



VICTORY FROM DEFEAT

The beginning of January 1921 found Margaret in a slump. She wrote Havelock that she was "sad at life." She had learned while she was in England of the deaths of Billy Williams and John Reed. The combined loss, added to the fact that Hugh had answered none of her letters, made her again feel deserted and old, and her lectures changed with her mood. She began to speak less on birth control and more on marriage. She recorded in her diary lectures titled, "Is Modern Marriage Conducive to Happiness?" "The Sex Problems of the Unmarried," and "Marriage a Failure." Other lectures were simply written off as "missed" or "called off because of Catholic protest," and there were many days that had no entries at all. Clearly her spirits were down.

Then came an upswing. At the end of January Hugh finally wrote to her:

Your letter reconciled me to your absence. The loveliness of you! We read fairytales as kids to have our minds quickened to appreciate the marvels of nature—the bulb, say, and the tulip in flower. We dream dreams to have our imagination quickened to feel the beauty of reality, transcending any dream. When you say, Margaret, he (Ellis) is not well, I want to wrap him close in my arms. I worship that man.

You bring me nearer to him, nearer to your dear heart You quicken my eyes to beauty, and all I really want to do in the world is to write a beautiful book which shall warm men's hearts to love Thank God I have actually kissed your feet, though only for a moment

Margaret answered at once

What a letter—I have read it at least ten times and always there is some new meaning in it for me I can see you standing so tall and wicked beside me, eyes laughing, always laughing, and asking yourself what was in that letter to make the busiest woman in New York—no, America—read a letter ten times You might well ask and then be careful

I am thinking of getting that splendid essay of yours on "vice" out in booklet form like those we got up for Havelock's articles What do you think of that idea? I am waiting to publish it until our *Review* is changed into its new form Then too I have called up *Physical Culture* until I'm blue and red in the face to get an answer on your article I got Williams one day who said he had received it and liked it too well to give it up He was trying to see if his magazine *dare* publish it He hoped so and would do all that was possible to put it through Do you forgive bold women who do things like that with your articles?

Mrs Brandt (Margaret's literary agent) and I had dinner together a few evenings ago and she talked of you She likes your work She said it can be published privately and done well Oh Hugh, things are coming for you It's zero weather, I long to be in England

Revitalized, she began to plan the opening of a birth-control clinic on Manhattan's lower East Side She also started work on the long-delayed National Birth Control Conference to be held in New York in October or November She resumed her lectures, and the *Review* reported "overflow meetings" once more

On February 16, she came down with tonsillitis from her spate of meetings, and wrote Hugh from bed

Were you with The King on his birthday? What a man he is— and now that he has broken the silence of ages by his work & vision others are coming on with books that astound one

I went to a Feminist gathering last night They are trying to put over a Feminist magazine here but I'd never buy a copy if it was to be no more inspiring than that group of 30 women were I decided after I came home that night not to go out in "Society" any more I don't belong Nobody wants the truth They hate you for telling it, & for trying to sell it But I have just had an article in *Physical Culture* on "Mobilized Motherhood" So many magazines are asking me to write that I am wondering in a dazed way why? There is so much I want to talk to you about, dear dear man

I think of you often often often, & love you with the kind of love that always is

In April she went to Truro for a few days, then hurried back to New York to keep a date with a man who was different from any she had ever known On April 5, 1921, the initials of this man appear for the first time in her diary "Dinner with J N H S"

J N H S was J Noah H Slee, a stocky, ruddy-faced Dutchman from South Africa In his middle sixties, he had worked his way up from a penniless boy to a millionaire He was president of the Three-in-One Oil Company, and hopefully, the "rich widower" Margaret for years had dreamed would come along and solve her financial problems

Unfortunately, however, Slee wasn't a widower, he had a wife Worse, his wife was Mary Roosevelt West Slee, of impeccable social standing but few other charms After thirty-five years of marriage, during which, each time J Noah made love to her, she called up her mother the next morning while he was listening and reported, "He did it again, mother, he did it again" He had stopped "doing it" and was now living mainly in the Union League Club in New York while she puttered about in her garden up the Hudson His only friend was the minister of the Episcopal Church he attended, and his only hobby was trying to make more money than the nine million he already had

Slee had made his money largely through skillful promotion He was especially proud of the fact that he had invented advertising on the sides of barns He told Margaret how, as he rode along, in the country, he had often spotted a dilapidated barn and offered to paint it free on

condition that the owner would also let him put on it a big ad for Three-in-One Oil. He figured that if the farmer couldn't afford to paint his barn in the first place, he probably would not be able to afford to repaint it, Slee's ad would therefore stay on indefinitely.

Margaret met J. Noah, as most people called him, at Juliet Rublee's home. Because Juliet was also a multimillionaire, she usually entertained multimillionaires. At these parties she would try to steer the conversation around to birth control. When she was successful, heated arguments would follow, during which, as if by sudden inspiration, Juliet would call up Margaret and ask her to join them to answer questions. Margaret, wearing a simple dark dress (Havelock had taught her that the more radical one's cause, the less flamboyant one should look), would end up charming Juliet's guests so thoroughly they would promise substantial contributions to her cause.

After one of these parties, J. Noah took Margaret home in his chauffeur-driven limousine. Soon he was attending all her birth-control lectures. While his conservative background made him oppose everything she stood for, he found Margaret herself irresistible. He was fascinated by her burnished red hair, wide hazel eyes, and slender figure. In addition, her frank talk about sex and her ebullient manner and quick wit astonished him. Soon he was as dazzled by her as Bill Sanger had been.

Since Margaret liked to dance, J. Noah took dancing lessons. Since she loved flowers, he sent her fresh bouquets every day. Margaret's secretary Anna and the other volunteers were working on old battered typewriters, J. Noah sent in new ones. Margaret called marriage an outdated institution, J. Noah begged her to marry him as soon as he could arrange a divorce.

J. Noah's money was tempting, but "What do I want with a man like that?" she would say to Anna. "I don't want to marry anyone, particularly a stodgy churchgoer who isn't interested in art or anything. Yet how often am I going to meet a man with nine million dollars?"

Although she continued to see J. Noah throughout April, she decided abruptly to sail for England on May 2 with the intention of surprising her friends, Hugh, Havelock, Harold Child, and H. G. Wells. While aboard ship, she wrote to Juliet: "I am borrowed to the hilt."

Despite the fact that she was ill and tired when she arrived in Lon-

don, she told her friends that she had come abroad for the excitement—and to line up at least one “big name” to come to her National Birth Control Conference in the fall

She first asked H G Wells, but he was much too busy, he did, however, offer to write an introduction to a book she was planning to write Next, Harold suggested she try Dean Inge, Archbishop of Canterbury, as he had openly begun to express sympathy for birth control, Inge also declined Havelock himself wouldn't consider traveling as far as America, not even for Margaret Finally, Hugh suggested Harold Cox, who agreed to come Cox was not particularly well known, but he was an excellent speaker and had the added prestige of having been a Member of Parliament Cox became her “name ”

Now Margaret was free to run down to Wantley to loll on the lawn with Hugh and to spend a few days in London with J Noah who, having been in Paris on business, had flown over to London J Noah was still entreating her to marry him as soon as they were both legally free Margaret promised to consider it, though as soon as he left she wrote Juliet “I am *not* inclined to marriage Freedom is too lovely, and I mean to enjoy it for some time ”

There is little doubt that Margaret and Hugh became lovers in the summer of 1921 and that Margaret was delighted when she discovered he was an expert at Karezza But no romance, no matter how delightful or diverting, could prevent her from fighting to maintain the leadership of the birth-control movement This leadership was now threatened by an English woman, Dr Marie Stopes

Marie Stopes was both an intellectual and a mystic A short, plump woman in her late thirties, she held doctorates in paleontology from German and English universities But she was so sexually naive that it had taken her six months after her marriage to realize her husband was impotent Yet after an annulment and a remarriage, she found sex so surprisingly delightful she wrote a book, *Married Love*, extolling its pleasures Margaret met Stopes on her first visit to England, just after *Married Love* was completed When Stopes could not find an English publisher (it was very frank), Margaret took the manuscript to America where she did find a publisher It was so successful it was soon published in England too, where it became an instant success In gratitude, Marie had written the open letter to President Wilson asking him to intervene in Margaret's federal trial Marie had also written Margaret at the time “Keep joyous, for, my dear, whatever happens

now, tens of thousands of American women will bless you later Remember, I am with you all through God bless you and strengthen you " As a result, the two women had been on very friendly terms for a while

But now Marie Stopes had gone on from praising the joys of sex to campaigning for birth control, she even claimed that God had spoken to her and told her to do this At the moment she was in the process of starting a clinic in the London slums, heralding it as "the first legal birth-control clinic in the English-speaking world " Margaret was so angry at her becoming a rival she planned to undercut her whenever she could

First, however, Margaret had other things on her mind Ellis had finally convinced her to go to a throat specialist, whose diagnosis of her tubercular infection located the infection, not in her neck, but in her right tonsil He recommended that both her tonsils be removed

But Margaret procrastinated, using the excuse that she had to attend a conference on birth-control techniques in Holland, and left at once for Amsterdam She wrote Hugh from Amsterdam, asking him if he would arrange to go to Plymouth with her for two days after her return and the operation was over as she wanted very much to see him alone before leaving for New York

And go I must Hugh The few dear ones, the faithful ones, are in a panic If things were going well I would stay I shall be patched up like the horses in the bull ring for a while anyway But it's life to live and to love and to fight for ideals—and to work Come back to America with me for a few months, can't you, adorable one?

After Margaret had her tonsils removed in London, the results seemed amazing "Think of being rid of my TB after twenty-three years of suffering," she wrote Juliet "Though my throat is still sore and I cannot speak I'm sailing soon to get going on the (New York) conference, and I told Havelock to make me a sign to hang around my neck saying in large letters SHE IS DUMB "

Though Hugh did not go to Plymouth with Margaret, he did spend her last day in London with her, going along to the doctor's office while she got her final checkup

The voyage home was rough and tiring however, and as soon as she

got to the States she left for a week's rest at Juliet's summer home in Windsor, Vermont, where again her first thought was of Hugh. On September 30 she wrote him from Vermont

It was glorious to have you that last day, even in the horrid city I know you hated it all—I could feel it in the air, tho you did nobly in hiding it in your face and voice. I can see you now standing outside that five-guinea man's office waiting, and looking bored, bored, bored!"

The King came with me to the boat, he is just the dearest creature ever. Did all the little big things for me—sent letters, licked stamps, did all the thousand things I forgot to do. Now his letters are full of remorse that he didn't do more. Blessings on you both

From Vermont she went to Massachusetts to attend to the divorce from Bill Sanger which she had been postponing for a long time. She picked Massachusetts because she owned the cottage at Truro, and was a legal resident of that state. Desertion was also grounds for divorce in Massachusetts.

She was still hesitating about getting married again and certainly wasn't the least bit in love with J. Noah. Yet marriage to him would solve all her financial problems, and having her divorce would leave her free to marry or not, as she chose.

Bill's letter saying he was deserting her convinced the court. On October 4, 1921, her decree came through, though she told only a few close friends, making them promise not to tell anyone else lest the Catholic Church hear about it, she was having trouble enough with the Church without adding this.

She must have written Hugh, telling him of her divorce and implying a possible remarriage, because in a November fifteenth letter she talked to him at length on the subject.

Of course marriage does not mean a thing to us in one way. It certainly makes not a whit of difference to me toward anyone I've ever loved, only to be happier toward everyone. I've learned, Hugh, dear, of spiritual laws that to obey mean peace of heart. You sense them too. And tho our dearest ones do not see these laws, it's scarcely our work to point them out unless asked to do so.

* * *

Now Margaret set to work in earnest planning a November birth-control conference. She rented a room at the Hotel Plaza to display current birth-control methods to the doctors and nurses who would attend. The large auditorium of Town Hall on West Forty-third Street was hired for her public lecture entitled "Birth Control! Is it Moral?" The lecture was heavily advertised in the *Review*.

The first two days of the conference were successful enough, though most male doctors shied away lest their hospital connections be jeopardized. As the evening of the public lecture approached, Margaret began to worry. She dreamed of trying to carry a baby up a steep hill, describing the dream in her diary.

I came very abruptly to a side hill which became a mountainside of rock and slippery shale, and I had nothing to hold onto to keep me from slipping. The baby kept crying and I tried to comfort it but I dared not use my right hand, as it seemed to be held up like a balancing rod which kept us both from falling. The wretched dream kept me drowsy all day. Always when I dreamed of babies there was some troublesome news not far away.

The Town Hall lecture was due to start at 8:30 in the evening, and the doors were to open at seven. Margaret had supper at Juliet's home with Harold Cox who had arrived from England, while Anne Kennedy, managing editor of the *Review*, went on ahead to Town Hall. At 7:45 Mrs. Kennedy phoned to say that practically all the seats were filled.

A few minutes after eight, Margaret, Juliet, and Cox left for the hall by taxi. As they got to Forty-third Street the taxi had trouble getting through the street because the roadway was jammed. "An overflow meeting!" Margaret exclaimed happily. "Look, Juliet, a wonderful turnout!"

Cox and the two women left the taxi and tried to push their way through the crowd toward the doors, but to their surprise two policemen blocked their way, and when they looked around they saw still more policemen. Soon they were told that the doors were locked, there was to be no meeting.

Margaret phoned the Police Commissioner to find out what was happening but was told he could not be reached.

She was trying to reach New York's Mayor Hylan instead when she

saw that a policeman at the door had opened it momentarily to let a few people out. She saw her chance. Ducking under the policeman's arm with Juliet and Cox following her, she rushed straight to the platform where a tall stranger boosted her up.

The hall was in a turmoil. Margaret knew that the lecture meeting could be closed under the fire laws if the aisles were blocked, so she shouted to the audience, "I'm Mrs. Sanger. Get in out of the aisles." Then she tried to address the crowd. She had spoken only a few words and given a quick nod to J. Noah in the second row, when two policemen stopped her. She sat down and motioned Harold Cox to try instead. He got no further than, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have come across the Atlantic," when a policeman standing on the platform took him by the arm and hurried him to his seat.

By this time a man in the crowd had begun to shout "Defy them! Defy them!" Another was calling out "What's the charge? Where's the warrant?" The policeman didn't answer, but Anne Kennedy explained to Margaret what had happened before she came.

A man had come up to her as she was waiting on the platform and asked who was in charge of the meeting.

"I am," Mrs. Kennedy had replied.

"This meeting must be closed."

"Why?"

"An indecent, immoral subject is to be discussed. It cannot be held."

"On what authority? Are you from the police?"

"No, I'm Monsignor Dineen, Secretary to Archbishop Hayes."

"What right has he to interfere?"

"He has the right."

At this point Monsignor Dineen turned to Captain Donahue. "Captain, speak up."

"Who are you?" Anne Kennedy demanded of the police officer.

"I am Captain Donahue of this district. The meeting must be stopped."

"Very well," Mrs. Kennedy said, "we'll write this down, and I'll read it to the audience for you, Captain. I, Captain Thomas Donahue, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, at the order of Monsignor Joseph P. Dineen, Secretary to Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, have ordered this meeting closed."

Mrs. Kennedy now pointed out Monsignor Dineen to Margaret. By

this time he was standing at the back of the audience directing the police by a nod of his head, or sending messages to the Captain, still standing on the platform, through a runner

In spite of the noise in the auditorium, Mary Winsor, a former suffragette, next tried to speak. The Captain stopped her. The crowd yelled louder. Then Margaret tried again. She was also stopped and told to "get off the platform before you cause more disorder." Instead of obeying, Margaret tried to speak several times more, since her aim now was to get herself arrested. She knew that unless she was arrested she could not make a test case of the principle of free speech.

This strategy worked. On her tenth try Captain Donahue arrested her for refusing to get off the platform. He also arrested Mary Winsor and Anne Kennedy, and when Juliet, who had also tried to speak, asked, "Why don't you arrest me too?" Donahue agreed.

The street outside was a jam-packed mass, with men, women, and police reserves pushing this way and that. Though several wealthy women of the audience such as Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Charles Tiffany, and Mrs. Otto Kahn offered their limousines, Margaret and the other prisoners refused to ride. They marched from Town Hall to Broadway and up to the West Forty-seventh Street station with police flanking them and several hundred men and women marching behind them singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." At the police station Margaret, Mary Winsor, Juliet Rublee, and Anne Kennedy were ordered into a patrol wagon and taken downtown to Night Court, where they were released without bail and told to appear in court the following morning. After that they went back to Juliet's apartment, with Harold Cox, followed by several reporters.

The reporters expected a routine story about police stupidity, but Mrs. Kennedy insisted that there was much more to it than that. Archbishop Hayes himself, she said, had ordered the meeting closed. In order to check her story, a *Times* reporter phoned "The Power House," as the Archbishop's Madison Avenue residence was colloquially called, and got through to Monsignor Dineen. "Yes," the Monsignor admitted, "We did it. We got the meeting closed."

When Margaret fell asleep at dawn, she was plagued by the same dream in which she was trying to carry a baby up a steep sliding mountain. She couldn't know then that the Town Hall incident had done more for her cause than five years of struggle. When she woke the next

morning, she found she had made the leading newspaper in the city—page one, column one, of the *New York Times*. It ran a headline no reader could ignore

“BIRTH CONTROL RAID ON TOWN HALL MADE BY POLICE ON ARCHBISHOP’S ORDER CAPTAIN DONAHUE’S ONLY INSTRUCTIONS FROM HEAD-QUARTERS, ‘LOOK FOR MSGR DINEEN’”

Other New York papers responded as strongly. The *Tribune* called the breaking up of the meeting “arbitrary and Prussian to the last degree.” The *Post* warned that “without an open way to debate, our boasted freedom of speech is a mockery,” and the *World* summed up the general feeling when it said “the issue is bigger than the right to advocate birth control. It is part of the eternal fight for free speech, free assembly and democratic government, which must always find defenders if freedom is to survive.” Even papers which had called Margaret a crackpot and fanatic fell into line.

Riding the crest of the wave, Margaret at once engaged another and much larger hall for November 19—the Park Theatre at Columbus Circle.

The theatre had fifteen hundred seats but four thousand people wanted to get in. Despite this, the crowd was quiet and orderly once those who could be seated were inside the hall. Harold Cox spoke for almost an hour on the history of the fight for birth control. Then an actress, Mary Shaw, gave a short, dramatic talk, ending with the reading of a scene from *Ghosts*. Next Margaret, as always the main attraction, took over. She tackled the question, “Birth Control Is It Moral?”

Responsible sex-action requires forethought, and irresponsible action is immoral. Every civilization involves an increasing forethought for others, even for those unborn. The reckless abandonment of the moment and the careless regard for the consequences, is not morality. It is not only inevitable, but it is also right that we learn to control the size of our family, for by this control and adjustment we can raise the standards of the human race.

Nature’s way of reducing her numbers is controlled by disease and famine. Primitive man achieved the same results by infanticide, abandonment of children, or abortion. Contraception is a more civilized method, for it involves not only a greater

forethought for others, but finally a higher sanction for the value of life itself

Her speech lasted only ten minutes, but she was interrupted by applause nineteen times

Margaret had invited other speakers to take the opposite side and argue against birth control. To a man, they advocated continence and self-control. Margaret ended the evening in a low, intense voice.

The law requires a married woman to give of herself to her husband or forego his support. This makes self-control by women impractical, if not impossible. And the argument that the use of the marriage relationship is only for the purpose of procreation would conceivably have to limit unions to only a few times in the course of a marriage. This last is perfectly absurd because it places man on the same level as animals. There is another side, another use of the marriage relationship. I contend that it is just as sacred and beautiful for two people to express their love when they have no intention of being parents, and that they can go into that relationship with the same beauty and the same holiness with which they go into music or to prayer. I believe that it is the right understanding of our sexual power and of its creative energy that gives us spiritual illumination. I say that there is more than one use to make of it, and that is the higher use, the development of our soul and soul growth.

This was the kind of speech Margaret was to give for many years, and it became the philosophy by which she was to live her life.

While waiting for the trial of the arrested women, the Church tried lamely to defend its action by saying that the Town Hall meeting had been canceled only after Monsignor Dineen became shocked when he saw four children being admitted. Margaret's lawyer proved that the four "children" were eighteen- and nineteen-year-old Barnard College students, who had been sent there by their sociology teacher, and saw to it that the papers played this up.

The trial itself was a comedy of evasions. The police had made an enormous mistake in arresting Juliet Rublee, whose husband, George Rublee, was an extremely knowledgeable lawyer. He demanded that Commissioner Enright punish Captain Donahue for acting without

specific police orders, though Donahue was not even at the hearing. The papers played this up too, and Rublee then insisted that Enright appoint a commission to investigate the raid.

The investigating committee did more evading. Instead of investigating the raid, they delved into the whole birth-control movement, starting with the Brownsville Clinic five years before. When they had to admit under Rublee's questioning that this was beside the point, still another court hearing was held. At this hearing the presiding magistrate spoke as if Margaret had been arrested for selling contraceptives at Town Hall. "Just what was she selling? Where are the articles?" he kept demanding. When none could be produced, the magistrate dismissed the case and announced that the matter was closed.

By now it was obvious that the police were ducking the subject of the unlawful raid itself, they were trying to hush up the matter, and had no intention of bringing in either Captain Donahue or Monsignor Dineen as witnesses. To try to force their hand, George and Juliet Rublee held a meeting in their East Forty-ninth Street apartment, inviting some of the most prominent people in New York, including Henry Morgenthau, Paul M. Warburg, and Herbert Satterlee. The group sent an open letter to Mayor Hylan demanding a further investigation, or as one newspaper called it, "an investigation of the previous investigation."

The second investigation was no better than the first. Though Captain Donahue was finally forced to appear, he testified that he had merely responded to telephone instructions to stop the meeting from his superior, Lieutenant Lahey. And when Lahey, who was the officer in charge of the precinct, appeared, he said he had received telephone instructions from someone at police headquarters. From whom exactly had Lahey received them? "As far as I can remember, from the telephone operator on duty that night."

It was clear that the name of Monsignor Dineen was never going to be mentioned, much less that of Archbishop Hayes, and that Captain Donahue was never going to be punished. In fact, Donahue was promoted not long afterward, then quietly retired. With evasion following evasion, the matter was allowed to drag on for months in the courts until it finally fizzled out.

But it did not fizzle out in the newspapers. Letters pro and con kept pouring in, and the newspapers, enjoying the controversy, kept print-

ing them. But because of this remarkable publicity, though Margaret had won no legal victory, she had again won a tactical one. Her name, too, had become a household word. Better yet, she had gotten the middle class almost solidly lined up behind her. She had gotten the support of the upper class when she formed the Committee of One Hundred after the Brownsville raid. Now many more of the middle class, who if possible were even more insistent on the separation of church and state because they dreaded the thought of the influence of "Popery," came over to her side. If a representative of the Pope could stop a perfectly legal discussion, they realized, free speech could go down the drain.

Now Margaret got ten times as many invitations to lecture on birth control as before, and at many times the price. While before the Town Hall incident she had been glad to speak for traveling expenses and a fifty-dollar fee, she was now offered anywhere from a hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars to speak. Prosperous at last at the age of forty-two, she moved from her dingy flat on Fourteenth Street to a much finer one at Eighteen Gramercy Park. She decorated this apartment with "golden walls, golden silk curtains, Chinese blue rugs and hangings, red cushions, vases, books, and loads of flowers—all very simple and restful."

Yet her peaceful surroundings did not lessen her anger against her rival Mary Ware Dennett, who continued to work for contraception through her own league. After a bitter exchange of letters, Margaret compelled Dennett to drop the words "birth control" from the title of her league on the grounds that Margaret had coined the phrase, and to change it to The Voluntary Parenthood League. (On November 15, after Hugh wrote suggesting that she stop feuding with Mrs. Dennett, she answered tartly "Hands off, Mr. de S. No, I won't be gracious to Mrs. D—so there!") Next, she turned her anger against Marie Stopes, who was at the moment lecturing in America on both contraception and her book *Married Love*. She wrote Hugh on November 27

The most amazing thing was the very bad impression Marie Stopes made here. While she was in the States for only four days she advised people to support the Voluntary Parenthood League instead of my organization. She (also said she) came to open the first American B C Clinic!!!

Poor Marie—her egotism will be her downfall She looked very pretty and has a certain charm, but conceit runs like the babbling brook—on forever

Hugh answered with a mixture of common sense and the kind of flattery that Margaret adored

To think that you were bothered by such a matter as Marie But it got me a jolly letter—oh bless your darling heart! I'm planning an article on the B C question from the Catholic point of view *ESSENTIAL*, dear & beloved Margaret, that you should *understand* their point of view—by so doing you take the wind out of their sails Of course the gnats bite and are infernal accursed nuisances, but that is to be expected A cause is always won by its enemies You, oh flaming eyed Lioness, must have a tremendous enemy But your enemy is declared He is in the open Half the battle is won! I wish I could put my hand on some of their actual words written or spoken against Send me along all you can Please And you won't be angry with me for seeming to give YOU advice I'm only reminding you of the fact that *what you touch you enliven* whether you touch to strike or bless

Margaret sent him all the clippings she had about the raid, telling him to pass them on to Havelock and Harold, then on December 16 she dashed off an angry letter to Dennett, who was now trying to form an International Council on Contraception and had invited both Margaret and Stopes to join Margaret refused to be part of any council started by Mrs Dennett She also objected to Marie Stopes becoming a member

I return the names of the nominees for the International Council with Dr Stopes' name crossed out As I always work in the open, I will give my reasons for my objections to her on any international or American council

Dr Stopes has not been a happy influence for the Birth Control movement Her intense egotism, her ridiculous conceit, have rendered her obnoxious in England, where the *real* pioneers of the movement like the Drysdales et cetera will have nothing to do

with her. And her visit here has done very little to further the cause.

I might also add that it has required very little courage for Dr. Stopes to join the Birth Control movement, because she joined it at the tail-end when the movement had become well established in every civilized country, and even after it had acquired a stamp of respectability.

Also, Dr. Stopes has brought very little sacrifice to the movement. On the contrary, she never in all her life made so much money as she has since she became identified with the movements of Birth Control and Rational Sexology, to both of which movements her original contributions are nil.

Not being a physician, a fact unknown to a great many people, she has the assurance and the aplomb of the layman with a little knowledge. All of her writings contain foolish and erroneous statements, but she is so conceited that she wouldn't permit anyone to correct her.

In "Married Love," which she asked me to publish and which I did with considerable hesitation, I did eliminate and correct some of her errors. But of course, I could not do so in her other writings.

For the above reasons I vote against Dr. Stopes as a member of any International Council and particularly as Chairman of that Council. She has neither the knowledge nor the poise nor the unselfishness necessary for such a position.

This was not only an angry, but an untruthful letter. Margaret did not "publish" Stopes' book *Married Love*, she merely found a publisher for it. Birth control had not been "accepted in every civilized country." And Stopes did not wait to make a lot of money until she worked for birth control, she had earned a substantial salary as a university professor before that time, then married a wealthy man who gave far more money to the cause than she took out of it.

But Margaret was far too distracted, at the moment, to think straight, she had two other exciting projects at hand—a trip to Japan the following year and a new lover.

She had been invited to Japan by a group called Kaizo, a society of young progressives opposed to the ruling military clique which ad-

vocated a larger population in order to get more soldiers. The Kaizo group also invited three other lecturers—Albert Einstein to explain relativity, Bertrand Russell to discuss the consequences of the Peace of Versailles, and H. G. Wells to elaborate on his ideas for bringing about world disarmament. Margaret realized she would be moving in fast company, she needed speeches more carefully planned than ever, and would have to set to work writing them immediately.

Her new lover was Wells, whom she had met briefly in London the year before.

Wells lived pretty much as Hugh did. He claimed he was not for “free love” but for “free-er love”—a fine distinction since he had induced his wife to give him almost total sexual freedom, letting him disappear from home whenever he pleased, stay away as long as he pleased, and return at will, with no explanations asked.

Margaret was definitely Wells’ type of woman. In his thinly disguised autobiographical novel *Ann Veronica*, he described a young woman with whom he had once been passionately in love.

Ann Veronica had black hair, fine eyebrows, and a clear complexion, and the forces that modelled her features had loved and lingered at their work and made them subtle and fine. She was slender, and sometimes she seemed tall, and walked and carried herself lightly and joyfully as one who habitually and commonly feels well. Her lips came together with an expression between contentment and the faintest shadow of a smile. Her manner was one of great reserve, and behind this mask she was wildly discontented and eager for freedom and life.

This described Margaret almost perfectly. It wasn’t important that Margaret wasn’t young anymore, at forty-two she still seemed so to Wells who was fifty-three. And it certainly didn’t matter that her hair was red instead of black. She had the two qualities he cherished—complete freedom in sexual conduct, and an endless curiosity about life. Indeed, her curiosity was something her friends particularly noticed. “When you tell Margaret something, she *listens*,” they said.

Wells and Margaret had many other things in common as well. They had both been brought up in poverty-stricken homes, they were both intelligent but without the benefit of a formal education, they had both

suffered from tuberculosis as well as depression, and they both had an irresistible urge to crusade

At the end of 1921, Wells came to the United States and wrote to Margaret from his hotel in Washington

Dear little Mrs Margaret, I think I shall be through here about the 10th or 12th (of December) Then I shall probably come to New York I'd like to be somewhere convenient to you but I'll probably stay with the Lamonts Have you any ideas? I'm very much at your disposal Ever glowingly yrs H G

On December 7, he followed this with another note

Dear little Margaret Sanger My plans in New York are ruled entirely by the wish to be with you as much as possible—and as much as possible without other people about I don't mind paying thousands of dollars if I can get that—I'm really quite well off you know I'm offered Mrs Lamont's hospitality all the time I'm in New York & if you were not in the case I'd go to her all the time

So far as the Rublee's go, it will ruffle dear Mrs Lamont if I go there, but I'll go there gladly if it means a sure, sweet access to you But not if it means just tantalizing glimpses If I take my own apt could you come to me abundantly? If so—secure it I can come and go to it for a few days at a time

You know how things are in N Y and the dangers that are about you It's much better that you arrange things than I do I want to sit about with you in the costume of your tropical islands more than anything else in the world

Margaret undoubtedly got an apartment as Wells suggested, and met him there frequently Still, Hugh remained her most beloved She thought of him on Christmas night

Hugh dear, Japan seems positive I hate to go until the B C situation is better protected The Catholic Church is desperate, the Police of late have been insulting to the limit

Sometimes I think I'll accept the nicest & richest man I know, marry him & leave all the miserable people to wallow in

their own misery & learn to fight for themselves It's glorious to do constructive work but this negative kind is discouraging

H G Wells has been to my house for tea I know you don't like him, but he came out for birth control at the Disarmament Conference which was very decent of him

I'm very tired these days—but very well No neck trouble That operation was worth two trips over I'm a booster for tonsils out with gland troubles now More later, blessed one

As she sealed her letter in her Gramercy Park apartment, she decided that all in all it had been a good year She had made the final break with Sanger Her cause had leapt ahead and moved her closer to the national spotlight than ever before She had a millionaire eager to marry her plus several adoring lovers It had been a very good year indeed