

a little favor like that. So he thanked her, "and to be honest in the matter," says Mr. Dabkowski, "I was not a bit sorry."

When he had got his hat and come downstairs, he found the lady cleaning off his umbrella with a wet rag. He had accidentally stuck it into some mud about a foot deep the day before, and it was very muddy. Of course Mr. Dabkowski appreciated the service, but at the same time it embarrassed him, and he protested. She did not heed his protest, and kept on cleaning it. "I don't know," says Mr. Dabkowski, "but she looked more as if she were doing it for her own son than for a stranger. I was a little embarrassed, I was delighted. Really, it was an embarrassingly delightful moment."

They accompanied him to the porch. It was Decoration Day, and the boy stuck a little flag in the lapel of his coat. He shook hands with them both, waved his hat, and started off on the second day of his tramp.

Decoration Day, he tells us, was a fine day. It was warm, and yet not hot. Nobody was working. Everybody seemed to be out walking, and happy. "Maybe," says Mr. Dabkowski, "people were working in the homes. Maybe people were working on the farms. And maybe people were quarreling and back-biting. Maybe people were sick and worried. Maybe people were dying and starving. I did not know. For the time being I did not care. I was too happy. The purity of the air, the beauty of the day, the hospitality of the while ago, made me feel as if I owned the whole world."

As it got warmer, Mr. Dabkowski cautiously raised his umbrella and used it for a sunshade. The lady at whose house he had stayed had suggested it. "And," says Mr. Dabkowski, "it did not look nearly as bad as I thought it would, or as ridiculous as it would have looked in the city."

Having missed his way once, Mr. Dabkowski decided he had better ask the way to the next town, which was Cadiz. He stopped a little farmer lad and asked him. The lad became a little frightened, and stammered out, "I—I—I don't know, but maybe Margaret knows." Mr. Dabkowski asked him who Margaret was, speaking to him as softly as he could, because he liked him and wanted to reassure him. The lad pointed up the road and said, "There she comes

now." Margaret was a country girl of fourteen, and she told him he was on the right road. So he bade them good-bye and walked on. "The lad," says Mr. Dabkowski, "had an unusually intelligent face, and I think that some day he will make an impression somewhere."

As Mr. Dabkowski walked, he began to think about the evil of child labor, and other evils. But his thoughts were interrupted by something that came down the road. It was a horse dragging a broken-down automobile. The horse seemed to Mr. Dabkowski to have a twinkle in his eye. So Mr. Dabkowski thought about the competitive relations of the horse and the automobile until he became hungry.

At the place where he stopped they could not give him much to eat, for they did not have much. But they gave him a big pitcher of buttermilk. "Imagine," says Mr. Dabkowski, "after walking all morning (and you must bear in mind that the weather was rather warm), and especially if you are a lover of good buttermilk, how a big pitcher of nice cool buttermilk would taste. Well, it tasted fine." But Mr. Dabkowski did not want to seem greedy, so he left a little in the bottom of the pitcher.

Mr. Dabkowski walked on, noticing the large tracts of uncultivated land, and thinking of the unemployment in the cities, and wondering if something couldn't be done about it. That took him till supper-time.

But when he knocked at a door, which was ajar, he saw the young woman inside run back and get a shotgun. However, she decided to let him wait till her husband returned, and her husband decided that Mr. Dabkowski was all right.

At half-past eight everybody went to bed. In the mornings they got up regularly at 3:30 or 4 o'clock. But as to-morrow was Sunday they wouldn't get up till 4:30 or even till 5 o'clock. The man was a mill-worker, and he also had a farm which he worked before and after his ten-hour day at the mill. There was only one lamp in the house, and Mr. Dabkowski could not sleep well because the windows were all nailed down. They had pork and black coffee for breakfast. The three children stared at Mr. Dabkowski solemnly and would not say a word, but before he

went he bribed them to smile by giving them each a penny.

That day he passed through larger towns. In Ulrichsville he met a fellow-Pole, and spoke to him in his own language. The man said he was staying at a charity institution, and all he received was his lodging, meals and clothes. Mr. Dabkowski said there might be some work in Cleveland, but Cleveland seemed to this man a place very far away.

Next Mr. Dabkowski passed a jail, and heard the minister preaching the gospel to the prisoners. He wondered if any of them took the minister seriously. He reflected a long time on crime and criminals, and the responsibility of society for them both.

After supper, which he took in a restaurant in Navarre, he set out for Richville, four miles distant. But when he was half way there an auto stopped, and the man inside asked him how far it was to Canton. Mr. Dabkowski pulled out his pocket road-map and looked it up. They fell into conversation, and when the man found they were both going to Cleveland he said, "Jump in."

Not liking to disoblige, Mr. Dabkowski jumped in. He had wanted to walk the whole distance, because some of the men at Mrs. K.'s boarding house had laughed at him when he talked of walking the whole 145 miles between Wheeling and Cleveland. He had walked eighty so far. However, he reflected, he would be all the fresher for job-hunting in Cleveland if he rode. It took six or seven hours to make that remaining 65 miles, which Mr. Dabkowski thought was a little long for the distance. "But then," says Mr. Dabkowski, "he did not know the roads very well, and besides, the road was very bad in places, and dark, so that in the end he did not do so bad after all."

"Perhaps," says Mr. Dabkowski, "it was not altogether right for me to have set aside my resolution and taken the ride. But I don't know. Work was what I wanted, and the sooner I got to Cleveland, the sooner would be my chances of getting the work." Mr. Dabkowski arrived in Cleveland shortly after midnight. At seven he arose, and began looking for the business agent of his union. At noon the business agent was found. And the next morning Mr. Dabkowski went to work.

## THE QUESTION OF BIRTH-CONTROL

### Dr. W. J. Robinson, Pioneer

DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON'S new book on "The Limitation of Offspring" is only the latest incident in a pioneering career.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robinson has for years, through his journal, the *Critic and Guide*, advocated the legalizing of contraception.

He has persistently discussed its medical, legal, sociological and ethical aspects; answered all the objections to it that ignorance or fanaticism or intellectual perversity brought forward; and by his editorials, his contributions to other journals, his lectures, his pamphlets and his books, he made it a public issue.

Those who have known of Dr. Robinson's work will be glad to circulate this new book; and those who read him for the first time will find themselves in pleasant and enlightening contact with a sane, genial, cultured and essentially human personality.

His book treats of the prevention of conception, "the

enormous benefits of the practise to the individual, society, and the race," and answers objections. There is only one thing lacking, and Dr. Robinson is not to blame for that. Under the chapter-heading, "The Best, Safest and Most Harmless Means for the Prevention of Conception," stands a blank space, with the note: "The further discussion of this subject has been completely eliminated by our censorship. . . . As soon as the brutal laws have been removed from our statute books, as soon as the censorship of scientific discussion of matters of vital importance to the race, has been abolished, this chapter, which is all ready, will be published, either in the body of the book or as a separate supplement."

The book also contains papers on the same subject, republished from the *Critic and Guide*, by Dr. J. Rutgers of Holland ("A Country in Which the Prevention of Conception Is Officially Sanctioned"), Clara G. Stillman, James F. Morton, Jr., Edwin C. Walker, L. Jacobi, M.D., and James P. Warbasse, M.D. It is a manual of argument, and should do much to batter down the remaining walls of unreason between us and freedom.

### In New Zealand

TO THE MASSES:

Although not an American, I should like to second your protest against the arrest of Mr. Sanger, and to tell your readers something of public opinion in New Zealand and New South Wales, Australia, concerning birth control.

The information contained in Mrs. Sanger's pamphlets is common knowledge in New Zealand. I have never heard of a law prohibiting the dissemination of the information in any way, public or private. Such a law may exist, but if so, it has long ago been allowed to lapse. Specialists and chemists sell preventives in all the New Zealand cities, and give such information as is asked for openly, and without fear of prosecution. Anything more ridiculous than to allow preventives to be on public sale everywhere, as they evidently are in New York, and yet to prohibit information concerning them, could hardly be imagined.

In New Zealand the facts of birth control have long been recognized as perfectly legitimate knowledge for all classes of the population. I cannot remember now

<sup>1</sup>The Limitation of Offspring—By the Prevention of Conception, by William J. Robinson, M. D., with an introduction by A. Jacobi, M. D., ex-President of the American Medical Association. The Critic and Guide Co., New York.



ever to have heard a voice against it. We consider that it is positively indecent to have large families unless the mother has excellent health, and desires them, and unless the children can be adequately provided for. Some years ago, feeling in a small township I knew was so incensed against a man whose delicate wife went on having one child a year, that he was socially shunned, and finally approached by some of the men and told that if his wife had any more babies he would be kicked out. Information concerning birth control was sent to both of them. They had no more children.

The knowledge of preventives is probably more widespread in New Zealand than in any country in the world, unless it be France. But our birth rate is normal. Our population increased in the twenty years from 1890 to 1910 by one-third, in spite of preventives, and the fiercest immigration laws in the world. New Zealanders want children because they have decent homes to keep them in; because there are no slums, no tenements; because there is no child labor; and because New Zealand saves its babies, saves much more than double the number in the thousand under one year old that your United States does. We profess to value life. We believe in welcoming it, and bringing it into a decent world, and along with that belief goes our knowledge of the use of preventives.

The officials of New York State would probably call us immoral and obscene. We can smile at names from a State that keeps nearly half a million unemployed, and that owns a city like New York, with its ghastly tenements, its slow starvation, its appalling record of crime. New Zealanders are not immoral, for all their knowledge. No one has ever hurled that accusation at us. As a matter of fact, our knowledge saves us from immorality, and saves us from license. It has created healthy, open discussion, and a fine general standard of decency.

I would like to point out, too, that in New Zealand such methods as those used in the arrest of Mr. Sanger would outrage the public sense of justice to such an extent that even if the law were against him, no jury would sentence him. Just before I left Auckland, New Zealand, three years ago, a nurse was tried for procuring abortion for an unmarried woman, who then nearly died of blood poisoning, and who, thinking herself dying told a friend who it was who had operated on her. (We have these cases still, but rarely, and the law, stands against the person performing the operation.) There was some evidence of carelessness on the part of the nurse, and she was sentenced to seven years, the maximum penalty for a woman. But public opinion in New Zealand, and I thoroughly agree with it, has long considered it a cowardly thing for any pregnant woman to go in an emergency to beg help of another person, and then, when faced with death, to inform on the helper. And public opinion rose in this case, and protested so vigorously in the newspapers—and, by the way, our best newspapers are open to discussions on this subject—and stated so plainly that for everyone who was caught six probably went uncaught, and that the law would never stop it anyway, that the law itself reduced the sentence to two years, stating that one year of this was for the carelessness proved in the case. Such public opinion would emphatically protest against the method of arresting Mr. Sanger as simply a dirty trick.

Public opinion can regulate morals far better than can any laws. But even our laws are on the side of good morals. We have the single standard in New Zealand. Yes, we really have it. I believe we are the only country in the world to have it. And it does not mean that women have sunk to the level of men. It does not mean that we allow promiscuity, that we stand for free love. It means that we have no white slave

traffic and no procuring. It means that we so heavily penalize men for taking any advantage of girls or women, that it has become so expensive for them to do so, socially, as well as legally, irrespective of their wealth or position, that cases of the kind grow rarer and rarer every year. We do not ostracize the child or the unmarried mother. I wish I had space to give some of the many stories I know illustrating this. And the fact that we do not ostracize them has not led, as the prude might suppose, to an increase in their numbers. Charity and understanding do not lead to license and immorality.

To come back to birth control. In New South Wales, the most progressive state in Australia, they agree with us in allowing the sale and use of preventives. The information may not be as widespread as it is with us, and whether public lectures would be allowed on the subject, I do not know, but I do know that anything may go through the post, and I do know that six years ago one of the cabinet ministers himself told me that most of the cabinet was in favor of having the use of preventives taught to the working classes, and that nothing would be done by the government to stop any spread of the information. Also, the same minister told me that he did not believe in conviction for illegal operations, that penalties only made scapegoats of a few, never remedied the evil, simply drove the operation into the hands of incompetent quacks, wrecked the health of thousands of women, and never deterred any woman from taking the risk. As the law works in New South Wales today there is no conviction for illegal operations. Any good surgeon can perform them. The officials there have the colossal commonsense to see that the law is powerless in some directions, that it is simply ridiculous, a travesty on justice, and that nothing but informed and intelligent public opinion is ever going to solve the problem of public morals.

And as for private morals—well, nothing but a clean inheritance and life under the best of economic conditions is ever going to make the majority of people healthy and sane enough to get and keep the balance between their mental and their physical bodies. And in order to give them those conditions; that inheritance, we have to begin elsewhere than by arresting sincere people for telling the much-needed truth.

JANE MANDER.

### Shall We Do It?

TO THE MASSES:

I am the father of five children, all living and healthy, but I cannot give them half a chance to grow up: first, because they came too close together; second, my income is not large enough to provide the necessary things of life which is demanded in order to clothe, educate and feed a family so large. If an accident should befall me they would be thrown onto the world without any support. Besides, my wife's health is being impaired each time without a chance to regain lost energy. Now, I enclose 50 cents towards the Sanger fund and wish it was \$50, but this is my all. I beg of you to send me Margaret Sanger's pamphlet, as I believe you can in some way give the necessary information to me in some way, law or no law. The laws are all in the capitalist interest, and we do no harm if we do not comply with all of them.

Yours for the Revolution,

C. L. W.

### Other Correspondence

FROM A YOUNG TRUTH LOVER

TO THE MASSES:

I am sending \$1 to you to help along Mr. Sanger. I am 12 years old and my Mother has written for the MASSES. She subscribed to it for me. I like it very much and sincerely hope that the dollars you receive will be enough to fully pay the legal expenses and also to publish the whole thing to K. B.

### THE WALTER LOAN CASE

TO THE MASSES:

A subscriber of yours, Walter G. Loan, of 201 Green street, Wilkesburg, Pa., will for the next year or three have a new address: namely, Box A—A 8602 Kilbuck station, Northside, Pittsburgh, Pa. In other words, he has been sentenced to the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for not less than one nor more than three years for that most atrocious crime of crimes,—that of being an Anarchist and having the courage to say so in an orthodox community.

He was charged with felonious assault and battery upon a policeman. At his trial the boy established a perfect alibi, while the prosecution failed to identify him as the one who did the shooting. Altogether it was the rawest farce that has been "pulled off" in Allegheny County in a long time. We have this from several jurors: Five jurors wore Sunday school buttons; in fact the jury was packed with conservatives of this sort; the first vote stood 7 to 5 for acquittal; after an hour they stood 11 to 1 for acquittal; the stubborn juror was a deacon and a Sunday school superintendent of the Presbyterian Church of Sheriden, one Thomas Patterson, who said: "I will not leave this room with a verdict of acquittal. A man who denies both God and Government should not be at liberty. This man admitted that he is an Anarchist and all his witnesses refused to swear."

Finally the jury brought in a compromise verdict, as instructed by the judge, Joseph W. Bouton of McKean County, finding the prisoner guilty of the assault but innocent of the felony and recommending the most extreme mercy of the court. The court gave the prisoner the LIMIT, saying, "You are known to be associated with a group of those whose teachings are not conducive to the instillation of good citizenship and morals. You are fortunate that you are not being sentenced for murder."

THOS. R. LOAN.

620 Wood St., Wilkesburg, Pa.

### FROM A DOUBTER.

TO THE MASSES:

Your letter received with subscription blank enclosed. Really I am puzzled to know to whom to send them. My friends are not radical. Even the Socialists among them are conservative—and some of them religious. However, I will send the blanks to some one. They will at least know that the MASSES exists. I will send one dollar to assist the Sanger struggle. This world is scarcely worth saving or making a sacrifice for. But if people will sacrifice they must be helped. So we must help the Sangers. I had thought of sending a dollar to the Quinlan case. But will send it all to the Sangers. So small a sum is not worth dividing. With sympathy to those on the firing line of a great cause.

E.S.

[The world is always worth saving. It has been done many times, and it will have to be done many times more. But it isn't "sacrifice" to help save it. It is self-expression. It's an interesting game, saving the world, and live people just can't keep out of it. And don't despair of your friends—even the Socialists. They are worth saving, too.]

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JOHN LYONS,  
Assistant Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this  
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[SEAL] ABRAHAM ZACKER,  
Commissioner of Deeds.  
(My commission expires Dec. 8, 1915.)