

The Alpha.



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Human Rights before all Laws and Constitutions.—Gerrit Smith.
The Divine Right of Every Child to be Well Born.

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NO. 1.

SUGGESTIONS TO MOTHERS.

Enlightened motherhood, with its endowment of responsibility and conscientious endeavor faithfully to fulfil it to the uttermost, has no easy task to perform, however holy may be the effort or how beautiful and precious its fruits.

Nearly nineteen centuries have passed since the Immaculate Son was born, and only now are we beginning to learn the truths taught in the story of the maternity of Mary. We are just on the threshold of a proper appreciation of the higher responsibilities of motherhood, and only beginning to understand that they commence long before the birth of the child.

When the unborn babe lies, the tiniest germ in the matrix, its education has already begun. The observation of physiologists has determined the fact that even in the generative act the whole future of the offspring may be determined for weal or woe. The mother's thoughts while carrying her child beneath her bosom, her desires, her aspirations, her tempers, good or bad, her surroundings, physical and moral, all have an influence on the character that in the darkness and secrecy of her womb is being wrought out of all that she is.

The foregoing has a strong bearing on the special motive of this short treatise. The child whose pre-natal influences and conditions have been pure and wholesome; who comes into the world with a good organization, and who is carefully kept from contaminating companionship in its infancy and early years, will not be likely to develop untoward curiosity regarding sex or genesis. Sex will be dormant until the years arrive when it naturally and healthfully asserts itself and replies to its own inquiries. Nevertheless innocent or precocious inquisitiveness may be aroused, and when it is, it should not be trifled with. When the time arrives that the child desires to know concerning the origin of being, and is no longer satisfied with the simple answer, "God," to the question, "who made you?" he should be answered seriously and in such a religious spirit, that only a sacred impression will be made.

An excellent woman, who has brought up one of the

loveliest families I ever knew, once said to me: "I never allowed myself to show any thought of sex toward my little ones. Boys and girls, when very small, were washed and dressed together, and I carefully avoided any observation that would contain in it any insinuation of shame being connected with one part of the body more than another; and when once looking at a picture, one of my children asked: 'Mother, why do the Africans go naked?' I said, 'Because they are ignorant and uncivilized. Civilized and Christian people wear clothes; they do not consider it proper to go about before each other naked.' One of my boys said to me one day, when he and his twin-sister were being bathed, 'Mother, Kitty isn't made like me.' I answered, 'No, God makes all boys different from all girls.' 'Yes, I know' he said, 'that's so their mothers will know them from each other and which to put trousers on.' The child was satisfied, and so was I. I never had a minute's anxiety about my children's thoughts. After they grew to an age when it was desirable that the boys and girls should have separate rooms the change was made on the grounds of convenience. My sons and daughters as long as they were at home thought no harm of going in and out of each other's rooms as they pleased. They were accustomed, of course, to knock, but my daughters would not decline admission to their brothers because they were in process of dressing. My sons who are married make good husbands. They are all pure, clean-living men and have the highest regard for womanhood."

She said, "Do not misunderstand me; my children were not immodest; they were in many things individually more reserved than most children, but these reserves were on account of personality and not sex. One of my little boys would no sooner, after he was five or six years old, have run around naked before his brothers than before his sisters; and yet they, none of them, thought anything out of the way in seeing their sisters in their night dresses, or in helping them in their dressing, as buttoning underwaists, &c., and had any occasion of illness demanded it there was no service my boys would not readily have rendered to their sisters, or vice versa."

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A child, the son of a dear friend, who had heard from another some purient surmises as to the origin of babies, went to his mother and said: "Mama, where did I come from? Johnnie —— says I come out of you; did I, mama?" Said the mother, speaking of this to the writer, "I was astounded, and for a mement my heart stood still. Here was a crisis I had never anticipated. I had often thought that when my boy grew older—old enough—and was likely to have inquiry raised in his mind regarding such matters, that I would give him some good work on sexual physiology to read, and would talk seriously with him on matters of personal purity, but I had thought that the time was yet far away when my baby would require that I should reveal the mystery to him. Now, the time had come prematurely; all my plans were 'aglee,' and what was I to do? I looked down at the flushed, eager, little face, and at once my mind was resolved. I had never lied or prevaricated to my boy, and I would not now. 'Alfy,' I said, 'sit up on mother's lap, and I will tell you all that I can about it.' I took the little fellow up and held his curly head against my breast where he could feel and hear the beating of my heart, and looking down into his clear, questioning eyes, I asked: 'Alfy, dear, who made you?' 'God,' he answered softly. 'Yes,' I said, 'God did make you. His ways of making his creatures are very strange and beautiful and wonderful. They are so wonderful that none of us can know all about it, and you are too young to understand as much as mother does, but she will tell you as much as she can. When you were made, my dear, your father and I wanted a little child very much, and we asked God for it; and one day mother felt a flutter like a bird moving right under her heart, and then she knew that it was the dear baby that God was making for her. And, oh, Alfy, how mother prayed for the little life that she felt growing under her bosom every day, that it might be a dear, good child, and a blessing to father and mother and to all the world. And mother sewed little clothes for the baby that was coming, and into every seam she sewed hopes and prayers; and by and by, after the little shirts and slips were all ready, the baby, my dear little Alfy, my precious little son, came into mother's arms. My dear, I cannot tell you all about that time—you couldn't understand now, and I know you will not ask. Mother was very ill and suffered great pain, such pain that she cried out with it; but when her baby, her darling child, was put into her arms she forgot the pain and tears and was glad, and thanked the good Lord for making her boy.' I pressed the dear child to my heart, and the little fellow raised up and with his eyes brimming over with tears, asked: 'Mama, do mothers always suffer

for their little children when God makes them?' 'Yes, dear,' I answered, 'I think always; but when children are good and are so thoughtful, such comforts as my boy, they are not sorry, they are glad to have suffered for them.' 'Oh, mama,' cried he, throwing his arms about my neck, 'how good children ought to be to mothers. I will be so good to you, mama.'

"And he has been. From that day to this, and now he is of age, there has been the most confiding companionship between us, and his tenderness and reverence towards me have been never failing.

"A day or two after I had answered his question, I said to him, 'Alfy, you remember what mother told you about your coming to her?' Yes, mama.' 'Well, dear, I would rather you did not talk of those things to any one; will you promise?' 'Yes, mama, dear,' he said, 'but why?' 'Because children do not rightly understand, and it is better they should not talk of what they don't know enough to talk intelligently.' From that time on he always came to me with his perplexities. His father was gone from us, and I had to be father and mother too."

Keep your children as much as possible under your own eyes. Keep them from conversation or association with ignorant or unprincipled servants. For that matter have no person in your house in any capacity with whom you cannot trust your children. Allow no playmates who are not carefully and innocently trained. Teach your children from the time they are weaned to regard their parents as their best, most loving, most sympathising friends, so that they will be sure to come to you first in any perplexity, any doubt, any trouble, or with any inquiry. Never fail them when they do so come. Be guided by circumstances as to how you frame your answer when they ask you, "How and whence came I?" but as you value their love and their well-being, let the answer contain nothing but the truth.

As soon as your children are old enough take them yourself—not even their father can do this as well as the mother who bore them—to some place where they may see depicted the anatomy of the woman, and reverentially explain to them the function of the womb. I remember hearing or reading the following story which illustrates my meaning:

"One morning a young mother leading her seven-year-old twins by the hand, entered the lecture-room of Dr. S—— in Paris, just as he had dismissed his class, and politely asked that herself and children might be shown the large anatomical plates of the human body. As one after another was exhibited and explained, the plate showing the womb in the seventh month of pregnancy with twins, came in order; and as the doctor was

hastily withdrawing this without comment, the mother said: 'Please do not lay that aside; it is the one of all others I am most anxious that my children should see. Be so kind as to explain it fully to them.' And placing her little sons directly in front of it, said, 'You know, my darlings, that I have told you that some day I would show you a picture of the little room in my body, where you lived and slept so long a time before pa' a or I saw you. We can't help loving one another as we do, when you see how close to mother's heart you both lay for nine happy months. By that time you had grown too large to be comfortable in that warm room, and then it opened for you to pass out into my arms. Dear little sister lived there, and came to us in the same way; and God lets all little babes have such home in their mother's body until they are old enough to leave it. How sad it would be if those who for so long a time lived so closely together should ever be unkind to one another.' Dr. S— was moved to tears by this beautiful incident, and said to her, 'Madam, you have given to me, as well as to your children, the best explanation of that plate that was ever made. I cannot add a word.' And as she left the room, 'Ah!' said he, 'we need have no doubt as to the kind of men those sons will make, privileged as they are with such a mother and her pure instruction.'

"The knowledge that one mother had so thoroughly understood and performed her duty to innocent childhood, stimulated me to tell my sons, at an early age, the simple truth in a similar manner. And now, in their early manhood, the uprightness of their character, and the purity of their lives, their daily devotion to me and all womankind, is a glowing testimonial in favor of intelligent truth against falsehood and deception."

"Nature," says Grindon, "is a system of nuptials." That which is so universal, constantly taking place in every form of life, should not be made a mystery and uncanny secret of, to be pried into by false and sly methods. The minds of children may early be accustomed to the knowledge of the functions of sex with perfect innocence, and, indeed, by means of proper instruction, fortified and defended against prurient suggestion or morbid curiosity. There is no better way of accomplishing this than by lessons in botany. All children love flowers, and are easily interested in whatever pertains to them. Explain to them that blossoms are male and female; that they are fathers and mothers, and that the seed or fruit of the plant is the child of a father and mother after living in the blossom. Then take a lily, or some other simple flower, remove its petals, show to the children the stamens and pistils, and tell them that these are what enable the flower to have

seed or fruit. The stamens are the males or fathers; the pistils are the females or the mothers. Show them the pollen, the delicate powder that hangs on the stamens. Open a pistil and show them the undeveloped seed germs; and explain to them how, when the pollen falls from the stamen to the sponge-like end of the pistil, it is taken in and causes the little germs to fructify and become seed. The magnifying glass or microscope will be a great help in these lessons. When they understand this, show them plants where the reproductive organs are in separate flowers, and instruct them that this is the case not only in the higher orders of *plants*, but in all the higher orders of life as in animals. In this way the knowledge of sex, its conditions and uses, will come so normally that there will be no possibility of any solacious thought connected it or resulting from it.

[Continued.]

SEXUAL REDEMPTION AND MOTHERHOOD.

Christ said: "Go ye out into all the world, preach the Gospel and heal the sick." At another time he said: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest." Now, we know the harvest is great and the laborers few, and I desire above all things that I may be fitted to go out into this harvest and labor there. I desire to be fitted to *preach a gospel that shall heal the sick*. This is why I come among you to-day, and the gospel I bring is

SEXUAL REDEMPTION.

I know it will be a new subject of thought to many of you, and I want so much to make you see the need of its being a subject of close thought and teaching. *Sexual life is the life force of the body*. It is *God-given*, as is every other faculty, but in our *false education* we have grown to believe that in order to be pure we must live as much as possible *out of sex—out of the life and strength of the body*—and we have grown to look upon sexual life as vile, and so we have made that which in itself is *pure*, full of impurity, sensuality, obscenity and lust, and we shrink from the phrase "sexual redemption," feeling that religion and sex should not be sinfully coupled together. Now, I believe Christ came into the world a Redeemer, and as sexual life had been so perverted through condemnation, which is only a softer word for damnation, and thereby lost in sin. His (Christ's) power as a Redeemer was needed in this very life. Now, God has set every member in the body as it has pleased him. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." We do not put ourselves asunder when we give one part of our being to Christ, and feel that another part, the part we call the lowest in our nature, will take care of itself. God, we think, has nothing to do with this part of our being, and so we go on, ourselves taking care of that part of our being so powerful either for good or for evil, and as there is none good but God, and we have shut him out of our sexual nature, there is nothing left to rule that part of our being

but that which is the opposite of good, and the consequence is lust rules the land, and we cry out against the "social evil," but can point out no remedy.

Christ came to save that which was lost. He came to the world as a redeemer. Did you ever think what the word redeemer signifies? Redeemer means to gain possession of. Now I believe if the sexual nature was committed to Christ He would take possession of it and become the ruling power in it, then it could go no more out in sin, because God and the Lamb are enthroned there and the kingdom is a kingdom of righteousness. Many Christians are looking to Christ to save a spot in the top of the head about the size of a half dollar, where they say the soul is located, while I believe the soul fills the whole body. Christ said, "your bodies are the temple of God," not some located place.

"Son, give me thine heart." We hear much about "giving our hearts to Christ" The heart that circulates the blood has no power over our spiritual destiny, but the affection which is sexual has everything to do with it. At the time of His ministry on earth, Christ used the term "heart" in the sense applied to it by the people of that time. There was little known of the heart that circulates the blood until about the middle of the sixteenth century; prior to that time it universally meant sex. According to Dean Alford "the heart is the locality where the outpouring takes place," being the seat of our love and of appreciation and sympathy with God's love. In Latin, French, and I believe all ancient languages, the locality and seat of love is the "*pubis*," or *mons veneris*, translated, mountain of love. The English word veneration is derived from the same root, Venus, and is closely allied with sex. We are created sexual beings. We are dependent on sex for our conception and birth. Marriage was instituted for the population of the world, but we have changed, so far as we can change, God's order. He saw fit to bring immortal souls into existence through sex; immortal souls, that were to bear His own image and likeness. Do you think He wanted us to leave Him out of that life which he was to gather His jewels through. No! He wanted to be its reaper. But to-day sexual life goes out perverted and perverting, with no Savior to guide and keep it.

To-day wives think themselves pure if they have no desire toward their husbands, forgetting the command: "Her desire shall be toward her own husband," and condemning anything like desire, and so lose it and become diseased in body and darkened in soul, and their husbands go out in impurity of thought, if not in deed, and Christ's command that "the twain shall be one flesh" is broken, and they are severed by a gulf so great that nothing but obedience to the broken commandment of God can bridge. "Her desire shall be toward her own husband." Sexual life is the life of the body. The first birth is through sex. The second birth must also be through sex. Sin is transmitted through this life and through this life it must be redeemed. Then, we hear the same word, "born not of the flesh but of the spirit." "Ye must be born again" means that redemption must come through the life we were conceived with and through which came the original sin. When the kingdom of Christ is set up in sexual life the tree will be made good.

If we have great intellectual power we are pleased with that; but if from the same divine hand we have received great sexual powers we are displeased, and what God has joined together we by our own wills put asunder. If wives desired to be to their husbands what the Creator said they should be, they would keep their husbands in purity of deed and thought, for a redeemed sexual life would bear fruit. It would have a refining influence. All excess comes from a perverted ideal of sex. If Christ had his theme in that life, it could not be intemperate, and if this life was controlled by Christ there could be no perverted appetite. If we would look for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ (in this nature) who should change our vile bodies and fashion them like unto the glorious body, whereby He is able to subdue all things and Himself, we would find this sexual nature entirely changed. There would be no more war between the new man and the old man, for the old man is the part of our being that we hold in reserve and have not given to Christ. It is sex. I say if we would look for the coming of Christ into this nature, giving it all to Him to be controlled in His wisdom, He would set up a kingdom which should not be left to other people but which would break in pieces and consume all these false kingdoms, and it should stand forever.

Now, I think the sexual life of our land is left to other people. Many have been made to feel this and to weep in bitterness over it. But this would not be if Christ was its keeper. I read not long ago of a myth of a king who thought he could be more holy if he could soar out of his body. I will tell the story, for the king was not unlike our modern Christians in his ideal of purity, I think. This king used to go to a sacred grove to pray, where his spirit would leave his body, for he believed the body to be a clog to the soul, for, you see, he did not look to Christ to make the old man into a new man. The king always took a slave with him to keep guard over his body while he was soaring in spirit. The slave learned the prayer, and while the king was soaring repeated the prayer, and his soul, leaving his body, entered the king's. He immediately cut the head from his own body, so that the spirit of the king would have no body to enter, and the slave with the king's body went to the throne and took possession there. The spirit of the king besought the goddess of love to give him a body, and she gave him the body of a beautiful parrot. He flew to the throne, was captured and given to the queen, who put him in a cage in her sleeping apartment, where he saw his slave taking his place in the affections of the queen. It is sometimes so with Christian wives, who think themselves pure when they despise sex in themselves and husband—they find their place in their husbands' affections supplanted. They had better be contented to live in the body, and to desire the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ there, who shall subdue all things unto himself. We speak of *holy matrimony*. What do we mean by this phrase? Why don't we speak of things as they seem to us? There is as much adultery in marriage as there is out of it. Where do we find entire chastity of thought of the marriage relation? Without that there is adultery. God keep us in purity of thought, and he will if we will let him make his abode in our sexual nature. There

is where he is needed most to-day. Our Christian ministers are not free from adultery in thought. Christ said, "he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart."

Desire does not need to go out in a deed to make it a sin. Sin is the wrong desire. Christians do not rise above it, because they do not trust that life to Christ. They say they dare not let their own wills off and let their sexual desire go out with Christ as a keeper, and they fight on. If they would allow their sexual nature to abide in the vine, Christ's divine power would flow through that life, purifying and changing it from sin to righteousness. Abraham was called the father of the world because he trusted his sexual life to Christ, and thereby transmitted strength and purity to many generations. Sex to him was the sacred part of his being. Hence his manner of taking or receiving an oath or pledge. Jacob had the same manner of taking an oath. Abraham's faith in God to renew his sexual power that he might beget children when he was old, was reckoned to him as righteousness. Paul tells you, "If we had faith in Christ's power to keep that life in purity to-day it would be reckoned to us as righteousness just as much as to Abraham, and we would transmit to our children an inheritance of purity and health and strength that the world has not known for centuries. We say the world grows wiser and weaker. The wisdom of God brings strength, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The wisdom that brings weakness is that which the serpent tempted Eve with, telling her she should be wise if she would disobey the commands of God. We have too much of that wisdom to-day. Let us earnestly desire to be dependent on the wisdom of God. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust and have not; ye kill and desire to have, and cannot obtain; ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask and received not, because ye ask amiss, that you may consume it upon your lusts."

Submit yourselves, therefore, to God. Commit that life that goes out in war and condemnation to the Prince of Peace. The world has grown weaker because the faith in God's power in the sexual life has become extinct. Neither do we look to Him to strengthen our sexual life, which is the life of the body and which, if it were strong and in God's keeping, would be health and happiness to us. But we condemn it and pervert it by our low ideal of it, and it becomes diseased, adulterated and the world becomes weaker through this perversion. We weaken ourselves by it, and by our low estimate of it we lose our strength, and I want you to remember that sexual life is the life-force of the body and brain, and that to despise it, to condemn it, or hold it in subjection by your own wills, *shuts off the life current of the body and produces disease, weakness, nervousness, and does more to fill our asylums than any other sin.* Through sin disease and death come into the world. If we would delight in the Lord so much as to believe His wisdom was so far superior to ours that He knew best how to create us, knew what faculties to endow us with, and would seek to be constantly governed by His love and

wisdom in using them, as servants of His, as He intended they should be used, we would recognize this life that we have so debased by our false ideal of it, full of the greatest blessing; we would find all our relations in life changed. We should be filled with happiness in the thought of wifehood and not motherhood, and we would transmit this fullness of health and of happiness to our children. Many of our suicides come from the determination of the mother not to conceive, and it brings this bitter fruit in the child. You seek for your children the best the world gives, education, wealth, cultured society, etc., but you can give them nothing that would be equivalent to an inheritance of a healthy, purified, joyous, sexual strength. You can only give this through an exalted ideal of sex, and a holy appreciation of motherhood. You will transmit a low ideal or a high, whichever you possess.

To-day motherhood means so little! to me it means everything, but one state lower than God. This was made possible for us to attain, but we have flung from us the gift that was so pure and holy, so full of such blessing, and the holy appreciation of maternity is hardly to be found. I do not mean by this that parents do not love their children, but that parents do not look upon conception as anything that is sacred, and the knowledge that conception has taken place is seldom received with any feeling of thanksgiving. Motherhood is not merely the result of marriage, though few, I fear, have any other view of it. Taking this view, however, many think themselves fortunate if they can live in the marriage relation and have small families; others, though I am glad to say they are comparatively few, do not want any children. Could they look away back of marriage—back to their Creator in His creation of them, and see the motherhood made in His providence, in His wisdom, and in His goodness made God-like; for in no other way could He have made it; seeing this, I say, they could but acknowledge His loving kindness, and wifehood, conception, birth and motherhood, would be recognized as gifts most precious from the Giver of good. Let us all take this view of it to-day while we talk about it. Every woman entering marriage should give herself into the keeping of the Lord, desiring to do his will as wife and mother—desiring to carry out the purpose of her Creator, she would look forward to the conception and birth of her children with gladness of soul and a faith in God's power of love to keep her in spiritual and physical health. We have the promise that if we continue in faith we shall be preserved in child-bearing. She would see God's love manifested in her husband, and would reverence in him everything that made him a husband, and in this, and this alone, can he be a "help meet." In this feeling of reverence for sex in herself and husband, she softens his nature and brings into purity of thought and feeling. Now this state cannot be brought about by our own wills, only through submission to divine power in our soul and body. Christ said: "Without me ye can do nothing. Except ye abide in the vine, ye are cast forth as a branch, and are withered." When we come into harmony with God, all things become possible. Marriage is given as a type of heaven. It could be heavenly.

Mothers, you are laying the foundation of the lives of sons and daughters, ay, perhaps of generation after generation of immortal souls. How I do desire to make you realize the greatness of your responsibility. Workers in clay you are, whose imagery shall stand forth through time and eternity. Strive to impress it with the goodness of God in His formation of the body and in the eternity of the soul. Teach your children to love their bodies as the temples of God. Tell them of the wonderful power of God's love in giving life to the little germ in the mother's body that grows into the perfect baby, and then of its birth. Teach them while yet yours to teach of the purity of every faculty that God has given them, and teach them to yield to the giver for preservation. Afterward, when they meet those who have been "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity," knowing nothing of their creation save impurity, all their art or enticements can have no charm for one who can say, "my mother has told me all about the beautiful way in which the good God gave me to her;" "my body is His temple, and I cannot desecrate it; I want to keep it pure and holy." There will come nothing in which will make that life impure, for it is held in reverence. Is this state of being worth giving our attention to? Yes; worth spending all our lives bringing about; worth the weole of an eternity. Tell them all about the coming of the next baby. Help them to enter into all the feeling of love that you yourself should experience in looking forward to the coming of the little new life. Let that new life find a welcome in the heart and soul of every member of the household. This is its birthright. You can give them nothing better in a lifetime than by regarding it before it enters the world as a true gift from God. I wish I could give to you a picture of five children on their knees, gathered around a drawer holding the wardrobe of an expected little one, their happy faces expressive of mingled love and wonder, holding up the little sock plumped out with cotton, looking at all the wonderful tiny things, then looking up into mother's face with so much love. And afterward a later scene, where they are gathered around the mother's bed with bowed heads, thanking God for the gift of a little sister. I cannot give this picture to others, but it will ever live in my memory as far superior to anything I have seen in art, for this is reality and these are my "jewels."

CORNING, N. Y.

MRS. DR. A. J. INGERSOLL.

CULLED FROM THE FRENCH REVIEWS, &c.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

We know that Emile de Girardin in a political way was "everything by turns and nothing long." But through all his political changes he was always constant to one idea—the rights of woman.

The editor of *Le Droit des Femmes*, in an article on M. de Girardin, speaking of these changes, says: "We will set aside this heavy baggage and consider only the services he has rendered to woman's cause. In this the celebrated publicist has displayed incomparable boldness of an inflexibly logical mind; for him there was no half-way. Thus, admitting the contested principle of

liberty to woman in marriages, he said: "The child belongs to the mother, it should bear the mother's name." And when he was asked the reason for this overthrow of usages sanctioned and consecrated by law itself, he answered: "Your code is absurd, as well in marriage as out of marriage. Maternity alone is certain, paternity is always doubtful. The mother alone being sure is the natural head of the family."

Radical, he was, in everything. He often said, "I came into the world a hundred years too soon; the ideas I hold, and which people look upon as paradoxes, will not be understood nor applied in a century. They are novelties too weighty for my time."

The fact is that in the complete works of Emile de Girardin there are projects of reform and of social organization that have been treated as wild dreams, because their import was not comprehended. Notably on liberty he enunciated theories that made people shrug their shoulders. Did that prove M. de Girardin to be wrong? No; it proved that his contemporaries had still much to learn.

In 1872 he asked for an entire supplement of the paper. This appeared September 1, 1872, under the title selected by the author, *Theories of M. de Girardin*. This was after the *Homme-Femme* of M. Alexandre Dumas fils, and the day after the reply of M. Henry de Ideville, entitled *L'homme qui tue et l'Homme qui pardonne*. (The man who kills and the man who pardons.)

M. de Girardin began thus:

"1. The man who pardons.

"2. The man who kills.

"3. The man who neither kills nor pardons.

"The man who pardons a woman who has ceased to love him is named Henry d'Ideville.

"The man who kills is named Alexandre Dumas.

"The man who neither kills nor pardons is named Emile de Girardin."

According to his belief—

"To pardon is to have the right to pardon, to kill is to have the right to kill.

"To attribute to marriage these two rights is to acknowledge marital feudality, to acknowledge the sovereignty of the man chief justice, to acknowledge the serfdom of woman.

"Now, M. de Girardin acknowledges neither the sovereignty of man nor the vassalage of woman.

"He does not admit that the woman can be inferior to the man."

In the course of this same year, 1872, M. de Girardin published two remarkable writings, *L'Homme et la Femme*, *L'Homme suzerain*, *la Femme vassals*, in the form of letters to M. Alexander Dumas fils. Afterwards *L'Egale de Son Fils*, (Her Son's Equal.) M. de Girardin believed in the influence of woman on man's mind. In that he was right. There is a little comedy of his called *Les Hommes sont ce que les Femmes les font*, (Men are what Women Make Them.) This also is dated 1872. Then his reply to M. Alexander Dumas, who said that the women who kill lead to the women who vote. M. de Girardin contended that "no more for woman than for man is murder the road to universal suffrage." Woman's right is that she is man's equal. He often said, "the women are refractory." Among

them now for forty years we have striven and encountered the greatest resistance and the greatest opposition; especially from them have come the great obstacles. But we must not blame them. It comes from the education they have received. They have been educated to submission; they think that they were made to obey man—in appearance at least—and they imagine they appear ridiculous in loudly demanding their share of liberty. This M. de Girardin knew, but relaxed not his efforts for the cause. When every one mocked, and sneered, and ridiculed, he boldly and publicly advocated the cause. He was one of those who could say and do such things with impunity, as when Alexander Dumas *filis* wrote in favor of woman suffrage, people said, "Why, M. Dumas thinks so; M. Dumas must be right." Men of such standing do incalculable service by coming forward and publicly advocating a despised cause.

From Brussels we hear through the *Bulletin Continental* of the sentence of the five false witnesses, and the suspension of M. Lenaer, commissary in chief of the police of Brussels. M. Lenaers was suspended for fifteen days, the heaviest penalty that could be named under the communal law. The Governor of Brabant extended the sentence to a month. It is thought that the position of commissary as chief of the police of Brussels has become impossible and that this new suspension will, necessarily, be followed by a final revocation. But this can be pronounced only by the king.

The Evangelist, of Paris, says: "A commission has been appointed to advise as to what can be done to associate French Protestantism with the work of the Federation. It is composed of Dr. Gustave Mouod, M. Louis Sautter and Pastors Hocart of Pressense, Appia, Th. Monod and Lelievre.

Countess de P. remarks justly: "The important thing is not to keep youth in ignorance of evil, which is almost impossible in our day, but to inspire him with a horror of it."

EMMA A. WOOD.

THE WORST INTEMPERANCE.

This beautiful world of ours, which offers us so many avenues to happiness and joy, is full of by-ways that lead to misery, disease, and death, and the most dangerous of all the enemies man has to encounter is intemperance. We eat too much. We drink too many kinds of stimulants. We work too hard, and too much on a rush; but in all the ways in which we transgress the laws of health, there is none that at all equals that deadly foe to purest happiness—sexual intemperance! The fires of lust and passion are raging all through the land. Not only in houses of prostitution, but in every village, and hamlet, and in lonely country places and backwoods farms. In every place are found men given to lust and women who minister to their demands. All these are shunned as moral pests by the so-called virtuous classes of society. They are despised and cast out as lepers whose very touch is poison. But, my friends, did it never occur to you that were the curtain lifted from the homes of thousands of our married couples, a far more cruel and wicked lustfulness would be brought to light? These free ones are not bound by law, custom

and love to submit to the demands of passion whenever some thoughtless, ignorant and brutal master had the desire for indulgence. Many marry who are ignorant of every physiological and sexual law of their nature, and in one short year the wife is a poor, broken down, diseased and enfeebled wreck of womanhood. Fashion says the subject is a delicate one and must not be broached publicly—so ages roll by and only here and there one learns that sexual continence is health, purity and happiness; that the organs of reproduction should never be prostituted to purposes of mere pleasure; that no commerce save for procreation is the grand law of humanity. "Fewer children and better" should be the watchword. No more children than can be properly and healthfully reared. No child to be born unless it can be given its birthright of a sound mind in a healthy body. Only to-day I read of a man who had not been able to dress himself or walk for twelve years; and yet in that time his wife has had eight children, making twelve in all; and the mother now dying with child-bed fever, and all this family depending on her for food and clothing, and this of the most meager description. Was it pure, true love, or the vile fires of lust that fathered these helpless little ones and murdered the self-sacrificing mother?

Think of these things my friends, and seek for the truth.—*Elmina D. Stenker.*

[FOR THE ALPHA.]

THE WHITE DOVE.

["You may think it a stale phrase, but I believe man was designed for the eagle and woman for the white dove."—Letter from a friend.]

The white dove lives her own pure life
A free and happy thing,
Nor asks the eagle how to fly,
Nor lark the way to sing.

With tender love and patient care
The warm heart stirs her breast,
While brooding in the shadowy wood
The darlings of the nest.

Free as the air she comes and goes
Among the whispering trees,
And learns, untaught by other lips,
Of Nature's mysteries.

She owns no law save His who gave
Her wing its downy white,
And sings to Him her thanks for life,
At morning and at night.

So fearless and so innocent
So full of hope and free,
Well may the little snowy dove
A woman's emblem be.

MRS. M. E. H. EVERETT.

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

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

THE ALPHA.

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER 1, 1881. No. 1.

WE have received the address of Mrs. M. McClellen Brown, of Pittsburgh, Pa., "On the Accident of Sex," in neat pamphlet form. The address was delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, May 27, 1881, before the National Woman's Suffrage Association. It is an admirable address, replete with historic and classical research and the facts of the present day. It will bear profitably more than one reading and for those that do not wish for any reform, it will be valuable reading.

OUR President still holds sturdily to the "one chance" for life, and it will not fail his brave, true heart. What a solemn exhibition of courage and patient endurance he has shown during over eight weeks of suffering. This fight with death requires more fortitude, and is a greater test of his bravery, than his campaigns at the head of an army during the war, and the victory which he will surely win will be a living example of faith and trust to the world, and will become a salutary lesson for high and low, old and young, gentle and simple. We need the lesson, but its cost has been terrible.

OUR seventh volume promises to be in value all that the past has been and even more. It has steadily gained in strength and force from the beginning, as we have steadily become confirmed in the conviction that the principles we advocate are true and that the agitation of these questions will do still more and more good as time rolls on.

We hope our patrons will be prompt in sending in their subscriptions to THE ALPHA for the coming year and that they will all exert themselves to get at least one new subscriber and as many more as possible. THE ALPHA needs a paying patronage and the world needs the lessons of moral purity and the wisdom that is forecast in striving to attain to a higher development, and blessing future generations by transmitting purer blood, sounder health, more comeliness and greater happiness to our race. It can only be done by individual effort, that grows out of the heart, and corresponds to "the love of God which passeth understanding."

ANONYMOUS.

The following note, accompanying a printed article, "On Sexual Continence," has been received at this office, without signature and every trace of the paper from which it was taken carefully concealed:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 15, 1881.

MRS. DR. WINSLOW:

DEAR MADAM: I wish very much that you would publish the inclosed in the ALPHA and refute its arguments if possible unless you think it is too conclusive to be answered, and that it is not safe to let it go before your readers. I confess that for myself it bears strong weight with me, and I am therefore all the more anxious to have your criticism on it, so that I can decide where the truth lies.

The fact that the article is anonymous and that I am also should make no difference with you because the truth needs no sponsor. It does not matter where a thing comes from, if it be the truth we should accept it. I read THE ALPHA with much interest and am an earnest seeker after the truth on the sexual question and reproduction, and I have great faith in the good work THE ALPHA is doing in calling attention to this all important question.

Hoping that you will publish the article, with comments, I remain sincerely, an admirer of THE ALPHA, F. E. J.

On general principles we do not notice anonymous communications. It is only fair that an editor should know the author of articles sent for publication.

For the information of F. E. J. we will say we do not consider the article unanswerable nor unsafe for the readers of THE ALPHA, whom, like ourselves and F. E. J., we hope are likewise "earnest seekers after truth." The article is well written and seems strong on the side of "physical necessity," and but for its length we would insert with our rejoinder in the October ALPHA.

It is a singular phenomena in ethics that in most cases of crime in which women are clearly the victims that such grave doubts perplex the minds of magistrates and judges as to the guilt of men and the punishment needed as a penalty.

The Mayor of Wilmington still reserves his decision in the case of the scoundrels who recently outraged Lizzie McGrath, on the banks of the Brandywine river.

They silenced her outcries by blows, cutting her head with a sharp stone, and when she returned to consciousness, forced drugged whisky down her throat, then offered her every indignity their bestial and degraded minds could devise, and left her more dead than alive.

We quote from the *Woman's Journal*: "The Mayor cannot quite decide what mild punishment to deal out to these *voting criminals*, these worse than murderers, and the authorities of Wilmington are disposed to regard Lizzie as the only criminal in the case. She had no business to be lying on the bank of the river with her temples cut and half crazed with whisky, which she was forced to drink. Lying there in that condition, she was too weak and low for the law to protect. She was the lawful prey of every beast in the shape of a man. At least these are the sentiments expressed in the editorials of the leading Wilmington papers."

The above recital would have been incredible to us, but for our experience in the Mary Trout case, when counsel, court, and court-house attaché united in prejudging an inexperienced girl of fifteen years (who had previously led a correct life) of having become, in forty-eight hours after leaving her home, so depraved as to cause the ten beasts that assaulted her to commit abuses and indignities upon her person that their recital in court caused the judge to cover his face with a shudder, and yet this same judge discharged these wretches without a rebuke or a suggestion of future good behavior being required of them.

To our readers who took an interest in that unfortunate girl, we would say that two of our ladies, when in Boston, visited Mary Trout. They found her in a good home, well and happy, very much improved in mind and general appearance, and full of gratitude to the women that stood by her, and were her only defenders in that unhappy period of her life. The consciousness of her safety, and the aspirations she expressed for acquirements that would make her a good and useful woman, was a rich compensation for all the labor, sorrow, and rebuffs endured in her behalf.

SEXUAL DISORDERS AS A CAUSE OF INSANITY.

The August number of *The Medical Advance*, published in Cincinnati and Ann Arbor, contains an address with the above title, which was read before the Ohio State Homœopathic Society by A. C. Rickey, M. D. We give a few valuable extracts:

It is difficult to obtain full information as to the number of persons who become deranged mentally, in consequence of sexual disorders, from reports of our insane asylums, for in addition to the numbers set down in tables assigning as the exciting cause masturbation, venereal excess, spermatorrhœa, etc. there are numerous other cases, which, were all the facts

obtained, should be referred to cerebral irritation consequent upon sexual abuse.

From a careful analysis of the annual reports of several insane asylums, I find from one in twelve to one in seventeen of the inmates became deranged in consequence of sexual disorders. This does not include puerperal insanity, which sustains about the same relation to all cases; that is, one in fifteen to seventeen.

In prosecuting our inquiries in reference to this subject, we are met with the same difficulties we encounter when we attempt to ascertain the extent of the physical disease induced by the use of alcoholic drinks. Turning to the reports of our public boards of health we find the proportion of deaths resulting from drunkenness and its consequences very far below the truth.

So in estimating the number of the insane who may blame sexual abuse as the prime cause, we find facts are covered up whenever they can be, and the physician is obliged to form his own conclusions. * * *

After stating the effect on the mind and nervous system of onanism, spermatorrhœa, and prostitution in both sexes, the doctor says, with most commendable truthfulness:

Conjugal onanism belongs to the same class of cases. This unnatural practice, which is resorted to very generally in married life to obviate offspring, is more productive of evil consequences than those who have never investigated the subject suppose. From my observation I am fully satisfied that many of our intractable cases of nervous disease, in men more especially, are directly due to incomplete coitus. When I get a patient whose symptoms are all of a nervous, irritable character, with no apparent cause to assign, I often find upon inquiry that the patient practices this pernicious habit, which is only a little better than positive masturbation. I am satisfied I have rescued more than one such case from impending mental derangement. * * *

Would that we could repeat his words with trumpet tones, so that all the world might hear and heed the warning.

Fruitful as is self-abuse in impairing the nervous centers, I am satisfied that greater evil results from the hereditary transmission, from parents who have indulged in this practice prior to marriage, and after marriage have gratified their sexual passion beyond what was prudent, and thereby broken down their constitution, of an organism feebly endowed and predisposed to mental disease.

The laws of nature are unyielding. Penalty is sure to follow close upon violated law.

Many a young man contracts the disgusting habit of masturbation, keeps it up until he has induced a thoroughly morbid condition of his sexual organs. When he does leave off his habit he finds the over-excited organs will still relieve their over-tension by involuntary emissions. This state of things continuing, he consults doctor after doctor, and finally in despair takes the advice of some indiscreet physician and marries—to do what? To entail upon his innocent, helpless offspring, all the fearful consequences of his folly and shame. His children are seldom strong; scrofulous, rickety, precocious, nervous, and worst of all, predisposed to follow hard in the footsteps of their illustrious father, and still worse, with less vigor of constitution, prone to succumb to mental derangement. If the facts could always be known, it would be found that a large proportion of those who suffer from *tabes dorsalis*, some of forms

paralysis, insanity, and impotence, inherited the predisposition from fathers whose constitutions were depleted by sexual abuse, in some or all of its forms. * * *

It is seldom we meet with such an outspoken, truthful statement of facts upon this important subject in our medical journals. It is so common for medical men to pass over these subjects in silence, making an effort to ignore them even to one another. It is a sign of increased moral strength and moral responsibility when our profession will study and discuss the causes and cure of nervous and mental derangement, tracing back to inciting causes, and uttering a warning voice to the inexperienced.

TOBACCO, TEMPERANCE, RELIGION, AND PURITY.

A letter from a friend, marked "personal," contains these words: "I renew my subscription for THE ALPHA, and it gives me great pleasure to do it. Please accept a friendly caution not to run off on temperance, tobacco, religion and the like, but confine your efforts to the main purpose of the paper."

A long and profitable sermon could be preached from this text. But we will spare our friend and our readers by simply remarking that these subjects are so closely allied to our work that we cannot ignore them. They are cause and effect, like tributary streams that make up a mighty river, direct accessories of sexual abuses, and are entailed upon successive generations. They must occupy a large space for consideration.

It makes a vast difference to character what an individual's religious belief may be. His conceptions of God are the involuntary model after which he shapes his thoughts and acts. A devout man or woman is one we involuntarily trust to strive after a better life by putting away all uncleanness. Tobacco, the popular narcotic, is so commonly used and so entralls its victims as to benumb conscience and stultify the senses, so that simple nutritious viands and drinks are not satisfactory, and a demand for pungent and stimulating meats and drinks is created which is supplied by condiments and alcohol. These still more inflame the blood and befog reason till sexual abuse result from their frenzy. Children begotten under their influence are apt to be defective in their organization—deaf, mutes, blind, epileptic, idiotic, or at best negative and sensuous characters. Willless and purposeless, they make up the vast army of mediocrity that inhabit the earth; and even if negatively good, not having force of character to resist evil, they fall an easy prey to their surroundings and become tools for the evil-minded and positively bad, and thus do their share towards swelling the ranks of crime and wretchedness. All our most dreadful calamities can be traced directly to tobacco, alcohol and irreverence.

The two dreadful crimes that are now agitating the country, against Lizzie McGrath, of Philadelphia, and Jennie Creamer, of New Haven, one resulting in death and the other worse than death, illustrate our position. Both these victims were crazed with whisky, of which their seducers partook with them. When helplessly drunk they became unresisting victims to brutal lust, whose outrages against womanhood, decency and humanity are too revolting to name. Lizzie McGrath lay four days on the banks of the Brandywine. She was visited by at least twelve men, all of whom outraged her person. Some were police officers. Some of these men brought her food, all brought her whisky and forced her to drink it.

All the testimony in the Jennie Creamer case shows that wine and whisky made up a large portion of their suppers. Chemical analysis of the contents of Jennie's stomach proves they were drugged. These two cases now belong to the public, but what of the thousands of cases of violation of all the sanctities of life by drunken husbands upon the persons of their wives or any defenceless woman that may chance to be in their way. These cases are never uncovered except to physicians, priests, confidential friends and the Pitying Father—to say nothing of perpetuating these evils through heredity.

No, my friend, we cannot confine ourselves to one phase of our question, while the underlying cause of so much misery is whisky, tobacco and irreligion. Much as we value good advice and as much as we desire to make THE ALPHA acceptable to our readers, if we should hold our peace on these subjects the very stones would cry out against us.—[Ed.]

TEACHINGS OF PYTHAGORAS.

In Mrs. Childs' valuable and interesting work, "Progress of Religious Ideas," she gives an account of the teachings of Pythagoras, one of the most celebrated of the ancients, supposed to have been born about five hundred and eighty-six years before Christ.

He is said to have passed twenty-two years in Egypt, during which time he became familiar with their most learned priests.

He returned to his own country at the age of forty, and established a school of philosophy in that part of Italy called Magna Grecia. He is said to have been beautiful and majestic beyond all the men of his time.

He confined himself to a frugal vegetable diet. He was opposed to the sacrifice of animals, and worshipped at an altar that has never been polluted with blood. He was much influenced by music. Wherever his teachings prevailed, sobriety and temperance displaced licentiousness and luxury.

He gave rational maxims concerning the union of the sexes and birth of children.

He taught that it was a wrong done to the offspring when parents indulged in licentiousness, or ate or drank to excess, or partook of unwholesome food; that it was a duty to avoid everything which might render children otherwise than healthy, vigorous and well formed.

He taught the union of one man to one woman only—strict fidelity; and that sexual intercourse, except for the sake of offspring, was shameful.

He used to say, "we ought to wage war only against ignorance of the mind, passions of the heart, distempers of the body, and ill-will in families."

He and his disciples mutually exhorted each other to be careful to preserve their union with God and one another.

His followers are said to have paid him divine honors after his death. In token of veneration, they always swore by his name when they wished to affirm very solemnly.

J. M. C.

KINDERGARTEN.

WHAT ARE THE AIMS OF THE KINDERGARTEN PHILOSOPHY?

[An address read before The National Educational Association, in Atlanta, Ga., July 19, to July 23, 1881, by Mrs. Louise Pollok, Principal of the National Kindergarten and Normal Institute of Washington, D. C.]

It has been decided by the best educators of the day that the kindergarten training aims to shape the child's character by natural means. A preliminary step and a very important one would be, to introduce kindergarten methods in our primary schools as they now are, and obtain the time to do so by not giving so much time to reading, spelling and arithmetic; and it is the duty of our city and State superintendents, as well as of the trustees of school boards, to study well into its merits, and devise means for its practical application. It is just as the speaker said about the young lady who applied for a teacher's position. She could write out difficult problems in fractions, etc., but when the question was given "What is the price of one yard of silk, if 23½ yards cost \$1.00?" she took half a day before handing in her reply. What children learn by simply memorizing does not assimilate. While in the kindergarten we have no regular study of geometry or arithmetic, numbers are constantly associated with form in everything that is done. Thus with his little ball the child finds out that there are various directions when he swings it from front to back, and from right to left; with his blocks, they perhaps represent a loaf of cake, which he divides into halves, quarters, eights. I knew a child eight years old, who, when being examined for admission to the third grade of the public school, was asked if he knew how to either add, multiply, divide or subtract, replied "no" every time, while in reality he could do each of them very well when practical examples were given him to do. But in the kindergarten he had never been taught arithmetic as an abstract science. He had learned all about numbers, like the little prattler learns by his mother's knee, without being conscious

that he was receiving instruction, and it had assimilated as naturally and inseparably as his food had become part of his flesh and blood.

But as yet we have hardly any teachers who know enough of the kindergarten philosophy and method to be able to make use of it. The kindergarten philosophy should therefore be taught in all the normal schools, even if some other branch of learning should have to be left out. When a science has been discovered, based as it is upon all the wisest researches and thought of the greatest educators of all ages, which will not only give us better teachers, but will also give us wiser mothers, who will know how to bring up their children more healthy, more bright and joyous, more lovable in every way, is it not your plain duty to give this science to the young girls in your high and normal schools as well as to those in female colleges or even schools of reform for women? I too would prefer, like Mr. Wickersham, that the mother should be the child's first educator, and that at three years of age he should not be sent away from home, even for half a day, and my principal efforts have been, and shall be directed to bring the torch of the kindergarten philosophy to illuminate the nursery. For I pity not only the child, but the mother also, who strikes her child, as has been seen, because it is crying with the cold, or has burst a button from his waist. But until we can have mothers, who not only know how, but are willing to occupy themselves with their children in a philosophical manner, we must labor to give the kindergarten to those children, whose mothers with the best intentions in the world have no time, or leave their children in the care of ignorant nurses, because they are slaves to the claims of society upon their time, or still more to those dear, pitiable ones who are found in orphan asylums or homes for friendless and destitute children, where, as I have seen them, twenty-three of them, all under six years of age, are huddled together in one room with an old woman for their nurse, who is very hard of hearing, with nothing to employ their time all day long, without any knowledge of the sweet plays and gymnastic songs taught by the kindergarten. I forgot the exact verbiage of the old saying, "mischief comes to idle hands." Any system of instruction that will give joyous employment to little fingers, aims, through plays, to give physical strength and grace of motion, quickens the intellectual powers of the child and arouses his moral sensibilities, ought to be considered worthy of your investigations, and if its claims are well founded then will you not do all you can to place it within the power of every girl to gain a comprehensive idea of the kindergarten philosophy so that she may be able to use it and walk in the rays of its light, whether she becomes a teacher, mother or whatever relation she may hold towards a child in the future. I place my services at your command.

SAN FRANCISCO KINDERGARTEN.

We give space to a part of the three years' report of Free Kindergartens in San Francisco, with the record of the Silver-street school conducted by Miss Kate D. Smith. We know that good will come from a widely

diffused knowledge of what has been accomplished by this effort to benefit the children of poor, unfortunate or vicious parents. Colonel Ingersoll would make "good health catching." We are sure knowledge of good works and success are contagious examples that result in many being inspired to go and do likewise:

In the summer of 1878, Professor Felix Adler, well known as the leader of a Free Religious Society in New York, and as the president of the Society for Ethical Culture in the same city, came to San Francisco for the purpose of delivering some lectures.

Professor Adler is widely respected for his various philanthropies, among which may be mentioned the Adler Charity Kindergarten, a very large institution which he has founded, and in which he is deeply interested.

During his short visit he convinced several of his friends—prominent gentlemen of this city—that a movement of the same kind, for good of the rising generation, ought to be organized here. Judge Heydenfelt at once lent his cordial aid to the new enterprise, and, with Mr. S. Nicklesburg (whose untiring zeal and willing service continue to this day) rendered great service in making the matter known to the people.

Miss Emma Marwedel and Mrs. L. Gottig (for three years two of our most efficient trustees, and now among our most valued friends), were, from the beginning, greatly interested.

Their enthusiasm soon convinced those with whom they came in contact, and on the evening of July 23d, 1878, a meeting was called at the Baldwin Hotel, for the purpose of organizing. An association was at once formed, and became incorporated under the name of the "San Francisco Public Kindergarten Society." By-laws were made and approved, and officers elected, some of whom are yet in active service. Professor Adler was most kind and efficient in securing membership, and with the aid of the newly-elected trustees, soon secured from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five names, the fee being \$1 a month. Several life members were also received, upon the payment of \$100, and with this fund the society began its active work, renting its room on Silver street, near Third, buying its furniture and apparatus, and reaching out its kindly hand toward tiny youngsters residing in the dismal locality known as "Tar Flat."

At this point Professor Adler left the city, and the work has since been carried on entirely by the society thus organized. He feels the deepest interest, however, in the great advancement of the cause here, and says: "Nothing but the warmest enthusiasm and well-directed effort would have accomplished so much in so short a time."

The general plan or idea of the society was to disseminate the tenets of the new education as widely as possible throughout the city, and to convince the people that little children under the school age—particularly those of needy parents—should be drawn in from the streets and put under good and ennobling influences.

The child is guarded from every touch of evil, and is surrounded by truth, purity, beauty and harmony. What

wonder that he longs to be in sympathy with his environment—that, being loved, he loves again his teacher and his playmates? For "virtue kindles at the touch of joy." "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed." So the sacred story runs deep-weighted with its parable of life.

A garden for the new-born soul, bright, warm, joyous—this would be the ideal state for child-growth, and for those little ones whose homes are far from being a paradise we provide as beautiful an environment as we may. To multiply such child-gardens, and to place in them loving, sympathetic women, who will *mother* the children and keep them sweet, clean, gentle and kindly—this were a work worthy indeed of the Christ-child himself, in whose spirit the Christian church is supposed to work.

No reward or punishment is set before the child. Young as he is, he is persuaded and adjured to do right for the right's sake, and thus he grows gradually into a law-abiding citizen of this miniature republic—seeing that, for the good of his fellows and his own happiness, he must often merge himself and his individual wishes into the common aims. The only limit to the expression of his own individuality is its interference with the individuality of somebody else. This he learns very quickly, and sees the wisdom of daily. Fröbel said: "If we take God's own way, we must be right; so let us direct into a systematic, but natural course of employment, all these tender fancies, these fearless little hands and feet, and these precious little eager souls; and then we shall work with the divine love and intelligence, and it with us, and our children shall find the good and avoid the evil."

These few words acquaint you with the formation of the association and its general plan, the motives which governed its actions, and its wishes for the future. The successful fruition of these wishes was by no means instantaneous.

The association was now ready for a teacher. At the earnest persuasion of Miss Marwedel and others, I consented to leave my work in Southern California to organize the Charity Kindergarten here. In this, to me, difficult and terrifying task, I had no strength but an invincible belief in the efficacy of Fröbel's system, as applied to anything in heaven or earth, or those other regions, resembling neither, inhabited by the typical California hoodlum.

To us, the theory of the kindergarten is the theory of the world, of man and nature. We are always hoping to help posterity, to realize the fair ideal of a perfected type of humanity. We are often called fools, but we bear the charge with great equanimity.

Some time in the fall the attention of Mr. John Swett was called to this kindergarten. He came to see us, and, to our great delight, "saw something in it." He said at once that a week spent there in the observation of this method would be of the greatest value to the students in the normal class, and they were required from that day to take their turn in rendering service and becoming acquainted with the first plank in the platform of educational reform. In one week they can scarcely get a bird's-eye view of the theory and practice, but he affirms that they have gained many new ideas and

additional enthusiasm for their calling in watching the methods of this new education.

Mr. Swett and Mrs. Kincaid (teacher of the normal class) have been firm friends of the movement ever since its beginning.

With this new assistance and support we went on bravely, and the teacher had more strength for systematizing and organizing the work. Miss Marwedel soon undertook the free training of a young lady, who became assistant, and is one of the most gifted kindergartners in the city—Miss Flora Van Denburgh. After her departure Miss May Kittredge (now teacher of Jackson-street kindergarten,) filled her place, being trained by Miss Marwedel, and was of the greatest service in the development of the work. The desert began to blossom as the rose; the children lost their apparently inborn desire for the shedding of human blood; the fire-bell rang without their visiting the scene of action in a body, this having twice occurred in the first week.

Ah, those scenes—comic, tragic, and pathetic—will never exactly be repeated, for there is now a solid foundation laid, the old things have passed away, and behold, all things have become new. They have, however, beguiled many a hearty laugh, and many a tear, too, from listeners; and now, as I write this little story of the past months, people say: "Don't fail to give a budget of the children's sayings and doings, for the like of them was never heard."

And indeed that is true. Beginning with the five-year-old boy who, when asked if he'd like to play the drum for the march, went into fits of laughter, and between paroxysms ejaculated—

"A drum? Well I should smile. What'll yer hev next? This is a h—l of a school!"

(Pardon this profanity—it is feeble beside the remarks we hear every day.)

Such curious ideas have these little waifs of anything concerning God and Heaven! "I wouldn't be afeard to say 'Merry Christmas' to God—He ain't cross," said little Mary Mulligan, when we were talking about our Christmas tree. And on wearing an unusually pretty dress to school one morning, I was met with the artless observation: "I guess God would like to see you in that dress, wouldn't He?"

Then hear this colloquy between two little boys engaged in drawing:

Jack: "You're chewing gum again, Joe Bragg."

Joe: "Well, Miss Kate ain't lookin'."

Jack: "Well, God'll see yer, sure enough—yer know that, Joe Bragg?"

Joe: "Oh, God can't tell."

Jack: "Yer needn't be so sure! Yer bet yer life He'll stand by Miss Kate every time."

Or again: "Is a grasshopper a worm?" asked little Hattie.

"No," I replied, "it's an insect; insects have wings."

"Oh, angels is insects then, isn't they?" returned this infant philosopher.

If I should write the half of what has come before my eyes in these three years, you would hardly believe it the truth, for the charity kindergartner does not lose sight of the child at her school-room door. She knows his home, the pre-natal and post-natal influences which

have made him what he is; she knows the mother and father; the amount of rent they pay, and whether they have money to pay it. She is the confidant of many a weary, heart-broken, discouraged—aye, and abused woman. But many of these confidences are too sacred to repeat. I could tell of a deserted wife who reclaimed a miserable husband through her little son. She began, at my suggestion, sending pieces of Jack's work to his father, who was in the mines, and from whom she had received no letters or money for two years and a half. We received no answer, and made a second trial. Jack and I labored over a beautiful invention in colored pencils. (Jack was a baby four and a half years old, by the way.) Then we made two gold and scarlet weaving mats into a shaving-case, and last of all, printed this note, with infinite care and trouble:

"I love my Papa. I wish he'd come to see Jack."

Bravo! Victory! An answer from papa, inclosing \$20, asking if that was really Jack's work, and wasn't he an awful smart boy, and if he looked like him. After renewed attentions from our side, Jack's papa came down from the mines, found his wife more agreeable than he had imagined, and his boy a perfect marvel. The final consequence was that Jack's papa stayed at home, and has supported his family ever since.

One mother told me that her husband, being out of work the whole winter, became so depressed he was ready to throw himself off the dock a dozen times, but after walking the streets till dark he would come home and Mary and Jimmy would be sitting up in the trundle bed singing the kindergarten songs. (These parents, with five children, lived in two rooms, one of which was half under water in the rainy season.)

"And that man, Miss," the mother said, "would amuse himself with them children for an hour, and laugh at their cunning ways when they told him all they had done the day through, and say they were the brightest of the lot, and by the time they fell asleep he'd chirk up and say he must try again to get work; them children was too cute to starve."

One poor family moved quite out of town into a shanty on the hillside—the mother sick and a large family almost destitute. They were not to be found at the old house, but the moment that the mother was able to leave her sick bed she walked to town, (three miles,) carrying her baby and leading the two children, three to five years old, to see me.

"They've cried every blessed night these three months," she said, "for a sight of you, and yesterday my husband said if I couldn't stand the walk he'd knock off work a day and take 'em to see you himself."

These are but two cases out of hundreds, if there were only space to relate them, and the other kindergartners have the same experiences. All the babies in our several districts are named for us, and we stand committees to take charge of at least twelve small children apiece in case of the death of their parents.

Ah! if half the benedictions, "the love of the saints," and the blessings of heaven that are showered on the charity kindergartner could be hers, she would indeed be fortunate among women.

The fruits of the spirit soon began to appear, and the

little ones grew wonderfully industrious and lovable. From being lazy, careless, and apathetic, they could scarcely work hard enough. From the first the only reward given was the rendering of some service by the child to the others or to the teacher, the only punishment a temporary seclusion from work or play. This simple and kindly mode of procedure, if carried out with faith and intelligence, produces moral effects which are perfectly marvelous. The word discipline has come to mean punishment in the colloquial school language, but it originally meant the very spirit of education.

In the spring of 1879 we welcomed one day, for the first time, a sweet-faced woman, whose earnestness made you love her at once. Her sympathy was evident before she had been in the room ten minutes, and it was not much longer than that before she turned, with tears in her eyes, and clasping me by the hand, said: "Why did I not know of this work before—why did nobody tell me? It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Let me help you from this minute."

From that time the children of California and the kindergarten movement had an untiring friend and ally in Mrs. S. B. Cooper. She saw the truth with her heart at first but with her wonderful perception and clear insight, studied the subject also in its intellectual bearing, as the missing link in the chain of educational training, and ever since has been indefatigable in urging its claims on the public notice. She lost no time in organizing the second San Francisco Kindergarten, on Jackson street, October 6, 1879. This is supported by the exertions of her large Bible class, all the members of which are active in the work, and is taught by Miss Kittredge, class of 1880. The next move came from the Y. W. C. Association, who organized at 29 Minna street, April, 1880, Miss Muther (class of 1880) being the teacher.

And here let us remark that a definite course of training is vitally necessary in order to become a skillful kindergartner. There is no more difficult or sacred profession than theirs in the universe. Their task is to form the mind—that of the teacher to inform the already partially-formed mind.

The first companion of children should be an adept in the science and art of education. It is impossible to get any practical idea of Fröbel's philosophy without earnest study under a capable instructor; it is impossible to execute the work in the different Fröbel occupations and bring it to its legitimate end without guidance and direction; and it is utterly and entirely impossible to catch the necessary inspiration unless the student passes the period of her training in the kindergarten itself. There she can share the life of the children, watching their hourly development, and little by little take into herself those living truths which lie at the very heart of Fröbelian philosophy, and the comprehension of which will, day by day, change the student from a superficial observer into a rational, purposeful, intelligent teacher, who is able to guide and develop her little ones in Fröbel's spirit.

The very soul of the kindergartner is the child-gardener. She must know how to guide the children,

watchfully and tenderly. Obedience must be hers, though it must never come from terror, but an innocent, trustful, never-disappointed love. She is the child's confidant, helper and adviser—there is no sorrow that cannot be healed by her loving words. He knows where to find sympathy if he is in trouble. He knows who will laugh when he has some happiness to recount. He does her will cheerfully, because he sees she is always calling him to new and joyful experiences, always giving him new command over himself and his faculties, ever leading him to fresh victories. She seems to him a compendium of knowledge and wisdom, a playmate who knows just what he desires, a friend who never fails. He is sure of her, and she, on the other hand, is equally sure of him, if she is mistress of her art. She moves from child to child, with smiles and words of cheer, giving here praise and delight and there friendly caution and encouragement. She knows when the little hands are weary, when the tired head needs rest.

[To be continued.]

THE MORAL STANDARD OF THE FUTURE.

There is a social standard, but it can be none of ours, and it is a part of our work as reformers to elevate and purify that standard. It has to-day two codes, one for man and one for woman, and by thus bringing sex into morals is cursing both man and woman. Profanity, tobacco filth, corner loafing, street political slander, and bar-room stories are right for man, but let woman attempt the same and her character is gone forever. Man may dress as he chooses, but woman is immoral if she does not conform to the fashion. If her dress is too short to take up the filth of the street, she is viewed with suspicion, but who judges a man's character by the length of his pantaloons? A Methodist reverend in the Connecticut River Valley in Massachusetts, lately preached a sermon in which he condemned the present style of ladies wearing the Derby hat, and cautioned the young men against marrying a woman who wore one, as she would not make a good wife; but where is the woman so base that she would support Mrs. Livermore if she should bid her sex beware of gentlemen who wore silk hats or the Ulster overcoat? In confidence, in her love, through the holiest emotion and under the impulses of her strong maternal nature, woman yields to man her honor, and he, too often false, deserts her, and she suffers alone. The grand glory of motherhood should be her shield from slander; she is outcast and sent down still lower that she may hereafter be willingly the slave of the passion of her betrayer; but he is petted and his fault condoned. "It is only his wild oats?" Mothers bring to him their daughters as to a festival, and beseech him the honor of sacrificing to his name one of them at the marriage altar. "Out, out damned spot!" It is but a travesty of marriage and of morality. Let him be outcast! Brand upon his forehead "murderer of truth, honor and love!" and let him go! But for the crown of her glory—maternity, because of the purifying fires of her suffering for her gift of life immortal—comfort, cheer, sustain and protect the victim; leave him to conscience and to nature.

—Captain A. H. Brown.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTFORD, August 9, 1881.

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW: I inclose money for a few of your excellent pamphlets. I think I can find a use for some of them among some of my young friends.

I know of no better way to help along the work for which the "Institute of Heredity" was established than getting young people to read such tracts as these. If I had the money and the leisure I would do something that would help forward this work with some effect.

My dear friend, let me take your hand and thank you for the beautiful—beautiful because true—address you made in Boston last May. My thanks may be of little value to you, but it is some satisfaction to me to tell you how like true gold are your utterances.

I believe THE ALPHA is doing a work led on by powers invisible to mortal eyes. How rich are the pages of these six volumes!—rich in truth, God-given and sacred.

I am having all these volumes bound.

Yours sincerely, FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., August 5, 1881.

MY DEAR DR. WINSLOW: I have been now married two years and am the mother of a nine-months-old daughter. Her perfect physical health and development would be a mystery to me were I not perfectly assured of the truth of theories you and THE ALPHA teach, and which find in her a living witness.

While I have always suffered from weakness and debility I have never had a transmittable disease, and rigid adherence to hygienic rules seem to have completely overcome the adverse circumstances in our child.

I did not know of your presence in Boston until after the close of the convention, else I would have offered you such courtesies as lay in my power. I read your words with deep interest.

Please extend my remembrance to the ladies whom I met at your house, Mrs. Joy, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Johnson, &c. I often think of you all.

With sincere regards, I am most truly yours,
C. F. B. T.

MOTHERHOOD.

SIDNEY E. HOLMES.

Child of my love! I never yet
Have looked upon thy face;
I never yet have clasped thee in
A mother's fond embrace;
As yet, 'close nestling near my heart,
Of my own thou'rt a part.

That heart supplies my life and thine,
Being of mystery!
And with its every throb, I send
Some thought of love to thee.
What are thy dreams, my wondrous guest,
As thus thou broodest in thy nest?

Are they of worlds whose azure streets
So lately thou hast trod?
For thou'rt a spirit—that I know—
Fresh from the hand of God.
Can I forget the awe I felt?
When first I knew such with me dwelt—

When first with feeble fluttering,
Thy spirit in me stirred,
A faintly quivering, trembling thing,
Like some sweet, frightened bird,

That half reluctantly had come
To seek a new and untried home?

Life is before thee, darling mine,
With all its hopes and fears,
Sad, joyful life—sweet, bitter life—
Laden with smiles and tears;
And what existence holds for thee
Is hidden in futurity.

I often think that thou wilt find
This but a dreary earth;
I sometime think that thou may'st live
To curse thy very birth;
For thou, a spirit child of mine,
Wilt live, when suns have ceased to shine

And yet, I do not fear to launch
The precious-freighted bark,
Filled though it be with untold wealth,
Upon Life's waters dark.
I do not fear—God sits above;
He is our Father—He is Love.

Thy mind to rear—I cannot tell—
Perhaps 'twill not be mine;
I do not know—I may yield up
My life to give thee thine.
Just time, perhaps, for one long kiss,
And then I leave thee motherless.

It would be hard, methinks to go
And leave thee thus alone;
And hard, that thou should'st never know
Thy mother, tender one!
Warm hearts will gird thee round, my dove,
But what can peer a mother's love?

If this be so, remember love,
When years have passed thee by,
Thy mother breathed for thee a prayer
E'en with her latest sigh;
And oh! may it to her be given
To meet and know her child in Heaven!

I sit and ponder on the guise
In which thou'll greet the day;
Hast thou thy father's eagle eyes?
Or mine of milder ray?
Hast thou his ample forehead fair?
Hast thou my brown luxuriant hair?

Wilt thou present thyself, a son
Of Adam's lordly race?
Or, as a daughter fair of Eve,
Shrinking in pensive grace?
Will men confess thy beauty's power?
Will genius be thy radiant dower?

Dreams! dreams! But come, my darling one,
And let me see thy face;
Come to thy father's sheltering arms,
Thy mother's fond embrace.
Warm hearts await thine advent, love,
And God our Father sits above.

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