadily increasing and it was declared to-day that no diminu-

tion is in sight. There were 1325 undefended cases in the January list of divorce court, and a new list is being prepared to take care of the surplus cases. The big increase in divorces is attributed to the upheaval in social conditions caused by the war.

At the November, 1920, special term of the Supreme Court, held at Utica, New York, of the seventy cases on the calendar twenty-five were divorce actions.

A number of he-sexual-prowlers found themselves sitting on hot sand, when, in November, 1920, at the close of a revival in the City of Washington, Rev. B. F. McLendon, a noted evangelist, leaned over the pulpit and said, "There is a certain man here who has not been true to his family or his religion. He is in the congregation to-night. If he will deposit a ten-dollar bill in the collection plate it will be taken as a token of his repentance and nothing further will be said. If he fails, I will announce his name."

The collection included eighty-five ten-dollar bills and five notes asking the evan-

gelist to keep quiet, and promising the ten dollars in the morning.

Divorce and remarriage is nothing short of rotary polygamy so strikingly exemplified in the lives of many luscious social pushers, eye-sought entertainers, and bare-skin idolaters, whose chirping amateness frequently calls for a change in male sedatives.

We are rapidly approaching the conditions in pagan Rome when, matrimonially, men and women were bound by ropes of sand. Martial speaks of a woman who had hooked her tenth husband. Juvenal refers to one who had introduced her nuptial couch to eight different husbands in five years. St. Jerome says there lived in Rome a wife who had married her twenty-third husband, she being his twenty-first wife. Seneca, in despair, exclaimed: "There is not a woman left, who is ashamed of being divorced, now that the most distinguished ladies count their years not by the consuls, but by their husbands."

Hence woman—the Lord's answer to Adam's wish and the primeval channel of

sorrow and sin, and at the same time the sweetest flower in the garden of the world—must gird herself with the armor of chastity; heel the heads of the serpents of her environment; wax her ears against the constant calls to evil around her; use every art, muscle, and available grace to bar the lecher from the temple of virtue, and by will power so calm the surging waves of illicit desire that every word and act will reflect the moral cleanliness of her soul; then and not till then will the hand of the sensual leech be stayed; then and not till then will husband and wife really be two in one flesh; then and not till then will mankind cease to rain miscellaneous mamzers upon the world.

CHAPTER XV

SEQUENCE

THE votaries of sensual pleasures with definite action against progeny to check "the vulgar aim of reckless racial fertility," as advocated by the Ellis propagandists, certainly will succeed in eliminating their kind from the human family and in multiplying beyond their control that very element which they seek to check.

The Birth Control League may successfully work the easy soil of wealth and make some progress with the so-called middle classes, but when they strike the hardpan of the orthodox Jew, Mormon, Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, socialistic German, and willfully prolific Japanese, their crop hardly will be worth the harvesting.

In point are the remarks of Mrs. Lulu Loveland Sheppard, of the National Re-

form Association, who on December 21, 1916, said:

Mormonism has grown more rapidly in the last fifty years than any other church, and to-day one person in every sixty is a Mormon, and it holds the balance of power, politically, in eleven states. If it gets control of two more western states it can hold the balance of power in Congress.

Under date of October 20, 1920, the Japanese Exclusion League of California, in its report states:

The Japanese birth rate in California is three times that of the whites, although the proportion of adult females among the Japanese is less than one-third that among the whites.

Those who look upon the Mormons and Japanese as a social menace because of their breeding propensities should realize that the only way to prevent their over-running the United States is to out-progeny them.

Puritanic New England, with her cloud-capped granite hills, once bore upon her

nourishing bosom a narrow-minded but God-fearing people who raised large families and frowned on frivolities till their offspring commercially and politically dominated that vast territory.

The law of the easiest way, stimulated by a spreading prosperity, finally wormed into the very foundation of a once uncompromising faith.

Here and there the eggs of divorce found nests in the laps of affluent idleness and hatching warmth in the sunshine of luxury and lust.

The countenances of men and women made rigid by pious thoughts and elongated prayers ultimately beamed upon the shattered moral shackles at their feet. Water and soap, the early symbols of sobriety and cleanliness, finally abdicated in favor of sugared rum and pious incontinence. That society might be served and its pleasures fully absorbed, the wearying burdens of maternity, one by one, were laid on the altar of a suppurating faith, till now the New England "Yankee" is being gradually swept into the sea of

oblivion upon the submerging tide of moral laxity.

It has been the history of the world that the Goddess of Virtue is less lonely in the shrines of poverty than in the gilded temples of wealth.

The moral sloughing and progeny-shrinking of Protestant New England unfortunately is due to a withered faith, a rapidly encompassing rationalism, doubt as to man's accountability to God and the expurgation of the noxious doctrine of a sulphuric hell from the Plymouth Rock creed.

Catholicism, for nearly two thousand years, has unswervingly taught the doctrine of rewards and punishments, and consistently condemned divorce, abortion, and sexual deceptions.

The sinner on his knees is pledged to a new life in the confessional, the most powerful arm of the Church.

While among her children and within her fold are many secret rebels who refuse to tread the paths of spiritual peace, and sin for sin, can, and do, match the

votaries of any other creed; still the percentage of her obedient ones is so great that she is rapidly acquiring a numerical ascendancy over the combined Protestantism of the United States.

The religious census of the United States taken in 1906, for sixteen years back, showed an increase of 93.5 per cent in the Roman Catholic churches; and an increase in all Protestant bodies of 44.8 per cent for the same period.

A non-Catholic minister, Rev. W. E. Evans, in the *Accrington Observer*, made this pronouncement:

Unless a miracle happens, according to the law of population England and the whole Christianized world will some time in the future—sooner than some of us think—be overwhelmingly Roman Catholic.

In the first place, religion has had throughout the ages a very remarkable effect upon the birth rate. While Protestant England, Calvinistic Wales, and Presbyterian Scotland bewailed the fact of the decreasing birth rate, Ireland rejoiced in an increased birth—three per

1000. Roman Catholicism is like the Jewish religion in that it places great value upon child life.

A committee of the association of Irish Nonsubscribing Presbyterians and other Free Christians recently prepared a statement for circulation amongst the clergy on the subject of social morality, which reads as follows:

In Great Britain, and especially in Ireland, Roman Catholicism has an immense advantage over Protestantism. In Ireland venereal disease may be said to be a Protestant disease. . . . Among European cities we find Dublin at the top of the moral ideals and Paris at the bottom. London as a whole is bad; but Bethnal Green, which contains a large proportion of Catholics, is good. Social conditions and poverty afford no explanation of the bad state of things. In Catholic countries the decay in morality, as shown by race-suicide, coincides with diminution of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The state of things in Canada is particularly instructive. There we have a Catholic and Protestant population, both equally prosperous, living under exactly

the same conditions in every way except in regard to religion. The French Canadian is a moral man as far as race-suicide goes, while his Protestant neighbor is approaching the moral abyss of the Yankee. In respect to race-suicide Ireland, Austria, and French Canada are the brightest spots.

Protestant sexual frosts, the world over, are blighting their progeny fields and, whether they will it or not, their necks will ultimately bear the yoke of Rome.

While Rome would welcome evidence of increasing influence and moral power, we feel sure that she would greatly regret the gradual but final disappearance from the human family of a class who have done so much in the past for the moral and national advancement of humanity, by willful recourse to connubial deceits, which, eventually, must necessarily greatly reduce them numerically and finally eliminate them as a potent factor in the affairs of the world.

Family after family are becoming extinct, and their estates are passing to col-

laterals or to charities. The Russell Sage estate is a noted instance. The list might be carried to the point of tediousness.

Perhaps the greatest curse of the race, and the one that constantly cries to heaven for vengeance, is the refusal of those who are comfortable and intellectual fully to yield to the untrammelled laws of progeny.

Let some of the leagued assassins of the human race traverse the streets of social centers and note the pervading chilly stillness, then enter the homes of the caretakers of wealth and of the spindle and wheel-turners of the world, and there, in the midst of rollicking children, contemplate the time that it will take them to eliminate socially and politically the hand-picked from the highways of life,—as has the Socialist in Russia, Germany, and in other parts of Europe, by crumbling thrones and driving crown-wearers into exile.

In the early development of the State of New York a rope necktie, sanctioned by law, was given to any priest who ventured within its boundaries, and active

hostility against Catholicism very generally pervaded the colonists.

By obeying the teachings of their Church the Catholics rapidly increased, while their Protestant backsliders gradually drifted from their rigid moral standards until the old custom of large families amongst them was honored only in its breach.

A Catholic Mayor of Boston, a Catholic United States Senator from Massachusetts, a Catholic Governor of that state, a Catholic Mayor of Greater New York, a Catholic Governor of the Empire State, a Catholic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and Catholic Foch Generalissimo of the Allied armies, must make Cotton Mather fume and spit as he paces the floor of eternity.

Colonial whiskers and wisdom have long since been divorced—they no longer dominate the councils of the East.

The heat of prosperity gradually melted the ice of Puritanism, till now shackle-free, it has become a social-dress and pray affair for the women; while the men chant

that love is potent, but money is omnipotent, and that Hell even can be locked with a golden key.

A new social era is rapidly enveloping the earth. The international war just closed has uncovered to the proletariat his vast powers which are being used with the zeal of youth to wipe out the long endured and slavishly burdensome political and military autocracies of Europe, and to force a more just distribution of wealth in this country.

Upwards of thirteen millions of foreign-born are now living in the United States, who do eighty-five per cent of the work in the slaughtering and meat-packing industries; mine seven-tenths of the coal; do seven-eighths of the work in the woolen mills; manufacture more than half the shoes; construct four-fifths of the furniture; make half the collars, cuffs, and shirts; turn out four-fifths of the leather; manufacture half of the tobacco, cigars, and gloves, and refine nearly nineteen-twentieths of the sugar. Add to these the millions of citizens who live by their labor,

then tell this vast army to check propagation as their vulgar offspring is no longer desired and that they are a social menace, and that the Birth Control League and their disciples have decided that the future citizen must come from selected parentage—then I warn the preventers and assassins of the innocent to flee from the wrath to come and seek their dugouts, as the cyclonic rage arising from the invasion of human rights will sweep the devil's league, talented vipers, she-vampires, purveyors of sperm traps and embryo lassoers from the face of the earth, and with less formality than that which hurled the Czar from his throne and sent his wailing soul into No Man's Land.

It must be apparent to one of thought that this limitation doctrine must ultimately die from the weight of its own waste.

Wedding bells, a happy couple, one child, social ambition, maternity revolt, five abortions, twelve years of crushing misery, a neat grave in Forest Hill Cemetery, a second wife, two children and a

happy home is the condensed history of a family well known to the writer.

Let the nefarious Ellis creed of a limited offspring spread, with an occasional child from the physical and intellectual perfectos, whose breeding machinery has become tangled by frequent conflict with natural laws, and there will be spewed upon the world a brood of weaklings utterly unable to contend with the myriads of gladiators who are constantly springing from the lap of poverty into all of the avenues of human activity.

The stars in law, medicine, theology, science, business, politics, and in the calendar of the saints, in childhood, practically all grazed on the sand lots of poverty.

That which is true of pugilism is borne out by investigation of the various callings of man.

Jess Willard, Luther McCarty, Stanley Ketchell were cowboys; Dan Creedon, Jim Hall, Fred Fulton, plasterers; Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson, stevedores; Jim Flynn and Carl Morris, firemen; Jack Root and John Coulon, piano-movers;

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Marvin Hart, plumber; Bill Lang, miner; Jack O'Brien, teamster; Tommy Burns, hockey-player; Billy Murphy, tailor; Jack Dempsey, cooper; Bill Squires, wood-chopper; Peter Maher, brewer; Joe Choynski, candy-maker; Jim Corbett, bank clerk; Bob Fitzsimmons, blacksmith; Jim Jeffries, boilermaker, and the greatest Roman of them all, John L. Sullivan was a tinner's apprentice.

The noted sons of poverty, standing side by side, would encircle the globe.

A. E. Waterson, who in boyhood begged his bread from door to door, is now a member of the House of Commons.

Julius Rosenwald advanced from a "chromo" salesman to a partnership in the noted firm of Sears, Roebuck & Company, and has given millions to charity.

Glen Curtiss, the errand boy, is now a millionaire bird-man.

In the criminal and reckless war on embryos that has been waged for centuries how many dormant buds of genius in every line have been cast into the sewers of sin!

While in our nation the divorce viper spits his virus on budding childhood from the lap of countenancing law, the recently conquered Hun is planning to retrieve numerical losses by government supervision over prospective progeny.

A triune scheme provides for maternity grants, increased work in welfare centers for women and children, and special provision of suitable food for expectant or nursing mothers and for growing children.

Let our own national and state governments make haste to war perpetually upon every enemy of offspring, whether in the form of doctors, diseases, deceits, devices, devils or disciples of Sappho, remembering that no nation, yet, has long endured under the spell of sexual wile-weaving.

The weasel-souled women, who dole canned technique for fencing the ovarian fields against virility, peddle scandal itch and seminal germicides on the humanitarian theory that God, at last, has heard the cries of the poor mother in travail, should be cantoned by the government and condemned as Herodian descendants,

uterus burglars and vampires of the innocent.

The towering intellects that have swayed and dazzled the world, have usually sneaked into life unheralded except by a neighbor or a midwife.

A single congested connubial act might rob the nation of a savior.

The parable of the Samaritan has lost its pinchers, it no longer grips nor guides limber Christianity contentedly lying in the gold-kissed lap of the growing materialism of the present day.

In a press report of a gathering of noted Methodists on December 10, 1918, the headline read:

Methodism Faces Future in Doubtful
Manner Unless Some Movement
Changes Present Trend, Says Cler-
gyman.

Dr. Burns of Philadelphia said:

In a period of heart-searching and investigation we discover the weak places in the church life. Unless some centenary or similar movement changes the trend of churches very soon we won't have

churches in American cities. I think the day of theology is gone.

Yet Christ said:

And it is easier for Heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.

That Protestantism is gradually departing from the hearts of men, and as the Methodists claim, "the day of theology is gone," is startlingly shown in an article in the *Cosmopolitan* of March, 1919, by Ben B. Lindsey, in which he gives his experiences with the soldiers on the western front in France, and from which I quote the following:

The Salvation Army had no money to spend on motor cars and gasoline and comfortable billets for its workers; and those workers were not of the social class that has afternoon tea at conspicuous hotels and inevitably gets its pictures in the newspapers. They practiced the dough-boy's religion, and the boys loved them.

I had heard that the war had brought a great religious revival among the warring people of Europe, and I had expected to see signs of it among the soldiers.

There were none of the traditional sort. I asked the officers of most of the Allied forces in France, and they replied that there was no religious revival. "Go to the churches," they said, "and see." So I went to church after church and found them empty. I attended a service at Westminster Abbey, and saw a few conventional church attendants scattered throughout the chill gloom and echoing emptiness of that great tomb of England's dead. And when the clergyman mounted the pulpit, it was to bemoan the fact, as he said, that "the Church seems no longer able to lead," that it had "lost its influence with the toilers of the world," and that the loss was "mostly the fault of the Church."

Among the soldiers the two cardinal virtues were courage and self-sacrifice, and the two greatest sins were cowardice and selfishness.

The creed of the soldier was thus expressed by one of them:

Look at that bunch of roughnecks there! Not a one of them has seen the inside of a church in years, but I tell you they're real Christians. They love one another, and

it's the real thing in loving, for they'd lay down their lives for each other and divide their last crumb with a comrade.

The following from Judge Lindsey's *Cosmopolitan* article further illustrates the impression made upon the soldiers by preachers who could not comprehend them—as did the Savior the fishermen, with whom he ate on the shores of the Sea of Galilee:

“We've had six Y. M. C. A. preachers here in the last two weeks,” one of the men said to me. “They've been joy-riding up and down the lines, preaching to us about the dangers of booze, women, and gambling. And it's the holy truth, Judge, we're so sore that every one of us is feeling like having a hell of a time with all three the first leave we get.” I heard another soldier announce the arrival of a Y preacher by singing out, “Well, well; here comes Old Wine, Women, and Song again!” Over and over, the boys would say, “That sissified son of a gun is using up gasoline over here, to warn us fellows against the skirts, when he ought to be down in the trenches where he belongs or

get to blazes out o' here." Or: "What is that dolled-up guy doing behind a counter, selling cigarettes and living in the best billet in town, when he ought to be soaking with the rest of us? He's a fake. That's what he is—a fake!"

April 10, 1919.—The Navy's thanks for the welfare work during the war were conveyed to the Knights of Columbus headquarters to-day by Acting Secretary Roosevelt.

"The department," Mr. Roosevelt wrote, "desires to extend the gratitude of the officers and men of the United States Navy for all the many good things the Knights of Columbus have done for them during the war. The efficiency of your organization has been well matched by the constant desire of the individual worker to serve the men to the best of his ability.

"Its helpfulness and efficiency has proven a powerful aid to contentment and fighting spirit in the Navy.

"The department is desirous that your excellent work be continued and that the naval service whether the country is in peace or at war, have the benefit of your splendid coöperation. There is a very constant need for your services."

Additional proof that "the day of theology is gone" is found in the morality shown in the following news item:

Bank Wrecker Is Fêted

NASHVILLE, Tennessee, January 9, 1916.
—William J. Cummins, released from prison recently by pardon of Governor Whitman after having served three years for his part in the wrecking of the Carnegie Trust Company of New York, was the honor guest here last night at a dinner attended by several hundred persons, including state and city officials, members of the Legislature and delegates from other cities. A rising vote of thanks was given Governor Whitman for the pardon.

The truth is that embroidered, silk-clad and diamond-decked female wealth, as a general rule, has but little use for the poor, except to use them as a means of exploiting a pretended, insincere, worldly charity, and for jaw exercise at their clubs, and an occasional headline in the society columns.

The socially wearied uplift hypocrites

believe that the only safe place for booze is in their own sideboards.

All the thrills and sunshine of a drink should be denied the poor. Like the horse, they must be kept in condition constantly to slave for their hay and occasional oats and for the social swine who revel in drink and wallow in waste. These drug-store beauties and dog-fondlers can never appreciate the wounds they make when they hand to a poor honest girl their cast off finery. She might gladly accept a new garment from the hand of charity, but one that has been sinned in and bears the finger marks of the lecher leads the noble soul of pure womanhood to shrink from the unclean offering. The working girl more highly prizes the calico of chastity than the silk of sin.

According to Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health of New York, the "400" there have taken to the lethiferous drug habit and are vigorously defending it.

In an address, on December 11, 1918, in Chicago, he said:

We are experiencing considerable difficulty in fighting this nefarious practice, and are forced to meet powerful obstacles put in our way by the wealthy and influential. I know a prominent New York City society woman who is interested in the anti-drug campaign, who is herself an addict.

Another phase of creeping social corruption, due to willful, though well-intended efforts at juvenile sex precociousness has made its appearance in the schools of fashion and wealth. At the convention of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, recently, Miss Lutie Stearns charged that in many fashionable girls' schools there are "underground" libraries filled with unwholesome sex stories. She said:

In my niece's school they placed the books on the lower part of the lockers in a place meant for rubbers. As soon as a girl got through with one book she put it back and got another. One book my niece brought home was *Three Weeks*.

Literature designed to gnaw through the bars of virtue and to teach budding womanhood that her lips are for he-pasturage, and that in the words of the old song, everybody is doing it, and that the less she wears the more flies she will attract, is the kind of printed slush that sells and corrupts.

The public press under date of April 2, 1920, contained the following:

LONDON, April 2.—Prevailing fashions in women's gowns were vigorously assailed in a sermon, recently, by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the widely known Jesuit Father, whose essays and sermons on morality and home life have for the last twenty years attracted great attention throughout the world.

Among other things he said: "In days gone by ladies dressed for dinner, now they undress for it. Women's clothing ought to serve three purposes, of decency, of warmth, and of ornament. Women in their mad craze for what is known as 'emotional gowns' sin against every canon of good taste. Such dresses are immodest, unhealthy, and as ugly as they are expensive. Girls who follow the up-to-date

fashions are ruining their own and their neighbor's souls as well as their own bodies. Designers of fashions seem to be devoid as much of taste as of principle."

Kissing, in the days of Louis XII of France, attained its greatest popularity. A wave of revulsion finally checked and withered it.

Since Venus said to Adonis, "Graze on my lips," there has developed, as a part of the white man's civilization, a more intensified osculatory contact, generating amatory thrills which are wantonly prolonged by facial burrowing and neck rigidity.

The kiss has become a moral pestilence in social centers, and as now administered it quite properly may be called Platonic concupiscence.

Mlle. Walska, the noted opera singer; speaking for many of her sex, said: "I hate a man who does not kiss well."

Shall women smoke, is another live question on both sides of the Atlantic. The Y. M. C. A. of London, under pressure,

has opened smoking rooms for the young women who have demanded it.

London physicians declare that there never has been so much smoking by women as at present. It is a common experience to see well-dressed women smoking as they leave the theaters, and in the daytime many women smoke in limousines or taxicabs. From Palm Beach hotels, the Vampire Queen's studio, and Vassar College comes a chorus of approval.

Another result of developing social bedevilment, through propaganda and personal contact, is the female chromo.

Roseate pigments worked in by the electric needle, in the hand of the tattoo artist, to have a blush rose tint permanently stamped on their features, is the latest London fad amongst so-called "society ladies." About three-fourths of the aristocracy carry tattoo marks—generally just above the knee—and the designs are invariably dragons, butterflies, snakes, or the family crest.

A leading London professor of the art asserts that his patrons belong generally

to the "upper classes," and include ladies of title and even royalty.

According to government war-tax returns American women paid \$750,000,000 for rouge, powder, perfume, and lip sticks during 1919.

Mrs. Grace W. Humiston, a noted New York City lawyer, in a recent address, treating of wayward girls and present day social conditions, said:

If the girl appeals to the police she is sent up; if to the church she is set aside, segregated, as not the person for other girls' companionship, and if she goes home she is scolded.

School girls to-day know more about sex relations than older women starting out in married life. In Chicago alone there are 2000 girls between the ages of thirteen and seventeen "missing."

Show girls in a New York City theater were forced by the manager to witness an obscene motion picture show or lose their jobs.

It has been published that the "White Door," in New York City, is a resort conducted for the purpose of training young girls for immoral purposes. The house-

keeper of this haven of sin gave the keys to the District Attorney with the request that he end its existence. This he refused to do, saying that "the best men in New York went there."

Mrs. Humiston relates the pathetic experience of a young girl which, likely, has been duplicated throughout the country thousands of times during the war for democracy by uniforms on the backs of eager libidinists.

The man in question was a major in the United States Army. He said to the girl before he left that he did not expect to come back and that in the eyes of the Lord they were man and wife. He did not lose his life at the front as he expected, and when he returned home he found that the girl who trusted in him was a mother. He was astounded at the news and said to her, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

This should lead the most hardened to exclaim: "Oh, military uniform, how many crimes are concealed in thy folds!"

Our Constitution should be a gushing fountain of justice; and our flag a shel-

tering mantle for all of our people; and our military uniform, on the back of an American soldier, a woman's shield rather than an incantation in the pathway of virtue.

On April 10, 1919, Mrs. Ellen O'Grady, deputy police commissioner of New York City, announced a crusade by women detectives against proprietors of moving-picture theaters displaying such "suggestive, immoral, and filthy films" as she discovered on a tour of the movie houses. She said:

The clergy, educators, judges, and welfare workers might as well lock up the churches, shut the books, and close the courts, if they are going to permit the filthy motion pictures that are being shown in New York and throughout the country.

Juvenile delinquency is increasing rapidly and is largely due to the poison being instilled into juveniles in moving picture houses.

Two girls of 14 years, the children of foreigners, were brought into my office. I asked them what was the matter—what

they intended to make of themselves. They answered: "We want to be American girls like the moving pictures. Have a good time, automobiles, and nice clothes."

Imagine the kind of Americanization these children have had.

Then, there was the case of two girls of fifteen, who started to flirt with a man of forty on a street car. This is what they said to each other: "Say, kid, let's vamp the guy."

If something is not done to safeguard the morals of our boys and girls I don't know what will become of them.

In 1914, the black eagle of Germany entered the dark clouds of war with a bird of Paradise, called Democracy. For four years, with vulture beaks and talons at each other's hearts, they rattled all of the thrones of Europe and lacerated all of the constitutions of the world and sent ten millions of souls to eternity, in an effort either to expand the national hogyard, or to disseminate the blessings of democracy.

At the end of the conflict the eagle came tumbling to the earth, a badly rumped

and bedraggled mess. The bird of Paradise had lost many of her gaudy feathers, her topknot, and the quills from her tail, and while perched on the ruins of monarchy billing and oiling the fragments of her once radiant plumage and surveying the devastation wrought, the serpent of Bolshevism uncoiled in the city of Petrograd and since has been extending its monstrous and slimy trail to various parts of Europe with a view to encircling the globe and crushing within its mighty folds the tottering bird of Democracy. This new social Behemoth has annihilated morality; declared sin to be a social myth; woman the servant and plaything of man; children the wards of the state; matrimony a social relation subject to the will of the parties and the Ten Commandments too arbitrary for the limber morality of the new school.

The days of monumental wealth, pinching poverty, imperial fops, crushing trusts and sable coats for queens of fashion are surely passing.

The Bolshevik hen is laying her eggs

upon our shores and hatching vipers that are spreading, like a pestilence, throughout the land. Their doctrines and purposes are clearly disclosed in a circular scattered in the streets of Seattle during the recent shipyard strike, which reads as follows:

RUSSIA DID IT

Shipyard Workers—You left the shipyards to enforce your demands for higher wages. Without you your employers are helpless. Without you they cannot make one cent of profit—their whole system of robbery has collapsed.

The shipyards are idle; the toilers have withdrawn even though the owners of the yards are still there. Are your masters building ships? No. Without your labor power it would take all the shipyard employers of Seattle and Tacoma working eight hours a day the next thousand years to turn out one ship. Of what use are they in the shipyards?

It is you and you alone who build the ships; you create all the wealth of society to-day; you make possible the \$75,000 sable coats for millionaires' wives. It is you alone who can build the ships.

They can't build the ships. You can. Why don't you?

There are the shipyards; more ships are urgently needed; you alone can build them. If the masters continue their dog-in-the-manger attitude, not able to build the ships themselves and not allowing the workers to, there is only one thing left for you to do.

Take over the management of the shipyards yourselves; make the shipyards your own; make the jobs your own; decide the working conditions yourselves; decide your wages yourselves.

In Russia the masters refused to give their slaves a living wage too. The Russian workers put aside the bosses and their tool, the Russian government, and took over industry in their own interests.

There is only one way out; a nationwide general strike with its object the overthrow of the present rotten system which produces thousands of millionaires and millions of paupers each year.

The Russians have shown you the way out. What are you going to do about it? You are doomed to wage slavery till you die unless you wake up, realize that you and the boss have not one thing in common, that the employing class must be

overthrown, and that you, the workers, must take over the control of your jobs, and through them, the control over your lives instead of offering yourselves up to the masters as a sacrifice six days a week, so that they may coin profits out of your sweat and toil.

The common people will no longer bear the burden of Kaiser wardrobes worth half a million, cared for by a dozen valets and a corps of tailors, nor of fabulous salaries paid by the consumers' coin.

The vast army of clean men and women the world over must unceasingly struggle against the powers of evil or be overwhelmed in its turbulent billows.

Those of us who are of the Protestant faith might as well look at conditions as they are. The stones, one by one, are dropping from the walls of our temple, and its very foundations are threatened by our own spiritual indolence, monetary idolatry, matrimonial cozening and divorce paternity. We are now harvesting mostly cockle through accumulated neglect of our wheat fields.

Our perversity is stampeding the shepherds of our flocks, who in despair, behold Thor marshaling the spirit of evil from out the gathering clouds of a brooding, godless materialism.

A wail comes from out the heart of a self-confessed, slipping and withering Christianity, which is magnified in the thousands of crumbling churches at the country crossroads, tenanted by bats and owls, a lingering rebuke to the pagan descendants of former Christian founders, who, centuries ago, chafing under God's ten restraining laws and boiling with rebellion, like birds, chattering and turbulent, bent on a less burdensome moral hygiene, spread their wings and with their doctrine: "Faith is sufficient unto salvation" pushed their beaks, charged with the poison of falsehood and bigotry, under the counterpane of a creed, which had successfully buffeted the storms of schism, the powers of thrones and the legions of darkness, for more than fifteen centuries.

In time, entirely ignored by their former Christian associates, and hungry

from eating out of the empty bowl of "faith" without "works," they soon grew quarrelsome and fell to pecking each other's heads. New denominations and church buildings gradually sprang up in centers of civilization,—all calling themselves Protestant, with each sect protesting against Rome and each other, until, under its ceaseless discords, and graceless imitation sacraments, it has finally winged itself.

In point are the observations of Dean Welldon, of England, who, on February 4, 1920, said:

The world is rocking under men's feet. Society is threatened by forces which repudiate the Christian faith and the Christian moral code. The Church runs grave risk of losing her influence upon national life. The decadence of regular church-going has long been a cause of anxiety. The statistics of divorce are alarming, and it may be necessary to rebuild human morals from the foundation. Meanwhile the Church is disregarded because she is divided. It is too much to expect the world

to listen to her when she speaks with many discordant voices.

Dean Welldon's postulation as to modern Protestantism presents a striking picture of the ungovernable evolution of man-made creeds. The foundations are breaking up and the wreckage is drifting on the tide of monetary idolatry out into the calm, congenial ocean of Christian Science.

After the Battle of Waterloo an army chaplain went to Wellington and said: "What am I to do now that the war is over? I was a chaplain in the army." Wellington replied: "You are a minister of the gospel. What are your marching orders?"

In Mark 16:15 are found the marching orders.

And He said unto them, go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

How many ministers dare, from the pulpit, to tell their people that unless they keep the commandments they "shall be damned."

With too many fair-weather Christians, going to church is a social affair, and not a place to have one's sins inventoried or one's conscience pricked. If a courageous preacher, with a proper concept of his clerical duties, should cry out to the low necks and snowy shirt fronts before him, as did John the Baptist, in the wilderness, to the Pharisees and Sadducees: "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" like the "Golden-mouthed" John of Antioch, he would be told that in Pontus is a good place to die.

Are not mental drippings consciously concocted by too many preachers for the purpose of securing the loaves and fishes rather than as a moral specific? The minister must preach to please the people, and does his best on an empty stomach.

In a second-class city of the state, ten clergymen have resigned within a year.

One Baptist clergyman has taken to candy-making, and two of other denominations have thrown up their commissions and entered politics.

Since Henry Ward Beecher sold a slave girl at auction from his pulpit, many fads have been unavailingly introduced to centralize interest.

“Babe” Ruth on the diamond, and “Billy” Sunday on the platform are now the leading swatters of balls and sins.

Prohibition—the offspring of cranks, the forger of chains, the illicit still and home-brew incubator, the assassin of oratory, the mental bug-breeder, the friend of the grave-digger, is the prolific mother of a vast army of hypocrites, sneaks, criminals, and Bolsheviks, who, Samson-like, will uproot the pillars of faith, and beslime the goddess of morality as did the viper the hand of Paul.

The weeds of the fields, for a time, flourish and scatter their baneful seeds which spring up and choke the plantings of man, till harvested by the frosts of autumn. Fads and frivolities, like the weeds, will

bloom in church, state, and nation until the grace of God, when He shall be so pleased, shall again lacquer the souls of men against the corroding attacks of sin, and lift them from the "Slough of Despond" into the clear blue of a resonant faith and a rosy hope.

The appendix-extrication fad, which enabled women to talk of their operations instead of their neighbors at social functions, has run its course, and this intestinal switch will be permitted to serve nature hereafter instead of the surgical expert in quest of fat for his bank account.

The Oregon State Medical Association at its convention in Portland, reported, under date of June 5, 1920, that "operations for removal of the appendix are going out of style. Much that was called appendicitis in recent years was not that at all, but plain stomachache."

The smoke of immorality is very dense in France. Under date of Paris, March 26, 1920, we find this printed:

The League for the Reform of Dress and Theatrical Morals issued a protest

against the advertised appearance of Renée de Bauga, the "modern Venus," in a revue at the Olympic Theater to-night. The advertisement stated that Mlle. de Bauga would appear on the stage nude, and the reform league demanded that the police prevent this "disgraceful exhibition." The Olympic caters largely to Americans and other foreigners.

Seven centuries back we find the foregoing paralleled.

In the thirteenth century more than once the Government suppressed the sacred plays in France on account of their evil effects upon morals. In England matters seem to have been if possible worse; and Warton has shown that on at least one occasion in the fifteenth century Adam and Eve were brought upon the stage strictly in their state of innocence. In the next scene the fig leaves were introduced.

Sisley Huddleston in the May, 1920, *Atlantic Monthly*, calls present-day conditions "the menace of the world." He comments as follows:

The diagnosis of the malady is not difficult. There is, first, this crazy seeking after artificial amusements, generally of an unpleasant kind; there is a love of display that runs to the utmost eccentricity; there is a wave of criminality; there is an unscrupulous profiteering, a cynical disregard of suffering, a mad desire to get rich quickly, no matter by what means, and there is a reluctance to do any genuine work. You can visit any capital and you will find these characteristic stigmata. This pathological condition is certainly the legacy of war. Men's mental outlook has changed. Those who were sober, industrious citizens, content to rear their families and to walk usefully and humbly in the world, are now stricken by the wild notion of having a "good time"—a good time that means the easy earning of questionable money, its prodigal dispersal, forgetfulness of the family, nonproduction of necessaries, hopeless confusion and incompetence, which affects private as well as governmental persons, and a lowering of moral values, a debasing of intellect.

The limber Christianity of to-day makes no more impression upon their sin-seared

souls than the tread of a pismire upon a block of granite.

At the dawn of the colonization of this country, it has been written that:

The women were robust, worked on the farms in the busy seasons, reaping, mowing, and even plowing on occasion; and the hum of the spinning wheel was heard in every house. An athletic, active, indomitable, prolific, long-lived race. For a couple to have a dozen children, and for all the twelve to reach maturity, to marry, to have large families, and die at a good old age, seems to have been the rule rather than the exception.

Remember that the microbe of immortality works slowly but fatally in the dark recesses of human paste.

Since the Pilgrim fathers greased their boots with ham rinds at Plymouth Rock, and our antecedents dyed their breeches with the juice of the butternut hull, and astride of a rail whittled through a horse trade, and tacked the pelts of the enemies of the hennery on the barn door, and put doughnuts in the contribution box, many

strange beasts, in the shape of new tastes, habits, desires, and passions, have come to us from other shores, or have reached us on the tide of our own blood.

When it enters a man's head that he can toss flat water cocktails under his belt with the safety that a rooster crams corn into his crop; or that he can frequently cast the tappings of his virility into unsanitary pockets, and muss up every Thamar at the crossroads; and that the creed of reason is: "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we die," and when such sentiments acquire general ascendancy in any nation, that nation is just as sure to die of moral and physical leprosy, as is a country parson to pass the plate when there's a stranger in the church.

Character and intellect alone are no longer passports to the coveted shade of the social weed. Coin, tin titles, and toggerie are the American highways to that Elysian field.

In my boyhood the child and its dairy met in the homespun maternal lap; in my manhood I find that spot draped in

silks, the dairy farrow, and in place of the child a perfumed pup.

In '48 a man pushed bock beer over a pine bar. Later he and companions dug gold while his wife cooked the corned beef and cabbage. Soon on the crest of a yellow stream we see the physically broad-gauged daughter Mary ride into the arms of a worthless, impecunious count from the throne pound of royalty. The press from Cleopatra's Needle to the Golden Gate was full of idiotic drooling over the social achievements of a prospector's daughter, who had sold herself, as has many another, with the same deliberation, but with less return than comes to a farmer from a litter of pigs.

The ambition of many suddenly enriched and mentally idle females, as soon as they have shed their pinfeathers, is to lift themselves by their golden garters into the festering lap of swelldom,—the tango, shimmy, turkey trot, grizzly bear, bunny hug, fountain dip, Texas Tommy, Harem trot, chicken slide, hesitation waltz, hitchy-koo, peacock glide, boll-wee-

vil wiggle, constipation pose,—and into the stinking palatial odors that have polluted the air for more than forty centuries.

How soon these society sprouts feign to forget that many of the ancestors of the social bungholes with whom they herd, worked, and stunk their way across the ocean in cattle ships, while clad in wooden shoes and linsey-woolsey mother-made shirts, which were so full of crawling, energetic life that it would require the spit of St. Patrick to banish it.

The social flummery that has oozed out of the bowels of wealth, with all of its enervating tendencies, is the mother of a moral condition in this country to-day, which, slowly yet surely, is sapping the man- and womanhood of this republic and preparing it for the day when a warning of this kind will be scoffed at, when the buffoon will be preferred to the statesman, the money-lender to the preacher, the jug to the child, and the song of the harlot to the dulcet tones of the vesper bell.

Whither are we tending and what are some of the signs?

A United States Senate of millionaires; political control of members of Congress; graft and bribery in every civic highway from the municipal dog-catcher to the custodian of the State seal; contempt for the Constitution, the courts and individual rights; pernicious demagoguery on the stump; the slavery of the political boss; the monetary corruption of the electorate; the gradual segregation of the people under the heads of capital and labor; socialistic teachings, the mother of female degradation and of fatherless children; submitting disputes to the arbitration of dynamite; and disfranchising millions of men because God forgot to brimstone their skins.

Since the Queen of Sheba whisked her bejeweled skirts before the throne of the dazzled Solomon, and then exchanged spices for precious stones, deceit, fraud, and criminality have prevailed in all the relations of man.

In business we have the tax-dodger and

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the import-duty swindler; the scale-pan doctor and the fresh-egg fraud; the milk-waterer and bob-veal vender; the paste-diamond jeweler and the black-diamond underweigher; sanded sugar; wooden nutmegs; calves-liver coffee; bastard phosphate; stone-pasted silks; fake corn and pile cures; oleo butter; beef lard; fish-oil linseed; plaster-of-paris lead; Peruna whiskey; Duffy's hypocritical malt; paint, county history and atlas swindlers; coal-tar dye food-dopers; rotten-egg bakeries; New York State Havana; home-made Turkish cigarettes; the fur-skin imitator; the excelsior hair mattress; curly birch mahogany; corncob cow feed; the note shaver; real estate swindler; worthless stock vender; salted mine exploiter; short-yard stick; concave dry measure; impure seed, fake art and rug dealers; dishonest road-builder and crooked overseer; lying auto salesman; heavs-doping horse trader; hard-times match and kerosene merchant; the grocery pass-book padder; the jobbing plumber, making forty-eight hours out of each twenty-four; the Elgin butter

and other combination arbitrary price-fixing crooks; bank defaulters; the arson trust; insurance-swindlers; trust-betrayers; franchise-bribers; criminal monopolists; high-price projectors and food-cornering felons. These furnish some of the evidences of a growing class of business black-handers amongst us who carry a Bible in one hand and a jimmy in the other, and who superintend Sunday school one day and criminal business the remaining six.

Since Tarquin was banished from Rome for the rape of Lucrece, and the temple of Isis wrecked by the carnal stunt of Mundas, myriads of the he-portion of the human race have worshiped at the shrine of every immorality and crime known to man.

The ancient sins of the bath are now practiced with revelry and relish. Black-handing, white slavery, grafting, gambling, thieving, robbing, thugging, dynamiting, doping, murdering, kidnaping and incest are some of the occupations of the denizens of the underworld.

Price-fixing, stock-gambling, welshing, official bribing, commercial plundering, destroying evidence, croaking business rivals, panic-breeding, forging, defaulting, embezzling, perjuring, seducing, eloping, and home-busting have occupied the recent attention of men in the gilded walks of life.

Social and business tendencies make the outlook as dismal as the efforts of the ancient reasoners to locate hell. St. Thomas was of the opinion that it was in the center of the earth. Whiston contended that it was the tail of a comet. Swinden strenuously asserted that hell was the sun. Some early theologians held this and explained the spots in the sun by the multitude of souls.

Numberless, self-sacrificing mothers and spinsters, living and dead, with lives as clean as the unblown snow, should be distinguished from those of their sex who shirk duty and toy with sin.

The clean woman, whether pagan or Christian, always has been, and always will be, with us, as the following proves.

While I have shown one side of the picture of woman, I am not unmindful of the immaculate Mary, whose divine Son, the personified pledge of God to man, by His example and teachings, so leavened the dough of man's activities that he was finally led proudly to adorn the brow of woman with the ennobling titles of companion, wife and mother.

In the first centuries, the hen of Christianity hatched many a pullet that defied the pagan cockerels, and suffered torture and death, rather than to sacrifice to the stubnosed gods of the temples, or take the proffered apple from the hand of Satan.

Among the brightest jewels in the massive crown of early Christian womanhood we find:

Fabiola, the founder of the first hospital in Rome, of whom St. Jerome said: "She was the praise of the Christians, the wonder of the Gentiles, the mourning of the poor, and the consolation of the monks."

Dorcas, the queen of the needle, whose handiwork turned the bleak winds of the

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Mediterranean from the poor widows and children of Joppa.

Genevieve, a pious and patriotic maiden, whose courage saved the city of Paris from the scourge of Attila.

Olympias, the beautiful and wealthy widow, vainly sought in marriage by the noblemen around her, a princess in liberality, who purchased the freedom of hundreds of slaves and sought the comfort of the sick, the imprisoned, beggars, and exiles.

Monica is noted as a wife who never uttered a reproachful word in her home, a mother whose prayers and tears reclaimed from sin and gave to God the matchless St. Augustine.

Paula, who owned a whole city in Italy, descended from the Scipios and the Gracchi, and one of the richest women of antiquity, a fourth-century patroness of education and philanthropy, a co-worker of St. Jerome in his warfare upon the corruption of the age, and who lived as a slave but gave as a princess, built a hospital, monastery, and three nunneries,

prayed to die in beggary and to be wrapped in the shroud of a stranger.

Kindred spirits and God-loving women can be found at all of the crossroads along the highway of time from Elizabeth, concerning whose son Christ said: "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist," down to our own American queens of charity who constantly minister to our poor and afflicted, and extend their noble work to other climes.

Even Pagan records tell us of the wifely Artemisia, who consumed her husband's ashes mixed with scented water, and honored his memory with a mausoleum so wonderful as to startle the world; of Volumnia, who saved Rome from the vengeance of her husband; of Julia Domne, who cast herself upon an assassin to shield her son and received the death blow; of Hortensia, the suffragette, demanding justice at the hands of the triumvirs in the market place; of Lucrece taking her life to destroy the rape-wrecked temple of her soul; of Octavia, who brought to her home

the bastards of the sin-busted Antony; of Boadecia, who, to avenge the name of outraged womanhood, having been stripped and scourged by Roman officers, rallied the Britons to her standard and led the conflict till she sent seventy thousand Roman souls howling into eternity. To-day, innumerable intellectual and saintly women can be found on every rung of the social ladder, with moral breaths as sweet as the rose, and whose maternal instinct, rugged as the oak, often has led them into the valley of the shadow of death, and whose unsullied characters and lofty virtues would adorn the most exacting civilization.

Since the war closed our American civic highways have been burdened, and the public oppressed and buncoed by a bewildering number of alleged charity and uplift fads and schemes, frequently organized for personal laudation and often inspired by the vision of a swivel chair and soft job in the distance.

“America for Americans” is being pounded into the human ear from all

angles both by patriots and paid exhorters, many of whom are mentally unable to sense the frightful results that would follow in the wake of a strict application of this doctrine.

Is there not danger of carrying the agitation of Americanism to the rebounding point? There are better than thirteen millions of unnaturalized working people in the United States to-day who do three-fourths of the manual labor required for the production of our marvelous output.

Labor in this country is now at a premium, with a growing inclination to shorter hours and higher pay. The gates of Castle Garden have always swung landward and if you go back far enough, history will tell you that the earliest white settlers here were foreigners. Foreigners have made this country what it is and because a citizen happens to be born fifty or one hundred years later than some of those who have preceded us, it does not necessarily follow that that citizen is a less patriotic member of the commonwealth.

We have always had agitators and

tongue traitors in our midst—every nation has them; we will always have them, but, as a rule, they are so few and outspoken that they are generally well known.

Remember that the wealth at the top of our social structure comprehends but a small portion of our population. The laboring element forming the foundation for our social structure constitute perhaps not to exceed twenty-five per cent of our people, while the great middle classes form the bulk of our population and will always stand as an impassable barrier between arrogant wealth on the one hand, and sometimes unreasonable labor and agitators on the other.

We need as laborers a million or two more men to aid in the basic production of our country. This republic has a reputation the world over of being the freest and safest habitation for man known to the human race. A propaganda spread throughout these United States to the effect that foreigners are not welcome or that as soon as they arrive here they must go through a system of Americanization,

will reach other shores and tend unfavorably to impress those who might anticipate seeking homes here. Foreigners who have come to our shores, of every nationality, have readily become assimilated with our people and submissive to our laws, and patriotic in their support of our Government. In proof of this I call attention to an article in the March number of the *National Geographic Magazine* in which William J. Showalter says:

Speaking of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, two thirds of the people have sprung from parents one or both of whom were born under alien flags. Where Paul Revere lived in revolutionary times, is now Little Italy, almost as foreign in the tongue spoken as Naples or Genoa.

With only one third of the State's population born of parents who first saw the light in America, how small must be the percentage born of full colonial lineage!

But is Massachusetts less American for its tremendous foreign stock? Look at the recruiting records—holding sixth place in population, but fifth in voluntary enlistments for the World War. Look at the Liberty loan records—third place in

the first and second loans and fourth place in the other three.

What we need in this country is a thicker mixture of morality in our National carburetor; fewer divorces and more prayers; less dry insanity and more mental lubrication; fewer professional child-killers and birth-control propagandists, on the one hand, and larger families, on the other; more Sunday church frequenters and fewer bed loafers; more ministers who will preach the gospel of salvation as it came to us from the Cross, rather than the gospel of salvation made easy; and fewer men who worship at the shrine of the dollar and vastly more who, from a contented heart, can cry out, "Give me neither beggary nor riches: give me only the necessaries of life."

If our nation endures it will not be by her armies and her fleets alone but more particularly through clean, pure men and women in whose veins will flow red blood, and in whose hearts will repose a patriotism such as boisterously roamed the breast

of General Warren when he said: “ ’Tis sweet to die for one’s country.”

If you want peace, prepare for war. The nation with the largest bank account will most likely be the successful warrior of the future. But back of the money and the guns must be the fighter. To have fighters, mothers must teach chivalry to their offspring. They must say to their sons as they practically said in ’61, and as the Spartan mother was accustomed to say, “My son, return either with thy shield or upon it.” And the fathers must have flowing in their veins the blood of a Hannibal, who at the age of nine years, in a heathen temple, took an eternal oath of enmity against Rome; of Ethan Allen, who demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga, “In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress”; of Lawrence, who said, “Don’t give up the ship”; of Perry who sent that immortal message from Lake Erie, “We have met the enemy and they are ours.”

Parents, treat your children kindly, but firmly. Set before them morning, noon,

and night, the example of Christian living. Tell them that no nation is greater than its men and women make it; that the constant buffeting of any immorality gradually wears down the finest physique; that if they hope to be credited with the manhood, courage, and bravery of their ancestors, they must live as did their ancestors; and that no nation can long endure in the hearts of whose people immorality slumbers.

In the medical profession there is a small percentage of scavengers, whose criminal practices, like polecat exhalations, tend to beslime one of the noblest callings to which man has devoted his genius since the Esculapian days.

The clean men of the medical profession, by reason of direct contact with the evil-doer, can do more to save the race than can any other combination of civic or moral workers now engaged in social betterment.

To attain the desired results by shackling the prince of evil, the priesthood and ministry of this great republic, principal-

ly God-fearing and saintly men, must, in the interest of humanity, join in a ceaseless onslaught upon the evils that are burrowing into the moral fiber of our people and daily weakening the spiritual power of the sanctifying story of the life of Christ.

To save the race we must, as a people, so legislate and so live that those who dam or pollute the stream of life will be condemned here, and our faith in divine justice tells us that they will be damned hereafter.

Let the willfully unfruitful, in whose hearts there still lingers the slightest gleam of Christian faith, fearfully dwell on the fate of the barren fig tree.

The duty-dodger and laggard in every line may read his destiny in the parable of the napkin capitalist.

The grafters, profiteers, war hogs, price-fixers, stock-tricksters, trust-weavers, money idolaters, food-cornering felons, and lust-sowers the world over should reflect that God said to the rich man, while planning barn enlargement for his grow-

ing wealth: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

The obstinate, faithless, restless, high power seeders of sin will not be checked in their nefarious work by prophecies, parables, commandments, sermons, threats of hell, or the judgment of God, for, like the biblical fool, they have said in their hearts "There is no God."

The "sin-freely's" of to-day feign this belief as a conscience cover.

For appearance only are thousands of church pews warmed by canting hypocrites, who pray by day and sin by night, and affiliate with some popular satanic move, as a smoke screen.

These disciples of the pagan school of matrix scavengers, embryo assassins, maternity-regulators and farrow-women breeders, who heed not the command, "Thou shalt not kill!" constitute a greater menace to our country than any Bolshevik doctrine which has ever been shaken from the brain of man by social unrest.

Oh, atheist, if you are sincere, stand with me before the templed hills, beneath

the starlit dome, look into that wilderness of worlds moving on without chance or change, cast your mortal eye upon the blinding light and shriveling heat of the sun, color the pansy with your brush, produce the scent of the skunk or the musk-deer, chain the lightning, quell the storm, control the seasons, calm the raging billows with your outstretched hand, heal the sick, give sight to the blind, define life, annihilate death, destroy a single grain of sand or add one particle of new matter to the world's bulk—then proclaim: "There is no God."

Whether you believe it or not, the fact remains that the Christian religion is all-pervading, and for two thousand years it has buffeted immorality and crime in every form, and led the willing along the highway of justice and right. Its ten conscience whips have been its only laws, and by and through them to-day, it morally rules more than a third of the human race, and the beautiful story of the life of Christ has been told to all of the peoples of the earth. No race has ever been dis-

covered which did not believe in a supernatural being or a God in some form.

Cardinal Gibbons wrote:

Every philosopher and statesman who has discussed the subject of human governments has acknowledged that there can be no stable society without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, no religion without God.

The pagan philosopher Plato said:

It is an incontrovertible truth that if God presides not over the establishment of a city, and if it has only a human foundation, it cannot escape the greatest calamities. If a State is founded on impiety and governed by men who trample on justice, it has no means of security.

Long before Plato lived the same sentiment was expressed by the Prophet who said:

Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

In the Bible, millions of copies of which are printed annually, scattered univer-

sally, heedlessly read, if read at all, and rarely followed, Isaiah, said:

The nation and the kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish.

Rousseau, who, though classed by the scientists as a lunatic, showed rare sense when he wrote:

Never was a State founded that did not have religion for its basis.

The Greek writer Xenophon made this observation:

Those cities and nations which are the most devoted to divine worship have always been the most durable and the most wisely governed, as the most religious ages have been the most distinguished for genius.

From the mind of Hume came this thought:

If you find a people without religion, rest assured that they do not differ much from the brute beasts.

Cicero exclaimed:

I know not whether the destruction of piety toward the gods would not be

the destruction also of good faith, of human society, and of the most excellent of virtues, justice.

Solon of Athens, Lycurgus of Lacedæmon, and Numa of ancient Rome, built all social fabrics upon the cornerstone of religion.

Voltaire said:

It is absolutely necessary for princes and people that the idea of a Supreme Being, Creator, Governor, Rewarder and Avenger, should be deeply engraved on the mind.

Rome flourished under the religious policy of Numa. "The vessel of state was held in the storm by two anchors, religion and morality."

The great endurance of the Roman republic is traced by historians to the natural virtues exhibited by the people, and the downfall of Rome is attributed by Montesquieu to the doctrine of Epicureanism, which broke down the barrier of religion and gave free scope to the sea of human passions.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his book on *Our Christian Heritage*, makes this observation:

Toward the close of the last century an attempt was made by atheists in France to establish a government on the ruins of religion, and it is well known how signally they failed. The Christian Sabbath and festivals were abolished, and the churches closed. The only tolerated temple of worship was the criminal court, from which justice and mercy were inexorably banished, and where the judge sat only to condemn. The only divinity recognized by the apostles of anarchy was the goddess of reason; their high priests were the executioners; the victims for sacrifice were unoffending citizens; the altar was the scaffold; their hymns were ribald songs; and their worship was lust, rapine, and bloodshed.

They succeeded in a few weeks in demolishing the social fabric which had existed for thirteen centuries, and De-Lamennais says: "They accumulated more ruin than an army of Tartars could have left after a six years' invasion."

The old colonial piety which gripped the hand of poverty has departed from most

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of the hearts of the now rapidly vanishing, wealthy, low combs of Plymouth Rock ancestry, whose daily lives are a gilded lie.

You will always find God with the honest, struggling poor. This fact was recognized by the signers of our Declaration of Independence in which they wrote:

And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

There are thousands of college-made atheistic she-bachelors, whose social passport is a shredded ancestry or the gold of business pilferers, who parade the streets, picket their enemies, assassinate the reputations of opponents, invade Congress and lobby state legislatures in furtherance of schemes to eliminate statutory restrictions upon their nasty work, and, finally to boss and direct, from a salaried swivel chair, the social and sexual acts of humanity.

Prohibition, the mother of crime, the

hospital's friend, the sower of widows and orphans, and the patron of crêpe and flowers, was bludgeoned through the New York State Legislature by confronting members with the record of their past lives. The state legislatures throughout the Union when in session, are overrun by he- and she-uplift rats who carry in their fur the germs of every conceivable immorality, and whose uplift printing establishments are filling the homes of this Christian nation with printed stuff so vile that the perusal of it would cause a blush in a house of assignation.

Procreation literature, now widely disseminated, together with anticonception knowledge, has deadened all fear of multiplication resulting from sexual contact.

It has bred in the rising generation a social freedom and moral laxity well illustrated by the following: Recently a respectable girl of fifteen years of age was dressing for a public dance without corsets. Her mother told her to put on her corsets. She declined, saying, "I do not want to go and be a wall flower. If I

wear corsets the boys won't dance with me."

It is generally understood that the girls who wear corsets to dances park them after they get there.

The goddess of virtue slumbers while the ants of evil build their hills in unsentined American homes.

The social boll weevil and pink bell worm are at work in the tender shoots of youth throughout the land, precipitating a degenerate race of Cagots, who, ultimately, with our nation, will perish from the earth.

If the Savior lamented over the morals of the Jerusalem Jews, He would surely give them a passport to heaven after standing on a busy corner of a modern city for a single hour.

There is a story that the transporting of Cimabue's "Madonna" through the streets of Florence, in the old days, blocked traffic and stopped business. Can one imagine, even, the enactment of such a scene in any modern city of the world to-day? Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey or

September Morn upon a city street, would come nearer blocking traffic than any saint or painted concept that ever walked the earth or bloomed in the brain of art.

The writer does not feel that the entire world is sliding into hell, but does believe that it has a very good start, and that it is about time for our national and moral patriots to squirt a little Portland cement into their spines, and to proceed with clubs and guns, if necessary, to break up the spawning places of the he- and she-scelestic enemies of our race and country.

BRETHREN: "It is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof."



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