

PORTLAND MORAL, OR RIDICULOUS?**Colonel Wood Makes Arrests of Pamphlet Sellers Basis of Inquiry.**

PORTLAND, Or., June 20.—(To the Editor.)—Is Portland more moral or more ridiculous than the rest of the world? Margaret Sanger gave her lecture on "Birth Control" Monday evening at the Heilig, at the close of which some volunteers sold in the lobby of the theater the pamphlet, "Family Limitation," the proceeds of sale being for the printing of pamphlets and other expenses. The pamphlet is only a translation of what is put out in public clinics in France and Holland.

Those gentlemen who have the city's morals in charge—not the clergy, but the so-called "moral squad"—arrested three men for selling the pamphlets, but refused to arrest Margaret Sanger. In this they were not only chivalrous toward women, but hospitable to the stranger within our gates. Morals were preserved but the traveler was not inconvenienced, except that Margaret Sanger had to go to the jail with the arrested men Monday night and also Tuesday morning, when she begged to be arrested in their places, admitting that they were only her agents. She has to return from Spokane for the trial next week, and is robbed of Fourth of July at home with her two boys, but with these exceptions she has not suffered at the hands of Portland's "majesty of the law"—or what the moral squad chooses to think is majesty and law. The City Attorney's office knew nothing of the arrest, which proves that the moral squad is not only moral, but diligent; also that they are better judges of the law than Judge Gatens, who threw the Emma Goldman case out of court. That arrest was "personally conducted" by Mr. Will Warren, the Mayor's private secretary, to whom Mayor Albee (as he informed me) turned over the morals of the city, not, I presume, because Mr. Warren is a better judge of morals than his honor, but because "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Never mind who directed the arrest. Our morals have been preserved and Portland once more stands out as the most ridiculous of cities. I worked hard for the commission form of government, but I never supposed that in matters of fundamental wrong the other Commissioners were going to sit silent and acquiescent.

It does seem to me that when a city ordinance aimed at quack doctors and abortionists is used by the Anthony Comstock of the Department of Public Morals to annoy and impede the discussion of a subject on which books upon books are being published by the scientists of the world, it is time for other members of the City Council to sit up and say: This is not right and we object to being made tyrants, bigots and ridiculous to please a private secretary who has Torquemadian ideas of attending to other people's morals, unless of course the other members of the Council do approve of these persecutions and intend their silence to give consent.

There are sincere people who believe that birth control is against the law of God or against Nature. So there were sincere people who believed the best way to save a soul was to burn the body that held it. In fact, those ascetics in India and elsewhere who refuse all sex relations are in the same sense against the law of God and of Nature. They refuse to increase and multiply and replenish the workers. Cutting out a cancer is interfering with Nature. And for myself until God or Nature gives the working class some greater hope in the world, I believe it is better to interfere with Nature than to have broken-down, dragged-out women breeding like rabbits, defectives and degenerates or those who will die early of insufficient nutrition, who can never be educated, but will crowd each other to death in the struggle for even pitiful wages. If we could have a declaration from God—if he be a God worthy of human respect—it would be, I am sure, better "birth control" than the thousands and hundreds of thousands of agonized deaths from self-inflicted abortions by working women, who dread death itself less than more misery for themselves and their wretched children, 9, 10, 11, 12 in a family and \$12 a week.

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